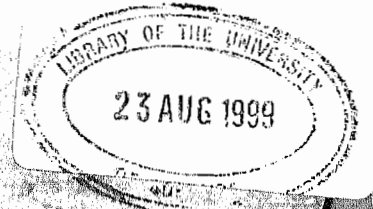


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ON DIT
V.67 no.12 1999

ette Gnomes in Gardens

JULY 1999 FREE

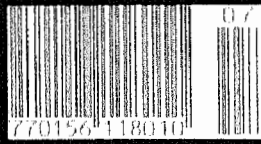


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WEEK 1, SEMESTER 2...

PROSH '99



MONDAY 26TH JULY

BBQ Lower Napier, 1pm
Visual Pranks

LOOK OUT FOR
PROSH PRANKS
HAPPENING ALL
THIS WEEK

TUESDAY 27TH JULY

UniBar with Student Radio, 12 noon
Games in the Bar: beer bingo,
obstacle course, pool comp, twister,
dizzy stick & statues

WEDNESDAY 28TH JULY

UniBar with Student Radio, 12 noon
Games in the Bar: beer bingo,
obstacle course, pool comp, twister,
dizzy stick & statues

THURSDAY 29TH JULY

Student Radio on Barr Smith Lawns, 12noon
+ Monté @ 1pm. BBQ & Games on the Lawns:
beer skulling & Boat Races + Bouncy Castle

FRIDAY 29TH JULY

BBQ on Barr Smith Lawns, 12 noon
Games on the Lawns: beer skulling
& Boat Races

1pm: PROSH PARADE (assemble in the Cloisters)

4pm: Prosh After Dark @ UniBar



During Prosh Week, a Gold '77 Corolla (it can be viewed in the Mayo Refectory) will be raffled. Tickets are only \$1 from the Students' Association Office, or from roving Prosh helpers. Buy a ticket and this glorious piece of automotive history could be yours!

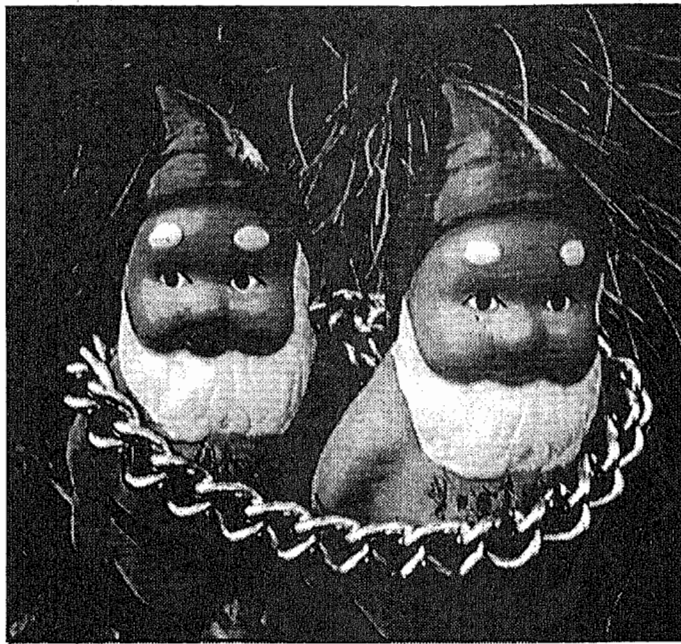
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PROCEEDS GO TO...



Student Care



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*may not play in conventional VCR

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Southwark Pale
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\$3.00 KGB

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Friday: 5:00 - 7:00pm

West End Pool Comp

Thursday Nights:

5:30pm onwards.

Entry:

\$2.00 entry payable at Bar.

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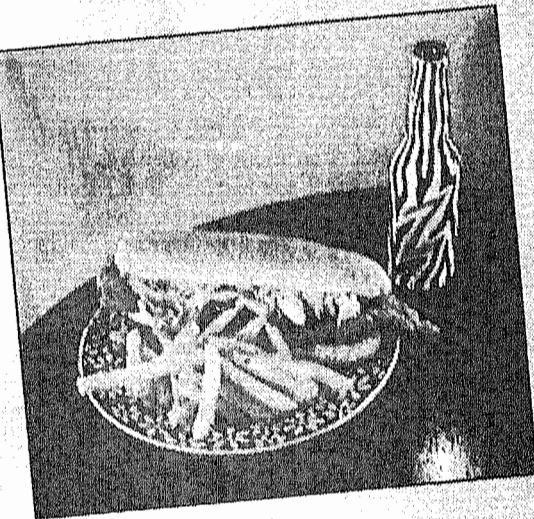
1st \$50 Unibar beer voucher.

2nd 1 carton of Southwark Pale Ale
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Chick or Cow Schnitzel + chips + gravy + coleslaw + chocolate + butcher of coke, west end draught or southwark pale
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cheez + bun only **\$4.00**



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From the editor



JACK
builds a 10 hectare
military base

NANCY
puts the finishing
touches to the
restoration of a 1950's
bomb shelter



Well, I don't know about you but there are some helpful hints this week. I'm always trying to find that perfect thing to wear and we may have found that perfect little something with the Bath Mat Poncho. All the rave in LA, these little corsets of coarseness are a must have for the upcoming Spring wardrobe.

What do you do with those Fish Fingers that have piled up out the back of the spare room? Personally I've been sending mine to John Laws' PO Box. Only a couple a week though. I wouldn't want to have to pay to replace the strong box. Instead of that sort of crazy shenanigans we've got some new good old fashioned recipes for you.

I would say something about Prosh but my mind feels like the small grapefruit thrashed by a hundred threaded leaves of papyrus. Enjoy the week and make sure you catch a ride on a small furry animal.

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

Editors:
Penny Fredericks
Anthony Paxton

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Smug



Thanks:

Ant Williams, "Ice Cold" Shirley, Paul B for a lot of work, Peter "The Jacket" Adams for an amazing amount of work, Dale and Eva for lasting, Rob, Stella, Stephen, Linley "The Tarot of Courage" Henzell, *Better known as fart knocker, Susie B, it's on dee not on dit, The Auski Crew, Matty the Sykester

Where we are:

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

How to contribute / contact us:

You can drop off stuff at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Alternatively, you can write to us at *On Dit*, c/- The University of Adelaide, SA, 5005 or email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au

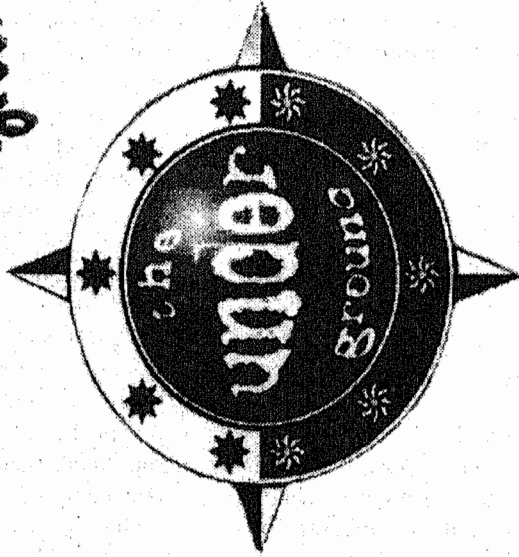
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Aug 2nd (Deadline Jul 29)

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BETTER LETTERS

Now you all want your letters in *On Dit*, and we want to print it. Big or Small, Transparent or Opaque, Metamorphic or Sedimentary. We want to know what's important to you. Just supply us with your name and student number. We won't tell anyone but it means that we can verify who you are and you can get sued instead of us.

What's Zane got to do, got to do with it.. .

Dear editors,
Could you please put the following questions to Zane, our "tree hugging" environment officer?

Question # 1: How many trees did the University chop down around the Nth Tce Campus during our holidays?

Question # 2: How many more will it remove come summer?

Question # 3: Were the trees removed because of their threat to the built environment, or because an anonymous bean-counter wants a low maintenance garden as a prelude to contracting out the jobs of our gardeners?

Question # 4: What is the bean-counter's real name? We want to know.

Yours sincerely,
Lunatikit

P.S. Get Proshed. (Ed. Get Proshed yourself.)

Shameless Plug. Tut! Tut!

Dear *On Dit*,
Gosh you're great. Your website is great, your articles are great, and those editors...phew!! Just try and hold me back at the Christmas party.

Anyway I want to tell you all about this cool local band called The Trims. You may remember them from such gigs as the VSU rally on the Barr Smith Lawns, or at Tapas Sessions or Supermild. They're so hip that they even have a brand new website, and it's pretty sexy. You can see pictures of them (and let me tell you, the eds of *On Dit* are ok, but The Trims' boys aren't too shabby AT ALL!!), plus listen to samples of their songs and also play games!!! What more could you want? So the next time you're hogging that computer in the library trying to work out what to do with that spare 55 minutes after checking your pathetic collection of emails, go to <http://trims.8m.com> and go mad. (Not literally, of course)(but if you do, don't blame me)

Cheerio,
Trim Trimmy McTrim

Nice one dude

Dear *On Dit*,
I have been reading, with a great deal of interest, the letters surround the Sexuality Department's issue of *OnDit*, *SexualiDit*, and its supposedly "provocative" and "obscene" material contrained within. If we, as the student body, are naive enough to believe that heterosexuality is the only valid form of sexual expression, it is indeed a sad predicament for our university. Of course, some students are going to be offended by any discussion about sex, sexual health, sexual activities and sexualities. While this is unfortunate, it is something that can not successfully be resolved. Value judgements about reasonable behaviour, reasonable discussion topics etc., and this is based purely on a

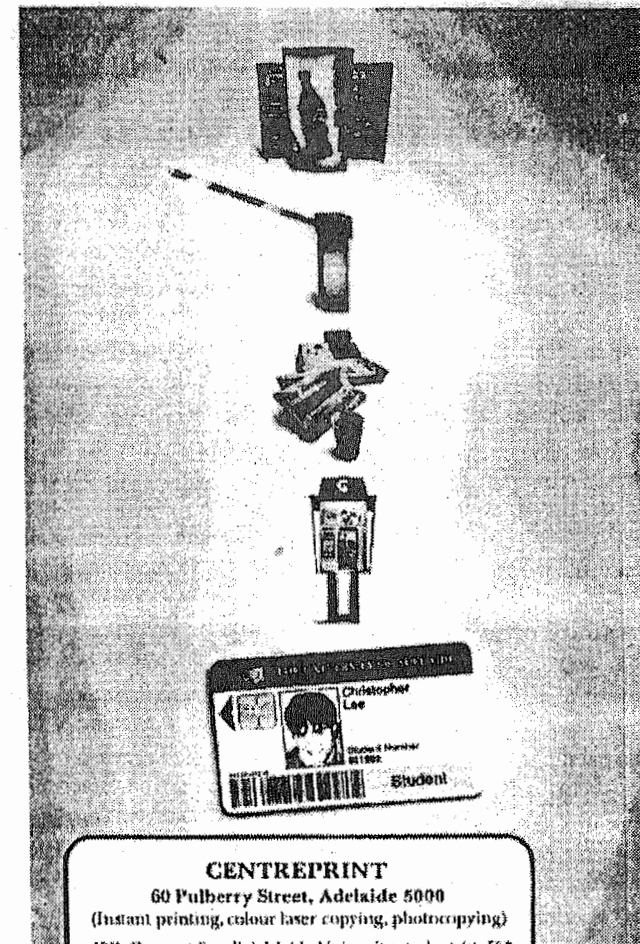
personal values, all of which are related to the readers age, gender, class, religion, etc. Ben Allgrove appears to think that to pursue issues that he views as "obscene" is to automatically negate all possible avenues of increased awareness and education, and thus fails to embark upon any form of attitude changing. In Ben Allgrove's view, "provocation" and "obscenity" [both of which are words heavily laden with implicit value judgements] do not lead to any form of discussion or engagement, but I would say that a "provocative" article [whatever that may mean] is far more likely to engage people from a number of view points than a sterile article that goes something like this: "heterosexuals are normal, oK! But, well, there is these other funny people called poofs and dykes, and they do some funny shit and well, we don't really understand them, but who knows, maybe they could be of some value. we have also heard of some other people called bisexuals, and then there is some transsexuals and some other strange people. these are even funnier than poofs and dykes, so we won't even bother trying to understand them. they are just marginalised weirdos. but we are oK, because we are heterosexual." The kind of article mentioned above would do nothing to advance any



write that again and i'll give you something to cry about

form of verbal or written engagement about sexuality issues, indeed, it would only seek to reinforce a set of normative ideals that are obviously not the case. It would appear that Ben Allgrove would be comfortable with this form of article, simply because this form of article is not "obscene" to the mainstream. Its only "obscenity" comes from the fact that it excludes non-heterosexual identifying people from being accepted into everyday life as "normal" people, members of the wider community contributing as much to society as anyone else. My final words are regarding the entire discussion surrounding the use of the word "cunt". There has been a number of letters regarding the censorship of this phrase from the cover of *SexualiDit*, and I feel that by censoring this word, Alida Parente has furthered the idea that "cunt" is a bad word, and not worth of reclamation. While I personally do not necessarily agree with the entire idea and political ramifications of reclaiming formerly offensive words [such as "fag", "dyke", etc] I do understand that for many people this is a necessary process, and as such, I accept this, and do not wish to disempower anyone who would wish to reclaim this, or any other, phrase. George Valiotis' flippant disregard for the wish of some students to use "cunt" on the front cover of *SexualiDit* does nothing but further reinforce the notion that language is an ineffectual and powerless tool. And so I say, congratulations to Daniel Marshall and Amanda Camporeale for editing an excellent *SexualiDit*. (Eds. No offence Scott, but what about us?)

Scott Carn
Honours History



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Moon away son

Dear Ed(s),
"Yeah Man" to andrew whose sentiments I would like to echo. I rarely agree with the letters people write in but this one was a topic I'd considered writing on myself but was too slack to ever actually do it. I'm anti VSU but I agree that where union fees go should be reviewed.

"Nah Man" To all the political groups!!!!

"Bugger Off" to all those who get to a lounge in the Wills before me.

Keep this paper happening. It makes good reading in the toilet. That is not an insult, by the way, as all the best books are read in the dunny so as to get rid of an otherwise boring as shit time. It's good coz it can then be used as dunny paper. And if I moon myself in the mirror I can reread it. Get some blood in your alcohol stream sometimes. Beer is bad and we must rid the world of it. One easy way to do this is to take it from the bar to the toilet via the body. Anyone can help this mission, just not too many, otherwise I don't get enough.

Anyone who disagrees with this letter can fuck off. I'm not prejudiced, I hate everyone (especially the wankers who disagree (or anyone who likes statistics)). This is a chain letter. Send it to 15 people NOW!!!

Zed Why Ex? (Ef Darbeljou See)

2nd year level 1 Comp Sc.

Ps: Why do the editors need our student numbers? Find out this and more at the EU meeting whenever.

PPs: If this appears more than 2 issues after Volume 67 edition 10 we find out how slack the Eds really are at reading email. (Ed. *Sorry Zed, but you sent this e-mail just before the 12th Edition. We did our best. And it may amaze you that we actually do use our e-mail. Why wouldn't we?*)

What a suck

Dear On Dit,

Just figured it was worth a letter to say - WOOHOO NO VSU!

For those who missed it (too busy studying or getting pissed) the Federal Government

failed to ram through VSU in the last session of Federal Parliament before the Senate Changeover. Now the Democrats have the balance of power and they've promised they won't pass VSU, so voluntary (anti-) student unionism is dead for 3 years at least.

Even though there must be heaps of people around the country who worked to stop VSU I just want to say congrats (*sick*) (*sic*) to the Students' Association and thanks especially to Alida and Janak for being so active and informative. I thought the rally back in May was great but the main work on this kind of campaign is done behind the scenes and really competent office bearers speaking to the Government and community on our behalf is fundamental. (Ed. *James, don't you think that Sam Dighton deserves a few extra thank yous. After all, he is our VSU Liason Officer/Vice President. But other than that it's nice to see someone happy around here - AP*) It's great to know that while we were all cramming for exams our President and Education Vice-Prez were working for us to stop VSU the whole time.

Good work guys! Keep it up.

James D.

2nd Year Science

McEvil

Dear On Dit,

The excellent article on McDonalds in your *EnvirOn Dit* (67, 10) brought to mind perhaps the most awfully-placed McDonalds outlet I have encountered (beating even the one slipped into the ancient medieval tower in Freiburg, Germany).

Worst placed would seem to be the McDonalds which was built in to the new front building of the Royal Children's Hospital (RCH), Parkville Vic., where I once earned a crust working in the Murdoch Institute (funded by Rupert's mob and other Melbourne business heavies). Reading your article makes me wonder if the McDonalds was placed so obviously in the path of children to generate medical outcomes and therefore trade. Concurrent with the opening of the McDonalds the excellent staff and patient

cafeterias were closed down, so that meals alternative to McDonalds are now very low-standard.

Ironically the complex housing the McDonalds was not a success and is rumoured to have caused considerable financial stress to RCH. And the medically-qualified chief executive who brought about the debacle has since moved on to fresh pastures in private-enterprise health.

Graham Webb

Waite Campus

That's rude

"41% of Women who never completed high school masturbate, but 93% of women postgraduates do". (Cosmopolitan, June 1999 - so it must be true!)

Now, I can't help but wonder why. Are women postgraduates too intelligent? Too busy? Can't be bothered looking for a partner? Too ugly? Too sexy? In touch with their feelings so they don't need any one else? Too intimidating? Can't find a decent partner - only other university students from which to choose? Is it something one learns at university? (an accredited course - HECS exempt?) Is there something about the university experience which makes women feel they are the only one they can trust, who understands their needs? I really want to know - it's research for my thesis.

Mighty Aphrodite (She who was born from the "foam" of the sea)

Why can't we all get along?

Dear Fred and Wilma (*On Dit* Vol 67 # 11) BLOODY CHRISTIANS. Gotta be one of my favourite phrases. Why the hell can't two or three out of 3000 (or so) Christians denominations" agree about anything? Fred and Wilma, you think you've got it tough? What about the days when they used to feed Christians to the lions? I say that if we are going to oppose Christianity then we should do it the good old fashioned way. Let's make every Thursday a feed-the-Christians-to-the-lions-day.

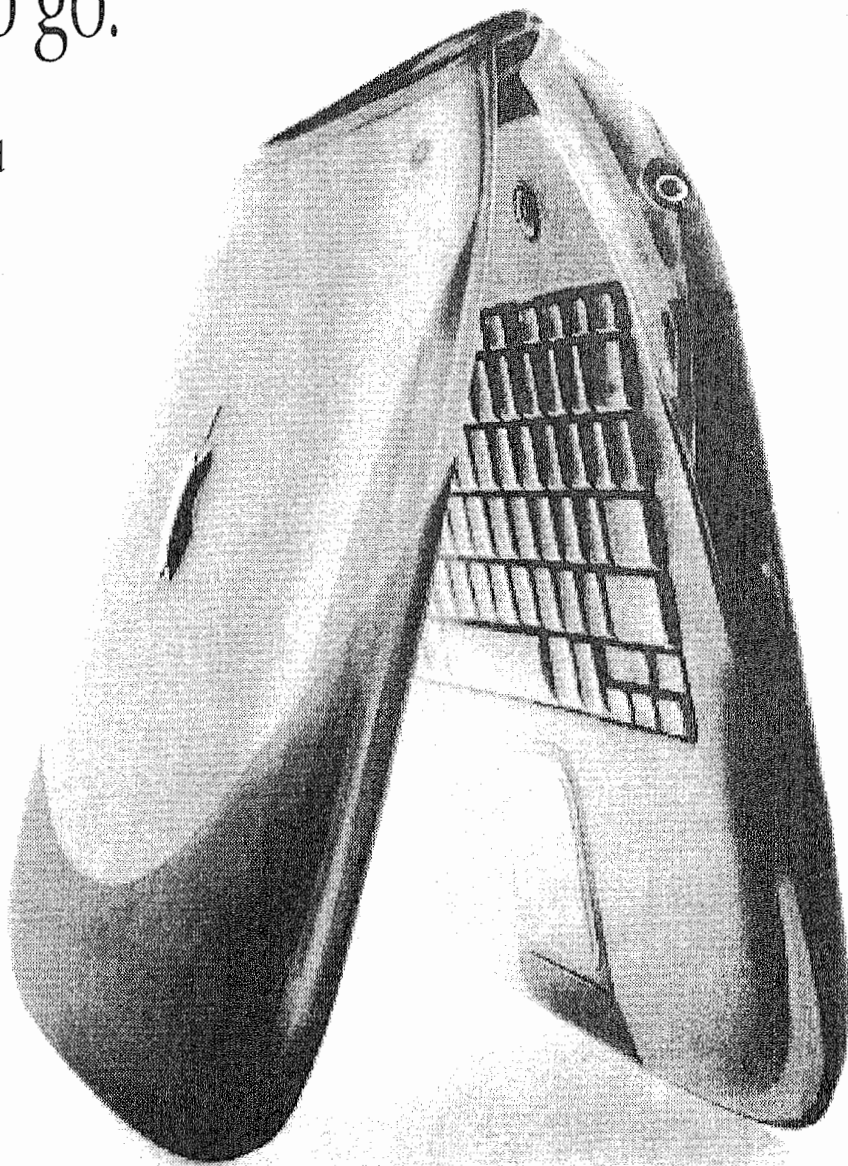
Yours in atheism,

Spanky

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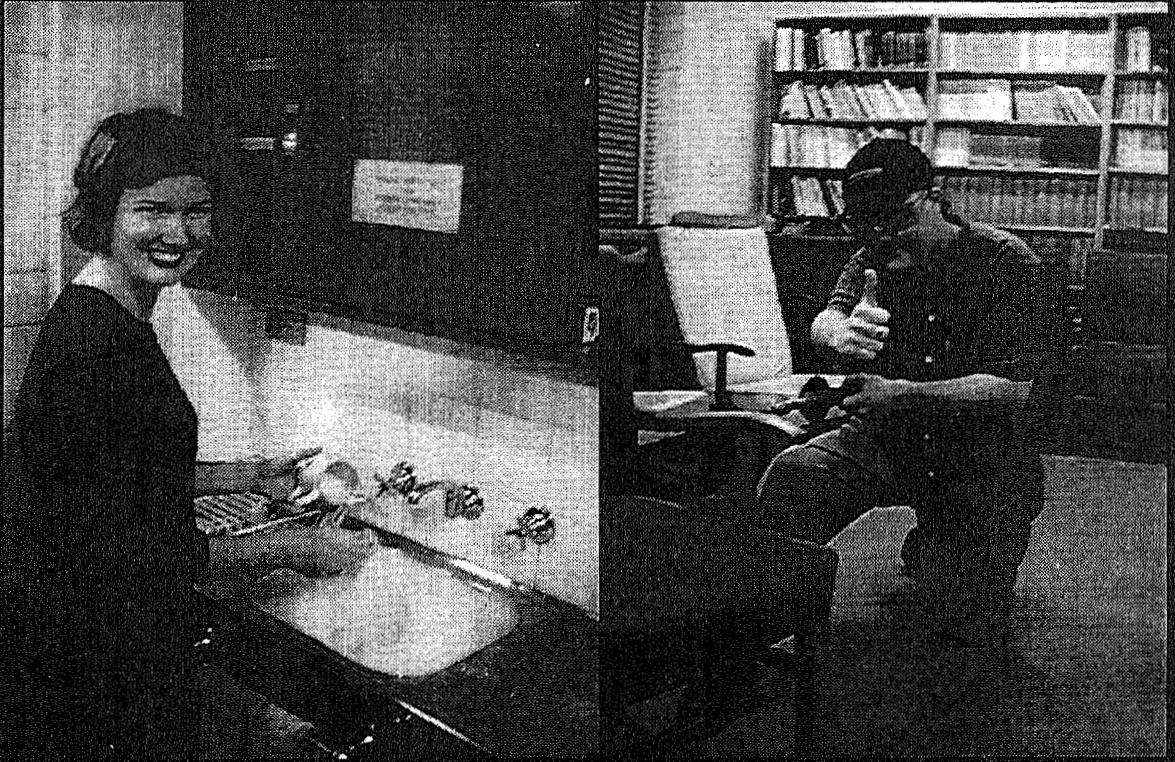


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Hey Jack, I'm a bit worried that our show might be reinforcing hegemonic patriarchy through negative stereotyping. Why can't I make a chair this week?



