

SR
378.05
05

22 MAY 1979

On Dit 99
SUBSCRIBE
AND
SAVE
Volume 9
number 22



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

Editors:
Penny Fredericks
Anthony Paxton

Advertising Manager:
Michael Nelson

Freight:
Darren O'Reilly

Printing:
Cadillac Printing

Web Stuff:
Smug

Thanks:
Ant Williams, "Ice Cold"
Shirley, Nelso, Sonya, Bree,

Linley, Mullighan, Toey, The Boltions and Dr Sandra Cabot.

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

About the cover:
It's free of artificial colours and flavours

Next Edition:
is the Hydro-Electric Student Radio Edition.
Deadline Oct 28, Out Nov 1

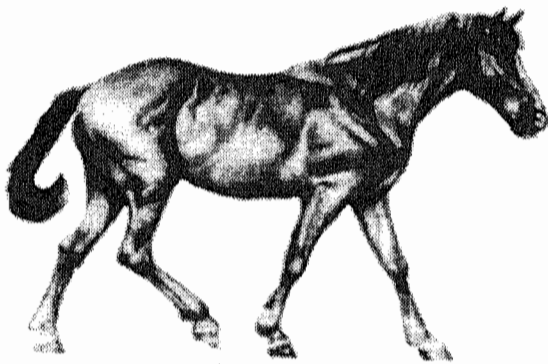
Editorial

It was always on the second Wednesday of August that Mr. Walton would walk behind the hedgerow that backed onto the school sports ground. It wasn't that he walked down that lane at exactly the same time of year. It was really his green parker that offended me the most. I sometimes thought about asking him to stop but one year he never came. I'm still waiting Mr. Walton.

*Enjoy all the fun of the Melbourne Cup
on the big screen in Equinox!*

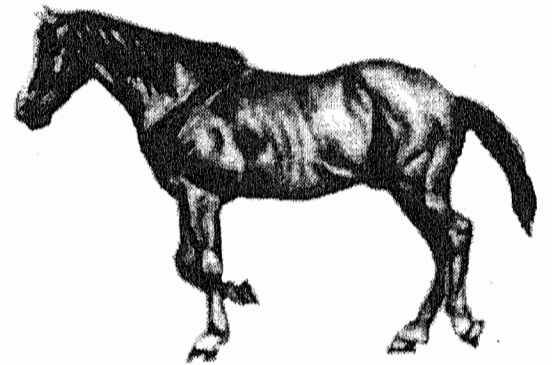
Tuesday 2 November

Phone: 8303 5858 for bookings



Champagne on arrival

Tomato and basil soup



Chicken Camembert

*- breast of chicken pocketed with a camembert
& sundried tomato sauce, finished in a light garlic chablis sauce*

or

Gaelic Steak

*- beef medallion layered with bacon, finished in a roast garlic
caramelised onion and shiraz glaze*

or

Vegetable Stack

*- chargrilled vegetables layered with feta cheese,
accompanied with roast capsicum relish*

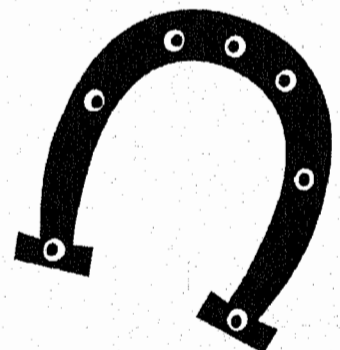
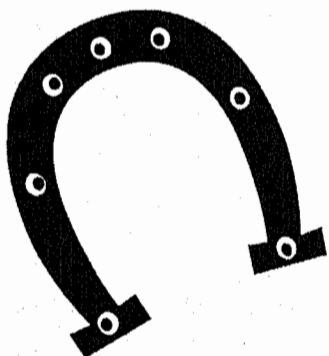
All main dishes served with green salad and scallop potatoes

Blackforest Gateaux with chantilly cream

or

Baked cheesecake with berry coulis

\$15.00 per person



Join in our Sweepstake on the race.

The Confidential

Wild and Free

Dear eds,
Just a note addressing Ms Mykyta's mistaken allegations that the Sexuality Department has been doing nothing lately. In fact, we have been very busy. After the campaigns of Semester 1 we always said that Semester 2 would be devoted to improving our service as a referral agency - as that is how we serve most students - and to developing a sexuality policy for the SAUA. And that is exactly what we have been doing, through our work with Queer Collaborations, Queerspace, NOWSA and, most recently, Health In Difference 3.

The result is that we are an up-to-date referral service that is better trained to perform our duties than we were at the start of our term. Consequently, we have been providing a better service to students who have sexuality issues and this is an ongoing concern. As a former student politician, Ms Mykyta should be aware that student representation is not just about banner-waving and sausage-turning. Having successfully faced re-election, I feel that both myself and the Sexuality Department have proved the lie of your accusations.

Amanda Camporeale
Female Sexuality Officer

If you haven't got anything nice to say...

On Dit,

Q. Why did Eileen Fisher cross the road?

A. Who cares? At least she's gone.

Joel 'Tiger' Northcott
1st Year Arts

Danny Boy

Dear Editors,

Okay. It's obvious that i've pissed a few people off. And, by consequence, they are expressing that annoyance by trying to drag me through the mud. And i could be drawn into a petty political brawl, competing in bile and rhetoric. But, that would only aid Sky Mykyta's attempt to distort the issue. And the issue at hand is this: Eileen Fisher, Women's Officer, refused to initiate a 1999 *Elle Dit* collective after she was unhappy about the collective-produced edition last year. Rather, she appointed herself sole editor and proceeded to publish articles by Liberal MPs, promoting their profiles. These are the facts. As an administrator in the Students' Association i would be neglecting my responsibility to students to not articulate my strongest contempt for such a gross abuse of position. In my opinion, *Elle Dit*, nor *On Dit*, nor the SAUA should be used as a party-political promotion vehicle. Eileen Fisher stepped over the line by publishing those articles in isolation from any other political representation and now I am being accused of not doing my job because i am not playing hush like everyone else. i don't know about Sky Mykyta, but i have no interest in defending those who fuck over students' interests. So, Eileen can get all of her mates to write letters into *On Dit* about how crap i am, but that is only a smoke-screen and won't deter me from talking about what really is going on.

ps: I wrote the "come on eileen" letter with Marian because i understand the problematics of a man critiquing the Women's Officer. Marian and I wrote it as a coalitionist act, which seems to have been conveniently ignored by Ms Mykyta in her letter last week.

pps: we did not choose the title for that letter: dexys midnight runners are *so* passe.

daniel marshall.

Bloo Loo

Dear Editors,

I am somewhat fascinated by the questions that have been inscribed on the toilet walls. Obviously there are many students who are experiencing some sort of difficulty with their relationships and other life matters. However by writing their question on the walls, they are only adding to the mass of other questions... why not talk to someone about your problems instead?

From my understanding, which is yet to be deepened, the purpose of having sexuality officers is to provide help and information on issues regarding relationships, amongst a variety of other issues. I am not implying that they are counsellors, but I am sure that if you have some sort of question, why not at least talk to someone about your problem?

It would be an easier way of resolving an issue. Getting someone else's opinion verbally can sometimes be the best thing.

Kleenex.

He's in my Tummy

Dear Editors,

I write in reply to your recent correspondence advocating the creation of a Men's Officer position at this Uni. I think this idea is a little bit silly, for the reasons I have set out below in convenient, easy to digest list form:

- 1) Let's be honest - who cares? What would he do? Would anyone ever go and see him about anything? What campaigns could he run? I certainly don't know.
- 2) There hasn't been a credible SAUA Women's Department for the last two years, and civilisation has failed to collapse. The continued lack of a Men's Officer threatens to likewise fail to cause the destruction of our established social order.
- 3) We already have far more student politicians in this world than is either necessary or pleasant. Do we really need yet another one, presumably complete with a standing committee full of

callow first-years filling their CVs for later office bearer election bids?

4) Space in the *On Dit* Campus section is already a limited resource, and one of the worst and least efficient ways of using this resource is in the publication of weekly office bearer reports. More office bearers mean more bland, turgid, repetitive tracts for the average student to ignore each week.

5) But then, I don't really care either way. Which brings me back to point 1 - why bother?

Yours,

Elias the magic tapeworm

Mah Mah Harley

Dear *On Dit*,

First of all we would like to applaud Mr Harley Ewing on his highly refined sense of satire, irony and sarcasm. His insightful and understanding comments provided a wonderful argument as to why Adelaide Uni ought never employ a men's officer!

Women in today's society are discriminated against on a daily basis, solely because of their gender. This is why we have a women's officer.

This is not to say that men do not suffer oppression. Sometimes they do, but most often this is due to extraneous issues, such as race, class, religion, sexuality and body image; not gender in particular. Women who suffer discrimination for these reasons are not directed to see the women's officer. This is not her function. Instead they are advised to see the EWOs, the female sexuality officer or the equal opportunity office. The women's officer is there to help women achieve equality in society, not offer perks and privileges.

To say that there is as great a need for a men's officer, as there is for a women's officer, is to fail to acknowledge all the suffering that women have gone through in the past, and the discrimination they continue to experience on a daily basis. Justice Bollen once noted that when a woman says no sometimes means yes, in Italy a male judge said that a woman wearing jeans was incapable of being raped. In Japan the female contraceptive pill took decades to be approved, while viagra was rushed through in a matter of months. In Australia women make up less than 4% of senior management positions, while they continue to earn less money for doing the same jobs. They are charged more for haircuts and clothes, while a 'luxury tax' continues to be placed on both tampons and sanitary napkins. These are attitudes and experiences that women suffer every single day, and this Mr Ewing is why we have a women's officer.



He said WHAT about a Men's Officer???

Marshall Papers

As for your assertion that YOUR particular views are not being represented by the powerful men in society, we propose that a "Harley Ewing" officer be established. We suggest on honorarium of \$50 000 may be just enough to attract a suitable candidate to the position- someone to loudly spread the word of an ignorant, sexist bigot. Perhaps the funding for this new office can be obtained by dismantling the female sexuality office and the women's department. If this fails to cover the necessary sums, we understand the Reverend Fred Nile is offering sponsorship for up-and-coming, right-wing, limp-dicked, misogynist pricks!
Mr Harley Ewing- in the immortal words of Ms Elly Wright- FUCK OFF CUN-ASS!

Tanisha Hewanpola & Anais Chevalier
Arts, Law etc

We'll Help

Dear Editors,
Re: Contribution to *On Dit*
Response to Chris Niehus, Arts "Silent Epidemic"

Dear Chris
Keep on writing Chris, it's good to hear from a fellow student who shares an interest in breaking the silence about mental health. At the University of Adelaide's Grow Group we have addressed the topic of depression in depth. At Grow I have witnessed people suffering from long term depression recover with the help of our method for recovery. I went to Grow because of Anger about 18 months ago. I have worked on Anger for most of the time and have sorted out lots of relationship problems during my progress to recovery. The other issues I have seen to be effectively dealt with at Grow have included the following:

- Panic Attacks
- Relationship Issues
- Anti Social Behaviours
- Shyness
- Feelings of Inadequacy
- Study Problems
- Drugs and Addiction
- Suicide
- Schizophrenia
- Eating Disorders
- Personality Disorders
- Post Traumatic Stress Disorder
- Dropping Out

We have had the Grow group at the University of Adelaide for the past 18 months. Grow is confidential, anonymous, self-run by volunteers and is open to all. It's non-denominational and the literature is inclusive to

provide for believers and non-believers in God. 'Friendship - the special key to Mental Health' is a Grow Quote and I have seen it work at our groups. Grow also deals with the stigma surrounding mental health. Not all, but some Grow members have used medication along side support of Grow and/or a psychiatrist as part of their recovery. Come out to our Grow Group, Chris. The details can be obtained by contacting Vicki Mc Coy, Education and Welfare Officer, Telephone 8303 5915 or Andrew Warnest, Telephone 8231 6566. Just turn up one Tuesday at 11am - 1pm at the Don Stranks Room located behind the Uni Bar on the 5th Floor of the Union building. If this time doesn't suit ring Andrew for the time and whereabouts of other Grow groups held around Adelaide at various times of the week.

Thanks for bringing this most important issue - depression and mental health- out into the open.

Sue Ruler
Design Studies

Cop This

dear eileen,
it seems that everyone had something to say about our last letter to *on dit* except you. so we'd like to say that we're prepared to say sorry too: if john howard says sorry to the stolen generation.

marian prickett & daniel marshall

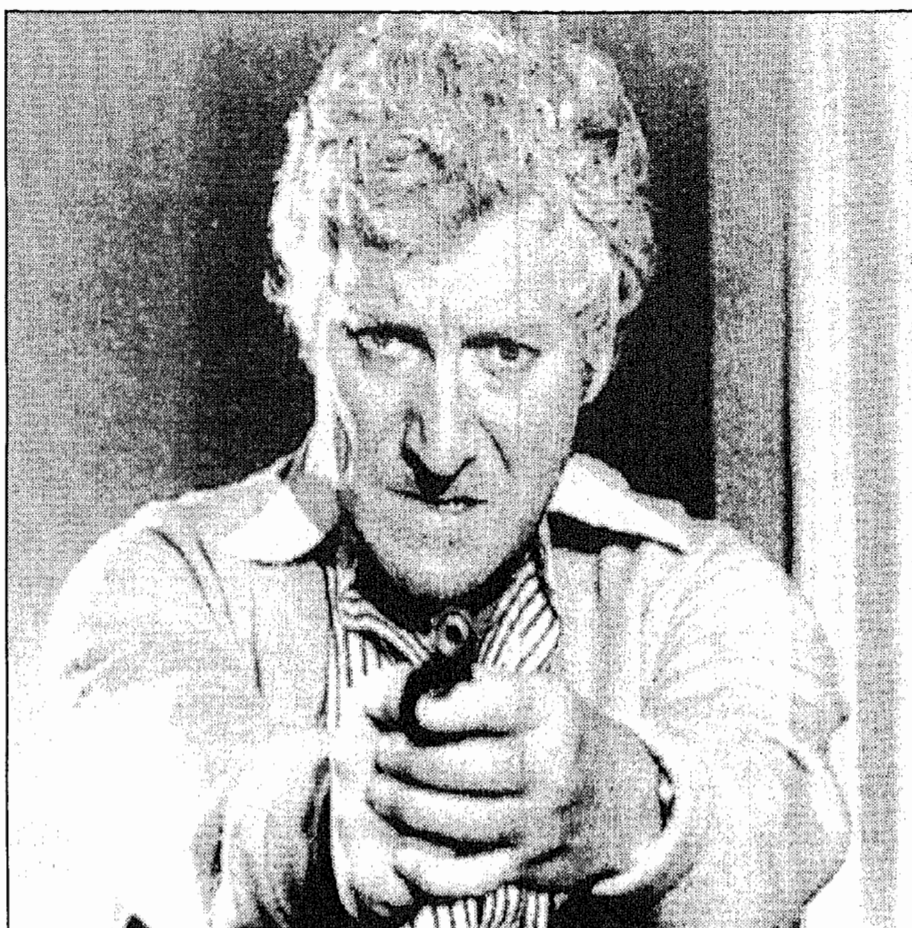
Nyer Nyer

dear sky,
you are so irrelevant.

daniel marshall & marian prickett

25th Oct, '99

Dear On Dit Editors,
It would be better to have the date on the publication instead of only numbers and volumes and websites which mean little.
For example, which date *On Dit* has the election results in? All the disruption and hulla-balloo for voting. How about some results stating the fact that an edition contains results in large letters on the front of the paper.



Drop your weapon or I'll write a letter to the editors...

EMPLOYMENT SERVICES COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for 3 student members of the Employment Services Committee.

As a member of this committee, the student representative's role would be:

- to advise on strategic planning and the development of the service;
- to investigate opportunities that will assist the service;
- to consult with key stakeholders (AUU, SAUA & Students);
- to market and promote the service;
- to monitor the operations of the service;
- to administer regulatory requirements and,
- to undertake action as required to ensure the service is meeting the needs of the student body.

Applications close Monday 1st November, 1999

Applications are to be forwarded to:

Ms ALIDA PARENTE

President, Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, George Murray Building, SA 5005.

Further information can be obtained from the SAUA. Telephone: 8303 5406



Adelaide University Union



Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

Bollocks and the Breast

In his last gripping instalment Aldo Longobardi tackles prime time tosh on its home ground.



I was slightly dabbled the other afternoon to switch on the telly to channel 10 after seeing in TV Week a show called *Beauty and The Beast*. To my distress there was a significant lack of furry beasts who turn into charming princes when they learn to love, singing teapots that used to star in *Murder She Wrote* and dancing candelabras with seductive French accents. Rather, this *Beauty and The Beast*, clearly not from the realms of Walt Disney, is a debate show hosted by Stan Zemanek, a pompous opinionated capitalist with about as much personality as a loofah sponge and who hosts a radio show that holds about as much interest as a vacuum cleaner. Stan, complete with Armani suitery, pockets bulging with money and who quite possibly stores some of his monetary loot in his half a dozen chins, is joined by a panel of "beauties". This last comment is debatable. His panel consists of Jeannie Little (this particular episode dressed quietly in a shiny lime green dress-suit and strawberries for earrings, her peroxide thankful hair, if you could call it hair, tacked down at one side), and Kimberly Joseph, who could easily be dubbed "The Breast" (a tanned veteran of failed Aussie soap operas and beefcake battle shows like *Paradise Beach* and *Gladiators*, dressed in a fluoro pink latex top the size of a postage stamp that conveniently dis-

played her black lacey lingerie). Then there are two unknowns-to-me; Lisa Wilkinson, moralistic Christian feminist who is attempting the Natalie Imbruglia hairdo but is failing miserably, and Jan Murray whose only interesting feature is that she comes from Nimbin. The other thing to be noted about this program is that Barry Crocker is the lighting technician, seriously, check out the credits!

The show involves viewers sending in letters to the mailbag asking for advice. Although I think that they just say the mail is coming from viewers and the script writer just makes them up to give the impression that people actually watch the show. It's quite possibly the same concept used by nightclub bouncers who allow five people into the club at a time, and leave two hundred potential clubbers outside freezing their nipples off in the middle of winter dressed only in a gold sequin, a pom-pom and a 3cm² piece of leather covering the private parts. But at least it looks popular from the outside. The sort of questions asked by the supposed viewers are so tacky and would have been better printed in this book for a little bit of humour. (Actually, I'm starting to think that I sent those letters in!)

