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On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 20 10.9.2001

On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 20, 10.9.2001

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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For more info, see the Visual Arts section on
page 33

Wanna write?

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

**Next Edition: Women's Edition
(After the mid-Semester break)**

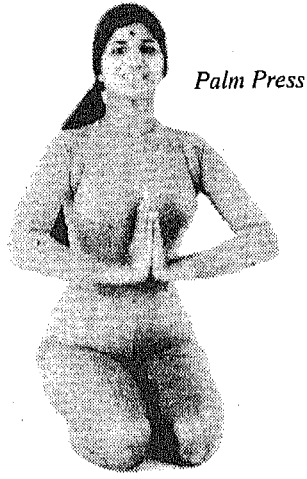
Deadline 1st October

Published 8th October

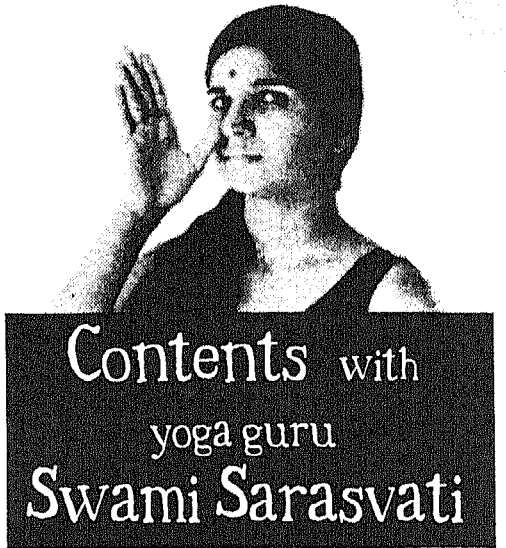
(for more information please contact Anais Chevalier,
SAUA Women's Officer on 8303 5406)

Thankyou

The Fabulous Four: Gemma, Mikey, Stan and Clementine for all their help, everyone who came thro at the last minute, all the wonderful sub-eds, Congratulations to Mark on the success of the AU Ball. See ya'll next semester!

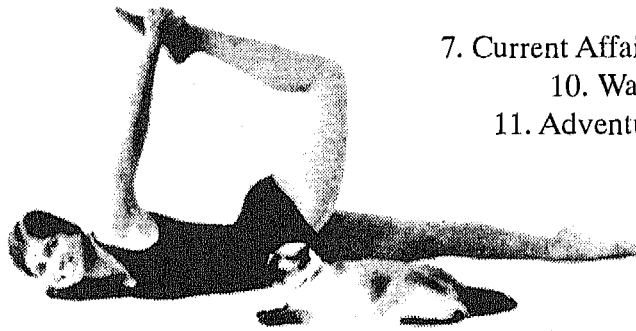


Palm Press



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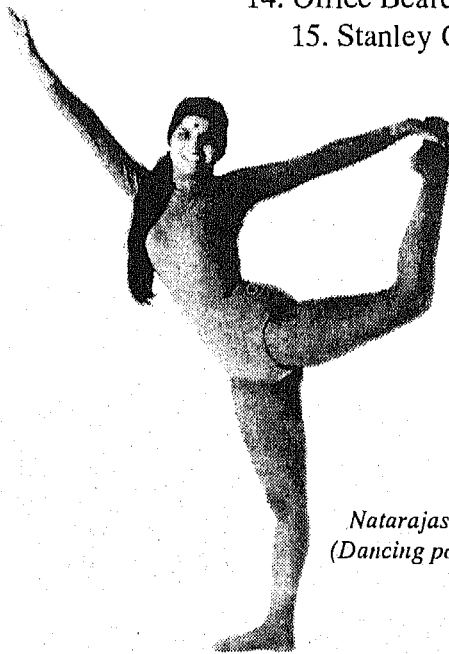
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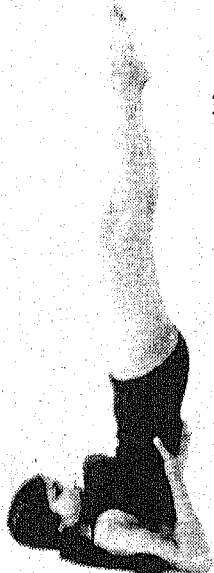
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Ideal for Pregnancy!

Corporate Law War Won

It appears that the Students' Association's investigations into the Law School, and in particular the teaching of Corporate Law in 2000, have finally been successful. The success has however ruffled a few University feathers, with many upset that the University has perhaps finally recognised that the Law School cannot resolve its own affairs and needs the University to do it for them.

The SAUA for the last year has lead the charge, specifically where Corporate Law is concerned, into fighting to get the University to recognise that students were not being assessed or taught in an equitable manner.

Last week the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Blake, made the decision in the interest of a fair and equitable assessment, to readjust student marks from Corporate Law 2000. The exam is now worth only 96 marks, not 100, and student marks and percentages were adjusted accordingly. As a result, 32 students went from either a fail to a pass, pass to credit, credit to distinction, or distinction to high distinction.

It seems however that some in the Law School still cannot accept that the school has been proven wrong. In the Academic Board meeting on Wednesday 5th September, Professor Michael Detmold of the Law School commented



Brad Kitschke gets angry.

during a discussion on University governance. He stated that such issues as the Corporate Law decision should be discussed and deliberated at Academic board, and inferred that the decision made by the Vice-Chancellor was not the correct one.

The Law School academics may be surprised to learn that many of their colleagues from other faculties support the SAUA's position that the Law School is performing badly, and as a result the SAUA would relish the chance to discuss these sorts of issues regarding the Law School at Academic Board. The SAUA feels that this would result in the School being exposed to the rest of the University community, and remove its ability to act as insular and unresponsive.

All in all, Corporate Law 2000 serves as an example of student bodies' ability to collectively change the nature of our education. The very existence of the Students' Association is based on the notion of Student Control of Student Affairs and the ability on the part of students to advocate and represent for students. Corporate Law 2000 is an example of the SAUA's ability to force the agendas of students on unresponsive areas of the University, like the Law School, and succeed.

Brad Kitschke

Ansett down the shitter? Absolutely!

The future of Ansett Australia hangs in the balance after Singapore Airlines effectively withdrew its offer to purchase a majority share from parent company Air New Zealand last week.

Air New Zealand - who purchased Ansett earlier this year - only recently discovered that it lacked the ready cash needed to replace and retool the ageing Ansett fleet. Cashed-up Singapore Airlines, eager to break into the Australian market, offered to take Ansett off Air New Zealand's hands, guaranteeing that it could easily cover the \$5 billion needed to get Ansett up to scratch.

However, the New Zealand government took an inordinate amount of time to approve any sort of deal with the Singaporeans. As such, investor confidence in Ansett plummeted, further fuelled by rumours that the company was losing in excess of \$1.7 million a day. Not surprisingly, Singapore Airlines has withdrawn its previous offer to save Australia's second largest airline.

New Zealand millionaire Sir Selwyn Cushing (pictured) currently chairs Air New Zealand's board of directors. Sir Selwyn was appointed by minority shareholders Brierley Investments Ltd with express orders to turn the airline's ailing fortunes around. Cushing promptly recommended the purchase of

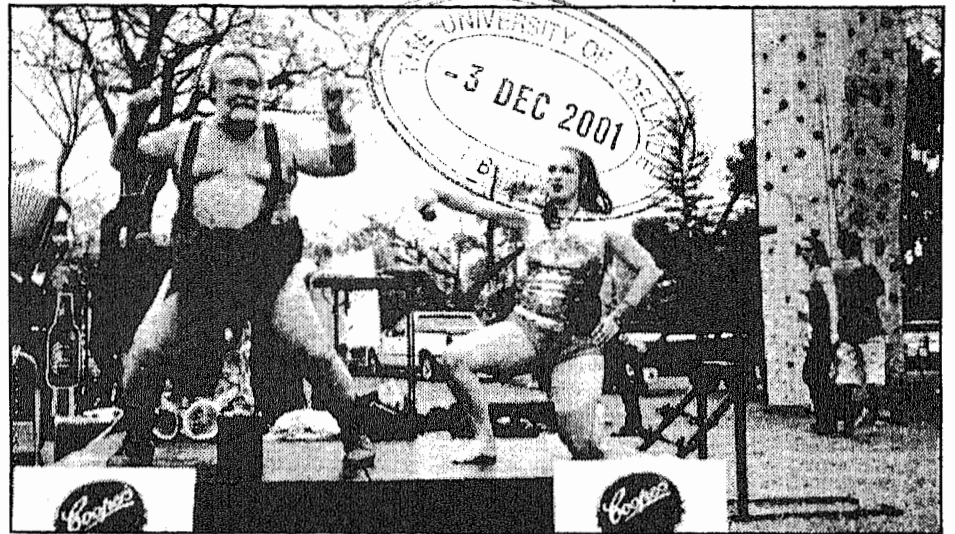


Ansett, which he described as "robust company with a bright future." Poor fool.

After realising how much it would cost to replace the fleet, Cushing convinced the board to accept Singapore's offer to purchase its share of Ansett. Unfortunately, he failed to negotiate approval with the New Zealand's Labour government in time, possibly because he used to raise a massive amount of funds for the NZ National Party. Whoopsey-doodle.

So what does all this mean? Well, it is unlikely that Ansett will actually go under (it is an election year after all). The Howard government will not let the airline go the way of HIH and One.Tel, even if it means a painful taxpayer-funded bail out scheme. However, more likely is some kind of deal being brokered between the NZ government and Singapore Airlines. Virgin Blue and Quantas have also indicated that they would be eager to get in on the action. As such, it is almost certain that domestic ticket prices will rise in the next twelve months. The *On Dit* Current Affairs Unit recommends that you direct any and all complaints to Sir Selwyn Cushing, c/o Brierley Investment Limited.

Lord Cutfourth III



CLUBS WEEK

Last week saw the Clubs Association take over the Barr Smith Lawns for a week of club-related fun. Various clubs and sporting groups set up stalls on the Lawns to promote themselves, and fun was had by all. It was almost like Orientation week all over again.

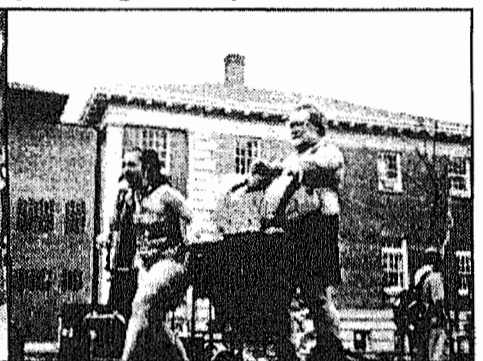
One of the highlights, other than the interesting clubs and free fairy floss, was the Circus of the Bizarre. I must admit

that I'd never seen a man lift a car battery with his testicles before, and never hope to see it again. But it was an educational experience - and that's why we're all here at Uni, isn't it?

The Circus of the Bizarre has a show on in Minke Bar during next year's Fringe, so if you like the look of these pictures you may want to keep them in mind when you plan your Fringe itinerary.



This looks like fun. Yes, there is someone inside that rubbish bin.



Hungry for a sausage? Try cooking it with electricity passed through your nipples.

The Adelaide Festival Centre Trust in association with the State Theatre Company of South Australia presents

LIFE AFTER GEORGE

by Hannie Rayson

Three women.
Three marriages.
One husband.

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Rally in Support of Asylum Seekers

On Friday the 7th of September, at 12:30, several hundred people gathered in Victoria Square to protest against the Government's treatment of asylum seekers (people who come to Australia to escape from persecution or death in their home countries). Representatives from groups such as the Greens, the Women's Legal Service, the Don Dunstan Foundation, trade unions and the SA Council of Social Services were represented at the rally, which heard from a variety of speakers including Human Rights lawyer Jeremy Moore, Javed (a recently released Woomera detainee), author Don McMaster, Farhad Noori (a refugee who has been in Australia for some years), Don Smith (a representative of the traditional owners of Victoria Square) and Chris White from the United Trades and Labour Council.

The gathering was interesting, with an unusually low proportion of scruffy student-like types and a majority of well-dressed adults apparently on lunch break.

Jeremy Moore spoke first. He decried the present practice of locking up asylum-seekers (not all of whom are 'illegal immigrants' - some arrive in Australia legally and apply for refugee status while in the country) in the harsh Woomera detention centre, which he described as 'depressing and dehumanising', and criticised the Government for its handling of the Tampa boat crisis, which has seen the boarding by soldiers

of a Norwegian freighter carrying hundreds of Afghan refugees and has caused international condemnation of Australia. He pointed out Australia's responsibility - both legal and moral - to treat asylum seekers as human beings, and highlighted the need for them to have their applications for refugee status processed quickly and efficiently.

Javed, a refugee, spoke next. He described how shocked he was, on first arriving in Australia, to turn up at the Woomera detention centre and see razorwire and prison-like conditions. Families were separated, and the arrivals soon discovered that nobody believed their stories and few outside the camp knew of their situation. After recently being released from Woomera, he was sent to Darwin - a city with no support structures in place to handle refugees with poor English and no connections in the community. Along with his pregnant wife he managed to journey to Adelaide, where he has lived since.

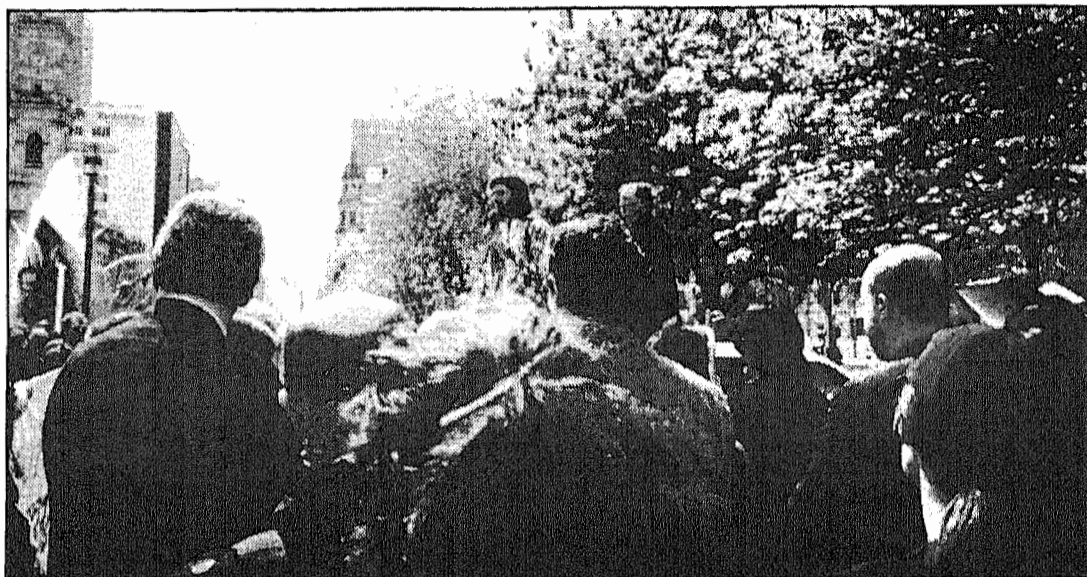
Don McMaster pointed out that Australia is failing to live up to its obligations by international treaties, and described the Government's strategy of detention or deterrence as a short-term

local response to the increasing global problem of refugees - a problem faced by governments around the world, not just Australia. As the last few years of experience have demonstrated, deterrence simply does not work. He challenged Kim Beazley to provide genuine opposition to the Liberal Government's refugee policy.

Interestingly, Chris White from the UTLC railed against 'Little Johnny Howard' and his 'racist' agenda, while failing to mention that the ALP's leadership has yet to distance itself from the Liberal Government's stance on asylum-seekers, except to chastise it over its mismanagement of the Tampa affair - probably in part because opinion polls show that attacking refugees is politically popular.

At the end of the event, an impromptu march headed down King William Street and stopped outside a building containing the offices of Alexander Downer and other Federal politicians. As the march hadn't been cleared with police it had to proceed along the footpath, but the single cop present didn't seem to mind too much. A group from Resistance joined in, using its PA to compete with the organisers and chant slogans. I'm not entirely sure what their slogans were, but I'm pretty sure I heard the word 'fuck' in there somewhere - something a little out of keeping with the genteel middle-class demeanour of most of the rest of the assembly (if I misheard, please write in to correct me).

When the march arrived at its destination, a petition calling on the government to fulfill its obligations under international law and to apply due process to the applications of asylum seekers was circulated. After those attending had had a chance to sign the petition it was delivered to Mr Downer's office.



Farhad Noori speaking at the rally.

After the rally I spoke to Farhad Noori, a refugee settlement officer. Mr Noori fled from Iran as a teenager, escaping conscription into the Iran/Iraq conflict, and arrived in Australia in 1988. At that time he was welcomed and, with the assistance of English classes, felt part of the Australian community after six months. In the late '80s, according to Mr Noori, refugees were given English lessons and had access to interpreters and assistance with government agencies. He describes today's refugees, who are eligible for a special Centrelink benefit and Medicare but have no other entitlements, as members of a kind of sub-class who do not have the basic assistance they require in order to integrate into Australian society.

Linley Henzell

On the 21st of September there will be a 'freedom ride', organised by Fair Go For Asylum Seekers, NUS, Socialist Alliance, the Greens and Resistance, which will travel from Melbourne to Woomera in South Australia to protest against the imprisonment of refugees.

A public meeting to organise the Ride will take place Tuesday the 11th of September in Level 5 of the Adelaide Uni Union Building (follow the signs). At another public meeting on the 23rd of September, at 11am in Maugham Church (10 Pitt St, Adelaide), participants in the Ride will tell of their experiences.

Contact Joel Northcott by email on nussapresident@eudoramail.com for more information.



Expecting to Graduate soon?



DECEMBER 2001 GRADUATION CEREMONIES

Have you applied to Graduate?

Are you aware that the closing date for applications is 24th September 2001?

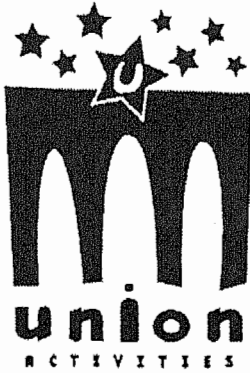
If you want to check if we have lodged your application please check our website at:

<http://www.adelaide.edu.au/studentadmin/gradinfo.htm>

Contact the Student Centre.
Phone : 8303 5208
Email : graduations@adelaide.edu.au

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GRANT APLIN AND
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**Thursday 13th &
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DAY & NIGHT EVENT

**FRI NIGHT
UNIBAR**

**HAPPY HOUR DJ,
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FINAL EVICTION,
FOLLOWED BY
O'HOP
RETURNS
5PM-MIDNIGHT**

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SAUA Roundup

During election week, most of you would have heard about the Union's 'exciting new period of regrowth' and the many drastic changes that have been made to the running of the Union in the past year. Entering this new era of savvy financial management has meant no small amount of speculation as to the future of the affiliates funded by the Union, particularly its two most expensive affiliates, the Students' Association (which publishes *On Dit*) and the Sports Association. Estimates of cuts needing to be made to the SAUA have ranged from \$40,000 to \$100,000, which could potentially cripple it. Still, everyone agrees that money must be saved, so in an attempt to pre-empt the cuts the Union might make, a large meeting of SAUA Council (inflated by newly elected members soon to take up their posts) was held on Wednesday night to try and whittle down the budget down to its leanest possible form.

Council sat crowded around a digital projector examining spreadsheet after spreadsheet of numbers trying to figure out where cuts could be made, at least until someone came and took the projector away. Some of the more notable decisions included:

- Keeping an extra \$500 for the Education department to spend on campaigns. This extra money was specifically assigned as a one-off for a Federal election campaign, yet somewhere along the way was mysteriously amalgamated into the permanent budget of the department. When this was pointed out, current Education Vice President Brad Kitschke and incoming EVP Georgia Heath argued

successfully that the money was essential and had to remain. The argument went something like this: the primary function of the SAUA is supposed to be the provision of representation (to the University, the Government and the community) and political activism for the advancement of student interests, and education is the most obvious interest for the SAUA to advance. So the Education Department can make the best use of the money.

- The decision to make substantial changes to the budget of the Activities department. Next year's Activities/Campaigns Vice President, Paul Heubl, faces the mammoth task of running activities to generate \$5,000 income from only \$1,500 (this year's department has \$2,300 to work with). This was done on the rationale that the provision of activities is not really a priority of the Association in the same way that representation and advocacy are; after all, we already have Union Activities, which is far better resourced than any of the SAUA departments. It's a huge amount of money to make from so little, but Paul seemed confident that he could do it.

Apart from some more minor tweaks to the conferences and travel budgets of each of the Office Bearers (including the complete annihilation of the travel budget for the Activities department, using the same rationale as before), it was obvious that all of the departments were pretty threadbare, so discussion inevitably turned to student media.

Student radio was examined first, and was considered by many on council to be pretty expendable because of its dubious

listenership (nobody knows how many people actually listen to student radio, but on most estimates the numbers aren't particularly high). Yet there is huge potential for growth when 5UV does eventually change to FM, and alternate sources of revenue that can be explored. Still, radio did end up taking the brunt of the cuts, losing \$6000 from its \$15,000 radio access budget. Ouch. This will most likely cause the loss of at least one of Student Radio's three days a week. *On Dit* was next, and came out with only a minor reorganisation of its budget.

Finally, the SAUA photocopying service, which is more or less redundant now that many faculties are operating free or cheap photocopying, was cut significantly.

This is the budget that the SAUA will take to the Union on Monday night in the hope of getting away with only minor adjustments - and it is very difficult to see how any further cuts could be made without fundamental changes to the SAUA's structure.

In other, non-budget-related news, Brad Kitschke has been shaking up the law school; read all about it on page 3. Women's Week is to go ahead in Week One of next term; contact Anais Chevalier on anais@arcom.com.au if you want to get involved.

The SAUA/AU Ball finally went ahead on Saturday night, with around 120 people partying on in the Union House Games Room. The Ball was supposed to be held in Bonython Hall, and apparently Mary O'Kane (the recently departed ex-Vice Chancellor of Adelaide

Uni) had given her personal permission for it to happen there. But it was not initially cleared with the University's Property Services division, which booked another group to hold an event in the Hall at the same time.

The SAUA only discovered this when the other group withdrew, and promptly booked the Hall for itself. Only to have Property Services pull the plug, citing concerns about paintings, flooring, toilets and the complete inappropriateness of Bonython Hall as a venue for a student piss-up, after they read about the nature of the event in *On Dit*. So the Games Room it was. See page 8 for a SAUA Ball pictorial.

Naming Tally

That's right kids, after a long hiatus from naming (the chair 'names' someone if they are being disruptive during the meeting), Wednesday night's Council meeting saw the return of the fun that can ensue when Councillors vie to be named and thus earn a reputation of being a hardcore disobedient Councillor. Those named included:

- Sarah Hoban
- Selvie Demiri (first time named, well done!)
- Brad Kitschke
- Elise Duffield (although this one appeared to have been orchestrated and therefore not really eligible)
- Georgie Perks (she said a naughty word)
- Melissa Vine, *On Dit* editor, deserves extra congratulations by being named twice and then ejected from the meeting but, in a further display of contempt for the chair, refused to leave the room. Hardcore.

Last of the Election Fun

Last week we gave you a rundown of who was elected to the major positions. This week we bring you the entire list of SAUA and Union representatives for 2002. Enjoy!

SAUA President:

Bek Cornish

Education Vice

President:

Georgia Heath

Activities and Campaigns Vice President:

Paul Heubl

Orientation

Co-Ordinator:

Sally Reid

Women's Officer:

Elise Duffield

Environment Officer:

Sarah Hanson

Sexuality Officer (Male):

Adrian di Paolo

Sexuality Officer (Female):

Asta Cox

On Dit Editors:

Michael Fyfe, Jenny Kalionis, Linda Rust

Student Radio

Directors:

Tim Clark, Liam Golding

SAUA Council:

Claudia Oakeshott
 Georgiga Phillips
 Patrick Tapping
 Katie Goodenough
 Marisa Batsiokis
 Drew Rudland
 Kate Ninnes
 Peter Malinavskas

Education Standing Committee:

Leah Marrone
 Jane Hellett
 Peter Malinauskas
 Michael Bourlotos
 Georgia Phillips
 Oscar Stranz

Activities Standing Committee:

Amanda Wong
 Pat Clifton
 Stephen Mitchell
 Sally Kellett
 Michael Van Dissell
 Ryan Carr

Women's Standing Committee:

Kate Young
 Olivia Corso
 Bridgette Dowell
 Marisa Batsiokis
 Georgia Phillips
 Laura Davis

Environment Standing Committee:

Daniel Krips
 Mel Ceko
 Nat Enright
 Katie Hulmes
 Asta Cox
 Eleanor Gee

Sexuality Standing Committee (Male):

Sam Silvester
 Paul Nobbs
 Drew Rudland

Sexuality Standing Committee (Female):

Cat McIntyre

Olivia Corso
 Narelle Lintern

National Union of Students Delegates:

Georgia Heath
 Bek Cornish
 Tom Radzevicius
 Seb Henbest
 Tanisha Hewanpola

Union Activities Committee:

Hawk By
 Sally Kellett
 Drew Rudland
 Stephen Mitchell
 Katina Rozaklis

Union Board:

Bek Cornish
 Rachel Swift
 Tom Radzevicius
 Susie Young
 Mark Henderson
 Seb Henbest
 Siobhan Reed
 Brad Kitschke
 Lisa Amabili
 Georgia Heath
 Tanisha Hewanpola
 Adelle Neary
 Alexandria Bonner
 Matt Murphy
 Jakin Ravalico
 Michael Smirnoff
 Husam Ali Seif
 Mitch Coidan

An Open letter from the Afghan refugees to the Australian people

A letter from Afghan asylum seekers, during their imprisonment on the MV Tampa. This letter was given to the Norwegian Ambassador when he visited the ship, and was then conveyed to the Australian Government. It was filed in the Federal Court on the 2nd of September on the order of Justice North and made available to representatives of the media.

To the Australian government, human rights organisations and Australian Ladies and gentlemen. We hope you accept regards and warm feelings of the miserable and oppressed Afghan refugees turning around Christmas island in the middle of sea, while having no shelter, clothes to change after ten days and even toilet and bathroom. Respected Australian government and gentlemen and ladies. You know well about the long time war and its tragic human consequences and you know about the genocide and massacres going on in our country and thousands of innocent men, women and children were put in public graveyards, and we hope you understand that keeping in view all aforementioned reasons we have no way but to run out of our dear homeland and to seek a peaceful asylum. And until now so many miserable refugees have been seeking asylum in so many

countries. In this regards before this Australia has taken some real appreciable initiatives and has given asylum to a high number of refugees from our miserable people. That is why we are whole heartedly and sincerely thankful to you. We hope you do not forget that we are also from the same miserable and oppressed refugees and now turning around Christmas island inside Australian boundaries waiting a permit to inter your country. But your delay while we are in the worst condition has hurt our feelings. We do not know why we have not been regarded as refugees and deprived from rights of refugees according to international convention law (1951). We request from Australian authorities and people, at first not to deprive us from the rights that all refugees enjoy in your country. And in the case of rejection due to not having anywhere to live on the earth and every moment death is threatening us. We request you to feel [...] for the life of (438) men, women and children.

Thank you
Yours Sincerely,

Afghan refugees
(Off the coast of Christmas Island 30/8/2001)

Wooldridge bails: Coalition shits self

After fourteen years in Federal politics, Health Minister Michael Wooldridge has chosen not to contest the next election.

After tendering his resignation to the Prime Minister last Thursday, Dr. Wooldridge insisted that he made the decision in order to spend more time with his wife and two children. However, sources close to the cabinet say that Wooldridge, who has long coveted the lucrative finance portfolio, was openly frustrated by the prospect of a sixth year as Health Minister.

The Minister's resignation leaves Opposition head-kicker Simon Crean with one less thing to think about. Crean has been demanding Wooldridge's resignation for years now, most memorably after the Opposition got wind of the Health Minister's controversial leak of a 1998 Budget proposal that resulted in hospital administrators buying dozens of superfluous MRI scanners. Accusations of insider trading threatened to end Wooldridge's career, but the allegations slid right off the Minister's back, infuriating the weaselly shadow finance minister.

The following year was fairly quiet for Wooldridge (aside from the usual tentative proposals to scrap Medicare, rapid increases in Federal funding for private hospitals and the continued degradation of the public health system), although the Honourable Minister did call an elderly woman's husband a "rude fucking nitwit loser" for complaining about the Minister referring to him as an "older Australian".

The last six months were particularly glorious for Wooldridge, harking back to the days when he was Hewson's mollifying sidekick. His relentless (and largely unfounded) attacks on the ALP smacked of an enthusiastic politician at the height of his career.

He even managed to put a formidable Kerry Phelps in her place, accusing the AMA President of being more media-savvy than medically qualified. His typically throw-away comment sparked a positively riveting flurry of terse sound bites and litigation. What larks!

Then there was the exquisite way that he handled Kim Beazley's (largely bullshit) claim that his daughter had been turned away from a public hospital. Wooldridge managed to turn that one into a points-scoring bonanza for the Coalition.

Indeed, Wooldridge's sudden departure delivers yet another blow to the Coalition's election hopes. The minister joins Tim Fischer, Peter Reith, John Fahey, Jocelyn Newman and John Herron who have all left their ministerial posts less than a year before what is shaping up to be a nail-biting election campaign.

Prior to last December's cabinet reshuffle, Prime Minister Howard asked the members of his cabinet if they weren't up for the year-long bitch fight that lay ahead. Nobody raised their hand, leaving Howard free to shape his cabinet however he pleased. With Wooldridge's unexpected resignation less than two months out from the Federal poll, Howard will have to fill yet another gaping hole in his ministry.

And with Beazley and Crean tipped to base their campaign around the state of the education and healthcare systems, Howard's decision will be crucial.

Meanwhile, Dr Wooldridge will almost certainly miss the extravagance of his old office. A wine connoisseur, the Minister managed to rack up over \$35,000 worth of state-funded lunches inside four years. After the election, Wooldridge will be entitled to an indexed pension of around \$85,000 per annum for life.

What a champion.

Tristan

CH.O.G.M.

Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting.
Brisbane, 5th-7th October 2001.

As those of you who have been paying attention to *On Dit* may already know, there is going to be a meeting of the heads of Commonwealth Governments in Brisbane in around a month's time.

Activists around Australia are preparing for a protest that could be bigger than last year's S11 in Melbourne by comparing notes from previous protests and arranging travel plans.

In the meantime, Queensland police have been given special powers to deal with potentially violent protests.

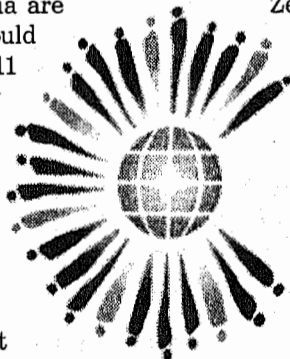
Much of the protest at CHOGM will be directed against the Commonwealth's free-trade agenda, which has seen previous CHOGM meetings urging members to sign trade liberalisation treaties with the World Trade Organisation. The General Agreement on Trade in Services, an international treaty aimed at the privatisation of many government functions, will be discussed at CHOGM 2001.

There will also be protests against specific government members of the Commonwealth, such as on President

Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe and his attacks on homosexuals.

The Commonwealth is made up of members of the old British Empire, including nations such as Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Zimbabwe and India. While the Commonwealth has been criticised for what is seen as an uncritical approach to free trade and the WTO, it has been pointed out that it is hardly a gathering of rich nations and corporations getting together to exploit the Third World (a criticism more reasonably directed against organisations such as the Group of 8 or the World Trade Organisation) - after all, many Commonwealth countries are the Third World, and one of the stated aims of the conference is to assist poor countries to become more advanced (not that the WTO doesn't say the same thing about itself).

See www.stopchogm.org for more information. *The Weekend Australian* Inquirer section (Sept 8-9) also has an interesting look at the people behind the protests.



CHOGM

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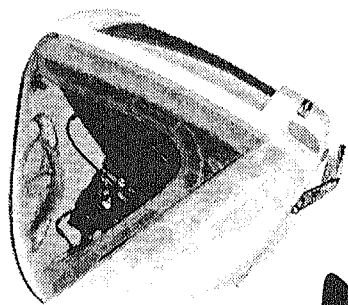
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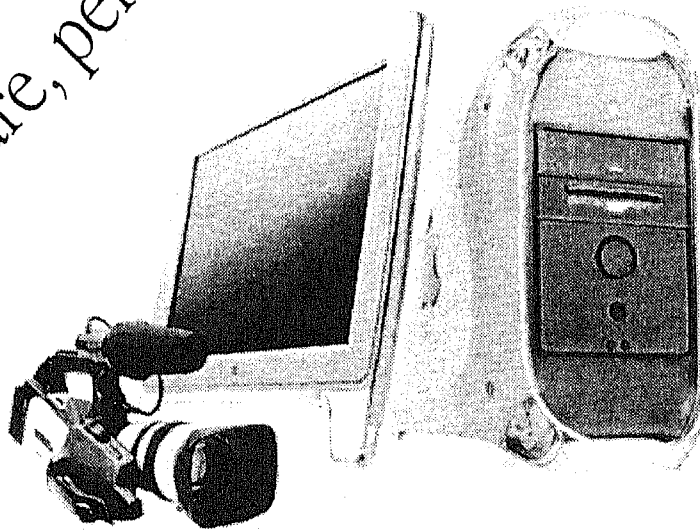
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By Walter Ego, Astrologist and part time career counsellor.
ego_walter@yahoo.com

The stars tell your fortune...

