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15 OCT 1988

# ON DIT

VOLUME 67 NUMBER 15



## All About US

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

**Editors:**

Penny Fredericks  
Anthony Paxton

**Advertising Manager:**

Chris Webber

**Freight:**

Darien O'Reilly

**Typesetting:**

Finona Dalton

**Printing:**

Cadillac Printing

**Web Staff:**

Smug

**Thanks:**

Ant Williams, "Ice Cold"  
Shirley, Travis (the saint), Rob,  
Stella B, Paul B, God, Brentyn,  
Mr Stephen Mullighan Esq.,  
Susie, Fads, Linley, Micksy  
(maybe).

**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](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)

**About the cover:**

It's hip to be square.

**Next Edition:**

Out Aug 23<sup>rd</sup>

Deadline Aug 19<sup>th</sup>

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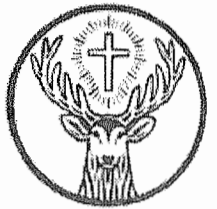
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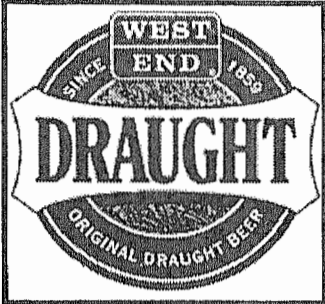


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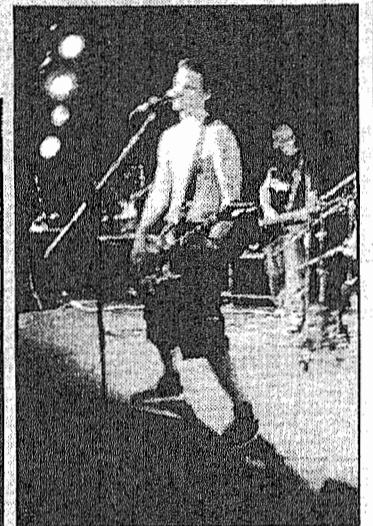
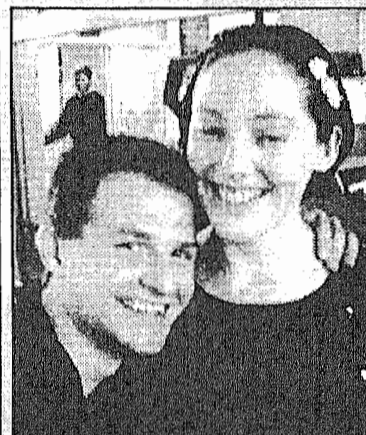
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# Mr Ed

"He's whacked that one to the bound-  
ary for four."

"Yes it's good to see him getting on  
top of this attack. He's been pegged  
back behind the crease for far too  
long."

"Really that's just bad bowling. That's  
every batsman's dream - just outside  
off stump. It was rising on the half  
volley, he's done well to get on top of  
it."

"Perhaps they should think of sending  
Sinclair on from the Factory end."

"I don't think that will help them at  
all. They need to find a few extra  
fielders."

"Well they're not going to get them in  
the stands. They're as empty as an  
empty sock."

"Here comes the bowler. No ball."





If you want your wacky ideas printed so that everyone can um, oh, ah or laugh, then send them to *On Dit* via the George Murray Building. Just include your name, student number and a stamped, self-addressed cane toad.

## Schizoid Manouverings

Dear Penny and Anthony,  
 Re: letter to the Editor  
 What's with publishing LUNARTIKKIT letters in nearly every issue of *On Dit*? I try really hard to imagine them with personalities. Fuck the European trees, rip them out. Let's get back to natives, not ferals!!! Their last letter appeared to be meandering to a different drummer ('SAUA work tirelessly and thanklessly for the students at this university') then I remembered that the student elections are nearing. Alida beware, when zealots say nice things they have ulterior motives. Beware, too many freaks and not enough circuses! Take no prisoners. I refer to Niccolo Machiavelli's *The Prince* chapter 23 titled 'How flatterers must be shunned'. Don't forget what you went through last year when 'they' challenged the secret ballot papers fiasco. To the Grim Reaper handing out 'NO' leaflets, whatever kind of look you were going for - you missed! Your day (as usual) was a total waste of makeup! Remember the excellent article in *On Dit* (Vol.67 No.5) re the 'Student Politician Drinking Game'? "#5 Lunatikit write a letter to *On Dit*: (drink) I glass, #6 Lunatikit write a letter to *On Dit* and you agree with everything it says.. Drink the whole carton, cease all per-onal grooming, buy a Che Guevera poster and put it on your wall". But wait, there's more; let's not forget these very important points also! "#9: The election is held void: 1 beer. #10. The election is held void on a ridiculous semantic technicality after a group of petty zealots who were so far from winning anything it wasn't funny decided to protest: A six pack. #11. A

*couple of the above-mentioned petty zealots go to Court and lose an action incurring hefty personal legal bills: Have a six pack and a good laugh at the stupidity of politicians*  
 LUNARTIKKIT stated that they were proud of their last student election campaign using a budget of only \$15 (*On Dit* Vol.67 No.10) Shit, these people are as old as our parents! What have they got to show for their life so far? They started out in life with nothing and must still have most of it? If they haven't made it in life now, how the fuck can we expect them to represent us responsibly? Chaos, panic and disorder... LUNARTIKKIT's job is done! Their crybaby whiny assed response will be (read next issue).  
 Signed,

YOU!! OFF MY PLANET.

## It's Out Of The Bag

To: *On Dit* Letters  
 From: Medici the Cat  
 Regarding: Misrepresentation and the threat of retaliatory action

Dear Editors,  
 Most disappointed was I to find, as I tore up last week's *On Dit* in an act of violence brought about by a lack of reconstituted sardine offcuts in my food bowl, that your otherwise fine publication has resorted to libel, slander and tabloid-style sensationalism. I refer, of course, to "An Interview with a Feline" (*On Dit* 67: 14: 30) in the "Free Thought" section. I have a number of complaints regarding misrepresentation in Brentyn Ramm's article. 1) I was unaware that Mr Ramm was recording our private conversation. I was lured into Mr Ramm's room by the warmth, and an offer of a scratch behind the ears. 2) I was quoted out of context. I refer to "Miieoooooww Meow Meeiiioooow", where the meaning of my original statement- a desire to pee- was put into a discourse of truth. 3) I was blatantly misquoted by Mr Ramm: I refer to "mijieewww meeeiiiioow"- what I actually said was "mrrrrrrrrrrwwwl". 4) I did not authorise Mr Ramm to publish a photograph of me naked but for a collar.

It is hard enough being chased around by people with water pistols and listening to Mr Ramm and Mr Tucker mock my language and culture. It is difficult enough to be considered a meal-option in a student

household and being constantly patronised (Who's the pussy-wussy cat? Who's a bwediful kitty witty? Scratch your tummy wummy. Oooh, who's got her widdle claws out?) ("Who's going to claw your face off, bitch" I would say if they could understand).

And now: slander as well!

I request that a formal apology be published by Mr Ramm, and that a bowl of milk make its way to me. If this matter is not rectified I will scratch the furniture of Mr Ramm, and that of the editors. I may also leave a dead mouse outside your door.

I am warning you: don't make me use my claws.

Yours in fish breath and fleas,

Medici.

## Coopers! Harrah!

Howdy, I send this poem in in the hope that it is worthy of publication. I would like to offer it as a Tribute to Coopers Brewery since they have provided me with so much fun. With the Coopers Club festival occuring last week it is appropriate that a user and abuser of our favourite substance should raise his glass in honour of this grand achievement called Alcohol.

### Drunkenly Happy

Oh glorious liquid, I invoke thee,  
 I call upon beer, and brandy,  
 I call upon bourbon and whiskey,  
 I call upon vodka and wine,  
 Let me drink thee,  
 That you may befuddle me.  
 I wish to doubly see,  
 This drink before me,  
 And clasp the glass so tenderly,

# In for a

As I would my lover's breast,  
 I'll do my best to drink this lovemilk  
 With honour and in good jest.

David Jarvis

## Bring Back Redd Dredd

Dear Editors,

We read with interest the comments of the Sexuality Officers in last week's *On Dit*. Their obvious dismay at the 'depoliticisation' of the Student's Association appears to be matched by their disgust at the hacky politics practiced by some of their colleagues. We share their dismay and disgust.

The Student's Association is supposed to be the political arm of the Student Union. It is supposed to be our representative body, our collective voice in forums where students would otherwise be shat upon. To deny the political nature of this function would be to handicap our union in its most important roles- protector, defender and advocate for us commoners.

Perhaps the hierarchy have swallowed their own line, generated during the anti-VSU campaign, about student unions being mainly about the provision of services. The line was a political one, generated to achieve a political aim- the survival of student union as a democratic, representative bodies. It would be a shame if the progressive voices in the student movement were silenced by a hierarchy that had hooked itself.

Yours sincerely,

Lunatikit



Give them enough words and they'll suggest something



# Penny, In for a Pound

## Dawson's Relevant

Dear Editors,  
What's the deal with the sexuality officers' column? Fair enough about the *Dawson's Creek* stuff - I can see how this could be 'appropriate', but what's with all this political stuff? If the sexuality officers want to get re-elected, why don't they just say so?  
Yours sincerely and annoyed,

**Harold Richmond**  
Arts

## Poor Luke 1

Dear Editors,  
Is a music reviewer who actually knows something about music too much to ask for?  
In his review of The Offspring's "The Kids Aren't Alright", Luke Balzan wistfully hopes that one day there will be a song called "The Kids ARE Alright". The fact that The Offspring were parodying The Who's "The Kids Are Alright" seems to have eluded poor Luke.  
Does he mind other guys dancing with his girl?

**Michael**  
1st Year med

## Poor Luke 2

Dear Editors,  
I would just like to comment on the review of The Offspring's song 'The Kids Aren't Alright' in last week's edition (page 37).  
The reviewer raises the possibility that perhaps by the time our kids grow up there will be a song called The Kids ARE Alright. Was said reviewer unaware that The Offspring's title is a sort of 90s response to The Who's song 'The Kids Are Alright,' recorded in 1965? Or was he hinting at a certain circularity in social attitudes, a return of the optimism of that era in a generation's time? If this last, then at least his suggestion should have read "there'll be ANOTHER song The Kids ARE Alright." Otherwise, it seems like just plain ignorance, and we wouldn't want that now, would we? In the good old days, they had all the ignorant people shot. Why do you think they were so optimistic? Oh, and that particular reviewer should stop referring to himself as 'Fly Guy.' I know FlyGuy's real name, and it ain't Luke. This kind of fraud is what's bringing this country down, you

know. In the good old days, no-one claimed to be someone they weren't, or they'd get shot. That's all for now.

**Paul Bradley**

## In Disgust

Dear *On Dit*,  
As the person elected to represent small and regional campuses in SA, including the Roseworth Campus of The University of Adelaide, I was absolutely disgusted at the decision to cut the only article devoted completely to Roseworthy in recent history down to one page from a double page. The article had been booked well in advance so how can you justify replacing half the article with a full page joke ad for Kellogs? Considering the incredibly rare and minimal voice that *On Dit* provides for students from the other campuses, don't you think one double page article wasn't too much to ask?  
No wonder students at the other campuses so often feel they get a raw deal from North Terrace students. Is *On Dit* the official newspaper for all Adelaide Uni students or just a vehicle for some editors to force their questionable sense of humour on the rest of us?  
In Disgust,

**Sky Mykyta**  
NUS SA Small & Regional Campuses Officer.

*(Ed - I'm sorry that you were disappointed with our coverage of the Roseworthy campus. The reason that it was laid out on one page was because all of the articles neatly fitted to one, with the exclusion of one vox pop response. As for the advert, we have received a lot of feedback indicating that the Campus section can be too boring. What you saw as padding was a successful attempt to give the Roseworthy article better scan and exposure.)*

## Not Funny By Half

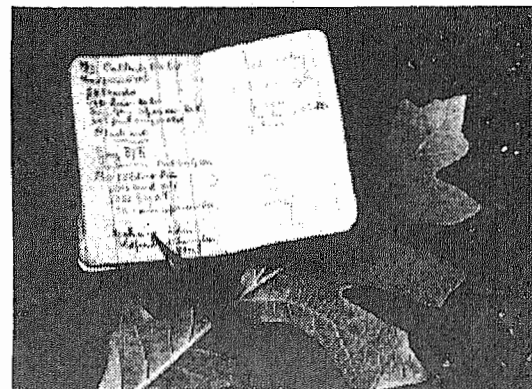
Dear Editors,  
Last week I submitted a substantial article on VSU, with the aim of informing students as to what the current situation with the legislation was, what threats remain for student organisations now the Government's efforts have been at least temporarily defeated, and what the enduring situation in for students in Victoria and West Australia was. Of the 6

paragraphs I wrote, only three were printed in your last edition. At no stage was I notified of the intention to print only half of my article, nor can I understand the rationale for this omission. Whilst I understand that space within the publication is limited, VSU is an important issue, which, thanks to the work of those in the SAUA and Union, has been the focus of much attention on campus throughout the first semester. It's sudden disappearance from campus debate warrants some explanation. Given the number of page-fillers in the last edition (like the fake Kellogs ad), I find it hard to believe that the article was cut because of a lack of space. The graphic which accompanied the piece, whilst no doubt humorous in its reference to 'de-briefing', was hardly particularly appropriate to the importance of the subject matter discussed. It disappoints me enormously to see serious campus issues, and *On Dit*'s genuine role as the mouthpiece of the Stu-

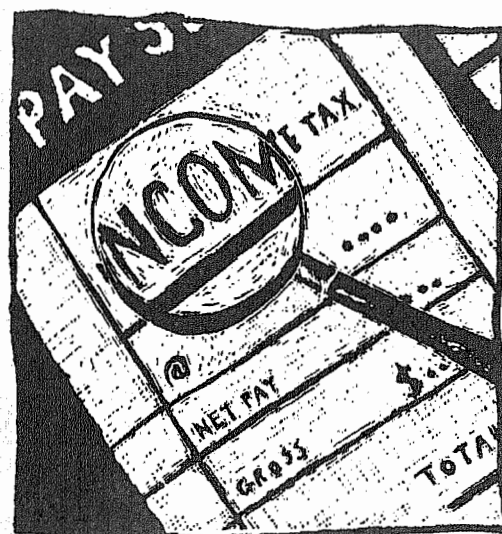
dents' Association taken so lightly.  
Yours sincerely unimpressed,

**Janak Mayer**  
SAUA Education Vice-President

*(Ed - Students have expressed the need to make the campus section more accessible. To ameliorate the situation we left in the meat of your article to highlight this important student issue. However, to lighten the aforementioned mood of the section we included a graphic of a student enjoying O'Week festivities - something threatened by VSU.)*



*You don't always have to send letters - sometimes flowers would be nice*



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come in and talk to our accountant. Gain valuable advice & help with filling out that pesky tax return form. Simply call into the Students' Association Office (ground floor, George Murray Building, Union Complex) or call (08) 8303 5406 to make an appointment.

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# A.F. REVIEW

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# Debating? My Grandma could do better.

Andrew Denton sure as hell has a lot to answer for.

Of course he does, you say to me. Look at Amanda Keller. Or *The House From Hell*. Or that album of covers of "Stairway to Heaven" many years back. Funny though he may be, you say, the crimes are numerous. But I'm talking about something else.

It started off harmlessly enough, back in '93 or '94 or thereabouts. Melbourne was having a comedy festival, as Melbourne is wont to

do. They put on a comedy debate, which was pretty much par for the course. Something about laughter being better than sex. A light bulb lit up above the head of some bright spark at the ABC, and they figured that by broadcasting it they could pull off one of the cheaper pieces of programming in recent history. Fair enough.

On wandered Denton. He was funny, he was intelligent, he was incisive. He had them rolling in the aisles. And then he said "Fuck". Instant infamy, not to mention some more than healthy ratings.

The instant, and obvious, reaction of the ABC was of course to set up a series of the bastards. Low overheads, plenty of laughs. Inevitably, the debates became less funny as the participants became dodgier with every outing, and they eventually disappeared. Nice idea while it lasted, and all of that.

If there's one law of Australian television, it's that the commercial folk will nab any ABC/SBS idea as soon as they can, regardless of it clearly being dead in the water. Hence Nine's little series of "comedy" debates last year, and the reappearance of

*Super Debate Series* (9.30 Mondays, Nine) last week.

I suppose I should make one thing clear. At varying times in my life I've been one of those kinda elitist, but nice folk who get down to a little debating. I blame my parents, but that's beside the point. What matters is that the goings-on in these comedy affairs has nothing whatsoever



This man used to be serious journalist, so we can show you his face.

to do with debating, in even the loosest of senses. A bunch of stand-up comedians and "personalities" trying to rattle off as many

one-liners on a given topic as humanly possible in five minutes or so do not a debate make. Argument? Bollocks to that when there's innuendo to be had.

Just had to get that off my chest. *Super Debate Series* is hit and miss at best. Like shows of the

*Good News Week* and *Panel* ilk, it all depends on the quality of the personnel. Last Monday's first debate (that sport is better than sex, or some such) featured the dubious talent of Peter Fitzsimons, ex rugby union bloke and sports journo,

and the less said about him the better. Wendy Harmer was floating around, as she always seems to in these debates, and got a few laughs, while HG Nelson was remarkably unfunny without Roy to spark off (as you might expect). The audience

didn't seem to have any time for Greg Fleet, which I found astonishing. Very funny man, and who knew he'd had sex with Wendy Harmer? We do now. He did seem a little out of place, though - maybe he's a little bit left of field for this sort of caper. Similarly out of place is Paul Lynham, in the role of moderator (since when has there

been a "moderator" in debating?). Trying his damndest to be as funny as that guy they used to have on the ABC, I suspect he longs for

the old 7:30 *Report* seat more and more as each day passes. And then there's Tim Ferguson. How the mighty have fallen. After the appalling *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush* and the execrable *Little Aussie Battlers*, the boy needs to do something good, fast. McDermott and



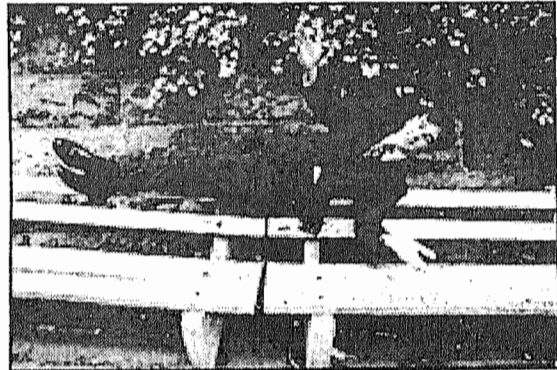
Hi. I'm Satan, but you can call me Bob.

Fidler are both doing good stuff these days, so he's letting the side down, really. Unfortunately, his efforts last Monday were both arrogant and unfunny, and whilst the former is predictable, the latter ain't so good. Keep trying, Fergo.

Actually, that goes for the show as a whole. Keep trying.

Before I forget, though, I have to mention Dr Cindy Pan. Resident sex "expert" (whatever that means), she's cropped up on *The Panel* a few times, and spoke for the negative in *Super Debate*.

This woman is (and I say this without the slightest hesitation) completely insane. Barking. Mad as a nail. Her argument revolved around the word sex having less letters than sport, and thus is able to be written more times with a Kilometrico ballpoint. That is not normal, no matter how you look at it. Insane.



Tim Ferguson relaxes with *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush's* audience.

Speaking of insane, anyone else watch *Law and Order* (Ten, 8.30 Mondays)? Jeez, I like that show. Bit smarter than your

average cops and lawyers show. Kinda predictable sometimes, and their similarities to "real life" cases are a bit obvious on occasion, but I get into it anyway.

But that's beside the point. One of the unique things about the show is its turnover of major characters. (Let's face it, how long was it before *ER* divested itself of George Clooney? And *NYPD Blue* took five years to get rid of Jimmy Smits. That's nothing.) This year we've seen a new female assistant DA. Her name is Abby Carmichael, and I've got this theory that she's Satan.

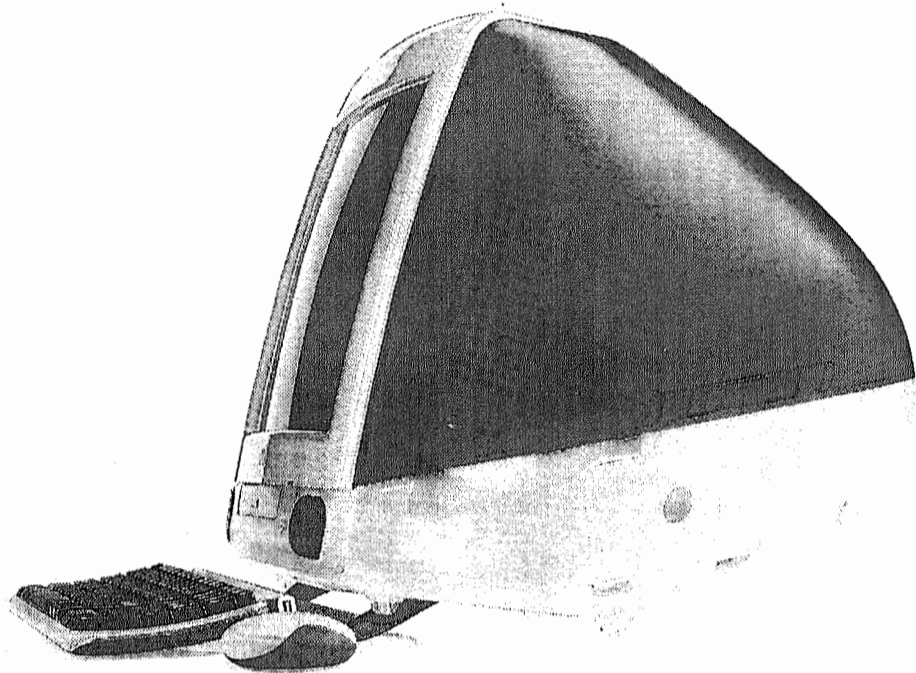
I'm not joking. She is not normal. Have you seen her chasing nasty little murderers, salivating over maybe, just maybe, extraditing them to some state with capital punishment? It's evil. I mean, I know she's supposed to be from Texas and all, but this is too much. There's no conscience here, just an abhorrent desire to see unholy putrescence visited upon those she prosecutes.

Frankly, she scares the pants off me.

Dale F Adams



Sometimes faking it  
is better than the  
real thing.

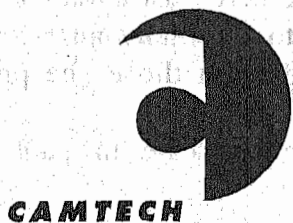


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# the age of diversity...

If information technology is the catalyst that is fast-tracking our movement to one global state, then diversity (of all kinds) is the primary by-product.

Today, more than ever before, our society is experiencing diversity on a variety of fronts: ethnic culture, religion, age, lifestyle choice, household structure and sexuality to name a few.

As Adelaide University celebrates Multicultural Week next week, *Future Tense* has decided to investigate how diversity is transforming our society.

## We may both be Australian, but we live in entirely different worlds

Everyone talks about race division in this country, but age division is a lot more significant. Australians are living longer than ever, and are beginning to have a massive influence on society. It seems that older Australians are still struggling with the concepts that most young Australians accept as a part of life, and have moved way beyond (such as single-parent families). Bob Francis still talks about the evils of political correctness, and his listeners continually gripe about body piercing, the lack of tellers at banks and bad language in film.

Our current Liberal government successfully tapped into this developing conservative streak in Australia. Their push for the "mainstream" is an illustration of how diverse we have become.

In a steady rate since the 1970s, more Australians are being marginalised by governments that continue to focus on the ever-dwindling "mainstream". In the past they were small, politically insignificant groups (such as Aborigines), but now they represent a growing contingent of Australians: the unemployed, single parents and of course, students.

It is important to note that the only time John Howard has backed down from one of his many controversial slash-and-burn policies was when he threatened to cut pension benefits earlier this year. Pensioners will also be the only group to enjoy disproportional compensation in welfare when the new tax system takes effect.



Education cuts are much easier to achieve, however. As we enter a century where intellectual prowess will be the only form of sustainable competitive advantage, government continues to reduce funding from education. This is not only an Australian phenomenon. All over the western world, governments are considering education the most expendable of costs, especially in a political environment dominated by aging baby boomers. Meanwhile developing nations with younger age profiles are giving education the highest priority.

## But is it all Johnny's fault?

Perhaps the question is not, should our leaders be doing a better job, but can they be expected to address the needs of all in the face of ever-increasing diversity? Will it ever be possible for government to implement social policy that is not criticized from at least one sector of the community?

The recent drug debate in NSW emphasised the problems that exist when power resides with people with limited grasp of the facts, but the influence to have their views given disproportional consideration.

This demonstrates that involving politicians in all community decisions has little value in an increasingly diverse and complex society, where no one individual (or government) can appreciate the needs of all citizens. Organisations of all kinds (both non-profit and for-profit) must play a role, not just to address the shortfall in money, but understanding.