The first letter being answered was from a man, happily married for seven years, who

feels he is gay or at least bisexual and is possibly having a relationship or six with a male. I was hoping for some sort of intelligent response from our panel of "beauties". Jeannie Little suggested the guy get out of his marriage before his wife kills him. This is the same woman who later told a man, who was distressed that an ex-sexual partner whom he doesn't even like is having his baby, to give the pregnant woman a few tablespoons of Epsom salts and throw her down the stairs. I'm starting to think that Jeannie Little herself is a gay man, possibly with a child on the way, who should be thrown down the stairs, with or without Epsom salt involvement, at every given opportunity. Jan, the hippy greenie from Nimbin, suggested that the guy in the first letter isn't gay. Rather he's got the Seven Year Itch. Well, how silly of the poor man who wrote the letter, to consider, even for a moment, that his sexual desires for men was caused by the fact that for the last seven years his wife has made lasagne for dinner every Wednesday and Friday and thus he's feeling a little scratchy. Could it be, perhaps, that he actually finds men sexually attractive? Well, that depends on the advice of our panel. Kimberly Joseph apparently suffered a tragic on-air experience called a "thought" and said that in a relationship, monogamy is the most important thing. Well, most of us figured that out from last week's *Woman's Day*. But just when you thought Bimb-erly Kimberly couldn't possibly say any more, she went one step further and said that it is impossible to be attracted to both men and women. Apparently she knows a lot. What I just don't understand is why it is any of their business whether a person feels attracted to both genders or not. The guy in the letter just wants to know how to involve his wife in the situation, whom he obviously cares for, to help him, and anything short of suggesting a threesome. This concept was apparently difficult for the panel and host to grasp. In fact Kimberly said three things in the whole show, using what little intelligence she actually has, and felt so worn out that she had to take some Panadol and a bit of shut-eye afterwards. The general procedure of the program involves the panel giving advice and opinions that vary significantly, obviously scripted by an out of work (and they should be!) playwright. Then the fascist host, who hasn't been outside of his money-counting room since 1904, and therefore has no understanding of the real world, yells louder than everybody else, disallows them the right to differing opinion, occasionally goes red in the face and abuses them all by calling them a 'dill' at the end of each breath. Frighteningly this is the same man who also hosts a radio talk back show which involves him just talking back, boasting about how much money he has and the amount of tax he has to pay each year to stop people from

cutting down trees and fostering the poor. His opinion on welfare and the poor is about as intelligent as Pauline Hanson's suggestion to simply "print more money" in order to remedy the bad economic state of Australia. Stan says that, "all you have to do to help the poor is give them a job and make them work." Well, apparently, Mr Zemanek. During my sabbatical in Melbourne I had the great privilege to meet a homeless man by the name of Adrian King who had lost his job and decorates Swanston Street sidewalks with very millennial chalk drawings that in my personal analysis communicates something about his feelings towards the kamikaze world we live in called Australia. It is true, as our street drawer is testament to, that real poor do exist in Australia. They have lost their jobs for whatever reason, have nowhere to go and do anything for a few bucks to buy a Steamed Pork Bun. But their fates are sealed already. In their current status, in the same unwashed clothes they had on two months ago, nobody is going to come up to them with a business proposition to open and manage the new store of a world-wide chain and earn in excess of \$45,000 in the first few years, a company car, a mobile phone and annual conventions in the Bahamas. But then again, maybe Stan can. However, Stan doesn't believe in welfare or giving any of his money to the tax pool to help the homeless from their lot and have the means to toss jobs about like loose change. I'm sensing a bit of a contradictory web forming here. The problem with these talk shows and Agony Aunts is that it's only ever one person's view. In the case of *Beauty and The Beast*, it's the viewpoint of five puppets with bad acting skills and advice derived from old episodes of *The Sullivans*. From Stan, you'll always get a quip about money, no matter what the topic is: "I'm sorry, but I don't pay hundred of thousands of dollars each year in tax to allow people the right to return a toaster to a department store simply because it doesn't work. I mean what is this country coming to?" Jeannie will always say something that is illegal, solicits the use of liquid eyeliner and a creative tip to transform a Chux Superwipe into something you could possibly wear on your head. Kimberly Joseph only moves or speaks when someone has a hand up her frock to make her function (camera three is actually placed down her top, embedded in her cleavage). As for Jan Murray of Nimbin, she'd be better telling us all how to make Love Bead Pudding and our own soaps using natural resources like grass, daffodils, pine bark, coconut milk, marijuana, animal faeces and a recycled bottle of Aeroguard. But nobody would really care because nobody has ever heard of her anyway. I say if you must get some advice from anyone in the world, aside from me, it should be

Ph: (08) 8223 4366

Fax: (08) 8223 4876

www.unibooks.com.au

Open Mon - Fri 9am - 5.30pm

Sat 10am - 1pm

Cash Discounts All Year



UNIBOOKS

WIN WITH ART

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.

yourself. Call me New Age, call me millennial, call me disillusioned, deranged or anything else beginning with "d" (but not Domestos, I couldn't stand for that), but whatever happened to good old fashioned intuition? If your instincts say, "no, I probably shouldn't run down the street in a gold lame G-string waving a tiger snake in the air while singing "If I Could Talk To The Animals" because of the fact that you may have a few people think you're a bit crackers and call on the National Guard", then it probably would be in your best interest to take your own advice. And if your intuition tells you it's quite possibly a bit senseless to insert my private bits into an Elna press just to see what happens because of the fact that you can somehow see the little logic in ironing a pinch pleat into your woozer, again it's more than likely advantageous to listen to that little voice in your head that speaks sense rather than looking at the evil Hand That Holds The Fabulon. (Actually, that sounds like a great title for a horror film about a busy middle aged mum that hires a deranged American actress who always has a baby blue cardigan handy to do the ironing.) And if your intuition tells you that it's highly probable that writing into a talk back show or Agony Aunt column about your marital and extra-marital affairs isn't such a great idea, since the people on the program are likely to never have had sex or are highly unlikely to ever have sex again (unless their contract runs out and they are forced to look for work, Mr Zemanek), then I'd hope that you'd take that advice too.

But since we're talking about not taking anyone else's advice, do whatever the hell you like, see if I care. I have a job, I'm not drawing pictures on the street, I'm quite comfortable with a fabulous wardrobe and various fruit inspired accessories. See if I really care at the end of the day about your worries, personal hang ups and reasons for wanting to slash your wrists. Oh, I'm getting paid to care? Well, then that's a different story. Listen up and listen good!!

PS: Adrian King does some very inspirational art work all around the streets of Melbourne, primarily outside of a café on the corner of Swanston and Little Collins Streets. If you happen to pass by him and have some loose change, a cigarette or think you can help him help himself, remember the Australian Spirit of reaching out. Thankyou.

Aldo Longobardi

Uni Blues

disintegration.

the rhythmic pulsations of another day,
the jacksaw hammers the refrain into
your brain.

the click,

of the gears,

of the bus,

as it steers

you there:

into the embrace, the disgrace of a blank
stare

at spitball punctuated ceilings.

cubby houses

for academia and retirees. You plead.

wall papered by -isms. post-modernism.

impressionism. the gibberism of study.

purging the individual within,

until the words make you feel thin:

suffer from intellectual anorexia,

starving yourself of originality,

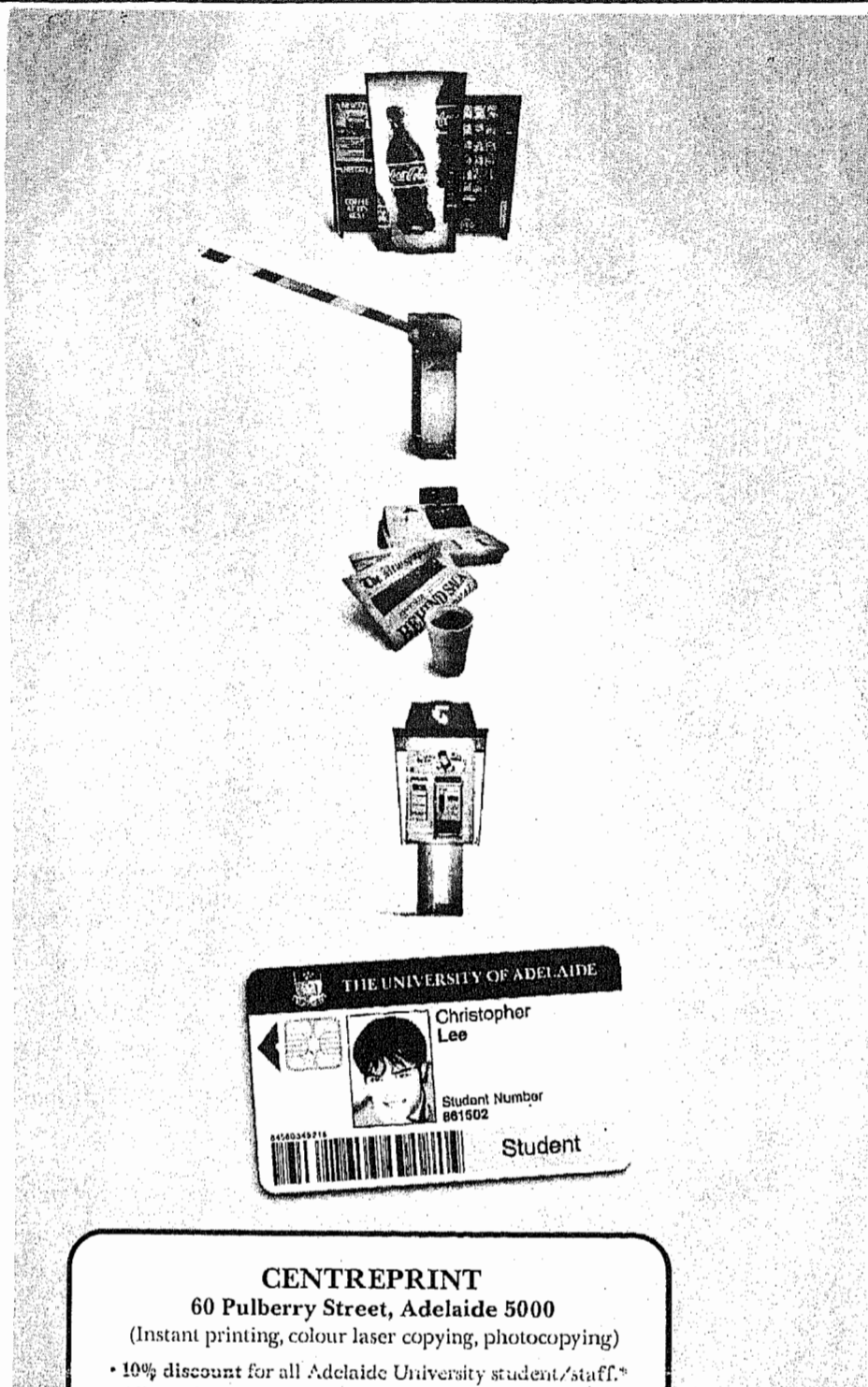
the essay is a marker's casualty.

Until at night, you can't sleep,

unable to reap the benefit

of too many textbooks.

By J.A.Paine



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.

CARDORAMA

117 King William Street, Adelaide 5000

- 10% discount on all greeting cards in addition to our already discounted prices.*
- 5% off all confectionery \$1.00 and above.
- All purchases must be made using Adelaide Uni card.

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

Your everyday buying card is now even
a discount card.



If you didn't know already, when you load your Adelaide University Student Card with cash you can now use it to pay at photocopiers, parking stations, retail stores, Telstra Smart Payphones and any vending machine where you see a Red Arrow Accepted Here sign displayed throughout campus or anywhere in the Adelaide CBD. But now it's even more useful. Use it to pay at the above places and you'll receive some awesome discounts.

Adelaide University Student Card. Now your everyday buying card.

Telstra
Making life easier™

Telstra is piloting this programme in the Adelaide CBD. ™ Trade mark of Telstra Corporation Ltd.
A.C.N. 051 775 556.

SOM TTP 0560

Rat Arsed On Black Rat



Sickly sweet orgasmic teenybopper manifesto



Three's company, Two's a crowd



Sammy, Scotty, DT and Hansie "Hornbag" thought the Ribena was ace

We in the Wayward department at *On DIT* consider it our duty to road test any and all products that enter the market. When a new drink comes on the market you can bet your bottom's dollar that we'll be there with a crate and a bucket. This month sees the introduction of "New Kid On The Block" Black Rat. This cider comes in three flavours - Blackcurrant, Lemon and Apple. Naturally we had to grab a carton of each and guzzle the lot. As the samplers got progressively pissed we asked them their opinions and the range of responses was far more honest than those shit house ads where they have "real" people giving their stupid opinions about equally stupid films.

The votes were in and it seemed that Blackcurrant got the Gold Medal for its sheer ability to disguise itself as Ribena. There wasn't a single sampler who could say a bad word about this tasty bottle of fruit. The other two did not fair so favourably. Lemon was marked down as a nice drink but a bit too sweet after a while. Some passionate responses included, "It's not too bad. It's quite nice" and "Almost, but not quite, as good as Cubano." Others were less than impressed; "The first bottle of lemon was really yummy but the second is just making me phlegmy. Mmmmmmm Sweet. Like all bottled, dressed-up wine coolers, in 3 months you will no longer be able to buy this drink. For instance does anyone ever buy DNA or Sub Zero any more?"

Although Lemon and Blackcurrant were given a resounding "thumbs up", Apple had few supporters. Feelings ranged from, "Godawful!" to "The smell reminds me of vomit. It's nice. It tastes like carbonated piss with vinegar in it." and "Apple so yuk. Lemon so yum. and so I sez to him, I sez Hmmm..... subtle oak flavours in lemon, disgusting acid flavours in apple." Those who liked Apple were unapologetic for this rebellious stance. "Quite tart but I like it. Applescent" and "It's not bad. It tastes like that Tasmanian apple shit" seemed to sum up the pro-apple debate.

Some samplers did not take to the new experience - "It's the bubbles of nothing that make it really nothing." But I feel that most enjoyed the refreshing change (and 'at two for one in the bar at the moment, who's complaining). But for all those who haven't tried Black Rat I think we'll leave the final call to Brentyn after he'd had a lot of them - "Sickly sweet orgasmic teenybopper manifesto."



ONE FOR THE ROAD...



Michael Hicks searches in vain for a beer after 2am in suburban Adelaide

As the driver tried in vain to mop up the gin and tonic that had spilt down his front, he refocused on the road ahead and waved at the flashing blue lights that said RBT in their own version of visual (albeit blurred) Morse code. It was one of those nights where you didn't know if the driver was over the limit and you didn't particularly want to find out. The song *We'll make regrets* hummed to itself in the background and seemed to sum up the whole attitude of the evening; with work looming in a short seven hours and a dozen(ish) scotches waiting to go with the aperitifs that had made a lovely liquid supper. The Royal and it's 'amazing happy hour' of 99c spirits was tempting but a line up of pre-pubescent Saints Boys with a firm belief in the validity of fake Student ID's put us off. The Historian (a nice little pub with some bad memories for some) became an attractive option but we lost faith in this after the bar chick got bored with us as the only patrons and went to The Planet. With no-one to serve drinks and less people to boogie with we considered The Planet option but the Saints Boys had obviously failed in their mission at The Royal and were now taking up footpath space on Pirie Street. Do you remember the glory days of being fifteen when you got a crash course in statistics? You were told that the average bouncer was not too bright but could usually spot a combination of pimples, braces and sneakers-with-jeans. However, as the night wore on the standard deviation (and thus variance) of bouncers' ability/desire to care in-

creased, providing a position of constrained optimisation about 3am where, if you'd stood in the cold long enough and didn't mind being sober until early Sunday morning, meant that you could often catch the last three tracks from the DJ.

Anyway, off statistics and back to the boogie. There's only so much you can drink with two people who have been drinking all night and who are two steps from paralyticdom and that so much is about 3 drinks. So three drinks on my way from misery to happiness (today, uh huh uh huh uh huh!) I was left with me, a gin stained driver and a hankerin' for a ho down. This is where Adelaide is a little lacking. If you say, "I want somewhere to get smashed, shake my little tail feather and do it for a long time on a middling budget" where can you go? I want a combo of pub-priced drinks and club atmosphere. The lack of this, I contend, is the root cause of Adelaide's dope addiction. There being sweet FA in terms of club variety we all go home early and break out the bucket bong to see us through yet another abysmal weekend. And so I finished the night with my only regret being that I hadn't put a load of washing in the machine before I went out. With beer season officially opening on November 1

and the last edition of *On Dit* coming out soon thereafter, I want to know where to go. For the sake of every binge-drinkin' student out there we need some guidance. We are about to have three months of unbridled piss-sinking opportunity and it would be a sin not to grasp it like 12 fluid ounces of amber heaven. So there will be in the last copy of *On Dit* a guide to Summer

Luvin'. I want to know what pubs, clubs and venues of adult leisure can offer us over our sunny break. So if you have any suggestions or know any good spots, address them to me at *On Dit* in the next week and we'll spread the good word like a Mormon on a bike. Here's to Summer.

Michael Hicks

WANTED

Aussies to teach American kids how to serve an ace, sail a cat, paint a picture or just have fun!

Camp America is on the hunt for 1,000 adventurous Aussies to work with children for 9-10 weeks at an American summer camp from June to August, 2000.

Choose from over 100 different sport and recreational activities. And because Camp America is the world's No. 1 US camp counsellor program, we place 99% of all Australian applicants. No risk!

If you are cheerful, flexible and love working with kids, chances are you'll soon be soaking up the sun and fun at an American summer camp. Interested?

For free Camp America brochure, application forms plus details on Information Sessions in your area

**PHONE CAMP AMERICA NOW!
Freecall 1800 653 477 (24 hrs)**

Or write to Camp America, 288a Whitehorse Road, Balwyn Vic. 3103
Camp America is a program of the American Institute for Foreign Study (Aust) Pty Ltd A.C.N. 087 638 499

CAMP AMERICA

FEDERAL PARLIAMENT FAIRY TALES

The Magic Pudding

Once upon a time there was a Prince called Prince Richard Alston who owned a magic Telstra pudding. He announced to everybody who lived in the magic Kingdom of Fairyland that he was going to sell a huge chunk of the pudding to small pudding-holders at a drastically reduced price. "But why are you going to do that?" said some inveterate cynics, who didn't really belong in Fairyland anyway. And Prince Richard Alston replied by saying that the magic pudding was becoming stale, and in order for Fairyland to be able to deregulate the pudding industry and compete in the globalised pudding market he would have to chop it into little bits and sell them.

"But it isn't really a magic pudding, because it doesn't grow back if you cut it up," said the same bunch of cynics, "and if you sell off a huge chunk of it the Kingdom will become poorer, and the pudding will degrade in quality, and most of it will soon be owned by foreign pudding investors."

But Prince Richard Alston ignored them and decided to sell the pudding anyway. Which he did, with the help of the evil harridan who guarded the magical Balance of Power.

"But you're just throwing away vital Fairyland pudding assets in a bid for short-term popularity among middle class electors!" said the cynics, but, because by this time everyone was getting pretty sick of listening to their whingeing, the Prince had them all shot.

The Frog Prince

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful Princess called Princess Cheryl. Princess Cheryl lived in the Senate Castle and ruled her own party. She also had legions of devoted followers who wore Doc Martens and had funky two-word non-hyphenated surnames and were really in tune with all of the Kingdom's young people.

One day Princess Cheryl was walking along in the woods when she saw an ALP frog. The frog was hideously ugly and covered in giant crusty warts, but somehow Cheryl found it oddly attractive.

"Kiss me," croaked the frog, "And I will make you more powerful than you have ever dreamed of

being!"

"I couldn't kiss you!" said Princess Cheryl, "Your giant crusty warts will get in the way. And anyway, you're a frog and my legions of devoted followers have no truck with unnatural relations between the species."

But the frog insisted, and Princess Cheryl gave in and kissed it. The frog fulfilled its promise by helping Princess Cheryl move out of the cold and draughty Senate Castle and into the Palace of Representatives, where she quickly faded into obscurity and was never heard of again. And in revenge her followers cast an evil spell on the Kingdom which made everything 10% more expensive.

The Three Wishes

One day a magical fairy appeared to the parliament of Fairyland and offered to give them three wishes for anything they could desire. The Opposition got the first wish.

"We could wish for eternal prosperity and happiness for our people!" said an idealist, at the party caucus held to discuss the wish.

"But if we do that," said a more politically astute person, "the people will never vote the Government out! We need to be more realistic."

"Let's wish that all of the Government members' travel rorts and corrupt practices become public knowledge," said a third. "That way the people will be disgusted and get rid of them."

So the leader of the Opposition went to the magical fairy and made this wish, with the result that the Government was severely embarrassed and its poll ratings dropped.

The Government didn't like this very much, so when the Prime Minister got to make the second wish he wished that all of the Opposition members' travel rorts and corrupt practices should likewise be known to all. And the Opposition's poll ratings dropped as low as the Government's, and the people lost what little faith they still had in the political process.

Needless to say, neither side was very happy about this situation. So when the magical fairy came back and asked them what their third wish was, they got together and wished that nobody at all knew about either party's travel rorts and corrupt practices. And everyone lived happily ever after.

The Three Bears

Once upon a time a happy little child called Kim was trotting happily through the woods when he saw a little cottage. Being an inquisitive child as well as a happy one, Kim walked right in. To his surprise he found three tubs of lard sitting on the dining-room table.

"Yum," though Kim, who loved the rich wholesome goodness of lard, "I think I'll try some of that". So he went to the biggest tub and tasted it.

"Too hot!" he yelped, for it scalded his tongue. So he tried the second-largest tub.

"Too cold!" he cried, for Kim was a refined child and preferred to eat his lard at room temperature. So he tried the smallest tub.

"Just right!" he said, then ate the whole thing. But



he was still hungry, so he mixed the middle-sized tub of lard with the largest tub of lard, producing a huge mound of lard at a moderate temperature, and ate up all of the lard until he developed a weight problem.

The Feeding of the Five Thousand with Loaves and Fishes

1 And it came to pass that there was a Holy Man called Jesus Costello, who preached far and wide on the holiness of Economic Rationalism and the necessity of a comprehensive tax on goods and services.

2 And one day, when he had finished thus preaching to the people, his apostles did come to him.

3 And the apostles said, The people are hungry for concrete statistics and economic modelling to back up thy piety.

4 But he said unto them, Give them what ye have.

5 And they said, We have no more than figures which are obviously dishonest, and the results of a study which claimeth that such a tax would leave the people worse off if it accomplished anything at all.

6 And the Holy Man stood, and spake unto the multitudes, and soothed their fears with words of strong faith.

7 And he reached behind himself, and from a concealed nether orifice did he draw new figures, and new economic modelling, and new propaganda with which to prove his case unto the people.