English

You take a "normal" job to pay the bills while you work on your first novel. Needless to say, this turns out to be your career. You later abandon your first novel, a story about a poor 18th Century washerwoman to write a scathing attack on how stifling an ordinary job is on a creative, intelligent woman, who by coincidence also happens to be writing a book. Your completely fictional protagonist has terrible luck with men and could be considered borderline neurotic, though you strongly disagree.

You die a little inside every time you see the best seller lists full of *Harry Potter*, self-help guides, investment books and sports star biographies.

One day you are sitting in an outdoor cafe sipping a latte and reading a tattered copy of *Anna Karenina*. A stranger approaches and offers: "She may not be a great tennis player, but she sure is a babe."

You eventually marry this man.

Mechanical Engineering

You get tired of cleaning up, and you make a servile nanobot that makes other nanobots (and so on) from dirt lying around on the floor. Field tests do not go as planned when it suddenly dawns on you that the whole world is made out of dirt.

Computer Science

Sitting at a computer day after day has given you a healthy monitor tan and an unhealthy belief that the average women is two dimensional and craves huge hot throbbing cocks. Your internet

personal listing to meet an "average" woman has little success.

You discover that your preconcieved notion of glamorous software jobs was rather off the mark as you spend long days keeping an accounts package going in the background of a medium-sized company. Regardless, you adopt a stoic outlook, and take pride in the elegant, efficient code you produce. Years later your replacement deletes everything and uses a horrible kludge of Microsoft products and visual basic instead.

This works just as well, and nobody ever notices.

Science

a) You discover a gene with the phenotype of obesity and dedicate your life to removing it from future generations. You survive multiple car bombings from infomercial companies to retire years later in a world where nobody is discriminated against their weight. This is hardly noticable, as there are plenty of other superficial traits to fill the void.

Generations later, long after your death, the world is unable to support the inefficient metabolisms of its inhabitants and billions perish in famine and the civil chaos that results. Most of the remaining population is wiped out in the long overdue ice age from lack of insulation. The majority of the world's technology, knowledge and culture is lost to the brutish, fragmented societies left behind. In their new language, your name becomes their equivalent to the modern usage of Hitler, Judas or Satan.

b) Your dreams of becoming an independent researcher are dashed when you realise that particle accelarators are perhaps too expensive for realistic personal use. You give up on your dream and start work with a large chemical

company to test if their brand of shampoo is really 200% shinier or not.

c) The military adopt the ideas of your research project and improve long range killing efficiency by almost 22%.

Psychology / Anthropology

You uncover a myriad of other ways in which people are inately wired up to discriminate unfairly against others and behave in a manner that is to the detriment of society. You publish the result in many papers, becoming mildly famous in a small circle of your peers, then proceed to do nothing else about it.

Commerce / Economics

You become so well-versed in the intricacies of the market that you are able to list extensively the many factors responsible for the fluctuations in world currencies and share prices. Predictions, yet alone manipulation of these events, remains unsuccessful.

You come to realise that the best ways to make money on the share market is through insider trading or writing books that ignore the first rule.

You become rich buying and selling pieces of paper, achieving the respect of society through your wealth.

Medicine

You realise that TV and fashion magazines have long hidden the terrible reality of how ugly the average punter is. You become a specialist and hire staff whose purpose is to minimise

the number of days each week you have to spend examining the unsightly conditions of your patients that thouroughly disgust you.

Journalism

Your hard edged, expository stories about cat ladies, dodgy tradesmen and celebrity diet secrets are watched by millions in between shoving dinner into their mouths.

Womens Studies

The stars do not determine your fate. That is the responsibility of the patriarchy.

Law

a) Years in the future you wonder if the obscenely high fees you charge make up for the souless work you do as a corporate lawyer. This question is quickly lost from your thoughts as you try and decide if you should purchase an off-white or pearl Mercedes.

b) You realise that while good lawyers win more than bad lawyers and good lawyers cost more than bad lawyers that it is possible to buy justice.

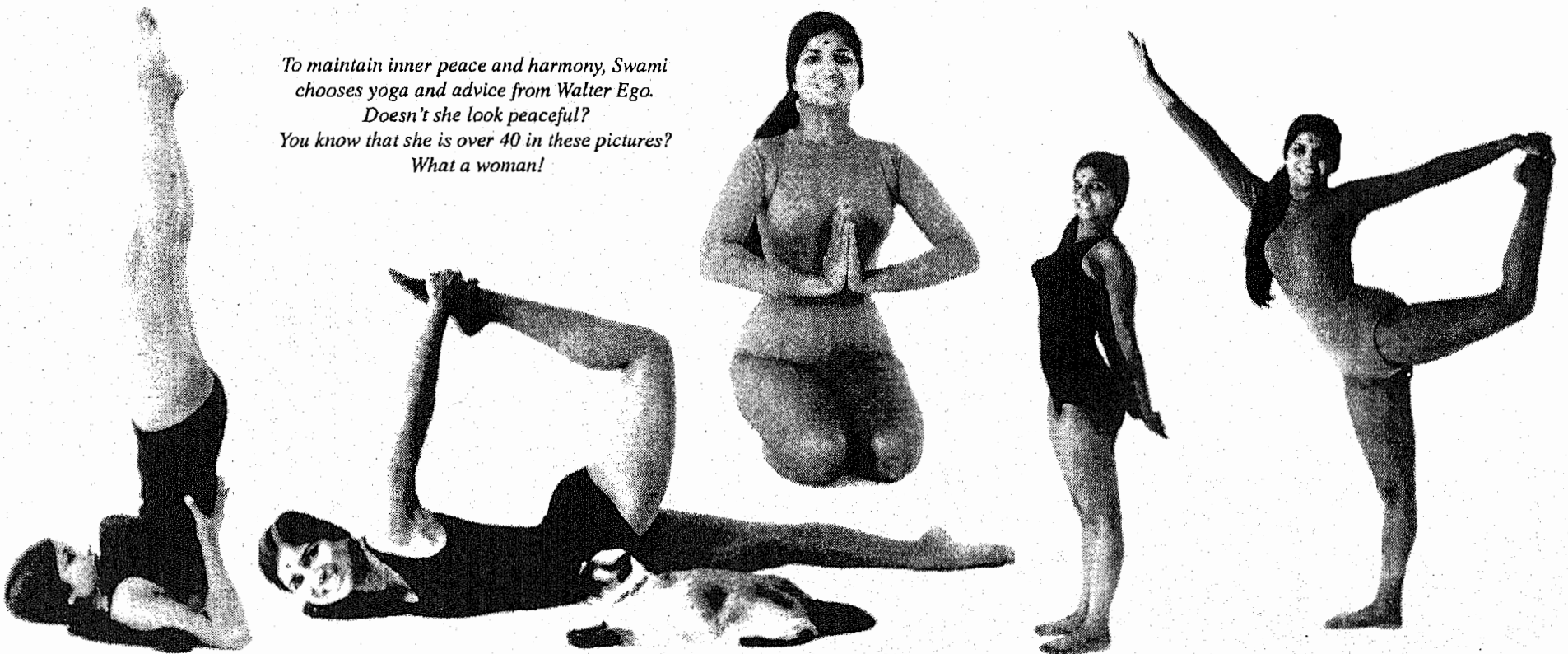
You do your utmost to fight this outrage by charging what the good lawyers do.

Arts

a) You get into law just like you wanted to do at the end of year 12.

b) You will be pleased to know that you will never sell out, though not for lack of trying.

To maintain inner peace and harmony, Swami chooses yoga and advice from Walter Ego. Doesn't she look peaceful? You know that she is over 40 in these pictures? What a woman!



8 things you probably didn't need to know about Brazil

Everybody needs to visit South America. This is a given.

However, there are at least eight truths that must be known before the average punter decides to make the inevitable trek to the land of cocaine and Samba.

1. There are no full-flush lavatories

Thanks to the lax attitude of the Brazilian Powers That Be, a disturbingly large proportion of the Brazilian population have learnt to consider a comprehensive sewerage system a luxury, rather than a right. As such, when one decides to drop the kids at the proverbial pool, there are a few things that must be remembered. Firstly, used toilet paper does NOT belong in the bowl. Rather, it must be carefully (very carefully) placed in an intermittently sealed bucket next to the cistern.

Drag.

Naturally, we are all prone to the occasional miss take. Particularly after an evening of sugarcane rum and boiled beans. Which is why most up-standing households have a small shower head installed next to the toilet. Opinion is divided amongst Brazilians as to whether or not the shower method is better than good old-fashioned paper. I for one found that a "refreshing private douse" certainly managed to hit the spot first thing in the morning.

2. Say "ciao" to a decent shower

Running hot water is also reserved for Brazil's filthy rich. One must eventually get used to shaving with cold water, and standing under a torrent of icy coldness every morning. If you're lucky, you may find that the local shower has an instantaneous water heater installed. Said heater rarely heats, or if it does, it renders the water slightly less than Antarctic.

Furthermore, the heaters are invariably shoddily installed, such that anybody brave enough to adjust the

shower head is subjected to electrical shock. Neighbours tend to find much amusement in the screams of courageous showerers.

3. All the excellent things in life are cheap

There are a number of theories as to why the Brazilian authorities never bothered to regulate the sale of alcohol, cigarettes and pornography. Many believe that a succession of military governments were well aware of the fact that the revolting masses were far less likely to revolt as long as cigarettes and rum were (hyperinflation notwithstanding) the same price as chewing gum.

4. The politics is hilarious

At the moment Brazil is in the midst of a power crisis. At least that's what the government wants you to believe.

In reality the wholesale rationing of electricity (and the resultant state of economic depression) is an elaborate smokescreen designed to distract the population from the BILLIONS of dollars that disappeared from a Senate-initiated humanitarian scheme, which mysteriously reappeared in several anonymous Swiss bank accounts.

For a while there, a dozen or so well-known Senators and bureaucrats took it upon themselves to commandeer an extremely generous slice of Brazil's national accounts for a bail-out fund designed to bring much needed infrastructure (ie. beans and rice) to the poverty-stricken populace of Northern Amazonia. Construction began on sewerage systems and desalinization plants, then stopped. Nobody quite knew what happened to the cash, apart from the fact that it wasn't there anymore, and that a disturbingly large number of Federal politicians became the proud new owners of luxury resorts in the hills around Rio.

Nothing distracts peasants like an old-fashioned power crisis. John Howard found the same joy in a Norwegian boatload of refugees.

Brazilian Peasant.



5. There are far more peasants than there should be

One thing that definitely requires getting used to is the disturbingly large amount of poverty. So disturbing, in fact, that one almost feels guilty when one wakes up to a clean kitchen and the smell of some lowly peasant preparing bacon and fresh coffee.

In Brazil, everyone has a maid. Having a live-in cleaning lady is akin to having a toaster or a cheese grater. It is considered weird not to have one. Apparently, the very idea of not having a maid is abhorrent, like not having a microwave, or living in a caravan park.

My point is this: there is a massive amount of next-nothing-labour in South America, and nobody seems to give a rats arse.

And, at the risk of sounding like a nazi, I'm inclined not to give a rat's arse either. At the end of the day, who among us would really give up beach-side table service and a live-in bed maker simply in order to allow hordes of unwashed peons into the rat-race?

Ppft, not me.

With all this in mind, the underclasses appear fairly happy with the few centavos that they manage to get by on. This might have something to do with the largeness of the Brazilian religious psyche. While I was over there, I noticed a large number of random posters of Jesus playing football saying things like "Be happy with what you have" in the particularly poverty-stricken neighbourhoods. You do the maths.

6. Nobody gets paid

In Brazil, employers care not for minimum wage legislation. In effect, they pay their employees what they feel like, when they feel like it. As such, service is uniformly terrible - waiters, bar staff and everybody else at the bottom of the hospitality industry are (quite rightly) resentful of the customer, who is often eating and drink-

ing things that the help can never hope to eat and drink. The police forces (Federal, State, Road et cetera) are equally rude. Unfortunately, they are armed to the teeth to boot. Steer clear of the fuzz - you'd be in a bad mood too if you hadn't been paid for a month.

7. Brazilians hate Americans too

When the average Brazilian finds out that you're a gringo, he or she will automatically assume that you're American. Because *all* foreigners are American, right? As such, they resent the very ground you walk on, and can often be heard sniggering anti-American clichés to each other in Portuguese. I found this quite heartening.

Attitudes change quite markedly when it is discovered that you're Australian. "Ah - you Australian! No Americana! You hate Americana too!" I couldn't figure out whether or not this was genuine, or if it was just because they were grateful for some common ground. Upon which American Dollars could be exchanged.

8. The chicks are easy

Given the sorry state of the Brazilian currency, every day is like payday for first-world tourists like you and me. Brazilian women know this. Rather well, it seems. Even before you try out your fake Portuguese, women in bars have an uncanny sense of what kind of currency is in your wallet. They jabber at you in pig English and demand that you buy them a plate of palm hearts and a bottle of rum. This, I'm afraid to admit, I found quite pleasant.

In short, Brazil is a land of contrasts. Sorry.

As far as I'm concerned, Brazilian culture definitely has its head screwed on straight. All the nice things in life are cheap: food, drink, cigarettes, transport, pornography, courtship. By the same token, all of this rests on the shoulders of the downtrodden. The trick is to carry around a handy flask of rum such that you forget the former and take advantage of the latter.

Stanley George

Paper goes in here



Queer Action and Adventure with George and Rachel

Are you lost for queer things to do? Don't feel that gay pubs and clubs 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

Eat Kulture is a discussion group for queers from non-english speaking backgrounds. The group meets for tantalising meals and stimulating conversation. If you're interested in joining the group please call Matthias on 8362 1611.

If you're a sexual voyageur from another country or into guys from another country then Global Sex is for you! It's a forum for bi and gay guys to learn some tips and tricks you need to know when travelling. The forum is on Tuesday the 18th of September from 7:30pm. Call David for more information on 8362 7931.

ACTION

To put ourselves into perspective here's a really simple little exercise: Sometimes we forget how much we edit and censor our lives to avoid subjugation and often we are ignorant of the oppression that our queer brothers and sisters face. Ring a queer friend and ask them what it's been like for them as a queer person the last week? Where have they noticed prejudice? What have they had to hold back on? Where and how have they been harassed? Get your friend to ask you the same questions.

NOTICE TO STUDENTS OF ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

Applications are now open for University Council

On Wednesday, 31 October 2001 there will be an election of two undergraduate members and one postgraduate member of the University Council, each for a term of one year from 6 March 2002 to 5 March 2003.

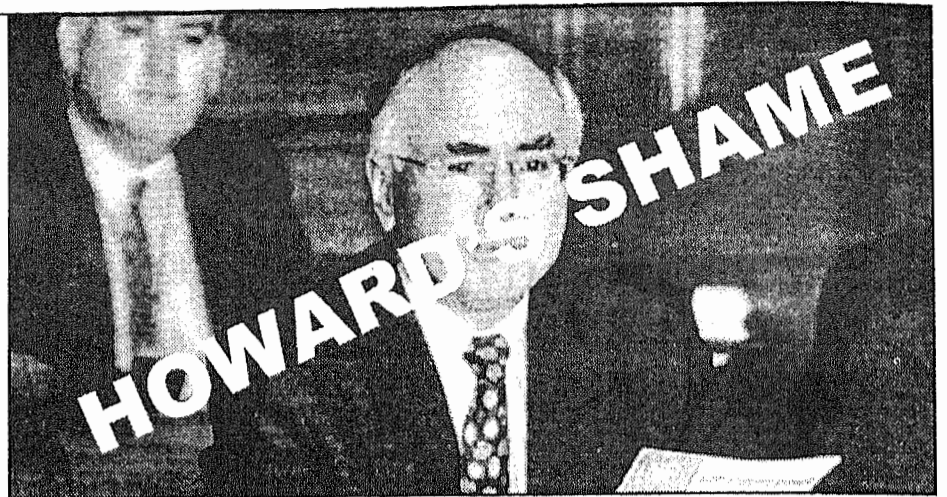
The following members retire from the Council on 5 March 2002:

Elysia Ryan (undergraduate); Stephen Mullighan (undergraduate); Helen Kavanagh (postgraduate).

They are not ineligible for re-election as members.

Nominations to the positions are invited. A nomination must be made on the appropriate prescribed form and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before 12 noon on Friday, 21 September 2001. Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from University Reception, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus or by phoning 8303 3408.

SUSAN GRAEBNER
Returning Officer



THE REFUGEE CRISIS

Surprise, surprise. In the lead up to a federal election, Johnnie has turned a recurring domestic problem into an international embarrassment by pulling the race card out of his sleeve (again). The recent boat-people crisis on Christmas Island represents fatal flaws, to say the very least, in Australian leadership. I was ashamed to be an Aussie last week. I was ashamed of the cold-hearted, pragmatic approach the Howard Government took to what is obviously a humanitarian issue. Aren't we a humane democratic society? Aren't our leaders meant to represent that positive aspect of our nation, as opposed to the minority racist element? As Foreign Minister Alexander Downer stated in relation to expelling the *Tampa* - "we think we can do it without the legislation". If Australia doesn't need the approval of its people, let alone its parliament, to make such a crucial moral decision - what kind of democracy are we living in?

The generous Australian spirit has been irrevocably tarnished through the use of these boat people as political pawns, in what is both a domestic issue as well as a global refugee problem. The Liberal Government has shown a complete lack of compassion and understanding of the plight and situation of refugees. Howard has embarrassed Australia internationally through his reactive mishandling of the issue. The basic principles of parliamentary representation define that our leaders and ministers are representing OUR interests. Few I have talked to are feeling as if they have been spoken for. Australia isn't really cold-hearted, we really are nice people, we do care, really, really we do... Three out of four asylum seekers are genuine refugees under the UN definition. Isn't a better solution to find a way of efficiently processing these people's claims, rather than to push them back into dangerous waters and further uncertainty?

What makes me the most frustrated is that some Australian people will be happy that the *Tampa* has been forced out of Australian waters, people will cheer that it is a victory in the fight against 'illegal immigrants'. They will not think about the lives of these people, who have given up their life savings for what they dreamt would be a safe life for themselves and their families. Why would a person give up their life savings to come to Australia, unless the conditions in their home country were so deplorable that they felt they were in danger? I don't believe that any of us, let alone the Liberal Government, have the right to sit back and judge when we have no true understanding of what it is like to grow up in a nation such as Iran, Iraq or Afghanistan. We are the lucky ones who have been granted plentiful opportunities in education, we are healthy, we are happy, we have part time jobs, a family to go home to, food on the dinner table. We live in political stability, we are not in constant fear of our lives, and overall we have our human rights respected by our fellow Australians. Don't we realise how lucky we are, and if we do, how can we tell others to get stuffed because they are not 'lucky' enough to be us? Pushing the *Tampa* away is a big 'fuck you' in the face of helpless families who only want an ounce of what we take for granted.

There are no definitive solutions to this problem, but one thing must be clear. Regardless of their nationality, people who have entered Australian waters in desperate need of medical attention cannot be ignored. This issue encompasses the entire world; a world that has embraced globalisation while ignoring the consequences of mass movement across the globe. The people of poorer nations deserve a better life, and who are we to slam the door in their face? Shame Howard.

Laura Anderson



HEATHEN FREETHINKERS ANONYMOUS

INFIDELS WELCOME



All alone in a Godless Universe? I think so.

While I was sitting waiting for a friend the other day a strange bloke approached me and asked me if I believed in God. I said no, and before I realised what I'd done he'd delivered a ten minute rant and handed me a little book explaining why Creationism is right and I am wrong. This episode brought to my attention something that has bothered me for a long time now. Ever since the bubbling spiritual oils of my philosophically tumultuous teenage years solidified into a congealed lump of belief in the cold frying pan of my mind I have been disturbed to find that I am part of a widely discriminated against, isolated and openly vilified sect: Atheism.

Now please don't roll your eyes and turn to the Vox Pop pages muttering things about French philosopher wannabe wankers or classify me as an unenlightened lost soul. Either reaction is symptomatic of a social attitude that would be considered totally unacceptable if it were directed towards practically any other system of belief. Atheism is quite possibly the longest running belief system in the world. Throughout the ages a few brave folk have dared to not believe in a god; animals (who I hold in higher regard than most people) were not believing in God millions of years before humans even existed. Yet Atheism gets no respect from anyone, including the Government who deigns to place it in the 'other - please specify' category on the census form.

The problem is that Atheism is no fun. For one thing you don't get to rush around the world converting people on a Big Game Safari of the Soul. Worse yet, you can't use it as a justification for savagely torturing and murdering millions of people because they happen to disagree with you, tempting though it may be at times. Without the heavenly jurisdiction of the Supreme Supreme Court of God there's really no excuse for burning people at the stake or chopping bits off their private parts against their will. In fact, you can hardly interfere with people's lives at all. Telling people not to use contraception somehow starts to seem pretty intrusive unless you can add "or God will smite thee" to the end of it.

Even without the blood-soaking, sex-

life-interfering-with attractions of mainstream religions, Atheism might still stand a chance if humans weren't such a pack of spineless cowards. Unfortunately, though, religion's real selling point is that it is comprehensive insurance for the soul. It's the ultimate way of playing it safe: if you don't believe in God and he does exist He might get pissed off and take the time to fuck you over really nicely come Judgement Day. If you do believe in God and he doesn't exist then you'll get eaten by worms like everyone else. Never mind that you spent your whole life believing something that wasn't true, at least you aren't going to hell, right?

Luckily for religions, logic has no effect on them. The admittedly very smart person who first concocted ridiculous tales about the creation of the universe and humanity's place in it hit on the idea that if you claimed that there was an indeterminate quantity called 'faith' you could use it to prove pretty much anything. The conversation probably went something like this:

Elder Uruk: Then, oh my children, the world was belched out of the mouth of a gigantic heavenly warthog. The glittering stars above are beads of his saliva.

Tribesman Doubting Tomaks: Why should we believe such a ridiculous thing?

Elder Uruk: Uh... *faith*, yeah, it's this thing like evidence, only you can't see it and I can't show it to you. Or describe it to you. But it's really great, it's like the power that Neo has in *The Matrix*, it's very exciting and fulfilling.

Converted Tribesman Tomaks: Well, I suppose that sounds reasonable. Let us go and become the fathers of civilisation so that we can instil our feeble need for guidance in all our descendants.

Elder Uruk: Agreed, but first let me finish these rock paintings of men with very large penises so that all of our descendants will worry that theirs are too small.

People will listen to a man in silly

robes and a big hat if he tells them to do silly things and uses faith as an argument. People will kill other people if a man with a silly beard and a cloth wrapped around his head tells them faith demands it. Science, meanwhile, is increasingly viewed in the mass media as a kind of voodoo cult in which crazed people in labs concoct strange new ways to create mutant sheep for no good reason. Atheism is dimly viewed as a lazy, faithless alternative with no real meaning at all.

Faith and sanctity have allowed religions to place themselves on an unassailable pedestal. To attack mainstream religious beliefs is viewed as intolerant and insensitive. Children are indoctrinated from an early age through diabolical institutions such as Sunday School and fond references to dead loved ones "looking down on us." Religion has somehow managed to place its right to protection from criticism in the same basket as race and gender rights even though its foundation is in ideology. Indeed many religions do or have participated in discrimination of the very same kind from which they are now protected.

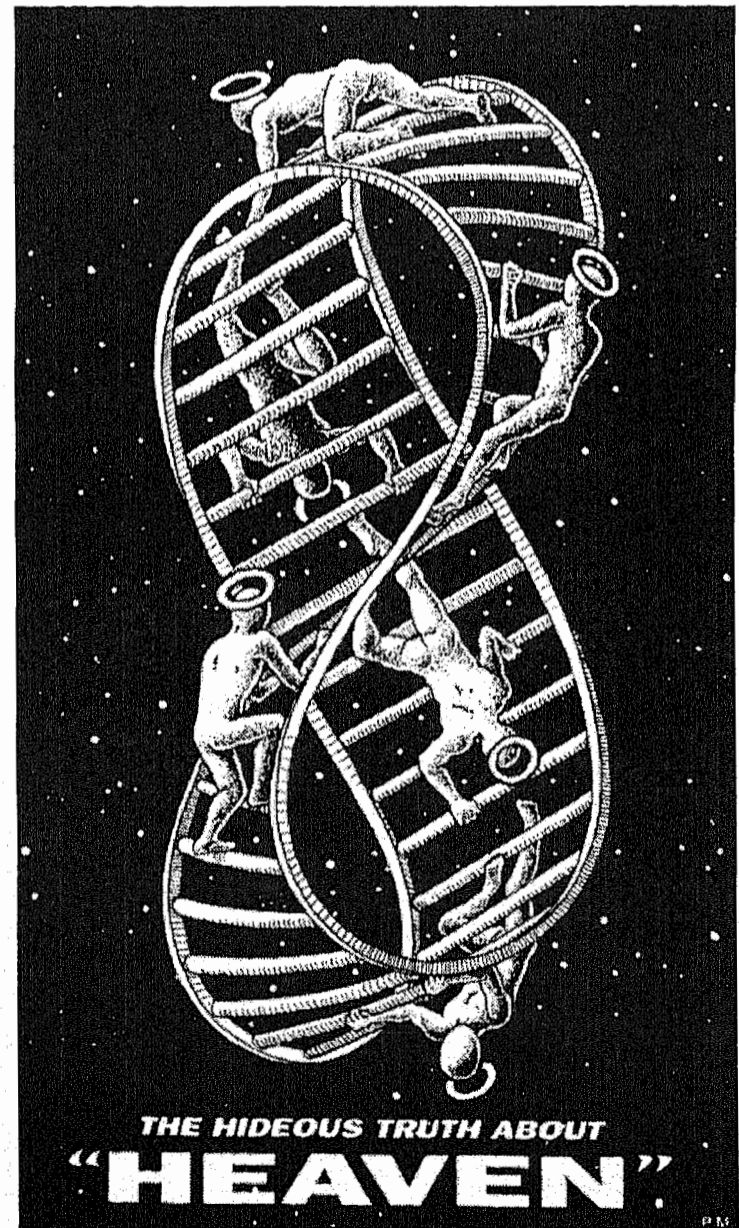
I don't imagine that opinionated ranting like this will unconvert many people to the joys of secularity. Just remember that a belief in nothing is not no belief, and it deserves the same respect as any

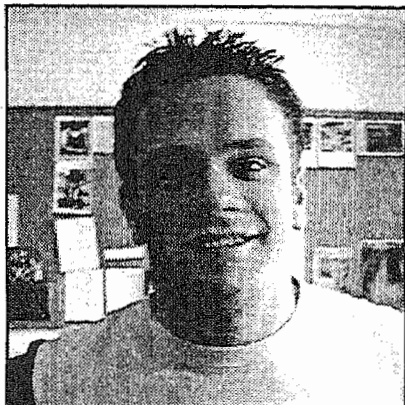
other belief if we are going to run this here country in an open and tolerant fashion. Sigmund Freud psychoanalysed the pants off everything in sight including religion. According to him:

"It would be very nice if there were a God who created the world and was a benevolent providence, and if there were a moral order in the universe and an after-life; but it is a very striking fact that all this is exactly as we are bound to wish it to be."

So it's probably your parents' fault then.

Paul Bullock





Tom Radzevicius: President

University Quality Audit

Adelaide University is one of the first Universities in Australia to be subjected to a quality audit by the Federal Government next year. The Federal Government has created an agency, AUQA, to audit every University in the country. The audit will be a comprehensive review of the entire University, from the cleaners and administrative assistants all the way to the Chancellor and Council.

The student input into the audit will be the defining characteristic by which Adelaide University will be judged. Therefore it is imperative that all students are made aware of the implications of the audit and the processes involved. The University in the coming months will be preparing for the audit which is scheduled to occur mid 2002, and you will most likely see some rapid and drastic changes occurring across your departments and faculties as the University attempts to address some of the major areas of discontentment and poor performance before the audit.

As mentioned above, the University will be relying on the student population, to a large extent, to provide the information to the Auditors on how the university is performing.

If anyone would like more information or to comment on this process, please contact me on 8303 5406 or tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au.

Anais Chevalier: Women's Officer

Women in Education Week

Plans are well and truly underway for what is shaping up to be the biggest Women in Education Week that Adelaide Uni has seen in some time. The theme for the week is 'Breaking Down the Barriers' and there will be a mix of events and activities to complement the campaigns that will be run throughout the week. From the Women's Art Show, to the Women's Dance Party (held at the very spunky *Allure*), plus the obligatory food and beverage with musical accompaniment on the lawns.

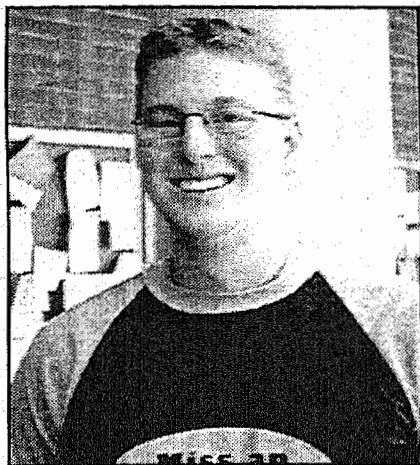
Elle Dit

Want to contribute? Contact me on 8303 5406 or at anais@arcom.com.au

Got a problem?

If you are being discriminated against or harassed at uni because of your gender, you don't have to put up with it. This behaviour is unacceptable from students or staff, and is against the University's policy. If you are unsure about any behaviours or what you want to do about your situation, don't worry, the decision will always be yours. Just because you speak to myself (or any of the other Sexual Harassment Contact Officers) doesn't mean that we can go ahead without your permission. Please contact me in the SAUA.

Mark Henderson: Activities and Campaigns Vice President



The event that has been touted for so many months has finally been and gone. About 120 people attended what I hope will become an annual tradition for the Students' Association. Everyone who was there had a good time and I would encourage you all to make sure that you come along next year when the event will be bigger and better than ever. Special thanks to the sponsors, Cooper's and Spurling Formal Hire. Also deserving of thanks are the many people who helped to decorate the Games Room and make it a worthy replacement of Bonython Hall.

Lost Property Sale

Near the beginning of next term the SAUA will be holding the annual Lost Property Sale. This is where we get all of the unclaimed lost property from the previous year from the University security service and sell it to you at really cheap prices. Keep your eyes peeled for details.

Elections

Congratulations to all who were elected. Of special significance to me were the seven people who will become part of the activities department this year. Congratulations to Pat Clifton, Amanda Wong, Steve Mitchell, Michael Van Dissel, Sally Kellett and Ryan Carr for being elected to the Activities Standing Committee and also to Paul Huebl, the 2002 ACVP.

Supplementary exams

Two years ago the University's academic board voted to remove the obligation for faculties and departments to provide supplementary exams. The SAUA is concerned about this trend and is worried that some within the University may see the removal of the University-wide policy to move toward a cost cutting and time saving blanket removal of supplementary exams for students. If your faculty does not offer sup exams, let us know, e-mail education@saua.asn.au, or e-mail your school/faculty or departmental head and let them know you think that University policies on the provision of sup exams should be equitable and fair.

Enrol to Vote.

Over the next few weeks the SAUA will be running an enrol to vote campaign. The Liberal government recently passed legislation restricting the enrolment of voters before the calling of a Federal or state election. If you have just turned 18, changed address or are 17 turning 18 this year you should fill in an enrol to vote form. You can get a form from the post office, or from the SAUA.

Student Satisfaction.

In the last few months of my term the Education Department will be looking at the issue of student satisfaction, the barriers to satisfaction with the University and the factors which cause student dissatisfaction to occur. If you are have any examples in your area of study which are a cause for ongoing dissatisfaction which you think the SAUA could help to change e-mail education@saua.asn.au or call 8303 3898

Georgie Perks: Environment Officer

Frog Census

The Environment Protection Authority annual frog census will be run in "Frog Week" from 10-16 September. The reason for the timing is that it coincides with early spring, when most frogs in the State will be active. What it basically involves is going down to your local water site and tape recording frog sounds. You then send in the tape and the EPA analyses it to determine the types of species living in your area. Frogs are a fantastic indicator of environmental stability as they are extremely sensitive to changes in the environment. Last year over 690 groups took part, recording from nearly 1000 different sites. If you are interested in becoming involved come into the office and pick up a registration form, or email me on environment@saua.asn.au for further information.