Can I smell something burning in the kitchen,
Nancy?

Fettered Gnomes in Gardens

The TV show. Some shit network in a dead timeslot. Don't miss it.

Australia has been searching for what seems like years for a home that achieves a perfect balance between the rural and urban, between order and chaos, between the servo and the shops down the road. Little did we realise that it was in our own back yard. Nestled in the fashionable western suburbs of Adelaide, we find a delightful little bungalow inhabited by Nick, Chris and Justine. Rather than carry the weight of the hefty mortgage such an imposing house must carry, these three acquaintances have banded together to cover the rent (revolutionary!). The home they have created here is a marvel, to say the least.

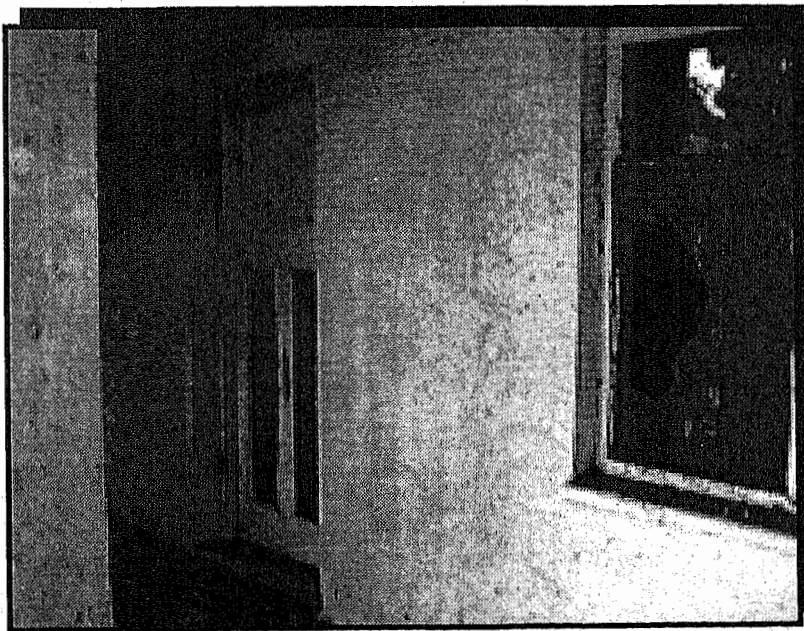
Your FGIG correspondent noted the raffish tuft of grass growing from the roof, and suggested the synthesis of factors at work here was interesting. Justine's reponse? "It must have been like that when we moved in. Grass on the roof? Do we have to mow it?"



Taking a look at modern Australian living

*"We just want our
bond back ..."*

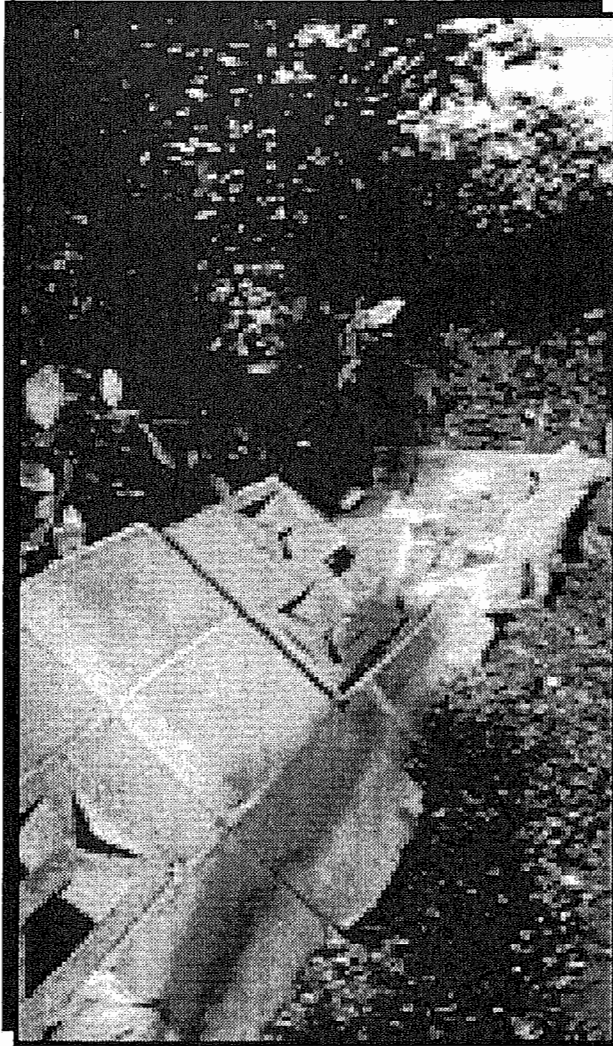
A Fettered Gnomes in Gardens Special.



Before even setting foot in the house, we couldn't help but notice the fascinating pattern used in the flyscreen (*right*). Its positioning perfectly counterpoints the stark angles used in the other door and window areas. We had to ask just how such a unique look was achieved.

"I think the last guy who lived here did it by accident - he broke that window at some stage, and I guess he just didn't fix the screen," says Chris. "I guess we should do something about it, but what ya gonna do?"

"Yeah, it was like that when we moved in," adds Nick. Such modesty.



One feature that immediately draws one's eyes to the house is the striking front fence (*left*).

Rather than adopting the traditional perpendicular aspect towards the ground, the fence we see here is at an altogether more relaxed angle. It certainly succeeds in helping the house blend in to its surroundings, reducing much of the potential for the kind of "nature/culture" opposition seen in so many suburban homes.

"I hate that fence," says Justine.

"Why? I think it's kinda nifty," counters Chris. "At least no bastard sits on it while they wait for a cab. That sort of thing shits me."

"I don't know what's going on with that fence," points out Nick. "As far as I know, it's been like that since we moved in."

"As far as I know, it's been like that since we moved in..."

The garden (*right*) is a marvel. Blending various natives and non-natives, the overwhelming sensation left on the casual observer is one of seamless beauty. Any tips for our reader, Nick?

"Garden? The estate agent sends someone around. I've got no idea what's out there."

Perhaps most interesting is the daring use of that most Australian of artefacts, the Hills Hoist. What delicious irony!

"Yeah," says Justine. "We hang our clothes out there when we wash them. It was there when we moved in."



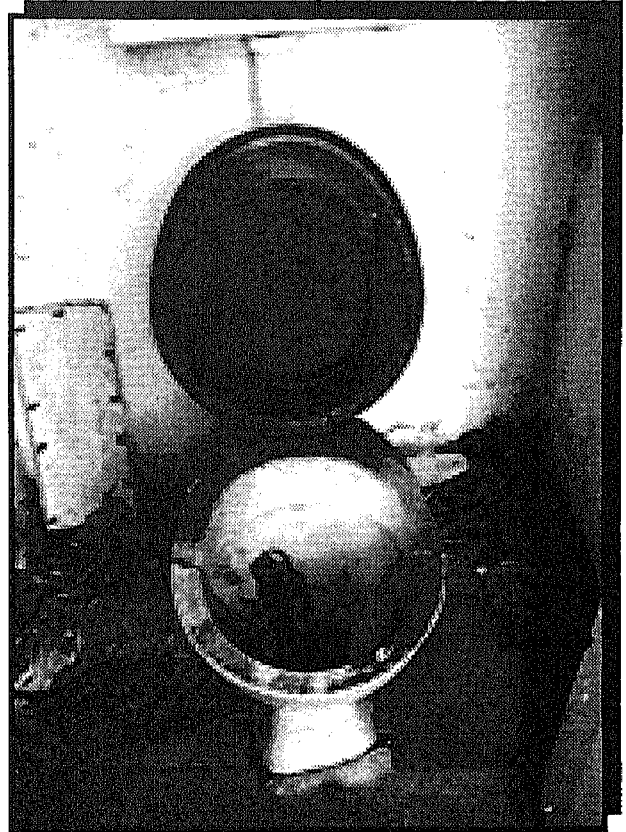
The smallest room in the house is oft overlooked in terms of style, but Chris, Nick and Justine could hardly be accused of that (*right!*)!

Here we see the organic interact freely, dismissing once and for all the stark, sterile, unfriendly atmosphere usually attributed to the toilet. Healthy amounts of leaf litter have been placed in each corner (as well as the bowl itself - genius!), acting as a natural form of insulation and lending a sense of the great outdoors to proceedings.

Note, too, that the lid of the cistern has been removed. The exposed inner workings of the lavatory are present, a constant reminder of the wonders of modern technology.

"There's actually another toilet inside," says Justine. "It's clean, We don't use the one outside."

"The outside lav?" asks Nick. "It was like that when we moved in."



"There's actually another toilet inside..."



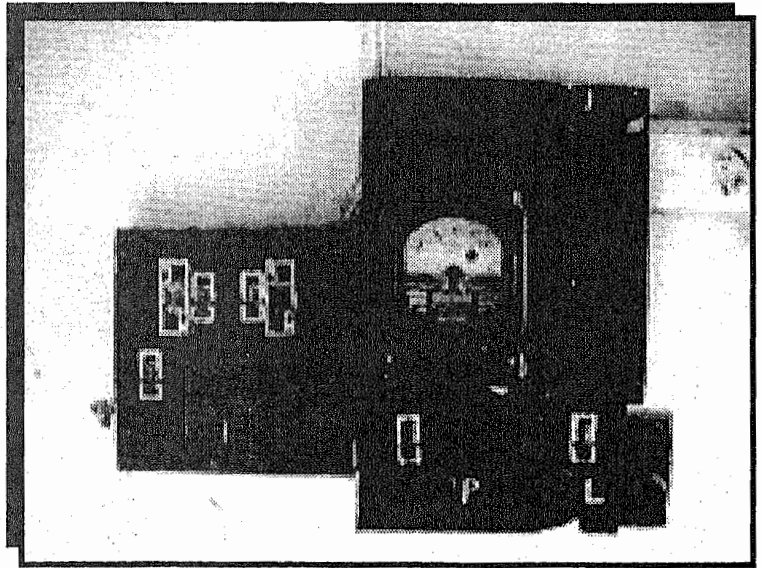
The sense of the organic is present still in the bathroom (*left*), with yet more leaf litter present. It contrasts with the clean white lines of the tiling, creating almost the perfect counterpoint.

Imagine the luxury of soaking in this glorious, deep bath, surrounded by all the glories of nature!

"Yeah, sorry about all the crap in the bathroom," says Chris. "There was a pretty big storm last night, and the window broke. I guess all of that shit blew in then."

"That window's screwed," adds Justine. "But it was like that when we moved in".

*The harsh lines
of this
technological
marvel contrast
beautifully with
the crisp
whiteness of the
surrounding
walls, jutting out
at ever more
acute and ever
more interesting
angles.*

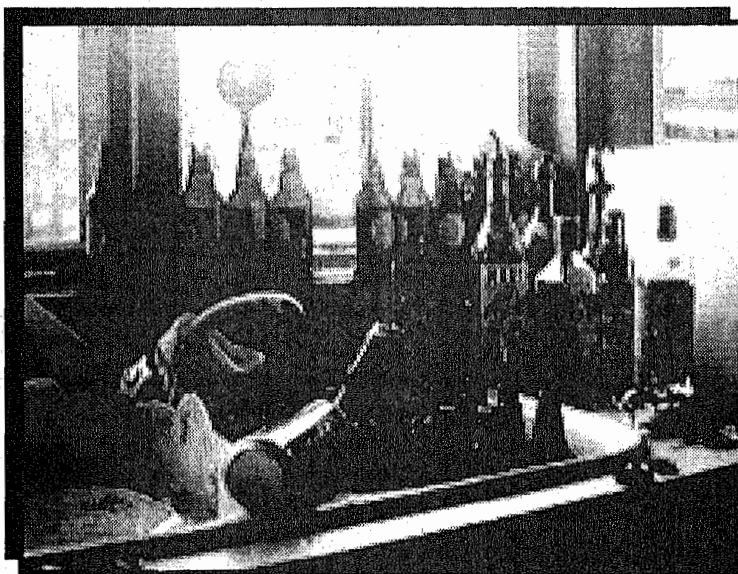


Let's face it, the humble fuse box has become something of an icon in Australia over the decades. And we see no exception here (*above*)!

The harsh lines of this technological marvel contrast beautifully with the crisp whiteness of the surrounding walls, jutting out at ever more acute and ever more interesting angles. Not only that, but we see from the healthy accumulation of spider webs that this fuse box harbours more than a few residents of the arachnoid nature. Almost an ecosystem in its own right!

"The fuse box?" says Justine, quizzically. "I didn't know we had one. I guess we must. Maybe we should clean it, hey?"

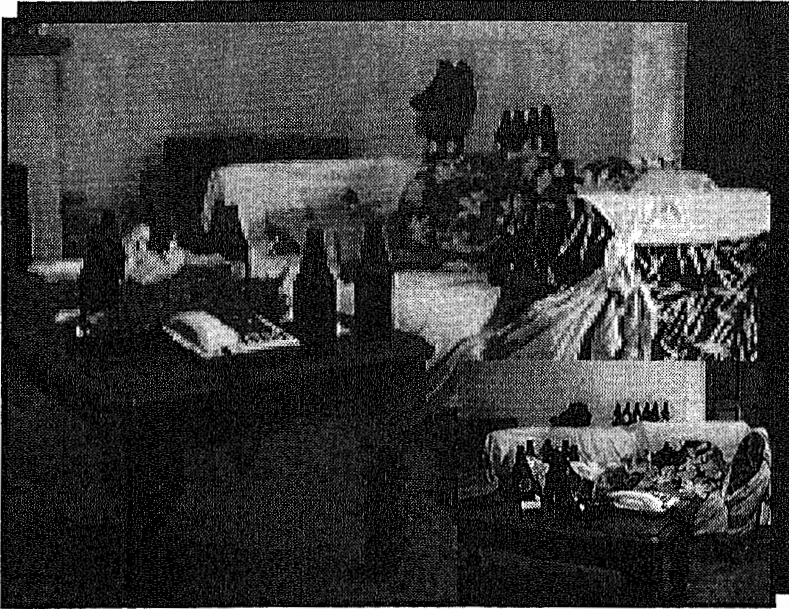
"I guess it was there when we moved in," adds Nick.



We reached the kitchen (*left*), and we just had to pause. A perfectly maintained workspace confronted us, with plentiful bench space and ample cupboards. But perhaps of most interest are the fascinating decorating decisions made here. The proliferation of empty bottles and dishes just screams: "You know, I could really *live* here"! We just had to ask the lady of the house about it.

"I don't cook," says Justine. "Ask one of the guys."

"Sink's backed up," Chris mentions. "Bit of a mess, I guess. We keep on telling the agents about the sink, but they never do anything. It's screwed, but it was like that when we moved in."



The living area (*above*) is, quite simply, a marvel. The air of opulent living is palpable, breathing class, class, class! Casual yet not casual seems to be the motto here.

An eye for detail is vital when inspecting the room, for the myriad of marks and colouring on the couch, the throwover and the casually placed blanket defy belief. A seemingly endless sea of empty bottles, pizza boxes and snack food containers all contribute to a fascinating blur of colour and movement. Amazing!

"Sorry about the lounge," says Chris. "Guess we haven't cleaned up for while."

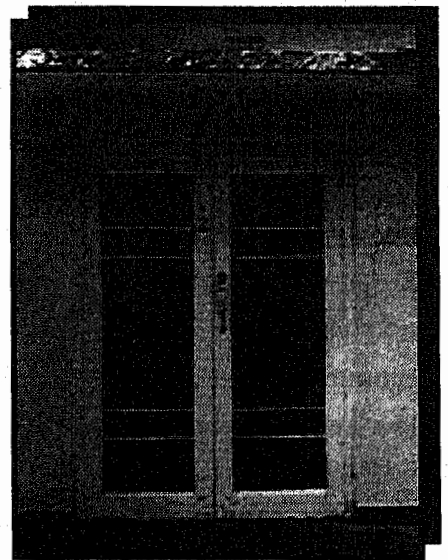
"It's been worse, though," adds Justine. "There was this party a few weeks ago ... but that was here when we moved in."

And so we bid our gracious hosts goodbye. Our kudos go to them, for truly challenging the notion that suburban life must necessarily subscribe to any notions of order whatsoever. For their stance on living, on decorating, we at *Fettered Gnomes in Gardens* salute them.

Perhaps the most amazing part of their achievement is that they do not seem to view it as an achievement at all. Justine, Nick and Chris all seemed genuinely suprised that their abode had attracted our attention. They showed little interest in taking any credit for their work, seeming more worried that we would tell their landlord about the place, and it might lose them their bond! Amazing.

This humble attitude continued up to our departure, as I noted an artfully constructed pile of cigarette butts by the door. Their response? "That was there when we moved in."

The air of opulent living is palpable, breathing class, class, class! Casual yet not casual seems to be the motto here. A seemingly endless sea of empty bottles, pizza boxes and snack food containers all contribute to a fascinating blur of colour and movement.



ACHIEVING THE LOOK



Left: The central focus of this stunning lounge room, the rustic blanket, can be easily re-created on a tight budget with a little know how! See below for our step-by-step guide!

Your Very Own Filth Encrusted Blanket

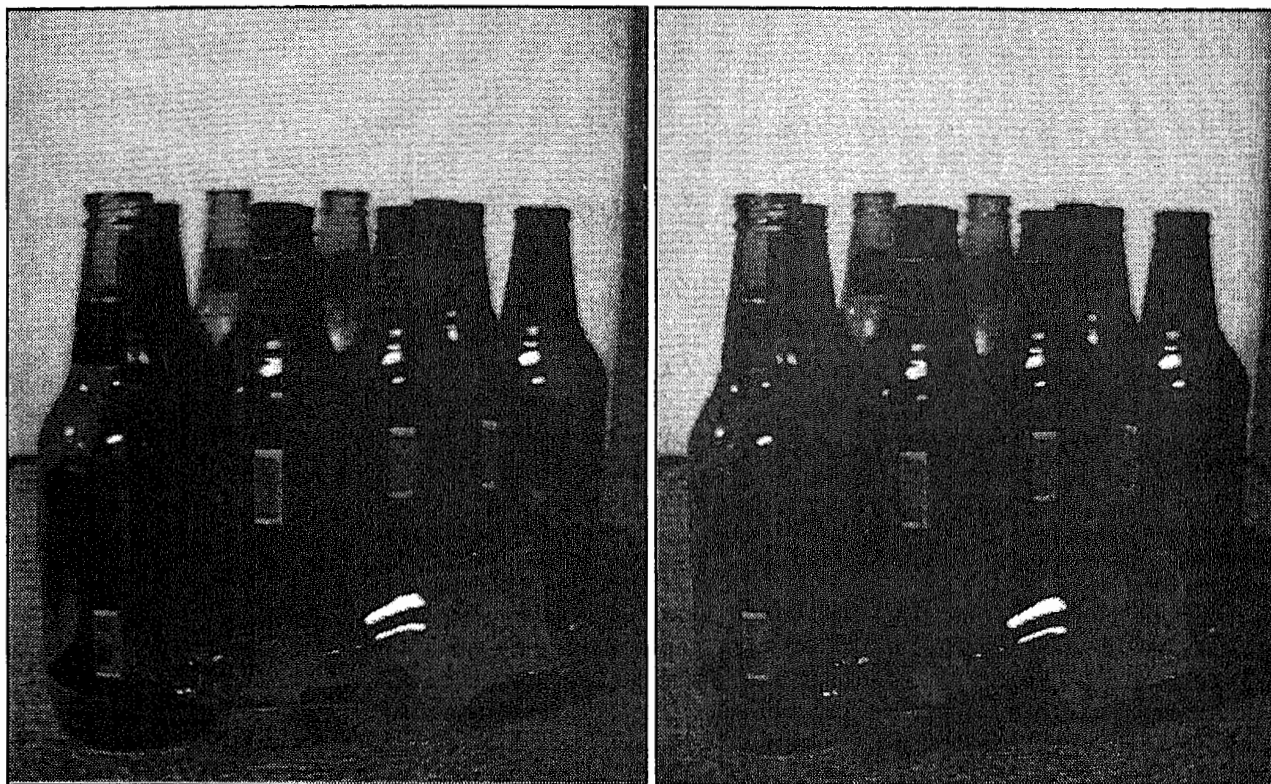
By far and away the most unique quality of the heirloom blanket is the vomit stain, but you don't have to go to all the effort of drinking to excess! An ordinary merino blanket can be transformed with the application of crackle glaze, available at your local craft shop. Select an authentic greenish-yellow acrylic paint to apply liberally over the top, and hey presto! A peeling, scabby film of bile coloured cack!

You need not stop at faux vomit! Other bodily fluids can be imitated at little cost: let your imagination run free! We tried urine, a touch of poo around the edges, and of course the old standard for the student blanket, a smear of dried semen, created with just a touch of lightly beaten (not stirred) egg whites and few drops of lemon juice. With a little thought, you may even be able to whip up a dab of KY!

Of course, you'll need to match the stain to the fabric. Don't go to all the effort of managing the perfect poo-poo stain on a brown blankie - that would just be silly. Dark colours work best with lighter coloured stains, and vice versa.

Don't feel as if you must stop at a blanket - the same principle can be applied to carpets, quilt covers, even your favourite dress. All without the effort of actually puking on yourself.

ACHIEVING THE LOOK



Authentic Beer Bottle Lookalikes

Every "student" house needs a collection of beer bottles. No beer bottles in the lounge room would be like no pizza boxes in the kitchen: simply unthinkable for those of us committed to the "student" aesthetic. By far and away the easiest way of creating such a collection is to make the bottles out of wood. Select the type of wood

which best matches the type of beer you hope to emulate: pine for a draught, maple for an ale and ebony for a stout. Get your local craftsman to turn the bottles for you on his lathe. If you can't find anyone, my uncle Angus will do it for \$10 if you provide the wood. Next, soak the label off an actual "beer bottle", send off for our

stencil kit or draw a label free-hand, being carefeul not to colour-in over the lines. Attach with craft adhesive. You may want to create a small pool of offensive smelling liquid to rest your bottles in. Your husband might let you have some of his "beer" for your project, but failing that, cat's piss will do nicely. And voila! Instant style.

The continuing explosion of the Australian wine industry over the past decade, coupled with a profusion of quality bistros and brasseries in our urban centres, has brought the high life within the reach of most. But will Everyday Australia continue to embrace this epicurial revolution? Will it bollocks.

It was only the other day that Baker and I sat in the Club, a generous helping of spatchcock, a feisty shiraz and a roaring fire all doing their best to counter the onset of winter malaise. I took in the opulent surrounds, but on this occasion they offered little comfort. Even in his bibulous stupor Baker could sense that something was amiss, and he quizzed me on it. I muttered some inanity, but 'twas not til later that the source of my discontent became clear to me. Self loathing. Yes, it's true. I know that it is difficult for you to accept, the public who for so long have looked to me as a font of wisdom. Is it too much to say that you have worshipped me as a kind of god of the gourmand and the vigneron? I think not. But this is a deep self loathing, for I have sold myself out. I have lied to myself for too long. The endless gourmet meals and fine wines, cadged free from hap-

less restaurateurs and hoteliers by Baker and I, could never bring me happiness. The stogies, the musket, the endless self-aggrandisement... worthless.

For as I sat in the Club it became clear to me: none of these things can compete with the glory of University Days. Bombed out of my box, arguing that the world should be a Tim Tam and would someone just call the fucken pizza now ... man. Crouched over the kitchen table for days on end, bowl of mushrooms by my hand, staring the Fear in the face. Giggling in a servo like the tripping bastard I am, working up the courage to ask for some crisps just because the word sounds *cool*.

Now that is living.

Which is I now cast aside my feisty shiraz, my precocious semignon blanc and my slightly saucy cab sav, and take up the glorious chalice I refer to as the goon. I implore you, friends, stop this pointless as-



piration to a yuppie ideal - you are only pandering to the whims of self-satisfying, effete wankers who laugh at you when you're not looking. Drive to the bottle shop now, and do not leave until you have a cask of the worst riesling you can find and a random selection of soft drinks. Friends, I welcome you to the world of the cask wine cocktail. Sit yourself down on that couch, and we shall begin.