Who better to address the problems

with illicit drugs than health-care professionals? Who better to address the exponentially increasing energy usage levels than energy companies?

Who better to address the problems with over-fishing than community groups working with industry to ensure a sustainable supply with minimal intrusion? It works in Canada. The fact that very few people besides the main stakeholders understand the system is neither here nor there.

## Does the nation state have a future?

There would be little doubt that the Australian Aboriginal community identifies more with fellow indigenous groups throughout the world (e.g. American Indians and NZ Maoris), in their struggle for recognition and preservation of language and culture, than they do with the Australian government. Jump on an Internet chat group and you are likely to run into someone you identify with more than your next-door neighbour.

The question is, is there anything wrong with that? Czech Republic president Vaclav Havel doesn't think so. A big proponent of a global vision, Havel believes nation states will become "less powerful and rational administrative units that will represent only one of the many complex ways in which our planetary society is organised".

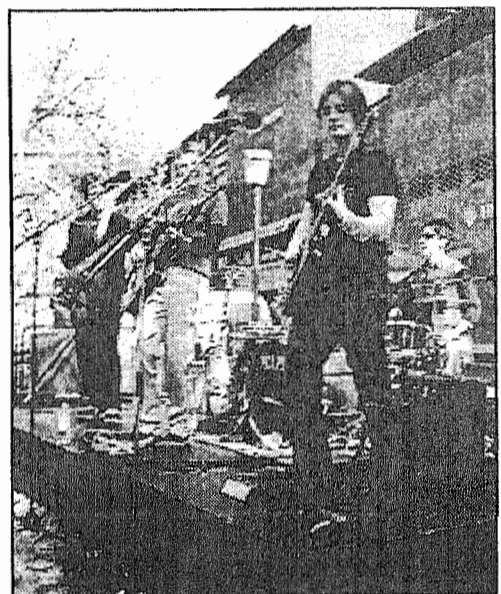
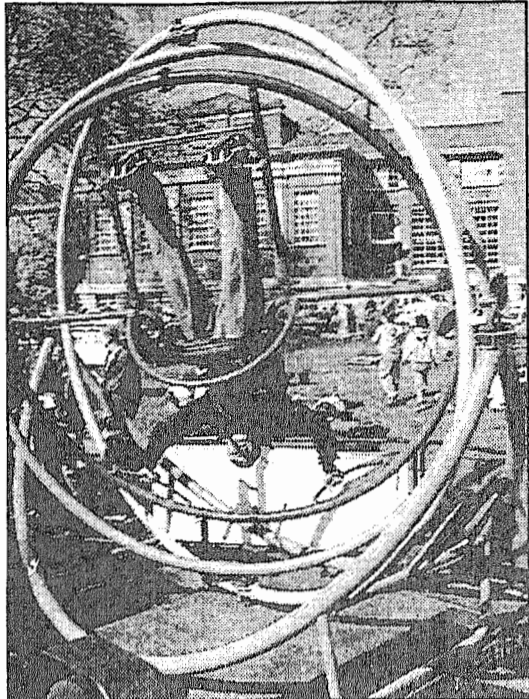
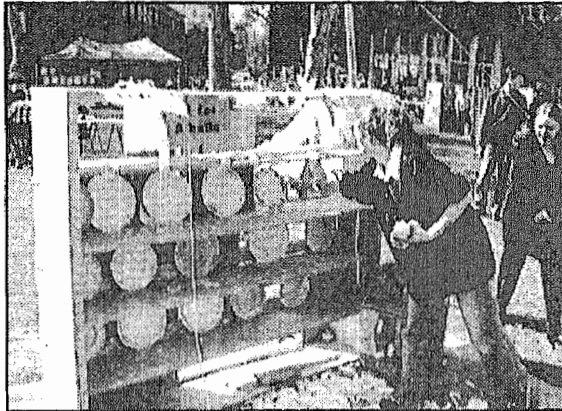
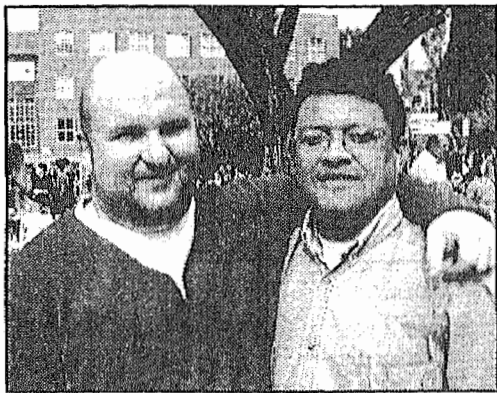
In other words, national sovereignty still has a place, but amongst more dynamic forms of social organisation: those better reflecting the diversity of the new global community. Separation based on physical proximity has been the norm, but the Internet has removed physical isolation from the equation.

In this way, diversity is elevated from the status of a mere by-product, to a true instigator of global cohesion.

**Anthony Daniele**

*Future Tense* broadcasts next Monday night (23/8) at 11pm on Student Radio 531AM. The *Future Tense* website can be found at [www.smug.adelaide.edu.au/~adaniele/futuretense](http://www.smug.adelaide.edu.au/~adaniele/futuretense)





# Can I Have Some More Coopers Please?

For those who came in late... Last week was the second annual Coopers Clubs Week, with over forty clubs participating in a variety of life threatening and/or mildly disturbing activities all in the name of promoting the Clubs Association and its affiliated clubs. While we never did get to find out if people were in favour of an alternative monarchy with Indira Naidoo as Empress at the Republican debate (I favoured a Simpsons model with Bob Hawke for President floating in a dam with a stubby!), there were a host of other club activities going to keep the punters entertained. You could get smashed with EU, become the next Kostya Tsyu on the bouncy boxing, explore your animal side in FAARCING with AUScA, get sick on the Circotron, or sit in the corner pigging out on \$1 Coopers and Wizz Fizz. Our own intrepid office staff made the most of the Harley rides, and judging by the rubbish left for me to clean up there were a lot of others participating in the activities on offer! All up the event was a huge success, but of course that wasn't without the help of a big

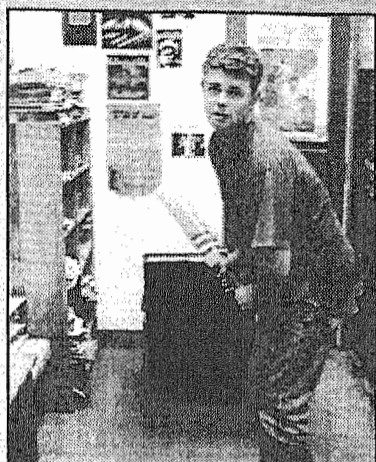
number of people, including: Stephen Oniszk, Matt Parker, Vicki Kolberg, Brad Kitschke, Pene, Gloria and Erik for putting up with us, Andrew Bigham and the crew for keeping things running smoothly, Tristan and Warren, Adrian and Brendan, Nick Kelly, Mark Henderson, and Tom Sherbrook, Anthony PacDaddy Paxton, Elly "I'm not Jane" Wright, Peter and Christian, Paul the Sponsorship Master Sykes, KJ and Toby, Matt Sykes the ACVP type thingy, Seamus O'Fathartaigh, Stephen Mullighan, Chris Chrichton the Catering King, Geoff Pevreall, Kellie Howe, Nicole from Westpac, Cheryl Chapman, my supervisor for not expecting me to do any work for the week, big Dave Matthews (the Gough Whitlam of the Clubs Association), Linley for deproofing all my proof reading, David Schwarz for providing some relief, the Weather Man for be-

ing wrong, *On Dit*, and all the wonderful clubs that we're doing it for every day.

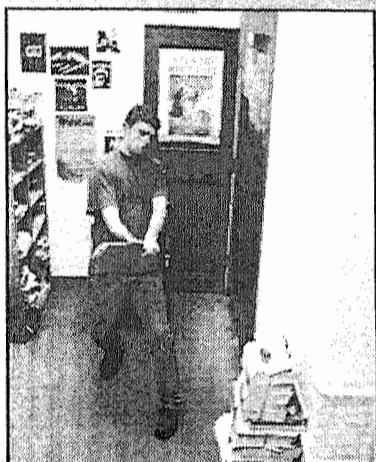
**Jane McDermott - CA President**  
PS Don't forget all the Club Activities coming up soon, including the AUSFA quiz night on Thursday (details available at the office.) All are welcome to participate - you'd be Arnold J. Rimmer not to.







A confident opening  
for the new batsman



Out: Caught Boonie



You can't be out first  
ball, cheeky bugger



Second Ball:  
a Scorching Bouncer

## Five Days and No Result

The sport of office cricket has been kept underground in the past for many reasons. Fear of the boss' wrath, the constant flirtation with the danger of causing irreparable damage to office equipment, and the divisive office politics caused by a disputed dismissal has forced this great Australian pastime into dormancy for many years. Most games have to be played well outside business hours. But not any more.

The recent rise in office cricket's popularity is attributed to its players. The office cricketer is a hardy breed. Often called up to play at the shortest of notice, he or she is expected to ignore the stresses of office life and commit themselves heart and soul to the game. Not easy when you've got a deadline to meet, or even worse a skin-full from that extended business lunch. Such is the heroism of the office cricketer, there's a tennis ball and cricket bat to be found in every photocopy room - everyone wants to be the next... Paul Nobes. Fortunately, the game of office cricket has evolved into a high turn-over affair, where a batsman can become a bowler in a matter of seconds. The rules are complex; there are as many ways of getting out in the office as there is on the field. Luckily, though, a batsman cannot be out either first or third ball.

Yet this is where the pleasantries end. The first ball is usually a softener, a brutally quick bouncer for the head aimed at getting the batsman on the back foot and nervous for the second ball. Being both the ultimate prize for the bowler and the ultimate humiliation for the batsman, the second ball dismissal is nonetheless a rarity in office cricket.

Apart from being bowled by the obvious follow-up - a slower ball out of the back of the hand, the ways to get out include: caught behind by the auto-wicky, hitting "Boonie" on the full (see photo), Playing the ball through slips no matter how many bounces, one hand one bounce, two bounces and catching the ball in your lap (or alternatively every non-batting participant completing a successful hacky with the ball), hitting and damaging office equipment, breaking a fluorescent light, or injuring another player by slogging the ball into them.

The only thing an office cricketer cannot do is get away with playing without the support of all colleagues. An incident that has gone down in the history books was the miscued pull-shot into the monitor of a busy woman. The woman, who we will call, say . . . Penny Fredericks, the local Rock of Gibraltar, was certainly not rockin' any casbahs when she ordered the miscreant cricketers from the office. Tails between legs, the cricketers - Wayward eds Hicks and Henzell - fled the office after the volcanic eruption threatened to engulf the whole George Murray Building. These two boys (harsh, but fair on the night) cowered in the doorway like a couple of Tickle-Me-Elmos without any batteries. So remember, heads down, and eyes on the ball.

Step hen Mullighan



On the reverse camera  
angle you can see just how  
dangerous that last  
delivery was



Ready for the third ball



## MSA x 2

On Monday the 9<sup>th</sup> of August the Adelaide University Mature Students Association played host to the Malaysian Students Association in what is hoped to be the first of many such meetings between the two MSAs.

The event was coordinated by the two student groups in conjunction with the International Programs Office with the intention of bringing the local and international students together in an effort to enhance university life for both groups.

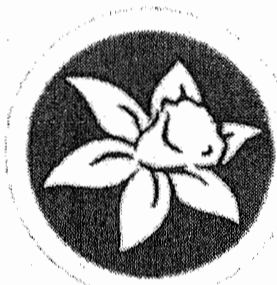
The central idea of the day was to bring these seemingly disparate clubs together through an appreciation of food. A delicious chicken curry had been prepared by the Malaysian students, and this was complimented by a selection of salads and nibbles from the other MSA.

The Mature Students Association was keen to participate in the event for a number of reasons. We saw it as an excellent opportunity to welcome students from another culture to Adelaide, while at the same time encouraging members of our own club to participate more fully in university functions. We believe that strengthening our ties with other clubs on campus can only improve our standing in the university community.

President of the Malaysian Students Association, Fadhil Abdullah, proclaimed the event a success, saying that the interaction between the local and Malaysian Students through sharing food was the intention of the day. "This is only one example of such events and definitely there will be more to come," he said.

The committees of both associations would like to thank the International Programs Office for all the help they gave this event and hope that this was indeed the first of many.

**David Warner**  
President  
Mature Students  
Association.



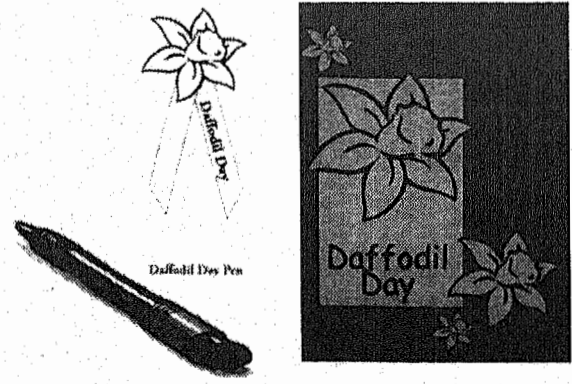
## Daffodil Day August 20th, 1999



The Daffodil is the symbol of hope for all cancer patients. The purpose of this national day is to promote a positive message about cancer throughout the community. The Anti-Cancer Foundation helps to provide answers through research and support to those who are diagnosed with cancer; patients, families, friends, carers and the general community. Please support this major event as 100% of all donated monies goes back to the South Australian Community.

**You can buy ribbons and daffodils all day Friday on the Barr Smith Lawns or out the front of Regent Arcade in the Mall.**

- Daffodil Day Ribbons \$2**
- Daffodil Day Daffodils**
- Adelaide Uni Student Special \$3 (bunch) - only on the Barr Smith Lawns**





# Film Society Programme

All films shown in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building at 7pm. Free for Film Society Members, \$3 others (includes membership), unless otherwise stated.

## Thursday 19 August

### Hiroshima Mon Amore

Directed by Alain Resnais.

Resnais' first feature film. A thoughtful complex study of a French film actress and a Japanese architect in post war Hiroshima.

### With short Duck and Cover

Classic American film put out to show the public what to do in case of a nuclear explosion.

## Wednesday 25 August

2pm, Union Cinema Video screening for Multicultural Week

### They're A Weird Mob

Classic Australian film about an Italian immigrant living in Australia.

## Thursday 26 August

### The Big Heat (With short All Aboard)

Directed by Fritz Lang. Searing story of a cop determined to bust a city crime ring.

## Thursday 2 September

### The Third Man (With short Betty Boop and Grampy)

Directed by Carol Reed. Starring Orson Welles.

Account of the mysterious Harry Lime (Welles) in post-WW2 Vienna, with a pulp-writer on a manhunt for Harry. This British version features an introductory narration by the director.

## Thursday 9 September

### Bullworth (With short All A Rage)

Hilarious political satire starring, written and directed by Warren Beatty who plays Bullworth, a politician who decides he has nothing left to lose and begins to tell the truth.

## Thursday 16 September

NB Special time of 7:30

### The Family Secret (In association with the Japan Australia Friendship Association)

Tale of the lengths a dysfunctional Japanese family go to to hide a hit and run accident, full of black humour. (Gold coin donation).

## Thursday 7 October

### Shadow of a Doubt (with short Peter and the Wolf)

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Chosen because it is one of his best, but least seen films. Set in small town America it is the story of a young girl who slowly comes to believe that her Uncle Charlie is a murderer.

## Monday 11 October

**The Matrix** (1999) In association with the International Students' Support Services  
Futuristic cyber-punk film starring Keanu Reeves.

## Thursday 14 October

### SHORTS DAY

Shorts include two episodes of the original Flash Gordon (Ch1 - The Planet of Pearl, Ch 13. Rocketing to Earth), The Thief of Sydney, Tron (24 min version), The Possibilities of War in the Air, Rat Life and Diet In North America.



# What Is Islam?

Come and find out for yourself the real meaning of Islam at Clubs Week and Multicultural Week. Everyone's welcome to drop by and pick up some info on Islam and also find out why Islam is the fastest growing religion in the world. For more information contact Imran Lum 8333 2253 at Islamic Students Society

Islamic Students Society of University of Adelaide presents:

International Keynote Speaker  
Dr Ahmad El-Kadi MD

ESTABLISHING ISLAM IN THE WEST  
Thursday 19th August  
7.15pm  
Adelaide Mosque

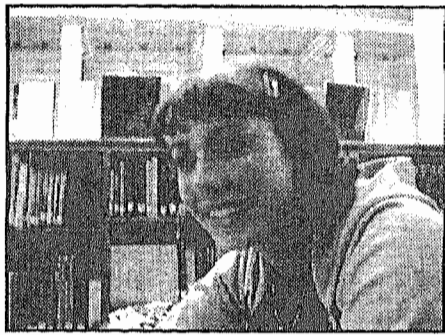
MEDICINE & ISLAM  
20th August 7.15pm  
at AL-KHALIL MOSQUE

FAMILY: THE ISLAMIC PERSPECTIVE  
Saturday 21st August  
10am-3pm  
UNISA CB 3-16

Dr El-Kadi is a cardiovascular surgeon and President of the Institute of Islamic Medicine for Education and Research in America for more information contact Imran Lum 8333 2253

ALL WELCOME





## Sexuality Officers

Health In Difference 3: Third National Lesbian, Gay, Transgender And Bisexual Health Conference, October 20th - 22nd.

With some ShineSA workers we are helping to present a plenary on young people and sexual health. As this year's conference is being held in Adelaide it will be an excellent opportunity to meet more people working in the field of sexual health. This will improve our Department as a referral facility and help publicise its existence. "We're here! We're queer! We have STD information!" If anyone wants any info about the conference please don't hesitate to email or visit us.

Copy-cat Students...

A petition is currently being circulated to try and stop the passage of the Democrats' Sexuality Discrimination Bill through the Senate. Currently, religious schools are exempt from the provisions of the Equal Opportunity Act which otherwise protects non-heterosexual identifying teachers. This petition states that the Democrats' Bill would over-ride State legislation and remove the exemption of religious schools.

The petition claims that "all normal children go through a latency period when they have no interest at all in the opposite sex. The presence of a teacher who is openly homosexual would cause a child in this stage to think that he [sic] was homosexual because teachers are role-models and children are great imitators."

We have written letters to State Senators urging them to support the Bill. As the Democrats are sponsoring the Bill we decided not to send them letters, as we guessed that they would be supporting it (although with the Democrats you never can tell...)

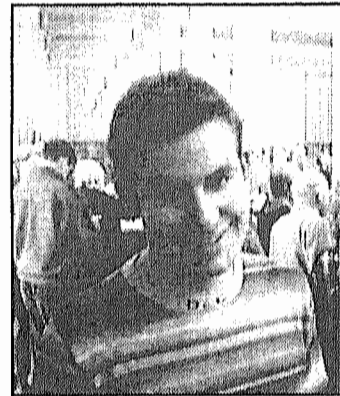
"I don't wanna wait..."

Yes, it's a *Dawson's Creek* update. Jack met another "homosexual." He even said the "h" word! But whaddya know? He preferred to act all lovey-dovey with his ex-girlfriend than rendezvous with The Other Homosexual. But of course...

Should Jack have met up with the guy? Should he get back with his ex-girl? Should he get together with Dawson seeing that Dawson has run out of female protagonists to date? Send your eagerly-awaited letters to *On Dit* for lots and lots of prizes.....

**amanda camporeale and daniel marshall**

girlsexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au and boysexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au



## SAUA President

### SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMS

The Students' Association along with the University have been working to make it easier for students to attend supplementary exams. It was originally proposed that Supplementary exams be held in February which is problematic as it does not suit the needs of many students. Supplementary exams held in February fall near the end of holidays and therefore interfere with travel and working plans that students may have.

I happy to say that the University and SAUA have come to an agreement that supplementary exams for 1st semester subjects will be held in the July holidays and supplementary exams for the 2nd semester will be held in December.

For any queries on the changes please feel free to contact me on 8303 5406, or just pop into the SAUA.

### ON LINE ENROLMENTS

Tired of running around the University from department to department just to change your enrolment?

On-Line Enrolments are now fully operational. You can now make amendments to your enrolment yourself through the Student On-Line Access Resource (SOLAR). Terminals are located in the library, the Student Information Office and all Faculty Computing Suites. All that you need is your student ID number and your 4 digit IVRS PIN number.

This new system gives you the ability to change your address, change your telephone number and withdraw from subjects. If you have any queries please contact the Student Information Office.

### WAITE BALL 1999

This year's annual Waite Ball will be held Saturday the 21st August. The Dress is strictly Black Tie and will be held at the lovely Lirra Lirra Cafe and Bar at the Waite Campus. Tickets are \$30 pre-paid and \$35 at the door. Nibbles and beverage will be provided. The first 300 tickets holders will also receive a stubbie holder. For more information contact the WISA Office on 8303 7428.

**Alida Parente**

## Adelaide University Union President

Here's a quick introduction to a part of the Adelaide University Union you may not know much about!!

### Student Care Inc.

Student Care is a part of the Adelaide University Union that is much under-rated. Student Care comprises of the Education/Welfare Officers, and the Housing Officer who are housed on the Ground Floor of the Lady Symon Building.

The Education and Welfare Officers (EWOs) deal with many academic grievances, and questions about re-marks, supplementary exams, and fair assessment schemes. They also give advice on the Common Youth Allowance, Austudy/Abstudy, and assist in administering the Equal Access Scheme and Student Loans.

The EWOs are pro-active and are involved in the setting up of peer advisor schemes in many faculty to help first year students settle into University life, as well as many campaigns with regard to physical and mental health. The EWOs will also assist with counselling on many personal issues which can affect your study life.

The Housing Officer administers the University's non-collegiate housing. So if you're looking for somewhere to live, come and visit Alyson to see if you fit the criteria for non-collegiate housing.

Alyson is also a Justice of the Peace, so if you need the services of a JP, you can find one here on campus.

More than anything though, the staff of Student Care are a great bunch of people, who will be able to help you with most inquires, and act as a listening ear for almost any issue. They will be able to refer you to the right people if they can't help you directly.

So if you'd like to see any one of the EWOs, Karen, Chris, or Vicki, or if you'd like to see our Housing Officer, Alyson, please don't hesitate to drop in to the Ground Floor of the Lady Symon Building (in the north-western corner of the Cloisters) or call Union Reception to make a time to catch up with them on 8303 5401.

**Elysia Turcinovic**





## Activities Vice President

The RAFFLE is nearly over, but not yet. For your chance to win a stylish 1977 Toyota Corolla, painted in the ever classy Union Gold, tickets are available from the Union and SAUA offices, so head on in and grab a fistful of tickets from either of these great offices.

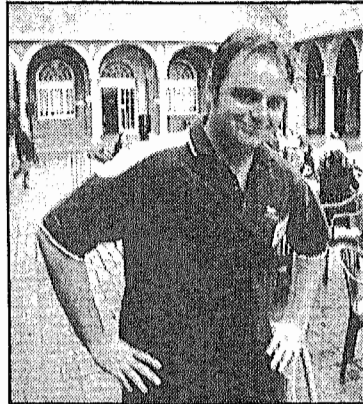
While on the subject of raffles, don't forget to head up to the bar on Friday night and enter all the fabo comps in the bar. Don't forget to enter the famous SAUA slab raffle which is the best raffle in town. For just a dollar you can win a whole slab of beer, I know it sounds crazy, but by Jingo its true.

Last Friday the Activities department put on a free BBQ in conjunction with the Women's Department: look out in the near future for more free BBQs around campus.

I hope this column cuts the mustard!

CHEERS

MATT SYKES



## Womens Officer

### TOTALLY WIMMIN POWERED STUDENT RADIO

Have you ever thought of being on the radio, girls? Well, now here's your chance. Totally Wimmin Powered is a week of women's student radio and this year will be happening during the week of the 13th of September. You can get involved with presenting a show or even the technical side of things. It's up to you! For more information please either contact me (8303 5406) or one of the Student Radio Directors (8303 5000).

### ELLE DIT

Just another reminder that *Elle Dit* is the women's edition of *On Dit* and it's coming out on the 13th of September. This means that the deadline for submissions is the 8th of September. So, you've got four weeks 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.

### CONTRIBUTION BOXES

Once you've written an article look for one of the contribution boxes around campus. Alternatively you can email them to me on my student email. Look for collection boxes in the:

- Library
- Student's Association
- Gallery Coffee Shop
- Napier Building
- Waite
- Roseworthy
- Women's Room

.....and other locations around campus.

### NEED IDEAS

Here are some suggested topics that might interest you:

- Women's health
- Women's sexuality
- Women in non-traditional fields of study
- Women and work
- Women in film and media
- Women's literature
- Different feminisms

.....and many many more!

If you have any questions about *Elle Dit* or any other issues don't hesitate to call me on 83035406.

Eileen Fisher

## Environment Officer

To: "zane" <greenguy@smug.adelaide.edu.au>

From: "zane's family" <zanesfamily@ozbytes.net.au>

Dear son,

It's good to hear that you're settling in. Your mother tells me that student elections are coming up, so you'll soon be finishing your job, is that right? I just hope that all those students trying to get the attention and votes of other students don't use too much paper. I hear that you can recycle all the pamphlets, though, so that's better than nothing.