Policy Review

Over the last few months of my appointment as Environment Officer I will be undergoing policy review. Particular focus will be placed upon recycling policy. If any general students are interested in making submissions, please contact me on the above email.

Elise Duffield and Sam Butler: Sexuality Officers



Feast

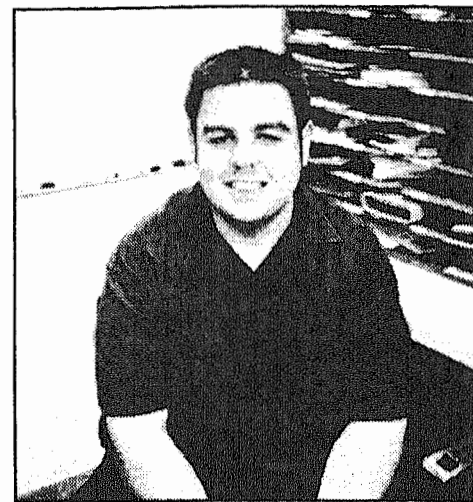
Adelaide's annual lesbian and gay cultural festival is now just over a month away, and you may have spotted the Rainbow lorikeet posters going up around Adelaide. It is always an excellent few weeks of plays, forums, movies and big events, culminating in the Picnic in the Park on Sunday, 11th of November. The full program for Feast and the Feast Program Guide will be launched on Thursday, September 13.

Homosexual Histories Conference (AHH4) - Queer Federations

One of the major roles the Sexuality Department is playing in Feast is to help with AHH4. We have managed to score a very generous sponsorship package from the University so it should be an even better event than we first anticipated.

Don't forget, if you would like any information about AHH4, Feast or anything else the Sexuality Department is involved in, come visit us at the SAUA or contact Sam: boysexo@saua.asn.au or Elise: girlsexo@saua.asn.au. Ph. 8303 3899.

Ciao!



Brad Kitschke: Education Vice President



Stanley George

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Luke 5:32

Alright then, Christmas is just around the corner, so I had best put my religious cards on the table.

I believe that humankind is essentially evil. I believe that a lowly carpenter's son was the earthly personification of the Almighty. I believe that the theory of natural selection is an insufficient explanation of biodiversity. I believe in pacifism, charity, forgiveness.

Technically, all this makes me a card-carrying Christian.

Ha! Betchya didn't see that one coming. Took me for a cynical atheist, or one of those hippie Buddhist types, didn't you? Thought I was going to be one of those flaky fence-sitting agnostics, or an addled beatnik with a painfully vague "be-cool-to-each-other" philosophy on life.

Nope. I'm a Christian.

You know - Jesus and that.

Wanna know why?

I'll tell you.

Throughout the course of my life I have come to discover two inglorious truths about people. First, they are arseholes. Second, they are amazingly stupid.

That's right, Charlie. The world is made up of billions and billions of stupid arseholes, all of them killing and maiming and corrupting and cursing and sodomizing each other into proverbial oblivion. If you don't believe me, just take a look at Afghanistan, where women are forbidden to show their faces in public, TV is banned by government decree and preaching Christianity is punishable by death. (Anybody who just said "so it should" can kiss my arse. God-bothering evangelists deserve a right to life too, you know.)

Of course, such a dire situation requires some kind of rationalisation. After all, it hardly makes sense to populate an entire planet with a cancerous

civilisation that is good for nothing but the mass-production of nuclear weapons and Reality TV.

My theory is this. God is not the kind of God that you or I can conceptualise properly. He* is not as simple as some bearded dude sitting on a cloud, dispensing mysterious advice and intermittently revealing himself to the slow-witted and elderly. God - the Godhead part of the Holy Trinity - is really just an idea. God is free will, consciousness, the first-person mode of phenomenal experience. In short, God is present by default in all rational conscious beings - we are almost literally created in God's own image.

Naturally, we ourselves are not a patch on the likes of God. We may possess the same kind of free will as God, but we are not powerful enough to control it. Unlike God, we are not supremely benevolent, omnipotent, omnipresent, et cetera. As such, we use our free will to perform evil deeds like murder, theft and the production, sale and use of edible underpants.

Thus, the existence of evil and free will are quite neatly explained by our resemblance to God. When you really get into the nitty gritty of Christian philosophy, you will find that a whole mess of quandaries are resolved quite nicely by a few simple paradigms.

So far, Christianity sounds fairly reasonable, right? The world is full of stupid arseholes and God is just an idea. Nothing too spooky there. However, what is understandably hard to swallow is the whole Heaven and Hell/Jesus-dying-for-our-sins deal.

Well Charlie, the deal with Jesus is this: he was a working class peasant-type, who was sharp as a tack and smoked more pot than the average Philosophy major. He was wise, handsome, witty, controversial, and one hell of a

raconteur.

My point is that Jesus of Nazereth was a supremely benevolent leader, regardless of whether or not you choose to believe that his old man was an ethereal dove.

Before the Roman aristocracy managed to twist them into an excuse

to slaughter Heretics and Jews, Christ's teachings really were an amazingly simple kind of philosophy. The application of some of the more basic tenets of Christian thought could easily solve all of the world's most pressing problems. I mean, think about it:

- Love thy neighbour.
- Turn the other cheek.
- Rich people aren't allowed into Heaven.
- The squeaky wheel gets the grease.

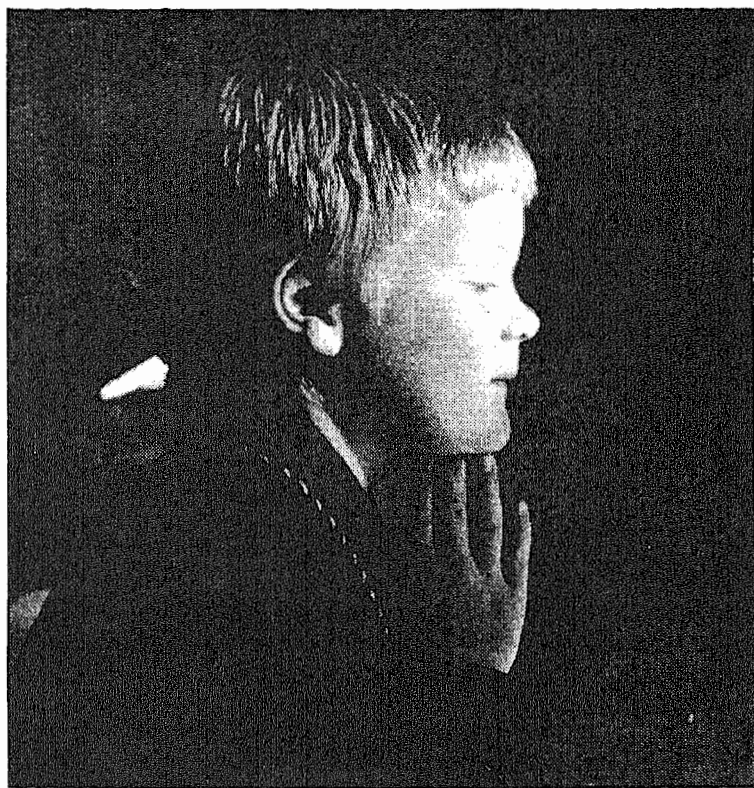
Imagine if the people of the Balkans decided to love their neighbours. Or if Jews and Palestinians started turning cheeks at each other. Or if Rupert Murdoch liquefied some of his more superfluous assets so that he could bail-out the Central Bank of Argentina. Or if it dawned on John Howard that welfare is for the poor and underprivileged, rather than a reward for people smart enough to defraud Centerlink.

Yessir, I'm inclined to agree with Jesus on every count. His ideas were completely unprecedented. No one before nor since has come up with anything quite like them. They are so simple, easy-going, practical, *sensible*. Jesus is quite possibly the only person in the history of civilisation (aside from Ben Chifley and the Mahatma) who had his head screwed on straight. Jesus had the right idea. He knew where it was at.

He was the original dude.

Now, as for the whole Messiah deal, well, that's a whole other can of beans. As far as I'm concerned, if anybody deserves the honour, it's the original pot-smoking pacifist. However, there is a slightly better argument, and it goes something like this: if God is just the idea of the first-person, then even He can't quite figure out what it's like to be a regular Joe like you and me. As such, basic phenomenology dictates that even an all-powerful God would find it impossible to dispense genuine forgiveness, sort out the good from the bad and generally go about all the caring, schmaltzey stuff that nice Gods are supposed to do.

However, if the Godhead saw fit to become a regular Joe (a carpenter's son, for example), then He could finally understand what it was like to be flesh and blood.



Stan prays for stuff

Furthermore, if He could rig it so that He could end up tempted, betrayed, mocked, taunted, beaten, whipped, abandoned and nailed to a dirty great slab of wood, His suffering could make up for His original cock-up, which involved something to do with there not being a high enough fence around the Tree of Knowledge.

Or something.

Admittedly, I'm a little sketchy when it comes to the whole Jesus having to be nailed to a cross thing. Suffice to say that plenty of theologians who are a damn sight smarter than me have figured it out - and it apparently makes an uncanny amount of sense. At any rate, the story of a well-meaning hippie being crucified on a hill is a fairly cool - not to mention historically plausible - story.

Of course, there are some aspects of Christianity that I am inclined to disagree with rather strongly. To my mind, roughly five out of the ten commandments are unreasonable at best. I'm also of the belief that homosexuality, contraception, binge drinking and messing about on the Sabbath are all good things, rather than bad.

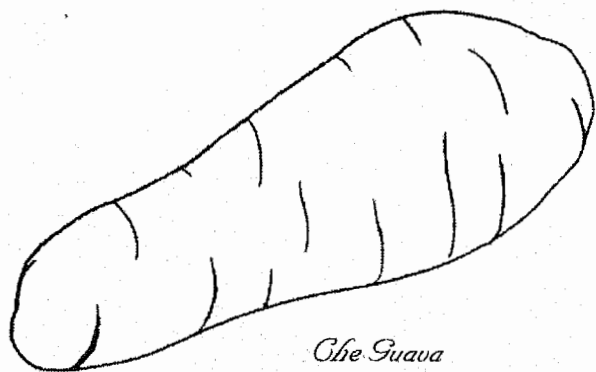
The moral of the story is this: Finding the people who adhere to a particular faith lame and/or freaky is no reason to dismiss their philosophy. Just look at Engineering students. Despite the fact that most of them appear to be awkward meatheads who can barely walk erect, they hate student politics, hold their liquor, perform complex algorithmic calculations in their head and know their way around a decent sized spud gun. Similarly, Christians may seem like homophobic yokels (Hell, most of them are) but their basic philosophy is just about spot on.

My name is Stanley George, and I believe in Jesus. Sue me.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney

* I know God isn't supposed to be gendered, but "He" is a damn sight less clumsy than "S/He". Besides, God can look after himself - he doesn't need hordes of post-modern pedants rushing to his grammatical aid.

Stanley George's hastily drawn root vegetable of the week



Che Suava

A sweet potato!

THE POSTIE BROUGHT US SOME . . .

PRO-STUDENT PRO-ACTIVE NON-ALIGNED

It's good to see that all of us – campaigners and voters – have survived another election (relatively) unscathed. I wanted to jump on Sarah's bandwagon and thank everyone who supported me on my crusade to bring peace and justice to student politics!

Despite not winning Education Vice President (well done to Georgia), I feel the whole experience was worth it – mainly because of the number of people who I know voted for the first time this year. People like Viviana (yes, I remember your name!), in her article last edition, are proof that apathy and cynicism aren't immovable barriers, provided someone can make you believe in what they are saying. I still maintain that one person can make a difference to student politics if they are the best person for the job, even without the support of major factions. Congratulations to Sarah Hanson and Rachel Swift, who proved this point by being elected off their own backs. Sarah was overwhelmingly elected, while Rachel polled the second highest number of primary votes for Union Board. I hope this sends a message to all student polities – that stu-

dents are looking for a decent alternative.

Thanks to all the people who offered support during the week, particularly Rachel, Sarah, Kirsty, Gemma and Zane. Caitlin and the MAD kiddies made us feel like we had friends, without being factionally aligned! And thank you to Viviana, who showed me that the effort was all worthwhile. Don't lose complete faith in all student politicians – just challenge us to do better.

Cheers,
Matt Wenham

I'M A LITTLE PARSNIP, LONG AND THIN

Dear Stanley George,

Where were you and your hastily drawn root vegetable? My week was depelted in its loveliness by your absence. May I be so bold as to suggest a parsnip as a possible root vegetable of the week. The challenge is for it not to look like a carrot.

Yours in anticipation of a parsnip,
Anna

DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO DAVID?

Dearest Ads,

You know, I wasn't going to write back. Not to you personally or to our dear-to-our-hearts *On Dit*. But then I spoke to a few friends who let me know that our saga was just too good to drop, and that *gasp* some people were actually reading these letters. Hi to them, I hope this is keeping you entertained!

Ads, you really did take the bait - hook, line and sinker, didn't you? Anyway, let's just plunge on in to a deconstruction of your response. You say it's the little things in my letter(s) you found absurd. I wish I could say the same about yours - but unfortunately it's the big things that I find absurd. Very little of it makes cohesive sense! Some of it indicates that you haven't even taken on board what I've attempted to say! What does 'pig-ridled' mean?!

Way back when, I tried to tell you that I was criticising a stereotype and hence those people who conform to it.

So... *logically* if you don't conform to the stereotype I was talking about, then I'm *not* criticising you. Simple!

This also ties in with what a lot of people seem to have forgotten - exactly what various people mean when we talk about feisty. All printed dictionaries in my house having failed me (two Macquaries and the Shorter Oxford, which had 'fideprommesor' but no feisty) I turned to the net, with the excellent dictionary.com. It informed me that feisty came from the word fice - which meant a small mongrel dog. Originating in the Southern US states, the word feisty acquired two standard meanings throughout the English speaking world:

1. Touchy; quarrelsome.
2. Full of spirit or pluck; frisky or spunky.

I think a lot of girls (and guys) when they think to themselves, "but *I'm* feisty, what's this David bloke having a go at me for?" are labelling themselves with definition 2. And let me say, I'm all for it.

Go you self-labelled feisty people - I'm not having a go at you!

But, as far as I could tell, Lady Symon's article painted a far darker picture of the 'feisty girls' stereotype,

For fun times and funky beats, Swami recommends listening to...
Student Radio - 5UV - First on the AM dial...

Student Radio Blissful Happiness Corner

Hey people! Wow, it's been such a crazy week in here at the V (531 AM first on the AM band), I don't know what to tell you about first! So I'll start by congratulating Tim and Liam (AKA Clark and Golding) on their overwhelming victory in the election. So kids, this means they are the people you need to talk to about getting a radio show next year on the promised FM dial. Look out for an application form early next term, or email t@senet.com.au and take your first steps towards international superstardom and have a mountain of fun. Damn we've got some fabulous events coming up, on and off the airways! We've got Totally Women Powered Radio activating the airways during the first week of term 4. If you're a woman and like the idea of radio stardom, contact Women's Officer, Anais Chevalier by phone: 83035406 or email: anais@arcom.com.au. Plus, if you like your quiz nights zany and unpredictable, the Student Radio Quiz Night is just for you. A value filled night of enjoyment is guaranteed for all at the Unibar on October 11 so get a table together and contact me for more details at:

luke.toop@student.adelaide.edu.au

So with more hyperlinks than you can poke a modem at you've got lots to get out and do. Just make sure you do it listening to the diverse brilliance of Adelaide Uni Student Radio 9pm to 1am Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights, on 531 AM 5UV.

Luke

StudRad ...
Better than
listening to your
foot.



LETTERS!

one far more aligned with definition 1. It was this that I was criticising. I mean - you'd hardly have a go at me for pointing out what's wrong with being a stereotypical gay basher, would you? But it seems that you're determined to be quite rabid and illogical when I try to point out with what's wrong in conforming to the Lady Symon 'defined' feisty girls stereotype. Ahh well!

Ads. If you're going to respond AGAIN, then here's a challenge:

1. Put your full name to your writings.
2. Don't use insults without basis (or at least humour!) in your argument.
3. Drop the "3rd Year Psychology" unless you can make it mean something. For all we know it's taken you 7 years to get there!
4. Make sense! I realise this may be the hardest, so it's optional for you.

In Respect,
David Billington

THE PROFESSOR
HAS SOMETHING
TO SAY:

What the fuck is an OG? Anyone?

xxProf

EVERYONE READS
ON DIT

Dear Editor(s),

Firstly, I wish to congratulate Bek Cornish on becoming President-elect for 2002. As the Presidential Candidate for the UniSA Student Elections (10-14 Sept) I look forward [if elected] to working closely with her to further University education in SA. I also understand the great workload she has decided to embark on.

Well, what fun the Student Elections can be! During Adelaide's, I had the weird experience of being 'badgered' by want-to-be Student Politicians for my vote. It is understandable why students are cynical leading up to the vote at UniSA. As a candidate that is proudly not running with no "factions/tickets", it amazes me the level of gusto to canvas the voters and the lack of respect for students to move freely round campus. Students who wish to vote and want to know more about me for example just have to go to www.talk.to/murch, cause the last thing I could imagine doing is hassling unsuspecting students for a whole week when they have better things to do.

While talking with various candidates, you would be amazed at the dealing that goes on to decide "the ballot/s" for students. As if students can't read the information published in *On Dit* and decide for themselves. Big thank you to Sarah Moller for the piece on Student

Elections in 69.16, it so reflected what the big bright and politically driven 'factions' will do to what should be a democratic vote. Students really are being taken for a ride by what seems like party politicking that goes on in the various University Associations/Unions, the level of apathy is just what helps them get over the line. To all UniSA students (and there are many that read this fine publication) it's time for you to make an informed vote, cause someone's got to care. Feel free to email me, if I don't get President I will be not in any role next year - as I'm not a career politician, so let's talk now.

Yours Kindly,

John Murch
9903203B Auth RO -USASA
murch@forpresident.com

IT IS POSTIE
NOT POSTMAN

Dear Gravy Grav,

Your meat-derived goodness aside, you are a nitwit and a fucknuckle. Actually, I'm surprised that your letter slipped through the editors' otherwise vigilant "sexy/racy/homey" net, because it is blatantly sexist. Why do you presume that a professor must be a man? Do you think that women aren't smart enough to become academically successful? Tee hee hee I'm just a girl and all of that nonsense.

Some people say that being careful to use gender-neutral language is a load of codswallop...and then we get folks like yourself who presume that professors, and presumably doctors, lawyers, and engineers as well, have to be male.

You're obviously hip to the notion that 'Prof Booty' is only a pseudonym, but that's no excuse. And as a matter of fact, the good professor is a woman who photographs like a supermodel. Really, you should see the pics from my housewarming.

Regards,
Jayne Lewis

MORE TROUBLES
IN THE MED
SCHOOL

Dear Eds,

A number of people have been congratulating me for the letter that I allegedly wrote to *On Dit* (20/8/2001). As much as I am flattered by having a reputation as a rabble rouser and shit stirrer, I cannot take credit for the letter. It was written by another medical student who has been feeling frustrated and disenfranchised by the attitude of the medical faculty, in particular those responsible for the Third Year Triple Jump Exam.

Many students are feeling worried by

the results of the exam which were released soon after the letter was published and after some bright spark had put a set of fake results on a noticeboard. Once again I cannot take credit for this but I hope that the person who went to all of that effort to fool her colleagues is aware of the diverse range of emotions that many students that saw the results went through upon seeing them.

It is sad that medical students are losing faith in their educators but it is understandable when one has experienced the arrogance and narcissism that some members of the faculty bring with them to teaching.

Finally, it is a sad testament to the fear and low regard that the faculty is held in by the students that the author of the letter would not even put her name on the piece. It reinforces the culture of secrecy that some students feel surrounds the Triple Jump.

Here is my name and I don't fear any faculty member's retribution. I need no assistance to fail my degree.

Michael Hartstone

BRITNEY IS
EVIL?

Dear *On Dit*,

Fred Nile pisses me off more than any other religious preacher-type in Australia (yes, even more than the divorce-tax moron.) Now I know that Eminem has been and gone, but the so-called 'controversy' surrounding his visit gave me flashbacks to a couple of years ago when Manson came out for the Big Day Out. It seemed to me that Aussie journos are getting pretty slack and are just recycling old articles from ancient 'controversial' bands such as the now-very-tame-it's-sad Skyhooks and KISS. Then I read that popster Britney Spears is coming out to Australia soon, and

wondered where these re-hashed music clichés such as 'negative influence' and 'bad for our teens' have disappeared to? Why isn't Fred Nile getting on his moral soapbox again? It seems to me that Britney is just as vile and horrific as Manson is, if not more so. Is she immune from the 'wrath of Nile' because she claims to be a virgin and writes lame-ass books about how much she loves her mum? Does her virginity make her morally acceptable for young impressionable teenage girls to listen to, despite the fact that she wears bras as tops? I mean is it just me, or does Brit's latest video resemble thinly veiled soft-core porn? Obviously certain kinds of controversial music are alright, eh, Fred?

angel_vamp


STINKY BOYS

Dear *On Dit*,

As you know, I have been working down in the *On Dit* office all year, and have had to use the men's toilets on the weekend as that is all we have access to. After 20 editions, I find I can no longer remain quiet about just how disgusting the men's toilets really are.

My gripe, in short, really only relates to one very simple action. I really fail to see why flushing is such an extraordinary effort that that for most guys it is just too much. Why? WHY? It leaves the toilet smelly and disgusting and is a most unpleasant surprise for the next person should they have the bad luck to step into your old cubicle. To make matters worse, the problem is only enhanced by the fact that most of the toilets are leaky, giving the toilets a boggy swamp-like quality. It's ewww. So if all you guys could start flushing, I'd really appreciate it.

Love,
Penny



GOT SOMETHING
YOU JUST HAVE
TO LET OUT?

Swami chooses the *On Dit* letter page to air her grievances.

Why don't you?

Send your letters down to us and be immortalised forever within *On Dit's* pages.

Bring your letters down personally, take them into the SAUA office or email them to ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au

Remember our (new) letters deadline is sometime around Friday and we don't accept anything that is sexist, homophobic or racist in nature.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ADDICT:

What the hell is wrong with me?

The problem (boring bit)

Let's face it, many computer and video games are violent and basically all of them are a waste of time. Television and film can both be accused of the same thing, but games come off a lot worse because the player actually takes an active part in the violence rather than being a passive onlooker.

The arguments both for and against gaming are really quite boring by now as every possible angle has been explored and now it is more a case of who can shout the loudest rather than an actual rational discussion between the two sides. Rather than rehash the same old arguments, I want to be a little introspective and take a look at exactly why the hell I actually like the damn things rather than listen to all the experts and their statistics proving this or that (and this from a person who majors in the Social Sciences, but then again who better to tell you just how full of shite these surveys and studies really are?). There are so many surveys and studies floating around the net and the academic community that either support gaming or criticize it that I'll spare you the intricate details and just say that if I had an agenda and a point to prove, I could easily cite several well respected studies and surveys (and have several in reserve) to prove either case. These studies range from heralding gaming as being a social activity that helps improve fine motor skills and co-ordination, while reducing stress and also increasing puzzle-solving abilities, to cursing every aspect of the pastime and blaming it for practically all violent crimes while increasing social isolation and undermining the proper development of the brain (I actually agree with that one) destroying all manner of social skills and basically ending humankind as we know it (those two also sound pretty right to be honest).

What the hell is wrong with me? (less boring bit)

When examining my own personal gaming involvement I often find it hard to rationalise it. I study at university and (mostly) really enjoy the learning experience, but I also like playing *Tekken* - mashing a series of buttons to make my character kick the other guy in the nuts. I bring my own plastic bags to the shop and have memorised the environmental canon reduce, reuse, recycle, yet I also enjoy running over innocent bystanders in *Grand Theft Auto*.

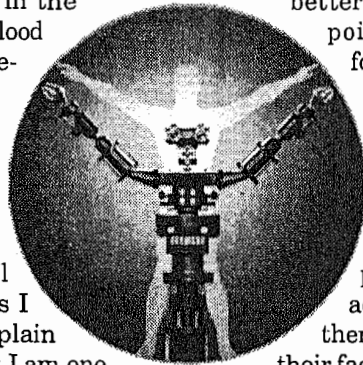
I do not really like anything to do with the military yet I like to shoot counter operatives in the head (and sometimes crotch) in *Soldier of Fortune*. What the hell is wrong with me? I really believe I am more of a freak than most gamers out there, but even the other more normal people must experience a similar contradiction at times (perhaps not to the same extent). Do not get me wrong, I certainly do not limit myself to playing only the most violent games, far from it, my gaming tastes usually stray towards the more gameplay-oriented titles rather than the sensational schlock. I enjoy playing right across the gaming spectrum, but I do like the odd shooter or graphically violent and sensational game. So, **what the hell is wrong with me?** Why do I enjoy games where shooting people in the crotch and seeing the blood fly when I smash someone in the face are an integral part of the experience? I hate violence of any kind in the real world, yet on the odd occasion, I really enjoy doing it in the virtual world. The only reasons I can come up with to explain this behaviour is 1/ that I am one sick **SICK SICK** person and should be put into a padded cell - fast 2/ that all games have some sort of subliminal messaging that only affect the weak minded and force you to keep buying and playing the stupid things or 3/ that I am a (sort of) perfectly sane, rational person who can enjoy playing violent games because I understand that I am not actually affecting anyone else's life by playing them.

The first two reasons make more sense to me than the third one, as number 3 does not really explain why I enjoy using guns and explosives when in the real world I find implements of mass destruction totally abhorrent. So again I ask myself - what the hell is wrong with me?

I still don't know

The plot makes a big difference to how much I enjoy the particular game. I liked playing *Grand Theft Auto* (car stealing and generally being a violent pest) when it first came out but my interest soon waned as blowing things up and stealing cars became boring. The fact that I was mowing down innocent bystanders was (in some weird twisted way) fun in the short term but, as I con-

tinued to play, (this sounds even weirder, now you know why I don't sign my name to this article) I began to try and avoid the little pixelated pedestrians more and more. As I played, I began to sympathise with the little pixelated people: what did the little pixelated pedestrian, just crossing the street minding her/his own business do to deserve a car splattering them all over the pavement? It's really stupid, but I began to find the game distasteful to play not only because it was not stimulating enough in gameplay terms but also because I did not really enjoy stealing cars and killing the little pixelated people all that much. It would have been interesting to see if I would have been less worried about killing the little pixelated people if the game was better - who knows, but the



point is that although I found the game fun in the short term it did not hold my attention. But then again, if everyone ends up actually giving these little pixelated people the same amount of importance as I did and then actually continues to run them over with a big grin on their face then perhaps the whole gaming process really is dangerous. I don't bloody know, but from what I've read, neither does anyone else.

Perfect Dark (first person shooter) is another thing altogether. The story was quite involving and, being set in the future, the action is less real and therefore, for me, it was more escapist and therefore more fun. I could play *Perfect Dark* ten times as much as *Grand Theft Auto* and not get bored with it. The superior gameplay is a big reason for this, but the fact that it gives you the chance to be a cool secret agent type helps a lot, as does the fact that your ultimate aim is a benign one (basically: save the world, again. I've saved the world so many times - you should all thank me sometime). Completing all of the missions in hard mode gives you a great sense of achievement and if you do really well you can unlock various other modes as a reward for your work. It is this aspect that is so appealing to me, the ability to escape from reality, do something that you could never do in real life and achieve goals while having fun and enjoying a decent story. Let's face it, chances are that none of my actions in real life will ever get the world closer to world peace or save millions of lives, but by picking up a joystick or

mouse I can do that and more and never have to leave my house.

Not a true story:

If I've just had a pig of a day where I work for minimum wage at a physically and mentally debilitating job, my boss makes me feel about as appreciated as a yeast infection, the bus inspector has fined me for not having the right identification to prove that I deserve the 20 cent cheaper fare and the neighbour's kids have pelted me with rotten fruit and dog turds as I make my way into my scummy hovel, well, I'd feel pretty bad about my life. Instead of sticking my head in the oven and ending it all, I can spend my free time doing something for which I am rewarded, and where I feel like I am worth something and where my hard (but not too hard, as all I have to do is sit down and press a bunch of buttons a couple of thousand times) work actually leads to accomplishments that I can feel good about. It's pure escapism, but so is reading a good book or watching a good movie, except in the virtual world, you actually guide the action and your input is needed to produce the desired outcome, giving you a sense of achievement.

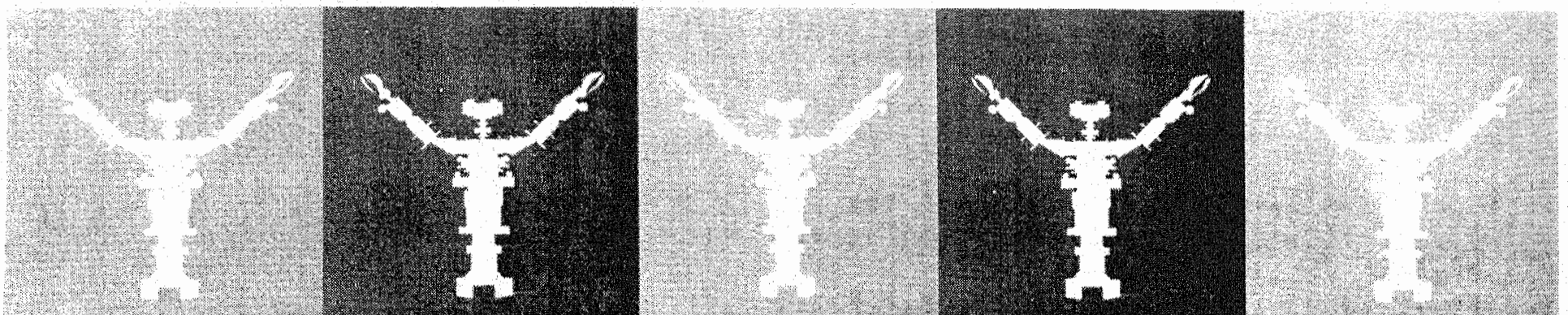
The solution:

In reality such escapism is pretty useless; you would be much better off taking an active role in solving your problems rather than hiding from them in a game: quit your job, find a boss who appreciates your work, ride your bike instead of taking the bus and move to a neighbourhood where the kids aren't such brats. The only thing is that even if you do have a mildly pleasant life, most people feel unfulfilled anyway. There are not that many jobs out there that are actually interesting to do, but you can leave all that behind when you enter the virtual world - you can actually feel important and enjoy yourself at the same time.

There is no solution, so why did I write this?

That more than explains the appeal of gaming in general terms. As for the reasons behind why an environmentally conscious, pacific and animal-loving person likes to shoot people in the crotch on the odd occasion, well, don't ask me, I don't bloody know.