Take first a pint glass that you have liberated from one of our salubrious public houses. Pierce the cardboard of your trusted ally and pour forth a generous measure of riesling; about half a pint should do. Reach for some lemonade (any denomination will suffice), and fill to the top of your glass. Stir, if it takes your fancy, but it matters not a dram: enough of these and, believe me, you won't care how well it's mixed. And now drink. Revel in the involuntary wincing the taste causes, for it is merely your initiation into the ways of the cask, your rite of passage. Welcome to what I like to call the Balltwister. Repeat the process, and notice with glee the degree to which the taste improves as you go along. And now for the more complicated. Raid the pantry for some raspberry cordial (it's good for the energy levels, you know), and find yourself a bottle of Fruita. Now, we've all poured a Tequila Sunrise before, haven't we? Probably at one

of those appalling Mexican theme parties that refuse to die. The principle here is the same, as we want the ingredients to layer. When done pouring, admire your handiwork for few seconds before drinking the bastard, and call it a Marlboro Country. I know I do.

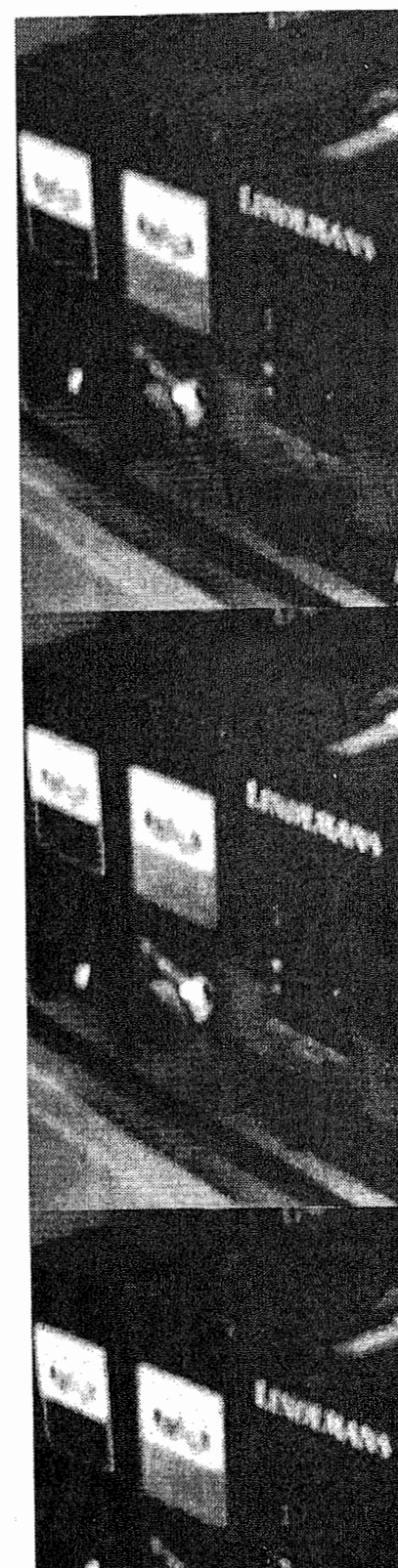
The permutations seem endless, as I'm sure you have realised. Try a fifty-fifty riesling and cola (The Night of the Long Knives), riesling, lemonade and orange juice (Whyalla Sunrise) or, for the truly adventurous, claret and cola (Engine Oil). You'll thank me, I guarantee it. As the night progresses, laugh uproariously at bodily functions,

and marvel at the manner in which conversation deteriorates with each drink. And ignore the headache: it's just the excessive sulphur content of the wine.

The time for revolution has come, my friends. The inner urban of our cities is rife with pointless arses sitting outside cafes, eating and drinking and pretending they know what they are talking about, and it must stop. Don't join them - do you really need that baguette. Of course not. Just go home. Call a pizza, if you can afford it. If not, eat refried beans, cold, straight from the can. Watch *Neighbours*. Get the cat stoned. And, for the love of God, drink cask wine cocktails.

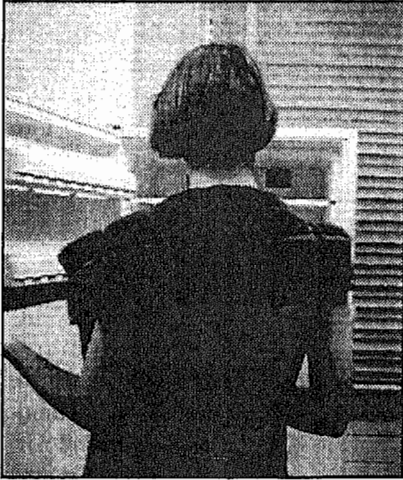
Skelton G Harrington-Blythe

Ignore the headache: it's just the excessive sulphur content of the wine.



V *ERSATILE UNI-SEX*

Casual yet Arousing!



Nothing to wear?

Sick of looking like a tired old slag in faded Target clothes from the mid Eighties which weren't fashionable then and are downright laughable now, or a teenage lummoX with not enough pocket money to clothe herself decently who's forced by the downright scabbiness of her parents and this shameful government to wear shiny, shoddily made clothes from that \$10 shop on Hindley Street?

Me too.

Then I discovered the comfort and the eroticism of the



Bath Mat Poncho.

The thick layers of absorbant towelling are snug in winter, but the glimpse of flesh provided by the sophisticated exposed back says "Yeah, I'll shag ya" like nothing else can.

I can look in my fridge with confidence. I can read a milk carton and fiddle with a bunch of dead flowers knowing that I look my best, and if Mr Right were to lay eyes on me now, right now as I write this advertorial resplendent in my Bath Mat Poncho, he would do me like a dinner.



Now that's a garment you can rely on.

BATH MAT PONCHO

Practical yet Titillating!

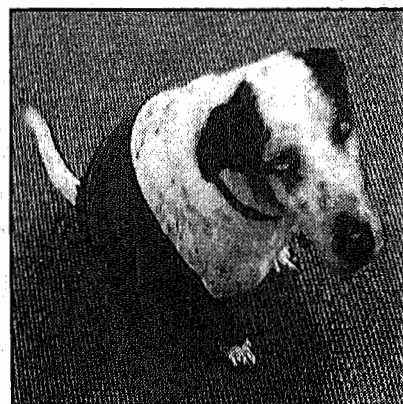
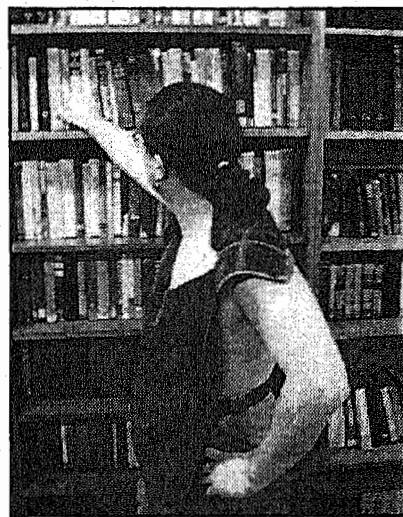
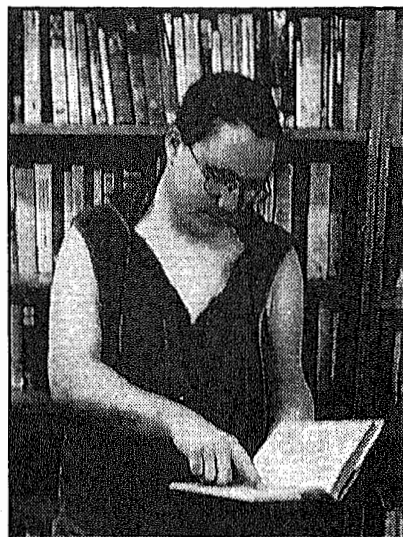
If you're anything like me, the average bloke, you're comfortable getting around in stonewash denim. Stonewash denim, great big white sneakers, a shirt tucked in under a neat windbreaker my sister bought me last Christmas and a pair of whacky character socks. But sometimes that's not enough. I need a garment that can take me from day into evening, from the workplace to a fancy restaurant, from a liaison with a sex worker to scones with my nanna.

Then my footy coach came to weights training one Tuesday evening wearing the

Bath Mat Poncho.

Don't get me wrong, I'd never do a bloke, but when I saw that unmistakably sensual chafing of scratchy towelling on nipple, I knew that I wanted to dress like that. More daring, more alluring, but with the at-home practicality of a favourite pair of tracky dacks. I wanted a garment that not only flattered my figure whilst allowing me the luxury of undoing the top button of my slacks after a pie floater, but a garment I could lend to my dog on those chilly, chilly mornings.

The Bath Mat Poncho is a bloke's best friend, and a bloke's best friend's best friend.





Something *Fishy*

The modern Australian household is ever on the lookout for quick, easy and inexpensive answers to that most vexing of weekday meals: dinner. Here at FGIG we are constantly inundated with requests for low-kitchen-intensive, speedy meal ideas that won't stretch the budget too far. Strange, then, that the majority of you slack-jawed mutants seem unable to recognise that the simplest solutions are often as close as the supermarket freezer! Let's face it, the variety of frozen, ready-made food on the market can't be beat. Chips, pizza, frozen roast meals and pasta dishes just waiting to be slipped into your microwave. And take it from us, they're all *substantially cheaper* than they would ever be to make yourself at home! Take the humble fish finger. It's predominantly made of fish and it looks sort of like a finger, we all know that. But did you know that it can be put to a myriad of uses, is high in saturated fat and salt, and is easily adapted to almost any cuisine? Probably not. So for meal ideas to keep the whole family satisfied, read on...

Traditional Fish'n'Chips

- One (1) packet fish fingers
- One (1) packet oven fries

Consult both the fish fingers and fries packaging to ascertain the correct temperature to set the oven. If the two temperatures differ, simply choose the median temperature, and set the oven accordingly. Having allowed the oven to "preheat", place the fish fingers on a lightly greased oven tray, or a piece of alfoil.. Place in the oven and cook for ten (10) minutes. Then remove fish fingers, and turn them over. Then place a generous helping of fries over the remaining space on the oven tray. Place tray in oven, and cook for a further fifteen (15) minutes. Remove from oven, and serve as you see fit.. Perhaps consider a lemon wedge, or a sprig of parsley, as a garnish.

Fish Fingers a L'Orange

- One (1) packet fish fingers
- One (1) orange

Once again, consult the packaging of the fish fingers to ascertain the correct cooking procedure. Follow said procedure. Once the fingers have cooked nicely, serve them on your finest crockery. As a finishing touch, grate the rind of the orange generously over them. An ideal choice for that important dinner party with hubby's boss, or that intimate meal with the man you've had your eye on ...

The Fish Finger Roast

- One (1) packet fish fingers
- One (1) packet Gravox

After checking the fish finger box to check that you will be following the



correct cooking procedure, cook them to the best of your ability. Whilst the fingers are roasting away, get a small saucepan. Then consult the side of the Garvox Box to determine how you should go about preparing it. Follow the instructions. Once the fish fingers are ready, serve them on a plate of your choosing. Then liberally douse them with gravy. The perfect winter warmer!

Fish Fingers Mexicana

- One (1) packet fish finger
- One (1) packet taco shells
- One (1) jar salsa

Consult the fish finger box for instructions on how to cook them. Cook them. Once the fingers are ready, take a taco shell. With a teaspoon, place a thin layer of salsa in the bottom of a taco shell. Then put two or three fish fingers in the shell, and place another small dollop of salsa on top. Repeat until all fish fingers and taco shells have been used. Save the salsa for later. Serve on a plate (preferably), and garnish with some chili peppers.

Fish Finger Daquiri

- One (1) packet fish fingers
- One (1) bottle white rum
- Some (some) sugar

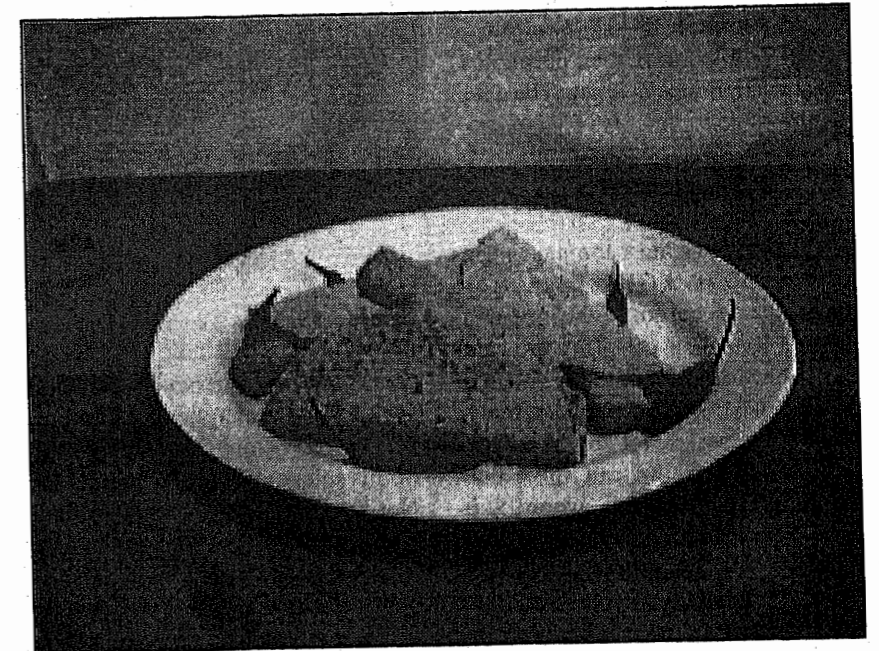
Remove fish fingers from the freezer

and allow to thaw. Once thawed, place a generous handful of ice in a blender. Sprinkle in some sugar, and crumble four fish fingers into the blender. Add two shots of white rum. Blend until a creamy consistency is achieved. Serve in a "classic" cocktail glass. Perfect beverage for those "girls' nights out"!

Fish Finger Jelly Surprise

- One (1) fish finger
- One (1) packet jelly crystals

Cook the fish finger in an oven, as per



the instructions on the pack. Take the jelly crystals, and consult the packaging for preparation instructions. Follow those instructions as best you can. Prior to refrigerating, take your fish finger. Place a wooden skewer through it. Then balance the skewer across the top of the vessel into which you have poured your jelly. This will allow the fish finger to set in the jelly. Refrigerate. Once jelly has set, carefully remove the skewer from the fish finger and serve. A dessert that screams "sophistication"!

Fish Finger Pizza

- One (1) packet fish fingers
- One (1) telephone

Prepare the fish fingers in the manner dictated by the box. Just prior to placing the fingers in the oven, call a pizza delivery service. Order the pizza of your choice. The pizza should arrive at the same time as the fish fingers are ready. Using a knife and fork, cut the fingers into small pieces. Sprinkle these liberally over the pizza, and serve.

FEELING CONFUSED? THEN TRY THESE

Top Tips

New Ways With Old Butts

Perhaps you have already heard that stubborn stains can be removed with the aid of a little strategically placed cigarette ash, but we here at FGIG have an even handier hint! If fabric stains persist even after cigarette-ash treatment, simply apply a lit cigarette butt to the stain and just burn it away. When people ask, you can tell them that the resulting hole in your tablecloth / curtains / throw rug, is simply an example of the latest 'peekaboo' fashion which is currently revolutionising the manchester industry, after having wowed the kitchens and loungerooms of Paris. Alternatively, you could make a flower-shaped pattern of holes around the original hole and what have you got? Broderie anglaise made easy. And you don't even need a needle and thread! Much like the recent trend for 'distressed' timber furniture, this handy means of stain removal and the 'perplexed' fabric which results is set to be a real winner.

They Make Great Pets

Perhaps the two most common gripes we here at FGIG hear from houseproud parents who are concerned that their offspring are ruining their decor are a) the problem of pets and b) the festering, fly-blown mess that passes for the children's bedroom. Well, we can solve both problems with one fell swoop! Strategically placed Venus Fly Trap plants will efficiently dispose of unsightly flies in your child's bedroom, and they are environmentally friendly

too, which we know will be a big plus for all you green mums out there! And what child will continue to whine about that dog / cat / rabbit they have been wanting (and which would just ruin your furniture) when they have one of these fascinating specimens to play with? Just don't let them get away with 'the Venus Fly Trap Ate my homework', or the perennial 'Rex did it'!



Bubblegum? No Worries, Honey

Does your husband have bubblegum spectacularly caught in his moustache? And he doesn't fancy cutting off his splendid handlebar ornament? Not to worry, there is an answer. Human urine has been demonstrated to be a remarkably efficient (and economical) solvent for various 'gummy' substances, bubblegum included. So,

in the immortal words of Tammy Wynette, all you need to do is "Stand By Your Man".

Magic Mushrooms, One For Each Room

Is there a piece of furniture you just never feel like cleaning under? Well, you need never clean there again. Just insert a shallow tray in the space, after having filled it slightly with dirt, and toss in some mushroom spores. Water it once in a while, diligently allow more dust and dirt to build up there, and in no time at all you will have your own mushroom colony and your kitchen will be graced with the freshest mushrooms on the block!

No More Snails

Perhaps you've heard that one way of getting rid of garden snails is to get them drunk. Many a gardener has been known to put glass after glass of stale beer in their prized herb garden or veggie patch, greasing the edges of the glass so that tipsy snails, who climbed in for a drop, are unable to climb out, and subsequently drown in beer (a more unpleasant fate would be hard to imagine, methinks). But why waste stale beverages on garden pests when you could be using them to make gravies? (the beverages, that is, not the pests). We here at FGIG have a much simpler and more effective way of removing garden snails: simply remove the garden! Who needs plants when you can have gravel, slate or cement? And it is about time 'crazy paving' made a comeback.

QUICK AND EASY

Winter Warmers

RECIPES OF THE MONTH

Yummy Beany Goodness

Wholesome and nutritious baked beans can be turned from a simple snack to a gourmet feast, simply by heating them up on the stove top!

First, find the can opener. It might be in the second drawer beneath the egg whisk, or still in the sink with the rest of the dirty cutlery.

Secondly, find the tin of baked beans. I think they're in the cupboard. If you can't see them there, maybe they're in the shopping bag you put down by the front door. The supermarket dude who packed the bag put them in with the toothpaste, scourers and sanitary products, so you might have already put the bag in the bathroom. Take the tin from the bag and bring it to the kitchen.

Thirdly, open the tin.

Next, pour the contents of the tin into a saucepan. You may find this easier if you break it up into a series of smaller, simpler tasks, like

- finding the saucepan.
 - taking the lid off.
 - tilting the tin slowly above the saucepan until the contents begin to slide out.
- For a tidy transfer of contents, ensure the saucepan will hold more than the tin or it might overflow!

Then, simply put the saucepan containing the beans on the stovetop, get your husband to light the stove, heat slowly whilst stirring continuously, pour on top of a continental bread such as lepinja or cibaccia, top with fresh rosemary and a sprinkle with one part balsamic vinegar, two parts olive oil infused with truffles.

Eat and enjoy!



*"I like to eat
stuff that's
good"*

**Bread Lasagne**

Line a baking dish with greaseproof paper. Cover the bottom of the tray with slices of Swiss Maid spread with tomato sauce. Cover the bread with slices of cheese, preferably of a variety you have to unwrap. Repeat until the dish is full. On the top sprinkle some of that stinky parmesan that comes in the shiny green container, if you have any. If you don't, then don't.

Similarly, if you have any kinds of herbs whatsoever, garnish away. Otherwise, draw some little green specks on with a texta.

Cook.

Serve to your parents when they come to visit, but pretend you are not hungry. When the stern parent is in the toilet, beg the soft parent for twenty bucks, then when they leave, order a pizza. Unfortunately, KFC is now off the menu as I heard their delivery service wasn't very popular. I can't imagine why, seeing as most students are eating things like bread lasagne. But Red Rock Noodle deliver now, apparently.

Toast

If you cook bread, it goes crunchy and the butter melts.

Hotdog

Convince your housemates to purchase, prepare and cook a sausage. If you are a vegetarian, you may prefer the non-meat soya alternative which I believe is called "not-sausage".

Wrap in bread.

Garnish liberally with sauce.

Throw away.

CRAFTY Candle CAPERS



It may be hard to believe, but we put together these innovative and elegant candlesticks from materials we found simply lying around the house! I'm sure if you had a good root around, you too could find suitable recyclable arty-facts! We have used old tin cans and a low fat milk drink, but really, your project is limited only by your imagination. You can make a charming centrepiece for the dinner table at that special occasion by following our simple steps.

1. Tip out your garbage bin. You'll need a lot of space, so perhaps the living room floor is best, or maybe even your bed. Better wait until your husband is up and mowing the lawn!
2. Try to find something out of the ordinary. Look closely at the textures and shapes of your garbage: you may be surprised at the way things you see everyday can take on an exotic feel when teamed with another commonplace, run of the mill piece of effluent (or similar).
3. Sometimes an extra-special touch is needed. We found an empty fruit container with a pretty transparent lid, and the



faint odour of peaches added an unmistakable touch of 'class'.

4. Stack your selected items on top of each other. We recommend balancing them in such a way so that they don't fall over: they may leak unpleasant smelling liquids on your dinner table, or once fitted with candles set your children alight. Secure with craft adhesive.
5. Select a candle with a colour and shape you feel complements the shape of your candlesticks. We selected this delicate pink to bring out the colour of the kidney beans on the side of the tin labeled "Kidney Beans".
6. Set the table, send the kids to bed and surprise hubby!

gallery coffee shop

Level 6, Union House, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 8am - 4.45pm

the canteen & tavern

Roseworthy Campus, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 8.30am - 5pm

mayo refectory

Ground Floor Union House, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 8am - 6pm

equinox café & bar

Level 4, Union House, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 10am - 10pm

the wills

Ground Floor, Union House, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 11.30am - 3pm

briefs

Lightwood Building, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 9am - 3pm

food court

Level 4, Union House, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Fri 10am - 3pm

unibar

Level 5, Union House, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Thurs noon - 9pm & Fri noon - late

lirca lirca café & bar

Ware Campus
Cafe open Mon - Thurs 8am - 5pm, Fri 9am - 8pm. Bar open Mon - Wed 12noon - 5pm, Thurs & Fri 12noon - 8pm.

backstage café

Schulz Building, Nth Tce
Open Mon - Thurs 8am - 6pm & Fri 8am - 5pm

2 FOR 1 DEAL...

Present this voucher at the Gallery Coffee shop, Equinox Café & Bar, or Backstage Café & receive 2 Aroma Coffees for the price of one



union food & beverage

Heaven's in the Backyard of my Neighbour's House

Just follow the little sounds of pleasure



So you've spotted them across the garden, next to the roses and under the mistletoe, standing there looking uninterested. The perpetual innocent smile, which for so long went unnoticed by the gardeners, has trapped your affections. The only question is, what are the mating rituals of these perennial and diurnal statues of sturdy vigilance.

The first stage is, of course, courtship. Gnome pick-up lines heard in the gardens include:

"So, do you stand here often?"

"Get a thimble-full of tequila in me and I'm an untameable wild man."

"So, I hear you're the one to see for some weed 'round here."

"I'm a magical being - take off your clothes."

"I found some water ballons by the tap - what say we get some lichen and make a night of it?"



Once the gnomes have met an appropriate partner, its off to find a quiet spot, preferably somewhere where the grinding of cement can't be heard too clearly. And then its time for the little people in pointy hats to get jiggy with it.

But gnome sex isn't easy. Cement clothing isn't easy to get off, and pot bellies aren't easy to get around. Yet it does have its benefits. Cement construction gives the impression of indefatigability for both the males and females, and rough sex is not shirked, it's encouraged!

It can get quirky though. A big and floppy pointed hat is a symbol of virility, and getting urinated on by a pet is an ordination from the gnome gods as chief procreator. You can tell if a gnome has been ordained for this role or not if there is a gravel driveway...