8 And the people were greatly cheered by this.

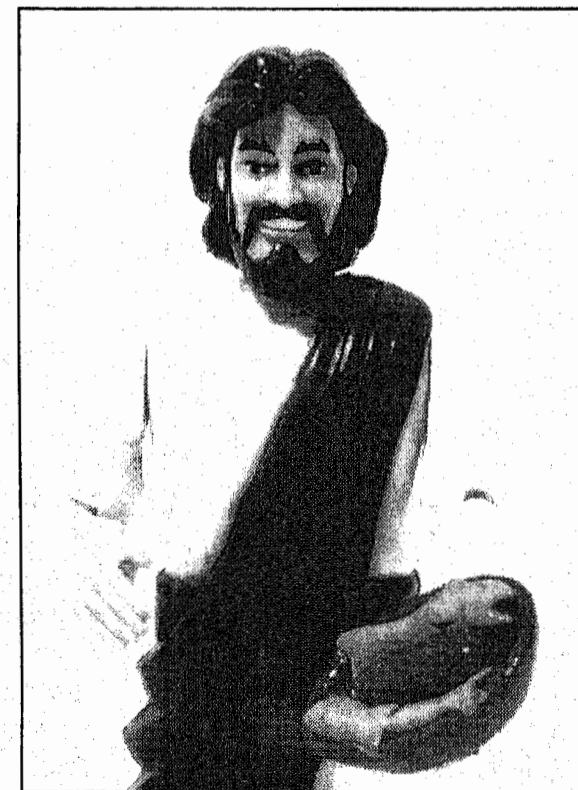
9 But the unfaithful did mutter amongst themselves. The Pharisees, and the centurions, and the priests of Baal who burn their offerings in the high places, did make noise unto the Holy Man so that he should come clean and admit the weakness of his fundamental assumptions, and the ideological motivations behind his economic policies.

10 But the Holy Man did say, Oh ye of little faith!

11 And he did give unto them loaves, and fishes, and did say unto them, Lo! For such basic foodstuffs are to be GST-exempt. Other than that, tough luck.

12 Amen.

Linley Henzell



Leo

Clean your bedroom and lose the Kenny Rogers album. Try Demestros. Throw out all those posters of teeny-booper bands, and get one of the multiplication tables.

Virgo

That assignment you handed up last week - you failed. The exam you've got coming up - you'll fail. Buy a scratchie.

Libra

This week you'll feel really...indecisive.

Scorpio

There's a really good article in this week's Dolly about how to change your partner. Read carefully, and trust no one. They're watching you.

Sagittarius

That mole that's been growing on your left leg is starting to look more like Henry Winkler. Pluto in Aries this week means that you'll get picked last for that game of netball this week.

Capricorn

We warned you last week and you didn't listen then so why should we give you advice this time. You don't need astronomy or anyone, do you? Who do you think you are - Hilary Clinton?

Aquarius

Unfortunately that person you've been fantasising about in your tute is actually your cousin. No one ever did like Uncle Bill, except, of course, Aunty Beryl.

Pisces

If you haven't noticed that the weather is getting warmer, then you should probably get out more. And no, nobody else thinks that joke about the fones is funny.

Aries

Exactly.

Taurus

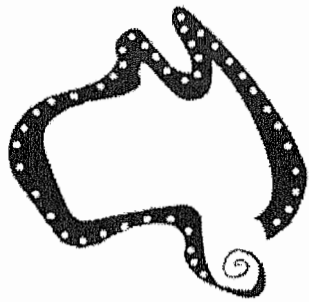
That thing you've been looking for will turn up this week, but it will have dust, chewing gum, and perhaps even snot on it.

Gemini

After that unexpectedly late night on the spirits on Saturday, you would be well advised to be in close proximity to toilets until at least Thursday.

Cancer

Tuesday is the best day to ask that person out you've been wanting to. It's a shame 79% of Cancerians read *On Dit* on Wednesdays.



**AUSTRALIAN
INTERNATIONAL
DOCUMENTARY
CONFERENCE 99**

**Adelaide South Australia
2 - 6 November 1999**



The 6th Australian International Documentary Conference is to be held in Adelaide next week on 2-6 November. Focussing on the three broad themes of globalisation, ethics and creativity and digital features, the five day conference will be held at the Hilton International Hotel, and comprises keynote addresses, master classes, panel debates and pitching sessions. A highlight of the Conference is a free public screening programme held daily at Her Majesty's Theatre and includes Meet the Filmmaker sessions.

International guests and keynote speakers include Michael Apted, creator of the *7Up* series and director of the new James Bond film *The World is Not Enough*; Albert Maysles who, with his brother David, is one of America's leading filmmakers responsible for such gems as *Gimme Shelter* and *Salesman*; Jennifer Fox whose riveting, 10-hour epic *An American Love Story* is already being hailed as a classic; Aleen Stein, a pioneer of new media who has spent the past 13 years publishing, creating and selling interactive titles; Professor Margaret Somerville who holds professorships in both law and medicine and is a highly regarded speaker on ethics; and Peter Sellars, Year 2002 Director of the Adelaide Festival and one of the world's leading theatre, opera and television directors who will speak on globalisation.

The film programme features the retrospective work of Michael Apted and Albert and David Maysles, as well as *Sex the Annabel Chong Story*. Annabel is a self-styled feminist, student of gender studies and debunker of the prevailing clichés about what it means to be a porn star. The pro-

gram also includes the first Australian screenings of Werner Herzog's *Little Dieter Needs to Fly*, Paul Jay's *Hitman Hart* and Vicki Funari and Jennifer Maytorena Taylor's *Paulina* - a dreamlike blend of interviews and re-enactments on how a middle-aged Mexican maid returns to her hometown to confront a horrific past.

In the Meet the Filmmaker sessions Michael Apted and Scott Hicks discuss making documentary and dramatised feature films and explore what continues to draw them back to the documentary form. Peter Sellars speaks with Albert Maysles on his remarkable career which spans more than 50 years. Delegates also can attend more than 20 panel discussions and debates, such as "Pariahs, Parasites and Piranhas" (questioning on-screen invasion of privacy) and "In Bed with Commissioning Editors - Do They Have a Problem with Sex?"

Members of the public keen to press the flesh with leading filmmakers can register for the event by phoning the conference manager on 8363 1307. Join up for more filmmaking then you could poke a lens at.

A message from the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations, National Women's Officer, representing 70,000 women postgraduate students:

"To the women students at this university, and to every one who has a daughter, mother, sister or partner and would like to see them prosper in this country - the Coalition Government is your mortal enemy. The lip-service paid to democratic consultative processes by this Government are finally fully revealed. First by the farcical nonsense displayed - and enshrined in Hansard - over the anti student organisation legislation "discussions", and now by the blatant disregard by David Kemp and his department over responses to the West Review and the Green Paper on Research in Higher Education. David Kemp is a liar and Australia is not a democracy, it is a dictatorship.

The Coalition recipients of a free education system, while looking forward to their exorbitant pensions have the gall to tell us that we will pay more than \$100,000 for the cheapest humanities or science degree - and where is that going to get us? (and this is using current interest rates - have we forgotten already that just a few short years ago they were more than three times this amount?) Don't believe anyone who says that we are moving closer to an "American system" of higher education: currently 50% of university education in The States is funded by government - in Australia it is only five percent more than that now and set to fall dramatically. And a basic degree (not at an "Ivy League" Uni) costs around US\$3000 per year - cheaper than Australia!

This country will be thrown back into an age when the girls got secretarial jobs to help pay their brother's university education, where the working classes did not even think of progressing beyond secondary school, where the Original inhabitants of this country were quietly dying off in the background, and the migrants did all the "dirty work".

One of the most frightening words in this Cabinet submission is the word "follows" as in Option 1 point (b) "a tuition subsidy which follows the student to ... higher education", in other words it follows them from secondary education - and why stop there? Once the ideology is accepted that education is not a public right, but a private choice, then why should the government be forced to pay for our children's Kindy classes? After all finger painting is not a skill highly sought by Industry and therefore hardly an "optimal investment of limited public resources."

I urge all students to acquaint themselves with the facts of Dr Kemp's proposal, and to voice their subsequent opinions wholeheartedly in the public arena. Copies of the leaked document and subsequent "denials" can be obtained from the PGSA Office, level 1 George Murray Building. Don't believe that this is over, and don't believe that it won't affect you!"

Helen Kavanagh

CAPA National Women's Officer, email women@capa.edu.au, ph (08) 83034114 also PGSA President



Voucher Debacle

Mobilises Students



Last Thursday 400 students marched through Adelaide visiting federal Liberal MPs offices to denounce the proposals outlined in the recently leaked Cabinet Submission.

Organised as a National Day of Action by the National Union of Students, the students rallied against such proposals as a voucher system, real-interest loans

and deregulated fees.

The national response of revulsion has again

shown students, and indeed the Higher Education sector, as vehemently opposed to both the ideology and the policy of the current Federal Government.

Dr David Kemp, Federal Minister for Education, has proven himself an advocate for the "user-pays" style of higher education funding, and hence is incapable of creating policy which both satisfies and is in the spirit of this country's Higher Education sector.

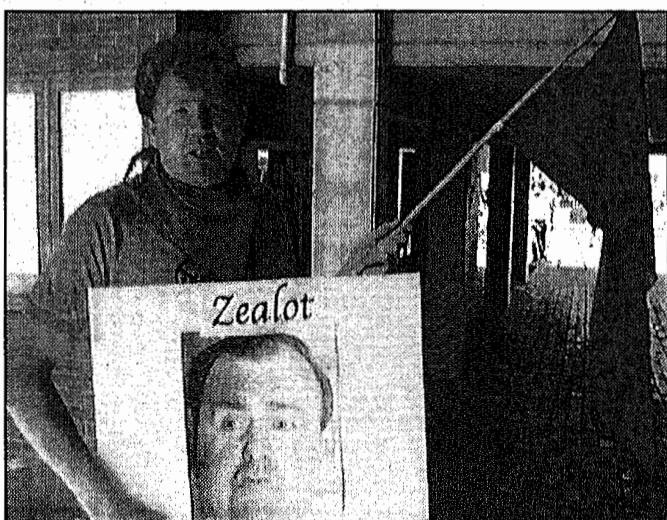
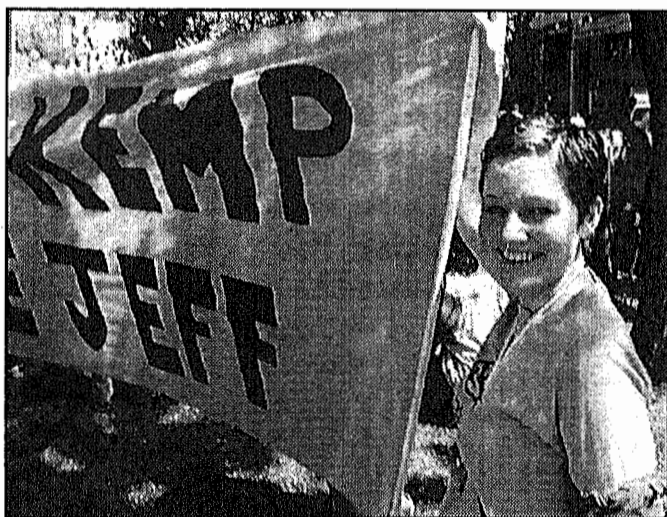
Prime Minister John Howard has established not only his inability to maintain a constant line on higher education in the last month, but in doing so he has shown his support for the proposals.

We have a government sitting on a budget surplus of thousands of millions of dollars, yet it is continually reducing government funding of the sector, is not prepared to spend the bare minimum required to support students through schemes such as Austudy and Abstudy, is introducing a student unfriendly GST (let alone allow us to represent ourselves through Student Unions). Compound this with the potential for degrees taking 30 years to pay off, and the future for tertiary students is bleak.

If the Government isn't willing to support students throughout their education, and if it is prepared to burden us with mortgage-like debts, then obviously it doesn't see education as a priority in society.

The sooner this Government goes the better.

Stephen Mullighan



DECLARATION OF RESULT

ELECTION OF POSTGRADUATE MEMBER OF COUNCIL (ONE VACANCY)

There was one candidate for the vacancy on Council, the vacancy being for one year from 6 March 2000. I declare the following candidate elected.

JULIA BLANCHE PITCHER

REX HANNEY
Returning Officer

Australian Universities Games, Perth 1999

The only way to describe the culture of the Uni games is to look at the basketball team who turned up to the Toga party in sequenced sheets and a carrot hung from their necks. It is their spirit and that of the 3000 other athletes that make the week such a turning event in everyone's lives. This being my seventh Uni Games, if I have any more turning events, I'll need motion sickness pills.

As is traditional with the opening ceremony of recent games, mascots were subdued, streakers were few and far between and the crowd was extremely restless as the ceremony took place. The social program this year was like eating Chinese food, it was great and satisfied you for a while, but you soon needed some more. On the first three nights of the week all pubs and nightclubs closed at midnight leaving around a thousand students wandering the streets of Perth with alcohol depleted bodies, lots of money and nowhere to party. This could have turned nasty if it had not been for the helping guidance of the Perth Law Enforcement.

But things weren't all that bad and all had fun with the sport specific parties and closing ceremonies extending past the witching hour. The touch party was the event I was fortunate enough to attend and I was able to extend the diplomatic hand with the mixing of cultures between the University of Western Sydney-Hawkesbury team and us. Their interpretive dance moves as well as their obvious love of the amber fluid forged bonds that will never be broken. Not many can forget the token Hawkesbury fat guy's dance called "Tony the Yiros Maker". It lasted ten minutes and could not be replicated again.

But the week was not all about drinking and getting lucky, we also dabbled in a little bit of sport. The games this year were at the sports grounds of the University of Western Australia. Adelaide University sent teams representing, Men's Basketball, Athletics, Judo, Kendo, Women's Soccer and Mixed Touch. We won many medals including two gold to give us a respectable medal tally. (A special congratulations to the women's judo team for getting a team silver medal just for turning up.) A definite low light for the week though was the elimination of the women's soccer team in extremely controversial circumstances. The toss of a coin is a crueler way of splitting teams than a penalty shoot out, especially when a winning toss is disallowed after a meaningless technicality. Needless to say the girls were knocked out and the administrators of the soccer made no new friends that day.

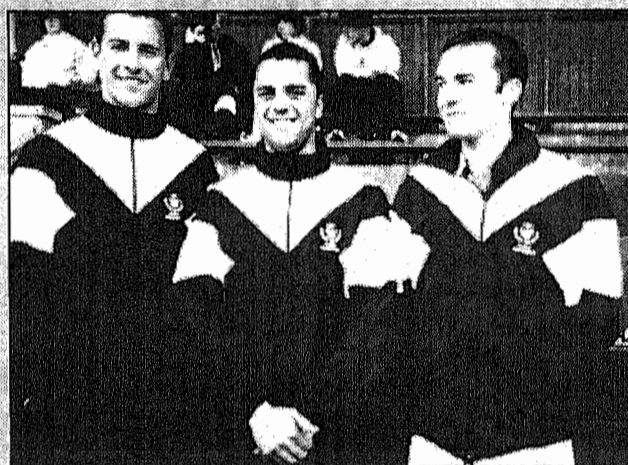
Of special note are the gold medal performances of David Cardone (Pole Vault) and Liam Murphy (Race Walking). Medals were also won in Kendo and Judo.

The week left me with great memories, new friendships, many diseases and a guarantee that I cannot walk more than 10 meters on campus without bumping into someone I went away with. If you ever get the opportunity to go on one of these trips, do it. You will never be the same again.

Stephan Hubert



1999 Intersarsity Touch Team



(Left to Right): David Cardone who won Gold in the Pole Vault, Stephen Hubert who competed in the 100ms and Liam Murphy who won Gold in the 5km Walk. Congratulations to all athletes who attended the Games.

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.

Wednesday 27 October
LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.
Chernobyl: The Bells of Chernobyl
Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.

Thursday 28 October
M (1931 German)
Directed by Fritz Lang, starring Peter Lorre.
Harrowing drama about psychotic child murderer brought to justice by the Berlin underworld. Riveting and frighteningly contemporary. Cinematographically dazzling, especially for an early talkie. Lorre's performance is unforgettable.
With Shorts: Computer Animations.

Wednesday 3 November
LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.
Indians and Eco-forestry: Mama Bilong Olgeta (Mother of us all), To the Roots: A Maya Reunion.
Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.

Thursday 4 November
Throne of Blood
Directed by the late Japanese master of film Akira Kurosawa and based on *Hamlet*.



Wednesday 10 November
LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.
The Nature of Suzuki: The Nature of David Suzuki, Three Good Reasons.
Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.

ELECTIONS AUSKI - WE WANT YOU!

Annual General Meeting to be held on Thursday 11th November 1999 at 1pm in the North South Dining Room, level 4 Union House. ALL MEMBERS REQUESTED TO ATTEND

Are you interested in working in a team of highly motivated individuals aged 17 - 31.

We need six highly motivated people with a bit of spare time on their hands to be AUSKI COMMITTEE 2000. Personal requirements include:

- Σ The ability to work in a close team;
- Σ Competent with MS Word, Excel, PC and Macs (photoshop and pagemaker is also used);
- Σ Outgoing personality;
- Σ Vision, drive, commitment enthusiasm etc etc;
- Σ At least five hours per week spare next year + O'Week
- Σ Previous AUSKI experience goes a long way;
- Σ Preferable non-drinker.

Positions Available Include:

- Σ President
- Σ Vice-president
- Σ Treasurer
- Σ Secretary
- Σ Social Secretary
- Σ Promotions Co-ordinator

What do you get I hear you say? How about a trip to the snow and immortality in the AUSKI book of fame for the four main committee members. Of course there is also the bonus of hanging out with all the AUSKI legends and the legendary AUSKI alcohol collection.

Application forms to be obtained from the Sports Association and returned by Tuesday 9th. Further information contact Nicky "what a shitter of a jump" Briggs on 0417 800 734 or contact the Sport Association

Notice of Special General Meeting

Notice is hereby given, that the Adelaide University Snow Ski Club (AUSKI) shall hold a Special General Meeting for the purpose of incorporating the club under the Associations Incorporation Act (SA).

Date: 11 Nov

Time: Following the AUSKI AGM held at 1pm

Venue : North/South Dining Room, level 4 Union House.

Agenda:

1. Welcome
2. Motion: "That this club apply for incorporation under the Associations Incorporation Act 1985 (SA)."
3. Motion : "That this club authorise Nick Briggs to apply for incorporation."
4. Motion: "That this club accept the amendments to the constitution, as tabled, for the purposes of incorporation."
5. Election of Pubic Officer (sic). (Nominations to be submitted at this meeting).



In Bed with Shakespeare

The very last drama students from Adelaide University are presenting a passionate pastiche of Shakespeare scenes.

Date: Thursday 4th and Friday 5th November

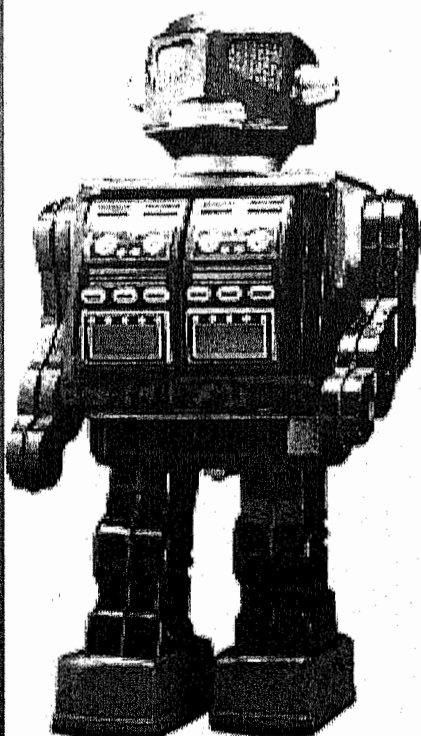
Time: 7:30 pm

Venue: Drama Studio, 10th Floor.

Schultz Building

Admission Free

00101 000100 10100 00101 000100 10100 0010 000100 10100 00101
studentradio2000
 00101 00100 10100 0010 000100 10100 00101 00101
 00101 00100 10100 00101 000100 10100 00101 00101



- ⊗ applications are now open for student radio in the year 2000
- ⊗ pick up an application from your SAUA, WISA or RACSUC.
- ⊗ make sure that you return it to the SAUA by ...

5 PM NOVEMBER 26TH 1999



THE FUTURE IS NOW

Adelaide University Union President

The Future of Higher Education?

Many of you will be aware of the furore surrounding the leaked Cabinet document outlining Dr Kemp's plans for Universities. Like Dr Kemp's plans for VSU, these ideas have been attacked by many people involved with University communities.

Dr Kemp proposes to deregulate University course fees, allowing demand to dictate the price of a course at a given University. Unlike the current system, where course fees are capped by the government, and the same across Universities, this proposed system would see some prestigious Universities charging exorbitant fees for courses, and other less prestigious institutions potentially facing closure.

Further Dr Kemp proposes to scrap the current HECS system of payment. Instead the document suggests that a "student loan" which has real interest rates attached to it would be the best system. So, if you can't afford your (newly deregulated and probably inflated) course fees up front, then you can take out a loan, and pay it back just as you would with a car or a house loan.