We have been concerned about the really nasty company you mentioned, Amcor. We've heard that this company cuts down native forest in Tasmania, and that their recycled office paper isn't really recycled! Their papers include **REFLEX, KLEENEX, AUSTRALIAN PAPER, RENEW, CROWN, and OZCOPY**. It's good to hear that the SAUA will be boycotting their products.

Also, there is a national forestry action that is being planned for early September. Have you heard about that? It's going to be on the 11th, at Bunnings Mile End. They are also a bad company, as well as Boral, North Ltd, and Daishowa. Your old friend Sarah tells us that Daishowa are logging down in East Gippsland, Victoria, where she lives.

We will tell everyone that you are having your meetings every Friday at 1pm in the Don Stranks Room, behind the UniBar on North Terrace campus.

Anyway, we hope to see you soon.

Much love from Mum and Dad.



## Education Vice President

### GRIEVANCE PROCEDURES

The University is currently in the process of revising and updating their grievance procedures and policy. The current document is wordy, difficult to understand, places too much stress on formal grievance processes, and so results too frequently in student's problems being dealt with through official and thus inflexible channels.

The new document is a marked improvement, although some work could still be done on it to make it truly equitable to students. The draft document is currently going through a period of consultation, so if you've had experience of the current processes, come in and talk to me about how you think things can be improved - your feedback is important.

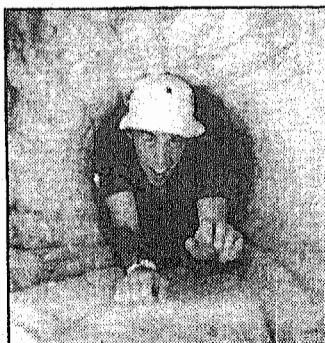
### COUNTER CALENDAR

Counter Calendar editors for the 99/2000 edition have been appointed, and are well on their way with things. Counter Calendar forms are out and you'll find boxes in the SAUA, the Library, around the Union Building, and at various locations around the Uni. Find a form, write some responses, and plonk them in a box. Remember - the Counter Calendar is the alternative subject guide written by students for students - if you don't write, your subjects won't get covered. This is your chance to rave about that lecturer you just can't get enough of, or condemn that subject that you just couldn't stand. Let us know what you thought of your subjects, and get your opinion in print!!! There's also a chance to win one of four \$30 CD vouchers, so get your response in now!

Cheers,

Janak Mayer

<evp@smug.adelaide.edu.au>





# A Remembrance of Things Past

Whatever happened to the days when you could believe in what you wanted, you could eat as much of whatever you wanted and newspaper horoscopes were taken with a grain of chicken salt and formed the wrapping of take away fish and chips? Yes, whatever happened to 1982? You know, I think back to my life in the early 80s and at no point do I remember having fat days, bad hair days or low vibe days as predicted by Madame Beryl. At no stage of my bowl-cut hairstyle days do I recall conforming to fashion trends or falling to the prey of the mass media dictatorship as to how thin I should be, what colours I should be wearing or the drink that will make me superpersonally more attractive to the opposite sex. Okay, bear in mind I was four years old at the time, but I still felt rather sexual in my woolen hand knitted chocolate brown jumper with lime green stripes, navy corduroy flares and Adidas Romes, thank you very much!

You see I think every decade needs to come up with something visual to remain as the aftermath, the only standing thing to be remembered and decades later revived as the icon of the passed ten years. Look at the 50s. Ladies left behind drawn on beauty spots, slinky tassel dresses, feather boas and big hair. Men, on the other hand, underwent new adventures in pinstripes, bowler hats, finely trimmed moustaches and port flavoured cigars. Or

was that the 20s? Who can say? When was *The Godfather* set again?

Then there were the 60s, the time when bands named themselves after zoo animals or members of the insect species, dressed like sexually repressed gollywogs and sang about everything from tambourine men, kinky goings on yellow submarines and some bird called Mrs Robinson who has cupcakes in her pantry. I've got a box of corn flakes and a few unopened packets of Silken Tofu in my pantry but I'm yet to see a song on the charts that goes something like "Hey, Mr Longobardi" we in the yellow submarine sure do miss your cornflake-Tofu cupcakes, but Jesus loves you more than you will know, wo-wo-wo.

The seventies left the lava lamp legacy. No lounge room was quite the same without one, not to mention those fibre optic revolving ferns that were seen on many a coffee table in a living area which also sported lovely electric blue shag-pile carpet, orange, brown and lime green art deco appliances, an array of paisley fabric bean bags and assortments of plastic fruit in hand fashioned wooden bowls on every flat surface. Music of the period can still be cheaply bought on sale CD racks for nothing over \$12 (and could you imagine putting a GST on something so tacky), or at Cheap as Chips for even less. It's no surprise really when you consider the names of artists at the time and the

crap they used to sing. I mean Manhattan Transfer's "Chanson D'Amor": has become a particular favourite among my colleagues at my particular place of labour. The "ratta-da-da-da" sequence itself should be sniffed at and chortled about frequently. Now I'm questioning alien involvement here, but the CD on which the song can be found, *Hits of the 70s*, which itself says something about the era, showed up on the scene briefly after the opening of our new store, sporting a CC Music Nice Price \$12.95 sticker in the lower left hand corner of the CD cover, yet no-one, and I repeat, no-one, will own up to being the proud owner of a round, silver piece of 70s bollocks!

The 80s followed with a new fad of TV soap stars becoming pop stars over night and for this we can thank three modern Frankenstein geniuses who managed to scare us all through the decade in question by sewing up a bunch of pretty faces with big hair, bleached teeth and frilly polka-dot dresses and making them sing boppy remake tunes about locomotives ala Stock, Aitken and Watman. For this we found ourselves going to school with pictures of Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan plastered over our school books.

Girls crimped their hair, insisted to be called Charlene and found new things to do with stripy tights, licorice allsorts and a bottle of Aquadhere. What exactly I don't know, but it sure has placed an image in my mind. Guys, on the other hand, spent hours in front of the mirror with a blowdryer trying to get that desired height thing happening above their heads, later to be perfected by formerly unknowns Jason Priestly and Luke Perry whose only legacy was a good postcode and the ability to wear hiking boots with acid wash jeans in public and still have thousands of girls (and the occasional guy I imagine) trying to disrobe them in the street. Guys also found themselves addicted to footy (at least some things don't change) but insisted on accessorising every outfit from casual week-end wear to Sunday Best with scarf and beanie of their most desired football team (thank God, some things do). I admit to being one such male, but at least I had the brains to choose a team like the Port Adelaide Magpies whose colours of black and white would never go out of fashion, and I mean, black goes with everything. But it is the 90s that are particularly concerning me. I'm sorry but I for one would be most embarrassed to have the children of the future looking back



to this decade and understanding our way of life as a combination of Aaron Spelling soap operas, bad tampon adverts, a group of five singing girls dressed like failed fashion experiments naming themselves after cooking ingredients and a STEPS music video. And I'm not finished there! No siree Bob! A *Best of the 90s* CD will be most embarrassing indeed. I can see the artist list now. Powderfinger, Pearl Jam (not to be confused with the breakfast spread of a similar name, oh sorry, that was Apricot Jam, my mistake), Grinspoon (not particularly liked by more unhappy items of cutlery) and Nine Inch Nails (which I'm not exactly sure is either a construction workers desired listening or in fact a support group for hookers in need of a French manicure. Who can tell, it could be both!) But this one gets me every time. Green Day. Now when I first heard of this group of most unattractive men who look like they either need a good night's sleep or indeed forgot to have their Weet Bix, I thought it was some sort of public holiday for environmentalists that I hadn't been told about. Mind you when I heard I was running down the street in my natural cotton insect print Y-fronts waking up the neighbours at 6am crying out "It's Green Day! Oh Wow! Let's all hold hands, tie ourselves to a tree and light a candle!" I was getting quite involved. Looking back on those decades, particularly the 90s where fragments of preceding decades have been all infiltrated into one in order to scare us all shitless by being old enough to remember the trends the first time round before the world blows up at midnight December 31st 1999, I'm not entirely certain that there is a God after all. Surely if he was to look down on the last day at the world and see people singing an All Saints remix of "Hotel California" dressed in bike pants, a Stussy t-shirt and a Hawthorn football club scarf munching down on cupcakes lounged out on a leopard skin beanbag mesmerised by a lava lamp and think what he saw was good, then face it, we're all screwed!

**Aldo Longobardi**

Ph: (08) 8223 4366

Fax: (08) 8223 4876

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

### Prose, poetry, comics, drawings

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

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



# When one of my cats died

Stiff in my arms,  
a darkly comic object.

Where is he now?

I have no key to feeling.

He is inflexibly dead:

car; cat; collision.

Where did I see him last...

but how was I to know?

I gather up the other one,  
a young child at a funeral  
(he is sleek in impeccable black).

His plaintive meow

reminds me what is lost.

I bless his innocence with tears,  
and let my attention wander to the window...

The autumnal, tumbling leaves -  
his rusty new life:

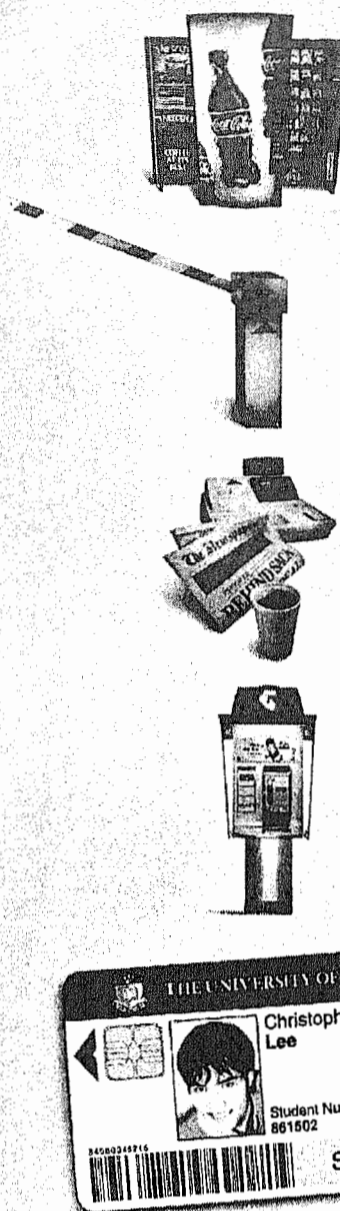
living laid in musty ends of gardens,

lying by the rusty, rickety back fence.

The tumbling leaves, in time,  
will snow him in.

(though we meet again

in dusty corridors)



## CENTREPRINT

60 Pulberry Street, Adelaide 5000

(Instant printing, colour laser copying, photocopying)

- 10% discount for all Adelaide University student/staff.\*
- All purchases must be made using Adelaide Uni card.

\*Offer only available at 60 Pulberry Street store.  
Offer ends 30/11/99.

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\*Does not apply to 'discounted to clear' stock.

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### 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

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

### unibar

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

### lirra lirra café & bar

Waite Campus  
Café open Mon - Thurs 8am - 5pm,  
& Fri 8am - 8pm. Bar open Mon - Wed  
12noon - 5pm, Thurs & Fri 12noon - 8pm.

### food court

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

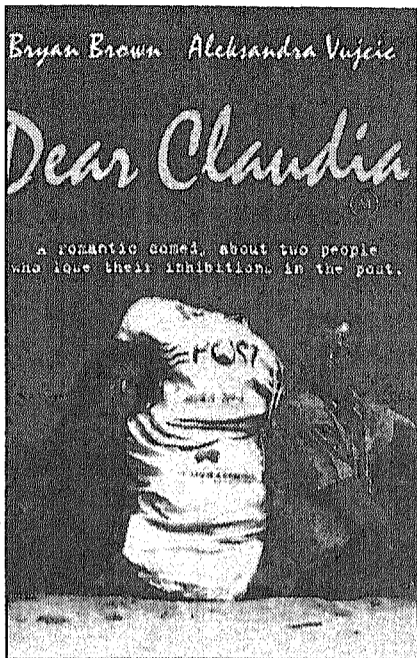
### backstage café

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

# union food & beverage



# Return to Sender



**Dear Claudia**  
1998, Director: Chris Cudlipp  
CIC  
Bryan Brown, Aleksandra Vujcic

Another quirky Australian film? That's also a romantic comedy? The odds of such a film modelled on its unoriginal, cliched American 'supe-

riors' being great are not high. Such can be said about Chris Cudlipp's *Dear Claudia* which tries hard to achieve the mark of some of the greater romantic comedies, but unfortunately falls short.

At first the film seems to at least have some potential. Walter (Bryan Brown) is the local postman, in love with Claudia (Aleksandra Vujcic) who unfortunately does not return the sentiment. His unrequited love seems doomed when the plane both travel on crashes near a tropical island, leaving the pair stranded, having to fend for themselves and provide their own entertainment. The contents of the letters they read to amuse themselves are soon shown to reflect their hopes, dreams and fears, drawing the two protagonists together as they realise that risks must be taken to walk away from the past.

By convention, a romantic comedy should fulfil the viewer's expectations of the genre, at least in a few ways. Admittedly, this film does so in some respects - it is amusing in

parts, and there is enough conflict, combined with corny dialogue, unbelievable events and a happy ending to keep the audience satisfied. Unfortunately, all this does not compensate for poor casting. Although the standard of acting is commendable, Walter and Claudia are unlikeable characters played by two very un-charismatic actors who lack any of the "star qualities" needed to make the film a success. Brown plays Walter with the boyish charm found in many of his other roles, but frustratingly bumbles around, spoiling their chances of rescue as he tries to impress Claudia who is equally as annoying as the selfish and naive street-kid. It's bad enough to make me want to risk the swim to the mainland myself.

Despite this, if you can

clench your jaw and bare the irritating characters, it is still possible to enjoy *Dear Claudia* for a few laughs, the satisfying plot and the beautiful setting. Although nothing original, it can still be appreciated for what it is trying to achieve.

Bree Bickmore

## REVIEWERS NEEDED

Do you like films? Watch lots of videos? And want to tell everybody what you think? So that your friends *have to listen*? *On Dit's* video section need people to write the odd review, and for their efforts get free videos. Sound good? If this interests you, drop your name and contact number into the office, or call on 8223 2685. You know you want to.

# Social Niceties



**Pleasantville**  
1999, Director: Gary Ross,  
Roadshow Entertainment  
To be Maguire, Jeff Daniels, Joan Allen

A brother and sister from the 90s are transported via some TV remote disaster into the 50s world of black and white family TV series, complete with the cheerful working dad, homebound cheerful mum and good little well behaved kiddies. From here on in, the children of the 90s begin warping the innocent and naive people of the TV 50s away from their nerdy existence. The party animal sister introduces sex to the

younger generation and the mum, while the brother, trying to keep interference to a minimum, ends up changing everything. There is ample opportunity for the film to explore many contemporary issues, such as racial politics, parenthood and responsibility.

The visual effects are delightfully done, as the characters change from black + white into full colour to symbolise their gaining of real feelings and emotions. The depth and mix of colour enhance the film considerably, but sometimes leads to problems.

*Pleasantville* does have strengths away from the visuals. The cast does a great job of portraying the dramatic transformations as chaos descends upon the town. The film is warm and gentle, with clever humour thrown in as well. There are problems, however, as the film soon begins to labour over all the themes it is trying to cover. It ends up feeling like a 'never-ending story' and the themes, especially with biblical references, are delivered in 'baseball bat' style. The director's heart is in the right place but he should have drawn the line a touch earlier than he did. On a whole though I did enjoy *Pleasantville* and now that it is on video, it is worth a hire.

Lindsay Gordon

## Voting

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide  
and the Adelaide University Union Elections  
Monday, 30th August - Friday, 3rd September 1999

### Polling Stations and Times:

#### Monday 30th August

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm

#### Tuesday 31st August

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Airport Lounge 4.30pm - 7.30pm  
Waite Campus (Lirra Lirra Café) 11.45am - 2.15pm  
Medical School 11.45am - 2.15pm

#### Wednesday 1st September

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Airport Lounge 4.30pm - 7.30pm  
Roseworthy Student Union 11.45am - 2.15pm  
Royal Adelaide Hospital 11.45am - 2.15pm

#### Thursday 2nd September

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Roseworthy Student Union 11.45am - 2.15pm  
Queen Elizabeth Hospital 11.45am - 2.15pm  
Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music 11.45am - 2.15pm

#### Friday 3rd September

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm

### To Vote...

You need to produce one of the following to obtain ballot papers. It must also be produced when the vote is returned to the Polling Clerk:-

Any current photographic identification of the voter such as one of the following cards identifying the voter as a student at Adelaide University:

- a current University of Adelaide Student/Library Card
- Adelaide University Law Library Card
- Waite Institute Card
- a current year International Student Identity Card (with the University of Adelaide cited as the institution of study).

Published and authorised by The Returning Officer, 10th August, 1999



# VOX

**QUESTIONS:**

- 1) If you could invent a club, what club would you invent?
- 2) What club would you most like to join?
- 3) Finish this joke: 'A seal walked into a club ...'
- 4) What's the most fun you can have in a club?



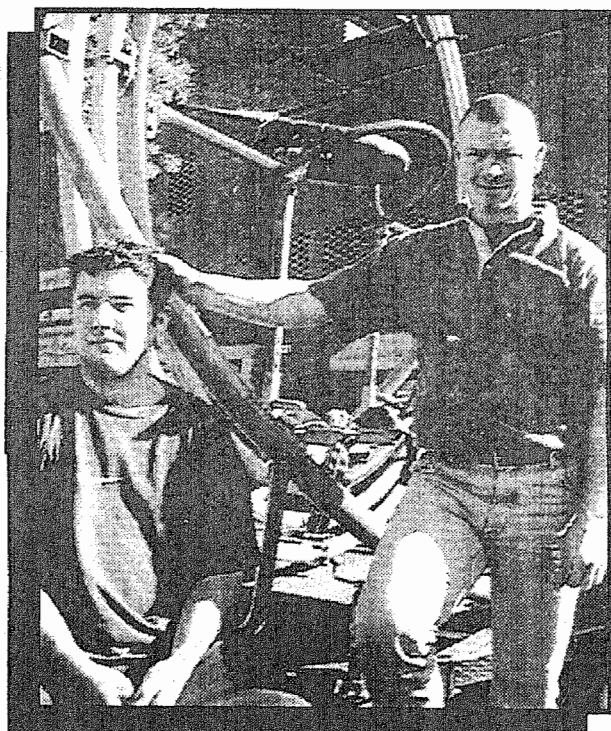
**Winnie and Valentin**  
*Dashing in denim outside the Mayo Refectory*

- 1) Winnie and Valentin: Dancing.  
Valentin: Surfing - not windsurfing, but waveriding.
- 2) Valentin: A Dancing Club.  
Winnie: A Para-gliding Club.
- 3) Valentin: And he laughs ...  
Winnie: ... And points.
- 4) Winnie: To see people regularly.  
Valentin: Just to have fun and social activities together.

**Mark and Liam**

*Looking for better night-spots in the Wills Refectory*

- 1) Mark: A better nightclub - there are only two reasonable ones in Adelaide - I seem to spend all my time at The Planet and Heaven.  
Liam: A Pub-Crawl Club.
- 2) Liam: As above.  
Mark: A Stamp-Collecting Club.
- 3) Mark: 'I'd like some fish and chips'.  
Liam: 'Pint of Pale, thanks'.
- 4) Mark: Drinking free promotional drinks with friends.  
Liam: Getting drunk and passing out in the toilets. Coming round and wondering how the hell that seal got there.



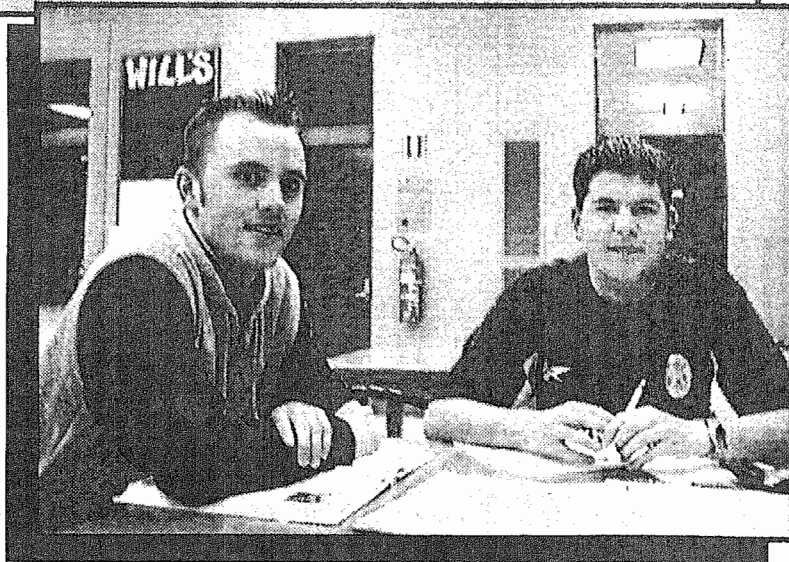
**Tyron and Colin**

*'He's a good lad,' says Colin*

- 1) Colin: A Tree-Planting Club.  
Tyron: A Fun Club.
- 2) Colin: A Travel Club.  
Tyron: The Extreme Club.
- 3) Colin: 'Ouch'.  
Tyron: 'Again'.
- 4) Colin: Good people; good food; laughter; a good time.  
Tyron: As much fun as you can without it affecting anyone else's.

**Rob, Adam and Judy**  
*Playing a mean game of pinochle on the Barr Smith Lawns*

- 1) Rob: A Sleeping Club.  
Judy: An Eating Club.  
Adam: A Music Club.
- 2) Adam: An Intergalactic Space Explorers Club.  
Judy: A Flying Club.  
Rob: A Time-Travel Club.
- 3) Rob: And got funky ...  
Judy: And sat down ...  
Adam: ... And got trashed with his other seal buddies.
- 4) Judy: Having fun.  
Adam: Unlimited fun ...  
Rob: Too much fun.



BASED ON AN ORIGINAL CUBANO BLEND

# Cubano

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BACARDI & CO. LTD.

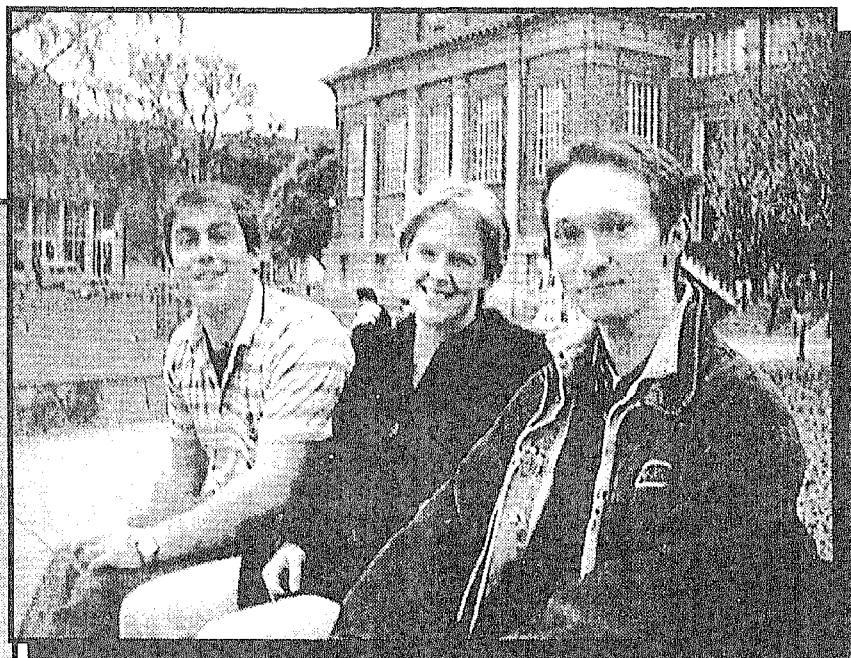


# POP

Duane, Sarah and Fred the French Guy  
*Trying to figure out what's French for 'seal'*

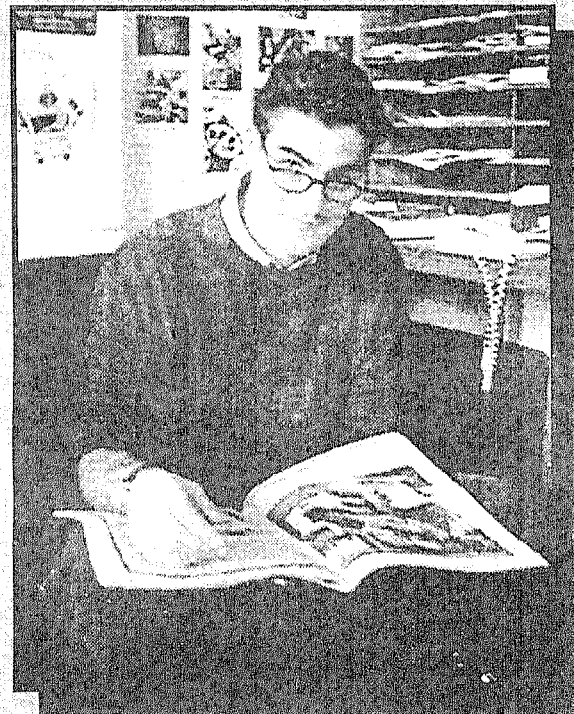
- 1) Duane: A Beer Discount Club.  
 Duane on behalf of Sarah: The Big Buttons Club.  
 Fred: A French Wine-Tasting Club.  
 2) Duane: The Free Beer Club.  
 Fred: The same.  
 Sarah: A Sky-Diving Club. Or a club to fly through the air.  
 With a big umbrella. Like Mary Poppins. That would be fun.  
 3) Sarah: 'Ouch'.  
 Duane: And the bouncer said, 'Not with those flippers, mate'.  
 Fred: Quoi?