MP

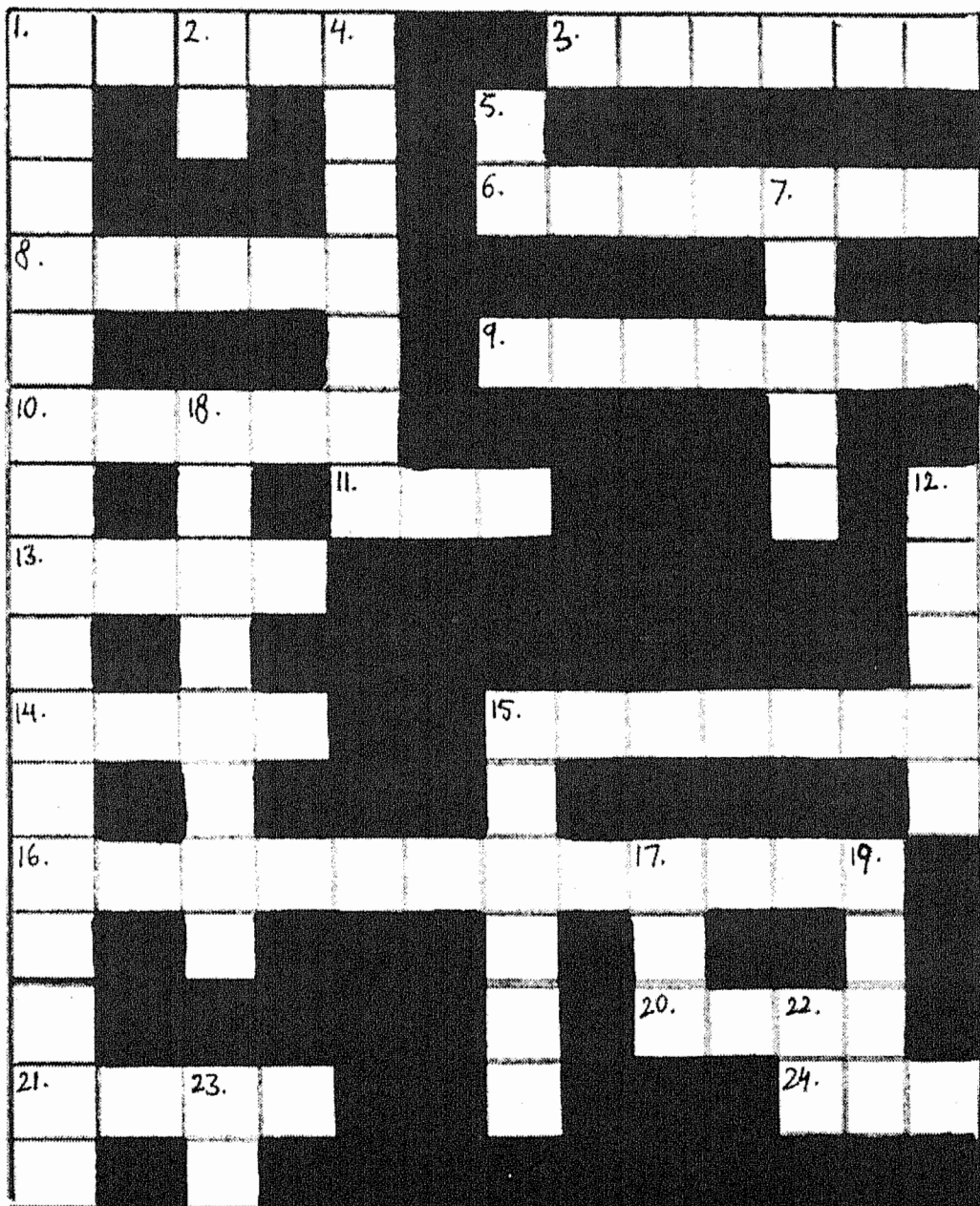


The On Dit Crossword

Across

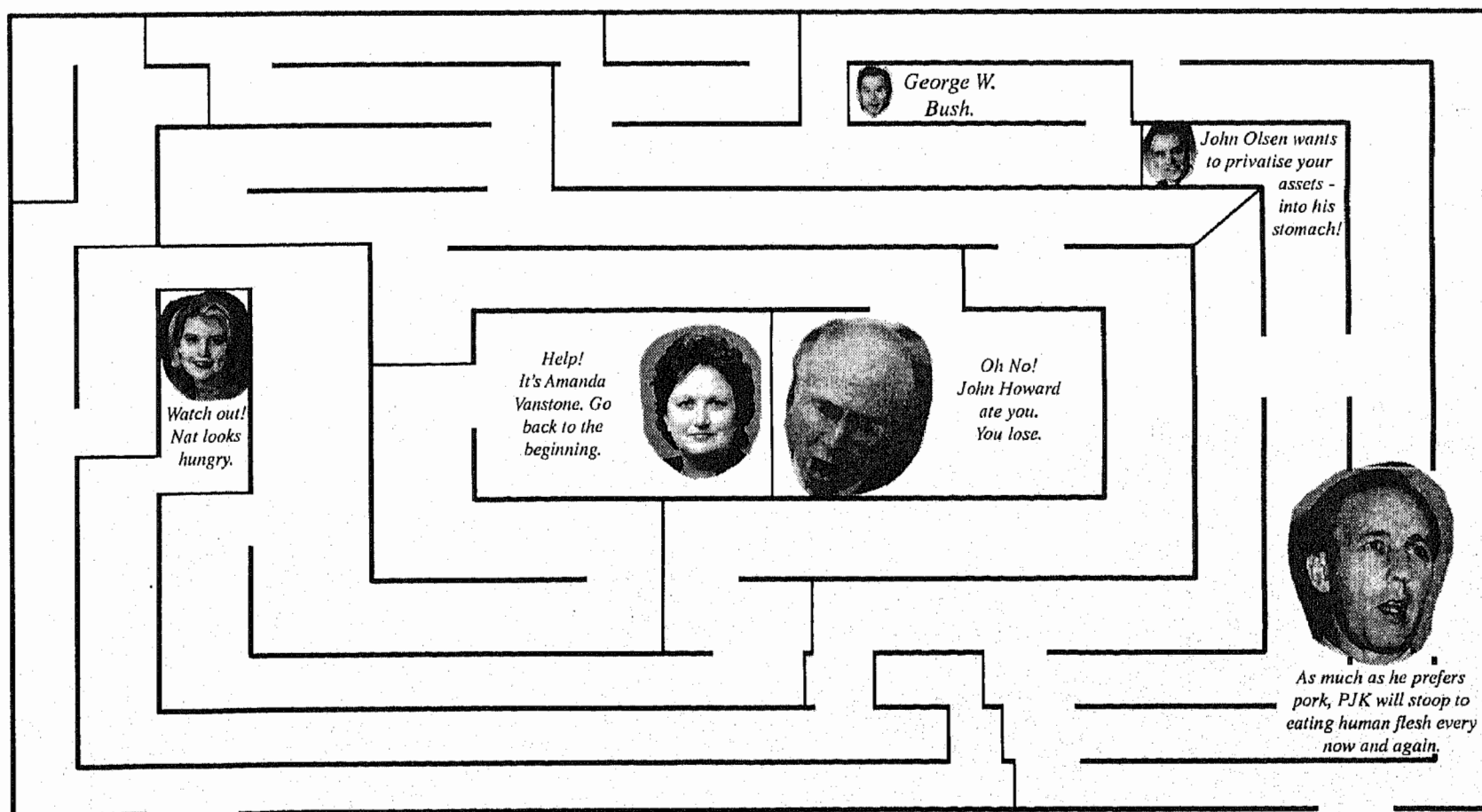
That's right, the *On Dit* crossword is back after the enormous success of the first one. If you want to be in the running for another can of aerosol cooking oil then bring your completed crossword down to the office and you could get your name on the perpetual trophy of *On Dit* crossword winners!

1. Angelina Jolie has the biggest
3. A delicious root vegetable which had a fairy tale written about it. 'The Enormous'
6. Which word fits? This crossword is i) crap; ii) quality; iii) brilliant
8. Crap singer:Keating. (Author's note: this was the only word that fitted. SAFM thinks he's great, as does Paula from Paralowie)
9. Choose a random seven letter word which has the letter 'I' as its fifth letter. Insert it.
10. You make this out of paper and glue and make stuff out of it. Papier
11. Large hairy creature, rhymes with dak, also means to vomit.
13. True or false: an ostrich's eye is larger than its brain.
14. Angelina Jolie also has big ones of these.
15. We love the Wills because it has comfy
16. Song: more beer, more beer, more
20., Warrior Princess.
21. There is nothing like a delicious vegetable. (Rhymes with fruit, boot, loot.)
24. In Spain they say this, possibly when they are the place mentioned at 7 Down.



Down

1. Apparently the largest library in the Southern Hemisphere.
2. .. *Dit*.
4. Everyone's favourite male columnist George.
5. Even though most engineers have a high ..., it does not mean they know how to dress well.
7. Title of Venga Boys song: Oh! We're Going to! (title of holiday hotspot where much action is had by all).
12. True or false: There is a word which rhymes with orange. (borange and clorange are NOT words)
15. Another type of root vegetable, the colour of the word that doesn't rhyme with anything (see 12 Down). This vegetable rhymes with parrot.
17. Three dance moves to save your life: big fish, little fish, cardboard....
18. Because it is impossible to hang your clothes up after you have worn them, they get (note: no. 18 is slightly hidden)
19. If it's not fake then it's (hint: it is rumoured that neither Angelina Jolie's lips or boobs are this, and we know for a fact that Britney's aren't either)
22. Is Heath Ledger attractive?
23. .. *Dit*.



Enter the On Dit maze and try to get through to the exit. But be careful! The maze is haunted by many hungry politicians who will eat you if you blunder into their lairs. Tread carefully...

The On Dit Maze



Congratulations! You have escaped. On Dit and the rest of the world salutes you.

VOX

Questions:

1. What's your favourite book?
2. What makes a good weekend?
3. Do you agree with Rick?



Sonya, Adele, & Amber

Use different fire extinguishers for different situations.

1. S: 'Looking for Alibrandi' by Melina Marchetta.
A: I don't read.
A: *Vogue* magazine.
2. S: Friends.
A: Alcohol.
A: Getting drunk.
3. S: I don't know who he is.
A: Absolutely not.
A: No way. I am anti-Rick.

Dave

No one knows what the 'Scroll Lock' key does.

1. Anything featuring Calvin & Hobbes.
2. No uni.
3. No. I don't like his fashion sense.



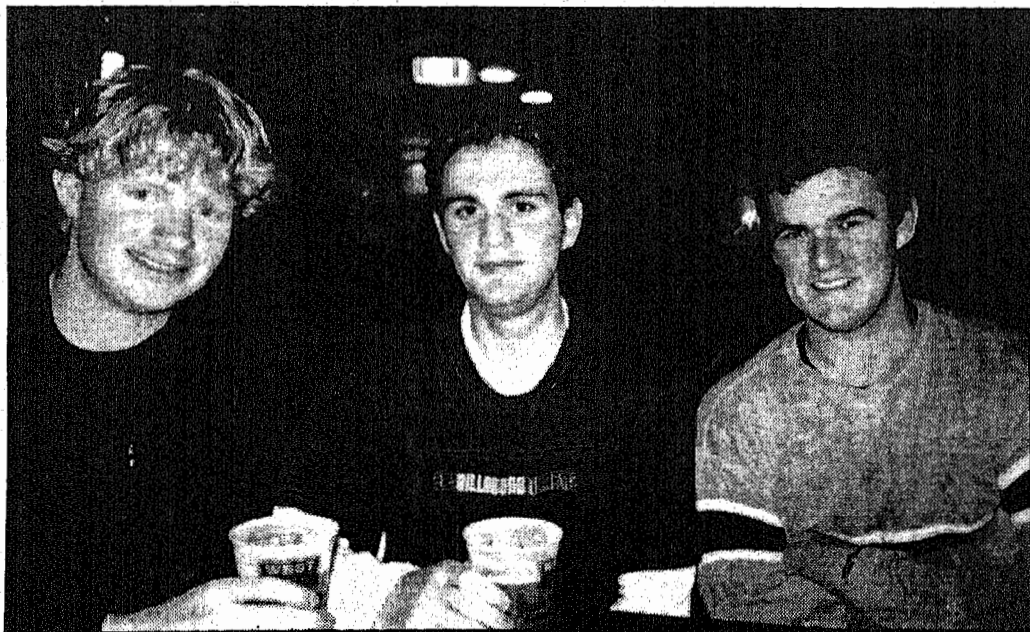
BEER WINNER

This week's beer winners for most amusing answers are Emma, Emma, Crystal and Hannah. With thanks to Southwark.

Christina Agullera

Why does everyone at my kindy eat peanut butter?

1. 'How To Make Yourself Look Like A Golden Lion Tamerin' by H.D. Monkeylocks.
2. Hanging out with anyone who *Entertainment Tonight* classifies as a 'diva'.
3. Rick? You mean Ricky Martin.....oh sure!



Liam, Tom, & Michael

Method saves hours of wasted effort.

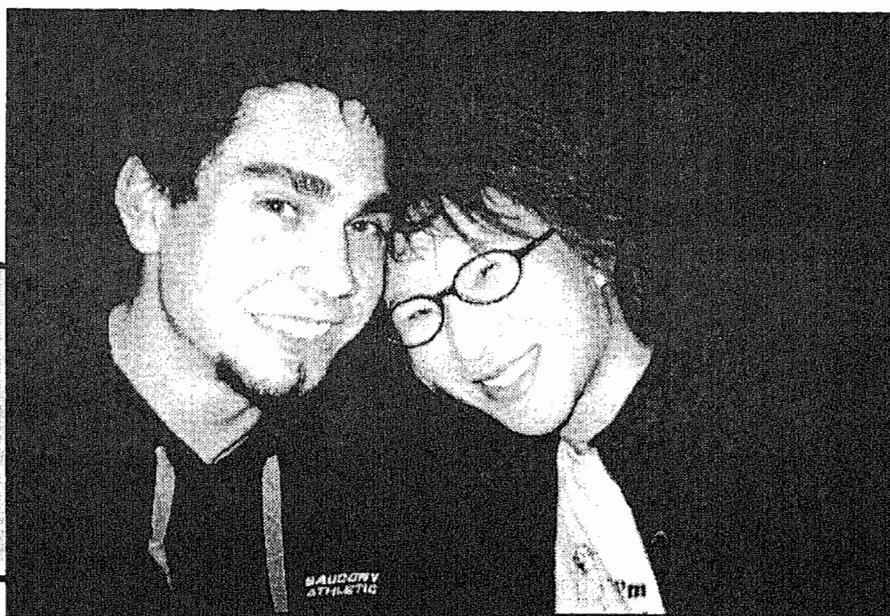
1. L: *Ralph* magazine.
T: Nat Young's autobiography.
M: Rex Hunt's autobiography.
2. L: Beer, girls, and parties.
T: Not remembering the weekend.
M: Watching Rex Hunt. I like fishing.
3. L: Got no time for him.
T: I reckon Rick's a bit of a tool.
M: No fucken idea.

POP

Luke & Ingy

I hate those houses with yellow bricks.

- 1. L: '1984' by George Orwell.
I: 'Philosopher's Stone' by Rowling.
- 2. L: Sex, drugs, and drum'n'bass.
I: Sleep.
- 3. L: Who's Rick?
I: No.



Emma, Emma, Crystal, & Hannah

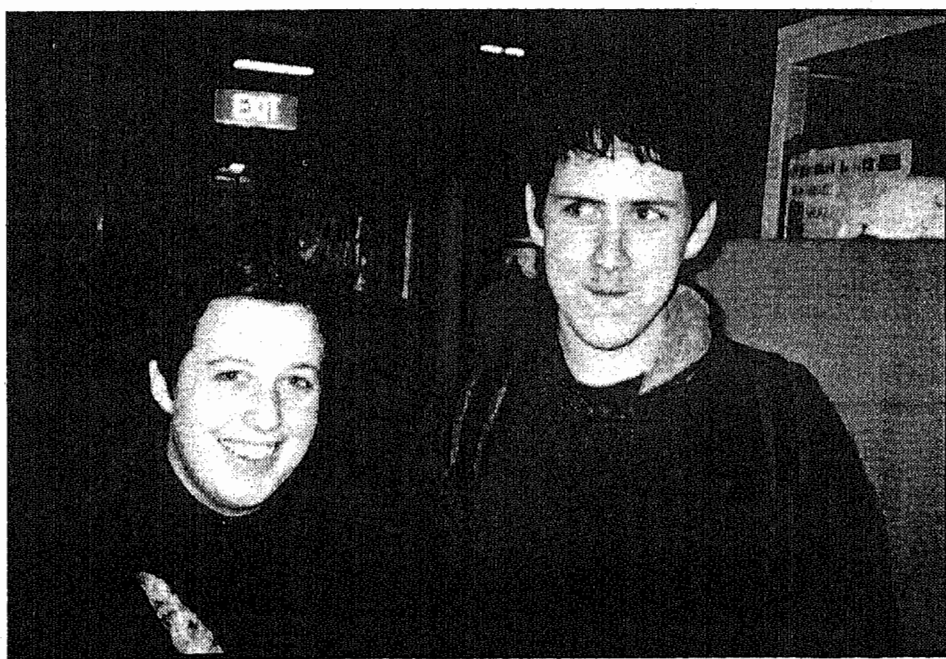
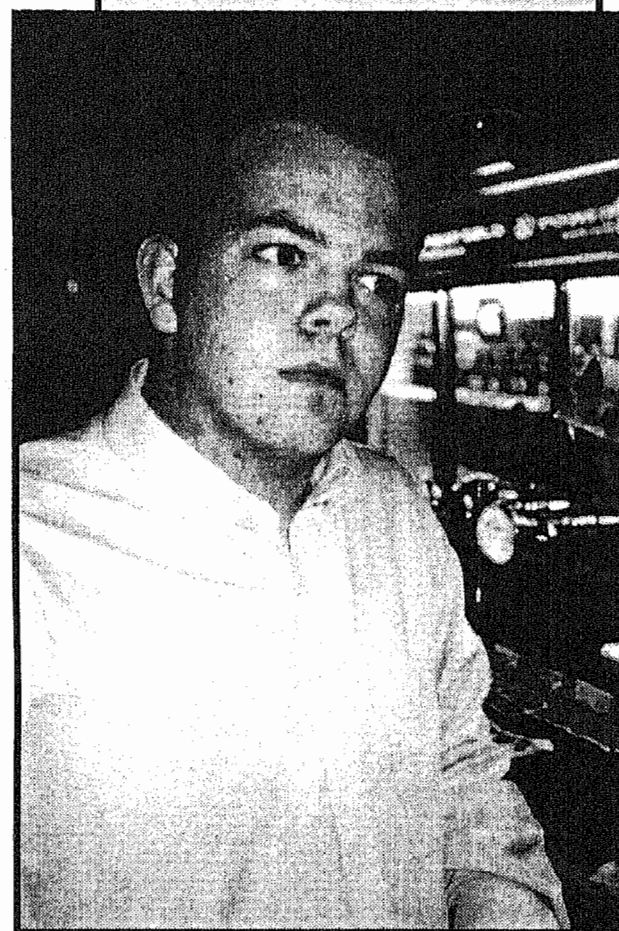
People who work at the show prefer to be called 'showies'.

- 1. E: 'Of Mice and Men' by John Steinbeck.
E: The Harry Potter series.
C: 'The Black Album' by Kureshi.
H: 'If Only' by Geri Halliwell. I love the Spice Girls.
- 2. E: Alcohol, men, and cigarettes.
E: Cigarettes, men, and alcohol.
C: Men and bed (not necessarily together).
H: I agree with them but without the ciggies.
- 3. E: Yeah.
E: I don't think so (who's Rick?).
C: Who's Rick?
H: Indecisive.

Aaron

Long fingernails are hideously ugly.

- 1. 'Animal Farm' by George Orwell.
- 2. Lots of beer and good porn.
- 3. Rick's a dick.

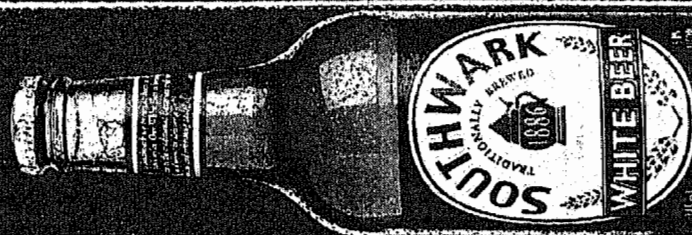


Ashley & Ianto

It's not paranoia if they're really after you

- 1. A: 'Obernewtyn' by Isobelle Carmody.
I: 'Story of an African Farm' by Olive Schreiner.
- 2. A: Sleeping and not working.
I: Not working and sleeping.
- 3. A: I've never heard of him.
I: No, the posters are annoying.

BREWED WITH WHEAT.
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.



Consumer Watchdog

Tests...

Artificial Meat Substitutes



The Consumer Watchdog couldn't make it this week, so we bring you the Consumer Watchbird.

Kaiser Royale

Ingredients: Water, Gluten Flour, Canola Oil, Potato Starch, Tapioca Starch, Wheat Flour, Salt, Soy Protein, Rice Flour, Hydrolysed Plant Protein, Spices, Guar Gum, Raw Sugar, Natural Smoke Flavour, L-Cysteine (non-animal)

I probably stacked the decks against Kaiser Royale by, instead of slicing it thinly and incorporating it into a sandwich, just biting chunks off the roll and eating them alone. I imagine it would taste quite adequately pleasant if eaten in conjunction with other foods - certainly no less pleasant than bung fritz or most other types of more genuine processed meat, in any case.

Meat tastes so good! Unfortunately there are some people who, for whatever reason, are either unable or unwilling to eat meat. This may seem like a dreadful handicap, but wait! There are plenty of alternatives which promise to be almost as delicious as the real thing. This week, *On Dit's* Consumer Watchbird samples a selection of artificial meat substitutes.



Wei-Chuan Mock Abalone

Ingredients: Gluten, Soy Sauce (Soy Bean, Wheat, Water, Salt), Sugar, Monosodium Glutamate, Soy Bean Oil.

The second stop on our journey into artificial meat substitutes is the glory of mock abalone. To be honest, it was one of the most disgusting things I've ever tasted in my life. It is grey with a rubbery texture and looks very little like any shellfish that ever swam the seas of Earth. If this is the kind of thing that vegetarians have to put up with to feel like they're eating seafood, I'm glad I can afford to eat meat these days.

Interestingly enough, Wei-Chuan Mock Abalone has the word 'Authentic' in large type on the front of the tin. Authentic Mock Abalone? Somehow I don't understand.

Soy sausages

Ingredients: Soy etc, depending on brand.

Provided that you accept that this is not a meat sausage and do not expect it to taste like one, soy sausages can be acceptable substitutes for the real thing (not that real meat sausages have much meat in them anyway, what with all the cereal binder). Eat with lots of barbecue sauce.



WuChung Mock Abalone

Ingredients: Fried Gluten, Salt, Soy Sauce, Sugar, Soy Bean Oil

Although the ingredients list indicated that WuChung Mock Abalone is almost completely identical to Wei-Chuan Mock Abalone it somehow manages to taste even worse. More oily, or something, and you'll be tasting it for hours even after you washed your mouth out in disgust. Blech.

Nutmeat

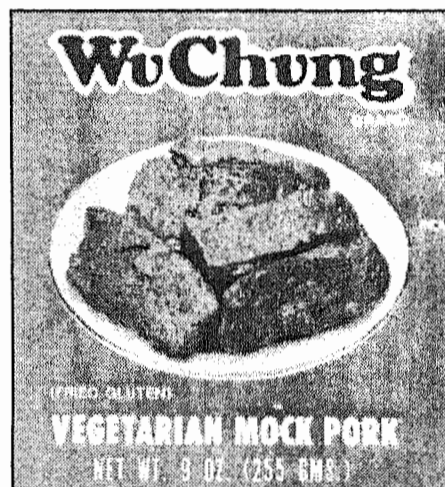
Ingredients: Plenty of nuts, no meat.

Not too bad, with, predictably, a slightly nutty flavour. Like Kaiser Royale, it's probably best eaten in combination with something else. Apparently it can be quite nice as a substitute for meat in stir-fries.

Soy Cheese

Ingredients: Soy

I've never tried this stuff myself, but I'm told that it tastes about as much like cheese as could be expected, considering that it's made out of soy. It's supposed to be quite nice, but don't expect it to act like cheese. It doesn't melt very well, for example, but if you want a cheese-like taste without eating actual cheese this could be for you. Beware: it goes mouldy just like regular animal-based cheese.



WuChung Mock Pork

Fried Gluten, Soy Sauce, Peanut Oil, Sugar, AND WATER, SALT (sic)

It's unfortunate that the brilliant pink colour of the 'meat' on the label doesn't come through on the printed page. It's also unfortunate that the 'meat' inside the tin is the same morbid grey as all the others. Again, don't eat it.



Wei-Chuan Mock Duck

Ingredients: Gluten, Soy Sauce (Soy Bean, Wheat, Water, Salt), Sugar, Monosodium Glutamate, Soy Bean Oil.

Just like Wei-Chuan Mock Abalone, Wei-Chuan Mock Duck has the word 'Authentic' on it. I find this frightening.



SPAM (Spiced Ham)

Ingredients: Pork with Ham, Salt, Sugar, Sodium Nitrite, Water Added

Yes, I know, technically SPAM (as distinct from lower-case 'spam', or unsolicited commercial bulk email) is actually made of meat. Not that you can really tell.

The first thing you notice after peeling open the tin is the thin layer of jelly coating the upper surface of the SPAM, as if the SPAM has grown itself a protective outer shell. Things don't get better as you journey further into the tin. But hey, if the TV ads aren't enough to put you off buying SPAM in the first place (remember the 'SPAMburger' one?) you probably won't be deterred by the nature of the product itself which is, after all, probably higher-grade meat than you'll get at McDonald's or most other fast food outlets. SPAM-tastic.

Che Guava



Swami Sarasvati says:
"I used to crave the delicious tender meat of shellfish until I discovered mock abalone. Now the merest thought of anything tasting even remotely like seafood is enough to make me retch with nausea."



Coopers



Eat, Drink and be Merry

The Kava Hut 254 Hindley St.

Where it is: Way down the end of Hindley towards McDonald's and next to Eclipse. Look for the small hut-like shop adorned with coconut shells in the window and the like, and a lot of really really relaxed people.

Who goes there: Hard to say really, just from the one sitting. There was a mix of very different people, ranging from the very sexy Nick and Tom to the slightly deranged Sarah (sporting especially thick glasses and exceptionally questionable mental stability). Seems to me that the general crowd at The Kava Hut consists of those who are too bugged to toddle up to somewhere mildly animated only to sit and look cool and ironic as they puff away on their Marlboro Lights whilst sipping on a pricey cocktail. Instead, they come and sit in The Kava Hut and sit and look cool and ironic as they puff away on their Marlboro Lights whilst simultaneously drinking something vaguely reminiscent of diluted mud from a dubious looking shell (in medium or large size...)

What it serves: Strangely enough, kava milk (liquid, juice, sludge?) but not much else. For those who don't know (and I didn't) kava is a drink made from ground kava roots and is the national drink of Fiji. The mudlike consistency and in fact taste is I gather intentional, and not just a by-product of inefficient kava root grinders who are too lazy to wash the mud off of their produce before packaging. Kava is supposed to provide a mildly relaxing effect, and numbness of the tongue is not unusual. I imagine neither is retching, but supposedly this isn't deliberate. Apparently four or five will really knock you out, so it might be interesting to test this out if you're up for a mono-syllabic evening. As well as kava, the Hut serves coffee and tea from PNG and Vanuatu, tropical fruit juice, herbal drinks AND genuine island baskets and artefacts! So there you go, it's like a Fiji minibreak with gifts for the folks at home. The owner is also kind enough to supply dried bananas, popcorn and unshelled peanuts, perhaps to disguise the hideous taste of his primary source of revenue.

What it costs: It's pretty cheap - \$2.50 for a medium shell and \$3 for a large. There's even a happy hour - from 4 till 6 pm shells are only \$2!

Lowdown: For all my vitriol, The Kava Hut is worth checking out, if only to say you've done it. The actual shop itself is pretty cool and laidback, plus they have these wicked ashtrays made from logs. The owner is also particularly nice. But really - what's the world coming to when we'll pay good money to drink mud from a hollow coconut shell?

Clementine

Pancake House Gilbert Street

Who put the pancakes on the wall?

- Icehouse

The Pancake House is a fine establishment, located in a side street off of Hindley Street but we aren't going to tell you which one (hint: see short title). It's hip, it's groovy, and it's dark and underground. Ever heard of a pancake goth? I'm a closet pan-go (that's street talk). We all moved here after the Coffee Pot closed on New Year's Day. This place has been churning out pancakes every day of the year (all day and all of the night) since 1969.

We interviewed a valued patron, but she had little to say for she was eating pancakes. Marké (witness protection identity) found the atmosphere intriguing. "Inside, it's a bit like an old fashioned pub (minus the bold urine stench) with a wood finish ambience", he said. Of course, he was very very drunk after sampling the wide range of spirits and other dangerous beverages on offer at the Pancake House. Try the Muddled Lemon for a taste sensation. There are many rooms to choose from, each furnished with comfy booths and kitsch artwork. The jukebox (in Siberia - had to get a Shirl reference in there somewhere... R.I.P.), is god. Indeed, one can frolic from room to room; enjoying a game of draughts here and a magazine there, admiring all the while the rabbit-warren structure of the place.

Now it's the business end: The award for "Best Value", according to the lovely waitress for the evening, is the "German Feast". We'd have to agree. For a mere

\$8.50 you get items that individually total a whopping \$14.90 (or thereabouts). Wow. And now for the big one, the award for "Tastiest Item on the Menu". Envelope please, Fifi. Yes, it's the "Russian Blintz". However, Marké's personal preference is the delicious "Cinnamon & Sugar" with ice-cream (not cream). The person who accompanied Marké on this occasion is quite partial to the stack of crepes. This, of course, overlooks the wonderful selection of savoury dishes (most incorporating the wonderful pancake).

Reviewers' tip: vouchers. Don't leave home without them. The Pancake House regularly places vouchers in the paper. These can be a god-send for the poverty-stricken University student. To be honest, the Pancake House's prices are not exactly cheap. This is where a second meal for free can come in handy.

While you're picking your favourite Kiss song on the jukebox, why not send someone outside to procure a 12 year old so that you can order a serve of "Cheshire Cheese" or a "Hedgehog" from the ace children's menu. Specials - check them out - they change daily. Friday and Saturday nights are their busiest times. Sunday is fairly busy too. Lately, due to the Royal Show, things have been a bit quiet (but seeing that by the time this goes to print the Show is over that last comment was pretty unnecessary!).

On a final serious note, this place is great. Eat there or be square.

MJK

Australian Made, Australian Owned.

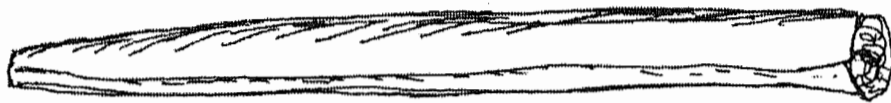
Karma. I don't believe in it, but maybe I'm thinking about it the wrong way. The cop standing at the door of our dorm is in fact the Chief of Police in Nice. He shows us his ID and asks us in clipped French to pack our things and follow him downstairs as he looks around our room in plain, flair-nostriled disgust. Molly and I look at each other and wince. This is it. Jail. Fines. Exportation. More going wrong than my year eleven maths exam. We look at each other and then at the open second storey window for a brief, stupid moment before we slowly start pushing our clothes into our backpacks. This is really it.

First, a bit of rewind to find out why we would contemplate legging it out of the window to be on the lam in the South of France.

Backpacking is fun. More than fun. It's ultra-fun. The kind of fun that you make yourself and enjoy during the moment as well as in retrospect. Travel? Cool! Hiking? Fun! Drugs? Why not? Amsterdam? Wicked man! After landing in Germany, we visited a few friends and indulged in a fair bit of African Parsley. As we left for Amsterdam, we were given a couple of spliffs "for the road". Talk about coal to Newcastle, we were stopped at the border and searched by some very friendly *Polizei*. Friendly, that is until they discovered the two sad little smelly cigarettes in a highly-suspicious looking plastic bag in my pencil case and one, quite cleverly concealed I thought, in Molly's packet of cigarettes. We were taken off the train, our passports examined, our bags thoroughly searched and we were given a darn good talking to about all the horrible things that they do to people with drugs in Germany. Prison and fines were the least of our worries apparently. They took the details of the hostel we were planning to stay with in Amsterdam and told us a bunch of other scary stuff before they put us back on the train, plainly cacking our dacks. Fortunately, the hostel we had planned to stay at was full and so we stayed in a different one. We stayed in Amsterdam for a week, doing all the traditional Amsterdam things: getting high, watching movies and eating endless falafels at the falafel bars that are more common (and cheaper) than the evil Golden Arches. At these bars, they just give you four falafel balls in a pita bread and you add as much of your own salad as you want at the serve yourself salad bar. If you eat all your salad and want more salad, then you just take more salad and everyone smiles at you. Mmm, salad. But I digress. What with all the getting high and salad eating, we were starting to run a little low on cash. With the concept of backpacker money scams already well ingrained in our slightly addled psyches (I had already pawned a broken camera), we were always ready for a new deal. A nice American guy (Yes! They do exist!) called Jim told us about how he was funding his extra cash around Europe by returning to Amsterdam every once in a while, stocking up on drugs and selling them to the various backpackers he would meet in his travels. "Hey man," he drawled to us one night over a dinner of jellybeans and choc-hon-

Karma

Getting high in France with the Chief of Police



eycomb (hmm, so crunchy-sweet) "It keeps me in food and beer when I ain't here! Hey... wait, that rhymed!" We then rolled around on the footpath laughing and rubbing jellybeans into each other's hair, but the idea of selling drugs actually stuck. Apart from being a bit *Pulp Fiction* cool, it would actually keep us in beer and food as we travelled. The very next day we went with Jim around to the various places where he knew to buy ounces and stocked up. Sadly, and a little hazily it must be said, we left Amsterdam for Belgium with Jim right along side and an ounce each in our backpacks. The selling went well and so we three moved on to France. At the border there was the all too familiar sight of police waiting at the station. Molly and I, being no-where near the hardcore dealers we made out to be, freaked, said 'Fuck' a few times and simultaneously decided to drop our ounce bags out of the window. Two ounce bags landed down on the track at the same time as Jim was stuffing his down his pants calling us chumps for wasting our stuff. It was at that moment that our carriage door was flung open by an extremely un-

friendly-looking female cop. Her mood was not improved by the sight of Jim standing there with his fly open and a rustling bulge in his trousers where there should have been none (who was actually just there to stamp our passports). Poor old Jim was dragged off then and there, no doubt for a date with some tight rubber gloves and we were once again dragged off the train and searched in every uncomfortable meaning of the word. Apparently Jim had actually been in trouble with some Euro-cops before (something he had failed to mention in his tales of drugs and money) and they have a database for that kind of thing, which Molly and I were on owing to our other little border crossing incident. And now we were on it twice owing to our close association with "a known drug-trafficker" (their words, not mine). The train of course did not wait for its drug-dealing passengers and we were forced to stay the night in some dodgy little hotel. Neither of us slept that night, so we got up and went for a walk. Down to the train station. An ounce bag is an ounce bag and a lot of money to a scam-happy backpacker. Somehow they were still there, lay-

ing by the side of the tracks like two little presents. I jumped down onto the track and retrieved them and the next night we very quietly caught the overnight train way way down to the south of France. No mooning people standing at stations, nothing. We stayed in Nice for a few days, enjoying the sun and the pebbles (they don't have sandy beaches there, only pebbles). Money began running low again and almost coincidentally that night as we were sitting on the terraced roof of the hostel, someone mentioned their desperate need for "a bit of herbal refreshment if you know what I'm saying." Molly and I exchanged a look and then got back into making money and eating healthily.