Dr Kemp claims that none of his reforms are aimed at cutting government funding to Universities, nor will his proposals disadvantage students. What a load of #@! I wouldn't be able to afford to attend University with higher course fees that must be paid up front, or paid back through a real rate loan scheme. My degree (like many of yours) will cost in excess of \$5 000. If my course was deregulated I'd expect that fee to jump to at least \$30 000.

If you'd like to read a copy of the leaked cabinet document containing the proposed reforms, visit www.alp.org.au/index.html#news. You can send your views to Dr Kemp by emailing D.Kemp.MP@aph.gov.au.

Hundreds rally for their education

About 300 students rallied through the streets of Adelaide last Thursday, 21 October, 1999.

Students from the University of South Australia, Flinders University and the University of Adelaide joined students all around Australia to voice their anger at the Liberal Government's contemptuous attitude to Higher Educa-

tion.

Students marched past the offices of Cabinet Ministers Alexander Downer and Amanda Vanstone, and also past the office of Trish Worth, Federal Member for Adelaide, who has three University campuses in her electorate alone.

Students called for the sacking of David Kemp, the Federal Education Minister whose proposed reforms for Higher Education have included VSU, a voucher scheme, and real interest rate loans, all of which are abhorrent to student interests.

Students must continue to make clear their anger, and stand up for their right to an accessible and fair education system. You can email your discontent to both David Kemp at D.Kemp.MP@aph.gov.au, and also to the Prime Minister John Howard, calling for Kemp's dismissal at J.Howard.MP@aph.gov.au.

Finally, I'd like to thank those who helped with postering, lecture bashing and giving out leaflets in the lead up to the rally, plus the hundreds who made the rally successful, and particularly those who coordinated the rally across three Universities: Michael Devlin, Sky Mykyta, Seb Henbest, Zane Young, Michelle Bertossa, Kate Marsden, Jason Veliskou, Charlie Heuston, Adam Langman, and Sacha Sewell.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me on 8303 5401, or by email at elysia.turcinovic@adeiaide.edu.au. You can check out the Union's website at www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU for more information also.

Elysia Turcinovic



Environment Officer

Howdy all, I hope study's going well!

STUDY TIPS

We all know that you need chocolate and coffee to study, but I implore you to avoid Nestlé, Nescafé and Allens. This company supplies powdered baby formula to third world mothers, which is very very unhealthy and kills most of them, after the local water poisons them and their mothers' breastmilk dries up.

Also, avoid Kleenex tissues and toilet paper, because this is straight from the old-growth native forests in Victoria.

If you're photocopying for study, photocopy in the Students' Association. This is the only place on campus that has double-sided photocopying, and also the only place on campus that uses genuinely recycled Canon 100 paper! SAUA photocopying is available from 9 to 4 every weekday (including holidays.)

ENVIRONMENTAL FILM FESTIVAL

The Film Society is showing environmental films again this week. See the Film Society column elsewhere in this issue of *On Dit* for details.

NEW CAMPAIGNS

There's a fantastic new leaflet in the SAUA about the proposed South Australian nuclear waste dump. This very informative brochure has been produced by a coalition of environment groups, including your Students' Association, the National Union of Students, and the Australian Conservation Foundation.

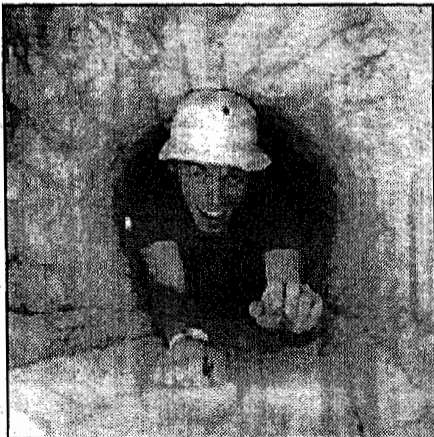
On Thursday the 18th of November at the Adelaide Town Hall, there's a public meeting about the waste dump proposals, with speakers including Peter Garrett, the chair of Greenpeace Australia and Aboriginal representatives. Come in and pick up a pamphlet!

You know you can always talk to me about environment issues, that's what I'm here for. Call me on 8303 5182 or

e-MAIL ME:

Environment@saua.asn.au

zane



Activites Vice President

hello

THE LAST DAY OF TERM

This day is looking huge. With Union Activities and the SAUA Activities Department coming together to put a huge display of beer, music and even bucking bulls, not to forget a BBQ with chunks of meat, salad and a vegan alternative. But more detail on that next time.

Free BBQ

I hope all enjoyed the free BBQ held on the lawns last Friday. A fun time was had by all, and sunshine added to the wonderful day. So for all who missed out, please make an effort to have a free feed this Friday on the lawns.

Raffle Tickets.

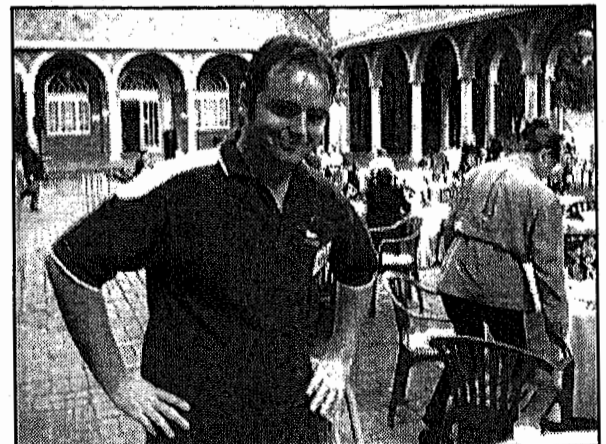
Congrats to the winners for the last couple of weeks. Make sure that you head up to the bar this Friday and enjoy the happy hour specials our happy bar manager Paul has to offer.

A big cheers to penny and all other editors who like the word cheers.

thank you list

penny, steve, pack daddy, brad, steve, amanda, Charlie Dan, jane and paul, lee, hendo and all who helped with the BBQ and LPS a couple of weeks ago, not to forget the biggest stud of all, resident PRO Phil Harry.

matty sykes





Sexuality Officers

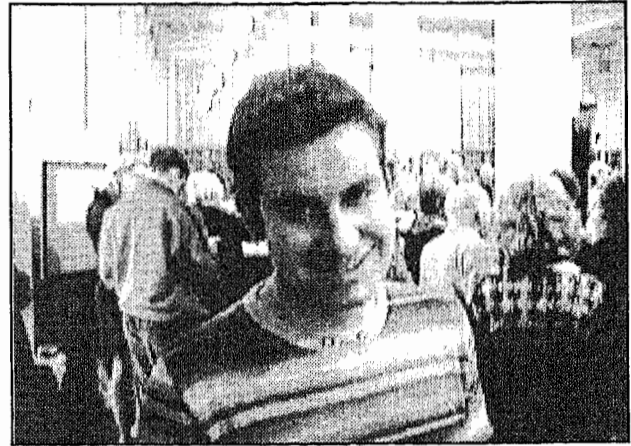
Last week, we attended the third Health In Difference conference, which was being held in Adelaide for the first time. At that conference we presented a workshop based on issues confronting young people in relation to sexual health. We worked with a panel of people which include professionals and young people: straight, bi, gay and lesbian.

Our workshop provided a forum for discussing how information about sexual health influences the way in which people learn about sexuality. Some of the points which were raised included new developments in contraception, information about safe sex aids and some of the problems that arise when people need to learn about how to engage in sex with people of the same gender and all of the information available is based on Sexually Transmitted Infections.

Some of the other workshops examined mental health in non-heterosexual communities, queers and reconciliation, experiences of transgendered people, drug and alcohol issues, cultural diversity and coming out. This conference provided an excellent experience for us to

meet lots of service providers from around the country (and New Zealand!) and discuss some of the problems we have faced in implementing campaigns in a University which can be seriously phobic.

Daniel Marshall & Amanda Camporeale
 boysexo@saua.asn.au / girlsexo@saua.asn.au



Women's Officer

RECLAIM THE NIGHT

This year Reclaim the Night will be held on the 29th October. This is an annual march where women make a political statement that they have the right to feel safe on the streets and in all aspects of their life. If you are interested in being involved with the organising of Reclaim the Night, you can join the RTN collective. The collective meets weekly at 5:30pm at Fleet Street Café, on the corner of Pulteney and Pirie streets.

NOWSA 2000

NOWSA, Network of Women Student's in Australia Conference will be held in Adelaide next year, so there is much work to be done to organise the conference. NOWSA is an annual feminist conference, where students from around the country meet together to discuss feminism and the women's movement. This is a great opportunity to gain some new skills by being part of the conference organising collective. The collective meets weekly in the women's room. For more information speak to the NUSSA Women's Convenor, Jade Evans.

Eileen Fisher



Notice to Students at the University of Adelaide

ELECTION OF STUDENT MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

There are two undergraduate members and one postgraduate member of Council.

Three nominations have been received for the undergraduate members:

SHARON ELIZABETH GRAINGER
ALIDA EMILIA PARENTE
ELYSIA TURCINOVIC.

There being three nominations, on Friday 26 November 1999 there will be an election of two undergraduate members of Council, each for a one-year term from 6 March 2000 to 5 March 2001. All undergraduate students of the University are eligible to vote in this election. Ballot papers will be sent automatically to undergraduate students who enrolled in the University for the first time in 1999 or who voted last year in the election of undergraduate members of Council.

If you will not automatically receive a ballot paper and wish to vote, please:

Come to Room 656, Level 6, Wills Building, North Terrace Campus or Phone 8303 5871.

Ballots must be placed in a ballot box at the University before 6.00 p.m. on Friday 26 November 1999 or posted or delivered to the Returning Officer at the University so as to arrive before 5.00 p.m. on that day.

One nomination has been received for the postgraduate member:

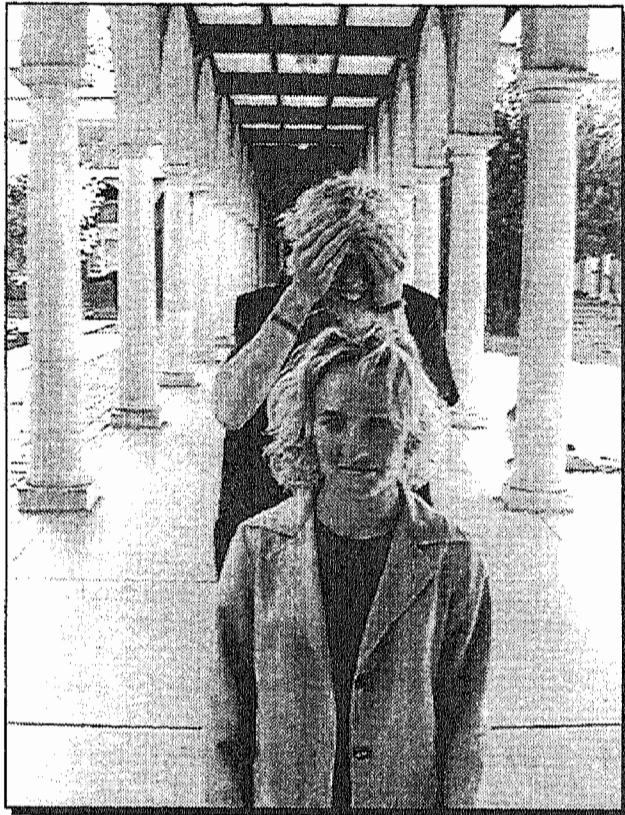
JULIA BLANCHE PITCHER.

There being one nomination, there will be no election.

REX HANNEY
 Returning Officer

QUESTIONS:

- 1) What's your favourite word?
- 2) What do you think is the most erotic household appliance?
- 3) What is the worst dating disaster that has befallen you, or someone you know?



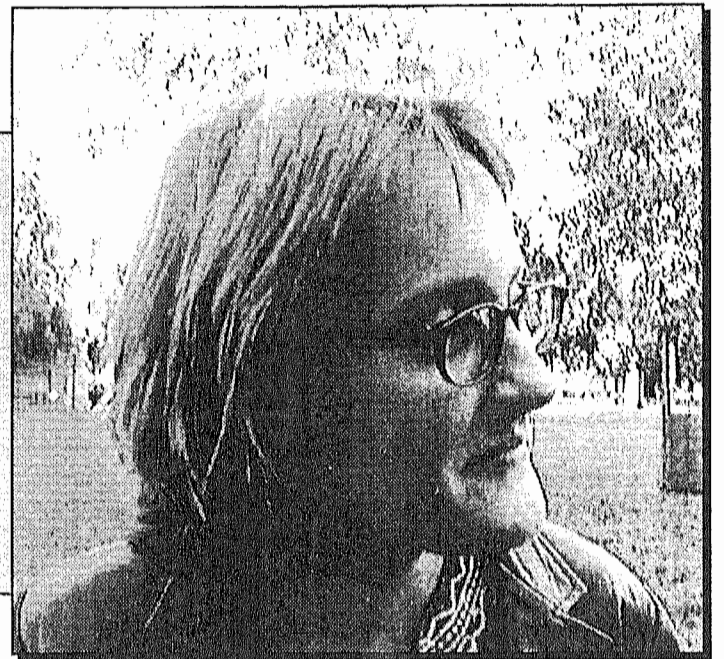
Tammy

Co-ordinating a top-secret camouflage operation

- 1) Orientation. O.
- 2) The vacuum cleaner.
- 3) University. Actually, I've had a boyfriend for two-and-a-half years so I haven't had a date for a while.

Bree
Looking for haberdashery by the Barr Smith Lawns

- 1) Haberdashery. I don't know why, it's just a weird word.
- 2) Kitchen blenders ... Most people don't see it.
- 3) When I wasn't sure yet of their name ...



Sarah and Happy Clementine

Competing in the little-known Barr Smith Lawns Cup

1) **Sarah:** I have one of those ... 'Yurt': it means 'five-sided Mongolian house'.

Clementine: Gobbledegook. No, nqkia - it's a fake mobile phone.

2) **Sarah:** The electric can-opener. Or the plunger. Yeah.

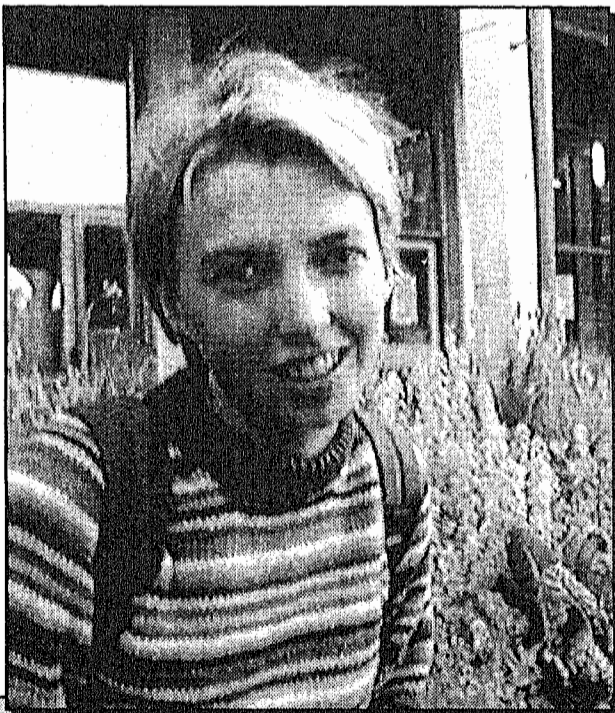
Clementine: The electric-steam-cleaning-floor-mop.

3) **Sarah:** On St Patrick's Day a very good friend, who shall remain nameless, got amorous with a boiler-maker from Salisbury North. She was sick all over him in the middle of a big pash but it was okay because he had his forklift license.

Clementine: A tragic event happened to me at my year ten social: I declared my undying love for Matthew Bassford and was devastatingly rejected. I cried all night.

Sarah: Did your friends hold your hair back in the toilets?

Clementine: They were all too busy pashing ...



Tessa

Watching the lads at their Latin

- 1) Happy.
- 2) Probably a duster and I don't know why.
- 3) Going on a date with a guy who thought I was my best friend. I turned up and he said, "You're not who I thought you were."

POP

Tristan, Penny and Mel
Inutterably excited in anticipation of the Hackham West Musical Extravaganza

1) **Tristan:** Tapioca.

Mel: Either boff or coagulate.

Penny: Supurbia .. the arena spectacle.

2) **Tristan:** The electric toothbrush.

Mel: I use that to clean my belly button ...

Tristan: You should use the corner of the shower curtain ...
 That's what I do .

Penny: I don't actually do much housework.

Mel: Electric carving knives - gloriously phallic. And they vibrate.

3) **Penny:** Well, I can't do Mel because she's here, and she's my repertoire.

Mel: I had a tragic incident with a guy who looked like a brontosaurus ...

Tristan: A Mount Gambier friend of mine vomited on a potential suitor ... and someone else I know was snogging in the Botanic Gardens wearing a spaghetti-strap top, and both the straps broke. She was being picked up by her sister at Alfresco's and she was stuck holding her top up with her hands trying to look nonchalant.



Bertie
Swotting like a swotting thing outside the Mayo

1) Exacerbate.

2) Washing machines.

3) An older brother walking in to see his sister rooting my flatmate.



Michael and Harry

Playing Latin by the Cloisters of an eve

1) **Michael:** I'm lost for words ...

Harry: Formicate. With an "m". It means to swarm like ants (from the Latin "formus" for ant).

2) **Harry:** A microvave. Not eggbeaters.

Michael: Can I be very male and say television? After all, you can turn it on at any time, and it doesn't mind if you fall asleep half-way through ...

3) **Michael:** I haven't had a bad dating disaster, but a friend of mine went on a date to a local football game with a guy and his mates, and he ended up throwing up on her. If that's not a bad date I don't know what is ...

Harry: I can't top that, but I do know someone who knocked over a table and spilled food all over their date.



WHERE'S ZANE?

Find Zane this week and be the lucky winner of an exciting novelty prize. Just come down to the office at 12.10 on Thursday and show us Zane in one of the Vox Pop happy snaps above, and if you're right we'll give it to yez. Yeah.

What's On in Adelaide, Artswise

THEATRE

Wrecked

October 28 to November 6
Bakehouse Theatre
255 Angus Street, Adelaide
 The Crescent Company's latest excursion into contemporary and original theatre commences at the Bakehouse Theatre on October 28. With three short plays which, according to the media release, 'tackle some serious subjects with Crescent's trademark comic undertones', this looks like a good night out, and at \$12 for a full price ticket a cheap one as well. *On Dit* has five double passes to give away to the preview night on October 27 at 8.00pm. Call *On Dit* on 8303 5405. Otherwise, call BASS for tickets.

Ada

November 5 to November 13
181 Hindley Street West
 Based around the story of Ada Byron Lovelace, who amongst her other claims to fame was responsible for developing the first computer

program in the mid 19th Century, Heliograph Theatre return with a genuinely multimedia performance piece which combines live theatre, 3D animation, video and original music. Heliograph have a good name for productions like this, so it's worth getting along to. Booking on 8379 0777.

Hyper

November 13
Ceremonial Court Rooms
Sir Samuel Way Building
Victoria Square, Adelaide
 More multimedia, but with an entirely different edge, *Hyper* is a Port Youth Theatre project which brings together young people and the justice system. Although it sounds fairly hard going, *Hyper* so far has the hallmarks of an idea worth supporting. It concludes with a hypothetical court room drama on November 13 with representatives of the judiciary system, youth and aboriginal services and the community at large, including a list of luminaries such as Trevor Griffin, Elliot Johnson, Che Cockatoo-Collins. If you're interested in going along, call Port Youth

Theatre on 8341 1150.

DANCE

Thwack

November 2 to November 6
The Space, Adelaide Festival Centre
 Gary Stewart, the new artistic director at Australian Dance Theatre, is back in Adelaide with his company—including three ex-Meryl Tankard dancers—with his show *Thwack*. If you like your dance fast, frenetic and athletic, then *Thwack's* the show for you. Book though BASS.

VISUAL ARTS

Positive Lives

Festival Theatre Foyer
October 13 to December 11
Positive Lives is a collection of photographic images which reveal the lives of people who are HIV positive. It's already toured throughout Europe and the States, to some excellent reviews, and now it's in Adelaide until mid-December. With free entry, there's no excuse for missing a photographic exhibition of this quality.

Festish

October 21 to December 5
Flinders Art Museum City Gallery
14-16 Grote Street, Adelaide
 As part of the ongoing Feast Festival, painter Arone Raymond Meeks has an exhibition of some of his work up at the Flinders Art Museum. Meeks is an indigenous artist from North Queensland, and his work appears to be an interesting cross-cultural mix.