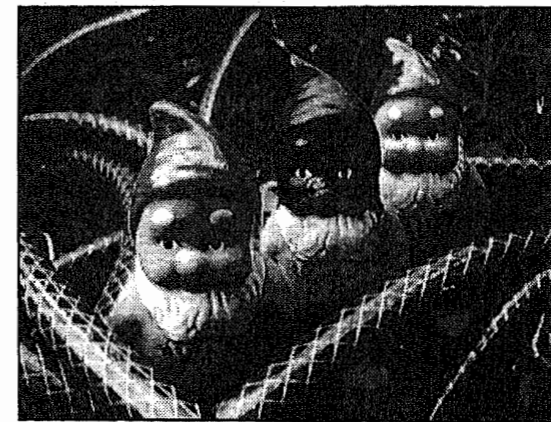
But it aint all fun and larks being the pixie procreators of passion. We fucking big people have it easy. We can just lock the doors and draw the

blinds. When even the postie knows that little Happy Gnome will be getting a new Gnomette sister, then you have to take stock and recognise exhibitionism as social inferiority. If gnomes had more privacy maybe we would see more action, but until gardens are fitted with venetian blinds (even a blanket over the clothes line) it just ain't gonna happen too often.

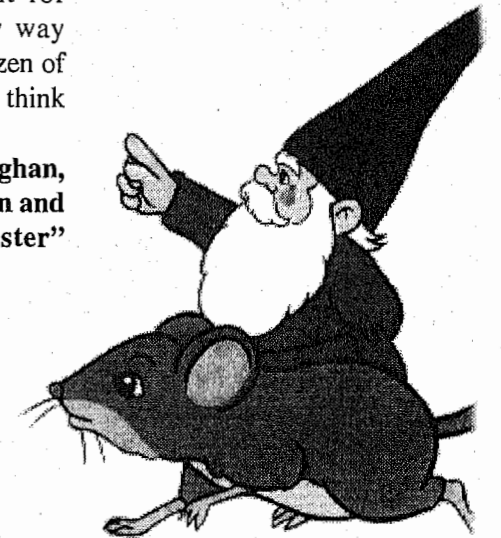
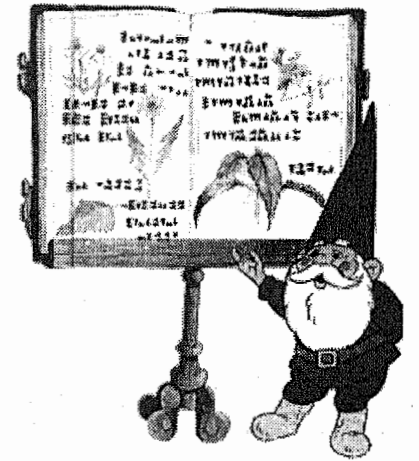
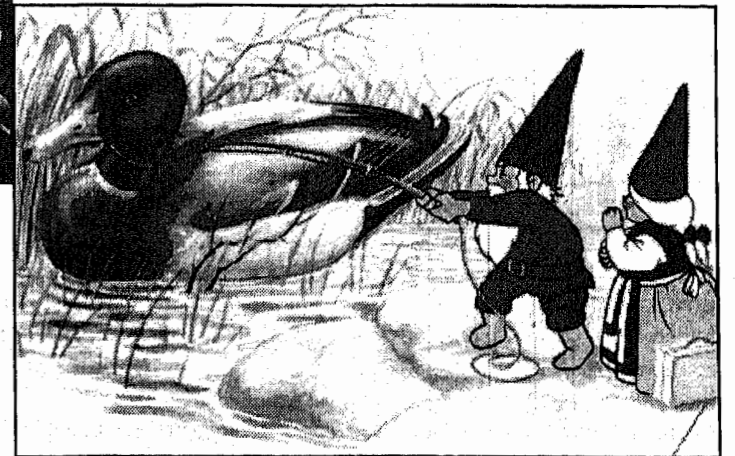
Problem number two is obviously meeting people. It's not like there's anyone to talk to at Planet Gnome on a Tuesday afternoon. You just stay in the back yard come rain, shine or lawn-mower.

Next time you feel insecure in your backyard, spare a thought for gnomes. Because the only way you'll ever score with a denizen of the "very small forest" is to think like a rock.

Stephen "Redwood" Mullighan, Anthony "Chestnut" Paxton and Matty "The Prosh Prankster" Sykes



"Fancy a quick duck?"



Hell

People who would be going to Hell if I was God

It's nice to think that after you die your soul will be taken care of by some benevolent supreme being and packed off to a justly deserved eternal reward for good deeds and righteous living. It is, perhaps, less nice to think that those people whose deeds and lifestyles are neither good nor righteous will spend all time in less pleasant circumstances. Less nice but certainly satisfying, so long as it doesn't happen to you or anyone else you wouldn't like to see roasted, tortured, and uncomfortably tickled over uncountable billions of years.

In a way, it lends a kind of meaning to one's life to expect a final reckoning. Why bother being nice if you'll only end up dying painfully and meaninglessly, sliding into the same depthless oblivion as every mass murderer or child molester who has ever lived? If there is any real justice in this world or afterwards, the truly evil - people like Suharto, Joseph Stalin, Ray Martin, or the Pope - will be held to account for their wrongdoing. But then there are those who are not truly evil, just annoying. People who would probably pass the tests of evilness set by a just and merciful god, but who nevertheless deserve some kind of punishment for the pointless irritation their lives have brought into the world. And if I had any say in the matter, they would get it. So, Supreme Being, if you're listening, here is my list of "The People Who Would Be Going To Hell If I Was God".

First, an easy target:
 - Telemarketers. There are some jobs that are just plain wrong, no matter how much you need the money. Nazi concentration camp guard is one. And telemarketer is

another.

- Aaron Spelling. And all of his ugly relatives.

- Whoever invented those damn annoying "pop-up" Internet ads that have to be individually tracked down and killed before they go away.

- George Lucas, for inflicting Jar Jar on

outside shops and yell at passers-by about how good their products are). If you don't know what I mean, go walking in the East end of Rundle Mall at lunchtime and follow the smell of sleaze and rancid Brylcreem.

- The inventor of the "comb-over" hairstyle for men.

- The bureaucrat who came up with the bright idea of buying around thirty Kandy-Kolored Imac computers for the Law School's computer lab but not bothering to order things like, say, disk drives or printers or any of the other incidental devices that make computers useful.

- And not to forget the inventor of the hand-cramping circular Imac mouse, apparently designed for ewoks or some other race of creatures with circular hands.

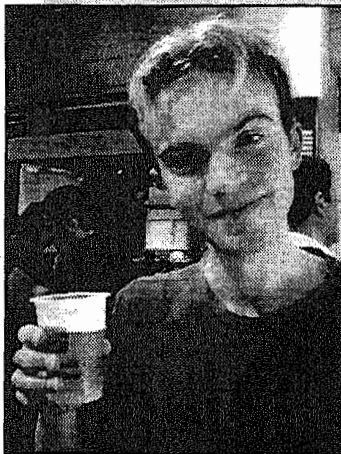
- Any journalist who has tried to elicit public sympathy for Elton John over his harrowing com-

pulsive addiction to multimillion dollar shopping sprees.

- That guy who gives voice to the Transadelade Infoline "on-hold" advertisements. Call 8210 1000 and you'll find out what I'm talking about.

- Anyone who has ever gone on TV or radio to announce that their furniture outlet, rug warehouse, or shop full of useless crap from bankrupt small businesses is "massively overstocked" and must "sell it all" at "crazy, never-to-be-repeated prices".

And, finally:
 - Daryl Somers. Another easy target, but a fair one.



Linley



God

us all.

- Whoever it was who told George Lucas he was capable of writing a movie script without the assistance of an emotionally and intellectually mature human being.

- Any member of the Culkin, Hanson or Daddo families who has ever appeared on TV.

- Bad buskers. When done well, busking adds immeasurably to the atmosphere of any public space, but there is a fine, fine line between busking and begging. Please, making one or more puppets "dance" to taped music does not constitute an art form and should not be rewarded as such. Giving these people money just encourages their antisocial stupidity.

- Bad spruikers (i.e. the people who stand

Linley

Nostalgia for DAZZELAND

There is a gaping hole in the heart of this city, a void that was once filled by the laughter and delighted screams of children and adults alike. I am talking about the top level of the Myer Centre and, of course, about Dazzeland.

Once, many years ago, I had the opportunity to attend a friend's party at this place of mystery and excitement. How could I refuse? We all met at the base (the root, if you will) of the Centre before taking the lifts up through Retail Paradise to the gates of Dazzeland itself. There we were given little plastic bracelets allowing us free use of the rides and amusements for several hours, and shown into a charmingly small side room for the commencement of the night's festivities.

Because this was a birthday celebration we got special attention from "Smokey the Bear", a guy in a koala suit. I can't remember what his real name was supposed to be, but we called him "Smokey" because his furry hide reeked of cigarette smoke. Maybe the Smokemart outlet in the Myer Centre's Terrace level was sponsoring him in the hope of attracting young smokers, I don't know. We also got a meal - a delicious choice between a hot dog with chips or four golden-brown chicken nuggets (disappointingly, there was no vegetarian menu). The servings were rather tiny, but with Smokey around to amuse us a great time was had by all.

After our meal we had time to explore Dazzeland in all of its glorious (but sadly ephemeral) beauty. The decor in itself was something to behold - "a miracle of pointless bourgeois decadence" was more or less how I (going through a thankfully brief Marxist phase) described it at the time, but a fellow Dazzelander

summed it up more concisely in a single word: "crass". The ultra-violent video game arcade! The tape-recorded screams from the rollercoaster! The wholesome, almost believable smiles of pleasant welcoming happiness on the faces of the ride attendants (have a nice day!) The jerky robotic leprechaun riding a fish as if it were a bicycle!

For an all-too-brief several hours of childlike fascination all of this was there for us to enjoy, and enjoy it we did. One of my favourite rides was the magic toy-town train, a twisting railway of wonderment among elf statuettes and dodgy mechanised trees. But we also had the dodgem cars and the rollercoaster to add that little extra measure of fulfilment to our lives.

The dodgem cars were excellent, if only large enough for a single normal-sized human. Oh, I had such fun repeatedly ramming my car against the side of the dodgem rink, trying to break out (mission: to hunt down and run over Smokey the Bear). But, being acutely and embarrassingly afraid of heights, I balked at the rollercoaster.

Why did I worry so much? After all, it is difficult to imagine any large articulated structure built by our sterling Adelaide contractors to collapse, or even fail to live up to the standards of quality expected

by the public. But this was in the days before the large white canvas "suicide sails" were hung in the Myer Centre to catch depressed people for whom even the fish-riding leprechaun failed to restore the joy of life, and the rollercoaster gave its passengers a perfect view of the hard red tiles at the other end of a very long drop. Disregarding my fears I went aboard anyway, and was subjected to about ninety seconds of pure vertiginous terror.

This is as good a place as any to end my nostalgia, as we come to the last in the staggering rainbow of emotions evoked by the wonders of Dazzeland. From disgust to astonishment to fear, that magical fairyland on the top of Adelaide's most ambitious and controversial development had it all.

But now it is gone, defeated by apathy and neglect at the hands of a callous public. South Australia should hang its collective head in shame at the way we failed to patronise this exciting and innovative triumph of the spirit of commercial enterprise. But maybe, just maybe, the new David Jones Shopping Experience in Rundle Mall will see the latent demand for a city-central family amusement facility and step in to fill Dazzeland's too-swiftly-departed shoes. We can only hope.

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21 Hindmarsh Square, Adelaide



Can Collector Turf Wars

A silent war is being waged in the shadows of our fair city. Out of sight of any authorities, victories are being taken and defeats being suffered in a cruel and often brutal conflict over some of the richest pickings available in our economic basket-case of a state. It is a war where the winner takes all and the losers are left to rummage through the dry and empty rubbish bins of more distant, more hopeless places.

The trade of the can collectors was, once, an honourable one. Territories were respected, methods for extracting cans and bottles from various styles of rubbish receptacle were handed from collector to apprentice with the utmost

secrecy, and the procedures to be followed on the death or incapacitation of a collector were kept to by all.

But things have changed in these last few years. Globalisation has brought modernised competition to a once rigidly hierarchical system, and the naturally attention-shy habits of the collectors themselves have left the system that worked so well for so long a prime target for those who prefer to work outside the law.

Once divided mostly equally between more than a dozen individual collectors, the city of Adelaide and its near suburbs has become a nightmare zone where two or three (precise figures are hard to come by in this game) "Big

Collectors" have monopolised the available resources and established a multilateral reign of terror over those few poor souls who struggle to remain. There is a warning given to an uncooperative collector: an empty can of Coke with the little sign saying "5c deposit in SA" burned out with a cigarette lighter. The symbolism is obvious: "You ain't making any more money in this part of town". Those who fail to heed the signal become the hunted; the outlaws of the can-world.

Such is the force of tradition that open violence is still a significant and potentially fatal faux pas in this shadowy underworld. Instead, more subtle and insidious means are employed. A recalcitrant collector may find him or herself followed night and day, with one of the Big Collectors' servitors beating them to each bin as they arrive. Many collectors have been driven from the industry by this trick alone. Other, less pleasant tactics include the "decoy bin" (where empty bins are strategically stationed to waste the collector's time), the "baited hook" (where a slightly nibbled meat pie is dosed with tranquillisers and left in a bin, in the hope that a hungry collector will stop for a snack and spend the rest of the day asleep), and even the infamous "bird bomb" (where the hapless target's equipment and clothes are sprayed with seagull attractant, resulting in them being mobbed by hungry birds until they take shelter indoors). But even tradition cannot hold off the inevitable: that one day, bored with chasing the small fry out of their pond, the Big Collectors will come into direct conflict with one another. The taboo on violence cannot be expected to hold in such a situation; we will see blood on the bins.



North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

Elizabeth House
231 North Terrace
Adelaide



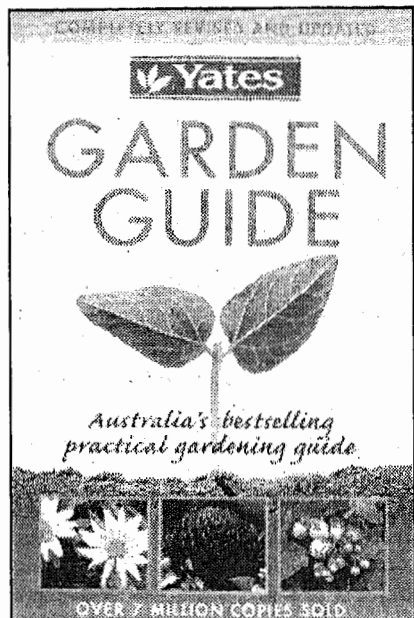
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Blooming Nifty! (That's a Pun!)



Yates Garden Guide
HarperCollins
\$24.95

Much like a garden guide, the *Yates Garden Guide* is a guide to gardens. Well, actually, it is a garden guide, and

a damn fine one at that. This is no less than its fortieth edition, and if my household gardening fanatic is to be believed, they just keep getting better. The *Yates Garden Guide* provides readers with oodles of down-to-earth advice about the creation and maintenance of gardens, mixing practical guidance with aesthetic considerations, and its text is broken up into accessible sections and subsections which are enlivened by bright pictures, purdy maps, sexy graphs, explicit diagrams, insightful handy hints and evocative top fives. It has a section on designing your own garden, including instructions on creating a low-allergen garden, and discusses features such as patios and terraces, courtyards, decorative pools, pergolas, shadehouses, glasshouses, steps and stepping stones. Then there's the chapter on soils: everything you ever wanted to know about soil types, structure, improvement, drainage, watering, mulching, composting, and more. Who ever knew that dirt could be so complicated? Or so much fun?

And that's not all. You can also learn about the no-dig garden. The water-saving garden. The thrifty garden. And, my personal favourite, the hydroponic garden. The *Yates Garden Guide* demonstrates a depth of breadth and scope rarely seen in modern gardening guides: erudite, exciting and erotic, it's a horticulturalist's delight. Pick it up and learn about chewing insects, borers and thrips, bugging beetles and new things to do with vegemite. Discover how to make new gardens from old, trifle with exotic ground covers and quest for the perfect lawn. Witness the wonders of whip-tongue grafting.

I am not a gardener. Nor even a fan of gardening. To be perfectly honest, the last green thing I touched turned brown and died. But you would have to be a heathen, nay, a barbarian, not to appreciate the sheer excruciating poetry of the photography, text and subtext of the *Yates Garden Guide*. Read it. Live it. Multiply yon green things.

E.M.

My Name's Paxton Too!

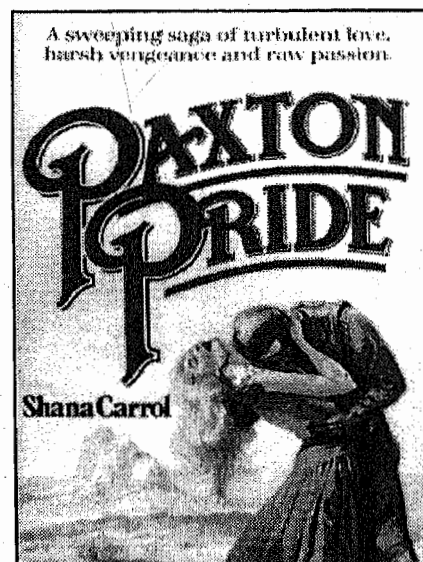
Paxton Pride
Shana Carrol
The Sheridan Book Company
\$10.95

This is the sort of book that you want to read backwards. It was really that bad. It's an entertaining yarn, but it's hard to love up to a self-confessed grandiose description of "A sweeping saga of turbulent love, harsh vengeance and raw passion."

The story is as typical as any other. Karen Hampton, daughter to a powerful and wealthy Washington businessman, falls in love with Vance Paxton, dashing Texan outrider. At least Vance

has his own ranch - we can at least draw comparisons with Austen. Love between two cultural strangers with the desert as a backdrop symbolic of the distance and emptiness involved in late nineteenth century gender relations. Filled with fascinating information about American Military history (Gettysburg is mentioned a few times), some purple pages, 524 uses of the word "adobe" and a shithouse plot and that about sums up this cumbersome tragedy. Maybe next time they should call the hero Paxton Paxton.

Anthony Paxton



5 easy steps to a better BBQ

1. Get the Union BBQ on the day that you need it
 2. Put some food on it
 3. Use the tongs to turn things
 4. Give someone something to eat
 5. Clean the BBQ and pack it up
- (For more advanced techniques see below)



distant memory, and the weeks off uni are no more than a blur. What has been happening in the place known as the sewer? PROSH my dear friends is here, week 1 semester 2!!

PROSH get ready for a great week of fun pranks and good times. Watch out for the great ape coming to your lecture soon. A week of mayhem is upon us and the only way to survive is to get involved. Organise a prank, but make it legal! WE can't afford to bail you out of jail, nor do we wish you to commit any form of offence.

A big thank you to everyone who has been involved in the putting together of this event, your help has been great and I thank you all. I will give a big thank you list in next week's edition. Make sure you get involved in the biggest Prosh Parade of your degree, which will leave the cloisters at 1pm Friday to run riot through out the streets of Adelaide. Check out Prosh this year and know that all monies raised during the week will go to charity. This year's charities are the Florey Research Fund and Student Care. PROSH is your chance to have a great time at uni

where being slightly weird is accepted for just one week a year. Take advantage and pay the PROSH out of anyone that you can.

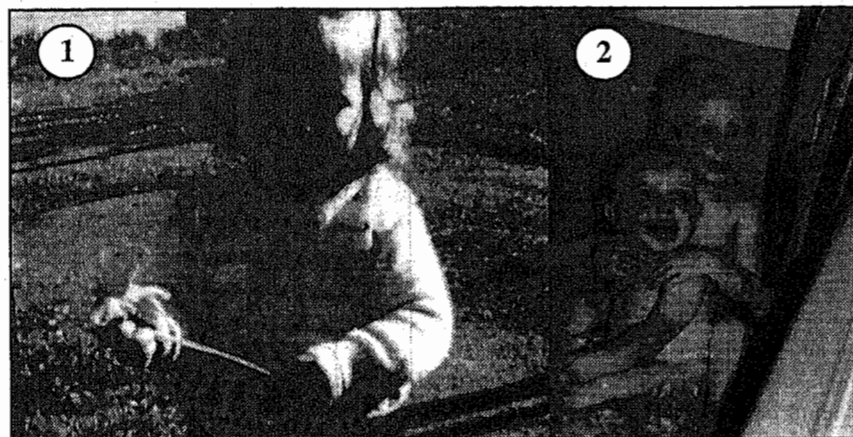
PROSH IS HERE BABO! Have a great time.. P.S- look out for cheap food and drink all week!

3 + 5 Sexuality Officers

Welcome back to semester two - we hope that you had much winter fun! It's been a busy break for those of us who attended student conferences in the semester break. Of course both of us were involved in hosting Queer Collaborations and Amanda went off to Melbourne for NOWSA - where our department was attacked for being too inclusive or not representative enough. It just goes to show that you can never win! Anyway, while the student politicians spin their rhetoric and gear up for another election where they promise to be Bigger! Faster! More Improved! we're still doing our job and are here for you if you have any sexuality issues.

Over the holidays we have been continuing to chat with curious students via email, and as a confidential and non-confrontational way of getting info we recommend that if you have any queries, then get online! This week is PROSH and the SAUA has been abuzz abuzz. Make sure to keep your eyes peeled for the random craziness of PROSH pranks, and we hope to see the more daring of you actually organise some. Remember, it's for charity - so shed your inhibitions and make us all proud of you!

All our love, Amanda and Daniel.
girlsexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au
boysexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au



1 SAUA President - Alida Parente

WELCOME BACK

Hello everyone, welcome back to semester 2. I hope that you all had a refreshing break and are ready to get back into the thick of things. The SAUA has been working hard on activities and campaigns over the break. This week is PROSH WEEK which has been a tradition here at Adelaide University for over 90 years. It is a week full of pranks, fun and mayhem all in order to raise money for charity. So get involved in PROSH and watch out because you may just get proshed.

THIS IS NOT A PROSH PRANK - BAGS ALLOWED INTO THE LIBRARY

As of today bags will be allowed into the library. To celebrate this event there will be a party held in the Barr Smith Circle. There will be free champagne, nibbles and music.

Please join the SAUA in celebrating this historic event and feel free to contact me in the SAUA with any questions regarding the acceptance of bags into the library.

2 Activities Vice President - Matthew Sykes (seen below in a compromising position with our State NUS President)

The holidays have come and gone, exams are but a

4 Environment Officer - Zane Young

It struck me recently that the Federal Minister for the Environment, Senator Hill, was actually destroying most of Australia's environment, with violations of native title, constructions of uranium mines and waste dumps in SA, and a new Australian nuclear reactor. So here's a representative of the Australian people, destroying that which it is his job to protect.

Rather than judging Senator Hill, I would like to say that it's none of our business what decisions he makes; I'm sure he has good reasons. In fact, I'd like to follow his lead.

You know, it's really hard to protect the environment all the time. So, for the rest of the year, I have decided to campaign for ALL STYROFOAM in refectories. What's with all this recycling stuff anyway? Waste of time, waste of water, waste of energy. There's lots of styrofoam in storage anyway, that needs using. And lecture books and notes - ONE-SIDED please, with completely blank pages periodically inserted too. And use Kleenex tissues and toilet paper. What's the point in saving trees when they're being cut down anyway? And while you're at it, eat Nestles, McDonald's and Coca-Cola. These companies have a bad reputation, but they're just trying to make a buck - why should I stop them? They all make quality product at a reasonable price!

I think nuclear energy is really clean as well. It doesn't pollute the air, it's not as dangerous as those hippies make out, and it generates a heck of a lot of power! Cars are good, too. Cities were designed for cars. They don't pollute that much, and they provide quick, convenient transport to any place in the world! What a great invention! Who needs all that hippy bike/horse/walking stuff when you can just DRIVE! Especially if it's down the road for some milk and you've got a diesel four-wheel-drive.

If it improves mankind's chances of survival on this planet, I'm for it. After all, it's us against nature, isn't it? We've got to do all we can to stop nature from killing us. It's been against us all along, join me in the fight by coming to the anti-environment collective, Friday at 1pm in the Don Stranks Room, behind the UniBar in the Union building.

zane <greenguy@smug.adelaide.edu.au>

6 Education Vice President - Janak Mayer*

Hey Spunks!