Cut to a few days later and we were strolling down one of Nice's many quaint little back streets behind a rather sweet looking little old lady. All of a sudden she just tripped on the cobblestones and keeled over, face first onto the ground. We rushed to help her and she was mostly ok, but had cut her forehead very badly on her glasses. We sat her up and I pressed my shirt onto the gushing wound while Molly went and found a taxi to take us to the hospital (paid for with our newly made wealth). They took care of her at the hospital and the receptionist asked for our names and addresses, which we gave without giving much thought to the whole Euro Drug Database thing.

That is until the Chief of Police of Nice himself was standing in our doorway. There was no possibility of ditching our stash now. The bags lie at the bottom of our packs and the only way to find them would be through a thorough search carried out by, say, a police drug squad. We follow the Chief downstairs, past the staring hostel manager and out on the street where a police car is waiting. We put our bags in the boot and get into the back seat, holding hands.

"I get your names from zer 'ospital," says our captor in a poorly transcribed, strong French accent.

"We know." we both think gloomily

"I see your address and rrrrite your names into my computer. You kom up as drrrug smugglers."

We both consider a Ronin-style leap from the moving vehicle onto the streets of Nice.

"Zis is impossible I say. No deerty drug smuggler can possibly save my mozzer's life. I want to send you thank you prresent, but you are in Australia!" he turns around at this point with raised eyebrows and laughs a very French laugh "So- I vipe zese names off ze database- obviously a silly mistake. And now please, you must accept my 'ospitality for zank you gift while you are here in ze beautiful south of France. 'ow long you stay?"

We stayed for two weeks, living it up in the way that only a friendly, rich (and I suspect slightly corrupt) French Chief of Police who lives with his mother knows how.

Sam Franzway

(thanks to Stan for regaining my confidence in the word 'spliff')



The French police are notorious for bothering their holidaymakers

Berlin - A Traveller's Tale

In April 1999 I went to Berlin, capital of Germany. I have always been fascinated by Berlin, centre of the German Empire, thriving metropolis of the Weimar Republic, chief city of the Third Reich, and then in 1949, finally, after years of struggle, it became capital of the first workers' and peasants' state on German soil - the German Democratic Republic, or East Germany. Today the GDR no longer exists; it was overthrown in the counter-revolution organised by the capitalists and the ruling class of West Germany. Never mind, the struggle goes on, one day Berlin will once again be a city in red. But now for my tale.

I arrived in Berlin on 14 April. As soon as I got dropped off at my hostel I found my room, threw in my luggage, and ran outside to the main street. Within two minutes I was at the Brandenburg Gate, a monument in the city. Then I thought, I am in a foreign country, a billion miles from home, I can't speak the language: FUCK! Then I went to the pub.

The architecture in Berlin is amazing. It is a city of contradictions. Sparkling skyscrapers stand next to seventeenth-century buildings. In many parts of the city there are still buildings bearing the scars of the war, bullet-pocked

and bomb-blackened. One building that has recently been restored is the Protestant Cathedral, in the city centre. I paid one mark (dollar) to walk up the stairs to the viewing platform. Along the way I went investigating and managed

There is a fountain, lots of big buildings, and a retro, 365 meter tall television tower, built in 1968 as a symbol of the permanence of the GDR. In German it is known as the Fernsehturm. But my favourite was the Marx-Engels Statue,

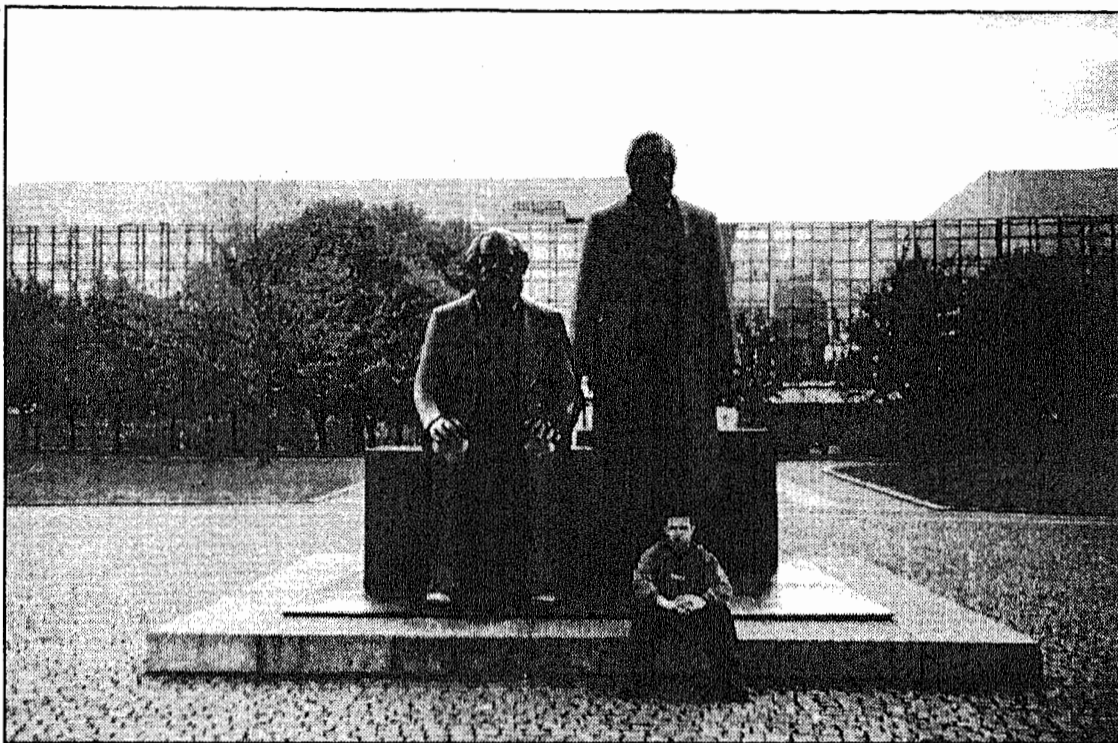
The Berlin Wall still exists, but it no longer functions. The Wall was built to protect the capital of the GDR from imperialist slave traders, fascists, and others who were interested in starting World War Three. So for thirty years the

Wall protected the first workers' and peasants' state on German soil. But in 1989 the capitalists won. The few sections left of the Wall are now protected as national monuments, but I wasn't going to accept any of that crap. I went to the shop, bought some pliers (the only cheap instrument I could find), and spent half an hour whacking a piece off. The result is now on my bedroom shelf.

As mentioned, there are lots of pubs in Berlin. One night I caught the underground to a rather trendy haunt in an old working class suburb of the city and got totally tanked. If you are by yourself and unable to speak the language I recommend you think twice about engaging in such activities. It was difficult to find the same underground station and I had to stop to ralph a few times on the street just outside. But I made it.

So that's a small story from my trip to Berlin. If you are going to Europe I definitely recommend you go. Enjoy the scene, lap up the culture and think of red glories gone by. Tshüss!

Joel Northcott



Joel with some of his ideological predecessors.

to lock myself into a small room. Stress levels went through the roof until I was freed by fellow tourists on the way up.

The Alexanderplatz is a vast, empty concrete square in the centre of Berlin. It is universally derided as a disaster in urban planning, but I quite like it.

near the river. When I was there lots of Japanese and American tourists were climbing all over the monument armed with cameras. I managed to persuade some locals to take a picture of me with the monument as a backdrop. Marx and Engels would turn in their graves.



*Are you interested in
Women's Issues?*

Do you have something to say?

Then maybe it is time for you to get involved in:

Elle Dit

(the Women's edition of *On Dit*)

and

**Totally Women
Powered Radio**

Call the SAUA on 8303 5406 and speak to Anais Chevalier, the Women's Officer, or Elise Duffield, the Women's Officer-elect, or drop in to the *On Dit* office and say 'Hi, I want to write for *Elle Dit*' to the editors (other than Linley), who will be eternally grateful.

GENERATION TEEVE

I hate sports.

I hate sports teeve.

A professional, competent, unbiased, and thorough columnist, however, should write something about this large facet of viewing anyway.

Unfortunately I'm unprofessional, incompetent, biased, and not particularly thorough.

So this week's column comes via Mr Dale F Adams—a former *On Dit* teeve columnist (who will go to his grave insisting that 'teeve' is actually spelled 'teev', despite the overwhelming evidence). He's just as unprofessional, biased, incompetent, and lacking in thoroughness as me, but he's a stomping great bloke and he likes his sports.

See you next term,

Jayne

SPORTS TEEVE

With the nation's various football leagues and codes now into their finals, the Ashes cricket wound up, a netball grand final just gone, and the corporate disgrace of the Goodwill Games spread like a cancer over Brisbane, now seems as good a time as any to have a look at the sporting year on television. And it's no great surprise, to this correspondent at least, that it hasn't been too hot.

Late last year, the not-inconsiderable financial and political strength of News Ltd (Foxtel), PBL (Channel 9) and Conrad Black's Ten network got together to give the Seven network a bit of a kicking, and outbid the latter for AFL telecasts from 2002 onwards. \$500 million is a reasonable amount of coin, and Seven were never realistically going to bid against it, regardless of the fact that they'd already parted with a fair wack of the hard-earned to guarantee the right to make the final offer.

The effect that this little chain of events will have on the broadcast of sport in this country cannot be underestimated. The first, and most obvious, ramification is that the telecasts by Seven, which have been teetering on the edge of "pretty crap" for a number of years, finally moved into the realms of "full-tilt bullshit". The number of camera angles seemed to decrease (which irritated the AFL no end), commentary became even more inane, and the whole shebang found the fetid stench of "do we really have to do this for another year?" hanging over it.

Except for one year in the mid-eighties, Seven have been telecasting football since the early sixteenth century, or so it seems, so just how the other folk handle it will be interesting. I was entertained to read last week that Nine will be running "phantom" broadcasts of SANFL games, just so their cameramen can get the hang of following a football, rather than a cricket ball. The differences must be enormous - I believe there are fewer seagulls, or something. Whatever the result, it can't be too much worse than Seven's efforts this year.

One inevitability we face is the con-

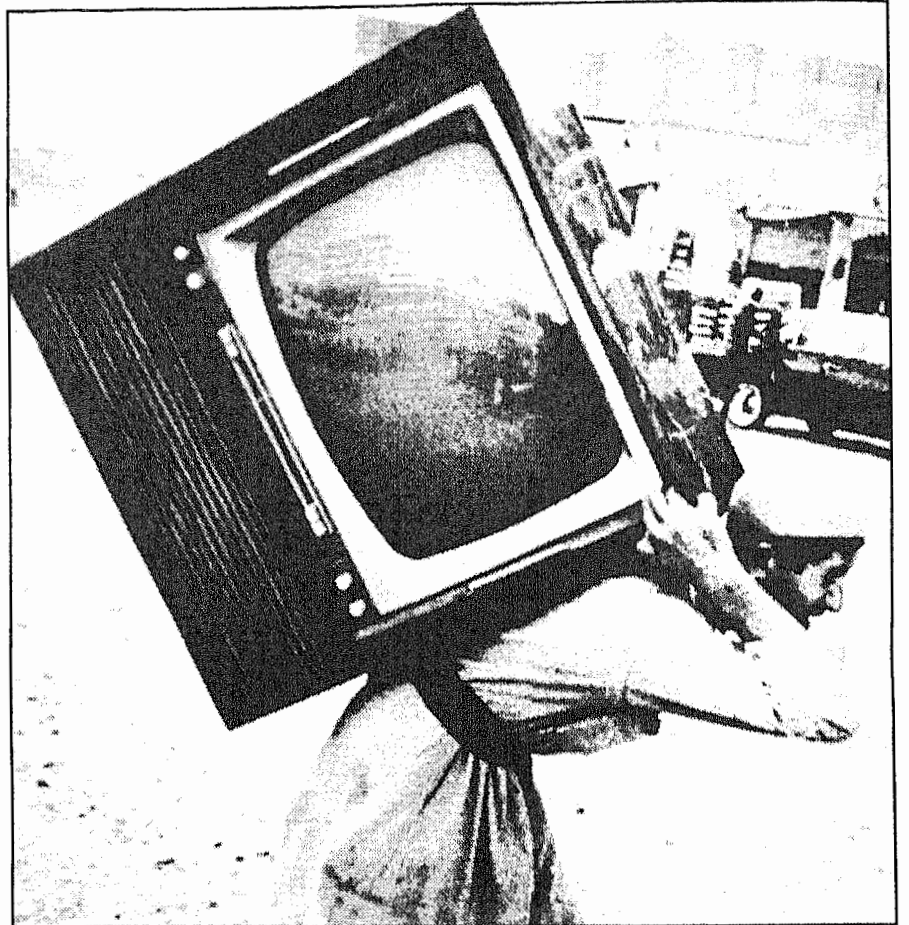
tinuing exponential growth of the cult of personality that is Eddie McGuire. Just how one man, seemingly unable to pronounce either "AFL" or "millionaire", has got so far so quickly is beyond me, but you simply can't argue with the fact that he is fast becoming one of the real on-screen power brokers in Australian teeve. This is a situation that is only likely to continue as he assumes his anointed role as the "Face of Australian Football" for Nine. My tip? Future Liberal Prime Minister, unless I'm very much mistaken.

Whether or not he is capable of calling a game of footer, of course, remains to be seen.

Just how the broadcast team for the FOXTEL / Nine / Ten era of football is going to look is still pretty much anyone's guess. Garry Lyon will be in there somewhere, and Nine managed to nab Mike Sheehan (one of the more respected print sports journos about) a couple of years ago, which bodes well. Similarly, I was pleased to see Dermott Brereton signed to Nine a week or so ago - for a man who made his career in the game belting the bejesus out of the opposition, he has proven himself an intelligent and incisive commentator over the last few years.

Guaranteed to raise the hackles of a lot of footer-loving folk in SA is the fact that Sam Newman's profile can only increase next year. What fascinates me about Newman is the fact that, contrary to much of his on-screen behaviour, he is no-one's idiot. This is a shrewd man and a relentless self-promoter, who seemingly has found a way to appeal to (or irritate, as the case may be; either can be equally compelling) the lowest common denominator. Much like McGuire, though, he's got a bit to prove. Can he call a game of football, or is he only good for flashing his cock on prime time television?

Cricket, meanwhile, also found itself a new home, if only briefly. Seven have been very occasionally poaching an overseas series - which Nine seemingly had no interest in - for a while now. This year, however, Seven managed to lift the stakes by outbidding Nine for the exclusive rights to the Australian Ashes tour of England.



That they fucked the thing up wholesale is now a well-acknowledged fact, having even managed to make it into a few Parliamentary speeches over the last couple of months. I don't care what the viewer figures say: Ashes tests should be shown during prime time. Don't, and the viewer backlash will get really, really nasty. And that's exactly what happened. Silly buggers. Why do they never listen to me?

Interestingly enough, when the broadcast actually started (usually between 10.30 to 11.30 pm each night, in the middle of the second session) it was of a generally high standard. Cricket telecasting in this country has become almost as tired as that of the football, so it was vaguely refreshing to hear a few different (and non-Australian to boot) commentators thrown into the mix. And in James Brayshaw we may well have unearthed a worthy successor for that sad day when Richie Benaud finally hangs up the white blazer and bids broadcasting adieu.

One particular fact about the teeve this year that everyone seems to accept - over and above the fact that Toadfish should really leave *Neighbours* - is that pretty much everything Jonathon Shier has done at the ABC has been pooh. Well, you can add to the list the very notion that netball (NNL) and women's basketball (WNBL) should not be televised. Whilst the issue now seems settled, and this country's two premier women's sports competitions seem guaranteed to remain on our screens, the idea is still no less idiotic.

No argument that the ABC is in the midst of a funding crisis, or that the broadcasting of sporting events is bastard expensive. True, too, that *all* sports currently carried by the ABC, men's and women's, were under review, so this was hardly some misogynist-inspired plot. Nevertheless, both the NNL and WNBL are national leagues that are vital to the extraordinary strength Australia enjoys in these sports, and the loss of their already sparse television presence would be the end of them.

And that would be a fucken pile of shit now, Ronnie, if you don't mind my saying so.

And so what happens to the Seven network next year? The AFL has formed the backbone of their programming for a ridiculously long time, and one can't help but think they're going to be lost without it. Yeah, they've still got the Olympics and Commonwealth Games, but that's only two weeks' worth every two years.

Their propaganda machine is sticking to the line that they will be looking at raising the national profile of both soccer (good luck, particularly if we don't make the World Cup) and rugby union, but I just can't see that happening. I have a horrible feeling that we'll just see Seven head down the road of endless streams of cheaply-produced reality television, and that's a really nasty thought.

I've got a better idea: take up the rights to the NNL and WNBL, and give them the profile they deserve.

Dale F Adams



VIDEO

The 6th Day

2000 D: Roger Spottiswoode

Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tony Goldwyn

Michael Rapaport, Sarah Wynter

Columbia TriStar Home Entertainment

This sci-fi cloning film opens by declaring to the audience that it is set in the not-so-distant future. Considering the recent cloning debates, this is possibly a realistic film.

Under a lightly humorous and action-packed (e.g. blowing up as much as possible) façade, this movie actually gives quite a balanced view of the pros and cons of human cloning.

The story centres around Adam Gibson (Arnold Schwarzenegger), a helicopter pilot. Returning home from work he discovers that he has been cloned (in a '6th day' violation) and his family has no idea that the man in their midst is not the true Adam Gibson.

While Adam runs around, frantically trying to 'get my life back', he uncovers a massive scientific/corporate organization that is attempting to persuade the world that cloning isn't so bad: 'REPET'. Will your child be devastated when her pet dog dies? With REPET you can have an exact, yet healthy clone of your deceased pet in only a few hours!!!

This organization also runs companies called 'Nu-Organ' and 'Real-Wheat' - slowly integrating genetic engineering

effects into the lives of all people to force acceptance. Meanwhile they are trying to persuade the Senate to legislate for human cloning.

The undercover part of this organization is the cloning of humans, the technique of which they have perfected, and frequently use to continuously bring the company's hitmen back to life. This is one of the humorous threads running through the movie (watch out for the severed thumb!).

Anyway, Adam and his clone come face to face and the question begins to emerge - which Adam is the real Adam? And, deeper in the plot, does one rich scientist have the right to play God?

This movie is entertaining, enjoyable and quite intelligent. If you are willing to take the movie at more than face value it can raise many questions in your mind. Either way, it is a good movie and I recommend that people hire it, although personally I think the best movie Arnold ever made was *Kindergarten Cop*.

Natalie Atkinson

Finding Forrester

2000 D: Gus Van Sant

Sean Connery, F. Murray Abraham

Anna Paquin

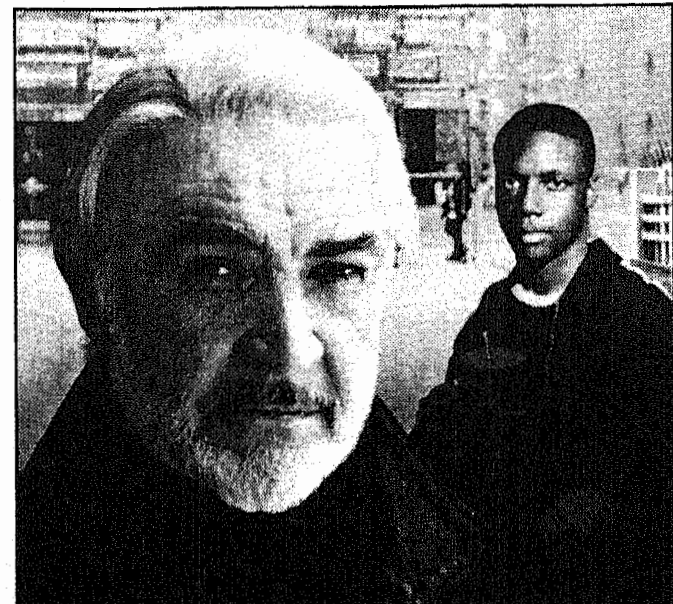
Columbia Tristar Home Entertainment

WARNING: Don't read this review if you're expecting me to just have a whinge about the movie (which I seem to do a fair bit of) because *Finding Forrester* is a brilliant movie!

Gemall Wallace (Robb Bonn) is the stereotypical lower middle class African American who goes to an average public high school, lives with his single mum in a dodgy apartment building and is a huge basketball fan and player. However, his high school years take a twist when he meets William Forrester (Sean Connery) under very unusual cir-

cumstances; this is where the movie gets interesting. One awkward night turns into a beautiful friendship in which both characters slowly learn about each other and, in turn, both learn about themselves.

Along the way Gemall scores a scholarship at a posh private school where he meets a sweet white girl, Claire (Anna Paquin) who fancies him. As luck has it, though, she happens to be the Dean's daughter. I won't go into too much detail about that though, because you have to see it if you want the juicy bits!



The only criticism I have is that I did find it a little slow but the ending makes up for it. There is also a guest appearance by Matt Damon... mmmm.

Bottom line: *Finding Forrester* is the sort of movie which clutches at your heart and wrings it for every tear you have.

Karina Carslake



Almost Famous

2000 D: Cameron Crowe

Kate Hudson, Billy Crudup, Frances McDormand

Columbia Tristar

I was quite surprised to find this billed as a comedy/drama. My first impressions of this movie were that it'd be an insightful, almost voyeuristic, journey into the infamous rock-star world. To a certain extent this is true, but given the relatively big names involved and the (most probably) large budget at stake Hollywood has ensured that reality is somewhat distorted to allow for script and storyline sensibilities. Of course, this is necessary to drag the movie from the "documentary" genre but, at times, the result came across as a little too "Disney" for me. Basic storyline time: a young music writer gets a big break from *Rolling Stone* magazine and gets to cover the rise of an "up-and-coming" band. There are some very funny moments during the course of this movie (just check out the reactions of the band members during the near death experience on the plane!). Others are more subtle. Seeing a "rock god" reduced to addressing someone's mother (who clearly couldn't care less about how famous that person was) as

"Ma'am" and being obviously put back in place is refreshing. Hudson's role as "band-aid" (as opposed to a groupie) is good, but it is Billy Crudup who shines as the awkward, geeky and underage aspiring music journalist (aka enemy of musicians). Each character's true nature is eventually exposed with each trying to understand and control their own lives in the process. We learn to question whether the rock-star glamour is all that it is cracked up to be. Character interaction and relationship development is well executed throughout. And in the end, that is what the movie is about. When the movie finished it had me wondering more about the characters and what was to be of them rather than what had happened during the course of the movie. To me, this is the sign of a good film. *Almost Famous* is a light-hearted drama that should interest any music fan or anyone that has dreamed of making it big.

Jorm

Second Skin

2000 D: Darrell James Roodt

Natasha Henstridge, Angus MacFadyen

Liam Waite, Norman Anstey

21st Century Pictures

This movie features such names as Natasha Henstridge and Peter Fonda, and at first I have to admit that I thought this would spell the end of the film. Usually when so-called 'big names' join a small-budget film it means the plot and story suffer, but with *Second Skin* this is

surprisingly not the case.

The film is basically about a woman who loses her memory and proceeds to fall in love with a man in a bookstore... sounds pretty thin, doesn't it?... but trust me; there is a whole lot more to the film that I won't reveal because it will ruin it. There are several twists in the film that you don't see coming, despite the initially mundane plot, and this makes the film worth watching. It makes me wonder whether, had more money been injected into the film, it would have been quite successful.

Of course the film is no Hitchcock; it is quite slow and some of the events at the start of the film initially make no sense until the end. Also, I noticed that some of the scenes have been kept quite short, particularly those involving Natasha Henstridge; and the fact that this happens often enough for it to be noticed makes you wonder why they had to do it... hmmm.

If you've already got the pizza in one hand and you're looking for a night in, this movie is worth a look.

Justin Anson



FILM

La Spagnola Coming Soon Selected Cinemas

It's been a while since a movie was as close to home as *La Spagnola*. Yet one need not be an immigrant to find this film funny, interesting and insightful. The film tells of a Spanish family who have arrived in 1960s Australia and how the stresses this country places on that unit forces them to adapt, sometimes in an abrupt and violent manner.

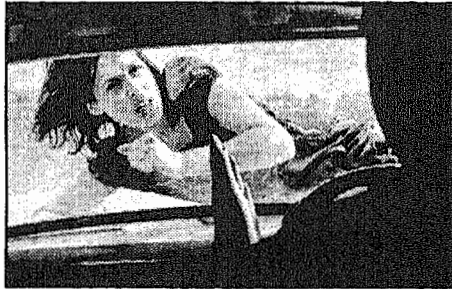
Sexy, carmenesque Lola (played excellently by Lola Marcelli) and her overshadowed pubescent daughter Lucia (Alice Ansara) are left to themselves in a sardine-can of a house on the edge of an oilrig when father and husband Ricardo (Simon Palomare) disappears in a dust-storm.

In fact, from this very first scene, the sensuousness of both women, and of Australia, is brought to life. One can nearly feel the screen radiate an alluring warmth, which Lola continues throughout the film.

The domestic situation quickly descends when mother and daughter are forced to eat soup that is better in the sink than on the table. To add to all this, Stefano has taken the family savings, and is off with a blonde mistress, charmingly referred to as 'L'Australiana', driving a brand-spanking new car!

Lola cannot stand it much longer, and tensions reach such a critical point that she is in hospital. The audience is not shown, but rather told, that her husband is dead. The mother-daughter duo has to pay the rent, and life slowly tries to recover.

It's a story about being in a foreign country and knowing no one. The acute immigrant references are well done, as is cinematography. Being a comedic drama, the director doesn't let us laugh all the time; he can turn up the tension when he wants and needs to. Music was



great too, and added to the sultry air of the movie. It bursts through our ears with the opening credits, and makes us take notice. Alex Demetriades makes a skilful appearance as the younger man after mother and daughter.

I would say it's a refreshing, Australian cinema experience and I would urge anyone after some laughter, spiced with a bit of thought and drama, to go along and see it!

I was lucky enough to catch writer/producer Anna-Maria Monticelli in her busy Adelaide tour. She's an interesting individual who had plenty to say about her film and the process of writing it. She identified a sense of frustration. This came about because it took her seven years to get her project complete and 48 producers had turned her down.

Another stumbling block she mentioned was the use of subtitles and the fact that she and director husband Steve Jacobs were 'middle aged' with a minimal 'track record'. She said she likes reading George Orwell and autobiographies and has an interest in 'the essence of man' and 'his weakness. I am an emotionally and character driven writer' she said.

Anna-Maria is off to Toronto next week for the film festival. She does not know, and does not want to know how foreign audiences will respond to her film. 'The themes are universal', and so she hopes it will be appealing. She came across as a very friendly person and let's all hope there is an encore to her debut.

Felix Staica



Lola Marcelli



Alex Demetriades and Alice Ansara in *La Spagnola*.

Brrm Brrm Car Go Real Fast

Interview with Paul Walker
from *The Fast And The Furious*

Paul Walker was recently in Australia to promote his latest movie, *The Fast And The Furious*, which has come from out of nowhere to break box offices records in America. I go the chance to participate in a video conference with him while he was in Melbourne.

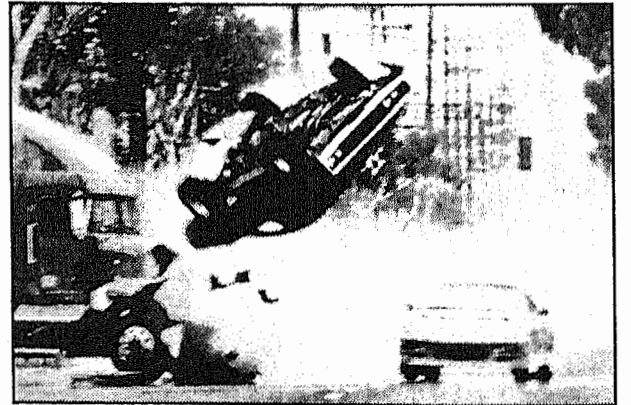
The Fast And The Furious was a surprise hit in America, and it is being called the summer sleeper. Moviegoers have been thrilled by the high-speed racing, and the real star of the show – the NOS injections that able the cars to go off like rockets. Paul lets us in on the secret that 'as much NOS as you see being hit in that movie, it was never actually once used in the filming.' Cars have always held a fascination for Paul, with his grandfather racing stock cars many years ago. 'I've been obsessed with cars ever since I can remember. I actually built my first engine at 15. I'm a bit of a grease monkey, so this film was really right up my alley.'

When asked about the electrifying action sequences, Paul remarked 'I had a stunt double that made me look really cool. Rob (director Rob Cohen) and I have worked together before and he knows I like to do as much of this stuff as possible. It makes it a lot easier actually, you don't have to act too much because you really are scared shitless.'

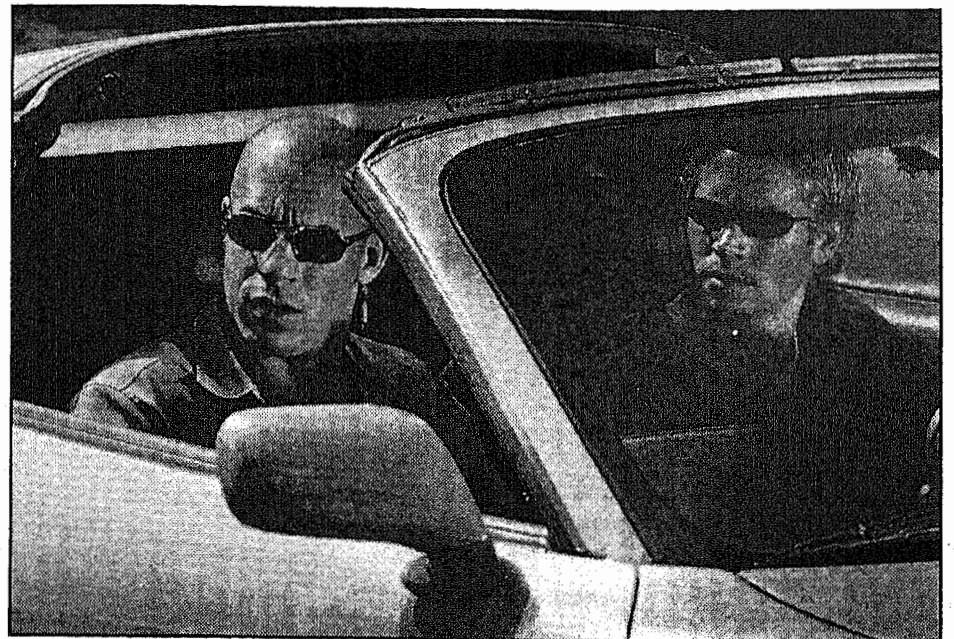
Even though car racing movies have been done to death many times before, *The Fast And The Furious* really manages to give it a fresh feeling. 'When you think about car films and how many have been shot you think that just about every car chase, every possible sequence has been caught on film. Rob had some really original ideas and the only way to capture that was by actually having the actors behind the wheel. To alleviate (insurance) concerns they sent us off to a race car driving school, and that put them at ease.'

In a lot of action movies the characterisations can be swamped by the stunts, so a large proportion of the time making this movie was spent working on the script. 'We actually spent more than a month just spending time with Rob. Vin and I spent a lot of time in his office breaking down the script page by page, sharing notes and that sort of thing. We all got along really well, and a big part of that was because we got the opportunity to hang out for quite some time before we started filming.' The actors enjoyed making the film so much that there are plans in the works for a sequel. Of course, although the cast are interested in a new script, it would have to really impressive to be able to build on the first film.

In order to prepare for his role, Paul spent some time hanging out amongst this subculture, which does exist, par-



ticularly in California. 'I went to the races, I ran from the cops, the whole bit. The cops don't actually chase the kids. They'll pull up in their cars and chase them on foot, but they won't race after them like that, it's just too risky. I actually rode with police officers in their vehicles, we pulled people over for drink-driving and they actually let me cuff a few, which was real fun.' Having bought his very own Porsche with the earnings from the film, Paul has ac-



Vin Diesel and Paul Walker in *The Fast and the Furious*.

crued a few speeding tickets of his own. 'They love pulling me over now. They're looking for me - Wait a minute, it's that guy!'