- 4) Duane: Picking up seals. After lots of free beer.  
 Fred: Picking up a seal without even buying it a beer.  
 Sarah: Getting my jealous boyfriend to beat up seals.



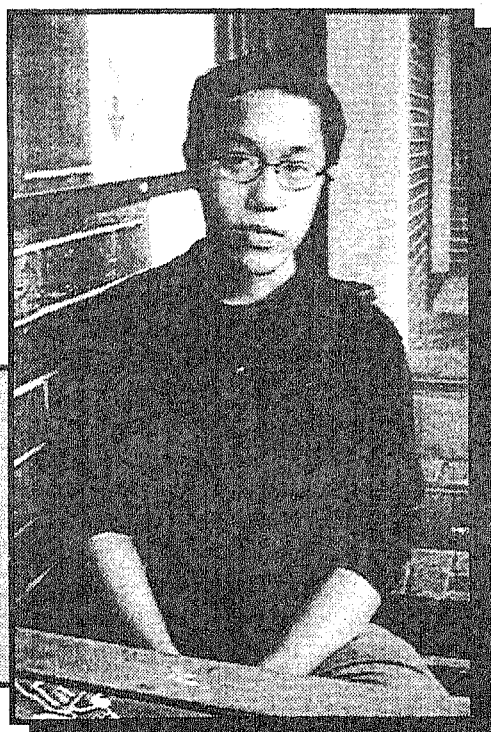
Tom  
*Thoughtful, yet amicable, in the On Dit office*

- 1) The Jungle Jim Club, or CGA: Computer Geeks Anonymous.  
 2) A club I would have liked to join once upon a time is a Sydney Uni club called BASIC: the Beer Appreciation and 'Social' Intercourse Club. Now I think I would like to join the OCE club. Sorry, no explanation for publication ...  
 3) Isn't that the joke?  
 4) Always a ski club ... Have you skied? It can be an intoxicating experience, both metaphorically and literally. Ski Club holidays seem to summon an inhuman power in people to ski all day and then punish themselves all night. Of course, you need a holiday afterwards to recover ...



Felicity  
*Pensive in the SAUA office*

- 1) Witches who love Barbies.  
 2) The aforementioned club.  
 3) ... And slipped on all the spilt drinks.  
 4) Having no inhibitions. Like naked rugby players with honey and rolled oats on the Barr Smith Lawns.

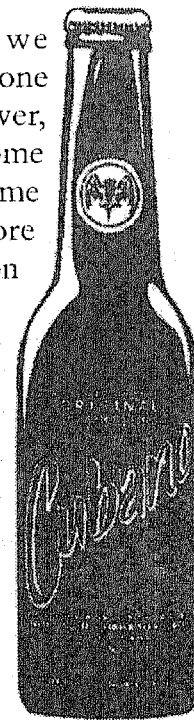


Mohd  
*Sitting outside the Little Theatre*

- 1) The Slow Learners Club.  
 2) A Base-Jumping Club.  
 3) I don't know.  
 4) Dancing, karaoke ...

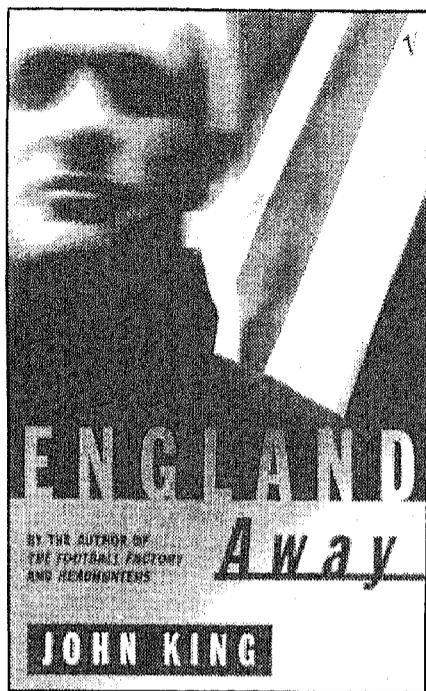
## NO ZANE?

We couldn't find Zane, so we couldn't cunningly hide him in one of the Vox Pop snaps. However, we'd still like to give yez all some Cubano. All you have to do is come down to the *On Dit* office before 5.00 on Friday with a suggestion for a Vox Pop theme or question. Just write it down on a piece of paper with your name, student number and phone number, leave it in the Vox Pop pigeonhole (the eds will direct you to it), and if your question or theme is judged to be the best we've got, you'll win two four-packs of Cubano. How can you resist?





## hooligans abroad



England Away  
John King  
Vintage

'England, united, we'll never be defeated'; that is the underlying theme running through *England Away*, the latest effort from John King and the third instalment in a loose trilogy that began with *The Football Factory* and *Headhunters*. It follows the misadventures of a band of English football followers, among them Tommy Johnson and Harry Roberts, as they make their way across the Channel, through Holland, to Germany for the England team's 'friendly' game against the Germans. As usual, violence and sex, in that order, are the prime motivations for the lads, fuelled by a

cocktail of alcohol and drugs.

The third narrative is provided by Bill Farrell, a veteran of the D-Day invasion of World War Two. His recollections of the war are interspersed with Tommy and Harry's accounts of the present-day 'invasion', which provides an interesting and effective juxtaposition: the camaraderie and patriotism of the World War Two soldiers is mirrored by that of the football fans, as is the sense of betrayal and bitterness towards authority and a government seemingly intent on selling out the nation in the interests of a united Europe. It is ironic that those that express the strongest and most passionate patriotic pride in their country are the ones that are treated with contempt by their own authorities.

Football and violence in England have long been inextricably linked and King writes with the authority and mentality

of someone with first-hand experience of the 'English Disease'. Hence, this book is not for the faint-hearted; the language is harsh and explicit, the sexual imagery is crude and often brutal, and the violence is relentless, particularly in the depiction of the climactic battle between English and German hooligans through the streets of Berlin. However, this is much more than just a book about football hooliganism; it explores themes of culture and class, national identity and patriotism, as well as the familiar notions of sex and drugs, from a white, thirty year old working class male perspective.

The result is a chaotic and intense testosterone-fuelled expedition through Europe, past and present, with perhaps a taste of what the future may hold.

Matt L

## needs editing

Darkness Peering  
Alice Blanchard  
Bantam Books

For Alice Blanchard's first attempt at a full-length novel, she hasn't done too badly. For a suspense debut, she's done even better. You know the plot and storyline are up there with John Grisham when you finish the book and think, 'hey, this would make a great film'. (Although I'm not entirely sure whether I mean that as a compliment or not). Unfortunately,

*Darkness Peering* suffers from what I can only describe as poor-to-non-existent editing. This means that some scenes are just plain confusing: the best example I can think of is when the detective has a 'breakthrough' ('I know who the killer is!' sort of thing), and the reader is left thinking 'what?!!' However, it all pans out nicely in the end, and you can sit looking at the discreetly sinister, well-designed cover and realise that, with hindsight, it was all very obvious. Like I said, it'd make a great film.

I guess my major disappointment when I began this book was its American setting. I think years of watching The Bill

and Taggart have created a personal preference for murder mysteries set in the U.K. So, getting used to the fact that the story is set in the New England town of Flowering Dogwood, but everyone goes around with really hokey Southern accents (like 'y'all' and 'git') took some time. This was not helped by the frequent use of cliched American sayings such as 'pretty as a peach', and crap about 'huckleberries'. Add a local detective who acts and speaks pretty much like Tommy Lee Jones from *The Fugitive* (or any other film he's done, come to think of it), a grisly but bizarre murder and yet more loved ones on the missing persons

list, and you have *Darkness Peering*. However, I shouldn't be unfair to this novel. I can't say I was grabbed by the opening - it was left on the bedside table for a few days after the character to whom I was slowly warming went and shot himself - but by the final pages I was thoroughly enjoying Blanchard's detailed, realistic style.

For those who devour Patricia Cornwall and Thomas Harris by the truckload (and I could name quite a few who do), Alice Blanchard is a promising new name to add to your reading lists.

Alethea Reid

## misunderstanding



Identity  
Milan Kundera  
Faber and Faber

Chantal and Jean-Marc live share an existence in a beautiful apartment in a fashionable *adroitement* of Paris. They seem happy, each drawing meaning from the other, mapping their reality, their identity, in terms of their proximity and relationship with each other. Neither is perfectly happy, but the foundations of a strong union are already present.

Jean-Marc and Chantal are both the protagonists and the subject of Czech writer Milan Kundera's latest offering, *Identity*. Best known for his Prague novels [*The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, *The Joke*] *Identity* represents both a departure from and a continuation of certain themes that have infused all of his stories.

We first meet the couple separately. Chantal has travelled ahead to a little

seaside village for a weekend with her partner, while Jean-Marc has stopped at another town to visit a dying friend. Both of them experience a sense of isolation and vulnerability during this short time apart, which chips away at the delicate equilibrium of their intimacy when they reunite. Each alternating chapter considers the same events from the perspectives of the two lovers, examining the truths they choose to share or keep hidden, the lies they proffer to make their relationship run more smoothly. But misunderstandings escalate into serious problems as Chantal and Jean-Marc edge ever closer to an abyss of uncertainty. Kundera is a writer of rare vision and perception and no small talent. The down side of this combination of attributes in someone all too aware of their presence is the kind of hubris we associ-

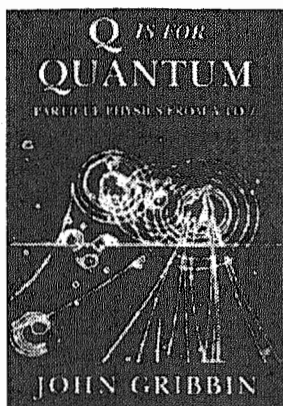
ate with the likes of Ernest Hemmingway. While he is by no means the self-agrandizing ass like Hemmingway [nor does he seem to take himself too seriously, like McEwan or Rushdie], he is sometimes prone to cleverness and device. The *faux* magic-realism of *Identity* perhaps weakens an otherwise solid and compelling novel.

While *Identity* will suffer from the inevitable comparisons to his masterpiece *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, Kundera has actually pulled off something of a coup with his new work. While not responsible for the current trend towards brevity in 'serious' fiction, he has produced perhaps the first short novel in some time to combine readability with a story worth reading.

Jonathon Dyer



# Learned reviewer



**Q is for Quantum:  
Particle Physics  
from A to Z  
John Gribbin  
Phoenix Giants**

AND

**Almost Everybody's  
Guide to Science  
John Gribbin with  
Mary Gribbin  
Phoenix**

Now, I'm no rocket scientist. In fact, I'm no kind of scientist at all. Indeed, possessing an Honours Degree in English Literature makes me the butt of a lot of jokes for my science student friends. But that's okay, because I know that what they do is very important; well, at least it has the potential to be very important. Like a lot of Arts majors I know I possess an interest in the sciences, especially that most sexy of sciences, physics. This is also the source of much laughter for my science-oriented compatriots, who wonder how someone without even the most rudimentary knowledge of mathematics can possibly appreciate the subtleties of something as complex as, say, quantum gravity theory.

That's where writers like Marcus Chown, Roger Penrose, Richard Dawkins, Barbara Cline, John Barrow, Paul Davies, and John and Mary Gribbin come in.

It is commonly understood that there was a time in the distant past when it was still possible to possess a working knowledge of all the current theories and developments in all the fields of the sciences.

This date is usually set around an individual, like Dante or Sir Issac Newton. It is assumed that since this arbitrary point the sciences have grown and splintered and diversified so that no individual could possibly take in the whole vista with any clarity whatsoever. This is the myth John Gribbin sets out to debunk in *Almost Everybody's Guide to Science*.

A remarkably readable survey of the most current developments and arguments in the major fields of scientific endeavour today. Each chapter covers a different field of science, though the subjects tend to overlap. Beginning at the building blocks of existence - particle physics and quantum mechanics - Gribbin runs through the successive fields of chemistry, biochemistry and genetics, to the big end of scientific knowledge - ecology, geology, and astronomy.

This small volume should be mandatory reading for anyone working in a scientific field, as well as just about everyone else.

If you feel you've graduated from the

*Beginners* level of scientific reading, and you want a bit of a challenge then you could do worse than to browse through Gribbin's *Q is for Quantum: Particle Physics from A to Z*. This volume is exactly what its title suggests - an encyclopedic survey of what the authors describe as 'the science of the very small'. While most of the material in this collation of knowledge is presented in a manner even I could understand [I had to get a little help on the mathematics] I'm told the *Q is for Quantum* wouldn't be out of place on a Physics department recommended reading list.

In both cases, as in the thirty-or-so books John Gribbin has written on matters scientific [collaborating on nine with his wife and editor Mary], the text is eminently readable, seasoned with humour and pathos and demonstrating a real passion for the material. The Gribbins should be commended for their efforts to make science accessible to the rest of us.

**Jonathon Dyer (BA Hons)**

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# Devils, Dimensions and Ultimate Realities

PHILOSOPHISERS  
ANONYMOUS

Drugs temporarily alter your perception of reality. Philosophy uses words to establish temporary worlds. It is within these self-created worlds that philosophers trip out. All altered states are potentials within the brain waiting to be activated by the correct stimulus. A philosopher is one that successfully trains their brain to release these pleasurable chemicals on demand. The strangest part is that for the drugs to work the philosopher must believe that they are not just tripping out but actually accessing reality. As if in a dream the philosopher fools themselves into thinking the worlds they have created are real. Philosophers do not just write words, they live the words, as they dance with devils, dimensions, and ultimate realities.

## WHAT ARE THE CONSEQUENCES OF EVOLUTION?

BRENTYN: It is not the words that actually matter, but the experience they cause. Consider the following sentence: WE ARE ANIMALS. These three little words form a meaning. It is a meaning revealed by Darwin which sent humanity reeling. And it still is reeling. Each new generation reels. Each individual that cares to listen reels. If you really consider these words, you'll find that the little reality you call your life begins to fall down around you. The words should be read with an emphasis as if they were delivering a knockout punch: WE ARE ANIMALS. What are their full consequences? Is this a bad trip? Everything will be alright. Just forget about it. Go and watch tv or something. Return to your little reality.

BEN: There is a danger in relating a discourse, or language-based approach to reality, to the theoretical (and I stress theoretical) chemicals that... ahem...theoretically "drive" our emotion. The two could contribute to reality equally, but it is beyond our ability to comprehend, in any meaningful sense, the way the world "is". The two approaches are, in and of themselves, indistinct, and indeed, one can quite easily explain the other (social meaning mapped over emotions and chemicals, chemicals and emotions influencing the perception of the importance of language). As with a dance, both ideas flit around each other, not

entirely at ease with one another.

This is not your point, but there is confusion in mixing such concepts. I will now attempt to interpret your arguments on the more meta-physical (rather than metatheoretical level = theory pertaining to theory). The consequences and impact of Darwin's theory are largely limited by one's interpretation of it, some think it obvious, the religious right is outraged. This is important to consider in that the individual largely influences the effect (or 'reality') in and of themselves. The words do not do the work. Negotiation in many forms constitutes the reality. WE ARE NOT ANIMALS. Equally valid, just as powerful to different interpretations. Here we trot into the dodgyness of truth as a whole, but that is another matter...

BRENTYN: I am not saying that "we are animals" is truth. Truth is invalid. What is not invalid, however, is the usefulness and power of new concepts to change our perspective. We have always been intrinsically obsessed with our conception of reality. We are the children of God. We are the best. It was impossible for us to see ourselves as otherwise. We felt contempt for all other animals. We are holy. We are Godly. We are superior. Evolution bulldozes these ideas forever. We can point at the animals and laugh at it chewing on its grass and say "look how ignorant it is, it doesn't really know". But evolution puts all of our habits, and conventions, and actions onto the same level as all other animals. Suddenly our contempt for their actions, becomes contempt for all our own actions. When we saw the animals building their nests, rearing their young, searching for food, scratching their ears we put it down to: they're animals, they act that way because that's what they do. They are programmed by genes and learned to do things that way - that's all. Suddenly however our own actions - having a shower, driving your car, watching TV, going to work - these also become just something we do because like all other animals we do things not because we want to, or because these things are important, or good, or right, or what should be done - but because as animals that's just the way we do things. We do these things because we are animals. This is not to say that this slant on reality is true. It's just useful. Felt to its full extent, for a short time, this perspective wipes clean the slate of our reality. Everything we do feels superfluous. In this state of chronic nihilism there is despair. But there



is also the ultimate in freedom.

For a time all limits upon your actions are broken. Culture and genetics no longer apply. You can fly because death no longer matters. You can do anything. But then survival mechanisms kick in. They have to. For that way lies insanity.

To be insane is to live outside of culture. Culture is our accepted, unquestioned network of ideas which makes up all we regard as "common sense". To truly and utterly renounce this, is to lose all structure and all organisation. To step outside of all discourses is to enter the grey chaos of non-humanness.

By our very nature we can not step outside of the safe socially constructed organisation of our discourses without also leaving behind our humanity.

## AWARENESS AND EXISTENCE

BRENTYN: Perhaps the most amazing fact about our existence, and most taken for granted, is that we are aware of our own existence. If we are just hugely complex bundles of atoms which work by physical laws, we can assume that evolution also follows physical laws. That atoms (or anything) could reach such a state as to be aware of themselves is more mind-boggling than the imagination can comprehend. But if it is due to the statistical laws of complex substances that awareness must always eventuate, then I conceive of nothing more beautiful.

BEN: Chaos theory, Brenty, but I'm not willing to go through that again. A few easier points though...A) Infinity is BIG. Either some type of 'infinite galaxy' setup exists, where something like us is bound to pop up or 'Sliders' style parallel universes of infinite quantity where the same is the same. Anything beyond this is entering limited universe / galaxy theory which sound way too much to me like god's briefcase theory (we live in an object owned by god). Limits don't cut it with me, as there is a something outside those limits, even if it's infinite nothingness - which would be really mindboggling. B) awareness ain't that big a deal, and it seems to be built



into the floorplan of this planet, if not the universe. We are not the focus, we have equals in the apes who only suffer in their use of grammar. The freak is this planet. If we can find something "useful" on a different planet, I suspect that either it'll be mindbogglingly complex in a completely different way (ie. not self-aware), or the focus shifts to a wider scale - is this solar-system a freak?

If the pattern of intelligence stretches off into infinity, popping up at various intervals, I will then be concerned about the unlikelyhood of the fabric of the universe. As it's unlikely we'll meet intelligent life as we know it, we're a freaky planet. But we had to be created eventually, somewhere. Here and now, is the only time we can think of here and now.

C) I don't deny that its mindbogglingly unlikely that we're here and now, I do deny the usefulness of the unlikelyhood of our existence. I also deny that it is beautiful. Humans, and other self conscious beasties such as gila monsters and very old red shoes, are actually ugly, gangly, stinky and colourless. Trees much pretty, much same with flowers and water and stars and planets (not the same thing I'm told...).

### MEANING AND IDLE CONVERSATION

BRENTYN: It is perhaps an obvious fact that the surface meaning of the words people use often does not correspond to their actually implied meaning. For example, upon first meeting someone we ask "How's it going?". We

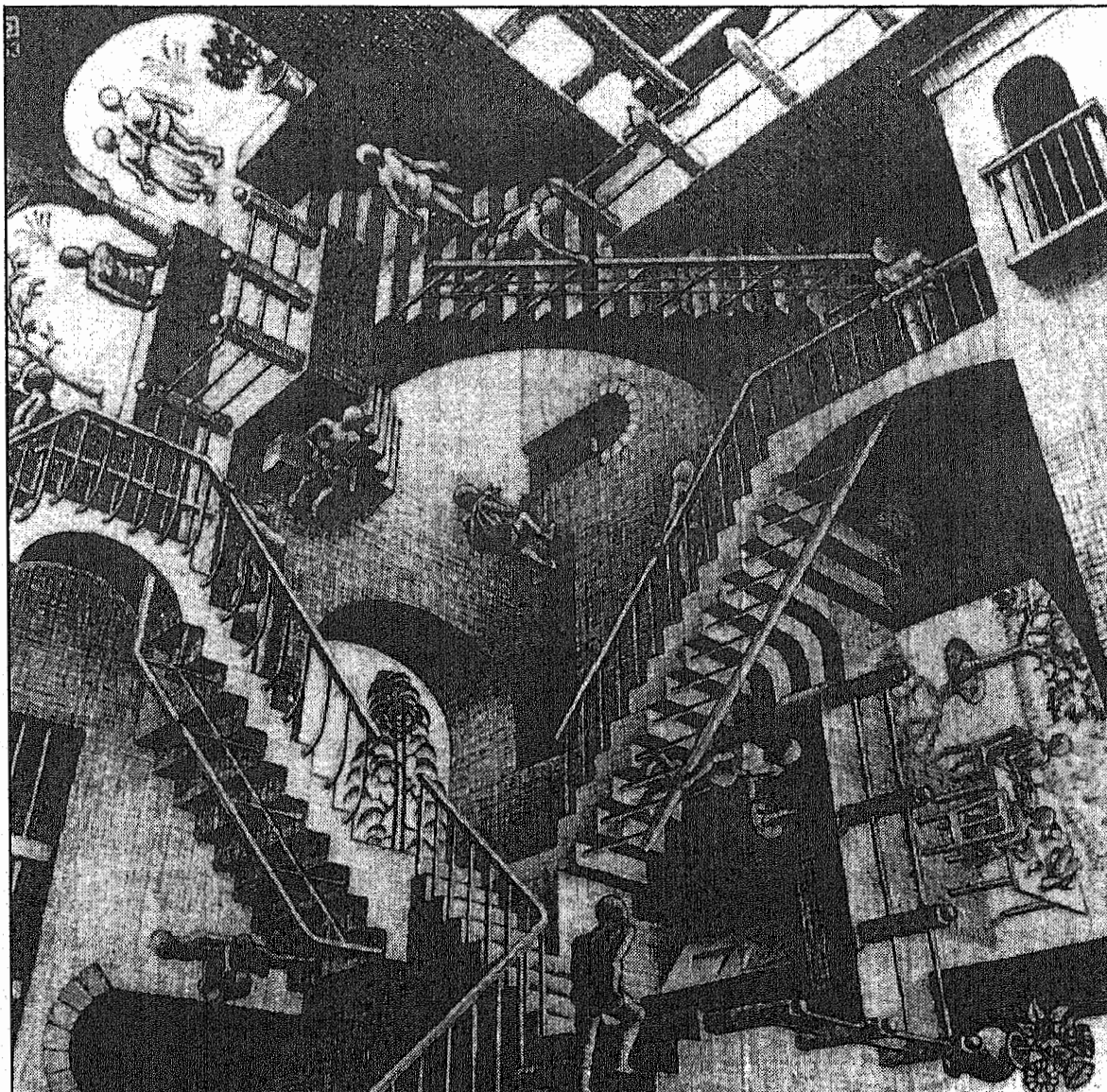
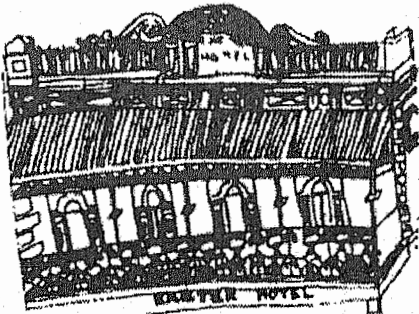
do not of course expect an answer, and in fact would be mildly surprised if the person embarked upon a tirade about their recent personal tragedies. The fact is that we do not actually care how the person is going. What we instead mean is: I greet you, or: I acknowledge your existence. It is perhaps a testimony to our self-centredness that at times upon meeting a friend (and especially if we are in a bad mood), if they are to introduce us to one of their friends, we will often greet them with an absolutely mechanical "how's it going?" This can be so mechanical that we will say these words in the midst of thinking something totally unrelated. To these thoughts we instantly return and the customary trading of names is but a vague irritating interruption. In these cases, your friend's friend is seen not as a person but a mere object. Something that is to be remarked upon because it is following your friend around, and thus out of politeness to your friend you go through with the expected social ritual (that is, make the appropriate speech acts). Your exchange of greetings really means no more to you than if you had politely commented upon the colour of their new shirt. The name of the person is of no more significance to you than is the place where they bought a bag; and if their friend had been a bag you would probably remember its place of purchase because it is at least of a mild amount of personal interest should you wish to acquire one. (No wonder we often forget names as soon as we hear them). Sometimes you may even go to the extent of asking your friend's friend where they met.