Blaise Meredith

October 22 to November 21
Adelaide Central School of Art
45 Osmond Tce, North Adelaide
 An exhibition of six young graduate artists from the Adelaide Central School of Art, *Blaise Meredith* gets its name from the Morris West character who plays the Devil's Advocate in the eponymous book. These artists all see themselves as fulfilling a similar role in the South Australian visual arts scene, and the result is something that the curator, Arran Stierman, describes as something Giles Auty would hate. Can't be a bad thing at all then.



Levi's Caribee
 Lee Riders
 Bonds Dr Martens
 Howard Showers
 RM Williams Mooks
 Diesel Hard Yakka
 Canterbury Blundstone
 Flowerfield Rossi
 Mossimo Split

Present your student card and receive discount at our store.
 1999 Catalogue out now!

322 - 336 KING WILLIAM STREET ADELAIDE - TELEPHONE (08) 8212 5099

Fart + Fat Kid = Funny

This *South Park* thing has gotta stop.

I've sat through this charade all year. The endless repeats, SBS using the characters to promote every show on their schedule, the release of that God-awful film, the endless *Today Tonight* and *A Current Affair* spots on whether it's destroying the minds of our helpless kiddies, the omnipresent merchandising ... I can't stand no more.

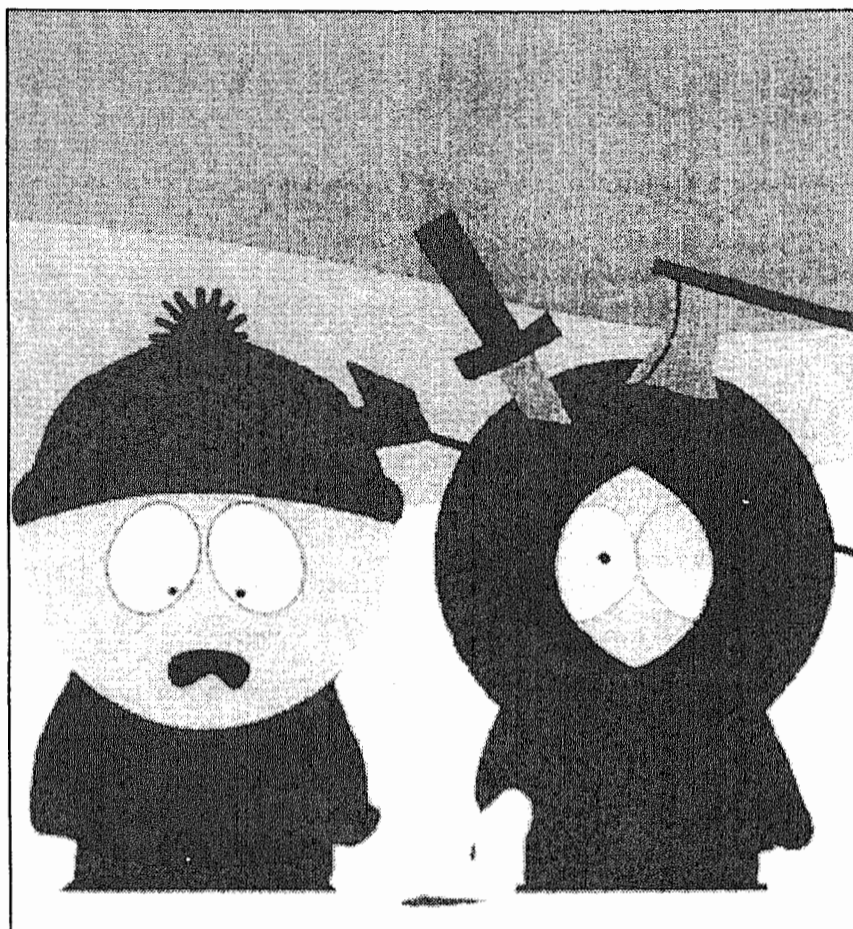
I've two points to make. One, *South Park* is not the end of Western civilisation as we know it. Two, it simply isn't that funny.

I was pretty late noticing the *South Park* phenomenon. No, scratch that. I was ridiculously late noticing it (I guess I just don't know what the kids want). Nevertheless, I guess I started giving *South Park* a cursory glance around the middle of last year, and I was suitably underwhelmed. Couldn't really get into it. Still, all the glossy

pop-culture mags were telling me it was the coolest cool thing since the last one, so I just resigned myself to simply not being a part of the younger generation any more and watched something else instead. Gave it another try every now and then, always with the same result.

I made a comparison to *South Park* at the start of this year, and I think it still holds up pretty well. A few years back, the hottest thing in animated comedy was a show Nickelodeon put out called *Ren and Stimpy*. It was going to be the future of comedy, it was the end of decent civilisation, all the crap we're hearing about *South Park*. Every bandwagon jumping half-wit you saw was screaming "you eeeediot!" and it was the coolest thing on the planet, all the glossies were telling us. Yet it crashed and burnt large style, all within the course of a year or so.

There were a couple of reasons for said crashing and burning:



Oh my God, we're not that funny.

creator John Kricfalusi getting booted off it was a big one, but essentially *Ren and Stimpy* was one note comedy. Sure, there were some pretty seditious undertones floating around, but the major laughing point was always *how funny they looked*. You don't have to be a genius to realise that a comedy with only one real gag is going to struggle, and *Ren and Stimpy* found out the hard way. Well, I'm here to tell you that *South Park* is one note comedy as well, and it's one note is, basically, fart jokes.

I remember reading an interview with Trey Parker and Matt Stone, the "geniuses" behind *South Park*, in which they attempted to defend their apparent fascination with all things gaseous. They reasoned that anywhere in the world, regardless of the barriers of language and cultural difference, if a bunch of folk are sitting around together and someone farts, they'll all laugh. Thus, the argument runs, their's is a legitimate form of humour.

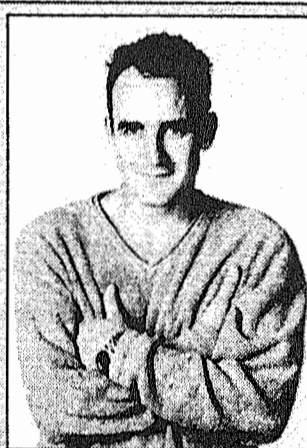
They're right, of course, up to a point. People laugh at farts and fart jokes. They always have, and they always will. Entire comedic traditions have been

based on the fart. However, Messrs Parker and Stone are overlooking two major factors in their argument: (a) fart jokes aren't very funny; and (b) fart jokes aren't very funny. Which, admittedly, is only one factor, but I hope you get the point: *South Park* has one gag, and it isn't a funny one. Any attempts to move beyond the obsession with bodily functions into areas of legitimate satire are so ham-fisted to render them pathetic, which leaves us with comedy that, on average, provides one decent laugh per episode.

Which ain't a hell of a lot. I have noticed one interesting thing, though: SBS's tactic of showing a new episode and then a repeat in an hour block (looks like they've been learning from Ten on that one) has revealed, to me at least, that the earlier stuff is better. Sometimes ups the laugh quotient to two per episode. If anything, *South Park* is getting worse. Let's hope Parker and Stone have banked their profits, because that crashing and burning may just be starting already.

What a shame that would be.

Dale F Adams



Anyone watch *GNW Night Lite* the other week? The one with Jimeoin in it. Even if you didn't, I'm sure you saw the promos Ten pumped out - everyone's favorite Irishman mooned the audience while he was in the (obviously not soundproof) "soundproof booth". And if a grown man baring his arse isn't funny, then I just don't know what is.

Now, don't get me wrong, I like Jimeoin. I thought it was a crying shame that the sketch/stand-up show he had a few years

back got canceled. Funny man. But there was something about the appearance of his pert buttocks that got me to thinking, and ultimately scrabbling through some back issues of *On Dit*.

My memory hadn't failed me - sometimes I think I'm the only person in the world sad enough to read this whole paper, cover to cover - and I found what I was looking for. Back in Semester 1 we interviewed Jimeoin, in the Sexuality edition. I'm sure you remember that one: it was going to have the word "cunt" on the cover, then it didn't, and it all ended up with that *really civilised* public debate in the letters column. Anyway, this is what our man had to say about *GNW*:

Good News Week is very cynical, I don't enjoy those shows very much, not my cup of tea. ... I would never appear on Good News Week simply because it isn't an original show, it is a direct rip-off of Have I Got News For You in the UK.

Hmmm. That's from page 38, if you're so anal you'd like to know. What exactly is going on here Mr Jim, if I may be so bold, eoin? Change of heart? Probably. Let's face it, it's a crazy, mixed-up world out there, and we just can't be sure of anything anymore.

Yes. I'm sure that's it.

The new iMac is coming. Order yours now at...

...Camtech Campus Computers.

YOUR computer shop on campus.

Affordable high performance

- 350- or 400-MHz PowerPC G3 processor
- ATI RAGE 128 VR 2D/3D accelerated graphics
- 64MB or 128MB of SDRAM; supports up to 512MB
- 6GB, 10GB, or 13GB hard disk drive
- Slot-loading CD-ROM or DVD-ROM drive

Fast, easy Internet access

- Get on the Internet in around 10 minutes
- Preinstalled Internet software
- High-speed 56K V.90 modem
- Built-in 10/100BASE-T Ethernet, ready to connect to a cable, DSL modem or LAN

Advanced video playback/editing capabilities

- Plug-and-play digital video (DV models only)
- Slot-loading DVD-ROM drive plays DVD-Video movies
- Two FireWire ports let you connect DV camcorders, hard disks, and other high-speed peripherals
- Preinstalled iMovie software makes it easy for anyone to create high-quality DV movies in minutes

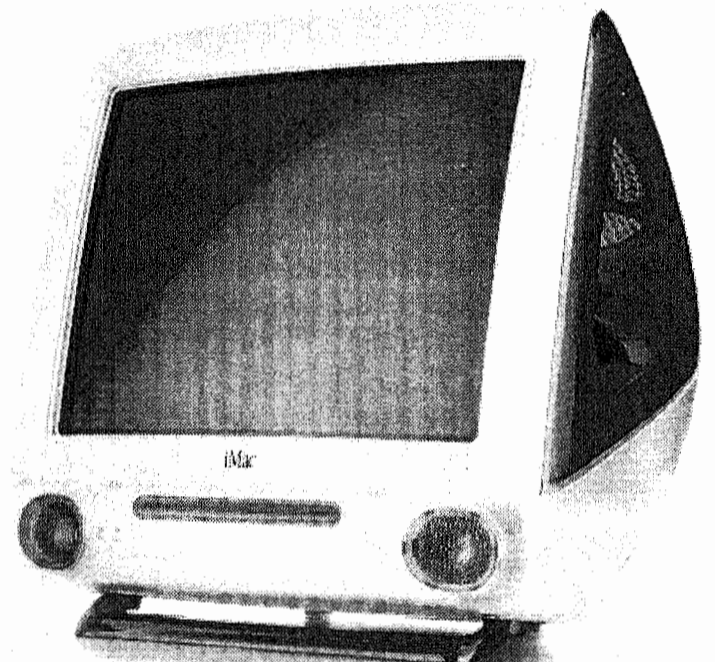
Easy set-up and use

- All-in-one system includes everything you need. Just plug in the computer and you're ready to go
- The Mac OS provides you with easy-to-use system software
- Preinstalled applications let you begin working and playing right away
- Interactive tutorials help you get started with your new computer

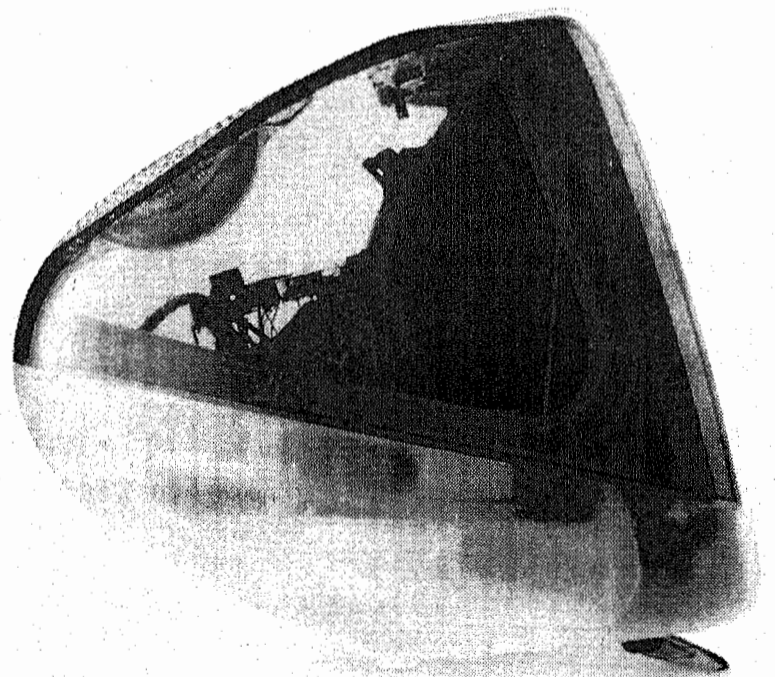
As a member of the Apple University Consortium, Camtech Campus Computers maintains competitive pricing all year round and provides a 3-year genuine AppleCare warranty to students, staff, alumni and departments of the University of Adelaide and Flinders University.

iMac - \$1956

iMac DV - \$2482



iMac DV SE - \$2865



Priced for students, staff and Alumni
University of Adelaide and Flinders University.



CAMPUS COMPUTERS

Hughes Plaza, University of Adelaide

Telephone: 08 8303 3320 E-mail: computers@camtech.com.au

CAMTECH

Blood on Their Hands: The Australian Government's Role in Genocide of East Timor

It has been generally accepted by the Australian public that what has occurred in East Timor since 1975 is tantamount to genocide. What is not readily accepted or recognised is the role played by the Australian government in this genocide. Yet indisputable evidence shows that our government had prior knowledge of the Indonesian dictatorship's plans to invade and did nothing to stop this from happening. It has also been unequivocally proven that the Australian government and ruling class have made substantial financial gains from Indonesia's occupation of East Timor and has exerted a sustained effort to aid Indonesia in the maintenance of this occupation. Finally, the Australian government's actions of August 28 in East Timor further prove its complicity with the Indonesian dictatorship in the systematic mass murder of the East Timorese people.

When the Indonesian dictatorship invaded East Timor in 1975, it did so with the backing of the world's richest and most powerful countries. Britain increased its supply of arms to Indonesia. The Australian ambassador to Indonesia advised that we merely "Keep our heads down". In other words, sit idly by while an atrocious injustice took place. The UN declared Indonesia's invasion of East Timor "illegal," but that did not stop Australia from officially recognising East Timor as a province of Indonesia. In fact, we were the only country in the world to do so. However it was in our interest that East Timor become a part of Indonesia, with whom we had very favourable trade relations.

John Howard excuses his reluctance to act

in East Timor now by citing the need to maintain relations with Indonesia. The same excuse has been made by every government since 1975. But it is not the interests of the ordinary people of these countries that has shaped Canberra's ties with the Indonesian dictatorship. Rather, the rapacious interests of Australian and trans-national corporations have been key. Under Liberal and Labor, the relationship has been based on putting big business before human rights, justice and the environment.

The Australian government has helped to maintain Indonesia's occupation of East Timor in order to sustain these precious trade relations. This has been accomplished through military ties between the two countries. The Australian government last year spent \$6.5 million of tax payers' money providing the Indonesian military with aid in the form of officer training, military equipment, and the carrying out of joint naval, air and land exercises.

One reason why the Howard government is reluctant to even suspend military ties with the Indonesian government, despite continued and increased atrocities in East Timor, is that the links mean business for Australian companies. And as has been shown, the Australian government's immoral stance is that profits are more important than people.

On August 28 an overwhelming majority of over 78% of East Timorese people voted for independence. Even after consistent terrorisation. Even after being told consistently for weeks that if they voted for independence their homes would be burned and their fam-

ily murdered. As we have seen, these proved to be no idle threats. When the Australian government finally agreed to send troops to East Timor, it did so because it was forced to. Hundreds of thousands of Australian people protested throughout September through rallies, marches and occupations, demanding the Australian government take action. Australian unions placed bans on handling Indonesian freight. Garuda Airline flights and other businesses with links to Indonesia were boycotted. The Australian government had no choice but to give in to immense public pressure and send a peace-keeping force to East Timor, although it did so much, much too late.

Since the ballot the Indonesian occupation forces and their puppet militia have carried out a planned and systematic campaign of terror against independence supporters. This campaign, ordered by Indonesia's defence minister General Wiranto, is aimed at ensuring continued Indonesian military control of East Timor despite the result of the UN-organised ballot. Despite overwhelming evidence that this terror campaign directed by the Indonesian military high command, Howard and foreign minister Alexander Downer have repeatedly sought to absolve the Indonesian military of any direct role.

There was never any legal obstacle to the Australian government immediately dispatching the 4500 troops it had said it could have in Dili in 24 hours. The only obstacle was of course that it was in the interests of the Australian government that Indonesia retain control of East Timor. Just as that had

been in the interests of the Australian government for the past 25 years.

It is overwhelmingly clear that the Australian government is culpable for the genocide of the East Timorese people. From the very day of the invasion in 1975 until the present, the Australian government and big business has benefited a great deal from favourable trading relations with Indonesia, and have gone to great lengths to protect those relations. Indonesia invaded East Timor with help from the Australian government. Indonesia killed over a third of the East Timorese people with the help of the Australian government and Indonesia continues to deny the East Timorese their freedom after the August 28 referendum. With the help of the Australian government the lives and freedom of thousands have been sacrificed upon the altar of the almighty dollar in a purposeful, systematic and inexcusable manner.

Troops may have gone into East Timor, but the crisis is not over yet. Resistance demands that the Australian government provides sufficient and substantial aid to East Timor. We also demand that any East Timorese person who wants it be given refugee status and asylum in Australia for as long as they wish to stay here. A war crimes tribunal should be established and the war criminals (in particular Habibie, General Wiranto and past and present members of Australian governments) should be tried for their crimes. East Timor needs our ongoing support in their struggle for independence.

Resistance

**Camtech Internet gives you
access to university data online,
off campus.
(That's service!)**



OZEMAIL CAMTECH INTERNET FAST RELIABLE SERVICE
Level 8, 10 Pulteney Street, Adelaide SA 5000. Telephone (08) 8303 6000 Facsimile (08) 8303 6066
Email: isales@camtech.net.au www.camtech.net.au



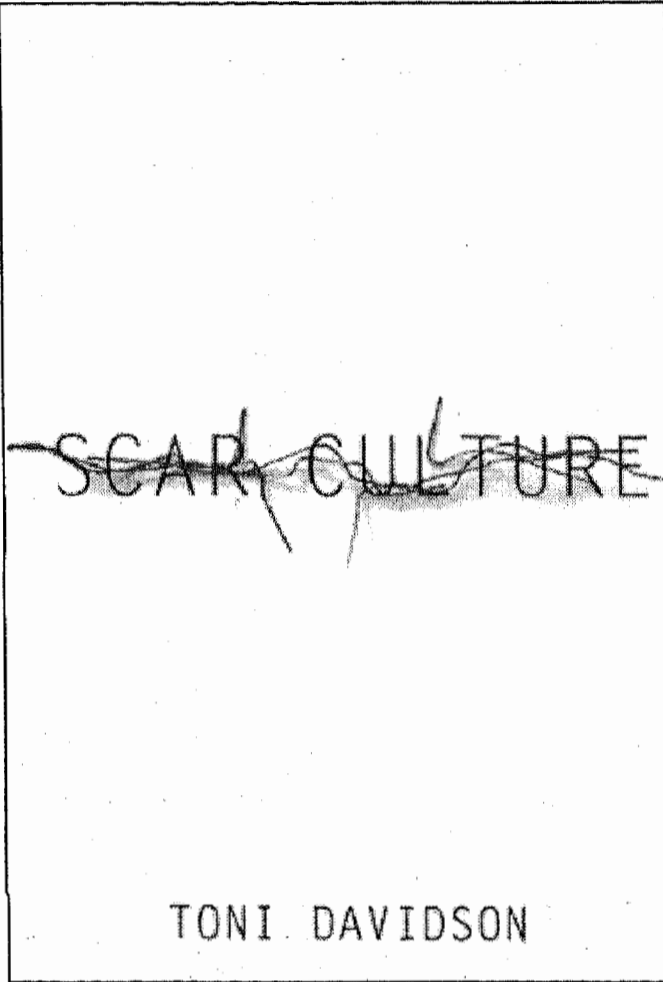
Unibooks
Your campus bookshop

literature
reviews

Unibooks
Your campus bookshop



acid test



Scar Culture
Toni Davidson
Allen & Unwin

Talk about tackling taboos head on. In *Scar Culture*, Toni Davidson covers sexual and ritual abuse of children, interfamily sexuality and hallucinogen-aided psychotherapy. Davidson's style is sparse but vivid and his imagery is very, very memorable. Two young men, Click and Fright, are survivors of both child abuse and

lengthy stays in various institutions. Seen as lost causes, they are taken in by psychiatrist Dr

Curtis Sad's Milieu Therapy Unit. Sad is contemptuous of traditional psychotherapy practices, as practised by the 'psychohacks' at his work, and uses an experimental technique on the two lads. Click and Fright have both been able to tell their stories: Click through his cache of films, on which he has captured images from his childhood, and Fright through his breathless narration into a tape recorder. These recollections are stark and confronting: finally child abuse of this nature is dealt with openly and without the 'kid glove' handling which it so often receives. The character of Dr Curtis Sad brings into question the assumption that the therapist is sane and socially acceptable: his relationship with his sister Josie when they were growing up together was highly questionable, as are his persistent fantasies of her throughout his life. As his companion and lover, the men-

tal projection of Josie flickers through different ages: she is seventeen, shaven-headed and ready to leave home one minute, then a thin, wisp of a girl at age ten, wearing her green gingham dress. Sad colludes with an American colleague, with a similar disrespect for psychiatric practice, who is taking a mute patient (unbeknownst to the parents) into the Alaskan wilderness to use LSD as radical treatment. There are two sides to *Scar Culture*: the hilarity of its open contempt for institutions and traditional psychotherapy, and the shocking confrontation of scenes of abuse as related by the victim. At odds, these two sides of this story balance each other, with the humour of one making the other (almost) bearable. This is an incredible book, and deserves to be Scotland's next big hit.