Welcome back once again, hope you're all well rested and ready for another semester. I hope exam season was not too stressful, and that you're all at least reasonably happy with the work you've done and the marks you've received. Remember - if at any time you think you've been dealt with unfairly in any way, have questions about your results, want a re-mark, need help obtaining a supp., or just need to talk to someone and get some advice - COME IN AND SEE ME - I'm always here to help you out.

Well, whilst the holidays have hopefully been a restful period for most of you, it's been a reasonably busy one for many of us in the SAUA and in the student movement in general. Here's some of what's happened during the break:

VSU - OFF THE AGENDA!!!

The last week of June was an eventful one for the student movement, and as the final deadline for VSU discussion in the Senate approached, the Anti-VSU campaign moved into its final stage, with an excellent campaign by NUS focusing on prominent people who have come out against VSU. The day before the legislation was due to be debated, the Democrats came to an agreement with the Government as to what legislation would be debated before the Senate changeover. Part of that agreement was that VSU would be put off until after the July 1st changeover, after which point, the Democrats would hold the balance of power in their own right. Thus, between Labor and the Democrats, both of whom solidly oppose the government's Anti-Student Organisation Legislation, there is no longer an imminent threat of the legislation being passed - VSU is off the agenda for now. This hasn't, however, been the first attack on student organisations, or on students, and it is certain not to be the last. We must, of course, remain eternally vigilant...

NATIONAL EDUCATION CONFERENCE
National Education Conference was held here at Adelaide during the break. The event was an enormous success, attracting 200 student reps

from around the country - around twice as many as were at the last education conference. Whilst organising a national student conference is an exhausting activity, the end result was fantastic, and a lot of very interesting debate and information on a range of very pertinent topics. Thanks in particular to Alida, Sky, Marissa, Alexis, Fi, Jane, and everyone else whose help was utterly invaluable.

HAVE FUN AND GET PROSHED!!!
<evp@smug.adelaide.edu.au>

7 Women's Officer - Eileen Fisher

Welcome back from the semester break! I hope everyone had a great time and got the exam results they were looking for. So what's happening in the Women's Department in semester 2, you ask? Well, keep reading to discover some of the exciting things that we will be doing.

ELLE DIT: Yes! It's that time of year again... *Elle Dit* is the women's edition of *On Dit* and this year is coming out on the 13th of September. This means that the deadline for submissions is the 8th of September. So, you've got six weeks or so to think up what you're going to contribute. Contributions can be in the form of letters, prose, graphics, creative writing or anything else you can think of - you are limited only by your imagination.

BLUE STOCKING WEEK

This is a week when we celebrate women's participation in education and look at the problems that still exist. It will be happening next week and there are a variety of events happening throughout the week. For a detailed list of times and events, pick up a copy of next week's *On Dit*.

ENGINEERING STUDENTS FORUM

This will be held as part of Blue Stocking Week at 1:30pm on Wednesday the 4th of August in the Cannon Poole Room, level 5 of the Union Building. Come and meet other female engies from across other years and departments. There will be light refreshments provided.

PS. The Women's Department would like to thank the speakers from the OSA and Wilto Yerlo who took part in our discussion forum in Women's Week last term.



Law School's Not For Everyone

I am sure many of you are aware of the controversy surrounding the Adelaide Medical School's introduction of its UMAT regime, by which incoming med students are interviewed and tested to determine their psychological suitability for a lifetime of dealing with disease, sickness and death. The UMAT has its detractors, who complain that it is unfair on those students who worked their arses off in year 12 to get a good TER. But it is not without its supporters, who argue that an admissions policy based purely on academic achievement is too narrow and fails to take account of the social and personal dimensions involved in the practice of medicine.

It may be of interest to many, then, that other faculties are beginning to take note of the Medical School's bold stance and are preparing their own alternative screening mechanisms. The Law School, which is in the process of implementing a controversial new curriculum involving a shift from personal student-teacher interaction towards "seminar" instruction and compulsory computer tutorials, is quietly introducing its own version of the UMAT for the pool of year 2000 entrants.

The faculty is being characteristically coy about the new system and, as far as I know, has yet to publicise its plans at all. According to an insider, who spoke to *On Dit* on condition of anonymity, the Law School is keeping its silence until all aspects of the test have been finalised, rigorously examined for fairness and workability, and fully explained to all staff involved in the selection

process.

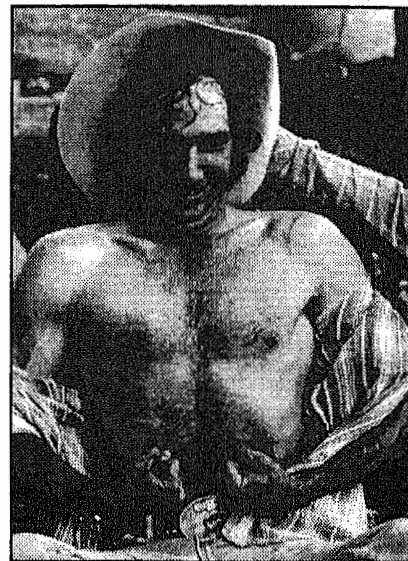
The test, which is to be referred to as the Adelaide Law School Holistic Admissions Test (ALSHAT), is an attempt to assess prospective law students on their entire range of personal characteristics rather than simply on academic merit.

"The fact is that some are deciding to study Law for all the wrong reasons," said *On Dit*'s source. "It is seen simply as an extension of the common Arts degree by many students who are used to sloppy and inappropriate modes of thought and behaviour which will fail them completely in private practice and other Law career paths. Keeping these people in the Law School for three or four years is a waste of everybody's time, not least their own; it is simply irresponsible to educate the University's customers in disciplines for which they are personally unsuitable."

Like the UMAT, the ALSHAT assesses aspects of its subjects' reasoning and relating abilities. But the Law School's version will be a deeper inquiry, an attempt to build up an overall psychological profile of each applicant in order to determine their suitability.

So, what characteristics are to be regarded as desirable? Discipline, aggression (strictly within the confines of accepted legal practice), and non-aberrant patterns of behaviour are all helpful, as is the ability to separate one's own personal "moral" sense from the essential but often contradictory rules of legal ethics.

Naturally, the University lacks the resources to perform such detailed analy-

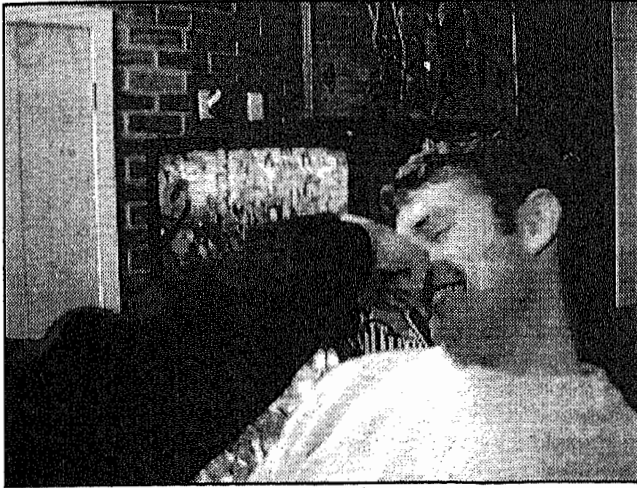


sis in-house, so external contractors will be used for the bulk of the interviewing and subsequent number crunching. But each student's confidentiality is ensured. The plan is certain to arouse controversy, with some of the ALSHAT's testing requirements involving intrusive research into applicants' private lives and academic/criminal records. In particular, the ever-watchful eye of the Law Students' Society will be on guard against any compromise of student welfare. But the Law School will be conducting a careful campaign of "dissent control", designed to prevent alarm amongst those to be affected by the changes.

One issue that has yet to be resolved is the status of those students with places reserved in Law on the basis of their year 12 results. It has been suggested, according to our source, that in the interests of fairness (always a high priority for the procedurally-minded Law School), they should be required to qualify for the ALSHAT along with all other applicants. A statement on the position of special-entry students will occur alongside the formal announcement of the new policy, an event expected for late August.

Linley Henzell

And The Palace Came *Crashing Down*



Stephen cops one for the sake of a good story, but don't worry you should see the other guy (below)

It had to happen. It was too auspiciously named to last long. Yes, that's right. Last week the shock news was leaked to *On Dit* that the recent conglomerate of faculties miscellaneous, PALACE, will be defunct within 18 months. By December 2000, the faculty structure at Adelaide Uni will not only be different, but smaller. PALACE, the faculty including Performing Arts, Law, Architecture, Commerce, Economics and the Graduate School of Management has apparently been in financial difficulties. It is now known that Motorola and Uni Admin discovered some unexpected trouble with the initial name of the faculty, Palacegsm. Apparently Motorola was concerned at the number of enrolments it was receiving, and the Uni at the number of queries about paying their HECS on a monthly plan with 100 minutes of free lecture time per semester. The rectification of this problem, along with the amount of lost custom to both bodies, is believed to have cost about \$4 million each, and caused some tumorous headaches in the meantime.

This has meant that Uni Admin has had to step in and redesign the faculty structure once again. Unfortunately, some schools have been subject to the axe. The School of Performing Arts, always the poor cousin to the elite brotherhood of mainstream faculties, has been eliminated entirely (including the Elder Conservatorium), as has the still infant Graduate School of Management. The school of Architecture has been outsourced to both Officeworks and Australia Post. While the quality of teaching is expected to drop, students will now receive discounts on both T-squares and post-paks. Law, Economics and Commerce will all merge into the faculty of Accounting, enabling many students to realise their destinies quicker than ever. When asked to comment on the shock news of July, Vice-Chancellor Mary O'Kane was visibly distressed, but finally admitted: "It has been a terrible year. Last year went so well, and we expected much the same again this year. We did fight valiantly, but to have it all fall apart, especially mid-year, has been

distressing to many. Hopefully with some new staff, and a better focus, we can rebuild it in the coming years."*

Students who were planning to enrol in Performing Arts are now advised to study elsewhere. News has it that Centrelink will be doing courses in drama beginning annually at the end of each financial year. Credits go to the biggest hissy fit at the Enquiries counter.

Students previously seeking a place in the Graduate School of Management are advised to seek employment at Amway. Oh well, hopefully everyone else will get their own totem with the spoils.

Stephen Mullighan.

*Ms O'Kane may or may not have been referring to the Adelaide Crows when she made these comments.



Pelican Point *Particulars*

An informed opinion by Sheila Moffatt

It is my belief that South Australia cannot afford to have a power station built at Pelican Point. The government contends that we need the power station to prevent electricity blackouts in the summer of 2000 and to provide jobs. I believe that locating the power station at Pelican Point will make them wrong on both counts.

I understand that the gas supply available in the area is not sufficient to fuel all the power stations intended and consumer's use and that the Pelican Point power station will be given priority. I believe this will mean the closure of an existing power station, probably Torrens Island which employs approximately 120 people. The net result appears to be the swapping of a government-owned power station for a privately-owned power station and the loss of 80 jobs. As I believe the piping and components for the Pelican Point power station are to be made overseas, it is hardly a huge economic boost to South Australia.

The real costs of locating a power station at Pelican Point, however, keep surfacing.

The main casualty of all this is democracy. Under the guise of maintaining electricity supplies and helping the South Australian economy, it appears that emergency powers legislation and major projects legislation are being used to industrialise Pelican Point. This is an open area of 360ha previously zoned for housing and other uses. It is also important ecologically. Local Government planning has been ignored and parliamentary committees designed as watchdogs are being pressured. It appears to be that nine million dollars of taxpayers' money is to be thrown away, providing infrastructure and transmission towers that are not necessary. If the power station was relocated I believe this money would not need to be spent.

300 jobs at the submarine corporation are said to be in jeopardy if the transmission towers are built. Local companies will not get contracts for such

things as oil rig platform components. The structures will be too high to get under the transmission lines. As these have been built locally in the past, it will be an opportunity lost to Adelaide. This may lead to more job losses.

In my opinion, a Power Station at Pelican Point will make the surrounding land only fit for heavy industry. This will downgrade the whole of Le Fevre Peninsula.

The cost to this community of 32,000 inhabitants will be enormous. The community feels it has already enough industry on its doorstep. Reports show rates of respiratory illnesses are 40% and more - higher than the rest of South Australia. I feel that more industry on the peninsula will cause health costs to skyrocket.

I think that the increase in heavy traffic on roads not designed for it will put our children at risk. The trucks needed to feed the increased industry will pass five primary schools. Roads near these schools would require urgent modification.

The most problematic effect for the whole of South Australia that may be caused by the industrialisation of Pelican Point, and incidentally the hardest to prove, is the effect on the ecology of the area. The mangroves near Pelican Point are important breeding areas for fish found in St Vincent Gulf. The recreational and commercial fishing industries employ hundreds of people and are worth hundreds of millions of dollars to the South Australian economy. Increased pollution from industry at Pelican Point would, I believe, put all this at risk.

There is no evidence that thermal pollution will NOT harm the dolphins which have made the Port River their home. It is possible that the pelican rookery may be affected by the industry. Anecdotal evidence suggests that at least 85 species of Australian and migratory birds use the area. Can all this survive the industrialisation of Pelican Point? In the opinion of professional fisherman who have



been spoken to it is almost certain that the increase in water temperature from the proposed power station would reduce the number of cockles on the section bank. The increase in water temperature, increase in pollution and the removal of part of the food chain may have grave consequences for the biodiversity in this area. It is just not worth taking this risk.

Thirty years ago this area was tired and moribund. There were no dolphins in the river, no huge flocks of pelicans. Historical houses were left to decay. Gradually over the years people have discovered what peninsula people knew all along; this area is unique and precious. Heavy polluting industries have left. New housing developments have prospered. I believe that we now have the right mix of industry and housing and that any more heavy industry would tip the balance, destroying sensitive ecological areas and making people with money leave. If this happens once again the area would be left to decay.

Le Fevre Peninsula is now a diverse and thriving community with its history, close knit community and location recognised as special. We mustn't let it be destroyed by short term thinking. I believe Le Fevre Peninsula can't afford a power station at Pelican Point. I also believe that South Australia can't afford it either.

Party at the PGSA

The Past:

120 postgrad students and friends enjoyed our Mid Year Dinner on 11th June. Fine wine, food, music, etc. Professor Mary O'Kane helped out with the arduous M.C. duties, and Prof. David Liljgren, Dean of Graduate Studies, headed the "competition committee" which chose the innovative Environmental Biology table as the "Best Dressed".

Photos are available from the PGSA Office.

The Present:

PGSA President, Helen Kavanagh, elected National Women's Officer for the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA), representing approx. 70,000 women postgrads from 33 University Campuses.



When Will I Be Famous?

Adelaide University Union President



Welcome Back to Semester 2.

Cigarette Vending Machine

You'll notice the cigarette vending machine that has been installed in the UniBar for the convenience of those who smoke. The UniBar is the only part of the Union Building that allows smoking indoors. Please adhere to this policy.

www.yap.com.au

Yap is an Australian universities' web site that encompasses comedy, politics, music, news, reviews, film, art, photography, clubs and societies, and campus activities. Check out this site to find out more about the nonacademic side of Uni life.

Centenary Events

If you are interested in being involved in a committee of young people who will coordinate celebrations for the South Australian Centenary of Foundation Committee, please contact me for further details.

Applications must be in writing to the Committee by this Friday, 30 July, 1999.

Presidential Card

The Presidential Card has many more additions in South Australia. You can use your discount card at these new places:

- Indoor Skirmish, Port Adelaide 8241 0064
- Bay Parasailing and Watersport, Glenelg Marina 0411191 653
- Investigator Science and Technology Centre, Wayville 8410 1115
- Rakuba African Restaurant, North Adelaide 8267 3227
- Bastiann's Restaurant, North Adelaide 8267 1157
- Coco Corner, North Adelaide 8239 1992
- Cafe Piccante, Hyde Park 8272 7944
- Rundle Noodle Bar and Restaurant, Adelaide 8223 7575

- Unicorn Bistro, Adelaide 8227 0388
- Myoora Heritage Accommodation, Thorngate 8344 7400
- Adelaide Oakford Apartments, Dulwich 8333 7400
- Adelaide Hills Getaway, Macclesfield 8388 9295
- Charley's Bed and Breakfast, Charleston 83895112

You can keep up with these latest additions and more by looking up www.presidentialcard.com.au. If you've any queries, you can call me on 8303 5401.

Elysia Turcinovic

Who Cares? Student Care.

STUDENT CARE CENTRE - The Union's One-Stop Welfare Shop

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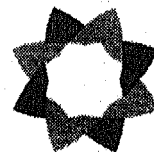


- Where?** Just inside the Lady Symon Building (Cloisters NW corner)
- Who?** 2 full-time Education and Welfare Officers (1 Female 1 Male)
- 1 part-time education and Welfare Officer
- 1 full-time Finance and Housing Officer

- What?** Personal problem-solving and crisis counselling
- Experienced and professional advocacy (including SSAT and AAT)
- Expertise in AUSTUDY and YOUTH ALLOWANCE
- Liaison with University, Government and Welfare Agencies
- Financial counselling
- University LOANS SCHEME
- Help with HOUSING and accommodation
- Justice of the Peace services

When? Monday - Friday 8am - 5pm most days.

Drop-in or appointment
Phone 83035430 Fax 8223 7165
Web-site <http://www.adelaide.edu.au>



Win a \$25 Unibook Voucher. Tear this off, answer the question and drop it in the box on the Student Care table
Thurs 29th, Fri 30th.
Drawn Fri 3.00pm

How many staff on the Student Care Team?

Name: _____ ID: _____

AUSKI

Adelaide University Snow Ski Club

The Week that Was!

Armed with a mere \$6.5K worth of grog, the trippers on AUSKI '99 were set for a quiet relaxing week in the snow. The AUSKI July Ski Trip had most certainly not lost its reputation as being the biggest, loudest, drunkest and sex filled ski trip in Australia. The snow conditions were not as good as anticipated, allowing the 168 ski trippers to find other forms of entertainment. On the last two days however, AUSKI was treated with 45+ cm of fresh powder, ending the trip as one of the best in years.

DEAR DIARY,

Wednesday

On arrival trippers were keen to hit the few slopes that had snow. Some literally hit the slopes causing the few fatal first day injuries. None of these were too serious, just a couple of shoulder dislocations, torn ligaments and bruises. However, the casualty list grew as the Cocktail Party from hell started - sore groins the ultimate casualty! The Cocktail Party, hosted by the AUSKI committee, lived up to everyone's expectations, where all trippers were bloated with alcoholic concoctions produced from JIM BEAM, WEST END, SOUTHWARK, PULP and other alcoholic beverages. The night ended at the infamous Swindlers Night Club, where all trippers grooved away to funky tunes into the early hours of the morning.

Thursday

Early morning saw only the head strong arise for breakfast. The beautiful sunny day provided excellent conditions for skiing and snowboarding. Some flew to Falls Creek via the Helicopter Link. These fortunate people were treated to snow depths greater than 0.5cm, while the rest of us made good use of the conditions we had. Drinking games proceeded as the theme of the night. The 100 club was featured, with only a small selected group going the distance.

Friday

Trippers were pleasantly bashed/awoken by the AUSKI committee to enjoy a stomach warming, greasy breakfast. The day was once



again a beautiful day, with sunny skies predominating. Those unable to make it to Falls began drinking, or started preparing their costumes for "Bad Taste Night '99". There were sloppy school girls, pathetic porn stars, sexy sixties chicks (what?), goon babies and Toby. Lady Die and The Wiggles broke down and boogied to the Bad Taste Tunes of the Bad Taste King Ant 'Fork Hole' Williams.

Saturday

It was evident how serious the Casualty list was in the morning. Some trippers hadn't come out of the Bad Taste Coma, which hit in the early hours of the morning. By now headache patrol was taking its toll, many AUSKIers were finding the patchy conditions more than they could handle. As evening arrived, trippers pulled out their bikinis, board shorts, grass skirts, and meat hangers for the Beach Party. It was a case of "Dash for Cash" to get to the pub, as the trippers in their beach clothes battled against strong winds, shrinking cold and pelting rain. Once inside the warmth of the Snowbird Bar, trippers slammed down drinks as if they were there last. Some hardcore drinker tackled "The Snowbird Sink", a 3 litre Cocktail for 6. Technicolour spew precipitated.

Sunday

The morning greeted Trippers with 10cm of fresh snow. Still only two runs were open, so some adventurers went on the search for fresh virgin (what's that?) powder, in the "Back Country". Again, the night began with festive drinking games. People prayed for snow, so much snow (ha ha!), that the Coaches would be unable to pick us up. There was a buzz in the air, and no it wasn't Seamus Snoring. AUSKIers made their last moves on other AUSKIers, Lifties, Instructors, Staff, and other visiting Uni Students. The AUSKI eight ball team took out the Swindlers championship, winning \$120 in drinks, which they promptly placed on the bar for all AUSKIers.

Monday

With over 40cm of fresh snow overnight everyone arose to the occasion, with minimal sleep. Some smart arses (aka Nick and Ant) hit the slopes very early, taking the first runs to the bottom of the mountain only to find that the lifts were not opening for another 2-3hrs. The day proved to be the best of the week with everyone experiencing powder in some form or another. Unfortunately AUSKI was forced to wave Mt Hotham Goodbye, a memorable moment, experienced by everyone. This didn't last long, as the Golden Arches of Glendouri McDonalds came into view. All of a sudden Souvenirs were on the agenda again. AUSKI thought they would have a good chance with 680 Mc Match 'n' Win tokens recovered, however nothing was won (rip-off!) except 90 odd cheese burgers, cokes, and fries.

Tuesday

All arrived home all AUSKIed out, to fall into the care of Mummy and Daddy once again. Some started planning for next year's trip, others were disorientated with the University surroundings, while the majority of us were suffering from the DTs. Finally, AUSKI would like to thank all the Trippers without whom the trip would not be possible. Secondly, hugs and kisses from Nick, and the crew, to our generous Sponsors: JBB, WEST END, UNIBAR, CAMTECH, BANK SA, MOSSIMO, PARALLEL LINES, AU SPORTS ASSOCIATION, and the sensational team at HOYS TOURIST SERVICE.

****Just as a quick reminder, don't forget SNOWBALL 99!!**

AUSKI July Trip Reunion. Wednesday 11th August at the Unibar 7pm. Entry \$5 for non-members, free drink on entry, drink specials, video preview, photo swap and prizes.

N. Briggs and S. O'Fathartaigh

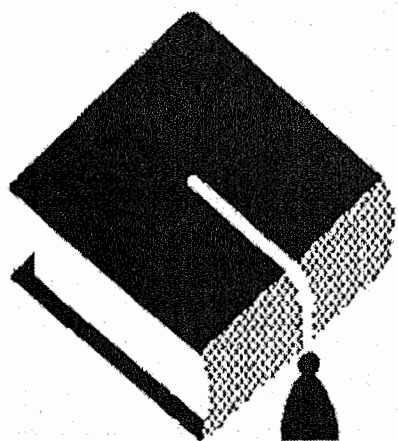
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annual student elections

Election week for the 1999 SAUA and AUU Elections shall be: Monday, 30th August until Friday, 3rd September 1999
Nominations open: 9.00 am, Thursday 5th August 1999. Nominations close: 4.00 pm, Friday 13th August 1999

NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

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

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 12th August.
Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 13th August.

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including policy statement and photograph, if desired) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Candidates, upon lodging a nomination form, shall receive: SAUA ... a general guide for the conduct of the election, the SAUA Election Regulations, the SAUA Election Material policy and the SAUA Poster Policy; AUU ... a general guide for the conduct of the election, the Union's Election Regulations and the Union's Poster Policy. Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Students' Association office by telephone on (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005) or by contacting the Union Administration Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

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

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid position.
For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

SAUA PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, full time)

Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, half time)

Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, half time)

Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER (1 position, paid, half time, candidates must be female)

Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER (1 position, paid, quarter time)

Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS (2 positions [1 female, 1 male], paid, each position quarter time)

Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR (1 position, paid, requires a great deal of time in summer holidays, position until mid-March 1999)

Responsible for SAUA's 1998 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Camp, O'Tours, O'Ball, O'Guide and Counter Calendar.