This is, of course, of no more significance than, "where did you get that bag from?" What you actually mean is: "That's not a bad looking friend - where can I get me one of those?" Ironically your friend's friend is probably simultaneously thinking exactly the same about you. Such is the all engulfing relativity of our perceptions.

BEN: My exam on this a few weeks ago forced me to look at and hold onto this approach to language and interaction, and I agree with all of it. For the purposes of contrast and bloody-mindedness however... Social construction theories would appear to facilitate this approach. However a mere obstacle cannot reply or be interacted with on a linguistic level. A stranger always has a certain potential to become more than that, even if you're in an unreceptive mood. People communicate through a myriad of social gestures of which a verbal greeting is merely one. Posture, facial features etc. All belie the social context in which individual and obstacle are placed. Furthermore, as this could be seen equally as interaction with inanimate obstacles, the acknowledgment of another's existence is highly important. Even if you don't want to acknowledge them directly, the denial degenerates into merely a rude or insulting gesture aimed at the "obstacle".

They are still there, their mind must be encountered somehow, be it positively or negatively. They can still be seen as an obstacle, but not as a "static" or "object-like" obstacle. They require upkeep, unless you do not see (or encounter) them at all, which is a different matter entirely. Especially as one can often feel the presence of another close by, without seeing, hearing, tasting, touching or smelling them in any obvious sense...

By Ben Tucker and Brentyn Ramm.

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# Alcohol: A Comparative Quantitative Analysis

When it comes to ranking alcoholic beverages, taste-tests are becoming passe. It's a rabid materialistic world out there, and what people are really after is simple: value for money. Which means: get drunk as cheaply as possible.

Armed with a pencil and paper and no shame at all, I spent a few minutes in my local bottle-o-scanning the shelves. Data were collected on the volume, price and alcohol content of many different brands of many different drinks, then that information was used to calculate how much you would have to spend on each beverage to obtain 100 millilitres of pure alcohol.

The rankings follow. I've had to leave out many popular brands, but you can guess that, for example, Smimoff is going to come in at about the same position as Stolichnaya, and that rum, whisky and vodka are all pretty much equivalent. Note that the bottleshop in question (which shall remain nameless) didn't carry the really scary range of cask wines and gut-corroding ports that one might expect from a less classy establishment, but I'm sure they would have come in at around number two. I've heard that Parafield Liquor is the place to go if you want true nastiness for a minimum price, so get to it!

In ascending order of value-for-money:

**16) Grolsh Premium Lager**  
946 mL for \$9.99, 5% alcohol content.  
Price per unit alcohol: \$21.12 for each 100mL.

Delicious (as beers go) but very, very expensive. But it comes with that cool lid, which alone is worth the price of admission.

**15) Seagram Advocaat**  
500 mL for \$17.49, 17.5%. \$19.99/100mL  
The creamy gold vanilla ooze which is

advocaat is one of my all-time favourite liqueurs. It can be mixed with lemonade for what is known as a "fluffy duck", or with thickened cream for what is known as "the reason my friends think my taste in alcohol is weird".

**14) West End Light**  
375 mL for \$1.35, 2.7%. \$13.33/100mL  
All the nasty flavour of WE Draught but half the alcohol. Why would anyone ever drink this shit? It was also one of the only beers (along with WE Gold) whose price the bottleshop attendant didn't know off the top of his head, suggesting an unsurprisingly low level of demand.

**13) Cooper's Pale & Dark Ales**  
375 mL for \$1.69, 4.5%. \$10.02/100mL  
These beers need no introduction.

**12) Stolichnaya Vodka**  
700 mL for \$25.99, 37.5%. \$9.90/100mL  
You get what you pay for. It really is worth those extra few dollars to get a bottle of Stolichnaya instead of Zhivago or Vladivar or (shudder) Glacier.

**11) West End Draught**  
375mL for \$1.61, 4.5%. \$9.54/100mL  
Ick. But Draught is usually cheap at the pub.

**10) Cooper's Sparkling Ale**  
375 mL for \$1.94, 5.8%. \$8.92/100mL  
Personally I find this beer too strongly flavoured for my tastes, but some people seem to like it. I prefer dark.

**9) Victoria Bitter**  
375 mL for \$1.61, 4.9%. \$8.76/100mL.  
It's bitter. And it's Victorian. What more is there to say?

**8) Kirov Raspberry Flavoured Vodka**  
700 mL for \$20.99, 37.1%. \$8.08/100mL  
Plain Kirov vodka tastes okay for about four seconds... then the flavour hits the back of

your throat and makes you wish you'd bought Smimoff. I've never tried the Raspberry flavoured variety myself, but it was all my bottleshop had and I doubt that a small squirt of synthetic cordial could ever hope to erase that delightful paint-stripper aftertaste.

**7) Aegean Ouzo**  
700 mL for \$20.99, 37.1%. \$8.08/100mL  
What the hell is Ouzo? One of these days I'll be brave enough to find out.

**6) Halkion Sljivovica Plum Brandy**  
1L for \$29.99, 40%. \$7.50/100mL  
I don't know what Halkion Sljivovica means, but at a guess it's Czech for "caution: biohazard". Again I haven't tried this particular beverage, but now that I know of its existence I'm aching for a taste.

**5) Passion Pop**  
750 mL for \$3.99, 9.5%. \$5.60/100mL  
If only I was thirteen again I'm sure I would be able to fully appreciate this fine product. Variations on the theme (eg pink spumante, dodgy lambrusco) cost similar amounts, although if you want actual natural ingredients expect to pay a little more.

**4) Queen Adelaide Regency Red**  
750 mL for \$4.99, 13%. \$5.12/100mL  
...and I'm sure Queen Adelaide would have appreciated having her name attached to this spectacular vintage. Serve it in a carafe and nobody will know the difference.

**3) Old Mule Natural Gin Essence**



Seeing Double?

**375 mL for \$6.00, 50%. \$3.20/100mL**  
One convenient fun-sized bottle of Old Mule is the experimentally confirmed LD-50 dose for adult humans. I hear it's been taken off the shelves in Mount Barker because bored Hills teenagers kept buying it and drinking it straight.

**2) Berri Gold Crown Port**  
2 Litres for \$9.99, 16.5%. \$3.03/100mL  
I'm inherently suspicious of any alcoholic drink which is sold in units larger than 1.5 litres, but something about Gold Crown Port just screams out "put me in a brown paper bag and drink me on the banks of the Torrens!"

**1) Methylated Spirits**  
Funnily enough my bottleshop didn't carry this inexpensive and enticing liquor, so I can't compare it in terms of price. But I'm quite sure that it would have won the alcohol content competition hands down, poisonous emetic additives notwithstanding.

Footnote: All Trademarks are property of their respective owners.

Linley Henzell

## Rebounds Off The Ring

After 'lunch cutting', the 'rebound' relationship is the next worst mental hassle that a devout Catholic will never have to deal with. There is one basic feature to any rebound: you pick up someone who's just broken up from a reasonably serious relationship. This condition is necessary but not sufficient to qualify as a 'rebound'. The existence of a rebound assumes that there are issues and stresses that involve you, your new partner and/or their ex. If you genuinely

like your new partner, your new partner hasn't got any hang-ups about their ex, if the ex doesn't care about the new situation and no other relevant people give you grief - then there's nothing to worry about and you're in a perfectly normal relationship... congratulations. When there's some issues present then you've got a rebound situation.

Seeing as we're at uni, let's talk about theory for a moment. In a perfectly sane world a

break-up would exist on the premise that the recently separated couple no longer wish to be a big part of each other's lives. Breaks would be clean and wouldn't cause ripples. People would be mature enough to respect each other's decision and get on with a normal life. However, we know that everybody from Bill 'Free Willy' Clinton to Monica, Rachel and Phoebe have trouble with relationships and when such great minds as these are susceptible to

human flaws then surely we are too.

The sort of issues you get lumped with vary greatly depending on whether you pick up the dumper or the dumpee. If you take the classic rebound option you'll hit on the emotionally fragile dumpee when they cling to you out of pathetic need for 'another half' (come here, cry on my shoulder...). In this situation you often face the hassle of your new partner still wanting their ex and you having to sit through hours of them reminiscing about old times (hello, it's over...you're in a different relationship now!). As long as you're not too serious about your new catch or you enjoy playing the role of a social worker then this is your patch of turf.

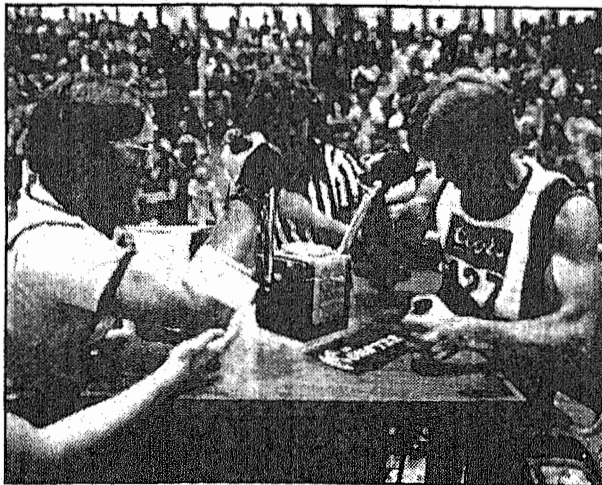
If you get lucky and score the dumper then your new partner is usually a little more stable. The problem routinely arises when the dumpee still wants the dumper and starts hassling and stalking one or both of you. At times this can be quite freaky when you receive strange phone calls at night from the dumpee telling you crazy stories about your new partner to try and split you up. Then there are the threats. Then they rock up at your place looking for the dumper at weird hours. Then they get all their friends to start

giving you shit. If you're the dumpee and any of these symptoms sound familiar then I'm telling you to get a grip on yourself. Violence isn't the answer to everything but it sure helps to get rid of these annoying little shits (sorry, I think I hit a nerve).

A sub issue of the rebound dilemma is one that arises before the rebound even exists. That is, "how long do you have to wait after a break up to make a move?" Anyone at a B&S will happily inform you that as long as they've had a shower or at least a change of clothes then you've waited long enough. In most cases, though, the length of neurosis in the dumpee defines the period. If you get together with someone whose ex is a psycho then you're gonna face the issues regardless of whether you get shagadelic now or next millennium.

Ultimately, there shouldn't be hassles around rebounds. If only we could keep our fascination about other peoples' bedrooms to porn videos and not get stuck into judging each other's nocturnal socialising then we'd all stress less and Sen(sor)ator Alston would have pleasantly unpleasant day.

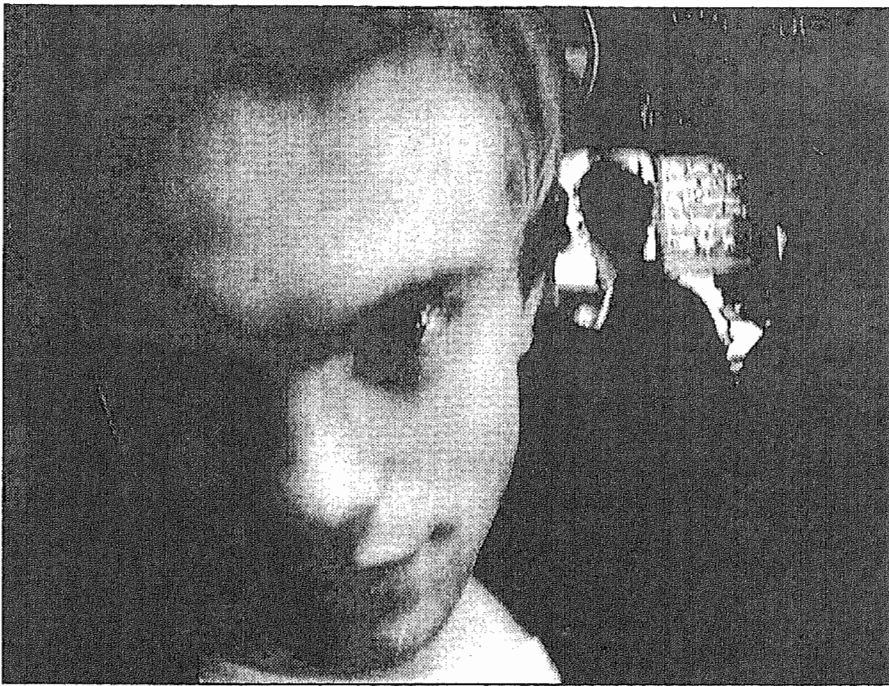
Michael Hicks



That's no way to end a relationship



# Doctor At Large



## Dear Dr Linley,

As a fairly ordinary middle-class student, I'm neither poor enough to receive the Youth Allowance nor rich enough to be able to afford the kind of independence which being on welfare allows. Consequently, I have very little money to spend on things like food. I often find that my fridge is full of decaying vegetables and half-eaten lumps of greenish fritz, but new food costs so much! Can you give me a few hints on just how rotten a piece of food has to get before I can no longer eat it?

## The Doctor Says:

The food industry spreads so many myths about food safety (all in the interests of selling more of their products) that it can be extremely difficult to sort out truth from fiction. Milk can be drunk straight as long as it's still a liquid, but when it matures and begins to take on solid form it should only be used in cooking or poured over cereal. Eggs never go bad, they just ripen gradually. Vegetables are okay as long as they retain some of their original form; if you can't tell whether it's an eggplant or a stick of celery, you should consider not eating it.

As for meat, its edible life-span depends on which animal it's made of. Fish becomes dangerous after only a few days out of the sea, while chicken can be served rare even after weeks in room-temperature storage. Red meat's shelf life is determined by the age of the animal when it was killed: lamb or veal lasts for ages, while tough old mutton can putrefy overnight. Spam is a mixture of all possible meats and never goes off.

As for mould and fungus, I can still recall the rhyme my Great-Grandmother used to recite as she sieved the chunks out of our

breakfast milk:

"Mould of blue  
Is bad for you.  
Mould of red  
Kills you dead.  
Mould of white  
Gets you high as a kite.  
Mould of black  
Makes a tasty snack."

## Dear Dr Linley,

I'm throwing a huge party in a few days, but I'm worried that too many people are going to turn up and that the alcohol will run out! I am on a limited budget and decent piss is so damn expensive these days. Do you have any advice?

## The Doctor Says:

For a detailed study of various beverages in terms of intoxication potential versus price, refer to "Alcohol: a Comparative Quantitative Analysis", this issue of *On Dit*. But in your situation it would be foolish to restrict yourself to alcohol when there are so many other forms of social lubricant perfectly suited to the ultimate student party.

Here's a fantastic alternative I learned from a friend who hails from up North: place several large bowls or tubs of petrol around the house. The fumes will create a cosy atmosphere and help everyone travel the road to drunken merriment that little bit faster. In fact, many will find themselves paralytic without so much as tilting a glass. To accelerate the process of evaporation, the petrol can be gently heated; a fondue set is perfect for this purpose.

Of course, not everyone finds the smell of engine fuel relaxing,

so you'll need to mask it with something. That's why I suggest surrounding each bowl with around a dozen sticks of very strong incense. But be careful! If you let ash fall into the petrol you won't be able to put it back into your car the next day.

A wonderful thing about this technique is that it cuts right across age barriers. Children who are too young to drink alcohol (and you wouldn't think of serving anyone under the age of 18, would you?) can get a bit of "solvent surprise" by doing nothing more than breathing normally.

## Dear Dr Linley,

My house is infested with rats! I've tried everything to get rid of the filthy little buggers, but traps don't fool them anymore and poison just makes them die in the wall cavities and slowly rot over the course of several weeks, producing an unpleasant ambience. I am especially worried about my six-month-old child catching some kind of disease (he has an amusing habit of eating everything in sight). What can I do?

## The Doctor Says:

I have experienced this problem myself and I have the perfect solution. It's called biological control, and the point is to introduce a new predator into the ecosystem (ie your house) in order to prey on the unwanted organism (ie the rats).

Some people recommend cats or ferrets for this purpose, but personally I prefer giant centipedes. They are unobtrusive, make almost no sound other than the faint pitter-patter of tiny feet, cost next to nothing to keep, and if you can get hold of the rare but very effective Brazillian variety they make a

delicious treat for when life gets you down. A single giant centipede (they reach a length upward of two feet when fully grown) can hunt down, paralyse and slowly devour one or two rats a month. With a few dozen of these happy little creatures crawling around behind your couch and nesting in your house's roof insulation you can say goodbye to rodent infestation forever!

Although the centipede's sting is not often fatal to humans it can be extremely painful, so you'll need to take some basic precautions. Always wear covered shoes while walking around the house, and spray plenty of bug repellent around Baby's cot.

## Dear Dr Linley,

I am president of a huge but piteously underdeveloped ex-superpower, and I'm having a lot of trouble keeping control of my unruly government. Recently I sacked my entire cabinet for the fourth time in seventeen months, but no matter what I do inflation keeps making the price of vodka go up. To make matters worse, those bloody communists are staging some kind of comeback. Help!

## The Doctor Says:

The best way of dealing with any financial crisis is simple: print more money! Germany did it in the 1930s and now they're the economic powerhouse of Europe - don't try telling me that there isn't a lesson in that. To keep that nasty government under your control you should shuffle them so fast that they don't have time to plot against you, let alone take any credit for your fabulous successes. And you'll find that the centipede method is almost as effective with communists as it is with rats.

**the drinks are on me!**  
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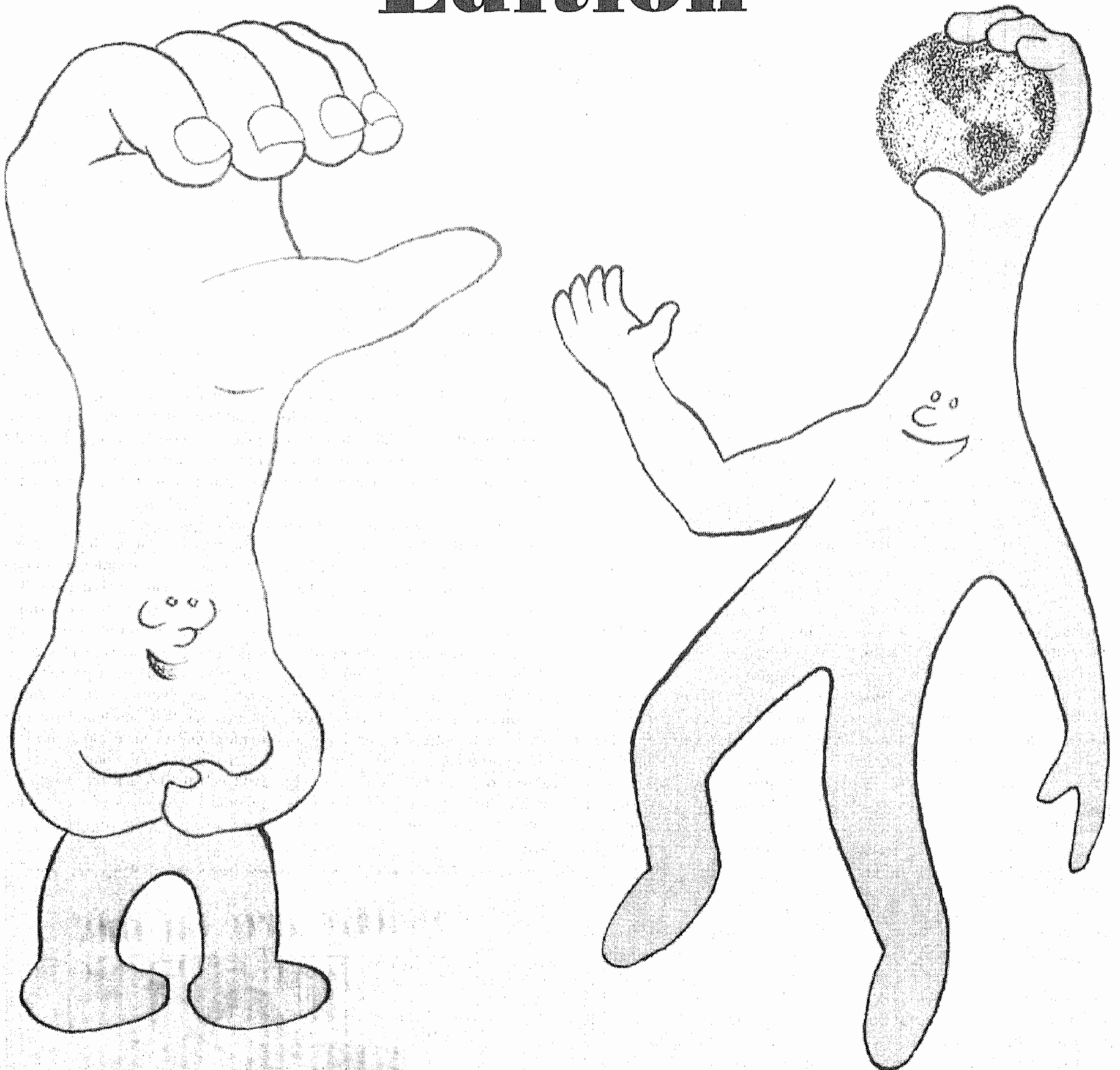
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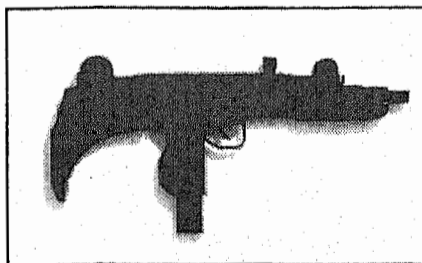
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# Red Hot

## I FIND SANCTUARY IN MY .38 CALIBRE

A judge cleared two Roman Catholic nuns of murder Wednesday, saying they acted in self-defense when they shot dead a thief who broke into their convent in central Colombia last month, judicial sources said. Sisters Maria Isabella Trujillo and Luz Adelia Barragan blasted the intruder with a .38 Smith and Wesson, which the local army commander had given to the convent, the Sanctuary of the Virgin of Miracles, in the city of Tunja. Both women admitted taking turns in firing the revolver but insisted they were shooting into the dark after hearing strange noises in the convent garden. The building houses a number of valuable works of art and religious relics and had been burglarized earlier this year, prompting the nuns to organize night-time patrols. "I'm glad that they arrived at this decision so quickly," the bishop of Tunja, Augusto Castro, told reporters after the judge's verdict was issued. Barragan, who along with Trujillo, had been released on bail pending the court hearing, welcomed the verdict. "I came here to consecrate my life to God and I will now continue to serve others. The convent is my house and my life," she told the Caracol television news network. They are currently amending the Columbian New Testament to read an eye for an eye and a hole from a .38 smith and wesson for a painting.



*Sister Conceptione says  
"lock and load"*

## CHEERLEADER SMUT

A Web site that sells merchandise for a California cheerleading squad has sued Microsoft Corp for allegedly linking its cheerleader page to explicit on-line pornogra-

phy. Boathouse Row Entertainment Inc., which runs an Oakland Raiderette Web site, charged in a lawsuit filed this week that Microsoft's LinkExchange Internet advertising service placed banner ads on its page flagging "nude images and lewd sexual and illegal material including child pornography." "You click on them and they lead to very hard core pornographic material. You couldn't even print the names of the titles," Boathouse Row's attorney Mark Goodman said Wednesday. A spokesman for Microsoft, which bought LinkExchange in November 1998, denied the charges and said the service has a strict policy banning the advertisement of pornographic, racist or hate material. "We review a thousand Web sites and a thousand banner ads for inappropriate content each day," Microsoft spokesman Jim Cullinan said Wednesday. "We asked Boathouse Row to identify the sites that they believe were inappropriate so that we could review them, but they never gave us the information to validate their claims." LinkExchange was designed to provide free advertising for smaller Web sites, with participating sites swapping advertising banners with other network members. "Click on our site and you'd suddenly be in a site called 'porncity.com'," Goodman said. "From there, it just got worse." Boathouse Row said LinkExchange continued to place inappropriate banners on its page for more than two months after it was notified of the problem, harming its image as a legitimate business. "We're asking the court for an injunction to stop the practice of linking businesses to pornographic or other inappropriate sites," Goodman said.

## NAH MAN, THE MELBOURNE POLICE GOT IT FROM ME

Argentine Vice President Carlos Ruckauf urged police Wednesday to shoot criminals without warning, aiming for their arms or legs. "I'm not saying the police should kill robbers, but they should shoot

them in the leg or in the arm. What you can't do is shout at the criminal to stop and so give him time to shoot the policeman or the member of the public," Ruckauf told local radio. "When a criminal is attacking someone, you've got to eliminate the criminal because he is trying to kill a member of the public," he said. Ruckauf, a ruling Peronist Party candidate, is running for governor of Buenos Aires province, home to more than a third of Argentina's 36 million people, in national elections on Oct. 24. Center-left Alliance candidate Graciela Fernandez Meijide, who holds a slight lead over Ruckauf in polls ahead of the election, dismissed his proposal as "ridiculous." "We all know that crime rises when people are economically desperate," she said. Ruckauf said that a law requiring police to identify themselves and wait for criminals to fire at them before firing back only put officers at risk. More than 35 police officers have died in the line of duty so far this year. Opinion polls say Argentine voters see the rising crime rate as one of the country's top problems together with corruption and unemployment. Argentina's security forces labor under a reputation for corruption and brutality earned during the 1976-83 military dictatorship, when up to 30,000 suspected leftists were killed or made to "disappear" — including Fernandez Meijide's son.