Alethea Reid

lucky martin

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A WRITER, PAINTER, MUSICIAN, WINE MAKER, POET OR PRESS MAGNATE TO ENJOY PLEASANT HOSPITALITY + REAL ALE

THE EXETER
246 RUNDLE ST., ADELAIDE

This pub has not been "Irished"
Superb food, menu constantly changing, complemented by one of Adelaide's more interesting and sensibly-priced wine lists.
Lunch Sunday-Friday
Dinner Monday & Friday only

Heavy Water & Other Stories
Martin Amis
Vintage \$17.99 rrp

Martin Amis has always had a lot to live up to. His father, Kingsley Amis, was one of the most important voices of post-war literary Britain, producing works like *Lucky Jim* and *The Old Devils*. When Amis the Younger flurried onto the scene with *The Rachel Papers* it was to a reception of praise tempered with a suspicion as to whether his talent had legs. After nine good novels - a couple, like *The Information*, verging on bril-

liance, Amis should now feel less pressure to live up to anything except the expectations of his own readers. *Heavy Water* is Amis's second collection of short stories, and through it he once again demonstrates an acute understanding of the limits of their form, and just what can be accomplished through it. Broadly speaking, there are two schools of contemporary short fiction writing; what I would dub the American school, of which, ironically Roald Dahl would be perhaps the most famous exponent, and the British school. The first tend toward the simple, straight-forward narrative - usually set within an all too familiar environment - and deliver a twist or sting in the last few pages. The

latter tend toward the experimental, altering the premises of narrative, or form, or the very reality the story describes. It is from this camp that Amis writes. From the juxtaposed creative avenues of "Career Move" to the contemplative desperation of "Let Me Count the Times" the reader is lead through a gallery of alternative points of view, some desolate, others heroic [or perhaps mock-heroic]. The nine stories that make up *Heavy Water* are representative of a writer in top form and offer an excellent introduction to Martin Amis's work. You could do worse things with an afternoon than making your way through this collection.

Jonathon Dyer



Unibooks
Your campus bookshop

literature reviews

Unibooks
Your campus bookshop



fem-pop

What is Feminism, Anyway: Understanding Contemporary Feminism
Chris Beasley

There is a sad lack of good books detailing the works of feminism, and placing the often complex concepts into terms that the ordinary person can grasp. It was this that induced Chris Beasley, a lecturer in Politics and Women's Studies at the University of Adelaide, to write this introduction to feminist thought. She was concerned that feminism was beginning to belong to the 'Ivory Tower academics', and that ordinary people were perceiving it as far too complex for them to understand. She has set out to create a condensed analysis of contemporary feminist thought, for those of us

without 'the time and energy necessary' to undertake a thorough reading of feminist literature. And she has succeeded.

There are three main sections to this book, which give a clear picture of what feminism is, why it is so hard to define and what it has to offer society. Part 1 details where feminism disagrees with traditional social and political thought, and where the differences lie. There are several theories within feminism, and each of these is treated impartially.

Part 2 details these different theories and looks more closely at the debates within feminism. It attempts to explain the difficulty of defining feminism, but also tries to draw out the common threads of ideas that unite the theories. Part 3 is all about

what feminism has to offer in different areas of life, and the influences of other forces, such as postmodernism and race.

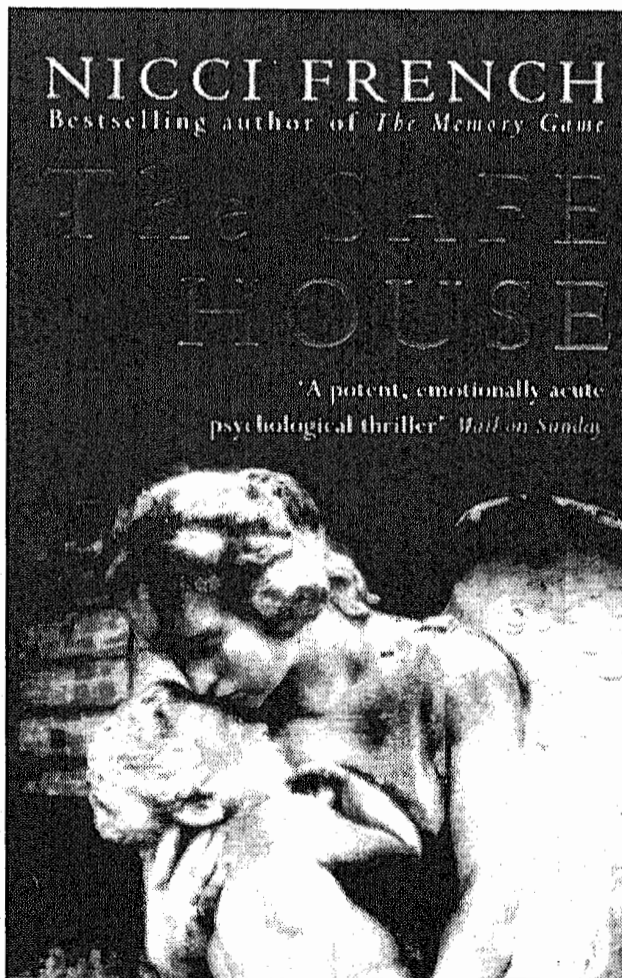
Beasley writes in a friendly fashion, removing the angst and egotism so often associated (or perceived to be) with feminist writings. Her writing is directed at those with little familiarity with academic jargon, but she never condescends to the reader. The ideas are expressed plainly, and the terminology clearly explained so that the reader learns in the most painless manner possible.

This book belongs on everyone's bookshelf, and more importantly, should be a familiar text. Many of us feel that feminism has left ordinary people behind, or that it really does only apply to academic theorizing in

this world of political correctness. However, this book is a reminder of the contemporary nature of feminism, and its inherent importance. Whether or not we all support the ideas within feminism (in fact, no one could support all of them: they are often contradictory), they are important concepts that have had, and still have, an impact on the way society works. Feminism also exposes many of the hidden assumptions in traditional thought, something we should all be aware of. Chris Beasley's book is clever, easy to read and packed with information. Unlike many other books claiming to introduce feminism, this one really does achieve its aim.

Erin O'Donnell

up-market



The Safe House
Nicci French
Penguin

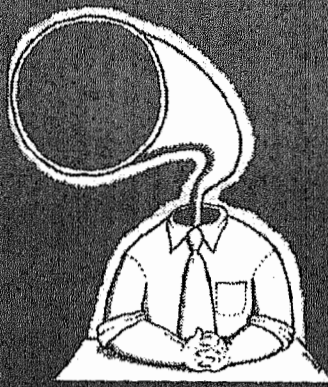
Crime readers and television viewers will be familiar with the surge of material in the new genre for the nineties: the up-market psychological thriller. After the enormous success of both book and film versions of *The Silence of the Lambs*, these 'superior crime novels' began springing up everywhere, with Britain leading the march in terms of quantity and, I thought, quality. *Taggart*, *The Midsomer Murders*, *Hetty Wainthrop Investigates*, *Pie in the Sky*. Even Bernard from *Yes, Minister* and

Grenville from *Open All Hours* had their own detective series. Then there was the television adaptations of Minette Walters' best-selling novels, *The Sculptress*, *The Scold's Bridle*, *The Echo*. We have been swamped. Not surprisingly, then, that eventually we turn up some dross. This particular piece of dross is very much trying to follow in Walters' footsteps, but French is utterly lacking in Walters' imagination and daring.

As I reached the final pages of *The Safe House*, I began to wonder whether the promotional snippets on the cover were actually written for this book or not. 'French [sustains] the pervasive mood of terror and suspense before the final surprise' gushed *The Times*; 'A craftily plotted book in which the mystery unfolds layer by layer ... right up until the surprise ending' marvelled the *Sunday Telegraph*. What 'surprise ending'? Indeed, what ending? This book starts off promisingly, but stead-

ily deteriorates until it fizzles out completely by the last page. To her credit, French does occasionally succeed in the thumbnail sketches of minor characters, but the main characters of Sam, Danny, Finn and Michael are either two-dimensional or stereotyped. Danny in particular comes across as churlish, sulky and selfish, but his departure is presented as one of the most meaningful events of the novel. To be honest, I don't understand why French is writing psychological thrillers at all, as she seems to be restricted by the conventions of the genre. Indeed, by straying from these conventions by her omission of a denouement, she disappoints her readers and short-changes her own plot. Her elaborate plan of murder, £18 million theft and faked suicides comes undone, unravelling into a mess of pop psychology, grieving processes and family values.

Alethea Reid



Shut up and listen. Enough of the monkey business.

This Saturday sees the VERY LAST, MOST FINALIST LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LION ARTS BAR. What this means is that if we haven't had the pleasure of your company over the last seven weeks, this will be your last chance to come down, have some dollar beers and \$3.50 spirits between 9 and 10, see three great local bands, this week being KURB, REVOLVAR, and THE VIOLETS, talk to us, the lovely Student Radio Directors, reminisce over the good times and bad, and have a good good time. And it only costs \$3 to come in.

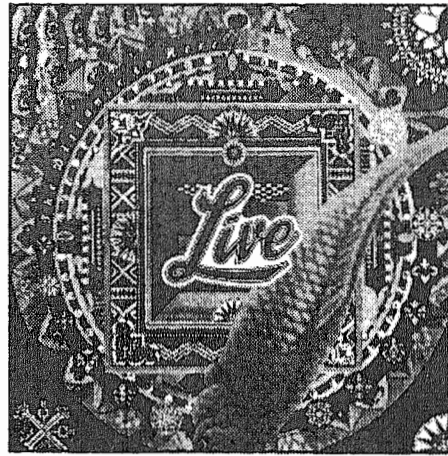
Honestly, if you turn us down this time, you are an idiot. No, seriously, you are. And we know that you aren't, so we shall see you there.

We would also like to take this opportunity to inform all of our readers that next week's edition of *On Dit* will be The Great Student Radio Edition. Yes, that is right, both of us will be taking over the editorial reins of your favourite student paper. The edition will be full of slander, libel, salicious comment, unfair attacks on personalities and editorial abuse. In other words it will be fucking great. We feel completely comfortable in saying that it will be one million times better than either *Empire Times* or *Entropy*.

Also tune into Student Radio every night at 9pm for more fun and hijinks. Especially on Monday, when you can hear Headroom, Crud Radio, Phat Radio and The Third Stroke. And on Tuesday at 9pm you can hear Lessie Does on Local Noise, in case you missed them around town, or even if you didn't.

So what are you waiting for? Nail your tuner into 531am, order your Student Radio edition of *On Dit*, and get your Saturday night planned. Idiot.

Peter Adams and Christian Haebich
Student Radio Directors and 1998 Goolwa Tidy Town Coordinators (1st place)



Live The Distance To Here Radioactive Records

After throwing myself at the music editor's feet and begging embarrassingly for this album, it was with great expectation that I chucked *The Distance To Here*, Live's new album, in my CD player. Let's just recap shall we, Live have released three albums previous to this one, the first being *Mental Jewellery* but it was their second album *Throwing Copper* released in 1994 which took the world by storm. With songs like 'Lightning Crashes', 'All Over You' and 'I Alone' the world eagerly awaited Live's next album, *Secret Samahdi* followed in 1997. Personally I was disappointed by *Secret Samahdi*, while still being a great album, it focused too much on the vocals of Edward Kowalczyk and sacrificed the intense rock music for a softer

sound that just didn't gel as well. Anyway back to the story at hand....

The Distance To Here sees Live reunite with the producer of *Throwing Copper* Jerry Harrison (which can only be a good thing). On first listen the album seemed to be much like *Secret Samahdi* with Kowalczyk's strong voice heralding their first release 'The Dolphin's Cry' but as I progressed through the album I realised that they had developed significantly since *Secret Samahdi*. The guitar work is much more intricate and intense and the drums are much heavier on this album. The lyrics instead of being the focal point of the album are a perfect counter point to the more developed musical ability of the band. With *The Distance To Here* Live seem to have found the perfect balance between the intense rock of *Throwing Copper* and the ballads of *Secret Samahdi*.

The only problem is that none of the songs really have the raw emotional power of *Throwing Copper*. But despite this there are definitely some good songs that make this album worth adding to your collection. My personal favourite is 'Where Fishes Go', one of the more laid back songs on the album, it has a unique guitar sound (like it's being played underwater or something, sort of gives the impression of whales) that really catches the attention. Another song that I like is 'Voodoo Lady' which is very much like 'Heaven Wore A Shirt' off *Mental Jewellery*.

This album although lacking the impact of *Throwing Copper* is in my opinion better than *Secret Samahdi*, displaying the maturity of the band. It includes some songs that are sure to excite anyone who has ever liked any of Live's songs. If you haven't bought the album already stop wasting time reading what I think and get it yourself. When are they touring here? My sources tell me that they're due to hit our shores sometime in march 2000. (Please Mr Music-Editor-Man give me a free ticket to their concert, pretty please, with icing on top).

Gareth Sharp

Deadstar Somewhere Over The Radio Mushroom Records

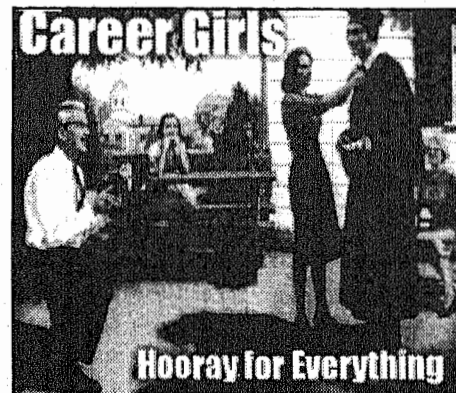
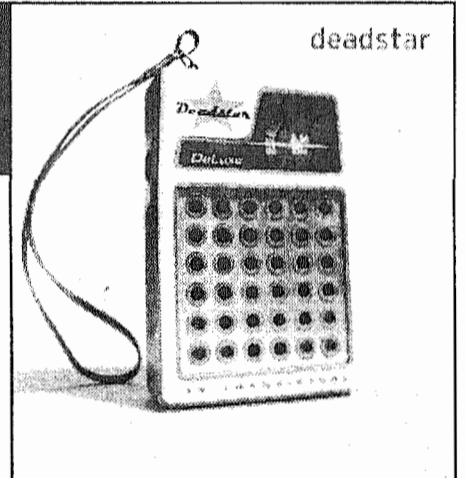
With 'Run Baby Run' and 'Deeper Water' having already made a huge impact on the Australian music charts during the year Deadstar are finally releasing the album to accompany these two great pop songs. Both of Deadstar's previous two albums *Deadstar* and *Milk* have been released late after record company hassles and the promise this time was that we would receive the new album on the planned release date. However all plans of men and musicians are at the whim of the all powerful record companies and we have once again been forced to wait for the release of Deadstar's new album *Somewhere Over The Rainbow* (which despite my suggestion in a previous *On Dit* does not feature the band dressed up a la the Wizard of Oz on the cover).

But finally the new album is coming out and looks like it's going to do great business with the success of the releases. The rest of the album is jam packed with great pop songs that range from the moody 'Texas' and 'Don't Leave' to the fast paced and sexy 'Over The Radio'. The album has been in writing since the band's England Tour in '97 when Barry Palmer (well known ex-Hunters & Collectors) and Caroline Kennedy penned 'Sattelite' and represents Deadstar coming into their own as a musical force.

The Band has gone through many line-up changes and finally seems to have found the right mix. The band now consists of the original members Caroline Kennedy, (Vocal), Barry Palmer, (Guitar) and Peter Jones on drums, but they have also brought in Peter McCracken to replace Nick Seymour on bass and Michael den Elzen on guitar. This new line-up really seems to work for the band and it has definitely produced a great album that should work well live as well as on the radio.

This album is a rush-out-and-buy release and should form a part of your collection if you're into the pop style of music. With 12 quality songs it is definitely worth your well earned cash to go out and grab this one.

Gareth Sharp



Career Girls Hooray For Everything

This is the debut five-track for four local Adelaide boys called Career Girls. Apparently dubbed as such after the Mike Leigh film of the same name, these lads are a refreshing sound in the local pub-rock scene. Too often in Adelaide we hear the same grunge/brit-pop/ACDC inspired garage bands. Career Girls offers something very different. Perhaps this is the pop that (besides Superjesus) Adelaide so badly lacks. With the poppy synth intro to "Kill Yr Parents" to the excellent songs of "You Are What You Read" and "Caffeine Nation", Career Girls display their obvious skills and potential. The only criticism you could make (after hearing "Part=Timer" especially) is that this has been attempted before. If this was 1986 this band would be unstoppable. The only problem is that Regurgitator have already deconstructed the 1980s. Luckily for Todd, Sasha, Jeremy and Andrew of the Career Girls they are all talented song writers. Being good at what they do, as well as being talented artists, seems to be all that this group has going for it.

Anthony Paxton

Machine Head The Burning Red Roadrunner Records

Machine Head's 1994 debut *Burn My Eyes* came at exactly the right time. Metallica had voluntarily abdicated the thrash-metal throne with their foray into hard rock and it seemed like all new metal bands were death-metal. "Burn My Eyes" and the instant classics "Davidian" and "Block" filled a thrash vacuum and the album went on to be the biggest selling metal debut ever. Consistency was the band's problem, with much of *Burn My Eyes* and the follow-up *The More Things Change* not measuring up to the high standards of the singles. With their third album, *The Burning Red*, Machine Head does produce a consistent album, but not quite matching up to the high-water mark. A new, subtle rap influence pervades the album (think Biohazard or similar) but it's only overdone on "From This Day". An ill-advised cover of The Police's "Message In A Bottle" and a muddy, pointless "Devil With The King's Card" complete the roundup of bad tracks. From here it's all good, with "Nothing Left", "Exhale The Vile" (up there with "Davidian", "Block" and "Old"), and "Five" among the standouts. It's a focused, energised unit that pumped out this album and the characteristic Machine Head rage is there in spades. The lyrics, too, have improved with efforts like "Quench this fire with gasoline/Confessions I spit, my faith obscene/Heretic jackals/Worship liars/Forever I'll be the God that you desire" (Exhale The Vile). It's not the best metal album ever, but it is the best Machine Head album ever. Thumbs up.

Chris

Shawn Mullins What is Life (single) Columbia

"What is Life" is reminiscent of a 1970s pop song. It is easy to listen to but also easily forgotten as the lyrics are fairly repetitive and corny. The second song on the single is in the style of "Lullaby" in that he talks more than he sings and the lyrics are better than "What is Life", but it's not worth buying the CD for this song.

Catherine Evans

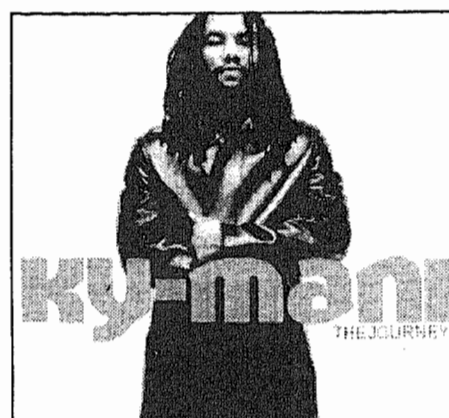


Ky-Mani The Journey Gee Street

Ky-Mani Marley, that's right, the son of the legendary Bob Marley, has released an album *The Journey* which lends heavily from his father's music and also combines a ton of other great musical styles to produce something that captures the attention and draws you in. The obvious Rasta influences are evident from the front cover which sports a picture of Ky-Mani with dreads but he has also incorporated into the music the feel of African-American choir music and soft rap. The songs on the album range from the two choir style songs 'Return Of The King' and 'Lord Is My Shepherd', to the soft rap song 'Party's On' and even if you dislike these styles you'll find yourself drawn in by the easy flowing rhythmic music. Ky-Mani seems to be trying to come out from the shadow of his father, cause the CD contains no references to his parentage, but unfortunately his musical style is so similar that Bob Marley is the first person that comes to mind when describing him. Even a person who has not listened to much Marley, like me, and who did not realise that they were related can not escape the overpowering similarity.