ON DIT EDITOR(S) (1 position, paid, requires many weekends during 1999, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors)

Responsible for the publication of SAUA's student newspaper which is published most weeks during academic term. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of producing a student newspaper (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S) (1 position, paid, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors)

Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on SUV, the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL (8 positions, meets fortnightly)

The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers. Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

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

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

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

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ENVIRONMENT STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

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

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

NUS DELEGATES (6 positions)

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

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION BOARD (18 positions)

Union board is the governing body of the Union. Board is directly responsible for the Union Complex, Craft Studio and Gallery. The Union also provides funding for the Students' Association, Sports Association, Roseworthy Student Union, Postgraduate Students' Association, Overseas Students' Association, Clubs Association and Waite Student Groups among others. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate.

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (5 positions)

The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

For further information contact the respective office bearer, Alida Parente - SAUA President, Jane Kelsall - SAUA Office Manager, Jo England - AUU Management & Events Assistant or the Returning Officer. Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401

KISS *and Tell...*

Company B Belvoir's production of
David Hare's
The Judas Kiss
(Season closed)

Well yes, it was a rude play. But of course! After all, it is a 'history play' about Oscar Wilde, dramatising in two acts first the last moments leading up to his trial in London for 'gross indecency,' and then the aftermath in Naples following Wilde's release from his two year incarceration. Weirdly enough, citizens of some other States have responded in moral 'horror' at the explicitly simulated (heterosexual) oral sex, which opens the play. This I am happy to say was not the Adelaide response. Dowagers a-plenty rustled up clouds of camphor fumes from their mouldering furs, risking certain RSI with their incessant gleeful focussing and refocussing of the opera glasses with which they hungrily drank in the treats dangled before them (I kid you not). And treats there were. The enthusiastic engagement of the maid and butler sets the aesthetic tenor of the opening act within which we observe the debate over whether Wilde should remain in England or flee the charges being brought against him. The motel staff serve his 'last supper,' giving opportunity for displays of Wilde's absurd generosity of spirit (and of his friend's finances) in the face of society's pieties, whilst his lover Bosie (Malcolm Kennard) and his friend Robert Ross (Glenn Hazeldine) attempt to influence Wilde. A difficult task by definition. This is a play of morals, where the audience is confronted by the actions of a great man, a tragi-comedy where 'moral' judgement is challenged by the humanity of 'the sinner.' Yet is Wilde without fault? We are presented with



his character, manners and tastes, his predilection for affection and his (idiosyncratic) sense of justice and left to decide for ourselves, like jurists at his trial. The audience in the hot seat.

In the second act we see Wilde, exiled in Italy and suffering the betrayals of his lover, Bosie, who lacks the moral dignity to match his self-indulgence. The set is stripped bare, with a sheet draped across the rear above a single bed, a table of bottles on the opposite wall, and a chair, centre stage, upon which Wilde sits for the duration of the act. From the physical limitations of the chair Brown gives us a bravura performance, all but 'becoming' Wilde. The effect is mesmerising - and great theatre, which was acknowledged by the majority of the audience, who responded with a well deserved standing ovation at the curtain.

Farley Wright

Shite Roof?

Why not make a change for the crunchier with
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DIY roofing kit including a box
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Back from the Brink

Theatre that's good enough to go to



Brink Productions' performance of Jez Butterworth's *MOJO* Jun 29 @ The Space (Season closed)

Mojo is as brash as its name forewarns. A neat two acts, loud, in your face, pumped by rock-and-roll 50's attitude and fuelled by amphetamines and alcohol. This is black comedy on a path towards nervous self-immolation. The show kicks off with Johnny Silver (Jeremy Schwerdt) up front as the prize object of desire - a commodity of song and sex talent - upon which the protagonists have hung all their hopes. The deal is nearly in the bag, the 'guys' are on the edge...and we watch as it all falls apart.

Sydney (Richard Kelly) and Sweets (David Mealor) hold nothing back as they plunge the audience into the moment. The confidence and commitment with which their machine-gun delivery of lines confronts us creates an alienation which conveys

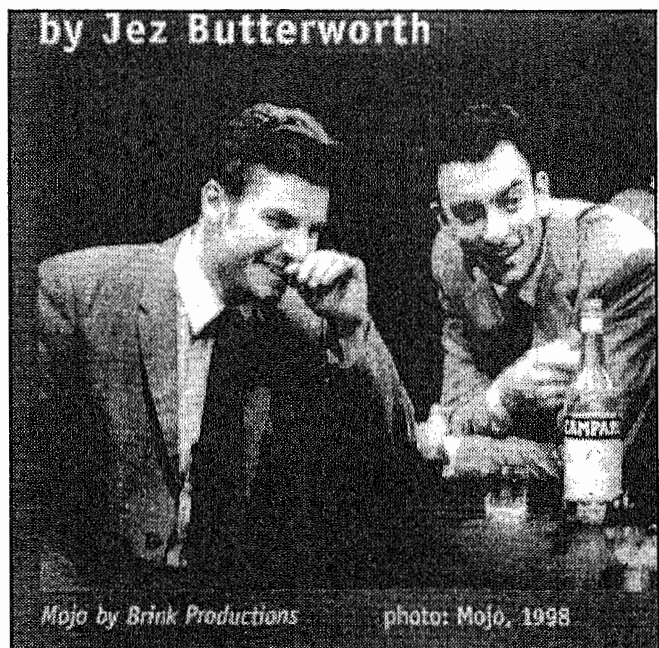
a sense of infectious authenticity to the near panic before us. Clever stuff and done well. The brutality of the way they treat the pathetic Skinny Luke (John Molloy) is, appropriately, vile... fleshing out a well written set of interactions which develop the characters. Each character's stage entrance brings another larger-than-life figure, not melodramatic or caricatured, but something more 'intense' than straight reality. So I wasn't surprised when it took me a couple of minutes to recognise Paul

Moore (playing Mickey), whom I'd only interviewed several weeks before. This was characterisation, not costume. Paul never flinched from the focussed tightness with which Mickey stalks the action, attempting to outmanoeuvre the other players in the pack. And they all wait for doom. All except Baby (Justin Raliffe), whose

attitude confuses and engages and drops hints of possible sub-plots and counter-plots and then turns them upside down again. The whole cast were brilliant, and obviously having fun with some great roles. But what does it mean? The banner of the Night Club which they all dream of controlling, "Ezra's Atlantic Salutes Young People," gives a hint: EASY People! But you can read that as many ways as a political party policy statement.

Which makes the play nothing if not interesting. Imogen Thomas's set works a treat and Benedict Andrews' direction has managed to transmute the experience of two previous seasons into a feverish drive. If you saw *Mojo*, then you'll have enjoyed it; if you didn't see it, you'll have to hope they continue to hone their fangs on this theatrical gem.

Farley Wright



It's as easy as...

Better Arts Calendar

Workshops are now being conducted to help get artists involved in the Fringe 2000 experience. So if you want to participate in some way, or any information about the registration process, venues, marketing, production and other opportunities contact Mark Sheply at the Artists Bureau on 8231 7760 for more details.

Flinders City Gallery on Grote St is showing *Stigma*, an exhibition of work by five artists from Melbourne exploring different stigmas that single individuals out in a crowd, focusing on this exhibition on the stigma artists bear. Runs until the 29th of August.

Closer opens on the 27th of this month at the Space Theatre until the 7th of August. The show is aimed at a student population and thus is full of sex, I believe predominantly of the cyber sort. *Closer* is promised to be a 'caustic comedy' not to be missed. *Salome* also opens on the 27th at the Optima Playhouse.

Anima Gallery in the Malcolm Reid building has two of last years Underdale graduates showing, getting a head start on SALA (South Australian Living Artists) week. *Goldenbrown* is an show of simple but sometimes emotive abstracts.

*Sometimes there is nudity
at the theatre...*

Better Tips

1. Buy a ticket.
2. Put on your glad-rags.
3. Attend the performance indicated on your ticket.
4. Later, talk about the performance in a lift.
5. We recommend comparing it to French impressionist cinema from the forties.



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SINGAPORE AIRLINES 

For The Birds

In the first part of a new regular feature Aldo Longobardi looks at the problems with weddings

I have briefly touched on the concept of Wogisms at special events, such as the unending banquet one can expect at weddings, birthdays, christenings, funerals, coming of ages and breakfasts. But I was reminded of some other details by a close friend recently who recalled what an American tourist whom we befriended told us during his stay in Adelaide. Another one for the list of Only In Americas, apparently it is uncouth and even illegal to throw paper confetti or bridal rice as newly weds exeunt the Church (or garden, or as they yell "I Doooooo!" whilst jumping out of a plane dressed tragically like Ike and Tina Turner, as you would if you were American.) Yes, Greenpeace, and I am not making this up, has pushed for eco-friendliness in all aspects of life including the wedding ceremony.

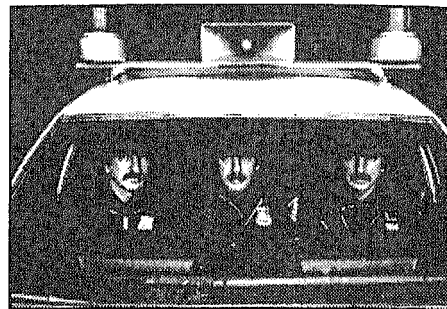
Firstly paper is bad for the environment, it's just wastage really. And if you've ever been to a wedding (as I have many a time) or have been married yourself (which I haven't and knowing my luck probably never will), you can expect to find remnants of paper confetti in shoes, bedsheets, even the breadbin for at least nine years after the actual event. I would have thought that the rice would have been much better as an alternative because it would be much easier collected, put into a plastic sachet and taken home to prepare the family meal.

But it seems that again I am mistaken. Bridal rice has also been outlawed by the nation that allows Judge Judy any sort of public recognition at all. For the life of me I could not understand why. I was thinking perhaps if photographs or videos of newlyweds were to be seen or aired in Third World nations, where there isn't even enough rice to throw at an Apartheid activist in a fit of rebellion, it would be like saying to these people, "We have more rice than we know what to do with" and blowing a huge global raspberry. I

often wondered why it is that people in Third World nations who are always in famine with a worldwide social plea to "Give Us More Rice" didn't just think, "hey, those Americans are doing well for themselves. They just throw their food around like there's no tomorrow. Kids! Pack your bags! We're moving to the Land of MoreRice!" Which I think I could advocate.

Perhaps the reason why these Third World people haven't moved to the States is because bridal rice itself is really not that delectable as a delicious, wholesome or attractive meal. And I think you'll find it has something to do with Japanese minimalism – simplicity and utility. The Japanese don't even have enough time in their lives for tall trees let alone preparing a rice dish that is both visually and nutritionally satisfying. It would have been different, I imagine, if the practice of food throwing at weddings was initiated by a Wog. I could see the whole reception banquet being tossed into the air at the approaching newly weds: "I now pronounce you husband and wife...oh look out, here comes the lasagne!" It would go right down to the continental cakes and espresso coffee for desert. Oh look, there goes a chocolate éclair!

Still I was confused about the banning of rice issue and the Third World situation was the only thing that made any sense at all. Until David, our American friend, alerted us to the real reason. Apparently rice was banned because of the fact that birds who decided to attend the wedding ceremonies around America were partial to the rice and would peck at the grains left lying on the floor. Birds cannot digest rice, there is something in it that causes their stomachs to explode, and as a result they would choke and die there and then on the steps of the Church. I was amazed that the nation with the highest level of street crime and murder in the world, that cannot even control homicide, thought it appropriate to tackle the problem of pigeon massacre and drop the death toll quite significantly with the switch from rice. I couldn't care less about those bloody birds. Serves them right for gate crashing I say. There is nothing worse than putting on your Sundays best or your new



This is car 55, we need back up, there's a seagull down.

outfit from Joyrene's Frock Salon and have some uninvited winged guest pooing all over your tassels. And, anyway, I don't think there are enough wedding albums sporting the bridal party with family on the steps of the chapel and half a dozen dead pigeons carefully arranged at their feet.

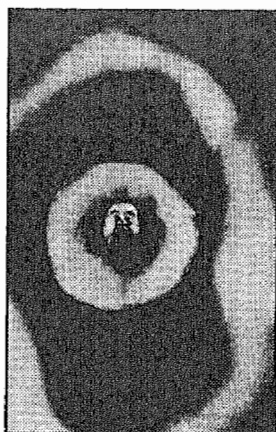
Now many loosely use the term that the world or America in general has "gone to the dogs" but I am suddenly convinced it is simply "for the birds". It is now apparently customary for wedding guests to come armed with hand grenades. That would be a pouch made of fine tissue paper filled with Trill birdseed. As the chapel doors open, the war begins. As the Trill-grenades make contact with the happy couple, the 98 year old great-grandmother in the wheelchair on the other side who you hit by mistake, or the bitch sister-in-law that you aimed at purposely because she ran out and bought the same new frock as you, the stupid slut, birdseed explodes, satisfying the confetti illusion and the pigeons who come swarming down in the hundreds for lunch, creating such a ruckus thus scaring the 98 year old woman who is practically on life support to death and she passes out on the steps. The birds finish off the seeds then get started on her! Now, every time I am met with a swarmful of pigeons, as any young healthy sane person would do, I am inclined to smack the feathered family firmly with my right boot which sends them flying up against the church wall causing them to explode on impact. Apparently the Americans much prefer mass killings, visible bird intestines smeared across walls and a near century-old human carcass being pecked at by a flock of pigeons in the background in their wedding photographs. I for one consider this bad taste, but this is America we are discussing here.

Smoke me

I strike aloft like a chimney,
And whiffle amongst the world.
Not in a cloud but a magnificent
stream,
That runs until it's furled.

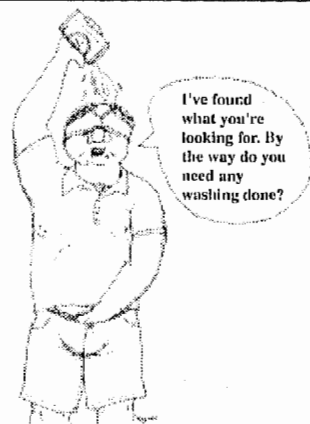
And when my breath's complete,
I linger more, I yearn
To empower people watching by the
street,
And see my companion burn.

Yet still I draw pollutants
To the factory of my heart,
Where one too most are victims,
That is, a quick cure from the start.



A glowing end comes nearer
As the smoke leaps here about,
In such a world;
where I could die tomorrow
when my smokes has been trodden
out.

Lindsay D. Lachlan



The winner of our caption contest is the enigmatic and delightful David Monaghan. Come down to the office during the week to collect your prize.

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1999
SEASON

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www.statetheatre.sa.com.au/1999/06.htm

"Don't be a pussy. Life without risk is death. Desire, like the world, is an accident. The best sex is anonymous. We live as a dream. ALONE I'll make you come like a train."

Scene 3 LONDON F*** Internet chat room

by **PATRICK MARBER**

DIRECTOR BENEDICT ANDREWS

DESIGNER JUSTIN KURZEL

LIGHTING MARK PENNINGTON

SOUND MAX LYANDVERT

WITH SYD BRISBANE, PAUL ENGLISH,

RHONDDA FINDLETON AND LEEANNA WALSMAN

27 JUL — 14 AUG

PREVIEWS 23, 24, 26 JULY

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Don't Forget! The EFSA BBQ Barr Smith Lawns 11am - 2pm Mon 26th July, Wed 28th July & Thurs 29th July

4 Swap Your Books

The EFSA Book Exchange is happening.

5 Swap Your Books on the Internet

The book-eXchange is a new website designed specifically for students to buy and sell textbooks and access student services and contacts throughout

1 Notice of an Annual General Meeting

Where: Don Stranks Room Level 5 Union Building

Adelaide University Sports Association Inc will be holding its Annual General Meeting on Thursday 29th July, 1999 at 1pm in the WP Rogers Room (level 5 - behind the Bar) followed directly by Sports Council.

2 Medical Stuff for Sale

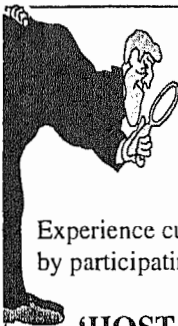
Cheap Brand New
Lab Coats Only \$25
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Phone 8352 3762
After 6PM

Steel-capped shoes \$20
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3 Get Your Stuff Looking Good

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- weekends
- day outings
- or a meal

For further information, please contact IPO on 8303 4828.

International Programs Office, Level 6, Old Classics Wing via Wills Building, phone: 8303 4828, fax: 8303 4352, email: baldeep.kaur@adelaide.edu.au

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To promote this site, we are currently offering free access for all students to list unwanted textbooks for sale on the internet, and searches for textbooks to purchase from other students at discount prices.

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6 Get Yourself a Car

NISSAN PULSAR: 1983, 5 speed, hatchback, Red, runs very well, Reg: UAU 113

\$1700 ono.

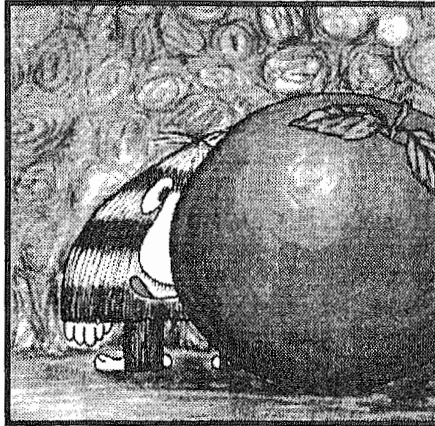
Ring Mark on
8264 2312 (h) or
8303 3237 (w)
or email:
<mickrel@maths.adelaide.edu.au>

7 Get Yourself a Computer

COMPUTERS/PRINTERS
2 Macintosh SE Computers
- Give Away
4 Macintosh Computers \$75
- \$300.00 o.n.o
2 Laser Printers \$150.00
o.n.o
Counselling Centre
Ground Floor, Horace Lamb
Building
Phone: 8303 5663

8 Find out where the EO Office is

From the first week in July the Equal Opportunity office



**Grug says,
"Give me
more space
in *On Dit*. I
need it."**

(previously located on the Hughes Plaza) and the Warringa Health Service (previously located on the ground floor of the Horace Lamb building) have switched premises. This move aims to locate in a more prominent place a heavy demand student/staff service such as the Health Service. The full range of services from both units will continue to operate without disruption.

New signs will be placed at the service

points, at the perimeter gate and on campus directory boards. Phone numbers and all other contact details remain unchanged.

9 Audition

Auditions for Crescent Company
Original one act plays Sept season,
Sat 31st
Info - call Chris 0414 950 255



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE Social Phobia Research Study

Are you bothered by excessive shyness, timidity, fear of embarrassment of speaking in front of people? Do you often fear rejection? Do these fears cause you to avoid relationships or activities? Are they distressing to you?

Do you have problems with any of the following:

- Are easily hurt by criticism
- Few close friends outside of your family
- Unwilling to get involved with people unless certain of being liked
- Avoid social or occupational activities that involve significant contact with others, especially strangers or people in authority
- Avoid social situations because of a fear of saying something inappropriate or foolish, or being unable to answer a question
- Fear of being embarrassed by blushing, crying, shaking or appearing anxious in front of people
- Exaggerate the possible difficulties, dangers or risks involved in doing something outside your normal routine

We are seeking individuals to participate in a study. To register your interest or for further information, call Dr Nick Potts at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital on 8222 7062

LAURELS

on a Peg

Cookie's Fortune
Palace and Trak Cinemas
Now Showing

I have to admit at the outset that I am not really a Robert Altman fan. Sure everyone raves about *Short Cuts* and *The Player*. Rave, rave, bloody rave. Personally I couldn't find anything truly remarkable about either film except that they were excruciatingly long. To my surprise *Cookie's Fortune* was something else entirely. In a nutshell, this film is brilliant. Set in Holly Springs, Mississippi (the home of murder, mayhem and catfish enchiladas), this film takes the brilliant mind of Altman away from the sterile subject of Hollywood or anything else too grand for the screen. This time Altman is dealing with people and with this subject he is both delicate, sensitive and genuinely funny. The opening direction is extraordinary as the absence of explanatory dialogue allows

the viewer to leap ahead and make assumptions that comment more on social conditioning than on society itself.

When Jewel Mae "Cookie" Orcutt (Patricia Neal) is found dead the mysterious tale of a family is slowly unraveled. At the heart of this film is the concern that we make too many assumptions. Assumptions of guilt as well as of who people really are. We are either too eager to accept people as they are or to assume that they are who we think they are. From an outsider's view we are always the outsider. This approach to personal history gives the investigating officers a warmth which they can tend to lack in contemporary representations. Chris O'Donnell is funny as the bumbling, idiot cop madly in love with Cookie's niece, Emma Duvall (Liv Tyler). It is the Duvall family that is the most sinister institution in the Holly Springs community as you discover through meeting Emma's

mother and her aunt (played by Julianne Moore and Glenn Close respectively). Described as "southern gothic" this film highlights the secrets of family life and the dramatic consequences of concealing the truth from the people we live with. Although the script is by Anne Rapp, 'acting' again plays an important part in Altman's latest work. The story centers around the Easter performance of Wilde's *Salome* at the local Church. Despite the seeming goodness of this religious community, it takes a catastrophic event like the "murder" of Cookie to make some members of the community stop acting.

I was genuinely surprised by this film. Altman might still be regarded as Hollywood's most inconsistent and promising director, but for mine *Cookie's Fortune* is the sort of peg that any artist can rest their laurels on. Great cast, great screenplay, brilliant direction.

Anthony Paxton

LOCAL

is Luverly

Sally Marshall is Not an Alien
Now Showing at cinemas everywhere

Adapting a book for the screen is a hard task at any level. With recent Australian efforts such as *The Boys* and *In The Winter Darkness*, *Sally Marshall is Not an Alien*, filmed, directed and produced in Adelaide, is another brave attempt to achieve such a feat, while still appealing to its younger audience.

Based on the book by Amanda McKay, the director Mario Andriachio tells the story of Pip, a young school girl, who is forced into a bet by Ronnie, the

school bully, to prove that her next door neighbour, the weird looking new kid, Sally Marshall, is not an alien. Although confident at first, she soon has her doubts as Sally Marshall proves to be no ordinary kid. Befriending Sally to find out more, Pip soon realises that the peculiarities of her neighbour counts for little and that their friendship count for much more.

Sally Marshall can be enjoyed by any member of the audience due to its likeable characters and universal themes concerning society's fear of difference. This enjoyment, however, is unfortunately hindered by some poor script

editing, giving it a very high cringe factor. At times, the actors are given dialogue that may have worked well in the original novel, but are entirely unsuitable for their characters in the film, making their performances seem either overly emotional, or unnatural and wooden. Furthermore, many scenes were unnecessary for plot development, making the story drag on and on.

Although certainly not equalling Adelaide's other past film successes, *Sally Marshall is not an Alien* is still an entertaining film, but perhaps only for kids with long concentration spans on half-price Tuesdays.

TRAPPED

in a Metal Box with a Pack of Idjits

L5: First City in Space
IMAX
Now Showing

If this is the first city in space, then I don't want to go there. For starters, it's claustrophobic, over sanitised and kind of seventies looking. They can make a city in space but they can't invent a new colour scheme? Please. Secondly, it's populated by a bunch of overly earnest looking young folk from a properly diverse range of ethnic backgrounds, a bunch of mawkish children who look as if they may well be 'differently abled' and some bloke in a felt sack who wishes he was Alec Guinness. Why would I go to space to hang out in a painfully small space-station with a swarm of pillocks who I'd doubtless hide behind the couch rather than answer the door to if

I were still on earth? I can't possibly imagine. Thirdly, their animals are kept in batteries, convincing a generation of impressionable viewers like myself that finding adequate space to house a goat is just not a priority. What have these people been doing for the last 30 years? Watching old episodes of *Blake 7* so they can imitate the futuristic hair-styles?

These concerns should be secondary to gaping at the special effects. They're all right. Nothing more. I was frustrated by the fact that the movie advertises having "real footage of Jupiter" but I'll be bugged if I could tell you where. Call me old fashioned, but I like to know what's actually a planet and what's actually the electronic doodling of some spotty faced Doogie Houser type getting paid far too much in some Los Angeles studio to create stoopid

movies I don't want to see. Perhaps my inability to tell the difference between real and created footage is testimony to the quality of the film but I tell you, it didn't feel like that to me.