*and then I got him in the  
cods with a handful  
of buckshot!*

## INSTRUMENT BAN LIFTED

Iran has lifted a two-decade ban on the import of Western musical

instruments, which it has long seen as decadent and corrupt, a newspaper said Wednesday. The moderate Iran newspaper said a state organization affiliated with the Culture Ministry had given the green light for the import of Western instruments such as flutes, pianos, classical guitars, harps, drums, saxophones and organs. Western music had been regarded as "decadent and corrupt" by Iran's conservative leadership for many years after the 1979 Islamic revolution. But moderate Iranian President Mohammed Khatami has made efforts to promote greater cultural freedom, and Western music, especially the classical genre, has seen a revival in Iran. Classical music concerts are generally sold out in advance and tickets are hard to find on the black market. Iran's youth also listens to bootleg copies of Western pop music.

Iranian teenagers can be seen wearing T-shirts of their favorite Western bands like the Backstreet Boys, Pink Floyd and Metallica.

*please turn over...*



*the style meisters at On Dit  
wish to assure you that a  
lack of teenage panache  
is not restricted to  
Iranian youths  
(see above)*



**DEEP FRIED**

A 24-year-old German was in hospital with severe burns Wednesday after he climbed a power pylon to get a good view of the solar eclipse and then touched the 20,000-volt electricity cable and fried himself. He said that the experience was a real buzz and that he would do it again next millenium eclipse.

**ROYAL RACISM**

Britain's Prince Philip was lambasted Wednesday as a "daft old man" who should withdraw from public life after he added to a long string of gaffes with an insulting joke about Indians. The Mirror tabloid said the prince, husband of Queen Elizabeth, should "stop making public appearances and retire to the hunting, shooting and fishing set where his racist, sexist views would be better received." The Greek-born prince's latest slip of the tongue came Tuesday as he toured a high-tech company near Edinburgh in Scotland and noticed a poorly wired fuse box. "It looks as though it was put in by an Indian," he remarked to the factory manager. The prince, who is also the Duke of Edinburgh, is legendary for putting both feet in his mouth with remarks that have managed to offend the deaf, Hungarians, Chinese and Scots, among others. Buckingham Palace issued a rare apology for his latest indiscretion but that did little to appease members of the Indian community, racism watchdogs and editorial writers. "There's something basically wrong with the family who live up The Mall (site of the palace)," the Sun tabloid said. "It would be hard to think of a remark more likely to offend one of the most hard-working sections of our community. But what would the free-loading prince know about work?" The Mirror said Prince Philip's remarks showed him to be "an insensitive and insulting person who doesn't seem to care what he says or whom he upsets." "Other families have daft old men who are a constant source of embarrassment," it said. "But his more recent antics go beyond a

laugh." The upmarket Times bestowed the "Duke of Edinburgh award for diplomacy" on the duke himself and ran a selection of his most infamous gaffes under a photo of the prince with a "speak no evil" hand over his mouth.



The Royal family reckon that foreigners are @#!%

**MARY, UP THE DUFF**

Critics call it nauseating but British vicar David Wilbourne says there's nothing sick about his "flesh and blood" account of the Virgin Mary and her life of pizzas and pregnancy in Palestine. "A Virgin's Diary", to be published next month, chronicles the life of a teenager who avoids sex, falls pregnant and sets her parents raging. Church traditionalists are angry but the author insists his message is a traditional one, even if the delivery isn't. "I'm not a trendy vicar. I'm quite a traditional vicar. I'm trying to make the gospel relevant and entertaining and sort of bringing spiritual depth across with a light touch," said Wilbourne, an Anglican from Yorkshire in northern England. "The idea was to introduce Mary to a public who'd previously encountered her only in passing, if at all, and I tried to make her flesh and blood," Wilbourne told BBC radio Monday. So the vicar's Mary is like any other teenage girl — "irreverent, questioning, passionate, enthusiastic" — but altogether different in that she gives birth to the Son of God. The book opens with Mary suffering morn-

ing sickness in her parents' pizza parlor, a setting that reflects Rome's occupation of Palestine in the first century, Wilbourne said. Her mother rains down pizza pans, and her father threatens "a circumcision surprise" for the soldier he holds responsible. "I can see that I'm taking a risk and that there are sensitivities," said Wilbourne. "The chairman of the Prayer Book Society was nauseated by my schoolboy approach but Mary was a schoolgirl when she gave birth, so if I've got schoolboy flavor to it then I'm not far wrong."

**PSSST....WILL YOU DO A DEAL ON A K OF ONIONS?**

The India Times reports from New Delhi that The Cabinet Committee on Prices (CCP) have decided that onions are to be classified as an essential item under the Essential Commodities Act, 1955, in an effort to keep prices in check due to a shortfall in production this year. A spokesperson said that declaring the onion as an essential commodity would prevent hoarding of this commodity as, under the Act, hoarders can be prosecuted and jailed for up to seven years.

**LIVE DANGEROUSLY, HOOVER THE RUG.**

On a scale of one to eight, the dangers of everyday life in ascending order are outlined on a 'riskometer' guide prepared by statistician Dr. Frank Duckworth at the Royal Statistical Society's conference at Warwick University. Risk factor is assessed on a scale of 0-8 (zero is totally safe; 8 is certain death) Daily chores such as vacuuming and washing up appear surprisingly dangerous on the scale, attracting an even higher rate than rock climbing. Dr Duckworth explained: 'Statistics on the number of deaths resulting from domestic accidents have been published by the Health and Safety Executive. I guess the risk of death in a life-time of carrying out chores would be between 4 and 5 on the scale'.

- 100-mile rail journey 0.3
- Destructive asteroid impact

In the lifetime of a new-born male	1.6
100-mile car journey	
sober,middle-aged driver	1.9
Rock climbing, One session	4.2
Murder, New-born male	4.6
Lifetime car travel,	
New-born male	5.5
Accidental falls, New-born male	5.5
Rock climbing,Over 20 years	6.3
Deep-sea fishing, 40-year career	6.4
Smoking cigarettes	
Male aged 35: 20 a day	6.9
Russian Roulette,One game	7.2
Suicide	8.0

**KILLER COW**

A couple's stroll in the countryside ended in tragedy when the husband was attacked and killed by a rampaging cow. John Pilgrim was butted in the stomach then trampled as he lay helpless on the ground. The attack happened as the couple, from Crich, Derbyshire, were walking their dog. In a similar incident at Whalley, in Blackburn, postman Alistair Johnson, 41, suffered severe spinal injuries when he was attacked by a heifer protecting her calf. This sort of incident can seriously put you off milk.

**APATHETIC NEO-NAZIS**

Washington: A neo-nazi group cancelled a planned march past the White House after only four members showed up, police said. Crowds of counter-protesters had arrived to oppose the march by the Knights of Freedom Nationalist Party, who had obviously decided that bonking the family pet was more fun and required less effort.



Fascism no longer cuts the mustard

**SPEAKING OF BONKING...**

In Helsinki thousands of Finns aged over 45 have turned out for the Kutemajarvi Sex Festival for older people under the motto



# Blue

"make love at the lake". The festival was planned as part of the UN Year of the Elderly and participants were able to enjoy exhibitions, (?) romantic soirees, films, discussion groups and walks among the lovely lakes of central Finland. A doctor at the festival said he had many patients in their 80s who sought advice on sexual problems. "The oldest person who has come to ask for help was 92", he said.

## MAN STAPLES HIS PENIS

Student Thomas Hendry stapled and set his penis alight recently but says he is no masochist. He said he did it for the \$500 cash prize to pay off his bills and buy new clothes. Mr. Hendry's bizarre act of stapling his penis to a white pine crucifix, pouring cigarette lighter fluid over it and setting it alight, took top prize in Trader McKendry's Tavern's promotion How Far Will You Go? He received \$500 cash and a \$500 bar

tab and spent the money paying his car registration, warrant of fitness and registration for his bloodhound-cross dog, Puss. The next day Mr. Hendry, 23, went to a student's free medical centre to have his burned and bruised penis dressed. A fortnight later, he said he had almost recovered. Participants in the promotion, partly sponsored by New Zealand Breweries, tried to out-do each other for the most lewd act. The promotion is under investigation by the police liquor licensing section, which is concerned the bar tab prize went against the host-responsibility programme it promotes among liquor licencees. The contest has embarrassed the Hospitality Association, whose Canterbury branch president, Marty Fuller, co-owns the tavern. Association national chief executive Bruce Robertson said it was an example of a good concept that went too far and got out of hand. Mr. Hendry, a computer techni-

cian trainee with an \$8000 student debt, said he entered the contest because of the lure of cash. "I'm a student so every bit helps. It was worth the money. It's all better now. I thought my act was pretty unbeatable and that's what I was aiming for." Pinning his scrotum and foreskin to a block of wood with an industrial stapler won Mr. Hendry his heat, but he decided to up the stakes for the final and use a burning crucifix. "I got a bit carried away and used 18 staples, 10 through the scrotum. It was a wee bit tender the next day." Mr. Hendry said the act nearly turned to disaster when the flames began burning his penis and the fire extinguisher would not work. "Luckily, a guy threw his drink on it and that put out the flames." Mr. Hendry's mother, Barbara, who was in the audience, said she had misgivings but was pleased her son won. "My son is a grown man and he wanted to do it." New Zealand Breweries representative

Gary Adam said the promotion was successful in attracting a large crowd of patrons, but his company would not support it again. And on the winning act: "In a word I would describe it as painful. What some people will do for money" – *The New Zealander* 14/7/99

## Toby Bensimon



*Toby Bensimon demonstrates clearly that he's a beanie, not a helmet*

# ON DISK

WELCOME TO THE NEW AND IMPROVED COMPUTER SECTION:  
ALL THE COMPUTER STUFF THAT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW  
BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK.

## This week: "The T-buffer" or "Why I paid \$399 for a 3D card and Quake 3 still looks shit"

Ever since games such as Wolfenstein and Doom appeared, 3D has been to computer games what vanilla is to ice cream. For any serious gamer, a 3D graphics accelerator is a must-have and companies such as 3dfx, Creative and Diamond are all busy pumping out cards that offer the highest frame rates, most polygons per second, etc. But for all that – although \$2500 for a decent system is a pretty big "that" – computer games still don't look anywhere near as good as TV.

Enter the new T-buffer. This technology announced last week by 3dfx has several new features that will, literally, close the gap between games and TV. Here's an outline of some of the major features:

### Full-scene spatial anti-aliasing

In a nutshell, this feature gets rid of the "jaggies" which is the effect that makes diagonal lines and curves look like a series of steps. Anti-aliasing is nothing new... it's just that the T-buffer does it faster, better and on the fly. The magic keyword is "supersampling" – capturing up to 8 versions of the same scene and mixing them to produce the final image. This is more efficient than another technique called

### "oversampling", which renders a scene at a higher resolution than the screen output, and then creates a cut down version to get the final image.

### Motion blur

The main reason why TV is better than games is because it uses a technique called "motion blur"

to trick the eye into thinking that something is moving. If you get your video player (especially DVD) and pause during a fast-action scene, you'll probably be able to see that the image is slightly blurry. Computers usually render each frame perfectly with no motion blur – that's why even though you might be running Quake 3 at more than 60 frames per second, it still doesn't look as good as a TV show that's only going at 24.

What the T-buffer does is to take a few consecutive frames, and creates a composite image that fudges the blurring effect.

### Depth of field acceleration

This is another feature that tries to recreate optical trickery to enhance realism. It mimics the fact that humans can usually only fo-

cus on objects either in the foreground or the background, but not both at once. This effect is usually used in films to draw attention to a particular person or object but until now, hasn't been available in games. If used in 3D masterpieces such as Half-Life, where the story telling is done using the game engine and not a pre-rendered cut-scene, this could potentially bring on the "interactive movie" that people have been raving on about for so long.

You can read the official press release at <http://www.3dfx.com>. So then... can we look forward to more realistic looking games? Certainly. Will they have better gameplay? Hardly. Well, at least not due to the T-buffer. But your frags will never look better!

Phase Three  
<[phasethree@iname.com](mailto:phasethree@iname.com)>





# PEOPLE CRASHES

**Pushing Tin**  
Now showing  
Selected Cinemas

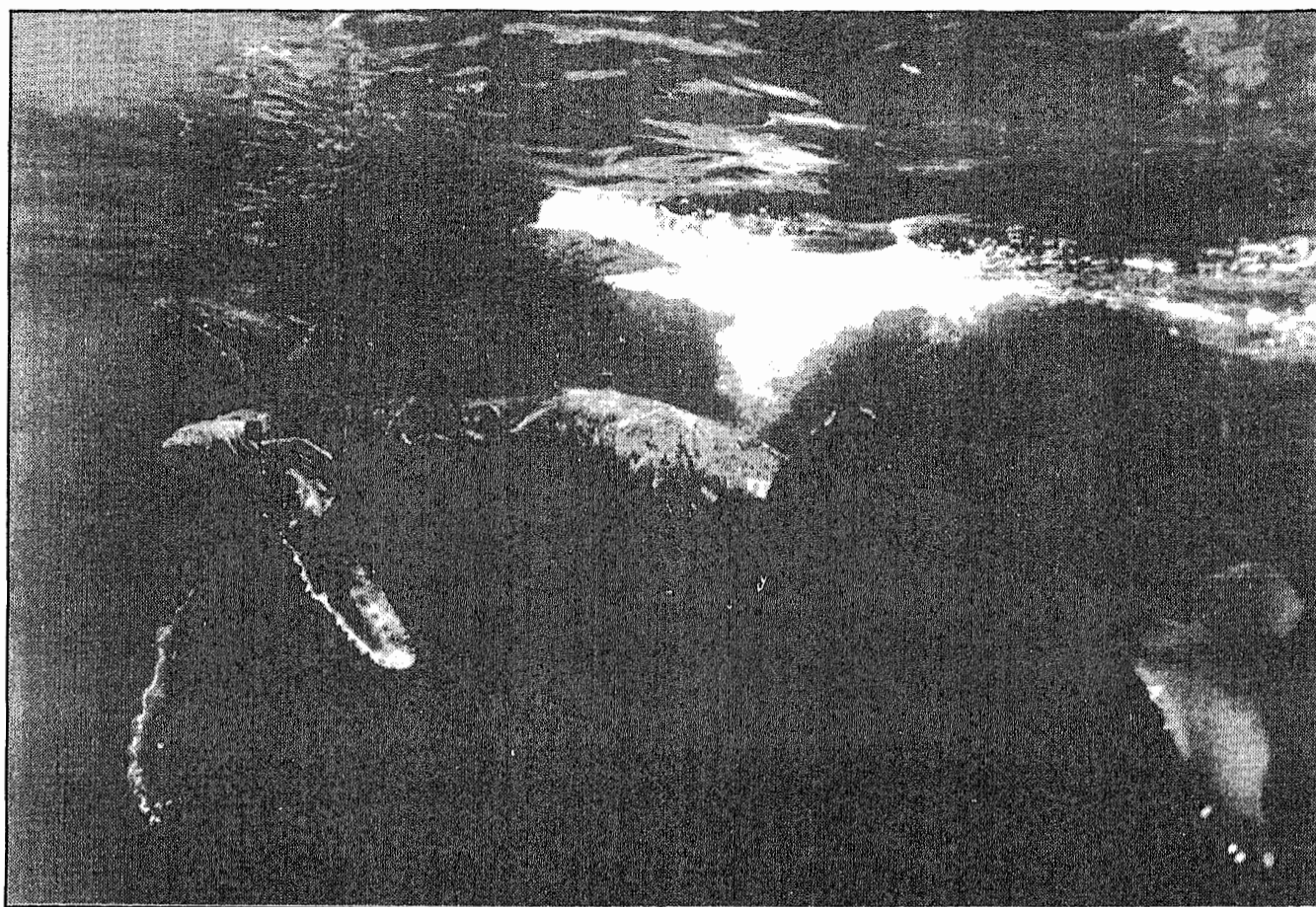
'Everyone believes that their job is uniquely stressful. Whether you talk to an insurance salesman or a steelworker or a gardener, they will all tell you that what they do is more stressful than anything else. That idea, that everyone's job is stressing them to death, made me laugh.' Director Mike Newell's latest film, *Pushing Tin* is essentially about work-related stress. The film looks at what is probably the most stressful occupation on offer - air traffic controlling. Based conceptually on a *New York Times* article by Darcy Frey called "Something's Got to Give", *Pushing Tin* revolves around Nick Falzone, 'the Zone' to his colleagues. Falzone works at TRACON - New York's Terminal Radar Approach Control - the busiest air traffic control station in the world, handling all incoming and outgoing traffic for Kennedy, LeGuardia and Newark airports, up to 7000 flights a day.

Nick is the best of the best, the hot-shot wunderkind of TRACON, until Russell arrives on the scene. Russell Bell is a country controller who's done time at a handful of medium-sized airports and has now come for his shot at the big-time. He comes highly recommended, makes the traffic dance to his tune, and suddenly Nick's not the top-dog anymore. The film traces Nick's downward spiral into an angst-ridden hell of his own making. And it's a comedy.

How can anyone make a funny story about a profession where spouses budget for their husband's inevitable breakdown as casually as they do their children's education, a profession where, to quote Frey's article, 'you can land a million planes without a problem, but one little mid-air and you never hear the end of it'. Firstly, Newell worked with veteran TV writers Glen and Les Charles [of *TAXI* and *Cheers* fame] through several drafts until they had a script that Newell described as 'a movie about people crashes, not plane crashes'.

Secondly, the casting for *Pushing Tin* is faultless. Nick is played by the consistently underrated John Cusack. Billy Bob Thornton plays opposite Cusack as the Stoic Russell, and the dynamic between the two is like watching to bull elephants sizing each other up. Nick's wife is played by a barely recognisable Cate Blanchett, and the supporting roles are all cut to measure. Newell, who earned his stripes with the understated gangster film *Donnie Brasco* lets each actor find their roles for themselves; a gamble that pays dividends. *Pushing Tin* is a minor masterpiece as well as being a lot of fun.

J.D



# THE DREADED EDUCATION

**WHALES**  
Now Showing  
IMAX Adelaide

To coincide with south Australia's whale-watching season, IMAX Theatre Adelaide is currently showing the internationally acclaimed film, *Whales*. Narrated by the smooth tones of Patrick Stewart, *Whales* takes the audience on a journey to meet the largest creatures on earth, and man, are they big.

If I use the word 'educational' *Whales* may lose some of its audience, but like many previous IMAX films, it blends the 'dreaded education with a fair amount of entertainment, so you're not bogged down with facts and figures. *Whales* explores such things as breeding, socialization, migration and communication in waters of Alaska, Argentina, Southern California and Hawaii with a good level of detail and intrigue. It's better than spending a day Whale Watching in Victor Harbour because here we are underwater with them rather than seeing a black lump from The Bluff.

*Whales* was created by noted marine scientists, Emmy award winning producers and cinematographer Al Giddings, who worked on *The Abyss*, *The Deep* and *Titanic*. Tracing blue, humpback, orca, right whales and dolphins, *Whales* captures rare footage and cool action including footage of the gigantic blue whale, (the largest creature ever) and a white whale calf and its mother (less than one dozen of these exist at any one time). See it on the big, big, big screen. It's good. It's better than *Titanic* and it has a happy ending.

Belinda Schenk



# INPUT DOWNABLE

**Arlington Road**  
Now Showing  
Selected Cinemas

*Arlington Road* is one of those films that leaves your jaw hanging. This film has it all; suspense, powerful performances and intelligent dialogue. The story is confused and distorted but only because it is a narrative of paranoid investigation. The first scenes of the film situate the locus of the narrative to the quiet suburban oasis of Arlington Road in Washington DC. Michael (Jeff Bridges) is a lecturer in political terrorism at a university who becomes nervous when he begins to suspect that his neighbour is lying to him about his past. A short piece of investigative desperation follows and it appears that Oliver (Tim Robbins) is far from what he seems.

There aren't many films like this one that challenge your ideas about freedom and

safety. As Michael gets closer to the terrorists his family is placed in danger and the characters are locked into a violent and tragic fate. The frenetic energy of this tale is maintained by the startling photography and potently emotional acting. Jeff Bridges seems to play the "frantic-man-out-of-his-league" so well, and Joan Cusack is enigmatic as Oliver's wife, Cheryl.

This film was so good I couldn't put it down. But it wasn't only the principles that shone in this picture. Angelo Badalamenti is responsible for the haunting and suspenseful music. Following from his recent work with David Lynch there could be no better choice for a film as potentially frightening as *Arlington Road*.

Perhaps the greatest surprise is that this is the directorial work of relative feature novice, Mark Pellington. Most of us would recognise his work in Pearl Jam's "Jeremy" film-clip. That may have been an okay clip it's no *Z and Two Noughts*. You'd be surprised though, he's actually an astonishing composer.

Anthony Paxton





## TO CATCH AN OLD GUY

**Entrapment**  
**Now Showing**  
**Selected Cinemas**

Goddess of the moment Catherine Zeta-Jones melts the screen in this slightly controversial (because of the age diff) but very slick affair, with Sean Connery on hand for box office clout and to also beat up a ridiculously engaging plot which is designed to 'entrap' the viewer for the commercial killing it will undoubtedly do.

Connery simply does 007 here, rolling back the years via carefully shot angles (and I suspect behind an Indian blanket) as a wily old thief who keeps getting away with these million dollar goodies. Enter Zeta-Jones as an improbable Insurance investigator sent by her boss (Will Patton playing it strictly for laughs) to 'trap' Connery, the master thief. Then, before you can say 'shaken, not stirred', the voluptuous and highly IQ'd Zeta-Jones is working with James (sorry) on his next heist. The trick for us is to ascertain whether or not SHE is on his side or the authorities', (but why waste choc top time figuring it all out anyway when we can just accept it)?

Their first collaboration is quite simply cinematically breathtaking with Zeta-Jones doing her best 'Pussy Galore from Goldfinger' impression with clever acrobatic moves while Connery dictates her every move. Every guard is made to look stupid but that's simply the point here. Anyway, all we care about is how our unlikely pair will make their escape and we are all rooting for them as they do it.

But it's still only at the hour mark and the next billion dollar heist they plan and execute is ludicrous, irrational, improbable and well er, absolutely riveting. This movie is pure escapist fairy floss. It's Cary Grant and Grace Kelly in *To*

*Catch A Thief* - among the world's tallest buildings. It is indulgent dross and it works. I only wish that they'd given the ending some speed. As I walked out of the megaplex, I wondered why it had taken Zeta-Jones so long to finally kill the Darling Buds Of May.

Martin Pascoe

## BUNCH DRUNK

**Universal Soldier: The Return**  
**Now Showing**  
**Academy and Selected Cinemas**

After failing to find any willing sacrifice to accompany me, I summarily went to the Unibar to prepare. I was glad that I put aside an hour before the movie. I needed it. Then I went to the theatre and the film started. The best thing about it: well, being an advance screening, there were no ads before it to sit through. The film was laughable. And I laughed. It was everything I expected it wouldn't be. I already knew I'd need to leave early to catch the bus or when the alcohol wore off (whichever came first)... until it ended abruptly and I was released. However, that being said, I did enjoy it immensely. I especially liked how the computers in strip clubs, set up for porn and erotic chat, also have software on them for hacking into top-secret military mainframes. It was also good to see the male and female leads already at the kissing stage of the relationship after only five hours of being shot at, blowing shit up and riding a motorbike really fast. I was expecting at least half-an-hour more of this, but by that stage I think the producers actually realised what they had done, made some semblance of an ending and the movie stopped. "Thank God" I remember sighing out loud. Rating: Only see it if you're drunk.

Oska

## NOT ENOUGH SMUT

**Eyes Wide Shut**  
**Now Showing**  
**Academy and Selected Cinemas**

*Eyes Wide Shut* is one of those films that is going to be the source for many dinner party conversations over the next few months, and that alone will guarantee a wide audience. Another is the fact that months, even years before the films release, parts of the media fuelled various rumours ranging from the levels of nudity and the high amount of gratuitous sex scenes that will inevitably lead audiences on a journey to the box office to see what all the fuss is about.

Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman play Dr. Bill and Alice Hartford, a wealthy couple living in a lush Manhattan apartment. They seemingly have 'it all', until one night, a rather stoned Alice confesses her sexual desire for a young naval officer she coveted from afar on a recent trip to Cape Cod. Bill is stunned and leaves for a midnight house call which leads him to a journey of desire and revenge with various women and groups (that'd be the infamous orgy scene). Bill soon becomes obsessed with his wife's confession and becomes a victim of circumstances with which he has no control.