The big question that strikes you when you watch the movie is the moral uncertainty of it all. It's the same sort of feeling that *Gone In 60 Seconds* left behind, and that movie actually incited a spate of car thefts all over America. When asked about the filmmakers' concerns over the subject matter of the movie, Paul said 'To be honest with you, I thought we were really going to be in the hot seat. We didn't receive a whole lot of flack, but we were concerned. We didn't want kids going out there and doing this stuff at home. There's no question the sensation of speed is fun, but at the same time there's a lot of risk involved. It was important that the kids understood that the drivers were stunt doubles.'

The film comes out on the 20th of September, and is sure to be a hit with all action fans the country over. Speed on over to a cinema near you and become part of the action.

Poptart

The Fast And The Furious Opens 20th September Most Cinemas

As you may have guessed from the title, this is a film about cars; grunty, souped-up speed machines that nearly manage to steal the thunder from the actors. Paul Walker (formerly seen in *The Skulls* and *Pleasantville*) stars as Brian, a young cop who thrills to the feeling of speed, and readily plunges into deep cover in the world of illegal street racing. Drawn to the mysterious Dominic (Vin Diesel), he manages to gain his acceptance and join his surrogate family. As one of them, Brian moves freely amongst them, trying to find out who is behind a series of daring big-rig hijackings before the truckies take the law into their own hands. Things become more complicated for Brian, as not only does he begin to like and trust Dominic, he also falls for his sister, Mia (Jordana Brewster). As things hot up on and off the track, Brian is forced to decide where his loyalties lie, and if betrayal is ever worth the cost.

Paul Walker is an inspired casting choice for the role of Brian, and having only played supporting roles before this film should thrust him into the big league. He has the typical blond-haired, buff, all-American good looks that will be sure to give him heart-throb status and ensure that he is plastered over walls throughout the world. After his interesting role in *Pitch Black*, Vin Diesel is really beginning to cement his star status, and he absolutely shines in this film. Michelle Rodriguez (*Girlfight*) is also good as his feisty girlfriend. The real stars of this film, however are the cars. Shiny, colourful and sleek, these machines go over 300km/h with the help of injections of NOS. The racing scenes and the hijack sequences are pure testosterone injections, so sit back and listen to the men around you grunt with approval and marvel at how a hunk of metal can turn the heads of so many men.

Poptart



Adventures in Wild California Coming Soon IMAX

First impressions: I *really* shouldn't have eaten those three toasted cheese sandwiches before I went to see this film. Urrgh. In the Imax universe though, nausea is a good thing.

Let's face it: these flicks are never going to be deep and meaningful. They're horrifically expensive, and very, very pretty. They will always be centered on the grand views and spectacular locales, and this one is no different.

But it is quite nausea-inducing. Trust me, this is a good thing (just don't eat before you go).

Narrated by Jimmy Smits, *Adventures in Wild California* is a bright and shiny travelogue about how anyone can make it in this golden paradise. Ideologically, it is all about the American spirit of individualism, and how the individual can triumph if the individual is good enough. Hm. If only those homeless losers in LA had an adventurous spirit, they could have made something of themselves too.

With the right amount of capital. Rich parents. Opportunity.

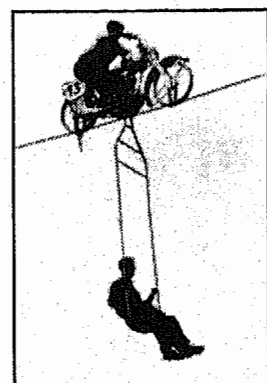
Okay, enough ideological bitching, and on to the pretty pictures. Spectacular. Sit through Smits' over-enthused plugs, and the really irritating soundtrack, and you will be rewarded with amazing footage of sky-surfers who are surprisingly non-plussed about that whole plummeting through the sky towards the ground at a great speed towards their inevitable doom thing. Watch the world below them spinning around and around and around and around...

Totally cool. I feel dizzy.

And then there's the tree folk who climb some of the tallest trees in existence. Not to mention the surfing sequences - they're so good that, well, I was afraid. But I have a bit of a fear thing happening with the big waves. Ooooh, so biiiiiiig, and filling up the whole enormous IMAX screen. These scenes make the entire film worth seeing.

No cheese sandwiches.

Jayne Lewis



Note: Pictures may be completely unrelated to actual film.

Wild Spaces Film Festival

Presented by Friends of the Earth, Australia's only environmental and social justice film festival is screening in approximately 25 locations around the country on the weekend of Sept. 21-23. Wild Spaces is not-for-profit and organised entirely by volunteers.

In Adelaide, films will be shown at the **Tandanya Aboriginal Cultural Institute, 253 Grenfell Street, city.**

Cost: \$10/7 per single session, \$15/10 per day/night, \$30/20 per season pass. Group discounts available.

For bookings call 8211 6460 or leave your details with the Wild Spaces message bank 8362 8050

Programme

Friday, 21 September, 7pm

White People's Business

Through events such as the Sea of Hands, Mardi Gras, Corroboree, the Sydney Harbour Bridge walk, this video captures these first unsteady steps on the path to a more harmonious future. Directed by Diana Dacie and Melissa Seelenmeyer, 26 minutes.

The Golf War

When Filipino peasants resist converting their ancestral farmland into a golf resort, they face a bloody struggle against developers and their governments. Directed by Jen Scradie & Matt Devries, 39 minutes.

The Great Indian Yatra - Part 1: The Economy of Tourism

Tourism in India is a huge industry, but just who benefits and at what costs? This film in three parts takes a look at 'Indotourism' using popular tourist destinations as case studies.

Directed by Shweta Kishore and Yask Desai, 24 Minutes.

Friday 21 September, 9.30am

Globalisation 101

Globalisation 101 looks at the impacts of corporate-led globalisation on workers, indigenous people and the environment both locally and globally.

Directed by Kim Beamish and Alex Kelly, 17 minutes.

Victorian Police

Alternate police recruitment advertisement, 2 minutes.

Sila Alnagotoc - Inuit Observations on Climate Change

Observations by the Inuavaliut of Sachs Harbour support what has been long predicted - that climate change would be felt first in the Polar Regions.

Directed by Bonnie Dickie and Terry Woolf, 14 Minutes.

Great Wall Across the Yangtze

In 1994 the People's Republic of China ordered the damming of the Yangtze with a massive wall of concrete and steel. This tells the story of the huge ecological, social and cultural costs of a project condemned the world over.

Directed by Ellen Perry, 56 minutes.

Saturday 22 September, 7pm

Fight for Country

1998 saw one of the largest Land Rights and environment campaigns Australia has ever seen - the campaign to stop a second uranium mine in Kakadu National Park. This is the story of the Jabliuka Blockade.

Directed by Pip Star, 42 minutes.

'Wait A While'

In April 2001 the Department of Natural Resource and Environment broke an agreement with conservationists and the Otway's community. This documentary reveals the strength of the local community that stopped this area of forest from being clearfelled.

Directed by Sam Hoffman, 15 minutes

The Great Indian Yatra - Part 2: Travelled Land

A critical look at the effects of the tourist-driven 'rave' culture in Goa.

14 minutes
Part 3: Cultural Eclipse, 14 Minutes.

Saturday 22 September, 9.30pm

The Miraculous Poison - The History of DDT

Even though it has been prohibited for years, the most shocking consequences have only just started to appear.

Directed by Jakob Gottschau, 58 minutes.

All Ears

A five minute animation showing the wonders and the perils of old age in a hi-fi city environment during an encounter with a pushy salesman.

Directed by Ben McGill, 5 minutes.

Footsteps

2000 was the Year of Reconciliation. In Sydney thousands of people walked across Sydney Harbour bridge to support reconciliation. Indigenous Elder Kevin Buzzacott begins a 3,060 kilometre walk carrying the Sacred Fire to Sydney.

Directed by Heidi Douglas, 23 minutes.

Sunday 23 September, 4pm

The Second Step

Environmentalist and adventurer, Warren MacDonald loses both his legs in a bush walking accident and against all odds fulfils his dream of climbing the treacherous Federation Peak in South West Tasmania.

Directed by Gary Caganoff, 27 minutes.

Under Southern Seas

An underwater voyage through realms inhabited by an amazing assortment of aquatic creatures.

2 minutes.

Empty Promises

Empty Promises takes you into grass roots Papua New Guinea and into the heart of Kakabai land. This is a story of stolen land, broken promises and an industry out of control.

Directed by Suzanne Bates and David Burgess, 55 minutes.

Sunday 23 September, 6.30am

Defending the Forests - The Struggle of the Campesino Environmentalists of Guerrero

A documentary that tells the story of the Organisation of Campesino Environmentalists (OCE) and their Struggle to defend their land in the face of a repressive military.

Chiapas Media Project, 18 minutes.

Freedom for Fruit

An innocent tale of human-like teddy bears who find out what society has to offer when their natural habitat can no longer provide them with fruit for their bellies.

Sam Hoffman, 6 minutes.

Sweat Equity

Based in the 'States, it details community gardens, how they're established and what a positive influence that can be on communities and in particular communities with poverty, violence and drug problems.

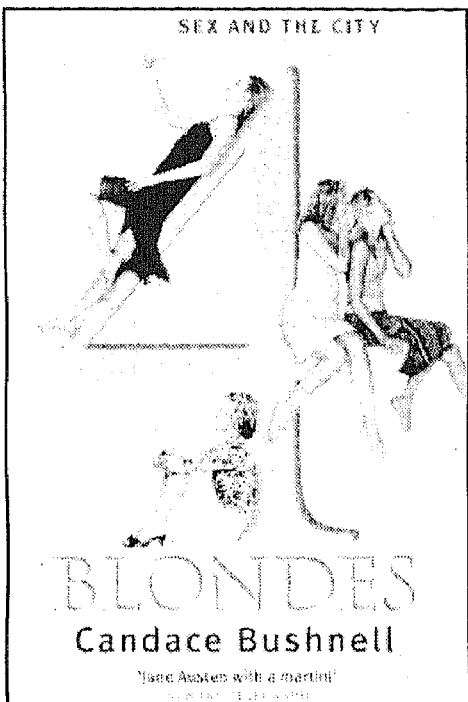
Return of the Sacred Kingfisher Festival Ceres 1999/2000

In 1993 a thud was heard on window of a classroom at CERES; after many years of absence, the Sacred Kingfisher had returned to nest and breed along the banks of the newly revegetated Merri Creek. This environmental success was something to celebrate, and so the Return of the Sacred Kingfisher Festival was born. This is the story of those festivals.

Directed by Pip Starr, 24 minutes.

For more information, see <http://www.wildspaces.wild.net.au/>

Literature



4 Blondes
Candace Bushnell
Abacus

Darren Starr's *Sex in the City* series raised the profile of *New York Times* columnist Candace Bushnell from Manhattan trend spotter to household name across several countries. Her wry take on the sexual politics of her fellow New Yorkers has been adopted by a string of hack writers trying to cash in on the popularity of the show. Meanwhile Bushnell herself has kept a fairly low profile. Biding her time and putting together a selection of four novellas about women (and men) who should know better.

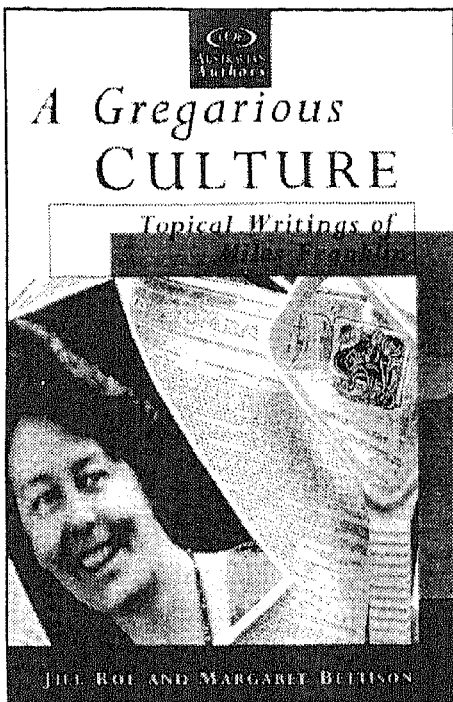
4 Blondes is only the writer's second book-length effort; a selection of her *New York Times* contributions, under the aegis of *Sex in the City*. While the columns were essentially brief stories about the author's friends and acquaintances, they Bushnell never really took them beyond the narrative level of reportage (continuous storyline viewers of the series are familiar with was added later by Starr).

With *4 Blondes* she has tried to break through to a more mainstream fiction style. The result is a competent, though patchy, collection that is closer in tone to George Orwell or Georges Perec than Helen Fielding.

Bushnell is equal parts Edith Wharton and Dorothy Parker; she possesses a keen eye for the subtle, telling detail and an acute understanding of the niceties of the Manhattan social scene, coupled with a developed sense of the tragic end of comedy.

A recurring criticism of Bushnell's writing is that her characters tend to be so unerringly self-destructive, craving whatever is worst for them, whether that be cigarettes, drugs, or the already married partner. In her defense Bushnell isn't trying to rewrite Jane Austen narratives. Think of her as a social historian, documenting her world in a warts-and-all realist style worthy of Flaubert.

Jonathon Dyer



A Gregarious Culture: Topical Writings of Miles Franklin
Jill Roe and Margaret Bettison
UQP

The collection opens with a picnic. 'Miles Franklin, writer, feminist and cultural nationalist' describes a school outing for the local newspaper in a typically verbose way: "The inclemency of the weather no doubt deterred numbers from making their appearance; nevertheless there were 128 persons congregated to enjoy this pleasant annual affair. Lunch was partaken of in the booth, the decoration of which was extremely picturesque".

The collection closes with a Heigh-ho. That's right. A Heigh-ho.

Between the picnic and the Heigh-ho are a range of topical writings on babies kits, literature, honey and feminism. There are letters, articles, reports and speeches, all written in a joyfully adjectival fashion: things are macadamised, laceless, claw-like, jewel-like, irradiating, scudding, dimpling, new-shingled, frigid, fervent, fast-emptying, winsome, stalwart, comely, lark-like, dawdling, wraith-like, traceless, low-walled, fast-aging, ill-built and uncouth.

Miles Franklin wrote 'My Brilliant Career' - remember? And she was a pioneering Australian feminist. Living in an age with 'the males protecting hearth and home with a gun, while the women have to turn to immediate and bedrock things concerned with food, clothing and shelter' she made important advances in the plight of women, for example, keeping her original surname (extremely daring) and advocating the increased use of the slit skirt: "The new garment may be commended for letting us into the pleasing secret that women, equally with men, are endowed with graceful, active legs".

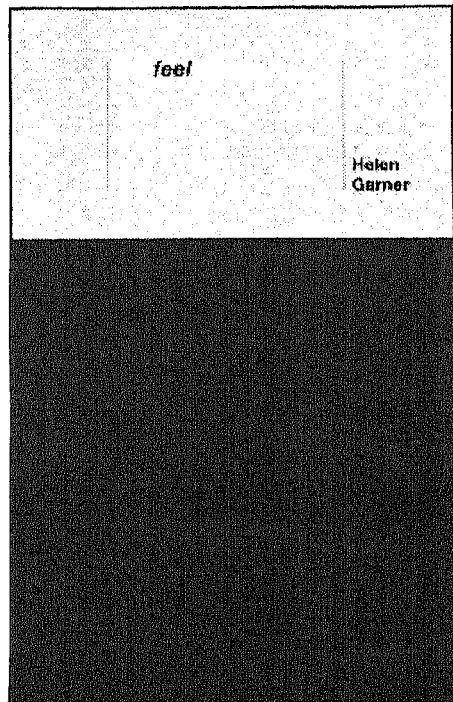
Readers who delight in doses of old-style nationalism will love Franklin's strong sense of an Australian identity. She agrees with one Mr Lloyd who declares that 'Australians are the best people on earth', and she describes herself as 'an Australian, and a keen, convinced, ardent suffragist'. Well done, Miles. (It all becomes a bit much when

she exclaims: 'as a dyed-in-the-wool Australian, nothing but the cockatoo would do me!')

Franklin's letters, naturally enough, are about everyday realities and include dull descriptions of her travels. Quite simply, her writing is not sufficiently brilliant to sustain a reader's interest in her weariness and ailments. Unless, of course, you are the note's original recipient. Which you are not. And neither am I.

Franklin advocated peace in 1915, which is damned impressive. Her dense and descriptive writing, though, isn't. Take this little gem as evidence enough: "Thus to the mysterious, awe-inspiring silence go down the generations of man, and thus are effaced the marks of their labour here". She is describing a post. Heigh-ho.

Philip Thiel



The Feel of Steel
Helen Garner
Picador

I'm not sure what kind of self-confidence some people have that enables them to think 'I'll write down my everyday thoughts, have them published and people will pay to read them'. Thankfully Helen Garner doesn't appear to be heavily wrapped in her ego. She reveals her own faults and vulnerabilities, making one forget (at least most of the time) that she is essentially publishing the ramblings of her mind. The inclusion, early on in this book, of doubts as to her writing ability and attempts to explain why she is compelled to write certainly helped make this book, and her character, reconcilable with my own repulsion from even tendencies towards arrogance.

The Feel of Steel incorporates the ramblings of Garner's mind along with more narrative pieces from her own experience. Living in Sydney and Melbourne in her late fifties, she combines anecdotes with life-changing moments. There are some emotional pinnacles (and depths) revealed, coping with an elderly parent, the end of a marriage, moving interstate; but also ordinary days, hanging out with friends and the occasional odd addition of a paragraph, seemingly from nowhere, of something someone told her, or something she happened to read.

I hope none of you young, hip uni students out there are put off by Garner's age. She certainly doesn't fit into the senior citizen stereotype (sagging stockings, no short-term memory, repetitive conversation) and I hope her book won't be dismissed with all those other people who dare to be fifty-plus and still be visible in our culture. Because Helen Garner lets us see what she does as she opens up her life in this book.

Cheryl



Global Sex
Dennis Altman
Allen & Unwin

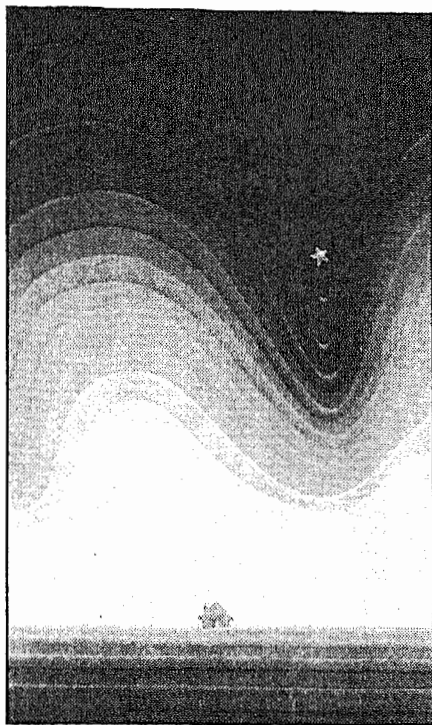
No, the title of this book is not introducing some technologically assisted global orgy. Virtual sex does get a mention, however, along with every other sexual practice, preference and perversion in a book which seeks to explore the way in which modern sexual attitudes and practices have both shaped and been shaped by the phenomenon of globalisation. Altman's argument is that for too long we have allowed issues of sexuality to languish in the realm of discourse, hence failing to recognise the various ways in which these issues can, and to some extent already do, incite material action in the public sphere. Altman emphasises the need for a "political economy of sexuality" which would recognise and confront the global effects of the mutual interdependence between economics, politics, culture and sexuality.

Topics covered in the book include discussion of the changes in global sexual morality; identification of the global activism associated with the HIV/AIDS epidemic and, predictably, consideration of the political effects of sexual scandals involving persons in power. Constant reference is made to the commercialisation of sex, perhaps an inevitable consequence of the globalisation of sex, and exemplified by the growth in "sex tourism" whereby it would appear that Lonely Planet may soon be replaced by "Plauet Love". Altman also explores the heightened global interest in the structure and functions of the body suggesting that the global access to images of bodies from other cultures has resulted in anarrowing rather than an expansion of the notion of "desirable body types".

Recognising that all too often references to "global" are really references to "American", Altman attempts to

support all his arguments with examples from a broad range of countries indicating a broad and knowledgeable cross-cultural view. This rapid darting between countries and topics, however, results in the information bursting out from the futile attempt at organisation provided by the chapter headings and at times confusing the main points being argued. As such, this is not a book to be read in one sitting which the author perhaps realises given there is some repetition of examples between the chapters. *Global Sex* is a confronting and thought-provoking book, however, which will cause the reader to reflect upon how rapidly sexual attitudes and practices have already changed with the growth in globalisation and to ponder how they will continue to change in the future.

Alex Stillwell



Three to see the king
Magnus Mills
Flamingo

It may sound silly, but this book was only appealing because of the 'touchy-feely' cover; the blurb wasn't catchy, I mean, the story line seemed to revolve around a solitary guy and a house of tin.

And I was right. The story did revolve around that guy in the house of tin.

But it really was interesting. *Three to see the King* is one of those books which doesn't really offer you much until you begin to read it.

The story begins by introducing the central character, the unnamed narrator, telling of his 'house built entirely from tin, with four tin walls, a roof of tin, a chimney and door. Entirely of tin'. He lives on a desolate plain with neighbours he rarely sees. With only the wind for company; it's his utopian existence. Until one day a visitor interrupts his retreat from the world. Her first words to him are 'so this is where you've been hiding', and she immediately criticises the lifestyle of her new acquaintance. And promptly I disliked her.

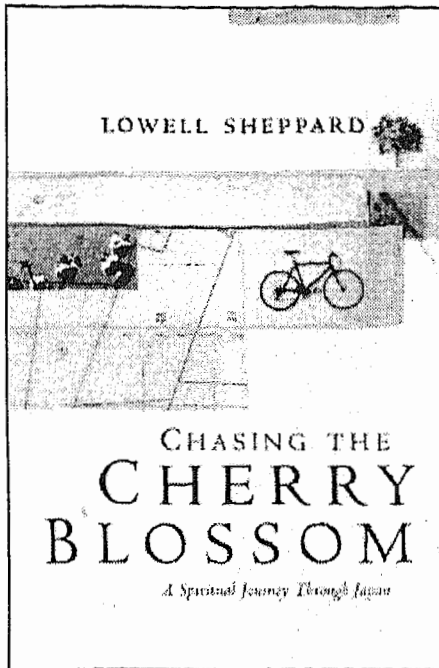
However, she is a necessity to the story, otherwise we would still be hearing about the great house of tin (never a tin house). This new visitor, Mary Petrie, also shows the weaker side of the narrator, he's one of those who doesn't like to rock the boat, even though Mary is criticising every element of his existence.

And so it is Mary's question: 'So what became of your great plan?' which sets the narrator to questioning his choices of abode and being. It is this one question which triggers an extraordinary chain of events. A new neighbour constructs a house of tin on the desolate plain, resulting in the narrator's three neighbours dismantling their tin houses only to reassemble them some distance away; part of a cult-like community founded by the messianic Michael Hawkins. It is this man, and his idea of utopia, which intrigues, and infuriates, the narrator.

And as people come in droves to the previously sparsely occupied plain, the narrator becomes a curious witness to the construction of an empire and the resulting turmoil which is ensured. Should he lead, or follow, or stay, or join this cult of tin house dwellers? Dismantling his seemingly perfect existence, in order to rebuild it among people blind to the consequences of following an maniac ruler?

This book has been described by other reviewers as a modern-day fable of personal decision, set in a bleak and blank background in order to help the reader understand the message more clearly. I agree. The lesson this book provides is riveting as well as timeless.

Elizabeth McIntosh



Chasing the Cherry Blossom
Lowell Sheppard
Hodder Headline

Is it a travel guide? Is it an exploration of modern Japanese society? Is it a reflection upon one man's spirituality? No, it's a mixture of all three! *Chasing the Cherry Blossom* is the diary of British missionary Lowell Sheppard as he follows the famous cherry blossom trail on its journey from east to west across Japan. It's not fast-paced, or thrilling, or even terribly romantic, but it's so beautifully written that you can almost feel the amazing sense of freedom that Sheppard experiences just washing over you as he cycles across this mysterious country. The people that he meets and the insights into the culture that he gains make the book one that has a lasting impact.

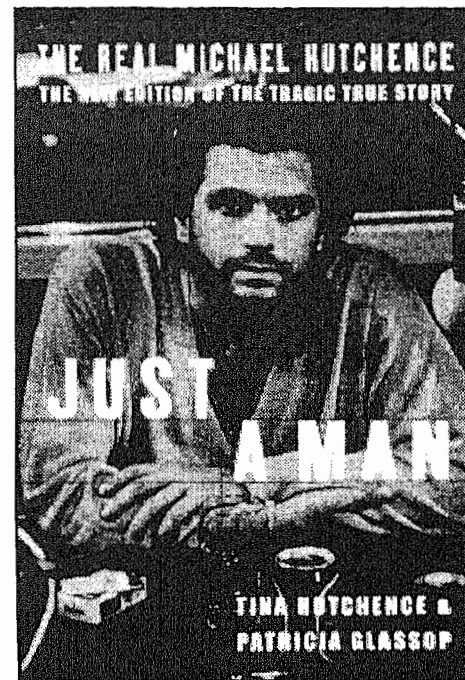
Having spent time in Japan and experienced the delight that is Hanami, or cherry-blossom viewing, I found it fascinating to discover the deeper meaning that it holds for various Japanese today in the 21st century. With a particular interest in the changing face of Japanese society, Sheppard endeavours to also use his journey to discover how young people in Japan view their lives. Initially I was sceptical about how much a foreigner following the cherry blossoms across Japan on a bicycle could find out from the often conservative Japanese. But I had clearly underestimated the appeal of his trip to the Japanese people, who were eager to discuss such issues with him, assisting him in any way that they could.

There's also a spiritual aspect to the book, as Sheppard reflects on the meaning of his own life. The ways that this man deals with the physical and emotional challenges that he faces throughout the seven-week journey are a testimony to his faith, while the open and honest way in which he shares his thoughts and feelings with us is touching.

Whether you want to be charmed by tales of Japanese culture, or are curious to learn about this man's exploration of his faith and it's meaning, then

Sheppard's book comes highly recommended. It's refreshingly different from other books in any one of the genres it could fit into. Definitely a unique piece.

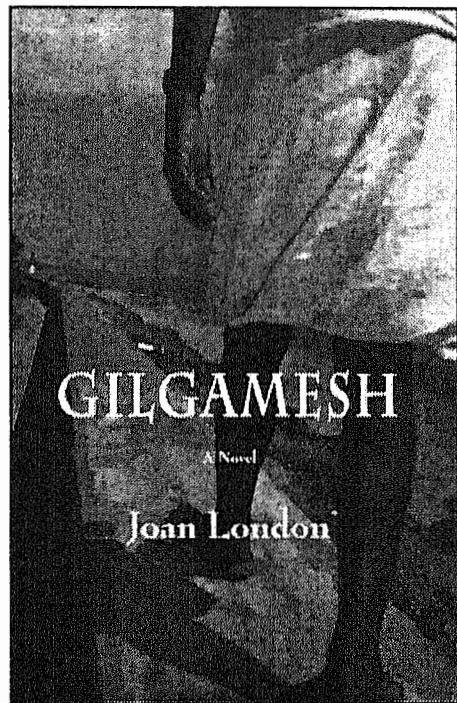
Felicity Sims



Just A Man: The Real Michael Hutchence
Tina Hutchence & Patricia Glassop
Pan Books

Billed as 'The New Edition of the Tragic True Story' this book, authored by Michael's mum and half-sister, gives readers an insight into the life of Michael, in particular to his childhood and ascent into the world of rock stardom. Everybody who was living in Australia in the 80s was touched by INXS in some way. You can't deny it. Whether you liked them or not (I am still yet to meet someone who hated them) they (in their original form) were one of the greatest bands Australia has ever produced. So many hits – they must have been amazed to take stock later in their career as to how big they actually got. There is a wonderful picture section in the centre of this book. Spanning the life of Michael and his family, some are the pictures are very intimate and private (obviously from the family photo album). For a fan, this is worth the purchase price alone. We've all heard the inevitable jokes dealing with Michael Hutchence's death. Sexual? Suicide? The theories are never ending. The last moments of his life are discussed and analysed in detail leaving the reader to decide for themselves what happened and what was going on in Michael's mind. Sadly, we'll never know the truth. The author's are quick to point out that they dismiss the sexual (auto asphyxiation eroticism) theory as perpetrated by Paula Yates by offering that it was her way of dealing with the emotional stress. It would be hard to come to terms with someone wanting to 'abandon' you. Completely up to date we are given a different perspective than the force-fed media approach of the aftermath of his death, his estate, and Paula Yates's death. Anyway is this the "tragic" story? He was rich and famous and got to do what he loved. Two words: Tiger Lily. Michael's true passion. The forgotten orphan in this story of excess. INXS and Michael Hutchence fans alike should really give this book a go.

Jorm



Gilgamesh
Joan London
Picador

The *Gilgamesh* epic is an ancient Mesopotamian tale of King Gilgamesh and a rival Enkidu who is sent by the gods to challenge him. Gilgamesh defeats Enkidu, and the two become friends, travelling together on many heroic journeys. Joan London's *Gilgamesh* is not such a grand tale, but nor is it so mystical. This is a story of family, friendship, and human strength. When Edith's cousin Leopold and his Armenian travel companion come to stay with her family on their remote Western Australian farm, Edith's sheltered lifestyle comes to an abrupt end. Life as a young, single mother in the 1930s brings out the strength in Edith's character and she leaves her remote home on a quest to find her child's father.

This novel is a gentle portrayal of life in the 1930s and 40s, in Australia, London and Armenia. It deals with the role of women in these three different societies, and the part the Second World War played in the lives of people of this era. Joan London also uses the story as a forum to examine the relationships we form with family and friends. Containing a very human exploration of life during the depression and the war, *Gilgamesh* is a good read.

Eleanor Gee



Always Patsy Cline

Answer me this: if you had an excellent, famous friend who later had the misfortune to be killed in an horrific aeroplane crash, would you then sell her story and cash in on the profits? I thought so. I would too. And that's why we now have the pleasure of experiencing the life and work of Patsy Cline, arguably the most definitive and successful country singer of all time (I don't care what they say, Shania Twain is NOT country, and besides, she's crap).

Always...Patsy Cline is the story of Patsy Cline (a stunning Deborah Conway) seen through the eyes of her friend, ordinary housewife Louise Seger. (played by Julie McGregor of *Hey Dad!* fame). Seger became a great fan of Patsy Cline after hearing her sing her first hit,

'Walking After Midnight' on *The Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* television show. Later, she would meet Cline at a gig in Texas. The two became firm friends.

The success of *Always...Patsy Cline* arises from the show's ability to interact with its audience members. Banking on the fact that most of the audience will be long time Patsy Cline fans, director Ted Swindley has formulated a show that invites its viewers to join in with the great Patsy Cline spirit! Of course, it does help to be a fan, but I still think that ordinary human beings can enjoy the evening. After all, it's Patsy! I met Conway after the show. She was mean.

Clementine

Absurd Person Singular

Burnside Players, Burnside Ballroom,
Thurs – Sat, 6-15th Sept 8pm (Sat matinee 2pm)

Absurd Person Singular by Alan Ayckbourn is a play of three acts, each set in the kitchen of a different couple on successive Christmasses. It stars Bernadette Bycroft, Renfry Ansell, John Koch, Madeleine Marin, Martin Strange and Nicole Rutty.

Our first couple, Sydney and Jane, are overly anxious to make a good impression on their wealthy guests. The bank manager and his wife, Ronnie and Marion Bruce, hold the play together with performances which beautifully complement each other. Marion is a lovely drunk (though in her stupor she sometimes lost track of her accent) who constantly gives false, and very funny, compliments. (Marion describes Jane's curtains as a "very consistent colour, which just beg to be drawn in the morning".) Ronnie's obliviousness to his surroundings brings a calming influence to the play, as the audience smiles at the grandpa we all wish we had.

Geoff and Eva are the amusing snobbish architect and his depressive wife. The second act, set in their kitchen, finds Eva suicidal, and all players unconscious to her plight. The physical humour in this act is at first amusing,

but wears thin, as the entire act is set around Eva's thwarted attempts at suicide. Geoff is hilarious as he explains to his wife the very mature reasons why he should live with his lover.

The third act restores a waning plot, as we enter Marion and Ronnie's kitchen, to find the former sloshed, refusing to leave her room, and the latter cold and alone.

The conclusion of this play is as strange as you will probably ever see. The suggestion is that the couples have traded places, and that those once wealthy now dance to Sydney's tune. It is, however, a very strange and enthusiastic tune.