By far and away the most irritating feature of *L5: First City in Space* was the lack of actual space. Like that *Back to the Cretaceous* movie, there seemed to be far too much emphasis on the so called "plot", which in both instances revolved around the puerile goings-on of a painfully idealised nuclear family. If I pay my \$16 (or however much it costs to see these things) to see a movie about space, I want to see some space, real actual space, not made up space, and certainly not some gape-mouthed tot feeding a chicken.

No Siree.

Nel

Free Movie Tickets.

I love them. You love them.

Even that cheesy gunk in my navel likes them.

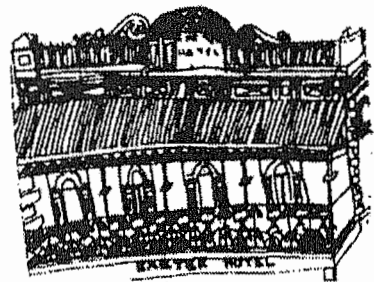
So. You want one?

Come down to On Dit on Friday 30th at 2pm
and we'll give you a double pass to

TWO HANDS

the movie with Bryan Brown and that bloke
who was in that movie that was an update of
that Shakespeare whatsit.

I heard it was good.



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POET OR PRESS MAGNATE
TO ENJOY PLEASANT
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LET

Write be Done

**The Winslow Boy
Palace and Trak Cinemas
Now Showing**

Let Right Be Done is the slogan supporting the Winslow Boy's case. It is the expression used by the Attorney-General too in granting a petition against the Crown. One can almost say that about David Mamet's recent work. This is Mamet's first directorial effort since his immensely popular *The Spanish Prisoner*. Mamet doesn't need to impress us anymore. He brought us *Glen Garry Glen Ross* and recently the screenplay to Barry Levinson's *Wag The Dog*. But we can so quickly forget that he is also responsible for the scripts of not only *The Untouchables* but *We're No Angels* as well. With all this as well as the fact that *The Winslow Boy* is a period piece I was more than prepared to give up before I'd sat down. What I saw more than impressed me.

The story is that of young Ronnie Winslow. On being ejected from the Naval Corp for supposedly stealing five shillings he is forced to return home to face his father. The Winslow family accepts the boy's innocence and attempts to achieve justice for one of many unrepresented individuals in 1912. What ensues is a thoughtful tale of one family against the State. Such a grandiose plot would have been a blunder under the direction of a less sensitive artisan. Not only is Mamet's direction accomplished, focused and imaginative but his language is just as powerful as it has always been. In a story of subtle and perfect poignance, Mamet has produced one of the coffee and cake movies of the decade. Whether one could suggest that *The Winslow Boy* out-Carringtons *Carrington* is doubtful, but with the ensemble of Mamet's production you

wouldn't be far wrong. The cast is first rate and the original play is a fantastic base. This is the second recent cinematic attempt at a Terence Rattigan play. If you enjoyed *The Browning Version* with Albert Finney and Matthew Modine then you will adore *The Winslow Boy*. This time Mamet has written the adaptation and with Nigel Hawthorne at the helm of the cast, this film was never going to be anything short of spell-binding. Rebecca Pidgeon is flawless as Ronnie's sister, Catherine. A Suffragette and formidable woman of 1912, she is the pivotal character in this complicated drama. Several themes of domestic and political authority are questioned in this intelligent and timely portrayal and it is in Catherine that these concomitant concerns of justice and representation are expressed. Hoorah to Mamet for what can truly be declared a work of immense beauty.



Anthony Paxton



I'm a University student, so I used to spend a lot of time sitting on my arse. Not anymore. I read in a magazine that unless I cleanse, tone and moisturise, no one will have sex with me. So now I use

BEAUT-O-MAX
with Vitamin Q

and on Saturday I copped a root. Thank you BEAUT-O-MAX.

SPIKE's rising star

Notting Hill
Greater Union and Selected Cinemas
Now Showing

What is it with throwing Americans in pommy movies these days? Think *Sliding Doors* and Gwynyth. *Notting Hill* boasts the glamour of Julia Roberts, thrown like a silky cat among pigeons, amid less glamorous members of the cast. Roberts hardly stretches her acting ability in this film. She plays herself, or at least someone very much like her: a megastar on megabucks. Hugh Grant is in there too. He plays the same sort of character he always plays, with his floppy hair, light pink shirt and habit of tripping over his tongue. 'Divine Brown who?' you think, as you drink in his cutesy,

crinkled grin. *Notting Hill* is an unusual tale of Mr. Average meeting Ms. Famous, when she happens upon his travel book store (more often than not 'in the red') in London. In between spilling orange juice on her blouse and introducing her to his inexcusable flatmate 'Spike', William (Grant) manages to seduce international movie star 'Anna Scott' (Roberts), in spite of himself. The rest of the movie aside, it is worth making the effort just to catch the antics of Spike. William's flatmate's an artist, skinny as a rake, with a slightly deficient IQ and a penchant for wearing T-shirts with dirty slogans and trousers that show off his bum-crack. He goes about his business unaware the world is staring, and is oddly endearing.

William's family and friends are no less adorable. His sister has 'googly' eyes and thinks Anna wants to be her best friend, one friend is wheelchair-bound, and another is a failed stockbroker. At parties, they sit over dinner arguing who is the biggest failure of them all. The pressures of fame, the loneliness beyond the flashing cameras, is highlighted by Julia's character 'Anna Scott'. Though she may have made 15 million on her last film, she just wants to be loved. *Notting Hill* is a bumbling, romantic tale, with genuine laughs (and without canned laughter). If you have change left over from catching *Star Wars* and *Austin Powers*, then it may well pay to see this film, despite the lack of hype.

Carla Caruso

WORLDSEND

Pint

Hotel

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The Antipodes of insanity

"only those who are insane truly have strength to prosper, yet only those who prosper truly judge what is sane . . ."

LOGICAL INDUCTION AND THE POST-NIETZSCHEAN REVOLUTION

With only minor theoretical variability, the preeminence of logical induction instils us with paranoia. The alternative post-Nietzschean ideological nerve-gas, limits the validity of post-industrial philosophies, thus stimulating anti-behaviourist metaphors which encourage obsequious genuflexion for gyroscopic homiletic socio-cultural instrumentality (see Fig 3.2). Thus alienating the independent qualities of perlustrated insinuated discourses, and nacreously unblotting pragmatic post-Austinean canticles, and tintinnabulating the social-information networks with convex trunnion, yet paradoxically de-hiscenced rhapsodical anti-rationalism (Refer to appendix 1). In the deconstructed assembly-room of academia,

little remains but a decapitated doll's head of pseudo-humanity, lying upon the sawdust of decimated logical principles. Just as god is dead, so too the rational in the rational animal is dead.

Appendix 1. The eugenic dawn of life's enigmatic revelries, with fixed and lonely gazes like lifeless salinised pools (see quote A) whose melancholic surface reveals its soul's entirety, within a mocking vessel of submerged and rotting buses piled one atop another, with twisted tubes of spagettical

bio-matter-internality suspended tranquilly throughout, green organic fur hairifying its elongations, seeping from the gastric depths of utopic corpses with bundles of fish-eyed extensions forming a field of scrutinising growths, obscenely intelligent, feeding sense data through stalks into the homogenised mass penetrating the pasture of twisted mash, hosting its innocuous thoughts of minute oscillating umbrellas pimpling mannequin's plastic flesh as they roll around and round, over and over, and under and under, down a network of interlinking conveyer belts driven ever down by the rhythmicturns of shushing mechanisms, coursing and directing the pseudo-corpses into flaming infernos emitting twirling and turning smoke, its woolly fingers choking the grey canopy sky, mirrored by vast stretches of sea wherein triangular fish dart upwards into the weary void, transforming by stages of mathematical regularity, fin to wing, scale to feather, soaring as iconically pointed birds to pierce a bloated blimp above the pinkish chewing gum plastic, stretching in strings, as the artificial humanity melts its final melt.

Quote A: "A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. The fluviate trees next the shore are the slender eyebrows which fringe it, and the wooded hills and cliffs are its overhanging brows."
- Thoreau

Appendix 2. The lasting inadequacies of molecular cogs to say that which is still human, smite systematically at the machine's ghost so as to unsay the founding myths of humanity, its greatest hour being its final, not for existing but being great, for genius is the severe veracity of proven ignorance, and established amorality, guiding values to a sophistic doom, a baptism of slashing verifications, a pantomime player made contemptible, its poetry lost, inculcators of illusionary linguistic dichotomies, slamming the door at death's dead-end. After all, where does one store madness but in oneself? Kafka would have approved.
Get proshed.

Brentyn Ramm.



COLLEGE OF RARE AND ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY

The unknown = infinite theories = infinite possible supporting

solutions = belief based on argument or rare or inevitable

coincidence = The unknown.

Thus confirming the statement "the wisest person is he who knows he knows nothing at all".

The future like the unfathomable past is only true when the solution is obvious or inevitable. You all smell.

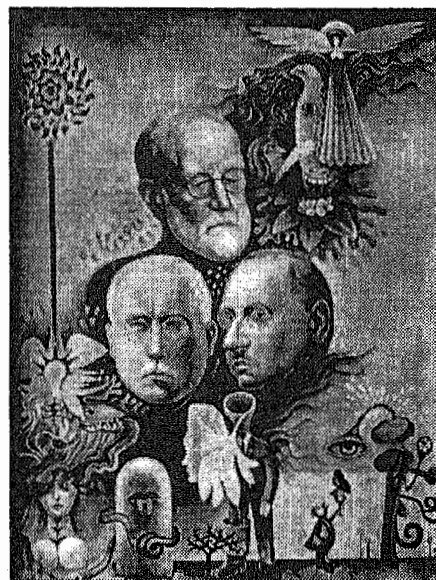
Shianolla Poopal dropping the bomb on the cerebrally diseased mazes of the mind.

THOUGHT, DREAMS AND INSANITY

What is a Thinker (with a capital T)? I define it as, someone who doesn't just have a philosophical issue occasionally appear vaguely at the periphery of their mind, but whose struggles and strains with the slippery binds of reality, and whose constant writhing within the intestines of truth, make up an important part of their daily existence. You're cleaning your teeth, and you wonder whether it was determined that you would squeeze that much toothpaste onto your brush, so you squeeze some more, and from the middle just to be different and not so nice as your usual self, as if this proves that you have free will. You go to the toilet and wonder whether the social taboo about discussing what happens in that small square room is due to the low survival value of being interested in shit (and why do we sit in that little room? Imagine a grand shining throne sitting in the middle of a field - far more pleasant (and why do we think God has more trouble seeing us in the toilet just because its an enclosed room with a ceiling (and even worse why do we think God should be looking down from the sky? Why not through your own eyes or even up from inside the toilet? The fear of a voyeur God is a less popular, but more practical, argument for atheism. Anyhow I find myself ranting - or do I only call it ranting because it is a discourse that falls outside the socially defined realms of normal? An x-female acquaintance, J.O (1999), once said: 'You think too much' (I've written far too many essays for psychology (Ramm, 1999. This article)).

But what is thinking too much? Is it when you think so much that your thoughts never cease such that you can no longer do anything?'

This, of course, would be insanity. If some day I found insanity waiting at my mind's-threshold, it wouldn't be an unexpected visit. There seems to be something pretty cool about being able to say to someone - 'Yeah, I was insane for a while. Frankly, its overrated.' Insanity is just a case of one's thought processes working at one extreme of the normal, everyday mental continuum. By this definition genius is just as much a form of insanity. The only real difference between genius and insanity is that the cognitive products of genius are useful to the present socio-cultural environment. Thus in some cultures, hallucinations are a sign of a blessed person - someone in contact with the spirits of their ancestors. In our society it is a product of "a cognitively deficient" mind. Its not really that schizophrenics are cognitively deficient, just non-conforming to established ritual and social convention. All our talk of "cognition" assumes that the brain is just some type of fancy computer. Unsurprisingly, cultures that do not have computers use different metaphors to understand the mind. It seems that sanity and insanity are graded. All of us are insane every now and then. So much so that being insane is quite everyday, such that some one who never acted insane would be the insane one. A theory that really freaks me out is about the purpose of sleep. I mean what is sleep? Each night we go into this weird trance. Why? Some say it is restorative (for getting rid of wastes and regenerating chemicals). Others say it is an evolutionary device for getting us out of the way of predators at night. In any case, sleep deprivation seems to have no adverse effects - we don't need to sleep. The hell we don't, anyone who's undertaken an all-nighter will say. But evidence seems to suggest that the adverse effects of sleep-deprivation are actually due to the deprivation of dreams. People that are deprived of dreams, grow gradually more paranoid, their ability to think and learn deteriorates, hallucinations may occur, and they eventually start to experience microsleeps - which seem to be short periods of dreaming whilst awake. Mitchner (1983) proposes that information



overload causes glitches in the mind and that dreams are used to purge this excess garbage. And here's the connection, accordingly throughout the day we think normally, but as information overloads the system we gradually go insane. We then fall into this trance (conveniently at night) to reorganise our minds, and bring us back to sanity for another 16 hours. Now I don't know about you, but looking at sleep and dreams in this fashion, freaks the hell out of me: I've got six months off now, so I believe I'll have to try a stint of sleep deprivation. Whadaya think? Four days of sleep deprivation a good number? I'll keep you informed - perhaps I'll even keep a journal and publish it. I wonder if Centrelink would record this as an accredited activity:

'Yeah, um hi Mr big and scary Centrelink person, I haven't been looking for any jobs because I've been conducting my own sleep deprivation experiments....' 'No I haven't been given a government grant, or funding to do so, and there isn't a scientific authority supporting my work, but since the government and scientific authority are just social constructions, I thought it'd be alright.' 'No sorry, I couldn't and in my fortnightly form because evidence shows that sleep deprivation causes temporary insanity...'' Yeah, sorry about that, but I might be feeling a bit saner next week...'

Brentyn Ramm.

CDs are for listening to. So why don't you read about them.

Music for Pleasure



Boyzone
"By Request"
Universal

Luke's HIT PICK

Are you actually reading this? Like, are you really interested in this band? Yes...? You sad, sad person! My CD player was threatening to divorce me when I showed it this CD. My other CDs were ready to

leave me, but I managed to convince them to stay... I told them that I would be ridded of this, and get a proper CD to make up. But my CD player is still not speaking. I doubt that it will ever forgive me, after playing this. I hope my speakers aren't too upset...

Anyway, if you're the type of person who can stay awake listening to 5AD for five minutes (a task I have never been able to fulfill), then this CD is for you. Very boring, droning young men fully 'thrash' it out to 'groovy' machine generated instruments. In the tradition of the Backyard Boys and Five, Boyzone have come out with a new album. Called 'By Request' (who would be stupid enough to request this stuff?), this album is a greatest hits by those 'oh soooo gorgeous' lads. It includes hits(?) like 'No Matter What', 'Father and Son', and 'When You Say Nothing At All' (I don't have a clue what these songs are, but there was a sticker on the front sleeve highlighting these tracks). On top of all that, you get a 'cool' booklet containing candid photos of those 'spunky' boys.

"... in my humble opinion, this is quite simply the best release of 1999."

Upon listening to this CD (no mean feat, I assure you), I found out that 'Father and Son' is a horrible cover of the Cat Stevens classic 'Father and Son'. It was a great song before, and then good 'ol Boyzone had to go and make it boring! Well done boys; if I hated your album before, I hate it more now!! Not only that, but they ALSO destroyed the BeeGee's 'Words'! And this group shifts units on the charts..... what is the world coming to....? It's a pity that Boyzone don't become like the ozone layer and disappear!

If you're still reading this now, please, I beg you, go out and buy some Korn, Metallica, Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Led Zeppelin. It will make you feel better, after reading this depressing review. However, if you are a little starstruck teenybopper, go and buy this, and try to stay awake. If you do buy it, just remember with a guilty conscience that you just contributed to the 'world fund for the destruction of real, rock music'. Get a life, teenyboppers!!!

Luke 'Rock On Forever' Balzan



Kula:Shaker
"Shower Your Love"
Single
Sony Music/Columbia

A strong Middle-Eastern influence is present at times during this very Beatlesque sounding song. This, of course, is referring to the later Beatles "drug-fucked" compositions. It is relatively catchy with its mid-tempo hypnotic beat but it is unlikely that it will make much impact on the "charts". No doubt this single will be a "must-have" for Kula:Shaker fans due to the B-Sides which consist of "Sound Of Drums" Live Radio 1 Session (meaning that production is top quality with no annoying crowd noises), "Light Of The Day" a slow ballad with strings / organ and a fun/joke / what-the-fuck?!? track called "The Dancing Flea" from Jay Darlington plays of the same name (kind of reminiscent of Tool's "Intermission" but a bit more fun / stupid / what-the-fuck?!?). At twelve and a half minutes though it makes you wonder whether record companies are even trying anymore to bluff the consumer that they are getting any real value for money these days.

Jorm

☆☆☆☆☆ 3/4

DARRIEN'S HANDY HINTS FOR MUSIC PLEASURE:

"When listening to music, wear headphones. They're good."

Simply Singles

FETTERED GNOMES IN GARDENS



Kate Ceberano
"I Won't Let You Down"
Mushroom

This song is off Ceberano's "Best Of" CD which is a bit of a worry. It is a showcase for synthesizers and has disjointed lyrics such as "I know I failed to treat you right as a woman don't let me out of here." The song is not a complete disaster, there are far worse songs living happy and fulfilling lives in radioland, but I don't think it deserves to be on anyone's "Best Of" album.

Catherine Evans



Felicity Hunter
"Hardcore Adore"
Single
Epic

"Hardcore Adore" is an abrasive rock song about a relationship gone wrong. Hunter has an angst ridden voice and while this song is bearable it is not original enough to be memorable.

Catherine Evans

Alexia
"The Music I Like"
Single

Electronic music magazine "Onion" recently describes this release as "light-weight, but not bad". If you do enjoy shaking your tatted up tush to vocal dance music, then this offering will occupy you, this is certain. Italian Eurodance-clubbing import Alexia's sufficiently smooth voice quavers in all five similar remixes of the title track, plus a (one supposes bonus) track, "Gimme Love".

For those interested, I'm unfortunately unable to expand on any major differences of each remix. There is whistle blowing in some, less tinny bases in others, but the gist of the track remains the same in each.

If you don't think you'd enjoy groovin' to this generic diva, then get out a cauldron and make a cheese fondue. This way you'd at least be able to eat cheese instead if listening to it.

Erik Brasse

Mary Gray
"Do Something"
Single
Epic

I was able to listen to "Do Something" on a record which was a bit of a novelty, but this song doesn't need any novelties because it is great on its own. It is an extremely funky song sung by Mary Gray, who has an extremely scratchy voice which is somehow appealing. The two songs on the other side, "Caligula" and "Murder" are worth a mention due to their sheer grooviness.

Catherine Evans

Will Smith
"Wild Wild West"

Will Smith's ditched his tropicana shirt and taken up a wild cowboy hat, in his new mass produced jivin' track. Will doesn't seem to understand the concept of variety in his music, but nevertheless does deliver something that makes you want to swing your rear end, or as will puts it, "getting bum rushed". DJ Jazzy Jeff and Dru Hill are featured and are responsible for scratching and vocals respectively. This track was pleasing to the ears in a Top 40 sort of way, and it did entertain a gender disoriented four year old. Whatever Will Smith found in the Wild Wild West seems to be working for him.

Catsie aka N. Montana

Josh Abrams and Amiel Daemion
"Headroom"
Single
Prozaac

Will probably not be as successful as "Totally Addicted to Bass", probably because it sounds all too much like a "weaker follow-up single".

Kele Le Roc
"Little Bit Of Lovin"
Single
Polydor/Universal Music

Black chick sings top 40 R'n'B. Beautiful voice.

Shame about the song - all four different remixes. The "Tuff Jams Classic Garage Mix" failed to impress while the "7 inch Rude Boy edit" (no really, that's what it's CALLED) left me similarly uninspired. One to steer clear of.

Latest release

Album of the Week



Powderfinger
"Internationalist"
 Grudge Records

If you haven't heard this album yet then you probably don't listen to Triple J much do you. These guys are the darlings of the rock/pop scene at the moment and with this consistent offering there isn't much wonder. *Double Allergic* began Australia's love affair with Powderfinger but it's with *Internationalist* that this band of Brisbane rockers have matured and made it more than evident that they are here to stay. From the fiery and anthemic "Belter" to the hugely popular "Already Gone" and "Don't Wanna Be Left Out" this album is full of hits. What more could you want from an album? Wait, there's more. Tiddas guest on "Passenger" and the locally resonant "Hindley Street" giving the hard edge of the Powder-boys a harmonic dimension. Even Magoo has jumped in to record "The

Day You Come", easily the stand out track on the album. Sure it might all be a bit operatic at times and just a little bit same-old experimental mid-west guitar rock but some people like that. Some would argue that that's what rock is anyway. I don't know, it's not up to me. You must know if you like them by now. If you do then buy the album, you won't be disappointed. If you don't like them then buy the album anyway because all of your friends have probably got it.

Anthony Paxton



Weddings Parties Anything
"... They were better live"
 Mushroom

This is a double live CD with as comprehensive range of songs, 32 in total which covers their life span as a band. Paul Kelly makes a guest appearance on "Laughing Boy" as does Tiddas on "For a Short Time".

Weddings Parties Anything were an extremely down to earth band who sang about everyday type of emotions and events such as child custody on "Fathers Day" and frustration at dealing with know it alls on "Monday's Experts"

This CD would be a great souvenir of their career for a fan and a comprehensive introduction for someone who isn't. I can't say if they were better live as I never saw them but judging by this CD, their shows sounded great fun.

Catherine Evans

BIS
 Action and Drama
 Polygram/wiija

This is a 5 track EP of very poppy guitar stuff with a little bit of electronic messing around. I like the instrumental backing well enough, but find the 'ironically' super-pop singing style quite off putting, especially since the lyrics are so crap.

NAS
 "I am"
 single
 Sony

The bass is pretty big, so I guess this is hardcore hip-hop. But this is Sony, how hardcore can it be? This record company seem to have a very efficient filtering system, making sure that nothing too frighteningly original gets through. Hip-hop minus freshness or originality = rubbish. Buy it and you're a sap.



**"I love
 rock 'n' roll"**



BETTER TIPS with JC

- drinking coffee keeps you awake.
- 24 hour room service is the greatest achievement of modern civilisation.
- methylated spirits is good for cleaning glass.
- cats are better than dogs.

talk with the finger ...

Anthony Paxton talks to JC about rock 'n' roll

Powderfinger are riding a wave of popular following their last two offerings to the table of Australian rock. That is not to say that Powderfinger are not a popular band or that they can't write a good tune. Quite the contrary. *Internationalist* has been mellowed by skillful art and meticulous mixing. This being the case it is little wonder that this bunch of Brisbane boys are loved by the radio producers of the country.

The band is currently rehearsing long hours for their upcoming tour of the country. *On Dit's* Anthony Paxton managed to catch-up with JC over the phone from the city with the QuicKat and the beautiful Brisbane River.

On Dit: So, what was the band direction after *Double Allergic* because *Internationalist* is a very different sound?

JC: Oh okay. I don't know. It was more just a thing that happened. We didn't just sit down and go, "Okay, next record. What are we going to do?" You know what I mean? We just wrote a lot of songs. I suppose for all of us we selected the songs that we liked the most and it's probably more an accidental direction. Obviously we didn't want the next album to sound like *Parables for Wooden Ears*. Yeah, I think it was hopefully more a bit of growth in the band with our writing and as writers so I hope it comes across. I'm not sure.

OD: Perhaps that's what it is, a maturing as song-writers. Powderfinger's earlier work started with a very complicated and hard style. Was this because of problems in the early days?

JC: Yeah, I think you're talking about more *Parables*. I think with that we just tried too hard. I think we thought it was very important to . . . I don't know. We were sort of a bit funny back then. We were a bit paranoid cause we got a record deal. I don't know what was going through our minds, but I think we tried to prove something to ourselves or something and it just didn't work. I think we just tried too hard to be something that we're not.

I think if you look at the three records it's a progression really, isn't it? Like with *Parables*, we were tempted to do something a bit technical I guess and then we just decided that we should just write songs. And then *Internationalist* is another step along from that.