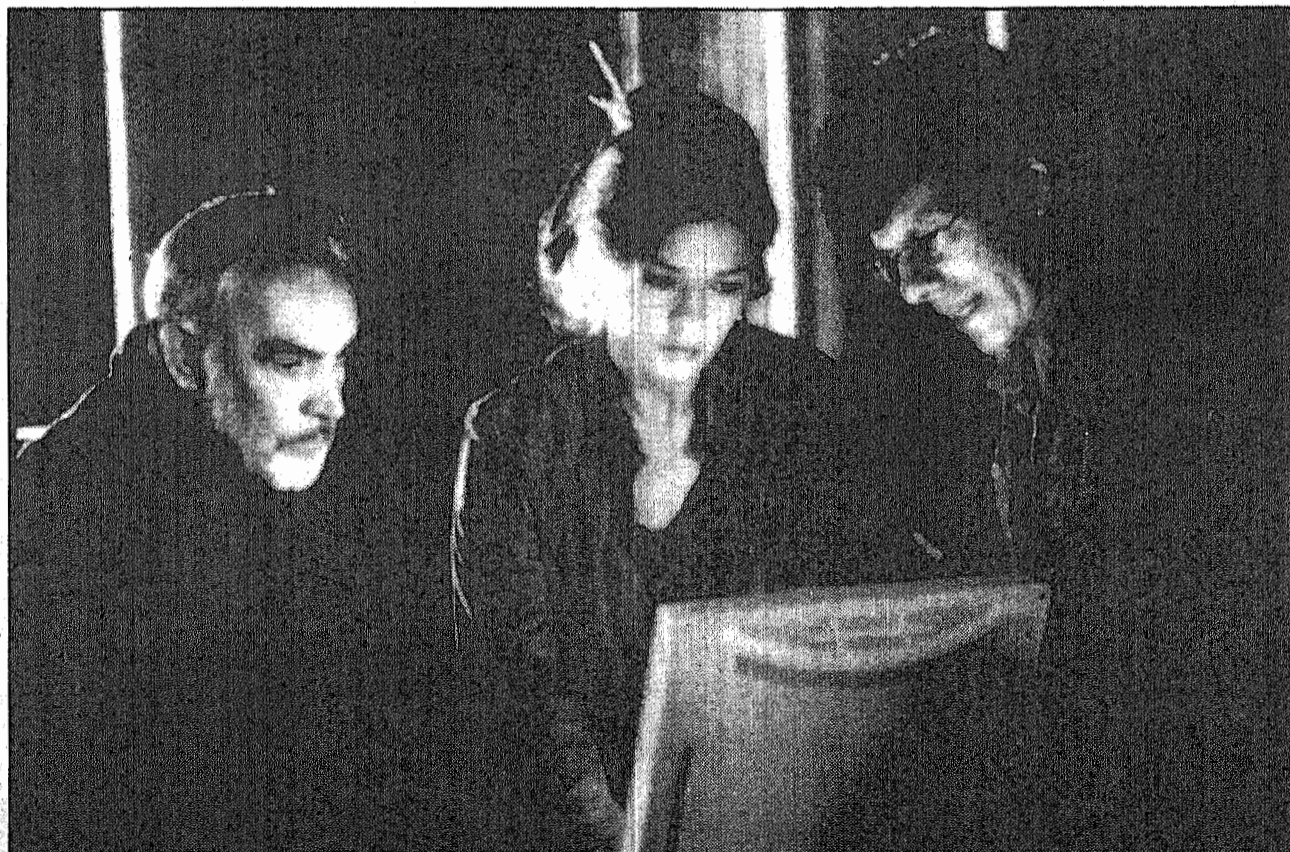
Stanley Kubrick has succeeded in making a stylishly haunting film, and typical to his earlier work, he concentrates on his lead character's motivations and inner feelings with great detail and understanding. He is let down by his supporting characters who become one dimensional shadows, bordering on caricatures. His set is also a disappointment. Filmed in London, his New York streets and avenues are some other new world, surreal and as un-New York like as possible.

Cruise is good as a man haunted and confused with imagined visions of his wife in bed with the unknown officer. His part is purely reactive, which is rare

for a lead character, but it works well. Kidman fares a little less well, perhaps it is because of the fact that she talks sooooo sloowwlyyy, you kind of want to guess her next words. Fill in the blanks. The 'if you only knew' from the teaser is typical of the dialogue in many of her scenes.

The reason *Eyes Wide Shut* was given an 'R' rating is unclear. For the record, Nicole gets her gear off. Tom doesn't. The orgy scene is not erotic as some have reported and it goes on for about ten minutes too long. There is nothing tantalising, nor gratuitous about the adventure. It's a thought provoking journey of discovery and will make sure that Kubrick will be remembered and copied for years to come.

Belinda Schenk





# PRAISE-WORTHY PETER

If every actor was as nice and down-to-earth as Peter Fenton, who plays Gordon in John Curran's *Praise*, the film industry would certainly be a better place. A first-time actor, Fenton has been previously known as the lead singer of Australian band *Crow* whose first album "My Kind of Pain" won an ARIA nomination, leading to two more albums and a tour of Australia and the USA. After the film's critical success in Australia and at international film festivals such as Toronto, Sundance and Berlin, Peter was kind enough to drag himself away from his role in the play of Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*, to talk about his filming experiences.

**How would you describe *Praise* and what it is about?**

*Praise* is written in a semi-autobiographical manner by Andrew McGahan about several relationships that happened to him around 1992- a girl he grew up with and was infatuated by, and a girl he met, Cynthia. To me, it is like *The Year my Voice Broke*, but more like *The Year my Heart Broke*. It has a post rites-of-passage feel to it ... when you're in your 20s and you don't really know what you're doing. It's about love in a sense, and addiction. Gordon drinks, he smokes (but has asthma). Cynthia is addicted to sex as a substitute for intimate relationships, she has chronic eczma and does everything against what she should do to maintain her inner fortitude.

**How did you find playing the character Gordon?**

Gordon has the classic male stone-walling behaviour where he achieves what he wants by not doing anything, the passive aggressive archetype. When playing him, intuitively I slowed him down, dumbed him up... in reality I was just reacting off Sasha, who could summon up all these negative, positive energies... In a way I was just reacting against that.

**Do you see any of yourself in his character?**



I do actually remember a time in my life when I didn't know what I was doing. It kind of scares me that Gordon's life is void of any passion, it seems a bit nihilistic - he just has this bare existence - it creates the drama as there is this empty space that Cynthia can come and fill in.

**I know this is your first acting experience. How did you find the filming process?**

It was a totally new experience. I pretty much didn't know how to make a film...didn't know how to read a script, where to stand, or know anything about continuity. John cast for about a year, found someone and then retracted. I had met him two, three years before when he pitched a video clip about turning a song of ours into a film clip. It is a testament into the way John works: he had met me and he kind of filed me away.

**Some of the scenes in *Praise* are very confronting and explicit. How did you cope with this?**

At the end of the day it was my job (to do the difficult scenes) - I knew what I was up for. John would say to

me "if you do this, this will probably be the bravest thing you ever do". There was no one I didn't trust. I respected everyone and everyone respected the script that Andrew had written.

**What was your response to the final product? Were you as critical of your performance seeing that your background is in music?**

I always knew when I was having good and bad days. There are things that I watch now and even squirm in my shoes. There's this scene that involves counting from one to 145 and there's this thing I kept doing with my head and neck that's like watching a bass player with the guitar up high and they do that white man's overbite. I can't watch that at all. Besides from that, I am very happy with it, and that's testament to John Curran's filmmaking. He shot the film with the cyclic nerve that runs along your backbone and his bottom vertebrae squeezing together and he ended up in so much pain that he edited the film looking through one of massage tables, putting the monitor below him and editing like that. He was sent along to every alternative medicine in the world throughout the shoot, but he saw an orthopaedic surgeon and it was over within a week. It was an intense shoot. We did it over six weeks going from night shoot to day shoot to lots of interiors, and I had to smoke a lot.

**Has this new experience changed you?**

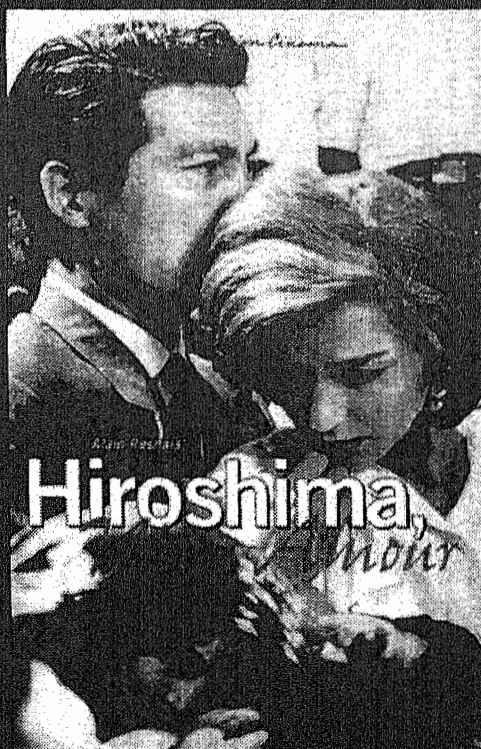
I've changed a lot. Before I was doing a bit of music and other stuff, and it made an opportunity present itself in my life and I decided to do this. I've had such an amazing time. When I did the film and providence lands in your lap and it's not easy. I've had to do some exceptionally brutal things to do what I've wanted to do, but in the end, *Praise* set up a series of incidences that handed back my life to me.

**Bree Bickmore**

**Hiroshima mon amour (1959)**  
**Thursday 19th August, Union Cinema,**  
**Level 5 Union Building**  
**Free to members, \$3 non-members.**  
**Director: Alain Resnais**

This stunning film is one of Resnais' earlier works and is seen as a turning point in European art cinema. But don't let the term 'art cinema' discourage you from attending. The film was scripted by French writer/filmmaker Marguerite Duras and could almost be described as lyrical.

Duras won an Academy Award nomination for the screenplay. It tells the story of a French actress in Japan who meets and falls for a Japanese architect. The actress is played by Emmanuelle Riva and is known simply as 'Elle', meaning she or her, and



the architect, played by Eiji Okada, is known simply as 'him'.

Their romance is set around the rebuilding of Hiroshima, a horrific reminder of the many tragedies of World War II. Elle remembers the tragic romance she had with a German soldier during the occupation of France. The film moves from their present to the past showing the new romance as Elle tells the story of her old romance.

Resnais is one of the greatest French filmmakers and *Hiroshima mon amour* is evidence of his brilliance. It has a melancholy beauty that very few films have and on its release it was hailed as "a work of art in an innovative new style". This style later became a trademark of Resnais'.

**ChrisB**



# Art Classes

## Politically Incorrect - Clarice Beckett

6 August - 19 September

Admission \$4, \$3 Concession

Clarice Beckett's name has recently risen from obscurity to signify a major achievement in modern Australian art. Currently the Art Gallery of South Australia is showing a major exhibition featuring over 80 pieces of Beckett's surviving paintings. Sadly, much of her work has been destroyed by the elements and neglect, rotted away to threads of canvas and specks of paint in an old farm shed. Few people took interest in her work while she was alive, what has survived however demonstrates the fantastic tonal talents Beckett wielded. One can't help but wonder what great works didn't make it and why?

Beckett's existence was rather stifled. Dutifully she spent her relatively short life of 48 years caring for her aged parents. (Her early death was caused by double pneumonia which developed from a chill caught while painting in a storm.) Beckett's domestic circumstance thus limited the subjects of her paintings (as she painted only from life) because her travels were restricted to her home in Beaumaris Victoria and the country surrounding it. Indeed even the hours in which she could paint were restricted to the morning and evening, the day being spent fulfilling chores. Worse still her father was very unsupportive of Beckett's passion and would not provide with even an approximation of a studio. Consequently she always had to paint 'plein air' from a little cart of her own construction. Somewhat paradoxically these hardships may have been a benefit to her art, because Beckett paints the innate beauty of everyday life, and this forced intimacy with it may have helped her vision and insight. Coupled with her limited sales, despite numerous showings, her perseverance against these odds is thankfully astounding. We are



much rewarded for it.

The curator Rosalind Hollinrake, a true champion of Beckett's work, devoted many many years to tracking down lost works and then analysing them trying to gain a substantial understanding of Beckett's vision. Hollinrake's devotion has practically recreated, or indeed created, the stature owed to Beckett. So what about the actual work? Astounding. Her sophisticated technique rarely falters, and her subjects are easily accessible because they are of ordinary life; a street in rain or sun, a beach. The exhibition begins with examples of early work showing much promise, as well as the influence of such figures as Streeton and McCubbin. Later the tonalist Max Meldrum would provide her greatest influence. A few flower arrangements follow, 'Daffodils and Poppies' and 'Magnolia' the most accomplished of the group as they dramatically demonstrate her strength of shape, colour and placement. Others of this group however are too self-consciously pretty. The 'outback' landscapes of farms introduce her 'soft focus' technique and subtle tonal sequences. In comparison to the harder edges created by the palette knives of the major Australian landscape painters of the time Beckett is refreshing. When she applied her 'soft focus' to later streetscapes the results are truly remarkable; truly modern. Deftly with what seem to be a few quick strokes, though the harmony created by their placement denotes great consideration, Beckett could recreate the mystery of a street at dusk or night especially when it rained. Her simplicity and excellent sensibilities as a colourist even promote a sense of spirituality. The sea-side scene 'Tranquillity' reminiscent of Rothko and other colour-field painters is a brilliant example of this.

Being such a figure of neglect it seems fitting Beckett should be given the chance to conclude with her noted remark "My pictures like music should speak for themselves." And so they do.

## CLOSER

The Space

27 July - mid August (extended run)

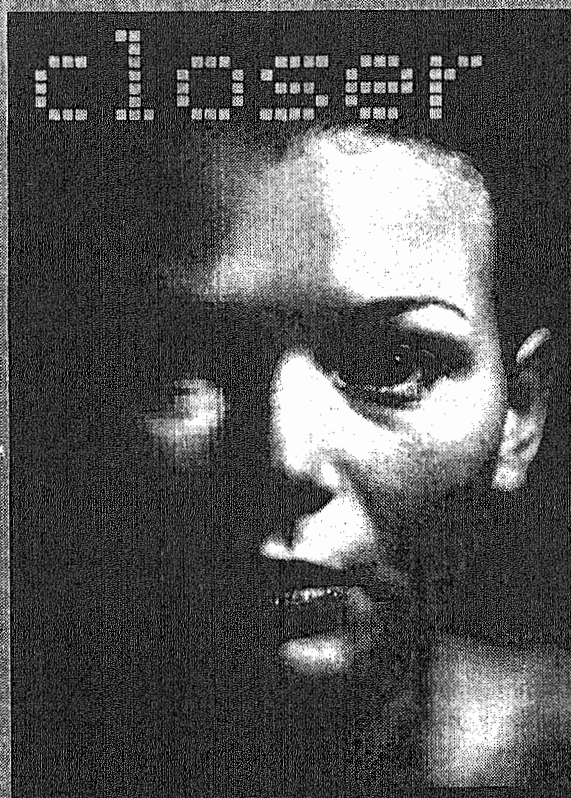
"CLOSER is a story of four Londoners on heat and contains explicit emotions, hardcore cyber-sex and intimate confessions".

The naïf promotional material for CLOSER lead me to expect a trite hit and/or miss expose of superficial hip young things. Although initially lured by the promise of gratuitous nudity, CLOSER proved an engaging and compelling production independent of its more salacious attractions.

The interplay between the four characters, as they meet, make decisions, lie and conceal, shift allegiances and bedfellows, reveal themselves and drag their emotional rubble into each other's sandpits makes for confronting viewing that poses questions rather than attempting answers. CLOSER is full of hard, upfront questions, but equally saturated with tactics of evasion and illusion. The territory that these elements compete within is physical. Life, love, fucking, words and images collide, getting fingers sticky, knickers in a twist and exploring age old dilemmas.

With Alice a stripper, Anna a photographer, Dan a writer and Larry a dermatologist, the professions and personalities of this quartet embody the arguments of person versus image, knowledge versus surface and trust versus truth. Emotions run high and risks are taken as we slip between the confu-

sion and confidences the characters share with each other. The pace is quick and heated, the dialogue slick, tight and convincingly delivered. While the dialogue is the strength of Patrick Marber's play, with words being central to the primary conceit of CLOSER, the



actors snap crackle and pop along on a fierce trajectory. Words and images battle for supremacy with actions. Lies and truths jump into bed together and raise strange children. Notions of love, lust and longing are bandied about, blown apart and sticky taped back together.

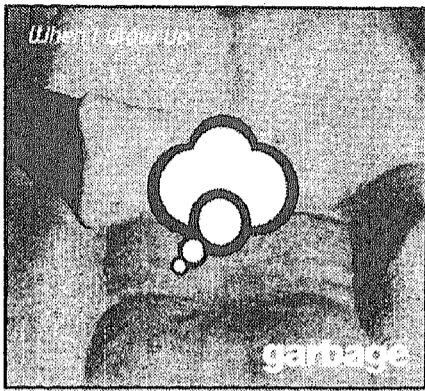
Supporting the excellent performances from all the actors (I am hard pressed to single out one as the 'star' as the dynamic between the characters was so constantly upheld from all fronts) was solid and innovative production choices. The set was fairly sparse yet strong, and was shifted around to give a proper sense of development and action. Slide backdrops were cleverly used to support the scene, allowing for the audience to witness the banal realities of the cyber - 'orgasm' as well as to imagine the interior of an art gallery, hospital waiting room and restaurant. The establishment of one wall as a replica of the memorial in Postman's Park, London was an effective way in which to assert the dominant motif of CLOSER, that "everything is a version of something else", and that we live our lives as tourists, interacting with the beautiful ruins of other people.

The run of CLOSER has been extended and is well worth the ticket price. At the end of the day, the strip scene was incidental, but the passion and force of the performance was sensational.

Jade O'Donohue



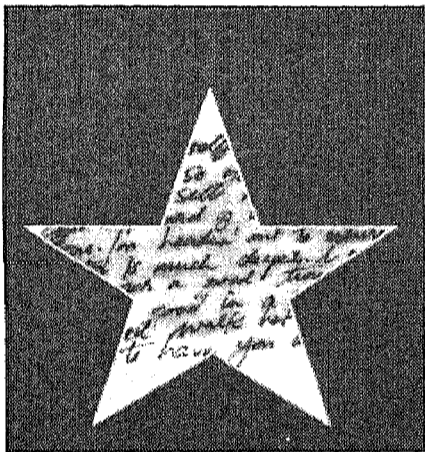
# Blame it on a Meteorological Phenomenon,



**Garbage**  
**When I Grow Up**  
Mushroom Records

In anticipation of their October tour, including an appearance at The Livid Festival on October the 2nd, Garbage has released the fourth single of their second album. 'When I Grow Up' is a fast paced adventure through Shirley Manson's sick and twisted mind (what's that about golden showers Shirley?) accompanied by a great disco beat. The single includes a non-album b-side 'Can't Seem To Make You Mine', and if you liked 'When I Grow Up' the first time round then you're going to love the re-mix which is three times as long. To get us in the mood for Garbage's visit the single is accompanied by a video of the band in action, at least that's what they tell me but I didn't get one (Doh!). The single came out on the 2nd and triple-j have been kicking it round the air waves since early last month. But, if you want my advice, wait a little while and get the limited edition album, featuring a bonus disc with live tracks from the Rockslide Festival (never knew they had played Thredbo).

In short another great release from Garbage that makes me even more eager to see Shirley and the boys strutting their stuff down under. See you at the ticket line!  
Gareth Sharp



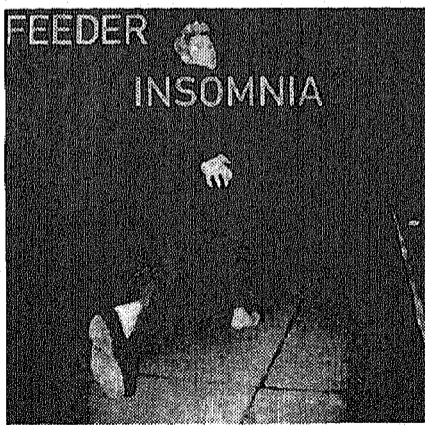
**Deadstar**  
**Deeper Water**  
Mushroom Records

For those of you who haven't heard 'Deeper Water' by Deadstar yet I suggest you switch over to triple-j and keep your ears, umm, peeled. This song has been compared to Blondie but it is really just very similar to a lot of the bands coming out of Australia at the moment. Deadstar have brought out a rocky little

tune that combines a fast paced disco beat and the beautiful vocals of Caroline Kenedy to produce a fantastic piece of Australian rock. Triple-j have been playing this little gem since last month and the single includes two other songs that show the range of this great band. The motto is support Australian bands, especially if they are as good as this.

Deadstar's album *Somewhere Over The Radio* (cute name, I can almost see them dressed up as the Lion, the Scarecrow, the Tinman and Dorothy walking down the yellow transistor road) is due out sometime this month, and although you shouldn't put it at the top of your CD shopping list, it definitely deserves a listen.

Gareth Sharp



**Feeder**  
**Insomnia**  
Echo Label

Feeder appear to have the ability to keep distorted rock/pop seeming interesting. In other words, they do what they do rather well. 'Insomnia' indicates that we're in for a treat when their new full-length album, *Yesterday Went Too Soon*, is released in September. 'Insomnia' is

the first track on the single, followed by previously unreleased material. The title track, despite possessing one of the most clichéd chord progressions ever, comes off rather well and sets a blistering pace. Track 2, 'Space Age Hero,' continues the barrage with some comforting fuzz bass at the fore. The three remaining tracks thereafter keep a high level of consistency. Bold guitar-driven walls of sound, often subtle creativity and smooth production make this a tasty morsel. Sure, it's certainly nothing revolutionary, but it's thoroughly enjoyable.

Erik Brasse

**Dogboat**  
**Best Of Dogboat**  
Tossing At Sea Productions



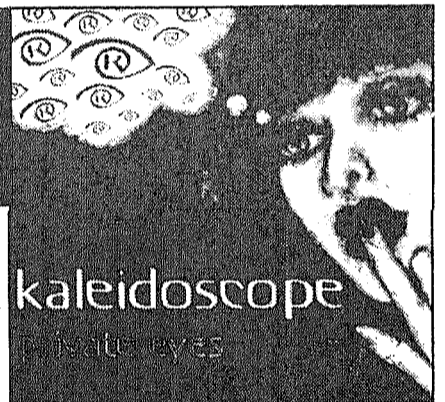
Dogboat, a local band, give off the impression of Coal Chamber wannabe's but surprisingly Dogboat pull off a sound that, although lending heavily from quite a few of the heavy metal bands, is interesting enough to catch your attention. None of the songs are really hit material but they all rock and I personally hope to catch these guys live cause they have a sound that's better suited to the stage.

The lead song of the album 'Taxi' is uninspiring but it's still pretty good. Featuring heavy drums and hard rock vocals, it's the perfect mosh pit material. The great disappointment for me, in 'Taxi' especially but also the other songs on the album, is that the guitar work of Andy Gray does not get the chance to cut loose. Where he does get a bit of a solo going it is covered up by vocals and the impact is completely lost.

My favorite track on the album is probably 'Ugly Friend' a live version that features great acoustic guitar work and has some of the best lyrics on the album. Songs on the album blend in and have no real originality to them but this album is still good music and will stay part of my CD collection in the hope that Dogboat will produce a more unique sound in the future.

Gareth Sharp

**Kaleidoscope**  
**Private Eyes**  
Spinning Top/Mds/ARTSA



First up, I must admit that this Adelaide group certainly knows how to promote their goods. Along with a nicely packaged EP they supplied a glossy promotional photo, concert posters as well as the usual information leaflet regarding the current release. They even have a free newsletter (called K-Mag) circulating around the place (including interstate) focusing mainly on news relating to them. That's pretty impressive in itself.

The EP was released a few months ago now and apparently JJJ gave the single 'System Shutdown', track one on this EP, a bit of promotion.

Kaleidoscope has become one of Adelaide's main groups of late and seem ready to "break out" on to the national scene at any moment (like the Superjesus...remember them?).

Only time will tell I suppose as to whether this will happen but with "super catchy" songs and "melodic guitar driven heaven" as they claim to have it shouldn't be too long. Kaleidoscope employed the services of Matt Handley (Pollyanna) to help produce this six track EP with the result being slick, top notch quality production. "System Shutdown" is an energetic song with the lyrical matter centering around technology. With a simple structure it's an easy listen that's fairly repetitive. Kylie Cowling has a good singing voice that fits the "melodic guitar pop" song. The only drawback with "System Shutdown", as with many "super catchy" songs, is that too many listens could cause this song to become grating.

"Photographs" continues with the same style but is perhaps a little less catchy which in turn means a longer "shelf life". The song seems a little "deeper" and, for my money, is a better song because it can stand up to repeated listens.