If there are any Bob Marley fans out there you might be interested in 'Dear Dad', a tribute to him, but for anyone thinking about buying *The Journey* I suggest you take a stroll back over the years and get the real thing. Ky-Mani's album is decent but he's still yet to do anything that will make him anything but the son of a great musician.

Gareth Sharp



Days Of The New Days Of The New Outpost Recordings/Universal

Since the release of their debut album, Days Of The New have undergone some line-up changes. Originally a four piece, three members have called it quits, leaving the band to singer/leader Travis Meeks. On his own, Meeks has furthered his band, in which he plays all instruments at one time or another, and released an experimental CD which goes far beyond the boundaries of the first album.

After the success of the first album's hit single, 'Touch, Peel and Stand', the rest of the band did not want to experiment, satisfied with their present status, and creative differences split the band. Travis Meeks was not deterred by this, and the second album shines because of this. There is still that distinctive acoustic guitar driven sound present on 'Touch, Peel and Stand' and the first album, but the second album goes to much more depth, incorporating orchestras, choirs, violins, and a whole range of other instruments, coupled with Travis's distinctive vocals.

The first track, 'Flight Response' is about the exhilarating experience that life is. Next is 'The Real', a song about how people hide their feelings inside themselves. 'Enemy' follows this, and is a dance influenced song. Track four is a heavier song called 'Weapon and the Wound'. This one's about the realisation of dreams. Next is an instrumental interlude called 'Skeleton Key'. This is followed by 'Take Me Back Then', a 6/8 time song about wishing for the past. This one is one of my favourite tracks, and is clearly a stand-out. Up next comes a song called 'Bring Yourself'; a ballad type of song about raising a family. This one's another stand-out track, and another favourite. 'I Think' follows this, and is another heavier song. After that comes two more instrumental musical interludes, one called 'Longfellow', and the other untitled. After that comes 'Phobics of Tragedy', a song about avoiding pain and troubles, rather than facing them. 'Not The Same' follows this, and is a very heavy (comparatively) song. Track 13 is called 'Provider', and is a very light happy sounding song and is almost like an answer to 'Phobics of Tragedy', as it is about facing fears. The final track is appropriately called 'Last One', and is about how all people need others to help us out.

All in all, the album as a whole is very cleverly structured and is quite good. I doubt that it will get the success of the first album, but hopefully it'll do okay. I quite liked it, and I recommend it to fans of the first album, and also to fans of acoustic driven rock music. 8.5/10!

Luke 'Rockonforever' Balzan



United Future Organisation Bon Voyage Brownswood label/Universal

United Future Organization Bon Voyage



Judging from their identity as a production organization in Japan (actively engaging in staging fashion, art, and club promotions, one-off radio events and radio programs), U.F.O. have a musical passion for life. Their enormous talents as musicians and collaborators are once again apparent with this fourth release.

Armed with a fanatical musical knowledge, U.F.O. are not afraid to toy with a number of musical genres, namely jazz, latin and hip-hop to name but a few. Immediately notable is

some wonderful percussion work on the first track, "Good Luck Shore", a smooth up-beat fusion of hip-hop and latin leanings. Track 4, "Happy Birthday", features an irresistibly catchy hop reminiscent (somehow!) of Russian folk or old sea shanties. I was surprised to learn that an accordion was *not* used! This testifies then to the grasp of musical subtleties the backing musicians possess, and credit also to Jimmy Murakawa's luscious crooning.

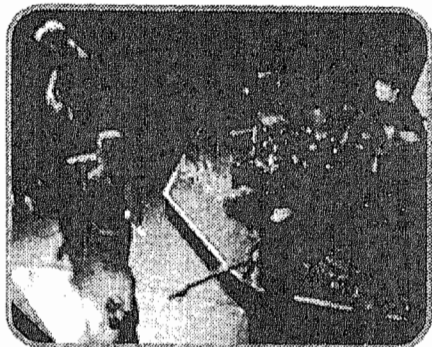
There really isn't a dull moment on this disc. It would be great at parties, but would be equally successful as a CD to be contemplated in the long term. It is a multilayered celebration of life through music, past present and future.

Erik Brasse

FUNKSTAR GALACTICA



LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LION ARTS BAR SATURDAY 23/10



"Good Lord, this is Funky!"



"God damn, Funk for your Dad"



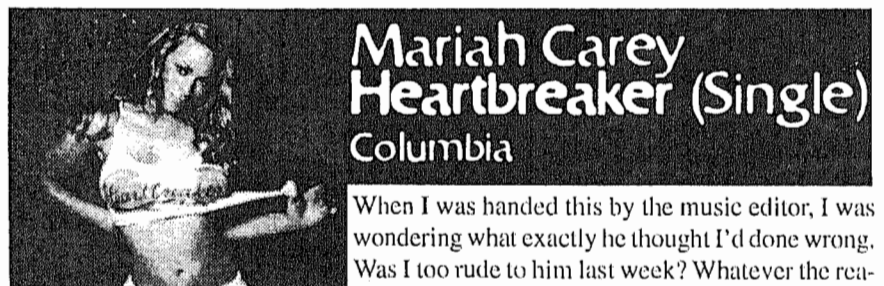
For the last six weeks Student Radio, in conjunction with Arts SA, Derringers Music, Coopers Brewery and the Lion Arts Bar, have been presenting LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LION ARTS BAR. This series of shows aims to showcase the best in local bands and introduce the public to a new live music venue in the West End. This week was the much anticipated battle between those two juggernauts of funk; Pornland and Phat Albert. The evening began with the sweet sounds of Monte, warming the crowd with their unique brand of guitar driven pop. With soaring vocals driven by a tight rhythm section Monte made themselves noticed to an attentive audience. Hopefully it won't be a long wait until their next release.

Next to hit the stage were Pornland laying down the challenge for those yet to come. In the past few months Pornland have really hit their stride and tonight they showed the crowd just how funky funk can get. Their new original material only serves to highlight the calibre of musicians in this band, and with the inclusion of Ben Timmis on keys the future looks bright. Unfortunately their set was interrupted mid-flight by the untimely assassination of their security guard, but, like the true professionals they are, the band continued on in his memory.

As it approached 1 AM the 9 members of Phat Albert took the stage to show their wares. Incorporating elements of funk, hip-hop, techno and electro Phat Albert are one of the hottest bands in Adelaide at the moment. They played with conviction and energy, and showed Pornland that they were up to the challenge. If this sounds like your kind of thing Phat Albert will be launching their debut CD this Saturday at Synergy nightclub. Who was the winner that night, you ask? Music was the winner.

This week LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LION ARTS BAR will feature the talents of REVOLVAR, THE VIOLETS, and releasing their debut CD, KURB. All this fun is still only \$3 and starts 9 PM this SATURDAY.

Cheers,
Anthony Paxton

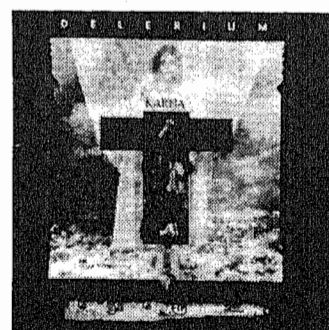


Mariah Carey Heartbreaker (Single) Columbia

When I was handed this by the music editor, I was wondering what exactly he thought I'd done wrong. Was I too rude to him last week? Whatever the reason I wasn't going to fold under pressure. I took

the CD with every intention of even listening to it before I wrote the review. The Radio single was uninspiring with the usual accentuation of Mariah's gorgeous bubblegum voice. The other mixes of "Heartbreaker" are actually really good. I was as surprised as the next person to find myself dancing. And the "next person" was *really* surprised. The thing that gave me the shits with this Single was its packaging. Sure Mariah might be really proud of the way she looks and might revel in her sexuality, but this cover smacks of her consistent attempts to sell her product to the lowest common denominator. For someone with a voice as beautiful as any in the world, which has grown more beautiful since she sang "Voice of Love" all those years ago, it is a real pity that she feels she needs to sell her album on the basis of anything else. Has anyone paid attention in the last twenty years?

Anthony Paxton




Karma Delerium

This is like Enya meets Enigma and they drop acid. This is trance music at its best and although it lacks the authenticity of the other two in terms of originality it makes up for it in the vitality and diversity of its sounds. The songs last between the shortest at 4:48 minutes up to 11:12 for *Silence*, (which is

probably longer than most guys last) and incidentally, has currently reached commercial status. Most tracks have a hypnotic and deep repetitive baseline with the same rhythm as the heart beat with the tempo increasing as the percussion doubles and triples to get you going. An influx of layer upon layer of different instruments and female vocals give texture and complexity to a maximum. The subtle and skillful blending of African melodies, Gregorian chants, Native American and Middle Eastern rhythms give the songs a catholic, sometimes soulful and musically eclectic feel. This is very, very seductive music. A must have for the bedroom collection.

Sonja Lowen



student radio's
LOCAL NOISE
presents ...

lessie does

playing live to air on the
26th of OCTOBER
9 PM on 5UV 531 AM

*they might but
I sure wouldn't*

Jebediah: Of Someday Rambles

On Dit's Mark "Hendo" Henderson caught up with Chris Daymond, Jebediah's brown jumpsuit wearing guitarist. The chat ranged from porn to the front seat of cars and what should happen there.



On Dit: Compared to *'Slightly Odway'*, *'Of Someday Shambles'* seems more mellow. Is this an indication of a change in the attitude of the band?

Chris Daymond: I think both sides of mellow and intensity were pushed a bit more on this record. You know I think there are moments on the record that are really quite intense and sort of a lot darker than on *'Slightly Odway'* and I guess it's just sort of the way things have gone. We've sort of had an amazing experience with *'Slightly Odway'* and that probably found its way into influencing our music. I think, you see, the thing is, we write our music as four people together and so the way that a song will come out has been influenced from four different directions and on a day we could write a song like 'Slot-car Racing' in one hour, sit back, you know, have a drink and then go back into the rehearsal room and write 'Happier Sad' you know, it just tends to be the way it works out. We don't really try and push our songs into any sort of direction, it's just what comes out. Overall, the actual tempo of the record is probably a little bit slower but I don't think we've sort of tried to go against the forte of the other record, it's just what feels right.

OD: So what was the most interesting moment in the rehearsal and/or the recording of *'Of Someday Shambles'*?

CD: It was quite an experience actually, the recording of it. There were some interesting experiences when we knew we were starting to run quite a little bit over the schedule or the time-frame that we'd sort of intended. We had quite a lot of technical problems in the studio and other sort of hurdles that we didn't anticipate so I can't really pinpoint exactly a particular experience, it was a lot different than the recording of *'Odway'*, that's for sure. It did seem at times to be more stressful, not because of the expectations once the record was done, it was just the actual recording of it that was stressful at times.

OD: Do you reckon you are going to be able to keep up the heavy touring schedule that you have been maintaining for the past eighteen months?

CD: Yep, it only really gets easier really as you get bigger I think, just in terms of the comfort of touring, being able to have people to help you out carrying your gear and setting it up on stage. In terms of our involvement in doing that sort of stuff it's been getting easier and easier for us. We sort of get to spend a little bit of our money on making the tours more comfortable for us and, you know, on a six week tour it's fairly important that you remain a little bit comfortable so you don't burn out and I think that if we continue to do that then we've got a long time to, I mean, we really enjoy it and as long as we don't push ourselves too hard I don't see why we can't keep it up.

OD: You don't sort of get sick of each other on tour or you each have your own personal space that you have to keep at times?

CD: Yeah, I think everyone respects each other. Everyone's the same, you know, no matter what kind of job it is that you do, there are days when you get up and you're not full of beans about doing what you have to do. I think that comes in every aspect of life. You're

always going to be at the whim

of how you feel on the day and,

of course, everyone is entitled

to just be themselves, and

there's no pressure on anyone

to not be themselves.
OD: What touring plans do you have for *'Of Someday Shambles'*?

CD: I can't say at the moment, not because I can't say, but because I don't know. I know we'll come out on an album tour, although, that probably won't be until next March, we're still hoping to see whether we'll get on the Big Day Out tour. Yeah, we're waiting to see whether that comes through. Fuck, I'd love to be on it.

OD: You've got a gig coming up at Adelaide Uni on the 4th. Who's supporting you for that?

CD: This gig at Adelaide Uni will be an exclusive show for people who pre-order the album. So I think, you'll only get to go if you pre-order the album; I think that it'll just be us.

OD: I saw your performance of 'Jerks of Attention' (at Magill in August) and I was wondering whether karaoke was something you were planning to have at more of your gigs?

CD: Oh right, yeah, it's fun. Sometimes it goes down a little better than others.

OD: Yeah, 'cause that guy was really good.

CD: Yeah, yeah, well that's the thing. If we get someone up who knows what they're doing, I mean I don't want to sound like I'm putting girls down at all the times when we brought up a few girls to sing, it's been atrocious.

OD: Well, Kevin's is actually a male voice I suppose.

CD: Yeah, well and if you actually can understand the lyrics, then good on you as well. I love doing that, it's fun and it breaks the monotony of it.

OD: What do you think of Adelaide in general and the crowds that you get here?

CD: Fantastic, yeah, I think it was the first place that we actually started feeling great about the people coming to the shows and getting a really great feeling after playing. I think we've always included it on our tours and there's no reason why we wouldn't. It's always been good to us, everyone's been great to us. You guys are just so friendly.

OD: We try to be. You've received, since it came out, a lot of acclaim for *'Slightly Odway'*. What do you think of reviews in general?

CD: It's all just someone's opinion really. Of course I can identify with people who have criticisms of our record. I know why, I've been there from day one, I know all the faults it has or what's the strength of the record, and what's the weakness about it. I'm more than aware of all of that. I really enjoy reading other people's praise or criticism of it and it just is food for thought. I've never been worried or too stressed about what someone has said about us. I think I've always believed that our live shows always speak for us in the best possible terms. So yeah, I only read one review of our new album so far and I thought it was really great.

OD: What did you think of working on the Duran Duran covers album?

CD: Well that was because the lady that put it

together, Rae, she sort of approached us and she's a friend of ours, so just as friends we were keen to sort of help out. Personally, I don't know much Duran Duran. Of course, I've heard the hits on the radio but I'm not a fan. We just grabbed that 'Hungry Like the Wolf' Duran Duran CD and listened to it a couple of times and then played it with our tinge in one afternoon, so we didn't spend too much time worrying about it. We just kind of handed it back in and were glad it made the record.

OD: With how much touring you actually do, what do you do to get your head out of the whole band thing, just when you're sitting at home, when you're not touring?

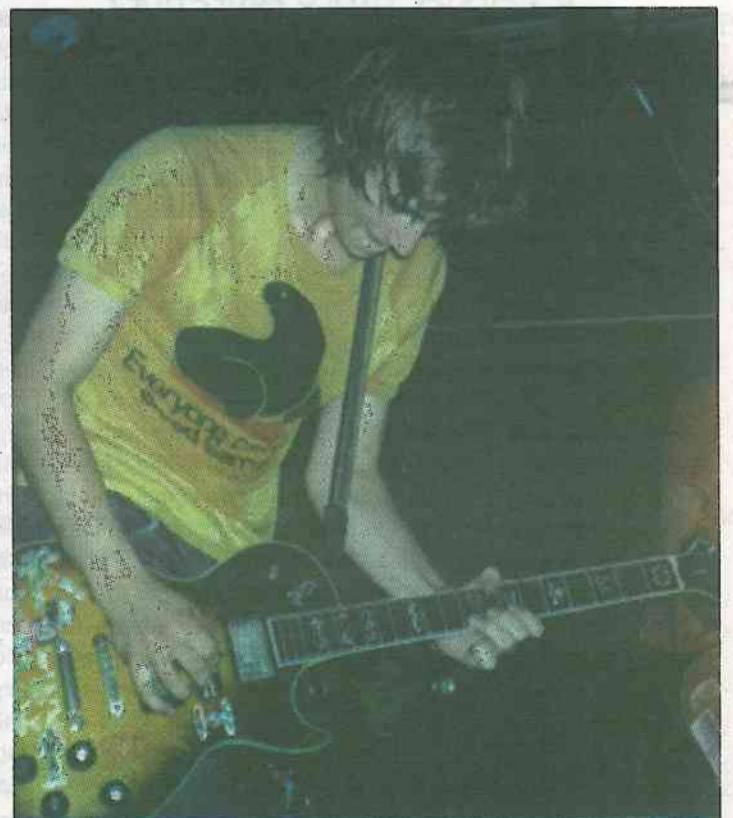
CD: I skate, I skate-board a lot. I love the beach, so during the summer I spend heaps of time at the beach. Also just my friends, I don't hang around other people that play in bands really. It's kind of strange 'cause the four of us always hung out together anyway and we started getting gigs and stuff, and playing as a band together and spending a hell of a lot of time together. But it's kind of weird that we still hang out on free time as well, with each other. We don't try and distance ourselves and get away from the band. The band is part of our lives and something that we love and it's going really well for us so there's no reason for us to take a break. We don't get on other's nerves. So when we get time off in Perth, yeah, we hang out with each other and party, party, party, party.

OD: What's been your most embarrassing moment?

CD: I think it happened very early on. I broke a string on my guitar, so halfway through the song I had to try and find another guitar and then I broke another string, so I ended up, I was wearing this flared brown jumpsuit, and I ended up just dancing around the stage and I hadn't really danced around on the stage in front of many people before, playing the tambourine. I enjoyed it, maybe I'm a little twisted.

OD: If you weren't in Jebdiah, what do you reckon you'd be doing with your life?

CD: I'd be a porno star.



There's No Reality in Objectivity



'The fact that objective reality is our goal does not guarantee that our pursuit of it succeeds in being anything more than an exploration and reorganisation of the insides of our own minds.' - Thomas Nagel.

WHAT THE HELL IS POSTMODERNISM CONTINUED....

A convenient way of conceiving of postmodernism is the function it plays in intellectual debates. The goal of most conversations is to work things out; to come to solutions; to arrive at the truth. Since social constructionism views all discourses as historically anchored, it denies that truth, facts, or solutions can ever be found. Rather, terms such as "truth" simply serve to give rhetorical power to, and authorise one discourse over another. Since all truth is socially constructed, social constructionism, does not seek to bulwark the streams of debate, but to keep them unblocked - undogmatised with so-called truths. Thus, postmodernism's task is not to find the truth, as realist discourses attempt, but to critique all metanarratives, and above all, to keep the conversation going

IS SCIENCE TRULY OBJECTIVE?

The claims made by science (AKA the received view of science), goes something like follows: there is a world of real objects independent of our perceptions, which are discoverable by the methods of science. Scientific methods are objective, value-free, and detached from the bias of social processes. By inductive logic the scientist is able to generalise from observations to arrive at theories, or laws of nature. By testing, modifying, and replacing theories, knowledge is accumulated and there is a progression towards truth. Recent movements in the philosophy of science have disputed the received view of science. Kuhn's (1962) social account of scientific knowledge production has been extremely influential. Kuhn theorised that science takes place within a specific framework of ideas, metaphors, theories and assumptions he labelled a paradigm. This acts as a lens through which the scientist sees the world. It determines what questions the scientist asks, the methods used to investigate these questions, and what findings count as answers, or facts. Thus the scientist's observations are never neutral, or objective, but theory-laden. That is, what counts as a fact is relative to the framework/paradigm from which you are working. For example, consider the 'particle accelerator' - the de-

vice which science uses to "observe" atoms. The results of this, usually a pattern composed of lines of blotchy dots, is meaningless to the causal observer. These results are only intelligible within the network of ideas which composes 'particle theory.' Yet these results simultaneously serve to "validate" this very network of ideas.

Science does not progress by a gradual accumulation of facts, proposes Kuhn, but tends to switch suddenly and frantically to another paradigm via a 'scientific revolution.' Since paradigms are often incommensurable (so incomparable that they can not be used to test each other), no single method can be considered as spanning the history of science, but rather multiple methods, depending upon the paradigms which dominate at that time. The commanding paradigm is usually decided by the sheer number of scientists supporting it over its competitors. Thus the 'scientific method' is regarded as a process of social negotiation, rather than an operation of rationality. In fact, that which is regarded as rational is defined within the boundaries of the paradigm in which you are anchored.