Absurd Person Singular is the kind of play your parents will love. If you owe them a birthday present/visit/money – take them to see this performance, at \$14/\$11 it's a bargain. Younger people will enjoy it but, judging from the (middle-aged) audience response, it is more applicable to a higher age group. The Burnside Ballroom has cabaret seating (but bring a jacket) and alcohol is available.

Nichi.

Creeper

Southern Youth Theatre
Ensemble
Queens Theatre
September 12 - 15

I really am a nice person.
Really.

I just want to make people happy. However, very occasionally there comes a time when even the least assuming reviewer has to make people sad. Sad, bitter and ashamed. This is one of those times.

Creeper is supposed to be "a modern-day urban fantasy that transports you deep into an alternative psychological landscape." In reality, it is quite possibly the worst production that I have been unfortunate enough to see. And I've sat through all three of Prince Alfred College's awkward stabs at Gilbert and Sullivan.

Of course I feel terrible saying such things about people nice enough to send me a pair of free tickets. However, some things just *have* to be criticised. Like women's magazines, John Howard and TV evangelists.

Apart from the overly melodramatic acting, the awkward soliloquys, the



tacked-on video effects, the irritatingly nonsensical plot, the pointless vulgarity, the faux-profound chorus and the thoroughly intrusive musical score, *Creeper* isn't all that bad.

In truth, I shouldn't be in any position to comment. I spent an altogether irresponsible proportion of the evening staring at the back of people's heads and counting the number of rafters in the ceiling.

Admittedly, the set design was passably interesting, and the tacked-on comic relief (provided by Scott Hewitt) was occasionally chortle-worthy. See it if you fancy an inadvertant laugh. Don't see it if - like me - you're a culture snob.

Stanley George

Life After George

After the amazing Holy Day, the State Theatre Company's next production is Hannie Rayson's thought-provoking *Life After George*. The man at the heart of the play, Peter George, is a history professor who passionately seizes life, love and learning, and represents all that was fully alive about a more politically conscious time. George is still in touch with each of his three wives who represent different aspects of feminism - from early idealism to career pragmatism to modern independence. The play begins and ends at his funeral service, where his three wives, the artist Beatrix, academic Lindsay and "geek girl" editor Poppy think about the man they loved and whose uncompromising values inspired them.

This play of ideas has enormous significance considering Australia's decline in educational investment, provoking debate on the increasing corporatisation of our universities. Rayson's views on the increasingly business-like manage-

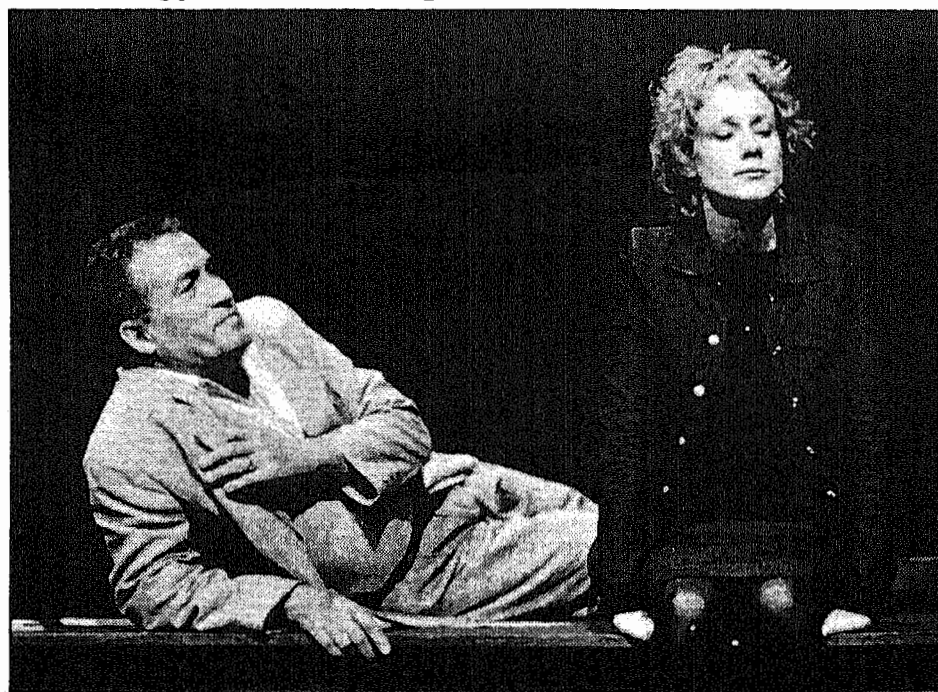
ment of our universities are no secret. The Melbourne playwright resigned from the board of the Victorian College of Arts over the introduction of fees. During one particularly heated board meeting, Rayson quoted Sartre - "I am my actions" - a credo enthusiastically embraced by the VCA students, who took to chalking the phrase around the college grounds.

Whether your interests lay in feminism or the public vs private debate, *Life After George* is sure to be an intellectually stimulating night of theatre.

Mikey

Giveaway!!

On Dit is proud as punch to offer 5 double passes to see *Life After George* on Thursday the 27th of September. Come down to the *On Dit* office this Wednesday at 12:30 pm and be prepared to...get some free tickets.



Edward Hopper (1882-1967)

Sun in an Empty Room (1963)

Coming near the end of his life, *Sun in an Empty Room* represents a kind of apotheosis of Edward Hopper's style. Like so much of Hopper's work, the transcendence of the image springs from a disconcerting simplicity of subject and form. If we scan the corpus of Hopper's painting, *Sun in an Empty Room* appears to be almost nihilist in its stylistic and substantive reductions. Rather than the familiar urban scenes of silent couples, midnight diners, and stark offices, or the New England vistas of lighthouses, empty back roads and idle gas stations, *Sun in an Empty Room* empties itself of people, furniture, and place. Instead we have a solid shaft of light entering an anonymous room, its smooth progress punctuated by a block of shadow from a protruding wall. In the elemental reductiveness of the image, in its negation of location or objective identity (where is this room?), Hopper's painting intensifies the emotional pitch of his earlier, more famous work. The search for some elusive humanity amongst the stiff, mute figures of his urban scenes - (portrayed with a chilling precision in works like *Room in New York*, *Nighthawks*, *New York Movie*, 1939, or the washed-out,

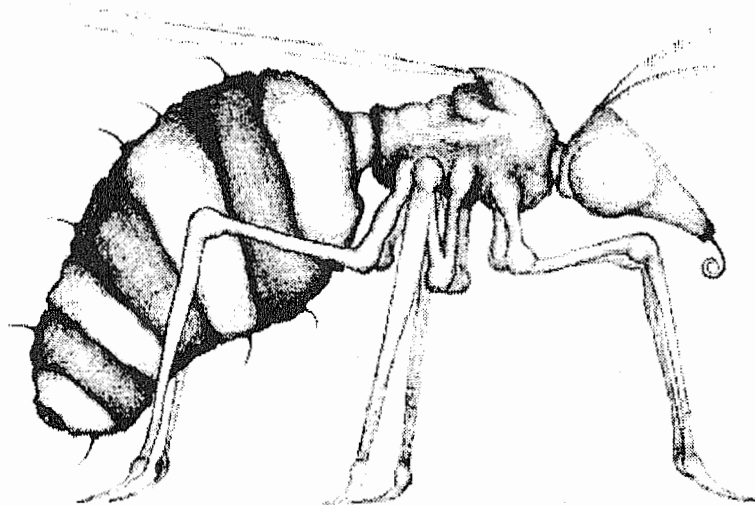
Prufrockian still-life of *Office in a Small Town*) - is here combined with the immobilised expectancy of his figures captured in shafts of sunlight in paintings such as *Chop Suey*, *Morning Sun*, *Summer Interior*, *Room in Brooklyn*, and the similarly vacant *Rooms by the Sea*. There is a regenerative quality in this light. There are none of the stark lines illuminated by electric bulbs, throwing the palsied lives of his urban dwellers and their imprisoned desires into relief like an emotional x-ray machine. In this image the sunlight warms the room, lifting the colour out of the paint, bringing the skirting boards off the wall, and the floor from the shadows. Rather than a repository for quietly desperate lives, this room is flooded with a restrained possibility. Hopper was once asked what he was looking for in *Sun in an Empty Room* and his response was "himself". The inward focus of his painting, its meditative appeal to the viewer to find themselves in his measured images full of space and suggestion, is realised in this vacant room. Here the viewer finds themselves feeling the warmth of the sunlight on their face, much in the manner of Hopper's wife, Jo, in *A Woman in the Sun*.

Hopper's capacity to communicate through nuance and understatement is demonstrated here in a meditation on life rendered through alternating blocks of shadow and light playing on an empty room. The light and shadow focus inwards to the centre of the frame, to the corner hidden from the excoriating sunbeam. As if part of the room was withdrawing from the day, the corner remains indistinct and unwilling to push into the light. The room acts as a kind of architectural metaphor for the human condition Hopper seems always to be striving towards, and always finds incomplete or frustrated. Whether or not one feels affinity with Hopper's realist style, his evocation of a certain American experience - that of the individual adrift in the numb expanse of twentieth century industrialism - it is

hard not to sense the deeply sympathetic tone and feel of his work. Hopper is, above all, a painter of deeply felt emotions that churn like magma beneath the glassy, inscrutable surfaces his scenes. Far from a play of surfaces alone, Hopper's work uses precisely represented surface images to generate an emotional response predicated on a concealed interior. Hopper's surfaces speak of unseen depths. In *Sun in an Empty Room*, rather than looking for meaning in the blank faces of his characters, Hopper reinscribes his emotional ambivalence in the expression of light on a room. And like his figures, one senses there is something yearning somewhere within.

Paul Lobban

doodle of the week



This week's doodle has been done by Che Guava. Think you can do better? Bring down your doodle now!

This Week's Cover



Fisherman's Bay #1
by Eugene Casey

1st in a series of 4 works depicting scenes of this South Australian seaside town, with its row of quaint shacks and sleepy holiday atmosphere.

Each piece of the puzzle was painted separately from the one alongside it, often using a different type of brush to apply the paint in a different way and deliberately changing the tone and texture, to provide as much variety in the pieces without straying too far and losing the unity needed to hold the image together.

Eugene Casey
ph: 8391 0114

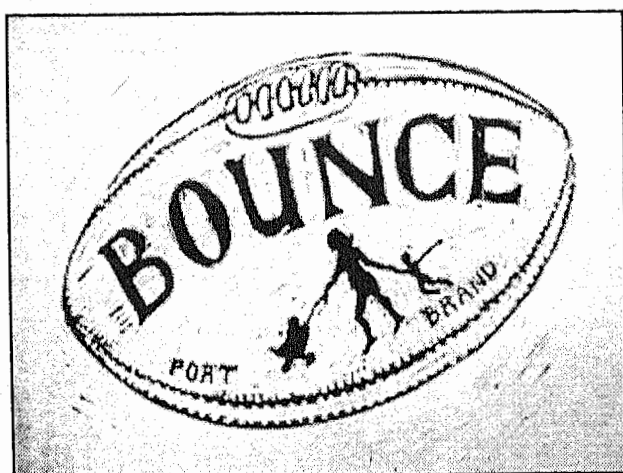
EXHIBITIONS



BOXED ART

Be sure to go and see "Boxed Art", a huge annual art exhibition. It's being launched at 2pm Sunday 30 September at the Box Factory Community Centre, and will continue until Saturday 13 October.

59 Regent St (South) Adelaide
Open 10am-4pm Mon- Sun except Fri 10am-8pm
Ph: 8223 2339

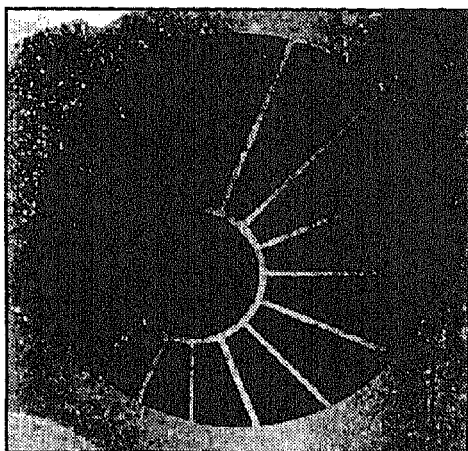


BOUNCE

Check out "Bounce". This is an exhibition 'from the side lines' by Gerry Wedd. It will be launched on Friday 28 September at 6pm. Continuing on until Sunday 21 October, this exciting exhibition is being held at the Port Community Arts Centre.

66 Commercial Rd, Port Adelaide
Open 10am-4pm Friday and Sundays or by appointment
Ph: 8341 2430

Local Music



Sprawl
Sun In A Dark Sky
Independant

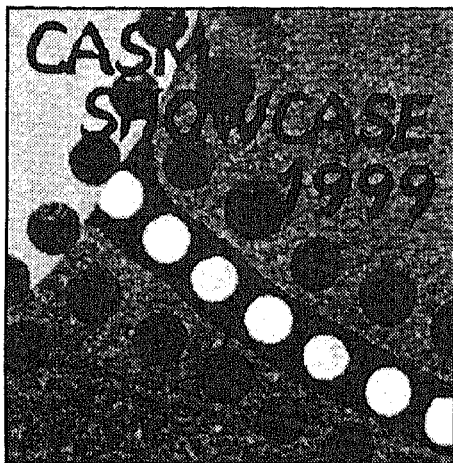
In the years since the release of their debut EP *Systems Rise* Sprawl have become one of the most senior hardcore bands in Adelaide. Their first album *Sun In A Dark Sky* carries on the passion that was expressed in the EP. It bursts with an energy and fervour that Sprawl have always been able to create within their songs.

The songs on this album are less focused on the big guitar riffs that were at the centre of the *Systems Rise* EP and bring all the elements of the band together. However, their distinctive guitar sound still dominates the music with the stylistic hooks and riffs that Sprawl have made their own on tracks such as *Delta* and the album's title track.

At times the music can be sweet and melodic but then harsh and confronting. The enigmatic vocals add another dimension to the tracks making them

soar or rage. This is the sort of music that everyone in Adelaide should be aware of.

Michael



C.A.S.M. Showcase 1999

A group of students and staff at Adelaide University's Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music (known as C.A.S.M. in our degenerative slang-speak) have combined their respective talents to produce a 16-track CD of local contemporary indigenous music.

A range of styles are incorporated into this recording, with traces of seedy 80s rock, country campfire melodies, and traditional indigenous music all burnt onto the same disc.

For what it's worth, I found the tribal chanting songs to be my favourite listening tracks. They are simple yet uplifting, the vocals are crisp and capture that husky earthen rasp so distinctly indigenous.

The Bard of Blasphemy

Local Noise

Congratulations first up to Tim and Liam (or Clark and Golding as you may have voted for them), who will be assuming command of Student Radio next year. As they have promised to support local music until it hurts, now would be a good time to step forward if you have any interest in radio and the Adelaide music scene. If you know a little bit about sound engineering but would like some hands on experience, we are on the lookout for people to help record the live bands in the studios of 5UV. Or if you like coiling up cables. Just drop me an email at denni_meredith@hotmail.com

More congrats go to TENDAHOOK for a very rocking Local Noise set last week, complete with a huge middle-eastern style jam to end the extravaganza. Their EP *Transition* as a top example of quality Adelaide rock so check it out for a cheap CD purchase.

Thanks go to Scissor Pretty and The Armpods, a couple of bands who rocked the Sceptre on Thursday, and all their good-looking fans who turned up to support them. Watch out for those quirky Armpods posters around uni to see when they are playing as they are an emerging talent well worth checking out. Or for starters you could just tune your wireless into 531 and check them out this Tuesday night at 9pm coming at you in mono - no fancy stereo effects to confuse the ears.

denni d.

Surrounded by Sound

Well, holidays are upon us once again but there's plenty to keep you entertained over the next few weeks...

This Tuesday at Flinders Uni (lunchtime) you can see **The American Public** and **Career Girls** supporting interstate band **Faker**.

On Thursday 13th, the **Crown & Sceptre** are hosting 'When They Rocked!' a tribute to bands that once went off but suck nowadays. **The American Public**, **Fear of Flying** and special guests will do their best to entertain.

The weekend of the 22nd sees **Off The Couch** and Music Business Adelaide bringing you the best young musicians in the state. Head to the **West End** for this (check out the article on the facing page).

On Wed. 26th, Adelaide Uni's own **The Hormingo Ensemble** perform at Garage (163 Waymouth St). They 'funkify the classical music scene' with a combination of vibraphone, marimba, double bass, drum kit and Latin percussion. Tickets are \$15 but *On Dit* has a couple of **double passes to GIVEAWAY** - come down to the office at 2 pm this Wed.

The last weekend of holidays (Labour Day long weekend) sees the **Victor Harbour Folk Festival** providing a feast of music and culture. Food, crafts, workshops, CD shop and best of all, tonnes of musical talent from around town, as well as around the globe! Check out www.folk-sa.asn.au for details.

Michael Paradowski

Interview with Tendahook



Warwick: It's just a natural process. Last time with *Brief Moment* I was a guest, I didn't really play as a prominent figure, I was just backing up - very much subtly - the band. Whereas on this album I had more of a part in the process. (To Sean) What do you think?

Sean: Oh, definitely. I think it just

all comes down to a mutual understanding between Warwick and my brother, the way the guitar and keyboards all come together. You've probably heard on a songlike 'Terry', which is the last song, where we go for this big rock-out ending. And Warwick's just got his keyboards very transient and wobbly, which is exactly what we went for, because we knew that the guitars would create the feel. And then Warwick just went 'OK, now we have to have a nice balance', because I'm just rocking on the drums, and the bass is in unison with me, the guitars and the keyboards have to cre-

ate something else, we're always looking to create something else.

W: With me when I hear them play it I get an image and I often relate it to another band or song that I've heard and with the keyboards I try to take it away from what I expect it to be. So I try to do something that would make it not so traditional, or take it away from what everything else sounds like.

S: (jokingly) And it's got nothing to do with having a huge collection of CD's either!

W: I love listening to music. I love listening to anything or new, experimental or even traditional if it shows creativity.

S: I think that's a good thing too because my brother and I love our pop, and that's one thing that Warwick's definitely not into.

W: I don't like pop!

The title of the new EP has a lot to do with this, because the members are still in the process of working with each other. They've had some airplay on Triple J, with a recent live set on the Oz Music Show, and 'Broken and Frail', the first track for the EP, has been played on 2001. There aren't any plans for touring just yet, but the boys are hoping to go the Melbourne next year.

Grace



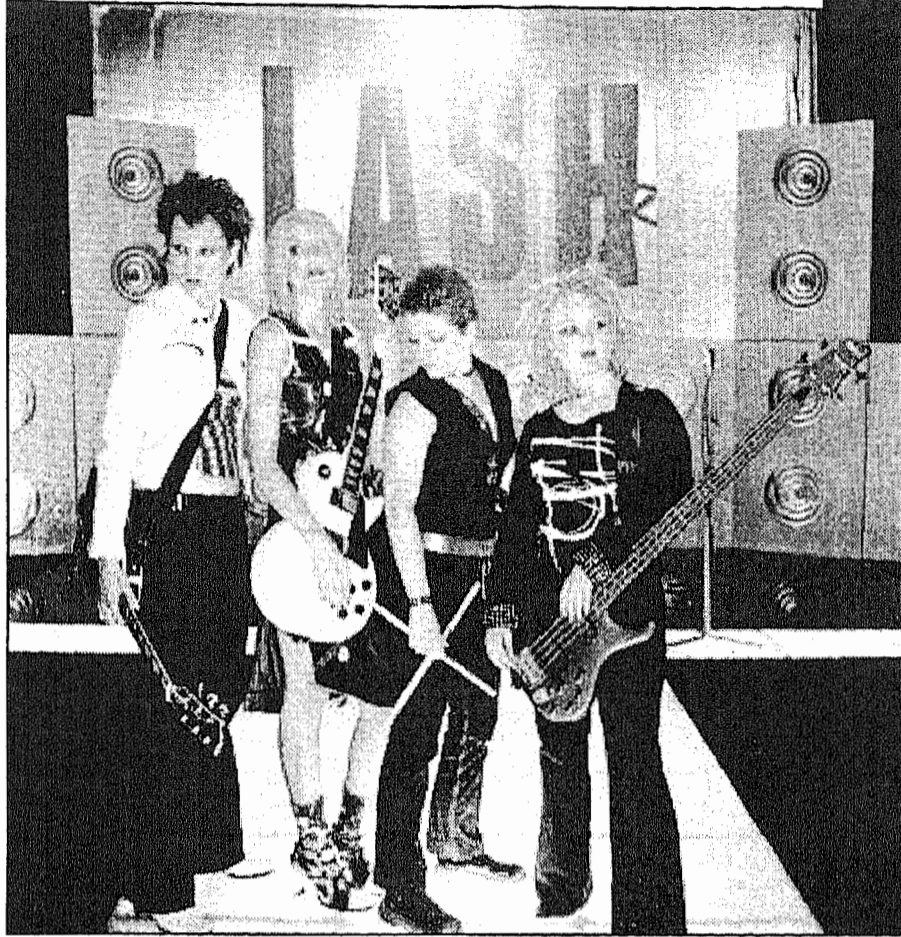
On Dit 69.20

Interview with Belinda from Beauty Queens...

With the launch of their second single, 'Beauty Queen', overwhelmingly positive reception to their first single, 'Take Me Away', and a national tour with Motorace, Lash are firmly establishing themselves in the Australian music scene. Lead vocalist and guitarist Belinda Reid took some time out to talk to *On Dit*...

Touring with Motorace and Palladium is the girls' third large tour. Their first big tour was with the Living End, then with Eskimo Joe, which involved constant driving from state to state. Belinda says this was 'really draining and it took its toll on us at night when we had to pep up to get on stage'. Despite the huge amount of travel, Lash found this 'a really great experience' and prefer touring to working in the studio: 'Recording is just a part of doing what you need to do to get up to the point of playing... being on tour, playing in front of the crowds is what it's all about. It's why we're here! That's what really means something!'

Lash met at age thirteen and began playing at fourteen and fifteen, under the name 'Exterior'. Being underage made pub gigs really difficult. The band had to be chaperoned by their parents and found the scene pretty dirty and depressing. Being underage meant that some places wouldn't allow them in until the last minute and 'we would still be standing outside waiting with 2 minutes to go'. After some disillusionment, Exterior entered the WAMI's (Western Australia Music Industry Awards) with 'Aloha Mr Hand' and won - 'from



there we got a free recording and a boost up into the industry and we got noticed a few years later by some companies'.

Lash draw their inspiration from older bands like The Beatles and Led Zeppelin. Belinda is particularly into Jeff Buckley and Bjork as an inspiration for her song-writing. The actual business of song-writing is usually a group effort, with the girls collaborating on the lyrics and music. Occasionally one of the girls will come up with something on her own and bring it to the group. 'Early last year, we re-

corded 'Take Me Away'. We wrote the track 3 weeks before we recorded it. Writing 'Take Me Away' was just a matter of sitting down in a group and jamming out to get it out. It was a big shock [that it did so well]. We had a lot of people telling us that it was going to be great for us, then we released it and radio picked it up'.

Lash's plans for the near future include touring nationally with Britpop band Ash. Belinda is really looking forward to the tour, not least because Ash have a reputation as vodka drinkers. 'It's going to be fantastic. I heard

Lash

that they're real party animals and that they'll be wanting to drink up after the show.' She is also looking forward to finding out what Ash are like in person. Fortunately, the pairing has nothing to do with their matching names: the company organized the tour, knowing that Lash liked Ash and felt that their music would blend well.

Lash are planning to release an album early next year, although they don't have a name for it yet! Fans may be in for a surprise as 'a lot of the other tracks on our album are very different to 'Take Me Away' and 'Beauty Queen'. There's lots of rock and some ballads, it's very diverse.'

'Beauty Queen' is out in record stores now and Lash and Ash will be performing together at Heaven. I'll see you in the mosh!

Bubbles

Lash
Beauty Queen
Mushroom

With a mix of grrrly rock and bouncy pop, Lash's second single, 'Beauty Queen', proves that they aren't a one-hit wonder. The first version has a live, mosh-pit feel, while 'Illpickl's bump and grind mix' caters to the electronica set. For those who haven't got it yet, this single also includes Lash's first hit 'Take me away'.

Bubbles

Get Off Ya Couch

Yes that's right, it's on again!

After the hugely successful Off The Couch free music festival in April, the folks at Carclew Youth Arts centre have this time joined forces with Music Business Adelaide to provide us with another reason to get off the couch.

On the night of Saturday the 22nd of September, Adelaide's West End will be host to 15 of this city's most promising bands and electronic artists. Venues include Minke Bar, The Worldsend, Enigma Bar and Breakers, with proceedings getting under way at about 7pm and going through 'till midnight.

What's this Music Business Adelaide? - I hear you ask. MBA entails a weekend of workshops, seminars, networking events and general introductions into the big bad world of 'The Music Industry'. It is a time when aspiring musicians can learn some tools of the trade - and play in front of in-

dustry professionals, hopefully receiving helpful advice and for the select few, a recording contract.

This event is a great vehicle for young South Australian musicians to get their music 'out there'. It not only allows them to play in front of large crowds as part of a huge festival, it also sends a clear message to music executives that there is talent here that is just waiting to be unleashed on all of Australia, and the world!

The line-up for this OTC includes a mix of established as well as up-and-coming bands. Snap to Zero and J-DED, two of the bands on the bill, played at this year's Big Day Out, while other bands have only recently ventured past their own lounge rooms. One band, Insect Seeking Technology, played their first gig at the April OTC and are well on their way to bigger and better things.

Don't miss it!

Off The Couch Saturday 22nd September

minke (7pm - 9:30)

- sukataash...5 piece energetic acid-funk
- gestalt...electro with smooth female vocals
- frost...dark atmospheric industrial trip-hop

worldsend (8pm - 12)

- mere theory...cutting edge rock
- zero return...crisp funk
- j-ded...original alternative rock
- veiled glade...odd rock with full bass and mellow guitar

enigma (8pm - 12)

- realm...powerful yet funky grooves
- nanna's cane...a snowball of funk rock
- snap to zero...heavy grooves with dance beats

breakers (8pm - 12)

- 7/10 split...flat out ska-punk
- insect seeking technology...heavy alt. rock with live drum'n'bass
- llagni...hard melodic rock
- clone-b...new metal

Carclew Youth Arts Centre in Association with MBA presents

15 LIVE ACTS
4 VENUES
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 22
WEST END PRECINCT
7pm - MIDNIGHT

MUSIC BUSINESS ADELAIDE



Slayer and Machine Head Live supported by Frankenbok Thebarton Theatre, 2nd September



This gig was always going to be good. With one of the true masters of metal, Slayer, and the now well established stylings of Machine Head together on one bill Thebarton Theatre must have been bracing itself for an onslaught of noise. To top this off, we were treated to Frankenbok as the support act. Definitely value for money. The scene was set and Frankenbok took to the stage. It must have been difficult for these guys, with two of heavy music's most respected names watching from the side of the stage. "Intimidating" is the first word that comes to mind, but to their credit they pulled off a tight set even though the crowd numbers were relatively low. A lot of energy that is probably better received in a smaller venue. Make sure to catch them when they hit town next.

Machine Head followed shortly after with, and I'm sure I'm not alone in saying this, probably the best set of the night. At least sound-wise; there is no doubt in my mind. From the intro music ('Ave Satani', The Theme From 'The Omen') to their somewhat self-indulgent ending, Machine Head's mix was perfect. We were treated to a nice mix of material from each of their three albums. Classic Machine Head tracks such as 'Davidian', 'Old' (in which Rob put down the guitar and ventured into the crowd to sing), 'Ten Ton Hammer', 'Take My Scars', 'Desire To Fire', 'The Blood, The Sweat, The Tears' and 'Nothing Left' were executed perfectly to a responsive crowd. The highlight of the set had to be the new track 'Bulldozer'. When asked whether the crowd wanted to hear some new Machine Head material (their new album, *Supercharger*, is out October 1st) the guys obliged with this track. An instant classic, I'd be surprised if almost everyone at the gig doesn't rush out and buy *Supercharger* the day it's released. The only criticism was that the length of their set was far

too short. Sure, technically they were supporting Slayer, but they are a big enough name to warrant their own headlining tour. Another twenty minutes or so would have rounded off the evening well.

The time had come for Slayer to hit the stage. The anticipation was unbelievable and the crowd would have gone crazy no matter what Tom, Kerry, Jeff or Paul did. It's funny to see how silly "tough" men get when presented with their idols. Opening with 'Raining Blood' just made this worse. From that moment on Slayer were in total control of the crowd. With relatively little banter from Tom Araya, the boys played a fairly long set with a good selection of material from throughout their career. Just for documentation's sake the set consisted of: - 'Darkness of Christ', 'Disciple', 'Bloodline', 'War Ensemble', 'Chemical Warfare', 'Stain of Mind', a shortened version of 'Seasons In The Abyss', 'Dittohead', a blistering 'Angel of Death', 'Altar of Sacrifice', the intro of 'Jesus Saves', 'Postmortem', 'Dead Skin Mask', 'South of Heaven', 'Manda-

tory Suicide', 'Hell Awaits', 'Captor of Sin' and 'Die By The Sword'. Whew. And I may have missed one too! Each was delivered with amazing precision and speed. There wasn't too much diversity but it would have to be one of the most intense "no-bullshit" shows I've ever seen. In fact, it was brutal. It was almost like being beaten or assaulted by the music. These guys are too good at what they do. Don't ever let anyone tell you that heavy music requires little to no talent. Even the most talented of guitarists and drummers would have to agree to the complexity of this music. Slayer's mix was predictably a bit muddier than that of Machine Head's. With so much happening so fast, it's little wonder. With no encore (just a bloody long set) Slayer left the stage. Definitely a concert that will remain in the memories of everyone that attended for a long, long time.

Special thanks to Sharon and Bob from Roadrunner Records for making this review possible.

Jorm



Slayer
God Hates Us All
American, UMG

These guys have been around for so long it's no wonder that they've got what they do down to a science. Age has not wearied them. In fact, Slayer are more brutal than ever. After a welcome change of pace with their last studio recording, *Diabolus In Musica*, they continue with this hard-groove element and further it by increasing the levels of aggression. The darker, down-tuned, sludgy-but-precise feel of this release proves that you don't have to use image, shock tactics and youth to be heavy. The twisted opener (why did they add those samples!?) gives way to the brilliant 'Disciple' in which Tom Araya screams over and over again with feeling that "God hates us all!". Oh yes, this is not for the faint hearted. Tracks like 'Threshold', 'Seven Faces', 'Addict' and the twisted 'Deviance' are all highlights. Fans will recall such tracks as 'Bloodline' and 'Here Comes The Pain' from various compilations; however, they have been rerecorded for this release. Two bonus tracks also appear on the Australian version. Slayer are the masters of metal. This album is not an easy listen. It should disturb you.

Jorm

Album of the Week

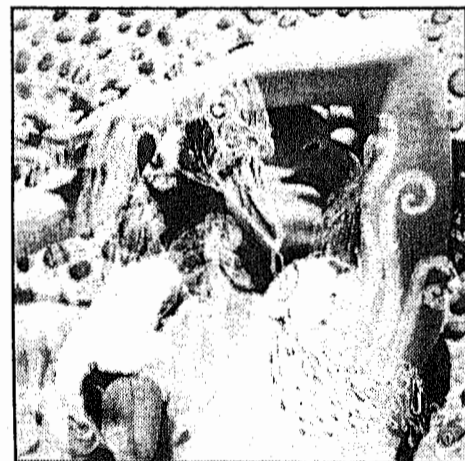
Bjork - *Vespertine*

In the last decade many vibrant and original artists have emerged from Europe to captivate the imagination of the world. Bjork would have to be the most significant of these, with her strangeness, freshness and vitality mixing together to make her one of the finest female vocalists of all time. Her vocal range is phenomenal: often high pitched but able to move around to suit any tune she sets her voice to. Half of Bjork's attraction is her eccentricity, and ability to take the seriousness of the music and entertainment industry and manipulate it into a much more exotic and creative being. For Bjork music is not at all a means just to make money and achieve celebrity status, for her it is a part of her existence which is expressed through her voice, lyrics and arrangement.

Vespertine is the fifth solo album for the Icelandic diva, following her split from the 80's wonder band The Sugar Cubes. The best way to describe this album is to compare it with her 1998 album *Homogenic*. *Homogenic* boasted grand orchestral arrangements, as well as loud and fast paced electronica beats which overall gave the tracks an overall sense of hyperactivity. *Vespertine* is the 'come down' from that album. It is more introverted and introspective, calmer and subtle but while still maintaining that electronica undertone which is so typi-

cally Bjork. The word *Vespertine* is defined as, that which occurs at 'dusk' or 'in the evening', and that is exactly what it is, an album full of string arrangements, industrial beats, large choir samples and mellow base lines which tantalise the senses. *Homogenic* on the other hand was more of a morning album, full of wake up songs such as 'Alarm Call' and 'Pluto'. I guess the point which I am trying to get across here is that *Vespertine* is unlike anything she has ever done before, with the exception of *Selma Songs* which bares a resemblance to this album. So if you were a keen fan of Post and *Homogenic*, then you may be slightly disappointed by some of the tracks on *Vespertine*, simply through lack of pace and vitality. With that said, like everything Bjork, it grows on you very quickly.