Track three, "Clive", has a different style from the first two songs - slightly "heavier" and is more up-beat. Short, sharp and enjoyable. "The Secret" is a little "darker" (hence, the title of the song) but still maintains the "melodic" content. In fact, "Clive" and "The Secret" would be the best songs on this disc in my opinion (of course). The EP ends with "Both Ends" and "Headlock". The former not doing anything special and the latter fittingly closing the disc by slowing down the tempo and slowly building up to a powerful finish.

All in all, a good EP which shows the song writing skills of this band. There is enough variation on here to stop the listener getting bored with only one style (a pitfall of many bands) whilst still keeping a melodic edge to the music. Judging by the sound on "Private Eyes" this three piece would probably be very good live delivering a powerful and energetic performance.

Jorm



# Blame it on the Goodtimes,

another love song

**Insane Clown Posse**  
**Another Love Song**  
Island Records/Universal Music

Well, they're clowns, they're insane and (I guess) they form a posse. That much is assured after listening to this, their first single, off of their forthcoming album *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*. To the uninitiated this song is like a demented version of the Bloodhound Gang. As the

title suggests this is a certain kind of love song. The names Dahmer and Gacy (in particular) come to mind. This is the sort of song these guys would call just another "love song". Musically the song is simple. Basic acoustic guitars with half spoken / sung lyrics and a little recurring melody all put together. The main "hook" of the song are the lyrics and the best way to review this song effectively is to give you a sample....

The first verse comes from the evil mind of a serial killer, "I could buy you a Lexus truck with a white leather interior, I could kill off some bears n' dogs n' shit just to make you a fur coat", it goes on, "I could love you and treat you with class and have babies falling all out your ass, but thinking about that I feel I'd rather kill you". Surely you're getting the idea. The repetitive chorus goes something (some words may be slightly different) like this, "I'd rather cut that neck in half, I'd rather choke out that bitch ass, I'd rather chop and never stop because you fucked my homie". My personal favourites are, "I could let you move into my house, You'd fuck the neighbour everytime I go out and wipe his nut on my pillow", and, "I'm the one who killed your precious cat and stuffed him in your fucking mailbox, If I only hadn't cut off my hair I'd choke you with all my dreadlocks". If this sounds like your type of music / comedy then buy...otherwise I'm sure JJJ will try and milk this one for all the novelty value it has.

Jorm

**Jebediah**  
**Animal**  
Murmur/Sony

Those 'Jerks Of Attention' have finally stopped 'slipping along' for long enough to record a new album, and judging by the quality of this single, Perth act Jebediah have succeeded in satisfying! After the success of *Slightly Odway* and loads of extensive

touring, the new album is finally here ready to face the trials of a follow up album. The first single, 'Animal', is already getting prime air-play on Triple J, and is obviously a well loved song. Compared to the music on the last album, it is clear to see that the music has matured, though it still retains that sensational raw sound that characterises their music. Kevin continues with his trade mark whine, and mixed with the rest of the band, the new single is great! The song itself is about the animal inside each of us, primarily the striving for success. As far as follow up songs go, this one is great and certainly picks up where 'Harpoon' left off.

As far as b-sides go, this promo copy didn't have any. But I've read that the proper copy of the single has a couple of b-sides, as well as some live videos, which always makes CD's more attractive (especially to a computer person, or an obsessed music fan, like me!). Jebediah recently played a great show in Adelaide, and are currently on tour around Australia. Their new album, *Of Someday Shambles*, is due for release very shortly, and according to the band is a very diverse album, sure to satisfy all fans!

If the first single is anything to go by, then it absolutely will! 9/10

Luke 'Animal' Balzan

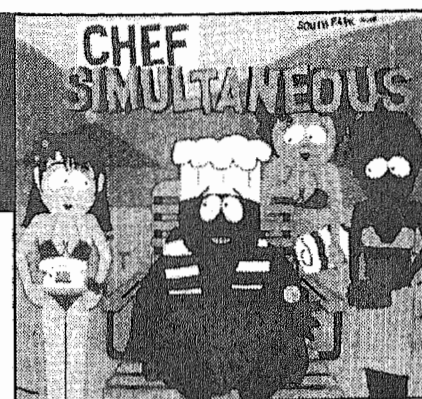
**Tonic**  
**You Wanted More**  
Universal

I don't have much experience with Tonic but from what I have heard they seem very capable of writing a catchy pop / rock song without doing anything amazing. "You Wanted More", from the "American Pie" soundtrack, is no exception. This track is obviously

going to be pushed as the main song of the movie (a la Powderfinger's "These Days" in *Two Hands*) and with ridiculous amounts of promotion generally given to movie soundtracks these days it is not hard to predict this song playing a role in the Top 40 fairly soon. The song itself is good with a catchy and repetitive distorted guitar riff, an upbeat tempo and a capable vocalist with an easy to digest voice. Seeing that this is a promotional copy there are no B-Sides but if this song is for you maybe purchasing the soundtrack is a better option (depending on what is on there, of course).

Jorm

**Chef**  
**Simultaneous**  
American/Sony



The makers of the latest world wide sensation, South Park, had become bored with their old cartoon, and decided to venture into the music industry. They mixed the 70's funky soul sound of American superstar Isaac Hayes with the groovy Chef from the TV show, and the result was a sensational funky, groovy album full of great music from Chef, other international stars, Kyle, Stan, Cartman, and the unfortunate Kenny (if you call squeaking music!).

This single is one of the first released from the album *Chef Aid: The South Park Album* and is a truly great song, liked by young and old alike! 'Simultaneous' rocks along with a funky, soulful sound that is timeless. As you listen, you can almost see Chef rocking along as he sings it! The song itself is about being close with the girl that you love. And hey, there ain't nothing wrong with that!.

There are four b-sides, all lasting for less than two minutes combined. The first is Cartman's version of the Cheesy Poofs jingle, followed by his version of 'the come sail away with me song'. He then sings of how special his friends Stan, Kyle and Kenny are, and to end the CD, Chef returns with a song called 'Sticky Britches', which is pretty funky too.

All five songs on the CD were written by Trey Parker, co-creator of South Park, and the title track was produced by Rick Rubin, producer of the Chili Peppers last three albums and also some Live stuff, just to name a little! All in all, the combination is great and the whole CD is cool dude!! 9/10!

Luke 'I Killed Kenny' Balzan

**Various Artists**  
**Detroit Rock City**  
Mercury/Universal



Picture this: four young aspiring musicians who play in a band want to go to a Kiss concert. Along their way, they encounter problems. I'm not really sure how that's supposed to work as a movie, but the soundtrack to it sure seems okay.

A mixture of 70's covers and originals, the album is pretty good for any fans of 70's hard rock and glam rock period.

The album starts out with a cover of Thin Lizzy's 'The Boys Are Back In Town', done by the marvellous Everclear, and due to being sick of the original, I found this version an improvement (not everyone will agree though). Next is Kiss' classic 'Shout It Out Loud'. Not a bad song. Van Halen give one of their David Lee Roth offerings next, and this is followed by heavy metal band Pantera's version of Ted Nugent's 'Cat Scratch Fever'. This one is quite strange as it is a pretty big change of pace for Pantera, being much slower than their usual stuff. It's still one of the stand out tracks despite this. Up next is the sensational Black Sabbath and their masterpiece, 'Iron Man'. With a heavy driving beat and bass line, this classic is beyond a doubt the best track on the album.

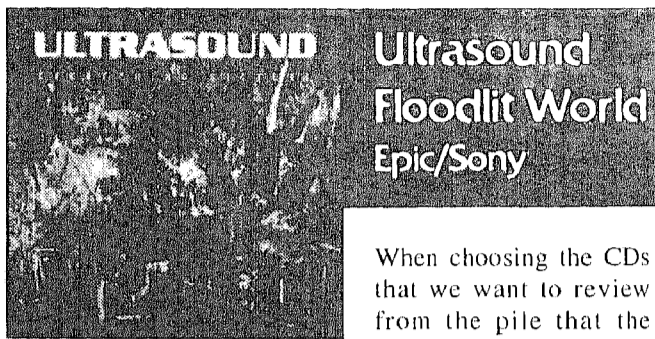
After the six minutes of bliss that is Black Sabbath, Marilyn Manson does a pretty awful version of AC/DC's 'Highway To Hell'. Sounding like a cross between a Korn song and a techno-metal song, the original version of this kills Marilyn's (though it's much better than the stuff off *Mechanical Animals*). A band I've never heard of, Drain STH, are next, doing a great, very heavy version of T-Rex's 20th Century Boy. Kiss return then with the title track 'Detroit Rock City', followed by Thin Lizzy, Cheap Trick, and David Bowie with a few of their more popular songs from the past. Another new band, The Donnas, are up next with a cover of Kiss' 'Strutter'. I'd almost say that this is as good, if not better, than the original. It sounds very similar to the original crossed with a Runaways song. Speaking of the Runaways, they're next, followed by Sweet. Kiss close the album with a new song, 'Nothing Can Keep Me From You'.

Overall, the album is pretty good. The stand out is clearly Black Sabbath, but the album is pretty good apart from this. Five covers of 70's songs with another ten 70's originals seems like a lot to stomach, but the album holds out pretty well. If you like Black Sabbath, but don't have 'Iron Man', and think you might like the rest, buy this album. That one song is worth it!! 8.5/10!

Luke 'Iron Man' Balzan



# Blame it on the Boogie



**Ultrasound**  
**Floodlit World**  
 Epic/Sony

When choosing the CDs that we want to review from the pile that the record companies give us,

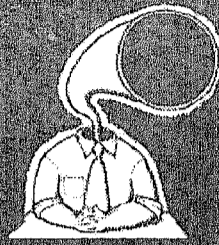
there are always many left overs that no-one wants. Well, this CD was one of those left overs, and understandably so. It had no case, no flier, no information on the band, no track listing, and nobody had ever heard of the band before. So then I decided, being the great reviewer that I am (ha-ha-ha!!!), that I'd give this a go. Expecting the worst, I was pleasantly surprised that it actually turned out to be quite good.

The song has a sound which was a cross between the Manic Street Preachers and Radiohead. It is clear to see that the band would have been influenced by these type of bands, with a melodic, soft rock tune. The song is about how people judge each other and will only see what they want to see. It follows a pattern of soft verses, and a harder chorus, with a female backing to the male lead.

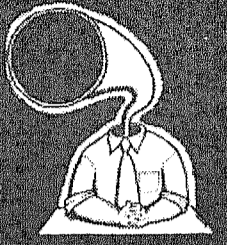
Having not heard of the band before, I don't have any background on them, but by the sound of the voice and music, I'd say that they're not Australian. My guess is that they're from the UK, but I could be wrong.

I'm not sure whether they've got any air-play, but I'll be certainly listening out for other offerings that they may have in the future. 7/10

Luke 'Giveunknownbandsago' Balzan



## Student Radio

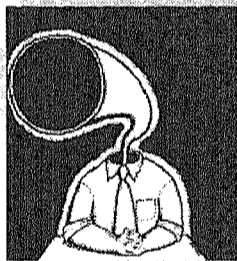


Let's start with the good news. Student Radio in association with Arts SA and the Lion Arts Bar will be presenting 8 weeks of local bands starting on the 11th of SEPTEMBER. It's all called LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LION ARTS BAR. All this fun will cost you is \$3. It sounds too good to be true - but it is. Please keep your eyes and ears peeled for more information.

Anyway, now it's time for the good news. This week on Student Radio we have some great programs for your information. On MONDAY night at 11 PM we have those boys of beat from PHAT RADIO. They play the rarest of grooves and keep you up to date with what's going on in Adelaide "jiggy-style". Immediately following are Jacinta and Denni from the THIRD STROKE. This week they have an interview with BEN from REGURGITATOR. Get the latest on life, love, and probably most importantly, ART... Regurgitator's soon to be released album. Good work, guys. On SATURDAY night why not tune in to hear Sal and Steve from POLAR. They play music, and they talk. But the music is good. And so is the chat.

And, last but not least we have LOCAL NOISE. This week we'll be featuring the infinite talents of TENDAHOOK. They'll be playing their aromatic blend of rock, roll, and coffee from about 9 PM this TUESDAY NIGHT. Tune in and join Jeremy J.

Or don't.



student radio's

# LOCAL NOISE

presents ...

# tendahook

playing live to air on the

## 17<sup>th</sup> of AUGUST

## 9 PM on 5UV 531 AM

good ol' fashioned  
 rock 'n' roll.



# Call of the Woman Empire

Rebecca's Empire have built up a considerable reputation and with their second album, *Welcome*, look set to cement their place in the pantheon of Oz Rock. Anthony Paxton, *On Dit*'s raving ice cream maker and shoe repair specialist was planted on the couch with a phone in his ear to pick up the latest gossip from Rebecca Barnard about TV, Superjesus and snow culture

**On Dit:** First up I'd like to ask a non music question. What was it like being on *GNW Nite Lite* last week?

**Rebecca:** Oh, Yeah. Look it's really hard when you've got Greg Fleet on one side and Mikey Robbins on the other cause it's really hard to get a word in edgeways. Shane said I looked a bit like a zombie, but there's nothing you can do. You can't sort of scream and shout over them unless you've really got something funny to say and if you haven't then you may as well just shut up.

**OD:** Were you amazed at how quick and stupid they were?

**Rebecca:** Yes. I mean Mikey cannot help himself, he just can't help himself. But he is very quick and he's a really lovely person. I think it just takes a bit of practice being on telly. It takes about three and half hours to tape so you're there from about 9:30 in the morning. It's just relentless.

**OD:** At least you know that Mikey wouldn't be able to produce an album as impressive as *Welcome*.

**Rebecca:** Yeah. God he knows his music though.

**OD:** Does he?

**Rebecca:** He's amazing. You mention any line from any song and he knows it. Even really obscure stuff.

**OD:** Well what's he doing on *GNW*? He should be on *Sale of the Century*.

**Rebecca:** Exactly. He could. I suppose he's too much of a celeb now though, he could only go on celeb *Sale of the Century*.

**OD:** Or maybe he's waiting for Glen Ridge to move aside?

**Rebecca:** Yeah, I can just see that. Not.

**OD:** Well maybe some of your contemporaries will have to get out of the way of Rebecca's Empire because it's a pretty consistent album. Did a lot of work go into achieving that?

**Rebecca:** It was a lot of work. It was just really hard to get kick started and then once we got into a groove we were off. But it wasn't all written and then we recorded it, we sort of wrote it as we went along. We didn't have any great masterplan or anything. This album is going to sound like this or that. We just did it and that's the finished product. So if it sounds consistent that's good. Cause it's pretty diverse really.



We've really gone a bit ballady in some stuff and rocky in other stuff. We just made the album that we wanted to make, I guess.

**OD:** If there's anything that could be singled out as a 90s Australian style it could very well be "diversity" and you seem to capture that on *Welcome*.

**Rebecca:** Oh that's good. Excellent.

**OD:** What do you dislike most about having to promote your own music?

**Rebecca:** Just talking about it. I mean it's all there for the listening. That should sort of be explanatory in itself. But I realise that you have to promote it. You have to sound like you're inspired by it, which I am, it's just scary. It's in the hands of the gods now. That's why it's difficult doing these interviews before anything's happened, before it's even been released, cause you don't know how it's going to go. If it's a major flop then it will be hard not to be bitter and twisted, I think.

**OD:** I'm certain it won't be a flop.

**Rebecca:** Oh, you don't know. There are some great records out there that never see the light of day really. There are great records that can't even get airplay. There's a guy in Melbourne called David Hosking (not be confused with Andrew Hosking who's sort of a cover bad type guy). But this guy David Hosking, he's an original songwriter and he's made five albums. He just finances them himself and makes it himself. And he really is one of the best songwriters that I've ever heard. He can't get a record deal. He can definitely not get any airplay. Because he's sort of too good. It's not commercial. I guess it sort of is a bit commercial. Someone like Beck, I think is really really lucky cause he's a bit quirky. And Bjork and people like that but they've somehow really carved a name for themselves. And because they're not in Australia I suppose. If someone in Australia was trying to do something like that I just don't think it would happen.

**OD:** Are you worried that the band is being trapped into being an image that is Rebecca's Empire?

**Rebecca:** No, not so much an image

but there's a lot of pressure on us to be successful.

**OD:** Does that mean being a certain sound?

**Rebecca:** Well yeah. To be commercially successful I suppose. The latest single "Bad Blood", I like it. But I think that they should have gone with something maybe just a little bit more obscure. Like "Comin' Home", the first song on the album. Instead of going for the really obvious one all the time. I know you have to that maybe for your first single, but this is the third single off the album now. Which was a mistake too I think, but . . .

**OD:** Why's that?

**Rebecca:** Well it's the third single and the album hasn't been released. The first single, "Medicine Man", was released last November and it's August now and the album still isn't out. Well it nearly is. But you see this is what happened. The Superjesus, right, they released three singles and on their third single they released the album and they were really successful. So people latch on to any formula that has made a band successful. People seem to latch onto it and think that is the way to do it. But we were already kind of known before this album. The Superjesus weren't. And yeah that was a really good way to develop that band I think. But with us we've already payed our dues a bit. We should have just released a single and bang - released the album. People don't want to buy singles. So I think we've wasted a lot of time there. But in the scheme of things it doesn't really matter as long as the album does moderately well.

**OD:** How's the tour going promoting the album?

**Rebecca:** Well we were in Adelaide about three weeks ago. And Brisbane and Sydney and Melbourne and we've just done three days up at the snow. Speaking of Superjesus, bloody Sarah was at the snow.

**OD:** Was she?

**Rebecca:** Yeah, I couldn't believe it.

**OD:** We see her every second time we take the camera out.

**Rebecca:** No doubt. I can imagine. She

must be, I think the lingo up there is, a "huski."

**OD:** What is a "huski"?

**Rebecca:** Girl-skiers, girl-snow-skiers are called "huskies". The younger ones, the spunky little ones that snowboard. But "huskies", I thought that was brilliant.

**OD:** Are you a "huski"?

**Rebecca:** No, well I didn't get a chance to ski. We were on different mountain every day. So it wasn't like we just stayed in the one spot. We had sort of four or five hour drives every day, which was a real pain. So we didn't get a chance to ski and I would have liked to. It's beautiful up there. It's so quiet. You know, you get out of the car and it is just dead quiet. I haven't skied for ten years but I remember last time I did it's just so quiet, all you can hear is the shoosh shoosh of your skies. It's a beautiful thing. It really is. Just a lot of party animals like it unfortunately.

**OD:** We just got our University Ski Club back from their six days of drunken debauchery. They took six and a half grand of alcohol.

**Rebecca:** Oh my God. It goes hand in hand. It's really bizarre. That snow culture is really debauched.

**OD:** Maybe there's a song in that?

**Rebecca:** Yeah and we can put the word huskies in it, which would be excellent. It is such a good word.

**OD:** Maybe that's the name of the song?

**Rebecca:** "Huskies", "Beautiful Huskies."

**OD:** What do you hope for the new album?

**Rebecca:** I just hope people like it really. Ultimately that's why you're doing this. That's the hard part of the job. You're forcing people to like you. You have to get right into people's faces. It was funny, there was thing in *Beat* magazine down here. We did *Good News Week* with the band a couple of weeks ago. I don't know if you saw that? But for the last song we did "Single Birch" you know that song, and Bob Downe got up and sang it with us. It was really funny. He is so funny and he is right in my face singing. Anyway *Beat* magazine had a list of twenty things that are shit-house and bad and number fifteen was Rebecca's Empire making a mockery of a great 70s song and if they keep going down this path then they are going to be known as one of the tackiest Australian bands. And I thought this is hilarious. It doesn't matter, but I thought if you were getting negative press all the time. If people really canned this album and gave it D-, well I don't know. We'll see what happens. Maybe I'll just kill everybody.



## Classifieds and the Back Cover

### Doctor in the House

A Career in Health and Biomedical Research in 2000  
TQEH Research Foundation Scholarships 2000  
Postgraduate, Honours, Vacation

The Queen Elizabeth Hospital (TQEH) is hosting an Information Session at The University of Adelaide for students interested in undertaking an Honours degree or a Higher Degree (PhD or MD) at TQEH in 2000. Professor Guy Maddern, Director, Research will be speaking about research opportunities at TQEH. Prospective students will have a chance to meet with supervisors and current research students from various Departments to discuss projects available and to hear about TQEH scholarships on offer in 2000.

Date: Friday 27 August, 1999

Time: 12:30 - 2:30pm (Professor Maddern to speak 12:30 - 1pm)

Venue: Hone Lecture Theatre and Room SG10C  
Medical School South  
The University of Adelaide  
Frome Road  
Adelaide

A tour of the research facilities available at TQEH is currently being planned for interested students.

For a copy of the "Guide to TQEH Research Foundation Scholarships 2000", Departmental Information Sheets or further enquires, please contact TQEH Research Secretariat:

Phone: (08) 8222 6600 / (08) 8222 6870

Fax: (08) 8222 6028

Email: [nhoward@tqehstmp.tqeh.sa.gov.au](mailto:nhoward@tqehstmp.tqeh.sa.gov.au)

[ggraves@tqehstmp.tqeh.sa.gov.au](mailto:ggraves@tqehstmp.tqeh.sa.gov.au)

Internet: <http://www.nwahs.sa.gov.au/research/>

Address: 7A Main Building  
The Queen Elizabeth Hospital  
28 Woodville Road  
Woodville South  
SA 5011

### Sports Alert

**WANTED: BASEBALL AND SOFTBALL INTERVARSITY PLAYERS!**

Yep, its nearly that time of year again.

It's spring, mid-semester break. Picture it. You can smell the grass, the leather, the blood, the sweat and the tears.

Bottom of the 9th, 2 out, 3 behind, with loaded bases and a full count and you're at the plate.

And it all goes horribly wrong. Oh well, now picture the amber fluid afterwards.

So, if you're a reasonably experienced baseball or softball player, then join us for the 1999 Baseball and Softball Intersivity for five days of 'ball and fun in your holidays!

When: 26 September to 1 October

Where: Melbourne

Cost: Approx \$200-\$250 all up.

Please register interest ASAP!

(Deadline is August 25th)

Call or email: Jamie (8344 7390)

or Mark (8361 7317,

[mmcdonne@maths.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:mmcdonne@maths.adelaide.edu.au))

### Touchy Feely

Carlene Parsons: Massage Therapist. Swedish, Sports and Relaxation Massage - Reiki I & II. Phone: 8223 1320 or 8337 5032 Mobile 0412 175 341. Suite 220, 2nd Floor, 38 Gawler Place, Adelaide. (North East corner of Rundle Mall).

### That's Me!

THE PERFECT PROCRASTINATOR

When: Tues 17 Aug 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building

Presenter: Sall Hebenstreit

BOOK NOW ON 8303 5663

or CALL IN

LEARN DEEP RELAXATION

When: Mon 23 Aug 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building

Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue

BOOK NOW ON 8303 5663

or CALL IN

THE PERFECT PROCRASTINATOR (Waite Campus)

When: Tues 24 Aug 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where: Discussion Room 1, Charles Hawker Conference Centre

Presenter: Sally Hebenstreit

FOR BOOKINGS OR ENQUIRIES CONTACT THE COUNSELLING CENTRE ON 8303 5663.

### Buy My Condue Set

Garage sale: Saturday 21st, Lower Hermitage Rd, Lr Hermitage.  
Moving house, almost everything for sale: white goods, electrical, furniture etc.  
All day. Ph 8380 5840.

### Love those Game Shows

Japanese TV Club IGM  
Date: 17th August 1999  
Time: 11:20am - 12noon  
Location: Engineering Building North

### Self Improvement

Upcoming Courses for Students and Lecturers

1. Brain Gym for Parents and Teachers: How to assist your children to learn easier, faster and smarter! Four Monday mornings: 23, 30 August, 3 and 10 September from 7:15 - 10:15 pm at the OLC. Cost: \$195, conc. \$165. Teacher's Edition of the Brain Gym Book included.
2. Optimum Health Skills: How to improve your stress management skills as well as your energy level! 5 and 12 September from 9:30-5pm at the OLC. Cost: \$200, conc. \$170.
3. Successful Study Skills: How to improve study and exam taking skills, note taking, speed reading, dealing with exam blanks using accelerated learning techniques! 27 August and 3rd September from 6-9:30pm at Adelaide Institute of Tafe, 120 Currie St - for students and lecturers. Cost: \$115, conc \$85. Free Introductory Lecture for all courses: Thursday 19th August from 8-9pm at Norwood PS Activities Hall, Osmond Tce, Norwood.

For enquiries, assessments, brochures and enrolments: The Optimun Learning Centre (OLC), 12 Bayview Crst, Beaumont 5066, Ph 8379 4755, Fax 8379 0824, Email: [koelman@camtech.net.au](mailto:koelman@camtech.net.au)



### Pasina Scotty Pippin

Basketballers Wanted!

The Australian University Games are on again. Each year 6000 students come together to play and socialise at the highest level. This year male basketballers are wanted to travel to scenic Perth to continue Adelaide University's fine tradition of winning. Interested players need not compete regularly for the club, but should express their interest by contacting Will on 8344 4398, or dropping into the Sports Association.