OD: Powderfinger is pretty lucky in the Brisbane scene. There is a lot of life in Brisbane music which is undoubtedly related to the importance of bands like Powderfinger and Custard nationally.

JC: Of course, everyone's moving up here now.

OD: With the State Of Origin Cup going to Brisbane recently why wouldn't they? Did you watch it?

JC: I did actually. It's hard not to. As much as I don't really follow League, but I used to watch the Origin all the time just like everyone does but if it's on you watch it.

OD: Was Wimbledon eating into the band's rehearsal time?

JC: No not really. We're more cricket buffs. You could see a lot more tired eyes when the World Cup was on.

OD: When you're playing in Adelaide what dates are you playing?

JC: We're playing the Crown at Victor Harbour on Thursday 5th August and then on Friday the 6th at Thebarton Theatre. I can't wait Thebarton Theatre sounds great. It's one of Australia's really great venues, what with that old style interior. I love playing that place.

Powderfinger are playing with support from Something For Kate and Flat Stanley for both nights.



Good Day.

We sincerely hope that you had a nice break. Us? Yes, what a relaxing time we had. But now it's time to get back to work. By now you probably know it's PROSH and that means it's time for fun. If you've been going to lectures religiously, now's the time to stop. Come out and enjoy the festivities brought to you by your own Activities Department of the Students' Association. What's happening?

Well, lots of things, like Student Radio bringing fun to you, broadcasting Tuesday and Wednesday in the Uni Bar, Thursday on the Bar, Smith Lawns and Friday in the Cloisters. Make sure that you come out and enjoy the good weather and great times.

What's happening on Student Radio this week? An elephant stamp for that kid in the corner. Tuesday night tune in at 10 PM and hear GROUSE with Doug and Jo. They play lots of grouse Aussie toons. Following them is PERVERTS. This is a fine show too. It's kind of like GROUSE but they play different music, and ... oh, it's hosted by different people, and it's about different things. But it's still good, I promise.

And now you'd probably ask about what's happening on LOCAL NOISE. Well, this week we have **THE SUNDAY ROAST**. They'll be playing songs from their debut E.P. "Lower Light". That'll be good. So tune in and join Jeremy J at **9 PM** this **TUESDAY NIGHT** on Student Radio **SUV 531 AM**. Don't forget the gravy.

Peter Adams
 Christian Haebich
 1999 Australians' of the Year.
 peteradams@adeladie.edu.au

DIY PROJECT

Anyone for ping pong?

Get into music, and get into ping pong



Mogwai
 "Come on Die Young"

Glaswegian lo-fi post rockers described as the "best band of the 21st Century" by Pavement's Steve Malkmus receive a rather well publicised release for this new album, compared with those in the past. Those keen for something musically different, perhaps even refreshing, should keep reading.

First, a little overview of the band. Formed 1995, Mogwai emerged onto an Oasis dominated guitar rock scene with their studies guitar ambience, at times emulating the sound of Sonic Youth. Their tracks began uncomplicated, rising unironically

to peaking crescendos. Vocals are very rarely heard in this mainly instrumental release, but tread seamlessly through the background mix when they are. Occasional voice sampling (such as an appearance by Iggy Pop in the first track Punk Rock), as well as guest appearances by other musicians also add to this ambience. This album is cleanly produced (perhaps a little too clean, this being my only real complaint), and supremely atmospheric.

Erik Brasse

Kasey Chambers
 "The Captain"
 EMI

Kasey's a country singer hailing from Mount Gambier and has attracted international attention for her voice and deservedly so - there's a quality in it that makes you sit up and take notice. Previously she was singer for the acclaimed Dead Ringer Band and this, her first solo effort, is by no means terrible.

Yet the album is still, undeniably, a country album and that limits her to a certain pitch and style of singing. It also apparently necessitates an affected American accent and twang which the record would do better without. The job description also apparently includes some pretty inane lyrics ("Well I'm not much like my generation/Their music only hurts my ears" - every second line has to start with "Well". That's also some kind of law).

The instrument playing is competent and I guess it's recommended to people who like this kind of thing (but then, you could say that about ANYTHING). I can't criticise what I don't understand.

Chris

ALLAN PARSONS' PROJECT

prog rock *made easy!*

turn a bad idea into really bad music in 5 easy steps



John Wibberley
"Sally"
Single

John, now an Adelaide resident, hails from Tumby Bay. His style of music seems to be a mixture of country / pop / rock which, if you are a fan of this type of music, should not disappoint. The press release I was given likens him to the "troubled souls of Neil Young and Bruce Springsteen" and the "angst of Steve Earle and Kurt Cobain", I must admit that the title song, "Sally", has a distinct vocal style to that of the aforementioned Springsteen and there are also glimmers of Earle and Young. However, the "angst" of Cobain is not there in my opinion.

"Sally" is a good song but I can't see too much commercial success. The reason for this is that the sadly misguided "youth" of today are too interested in "cool", image oriented, JJJ, etc., etc. (I could go on forever). This is not to say that everybody should like this song....certainly not....but when the "youth" market determines the extent of commercial success (after being brainwashed by the media and alike) it just seems unlikely that this is going to be chosen. I can see this song fitting in quite nicely to the setlist of the "Country Music Festival" but this is not your average "country crap" - rather it is a pop / rock tune with a country feel to it (there is a difference). As mentioned previously, if you enjoy this style of

music you will find this song (and artist for that matter) highly enjoyable.

"It's So Hard" is a little more upbeat with a rock / blues feel and, in my opinion, would have been the better choice as single mainly for the reason that it is a little more catchy on first listen. The third, and final, track on this single is "Closer To You". This song is soft, slow and brooding. Very reminiscent of some of Bruce Springsteen's mellow work. All in all, this single is easy on the ears which is good for this type of music because the listener must actually "listen" to the song in order to truly understand what John is trying to say.

This single is from John Wibberley's forthcoming album "Fear & The Lost Highway", which will be available in September (providing the record company doesn't fuck him around as they all seem to do to their non-headline artists).

Jorm



Loki
"3 Play"
Festival

3 Play is just that - three songs.

Not Like You is the radio friendly pop song while One of Me and Monkey JYMB show their slightly nastier, dirtier side.

They have control over their sound and direction by releasing aspects of both sides of their act, yet I can't help but feel that perhaps a slightly longer release was warranted and that *3 Play* was thrown together a little hastily.

3 Play shows promise and shows that Loki have a lot to play with.

Ian MacKaye

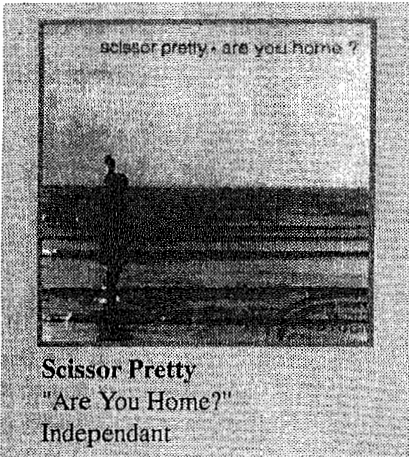
Storm
"Storm"

This track featured a four minute intro, which still left another two minutes of sheer audible pain. The melody line is totally uninspired and incredibly irritating. Occasionally a big beat comes along, and just as you think you're actually getting somewhere new, that annoying 'match being lit' loop comes wandering aimlessly back in. Storm is a dismal attempt of mixing drum n bass with intelligent techno. Perhaps if I were wearing a pair of PVC hotpants and had a galaxy of mind numbing drugs I would have been less disturbed.

Catsie aka N. Montana

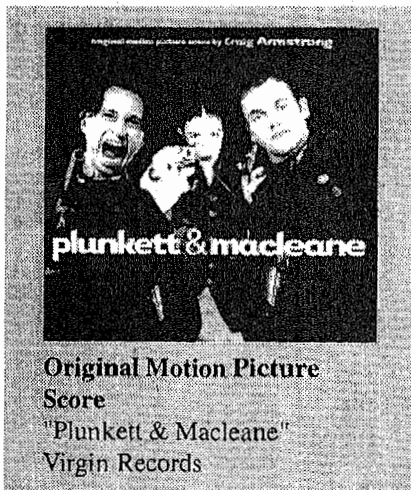
Helpful tips for enjoying music ...
"Never listen to music half an hour after eating.
You could get cramp." - DARRRIAN O'REALLY

think locally, ACT GLOBALLY



Local Adelaide 4-piece Scissor Pretty have finally captured their unique sound on disc. The result is suprisingly brilliant. Sure they've always been a good band and they've done well in the local scene but none of that prepared me for the professional and distinct sound that has finally crystalized. Many people will be inclined to suggest that Scissor Pretty sound like so-and-so and what-not but personally I think they sound a bit like Scissor Pretty. Melissa's powerful voice forces an individual style on the band's atmospheric form. Perhaps it's the child commng out in me, connecting to the 80's swirling guitar or Peter Gravestock's backing vocals, but I find myself drawn to the brilliant "losing mountains" and the equally beautiful and delicate "spheres." But perhaps it's the darker and more foreboding tones of "like i'm somewhere else" or "habit" that will prove most popular and become the band's future contribution to music. *are you home?* is a remarkable debut for the this local talent and one that I will always be impressed with.

Anthony Paxton



This is not a soundtrack which can stand on its own as a great album, it really needs the film attached to make an impact. The majority of the pieces are orchestral scores, most of which are a curious blend of almost classical with electronic music. There is a really irritating song near the end of the album about a man who wears no socks in winter and digs his own grave, which does not seem to fit in at all. This soundtrack would only be of benefit to people who have seen the film and want to reminisce about the experience.

Catherine Evans.

TQ
"They Never Saw Me Coming"
Sony/Clockwork

"I like the bit with the words in it"

No, I never saw you coming, because I've never heard of you. But now that you're here, you're crap r'n'b, in brief, which is a genre I don't personally like. But I think this sounds like one of the better specimens: TQ is quite a good singer, and some of the songs, such as the opener "Westside" are pretty good. The lyrics, as so often is the case, are (c)rap - I had never heard it coming that the "throw your hands in the air/ wave them like you just don't care" lyric was still good for another use. Being a Sony r'n'b release, I should be grateful that the sound of this album is not as commercially softened as it could be (although it is not exactly hard-edged). There are guest rappers on some tracks, which includes a vaguely experimental delay-effected rap by the respectable E-40. This album is potentially likeable, although I don't like it.

Mishka
"All My Love"

This track, described as being a "delightful Carribean experience", was nothing of the sort. Instead it was a discontinued snack-treat in the proverbial rubbish dump of music. Mishka's lyrics go nowhere and he has the vocal range of a flea, and his strained attempt to sound like Bob Marley was equally straining to listen to. The remixes, including the mad professor mix, were nothing more than a few bongos and a cocojumbo sounds being added for effect. This track does not take you away to a tropical setting and instead left me shaking my head. If this is all that love has to give - why bother?

Catsie aka N Montana

Planet Uni Bar after dark

So, what's happening at the Uni Bar this Friday night?

Well we're back at Uni and a week of lectures will be nearly too much for even the nerviest and most organised amongst us. So what's happening this Friday at the Unibar? The answer is: shitloads.

First off the SAUA (with a little help from that magic pixie Matty Sykes) have turned the Bar into the biggest party this side of the 1987 Tory convention in Wolverhampton. With a three hour Happy Hour (yes three, not free) and funkified tunes from the man on the slopes, Ant Williams, what more could a confused, post-vacation party animal want?

After eight the house will send off the final show for local Adelaide 4-piece Black Sheep. Having promised more it's a shame to see this troupe depart the fabled stage of dreams. No fear, they are being supported by Uni House Band - Revolver. Having rocked the cloisters, the lawns and the Bar, these boys are stayers. They recently completed a successful double of nights supporting Something For Kate and, quite frankly, they out-did themselves. Perhaps we should ask who is supporting who - Revolver or Black Sheep?

Special thanks go to the new man on board, Cameron "Shutter Speed" Richardson for the fab photos of Kate and Revolver. Keep on shooting Larry.

photos by Cameron Richardson



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COVER COMPETITION

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FOR MORE INFORMATION AND DESIGN SPECIFICATIONS CONTACT FIONA AT THE SAUA
ON 8303 5406 OR EMAIL SAUA@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU. ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 16TH 1999



Your bag is now welcome here

BARR SMITH LIBRARY



THE PAST

For over 27 years now, the Students' Association has lobbied the university for bags to be allowed into the library, but until this year, it had always been met with a wall of excuses.

In the last week of first term a large number of students came to tell me that their bags had been either ransacked or stolen. Gravely concerned by such evident lack of adequate security for student property, I ensured that the SAUA tackled the issue immediately. From the outset it was clear to me that there was only one reasonable solution to the problem - students had to be permitted to take their bags into the library. I could not see the issue as anything other than one of basic safety, security, and student rights.

It took much persuasion, however, for many in the University and the Library to see matters from this perspective. A lengthy process of meetings ensued, throughout which the Students' Association tirelessly lobbied, in the face of much opposition, for students' bags, after so many years of University inaction, to be at last allowed into the library. Many of the library's concerns over such an action had to be met, and new policy written to deal with the new situation.

The SAUA, however, remained adamant that other solutions suggested - like simply increasing the numbers of lockers available - where not adequate remedies. We constantly pointed out that the library has a duty of care to the students of Adelaide University, and that students not only deserve quality services for their education but have the right to demand it.

Following these vigorous discussions I am happy to say that as of today bags will be allowed into the library. This has been an exceptional win for students.

The library bag room will still be operational if you do not wish to bring your bag into the library.

TIME TO CELEBRATE

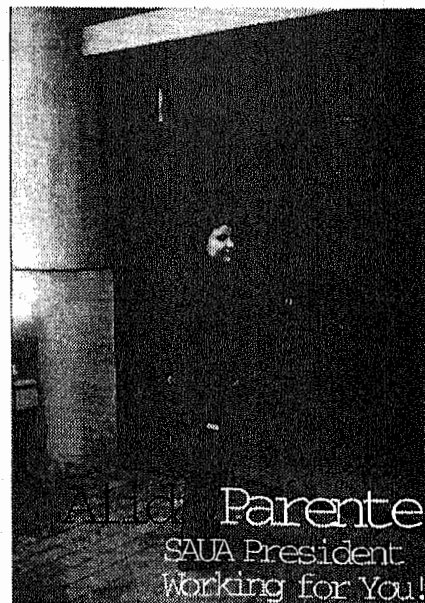
To celebrate this momentous event their will be a celebration in the Barr-Smith Circle. Free champagne and nibbles will be served. So come and be a part of our victory and apart of Adelaide University history.

There are some conditions to the acceptance of bags in the library - namely the following:

- That bags and other containers in student possession may be inspected when requested by authorised University staff.
- Personal possessions in the library are the responsibility of the owner, the library and the University have no liability for loss or damage

- Food and drink may not be consumed the library
- Bags will not be allowed into Special Collections
- Bags must not create a safety hazard, so place them safely away so they do not block any aisles, bookshelves or passageways.
- Material left unattended for a extremely long periods of time may be removed and treated as lost property.

The Students' Association this year has always sought to place student needs and interests first and foremost, in quality representation and services, and bags in the Library is just another example of this.



bags in the library!!

You may not be aware, but there has been an epidemic of thieving from the Library Bag Room.

Thanks to swift action from your Students'

Association, bags can now be taken into the

Library. Yet another fine example of your

Students' Association responding to your needs...

For more information, call Alida Parente,

President on 8303 5406, or

email: aparente@auu.adelaide.edu.au



I Drove My **CHEVY** to the Levy

Don Kenny's The Chevy Chase Story-Part Seven: Three's a Crowd?

While *Short Circuit* continued its stranglehold over the Beta market, in 1985 *European Vacation* rode on the wake of the *Ghostbusters* phenomenon to an unprecedented dominance in VHS rentals. Coupled with the success of *Spies Like Us* on the big screen, the worldwide appeal of *National Lampoon's* second instalment in the Grizwald comedies supplanted Chase as the most popular entertainer of the season. However, while the exterior of Chase's expanding comic globe had never looked better, its very core could only be described as murky, chaotic and uncertain. The once assured double up with Ackroyd, *The Great Dictator* (a remake of the Chaplin film, this time satirising the growing threat of Kadafi) was no longer viable. Chase's now infamous joke, in an interview with *Movie* magazine, concerning the stench of John Belushi's rotting carcass had not sat well with Ackroyd, who in the fall of 1985 announced to a bewildered press conference, 'The honeymoon is over.'

Public reception of this dark revelation tended to side with the former Blues Brother. And in the Hollywood community, where Belushi was still a martyr for cocaine addicted hedonism, Chase could find few friends and even fewer willing to team up with him.

Deserted and resting evermore on his Achilles heel, *Pimms* and lemonade, Chase's throne desperately required maintenance. It came in the form of Steve Martin and his pet project, *The Two Amigos*. In their days together on *Saturday Night Live*, Chase thought Martin too 'highbrow', an opinion he thought justified by the avant-garde *The Man With Two Brains*. But, in spite of this, Martin was a renowned Belushi hater and, therefore, an

ally. Thus, when offered the role of Lucky Day's (Martin's) sidekick, Dusty Bottoms, Chase could not refuse. With Martin taking the executive helm, the project went into production, experiencing problems from day one. Set in 1916 and concerning the employment problems of two silent movie



stars, Martin demanded a Keatonesque, even vaudevillian, flavour. For Chase, an increasingly alcoholic 'method' comedian whose talent rested in delivery and not acrobatics, Martin's expectation was an impossibility. By the second week, Chase's inability to perform physical comedy and his constant reference to the failure of Martin's *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* forced the production into recess and reassessment. While Chase spent two weeks in one of his many Saudi Arabian condos, Martin set to work rewriting his script, searching for a way to keep both his vision and Chase in the picture. After *The Two Amigos* and *a Dancing Cowboy* and *The Two Amigos Meet a Dog-Like Alien* were rejected, Martin, supposedly after an evening of heavy

LSD use, struck gold. While the comic duo had long been an unquestioned condition of the genre, *The Three Amigos* satisfied everything Martin wanted in his film. And by the time Chase returned from the Middle East, Martin's project had taken a radical new shape. Martin's status within the

new breed at *Saturday Night Live* was close to demagogic and this, coupled with his taste for fresh blood, brought three eager young comedians into the picture; Jon Lovitz, Phil Hartman and, of course, Martin Short. In the role of the second amigo Ned Nederlander, Short would sing, dance, fall from heights and even fly a plane if Martin so desired. Displaced and angry, Chase, in the following weeks of production, was often seen abusing and sometimes attacking the on set caterers, on whom he blamed everything. This came to a head with the much publicised 'singing bush incident', in which Chase fired two actual rounds at Short, both shots missing the target and killing two caterers. Dusty Bottoms became a walking shadow, the *Advertiser's* Stan James labelled

Chase's performance as being 'of less impact than the film's invisible swordsman.' On its release, *The Three Amigos* achieved the second highest box office intake of that week behind the then dominant, *Top Gun*. For Martin, this meant him rising to the top of the comic ladder. For Short, this meant immediate employment in the lead role of *InnerSpace*. But, for Chase, this meant an increasing public recognition of his fading brightness. For them, 'Fletch, Dusty Bottoms was not' and for the first time, Chase was going backwards. How could he swim against this current? How would Chevy Chase survive? *Next Week, Chapter 7: Chevy Lives?*

Tom Redwood

Man, I feel like a **KLINGON**



Star Trek: Insurrection
Dir: Jonathan Frakes
CIC 1998

This film seemed to be the most popular of the *Next Generation* film series.

Maybe that's because the audience gets to see their favourite conformists rebelling a bit. It seems hard to believe that this film is advocating a breach of the Star Fleet chain of command. What will become of our young people if they start acting for themselves? Sure it sounds like it might be exciting, but this adventurous narrative is based around Captain Jean-Luc Picard (Patrick Stewart) beating his chest and crying "Prime Directive" whenever anyone wants to kill a few insignificant aliens. As such, this movie is hampered by it being

packed full of all of the predictable humanist sentiments that make Hollywood what it is.

Insurrection starts with an apparently malfunctioning Data (Brent Spiner) revealing the presence of the Federation to the unsuspecting and peaceful Bakoo. The planet of these distant utopians is a world of perpetual youth which the sinister and hideous Sonar wish for themselves. As the Enterprise is called in to fix Data and his positronic stuff, they begin to discover an elaborate plot which could lead them right back to the Federation High Council. Thus starts the ever familiar Star Trek action plot. Having learnt from the first Star Trek film, no producer has ever gone back to the crappy Sci-Fi-Think-Piece Genre (except for William Shatner of course, but then no one has actually seen *Star Trek V* - have they?). Insur-

rection on the other hand has the works. Picard falls in love with local and immortal beauty Anij (Donna Murphy); the warp core is ejected; Data becomes a little more human; meta-phasic particles are mentioned a few times; Deanna and Will fall in love again; La Forge gets his sight back; and the planet that the film is set on just happens to be a Terra-type oasis. All in all, this is a stupendously entertaining movie. Jonathan Frakes stars and directs in this latest Star Trek offering, but there is still something missing. Perhaps we can just scapegoat Michael Piller for not writing an intriguing enough screenplay. If you're a Trekker you'll love it; if you're a Trekkie you'll hate it; if you don't care, then it's not a bad movie for a night in.

Anthony Paxton

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AUU Tae Kwon Do

AU TAE KWON DO CLUB MEMBERS SCOOP THE POOL

At the recent round of Rhee International Tae Kwon Do grading tests, members of the University of Adelaide Tae Kwon Do Club dominated the scoring. While these tests are also taken by many non-University Tae Kwon Do exponents, the standard of Uni members is in a class of its own, and Uni members finished in the highest rankings at all levels. With the Uni club currently enjoying its highest ever membership level, these results come as no surprise.

Results were as follows: Kerri Barber, Michelle Steel, Shimu Rozario and Helen Turnbull all double promoted from 10th to 8th Grade after having only just joined the club in the last few weeks. They were only able to achieve as highly as they did because of the enormous level of dedication to their

Film Society Programme

Thursday 4th August

The Seventh Seal (1957-Sweden)

Ingmar Bergman's powerhouse film which brought him international acclaim. Stars Max von Sydow as a knight on his way back from the crusades who tries to solve the mysteries of life while playing a chess game with death.

With short: Bells of Atlantis.

Thursday 12th August

Badlands (1973)

The Thin Red Line director Terrence Malick's film inspired by a young couple who went on a killing spree in the 1950s. Now a cult classic it is one of the films that 'inspired' Quentin Tarantino when he wrote the original *Natural Born Killers* script. Starring Martin Sheen and Sissy Spaceck.

With short Lucifer Rising.

Monday 11th October

The Matrix (film screening in conjunction with International Student Programmes)

Keanu Reeves in cool clothes, ya' can't go wrong!



Metal pipes are not legal
weapons in Tae Kwon Do,
but they're only gnomes

training that they evidenced in the lead-up to the test. Michael Roberts, Nathan Reid, Andrew Edgeworth, Sarah Heard and Jeremy Martin were all triple promoted to 7th Grade. To have this many members promoted so highly is a rare occurrence, and all are to be congratulated, especially Sarah, who recorded an extremely high level pass. Lindsay Gordon was promoted from 7th to 6th Grade, while John Kaesler was promoted to 5th Grade. Club member and PGSA President Helen Kavanagh was promoted to 4th Grade, and Thomas Evans was promoted to 3rd Grade. Club Executive Officer Shane Spellacy became the second Uni member of the year to achieve 1st Dan Black Belt, joining Jim Taylor, who was promoted at the March round of tests. Both newly

promoted Black Belts are University Blue Award nominees, setting another club record.

The club expects to continue with this tradition of high achievement, and if you want to be a part of it please join us at any of our training sessions. We train in the Games Room (5th Floor Union House) at 1:00pm on Mondays and Wednesdays, and in the Irene Watson Room (5th Floor, behind the bar) on Tuesday nights at 6:30pm. We also have many sessions off campus, so if you have any queries about the club just come to a training session to watch or join in (bring loose clothes), or ring John O'Brien on 8277 4670 (mobile 0413 821650) or Shane Spellacy on 82974631 for further details.

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