For this album Bjork gained the services of another highly respected electronica group out of Europe called Matmos, along with a choir arrangement Bjork flew to Greenland and selected especially for *Vespertine* and her current European tour. Matmos gives Bjork's voice and lyrics new scope and dimension, and the electronic beats are much subtler than some of her previous works. The Greenland choir adds an aura to the album which makes it so addictive, they support Bjork's voice extremely well and add to the overall sense of the album as a collection of songs.



This album has been extremely experimental, even for Bjork. This is the first album she has released with the title on the cover (normally titled with a simple sticker). As well she is not the only vocalist on the album, which she has been extremely strict on in the past. She claims that her songs are her domain and no one else can interpret her lyrics and emotions like she can. Either way I think by changing her approach to music making she has surprised us yet again, particularly after four albums.

In short, *Vespertine* is another awe inspiring masterpiece by the Princess of Icelandic music, and is yet another twist in a career which boasts some of the freshest and most original tracks ever laid to CD.

And for the Bjorkaholics....A little bird tells me that Bjork will probably be heading to Sydney Opera House early next year:) Enjoy the beats.

Mitch



Sparklehorse
It's a Wonderful Life
Capitol

If I was pressured to describe in a single word Sparklehorse's *It's a Wonderful Life*, that word would be 'sublime', or rather Sublime. A follow-up album that could stand up to the subtly nuanced, rakishly affected *Good Morning, Spider* was always going to be a big ask.

REM faced the same problem with their own phenomenally good *Automatic for the People*. But where they chose a radically different direction in *Monster*, Sparklehorse have persevered, refining and distilling the essence of what made *Spider* so damn special. The result is a string of songs that seem to bleed into each other without ever sounding hackneyed or obsolete. Lo-fi reaches a new level of artifice on this album - less Eric's Trip circa *Love Tara*, more later Tom Waits.

Mark Linkous's songs resist the corporeality of speakers and amplifiers: they flow over the listener like a half-heard conversation. Waits, Nina Persson and P.J. Harvey each lend something of themselves to the farrago, helping *It's a Wonderful Life* to more than live up to its predecessor.

Jonathon Dyer



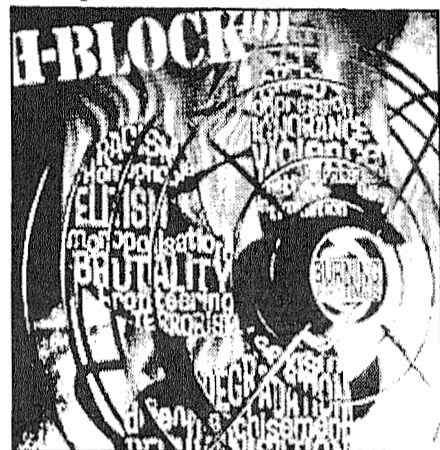
Various Artists
Long Way To The Top
Universal

For those of you who haven't been watching the absorbing show on the ABC on Wednesday nights, boy have you been missing out. It is a documentary of Australian rock from its beginnings to the present day. This double CD is a collection that spans five decades and includes some of our country's best known artists. Of course the term 'rock' is used incredibly loosely to describe the sound of some of these bands, and I would be tempted to insert the word 'pop' on some occasions.

The first CD begins with a track from the Wild One himself, Johnny O'Keefe, and includes such greats as

Slim Dusty, Helen Reddy, the Bee Gees, and my personal favourite, Col Joye and The Joy Boys. The pace and type of song vary a lot, with a heavy track from the Masters Apprentices following straight on from The Easybeats. The second CD will perhaps be better known as it contains artists like Silverchair and Nick Cave among other Aussie greats. It is a brilliant album, and manages to capture the spirit of the documentary. If you haven't been watching the show, get to it, and you will probably want to get yourself a copy of this album too.

Poptart



H-Block 101
Burning With The Times
Grudge Records Australia

Burning With The Times is the first album release from Melbourne outfit H-Block 101, who burst onto the scene in 2000 with their catchy, Triple J-fed hit 'Koka-Kolanisation'. They followed this up with other good single releases, 'Workers Wage' and their latest, 'Group Dynamics'. This album is good solid rock, but the main problem is it's all the same. One song sounds pretty much like the rest and the fact that it's a double CD means you get 22 tracks instead of 13 or 14, which would have been a better option. While there are other highlights, such as 'Violated Spaces' and 'Middle Class Rut', it's hard to sift through all the tracks to find the gems, and often H-Block's strong messages of inequality and societal injustice get lost in the rock. *Burning For The Times* is a CD for the patient, the genuine rock fans, or both.

Fantasy Lab Rat

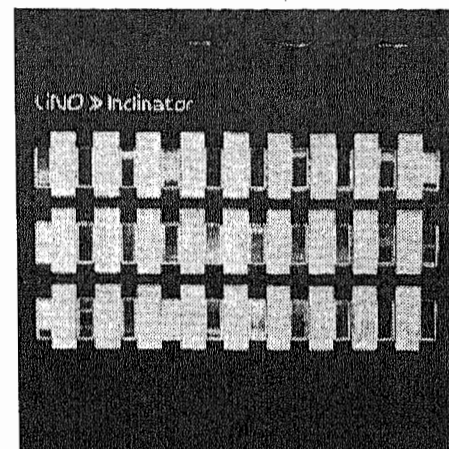


Ministry
Greatest Hits
Warner Music

Al Jourgensen, the main man behind Ministry, should be proud of his (hopefully, unfinished) career. Whether you like Ministry or not, you have to appreciate their uniqueness and, hence, place in musical history. Like Primus, they almost have a whole genre defined by

themselves. Ministry, for the uninitiated, ends up sounding like a collision between industrial and metal, without the pop sensibilities of, say, Nine Inch Nails. Many would know tracks like 'Just One Fix' and the comical 'Jesus Built My Hotrod'. However, it's tracks like 'N.W.O.' that truly define Ministry to this listener. There's so much happening in the mix that every time you listen you can hear something new. As is customary on 'Greatest Hits' packages these days, a new (somewhat untested) single has made its way onto the track-listing (before truly becoming a 'great'). In this case we are presented with 'What About Us?' from the movie *A.I.* It's in keeping with Ministry's sound, but isn't as interesting as their earlier work. However, don't be put off by the filmclip (featuring actors from the movie) because the song is (a) better without the visuals presented in the video and (b) doesn't include the 'extra' sound effects.

Jorm



Lino
Inclinator

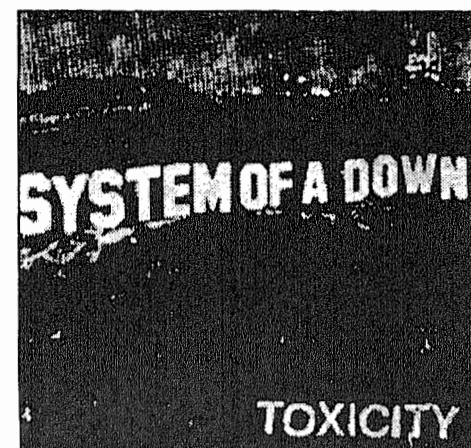
Lino is an interesting and varied cd to say the least. When I think of the term, lino and Fifties flooring concepts come to mind, in particular, that black and white checked design. This is a perfect metaphor for this group and the cd. It almost sounds as if there are two completely separate entities working through the one cd with little merging of concepts, perhaps they did this to appeal to a wider audience?!

The album contains a few funky beat mixed, groove along kind of songs with an almost industrial groove which could be compared to the workings of 'Daft Punk' or maybe 'Groove Armada.' But unfortunately, the rest is bad 'mainstream' (though I hate this word) pop.

With Lisa Ffrench as the main vo-

calist for the band, she sounds as if someone has stolen the voice of Danni Minogue (who would want to?) and locked it in the same room as an early nineties Toni Pearen. It's scary stuff! What's even scarier is that after a while, it really starts to grow on you! There are definitely two sides to this cd and they couldn't be more different, like black and white lino flooring!!

vespa



System Of A Down
Toxicity
American, Sony Music

Somewhat of an acquired taste, System Of A Down are hard to categorise. To label them as "tongue-in-cheek" metal would not do them justice. Beneath the at times comical exterior, some of the lyrical content is quite serious (see the killer opening track 'Prison Song'). But put tracks like this next to 'Bounce' (hey, it's one of the best songs on the album) in which madman Serj Tankian pronounces "I went on a date with a girl, a bit late" and "I brought my pogo stick just to show her a trick" with a machine-like "Pogo!" repeated mercilessly in the chorus and one has to wonder what drug this band is on. Their style is very stop/start with fast, precise passages overlaid by Serj's manic vocals. At times he whispers so fast you have no idea what he is saying (see lead track 'Chop Suey!') and others he borders on death metal growls. Very twisted but captivating. It's no wonder they have a cult following. The limited edition version comes with a bonus disc with 'In the studio' footage of the band during the making of the album. Very insightful stuff. Very close to album of the week.

Jorm

GIVEAWAYS! GIVEAWAYS! GIVEAWAYS!

Well, two out of three ain't bad! That's what Meatloaf said. And that's the situation you're faced with for this giveaway. *On Dit* was given three packs of giveaways to celebrate EMI's *Quiet Is The New Loud* promotion. Each pack contains the following five albums available in the campaign: -

- Kings Of Convenience - *Quiet Is The New Loud*
- Turin Brakes - *The Optimist LP*
- Matthew Jay - *Draw*
- I Am Kloot - *Natural History*
- Ed Harcourt - *Here Be Monsters*

Each is a mellow offering that shows that you don't need distortion and excessive amounts of energy to get a message across.

And now; back to the first sentence. We only have two of these packs left, kiddies. Yes, one has already been given away to a lucky listener of *On Dit* Radio (every second Monday from 9pm, part of Student Radio, on 5UV - 531am). See, there ARE benefits from tuning in to Student Radio - if not for the great new releases!

For your chance to win one of these packs come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 2:10pm (no earlier, no later) and tell us why you should win in 10 words or less. Hey, it's a BIG prize so make it good!

Special thanks to Cherie from EMI in making this giveaway possible.

I want to wake up in a city that never sleeps...



Forte
Tripping The Vast Exterior
Rhythm Ace

Well, this is a welcome surprise. No offence, but most independent Australian bands aren't exciting (*Really? -Eds*). Forte is an exception. For driving 'old school' hard rock (almost 'stoner' rock' but with a little more edge) Forte may prove to be the standard bearers here in Australia. Kicking off with probably the most radio friendly song on the EP, 'Momentum', Forte establish themselves as a band with a big sound and interest in good production. However, it is the following few tracks that raise the interest levels above that of passable. 'Hell Bender' is a mad, almost rockabilly rock thrasher that would excite any crowd and 'Big Brother' keeps the momentum going with a great change of pace leading to a mid-tempo Alice In Chains/Soundgarden stomp. In fact, the closer 'Goldencoat' has an intro that would easily fit on an Alice In Chains album. Loud, tight and powerful - if you like your distorted downtuned guitars this EP is worth checking out. I've gotta see these guys live!

Imuran Man

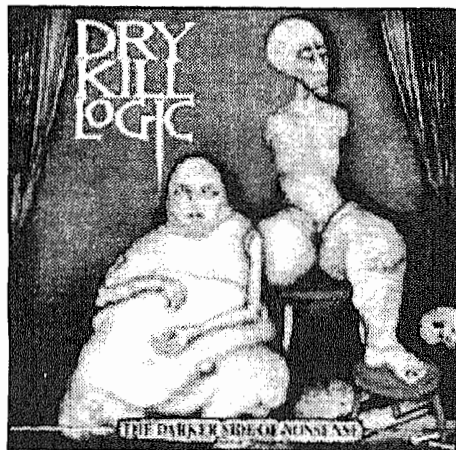


Good Charlotte
Good Charlotte
Epic/Daylight

The self-titled debut album from this American band sounds like the mutated love child of Blink-182 and MXPX. All of the songs sound similar and in a couple of cases you have to concentrate to hear the difference. Nevertheless after you listen to the CD a few times it does start to sort of grow on you. The only song I liked the first time I heard it was 'Little Things' which is the first song on the CD and was Good Charlotte's first single. The lyrics for pretty much all of

the songs are about being unpopular at school or being sad and all the songs start with someone saying "Here we go", or "Come on, what, what" like Will Smith. There are 13 tracks and one hidden track titled 'Thank You Mom'. It's interesting that these guys actually aren't embarrassed to have a song for their mums but they didn't put it as one of the listed tracks instead of hiding it. There's some food for thought. Anyway this CD isn't a must have but it's not too bad anyway. I shall allow you to buy it, if you so wish.

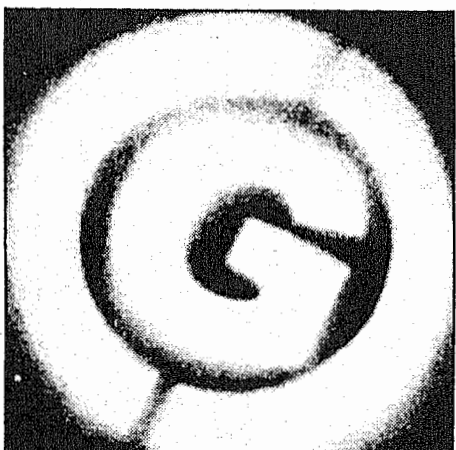
Janko Miskovich



Dry Kill Logic
The Darker Side Of Nonsense
Roadrunner Records

Fitting the Roadrunner artist bill perfectly, Dry Kill Logic is full of energy, loud distorted guitars and lyrics full of anger. Musically, the band is tight. Individually, each instrument does nothing 'special' (ie. nothing we haven't already heard before) but together they gel to form an interesting and powerful sound. The vocals range from the familiar Jon Davis singing attempts and the shouty "I'm a pissed off male" style (though non-guttural). At times, these shouty vocals are spat out at such a rate that they almost have a rap feel to them (think Slipknot). Tracks to watch out for are the driving 'Nothing', the opener 'Nightmare' and the changing 'Feel The Break'. Special mention goes to the harmonics in 'Weight!' There isn't much diversity present and, again, we HAVE heard all of this before, but if they do it well...does it matter?

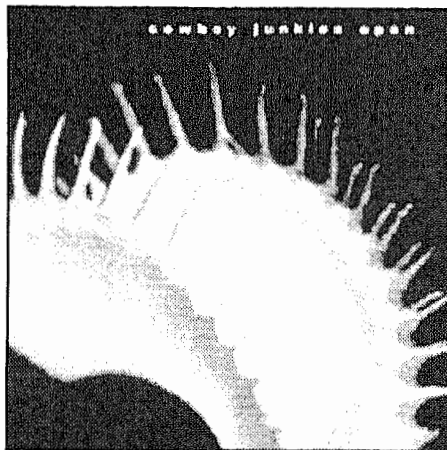
Jorm



Guttermouth
Covered With Ants
Epitaph Records

Madcap Yankee Punk rockers Guttermouth are back again with another cram-it-up-your-ass (ironically the title of track 11) style album full of the stuff fans have come to expect from them. *Covered With Ants*, Guttermouth's eighth album, is just quick, fun punk with no-holds-barred attitude and lyrics deemed inappropriate in 42 states. The highlights of this album are 'Secure Horizons' (you may have heard it on *Punk-o-rama 5*) which mocks financial planning of all things, and 'Chug-A-Lug Night'. 'She's Got The Look' is a great track as well, with hilarious lyrics. The use of the banjo is a bit scary in 'I'm Destroying The World', but it works. This CD may not be up to the high expectations of long-time Guttermouth fans but the band continues to play the same quality punk as ever.

Fantasy Lab Rat

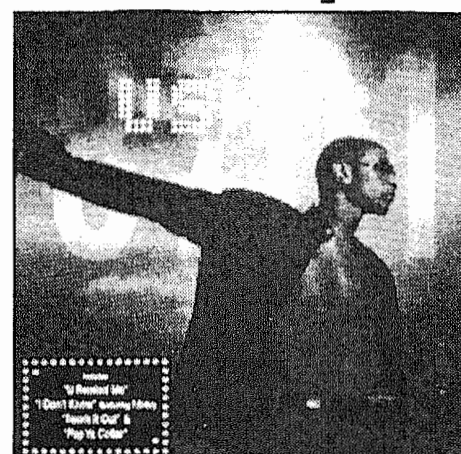


Open
Cowboy Junkies
Latent/Cortex/Shock

It's a long trail that has brought the Cowboy Junkies to this point in their career. From the early success of their first commercial release (and in my opinion their finest album to date), *The Caution Horses*, through a string of hit-and-misses marked by label tinkering and over-production, to their amicable departure from Universal (who still distribute their gear outside their native Canada) and their first own-label release, the exceptional *B-Sides, Rarities and Slow Sad Waltzes*.

Open is undoubtedly the Junkies darkest studio excursion. It actually comes as a shock to anyone who has grown accustomed to the band's 'he done me wrong' ballads and Neil Young covers. Previous songs like 'Black Eyed Man' only hinted at the depth of darkness the Junkies plumb on *Open*. The first track, 'Dragging Hooks', for example, is a *de facto* murder narrative falling fairly between Springsteen circa *Nebraska* and Nick Cave. Margot Timmin's waning lilt lends an emotional life into her brother Michael's sparse, melancholy lyrics. The mix, while fuller than some previous albums, still has a haunting, deserted-warehouse quality. The end result is like listening to Mazzy Star in an echo chamber, or Stina Nordstrom in a wind tunnel, or Crime and the City Solution in a hay barn.

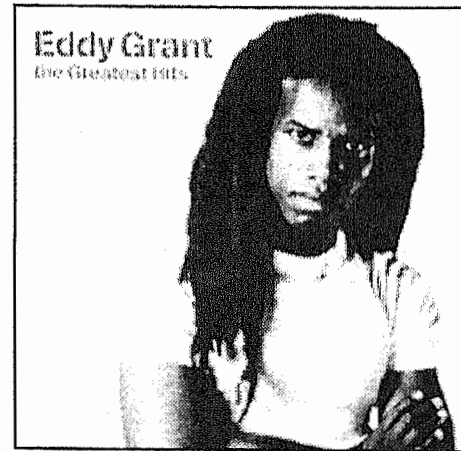
Rusty Springfield



Usher
8701

Usher Raymond is an extremely talented young man taking the entertainment industry by storm. Through starring in movies, touring America and starring in *The Bold and the Beautiful*, the future looks bright for him. His second album, *8701*, reflects this diversity musically. Songs ranging from party anthems to pop tunes and soulful ballads help make this an impressive album. Usher's popularity has really done nothing for his modesty though, and songs such as 'If I Want To' give us an insight into his frame of mind. For example he sings, 'If I wanted I could take you from your man, With my eyes closed, I could have you eating out the palm of my hand', and to his credit, he probably could, he's a good looking gentleman. *8701* is up-beat, original and should be a part of any good R & B collection.

Tito



Eddy Grant
The Greatest Hits
Ice/EW

Like most people, the only songs that I knew from this CD were 'Electric Avenue' and 'Baby Come Back', so I expected this to be a slightly less radio friendly collection of cheesy tunes. Instead, what I found was Ringbang - a style of music placed somewhere between Pseudo Echo and Bob Marley.

While the synthesiser effects and drum machines absolutely scream 80s, some of the songs have a surprisingly political content (titles include 'War Party', 'Another Revolutionary' and 'Living On The Frontline'). Musically, the reggae influence is pretty strong, so if your expecting cheesy 80s pop, you're in for a pleasant surprise.

Bucco

SINGLES

Fur Patrol
Andrew
Wishbone/ WEA

Originating from New Zealand, Fur Patrol have been prominent in recent times, supporting the likes of Motor Ace and Neil Finn, impressing many (including this reviewer) with their live shows. This is a great single from this guitar pop/rock group, with a catchy, singalong chorus and Julia Deans' distinctive vocal style. Expect to hear more of Fur Patrol in the future.

Church

Artful Dodger & Robbie Craig feat. Craig David
Woman Trouble
London Records

This track, and the other one featured on here 'Please Don't Turn Me On' have both been played to death on commercial radio. So unless radio hasn't reached your part of the world, these tracks are basically of a 2-step style, with some soulful vocals, which isn't too bad. If you like these guys, get the album and don't bother with the single.

Melissa Etheridge
I Want to be in Love
UMG Recordings

This single isn't bad. It is pretty boppy and flows well. Melissa has a really strong voice with good range. Tracks two, three and four are live versions of her past hits, including 'Come To My Window'.

LT

ON Inc
Silver Girl Shuffle/Am What I Am
Liberation Music Australia

First thoughts on 'Silver Girl Shuffle': I don't like it. Second thoughts: this rips off a classic Wipeout XL track! It should be clarified that *anyone* who slags, rips off, parodies, or dishonours any of the Wipeout soundtracks is seen in a very dim light by this reviewer.

That said, this crew is Oz-stralian, and everyone else likes them. This particular track is a jazzy, semi-vocal kind of electronica; let's call it *Jazztronica*.

'Am What I Am' is basically Australian rap. Which sucks. However, looking past the nauseating lyrics, one unveils vibrant and original backing music.

Can't wait till these guys tour.

MGF

Radiohead
Knives Out Parlophone
EMI

One of the more obvious choices as a single from the diverse *Amnesiac*. Closer in style to the "original" Radiohead with its dreamy guitar based feel. Thom's lyrics are delivered effortlessly. Lyrical content is confusing and abstract, and so is the filmclip! B-sides, also from the Kid A sessions, are mellow and pleasant ('Worry Wort' and 'Fog'). The 'Full Length Version' of 'Life In A Glasshouse' is also included.

Jorm

Clubs and Classifieds

Hockey Club

Black Rhino Juggernaut Claims Minor Premiership

The Adelaide University Hockey Club Division 5 Men, affectionately known as the Black Rhinos, ruthlessly slaughtered PAC 15-0 last weekend to claim the minor round premiership by one goal from Adelaide and remained undefeated for the season. With one minor round match remaining, the top three teams were level on points, with the Rhinos in second place, eight goals behind Adelaide. Adelaide's 6-0 thrashing of Flinders University wasn't enough to top Adelaide University after the 15 goal haul. The Rhinos are now charging towards a date with destiny in their third consecutive finals appearance.

Adelaide University Hockey Club Results for 1st and 2nd of September:

- Premier League Men defeated Woodville 4-2. Goals to Ross Fitzgerald, Andrew Thomas.
- Premier League Reserve Men had a Bye.
- Division 3 Men lost to UniSA 1-2 (Elimination Final). Goal to Jason Braun.
- Division 4 Men lost to Adelaide 1-4. Goal to Lex Williams.
- Division 5 Men had a Bye (Finished season as Minor Premiers).
- Division 6 Men played Westminster.
- Veterans A Men played North East.
- Premier League Women lost to Burnside 0-2.
- Premier League Reserve Women lost to Burnside 0-2.
- Division 6 Women Black lost to UniSA 0-1 (Elimination Final).
- U15B Boys lost to Westminster 1-2. Goal to Leigh Anderson.
- U13B Boys played Grange.
- U11 Mixed had a Bye.
- U9 Mixed played Port Adelaide

Bacchae Quiz Night

14th September, North/South Dining Room, Union Building, 6:30pm - 7pm start. \$5 for non-members, \$3 for members. Tickets sold at the door. Make a group, come along, have some fun, win some prizes.

Paintball

You are cordially invited to the Adelaide University Paintball Club Skirmish Day. When? Saturday 15th September from 10am. Where? Wirrina Paintball Field (past Yankalilla). The dress is cammo...or jeans and a warm top. You must bring your faction T-Shirt if you have one; that includes 'non aligned' Indies. The cost is still being negotiated - looks like about \$45 for 300 rounds. Everyone invited! Please RSVP Jimmi at james.mcintyre@student.adelaide.edu.au to make a booking and for more details.

Adelaide University Judo Club AGM

Monday 17th September
Games Room (level 5, Union House)
from 7:30pm

Nominations for the following positions will be called for on the night:

- President
- Vice President - Admin
- Vice President - PR
- Secretary
- Treasurer
- 4 Committee Members

All members and non-members are most welcome to attend this meeting.

Film Society

Thursday 13th September, 7pm:

La Belle et la Bete
(Beauty and the Beast)
1946. Dir: Jean Cocteau. Starring Jean Marais and Josette Day. Poetic and surrealistic version of the fairy story from the same director as last year's *Orpheus*.

Plus short film: *The Anatomy of Cindy Fink*

Free for members. Membership is \$3 at the door.

Saturday 15th September, 7pm:

Film choosing night for term 4
You don't have to put up with our taste. Open to all members, plus friends, significant others, children and farmyard animals.

RSVP: aufs@smug.adelaide.edu.au, mclowry@cs.adelaide.edu.au or guy.olding@student.adelaide.edu.au

Amnesty International Candle Day

Friday October 19th.

We need volunteers to help collect around Adelaide University. Any time you can give will help from 30 minutes to 24 hours! Please help continue the work of Amnesty International. Please contact Brian Townley at btownley@arcom.com.au or leave a message at the Amnesty office on 8221 5979.

Live in the Love Shack

We need a funky girl to live with us (one girl and two guys) in Nth Adelaide. 10 minutes walk from Adelaide Uni, large room with furniture. Internationals more than welcome. \$75 a week. We love an occasional party, they can often be quite entertaining. Our daddies don't drive Saabs either. Ph 8361 9197.

Plenty of 'Character'

You could live in a fantastic five-bedroom (2M, 2F) sharehouse for only \$42 per week! Very Close to city & Uni, two bathrooms, gas cooking, large rooms with high ceilings etc. Students preferred.

Call 8303 5404 and ask for Linley.

Books for Sale

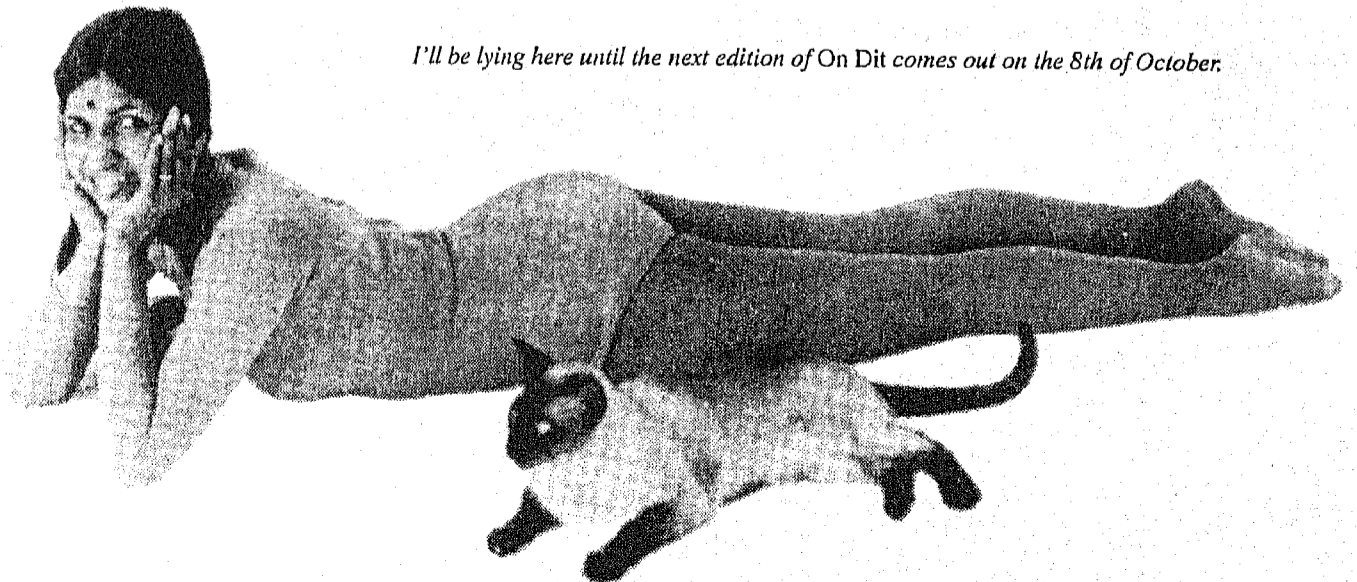
David Malouf - "An Imaginary Life"
Homer - "The Odyssey", "The Iliad"
Mary Shelley - "Frankenstein"
Stevenson - "Jekyll and Hyde & other stories"

Elizabeth Jolley - "The Well"
"The Epic of Gilgamesh"

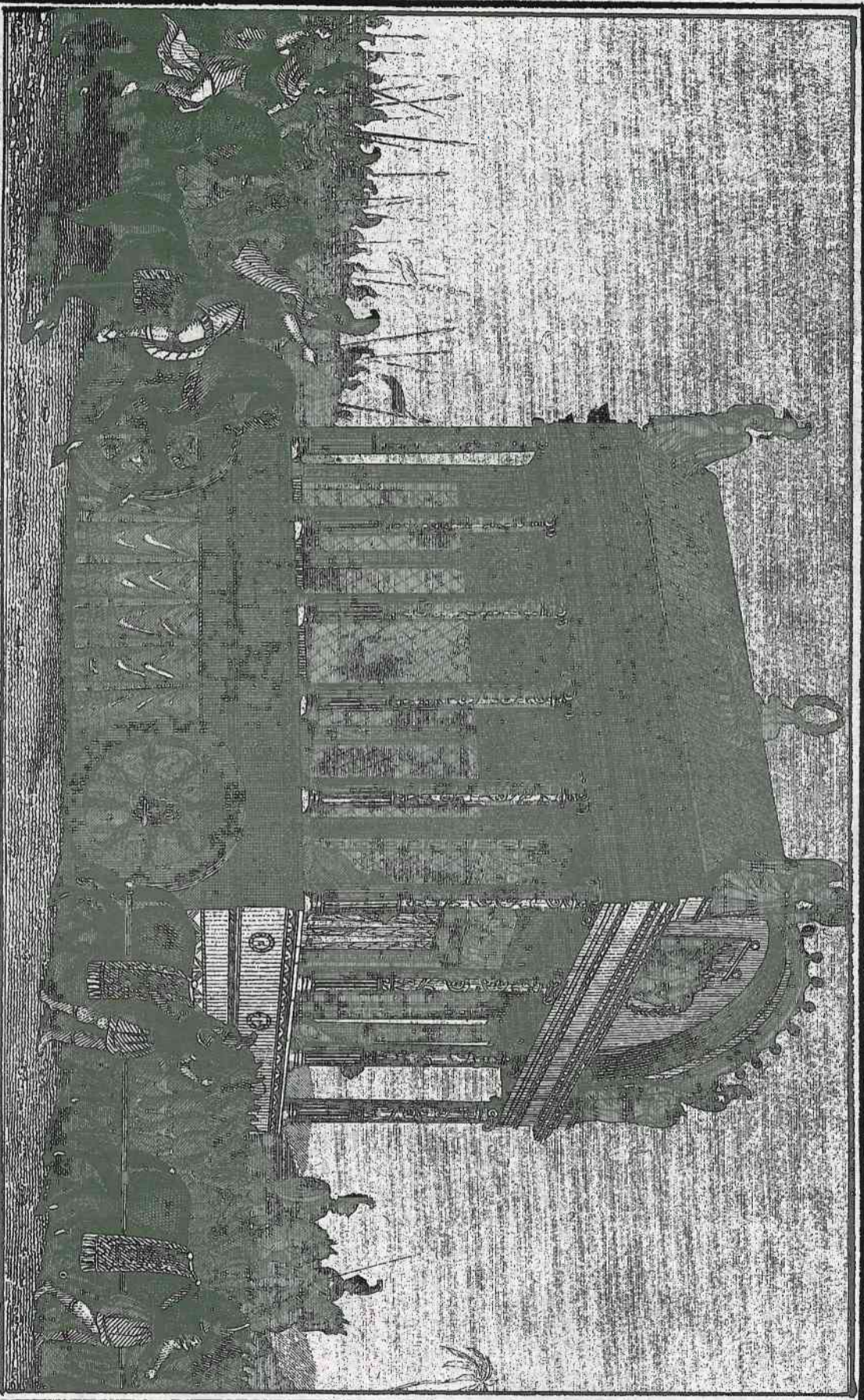
All in excellent condition - only used this year. \$5 each. Please contact Tanya on 0408 148 219.

For Sale

3 burner gas BBQ only two burners in working order. (Gas bottle NOT included) \$50 ono contact Johnno Matthews 8269 2892 or 0417 456 657.



I'll be lying here until the next edition of On Dit comes out on the 8th of October.



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



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.