IRRATIONAL LOGIC

Paradigms organise our thought and how we perceive the world. To remain within a paradigm means to follow certain rules which prevent breaches of the paradigm's boundaries. To follow these rules is to be logical. Thus rationality is not an independent cognitive ability which we utilise to discover truth, but is defined by social convention. In Wittgenstein's terms, logic is a term applied to a valid move within a language game. To demonstrate the power of paradigms/language games to construct rationality, consider the following well known paradox:

Imagine a straight line AB. To traverse a path from point A to point B you must first cross the halfway point of this distance. Let's call the halfway point A1. To get from A1 to B you must again cross the halfway point of this distance. Let's call this A2. But to get from A2 to B you have still to cross the halfway point A3, and so on ad infinitum. Since the number of halfway points you must pass is infinite, it therefore follows that you can never reach point B.

This conclusion is obviously false. Yet within the boundaries of the paradox we seem forced to accept it - it seems to logically follow. How is this achieved? Basically by inducing us to consider only the distance which must be traversed, at the expense of other notions such as speed, it forces us to accept a false conclusion. The paradox can be seen as a paradigm, or language game, which by setting up certain initial conceptual conditions defines what is rational within its boundaries. To resolve this paradox, necessitates exiting the paradigm/language game and entering one which incorporates other notions such as speed.

Likewise, what is considered rational within a Newtonian or an Einsteinian universe is relative to the initial conditions proposed as truths within each of these paradigms/language games. Logic works differently according to whatever paradigm/language game you accept as a framework. Since the accepted framework depends upon the historical period in which you live, and the social group which you inhabit, it follows that rationality is defined by irrational forces, namely social convention.

THE SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION OF TREES

We carve up the world into linguistic categories, creating boundaries between "things" and differentiating them into separate "objects". Consider a tree. What do we mean by a tree? The label tree gives the illusion that we are referring to a discrete, bounded, unified object. This separateness and unity is constructed by the mere action of labelling with the single word 'tree.' This label, is accepted by most as referring to an objectively real thing. However, upon reflection, it is in fact a very biased linguistic notion. The illusory bounded, discreteness created by the term tree, hides or ignores the unending relationship the tree has with the soil, water, air, and sunlight. It obscures the fact that it is a thing in progress and continual change. A thing moving through time. A thing unstatic.

Consider how a tree can not exist without and therefore can not be separated from the soil, air, and sunlight. How the tree constantly utilises sunlight, water, minerals in the soil, and carbon dioxide, into producing energy to build new cells, and thus maintain and further its structure. Consider just one of these essential ingredients: sunlight. Since the process we call a tree incorporates the sun's rays into itself, the tree can be seen as a process of the sun. But the sun is also necessary for the existence of all trees, thus the boundaries between all trees begin to blur. Likewise, the tree is a product of the soil system. But also the water system. But the soil system, water system, and sun system are also intertwined. They support all other plants, and all other animals. And these plants and animals also support each other. To completely define a tree you would have to define the interactions between all things on earth. In fact, for a truly complete definition you would have to incorporate the entire universe. Thus a "tree's" discreteness is a function of social convention. This carving up of the world into discrete objects has hidden the interrelationships between "objects", which has contributed to the exploitation of the environment. Would people be so ready to cut down a tree if they were continually aware of the tree's role in an intricate system, and the interrelationships being severed by its destruction, and the damage done to the ecosystem of insects, birds, animals, air, soils, and waters? None of this is manifest in the label "tree". Since words not only shape the way we think, but reality as we see it, it can thus be seen that the carving up of reality is by no means neutral, or objective, but is intensely political, with political consequences.

Okay, you might say, if we just include enough other entities in our definition of a tree, surely we can still save it as a notion and eradicate bias from it. Unfortunately, however, notions such as air, water, soil, and sunlight, are just as much biased. These words, also establish arbitrary boundaries, and illusions of discreteness. These objects depend just as much upon social conventions for maintaining their boundaries from others, and thus are just as much socially constructed. 'But I can see the tree!' you protest. According to science, however, you do not see the tree, but a nest of perceptions. You don't see the tree, you actually see light rejected by the tree's surface to your retina. But you do not see this either, because the photo-sensitive

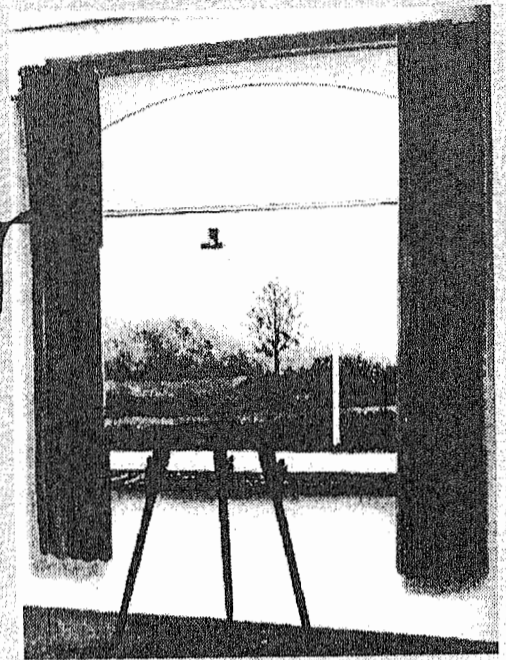
cells in the retina, actually convert this to chemical signals. Thus you do not "see" the "tree", or even the "light" but actually chemical processes. Neither is it you who "sees" these chemical processes, but millions upon millions of tiny blind animals referred to as neurones. The colours we "see" do not exist in reality but are brain dependent chemical reactions. Thus a "tree" is actually a figment of your mind.

'But the atoms of the tree still exist!' Do they? An atom is a conceptual device based upon these mind-dependent perceptions, which the scientist has already admitted isn't the real world anyway. And even if atoms exist, from the level of atoms, the tree can hardly be said to exist anymore anyway. No actual set of atoms can be labelled as the tree, since its components are continually interchanging with those of the environment. Thus once again, we must take into account the entire

universe if we are to properly define the tree. No matter how you look at it, when subjected to a detailed analysis, a tree's supposed stable boundaries disappear into a linguistic mist. If these boundaries are not reality-based, then they must be the arbitrary social conventions of language users, and thus trees are socially constructed.

Brentyn Ramm

Intellectual Hooliganism



Joan Scott once wrote that "[i]f we employ Jacques Derrida's definition of deconstruction, this criticism means analyzing in context the way any binary opposition operates, reversing and displacing its hierarchical construction rather than accepting it as real or self-evident or in the nature of things." Joan Scott's ambitious attempt to define and organize the concept of deconstructive criticism appears successful on the surface. She appeals to a sense of authority by invoking the name of Derrida and subsequently establishes a number of issues which seem central to a deconstructive reading. This is not the only effort to name deconstruction and fix it with some meaning. Gayatri Spivak pursues a totalizing paradigm of deconstruction in her preface to *Of Grammatology*. For Spivak the aims of deconstruction are to

locate the promising marginal text, to disclose the undecidable moment, to pry it loose with the positive lever of the signifier; to reverse the resident hierarchy, only to displace it; to dismantle in order to reconstitute what is always already inscribed. Deconstruction in a nutshell. (Spivak, Gayatri Chakravorty. "Translator's Preface". Derrida, *Of Grammatology*. lxxvii)

In comparison both theorists depict similar concerns for the deconstruction project. The signifying process of language and the hierarchies of knowledge that accompany this process are crucial to any understanding of deconstructionist philosophy. However, at the same moment that Spivak and Scott attempt this ambitious display of 'meaning' it is hampered by its own limitations. As Christopher Norris effectively demonstrates, "To present 'deconstruction' as if it were a method, a system or a settled body of ideas would be to falsify its nature and lay oneself open to charges of reductive misunderstanding" (Norris, Christopher. *Deconstruction: Theory and Practice*. Rev. ed., London: Routledge, 1991, pg 1). Definitions of deconstruction are futile because they are grounded upon a logocentrism that is considered suspect by the deconstructionist. To attempt a cohesive definition of deconstructive practices is to innately misunderstand the nature of deconstruction. Because of the instabilities that deconstruction discovers in the Western tradition of truth and meaning, it should not actually be possible to discuss theories and characteristics of deconstruction (Leitch, Vincent B. *Deconstructive Criticism: An Advanced Introduction*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1983 pg xii). To do so is to leave oneself open to further deconstruction. If you didn't see that paradox coming, it's your own fault. This is one of the reasons that deconstruction infuriates its critics. Motivated by fear and ignorance many opponents of the movement attack deconstruction as "a newfangled form of textual mystification" (Norris, 75). This may very well be the case, but deconstruction is conversely an attempt to elucidate certain aspects of how we read and indeed

how we interpret these readings. The motives behind Derridean deconstructive philosophy are unattainable but for the interests of discussion we will accept that "the conclusions deconstructive readings reach are frequently claims about structures of language, operations of rhetoric, and convolutions of thought, rather than conclusions about what a particular work means" (Culler, Jonathan. *On Deconstruction: Theory and Criticism after Structuralism*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1982 pg 221). Such a claim will move our discussion away from specifics of reading and toward an appreciation of the philosophic impetus behind deconstruction.

The first issue to analyse is the notion of logocentrism as the "self-evident" "nature of things". Questions about the nature of deconstruction automatically provoke a consideration of metaphysics and logocentrism. These philosophical issues are at the core of deconstruction. This previous statement is a perfect example of the concerns of metaphysics. By claiming that a "core" is present in the framework of a structure is the primary feature of metaphysics:

Logocentrism presumes that being, language, knowledge are self-evident, neutral and transparent terms. Being can be known and experienced in its immediacy; language transfers meaning neutrally without interfering in the underlying thoughts it 'expresses'; knowledge undistortedly reflects reality in truthful representations. (Grosz, Elizabeth. *Sexual Subversions*. Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1989 pg 28)

Deconstruction refuses these claims of Western metaphysical debate by denying that anything is inherently there in the structures of being, language and knowledge (Norris, 3). This concept of being, presence or "nature" is the feature of logocentrism that deconstruction interrogates. To clarify the philosophical debate invoked here, it is important to recognize that Derrida and his colleagues do not use "metaphysics" in an inclusive or totalizing manner. Rather it is a simplified, tautological notion that is claimed to exist at the center of Western philosophy. The term metaphysics is used by the deconstructionists "very simply as shorthand for any science of presence" (Spivak, xxi). This notion of presence is explicit in the structure of Saussurean linguistics that Derrida subverts. The deconstructive project originates in the structural and structured semiotic discussion of the signifier/signified and is therefore undermined by its structuralist origins (Grosz, 26). The post-structuralist methodology of deconstruction, which claims to reconceptualize and invert structure, is itself another system. Jonathan Culler uses the example of a word's formation:

A word's meaning within the system of language, what we find when we look a word up in a dic-

tionary, is a result of the meaning speakers have given it in past acts of communication. And what is true of a word is true of language in general: the structure of a language, its system of norms and regularities, is a product of events, the result of prior speech acts. However, when we take this argument seriously and begin to look at the events which are said to determine structures, we find that every event is itself already determined and made possible by prior structures. (Culler, 95)

This self-reflexive framework of a post-structuralist structure seems illogical, but this is an inherent paradox for deconstruction, for just as it is possible to refuse the conditions of logocentric philosophy, this "denial of logocentrism is carried out in logocentric terms" (*Ibid*, 155). Whilst discussing the absent center of meaning, Derrida confesses his inability to shake such a center: "it was necessary to begin thinking that there was no center, that the center could not be thought in the form of a present-being, that the center had no natural site, that it was not a fixed locus but a function, a sort of nonlocus" (Derrida, *Writing and Difference*, trans. Alan Bass. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1978 pg 280). Derrida is on his philosophical knees when he initiates the term "nonlocus". Just as his own system of deconstruction subverts hierarchical associations, so too can a "nonlocus" be seen as "not-a", and thus it fails to break from the prior system of values. This is similar to the debunked, circular argument of relativism, that there are no absolute truths. Just as the claim is made that there is no logocentric center, being or truth, this claim is made from the position of truth, center and being. Elizabeth Grosz attempts a defence of deconstruction's internal contradictions in her claim despite the fact that logocentrism cannot be discussed outside its own parameters: "Deconstruction always operates from *within* logocentrism or from a position both with and without it - from a position on its margins" (Grosz, 29). If deconstruction attempts to subvert the logocentrism of Western metaphysics from within, then how can it achieve this? To examine this issue we must return to the statements of both Spivak and Scott.

Next Week: A look at Logocentrism and the assumptions of language.



**BARR
SEXY
SMITH**

In A Savage Land
Now Showing

This is your usual story of Anthropologist marries researcher and heads to the remote South Pacific to study mating rituals. We've all been there before, haven't we? The only problem with this trip is that the researcher, Evelyn Spence (Maya Stange), is out for her own research and her interference in tribe life has fatal consequences. This begins the sordid journey of sex, mourning and starvation where if you aren't lucky enough to die then you've got more chance of being tied up and abused. Amongst all of the strange and savage surroundings stands Rufus Sewell as the swaggerer Mick Carpenter. This mysterious trader deals with the locals in pearls and his sensual connection to the environment poses a personal but serious threat to the cocksure Dr. Phillip Spence (Martin Donovan). Donovan must be used to playing sullen characters. Either that or he has little dimension as an actor. Perhaps that's what makes him so appealing to a director like Hal Hartley. Dr. Spence cannot begin to compete with his romantic rival and as such Donovan plays the taciturn and immature academic perfectly.

This film is about love and longing for something from another time and another place. The main problem with this film is that such a narrative set against a subtext of social sexuality should have been far more effective. In the end it seems that the love story of Westerners is only tacked on the end to make us interested. If there were connections between the two these were drowned in cinematography or muted by style and over-emphasis.

The most striking feature of this film is its local setting. Dr. and Mrs. Spence both hail from Adelaide University and so there are numerous shots of Adelaide Train Station, The Mitchell Building and The Barr Smith Library. This film is engaging and well acted but its local appeal is perhaps its only real justification of admission.

Anthony Paxton

**FREE
TIBET**

Windhorse
Now Showing
Trak Cinema

A 'Windhorse' is a plea for freedom for the Tibetan people which is inscribed on a piece of paper that is set aloft in the mountain wind. With an award winning documentary making background, director Paul Wagner successfully attempts to use a script based on real events to convey the state of oppression and fear that the Tibetan people are experiencing under the Chinese, who have occupied Tibet for forty years.

The film focuses on the lives of three young Tibetans, who feature as children in the opening scene of the film as their grandfather is shot by the Chinese authorities. These children, after twenty years, take very different paths in life. However Dolka (Dadon), a pretty pop disco pop singer and her brother Dorjee (Jampa Kelsang), an unemployed drinker, are unexpectedly united with their buddhist nun cousin, Pema, (name withheld for security reasons) when Pema is arrested and put in jail for a vocal plea in the street for the freedom of Tibet. After a short time in the jail, Pema, severely beaten and on the verge of death, is released into the hands of Dolka and Dorjee's family.

This incident has a great impact on the lives of Dolka and Dorjee. Dolka, who is about to be launched into stardom as the face of Tibet, singing songs praising Mao, is forced to reconsider her priorities in life. Dorjee, disillusioned with the Chinese control, yet unmotivated to take action like his friends, is now compelled to take on the struggle for freedom, aided by an American tourist who documents Pema's story in the hope of gaining public awareness of the situation of Tibetan people.

Windhorse is the first feature film to be made in the Tibetan language. It was also an incredibly difficult film to make, given the intense police surveillance in Tibet. Wagner and his film crew were forced to take extremely secretive measures to make *Windhorse*. It is a work of poignant political realism which provides an understanding of the plight of

the Tibetan people whose voice has been limited to pieces of paper until the release of this film which serves the purpose of being Wagner's own windhorse.

Leah Kermodé

**TOUCHING
ORSON
WELLS**

Touch of Evil
Fully Restored to Orson Welles' Original Vision
Now showing at Palace Nova

After nearly a full year of continuous rubbish that has been pawned off to the public as film, Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil* is the closest thing to an apology that has been offered to the cinema-going public of Adelaide. Anyone who is interested in film will reward themselves by attending a screening. I cannot exaggerate the qualities of *Touch of Evil* and after 40 years of being reissued and re-released, this version (billed as "Welles' original vision") is superior to all those that have preceded it.

Much has been made of the initial crane shot which in all previous version has been partially obscured by the opening credits. In this version the credits have been removed. The shot is often espoused as the greatest single shot ever emulsified onto film but Welles provides much more than a classy opening shot.

The entirety of *Touch of Evil* is the work of a master craftsman at one of the many peaks in his career.

Russell Metty, who also photographed *The Magnificent Ambersons*, skilfully creates the locations within which the characters thrive in the shadows of filth and corruption. The overlapping dialogue and frenetic pace of the soundtrack and editing create a sense of urgency and pace unrivalled in mainstream films of today. Hollywood has in the past produced intelligent films. The proof is *Touch of Evil*.

From the explosion that concludes the initial tracking shot, Welles' characters ignite the screen as the murder investigation begins. The setting crisscrosses the border involving the law in both countries. The central plot concerns the confrontation between "morally upright Mexican lawman" Ramon Vargas (Charlton Heston) and Hank Quinlan, a candy bar and cigar munching crooked cop with a well renowned instinct for spotting the guilty. To describe the plot further would be an exercise in futility, it is a mere formality, through which the film celebrates itself. The production notes describe the film as "...a tale of corruption, perverted justice, unholy alliances and racial prejudice that fascinates, frightens, moves and mesmerizes." *Touch of Evil* is much more than that. To experience it is to witness Orson Welles unapologetically exploring, experimenting and demonstrating the possibilities of the medium of film.

Mana Heasley





SOUNDS FAMILIAR

Election
Now Showing
Palace EastEnd and Selected Cinemas

Just when you start to think that you couldn't possibly sit through another American high school comedy this year (see: *American Pie*, *She's All That*, *The Faculty*, *Ten Things I Hate About You*) comes Alexander Payne's *Election*, a deliciously funny political satire that will make you cringe for all the right reasons. Matthew Broderick plays Jim McAllister, a popular teacher and student government adviser at George Washington Carver High. He's been named teacher of the year three times during his twelve years there and thrives on making a difference in his students' lives. Enter Tracy Flick (Reese Witherspoon - *Cruel Intentions*), the girl we all knew in high school - too busy with school musicals, clubs, committees to realise that high school doesn't have to be the only path to a successful career. Next on the agenda is the student government presidency.

Since no one else is running, Tracy is set to take over. That is until Jim, realising that this control freak must at all costs be stopped, recruits his own candidate, Paul Metzler (Chris Klein from *American Pie*, looking like a very dumb and very young Keanu Reeves). Very popular and charmingly dimwitted, Paul threatens Tracy's chances. The contest gains even more strength when Paul's lesbian-in-denial younger sister, Tammy (Jessica Campbell - *I'm attracted to people. It's just that the only people I've been attracted to happen to be girls*), joins the race in an attempt to abolish the student government altogether.

Based on the novel by Tom Perrotta (who was inspired by real life events), *Election* is a fast paced, witty and poignant study of politics and basic democratic rights. The narration by different char-

acters is a hoot, and Payne's use of freezes is inspired. The casting also is a strength, with Broderick playing the nerdy teacher to perfection and Witherspoon in particular playing the relentless, unapologetic and opinionated shrew with what looks like a little too much ease (that's a compliment). *Election* scores an unopposed thumbs up, but to be truly democratic about it, I suppose you'll have to see it yourself.

Belinda Schenk

THEY CALL IT POSTMODERNISM

Powaqqatsi
Now Showing
Palace Nova EastEnd

When *Koyaanisqatsi* was released in 1983, it was declared a masterpiece of

epic proportions by critics and the viewing public. A documentary without narration or commentary, it used innovative visuals to make a point about humankind's reaction to machines throughout the world. First time director Godfrey Reggio wanted to redefine his viewer's values and change what a film could do. His new work is just as ambitious.

Powaqqatsi - *life in transformation* is described as 'an exploration of the effects of developing nations and the effect the transition to modernisation has had on them'. This eco-doc, like its predecessor, is a montage of juxtaposed images of our wonderful world. This time, we move to the third world and explore the clash between technology and humankind and in particular, the balance between them. Yes, the two films sound quite similar, and it may be worth mentioning that part three in the trilogy will be called *Naqoyqatsi* - *naqo* meaning war, *quatsi* meaning life.

It's easy to sit back and enjoy a film like this without bothering to think about the statement the director is making because the images are mostly spectacular. It's like looking at someone's photo album of a recent journey to East India without having them next to you to tell you about it. But to get the greatest value is to think about it during and after the experience. Unfortunately for Reggio, not everyone is going to do this.

Filmed in Brazil, Egypt, Hong Kong, India, Kenya, Nepal and Peru, and with music by Philip Glass, *Powaqqatsi* is an admirable look at the third world and while it may not be everyone's idea of a worthwhile cinema journey, it certainly has a lot to offer.

Belinda Schenk

EASY GIVEAWAYS

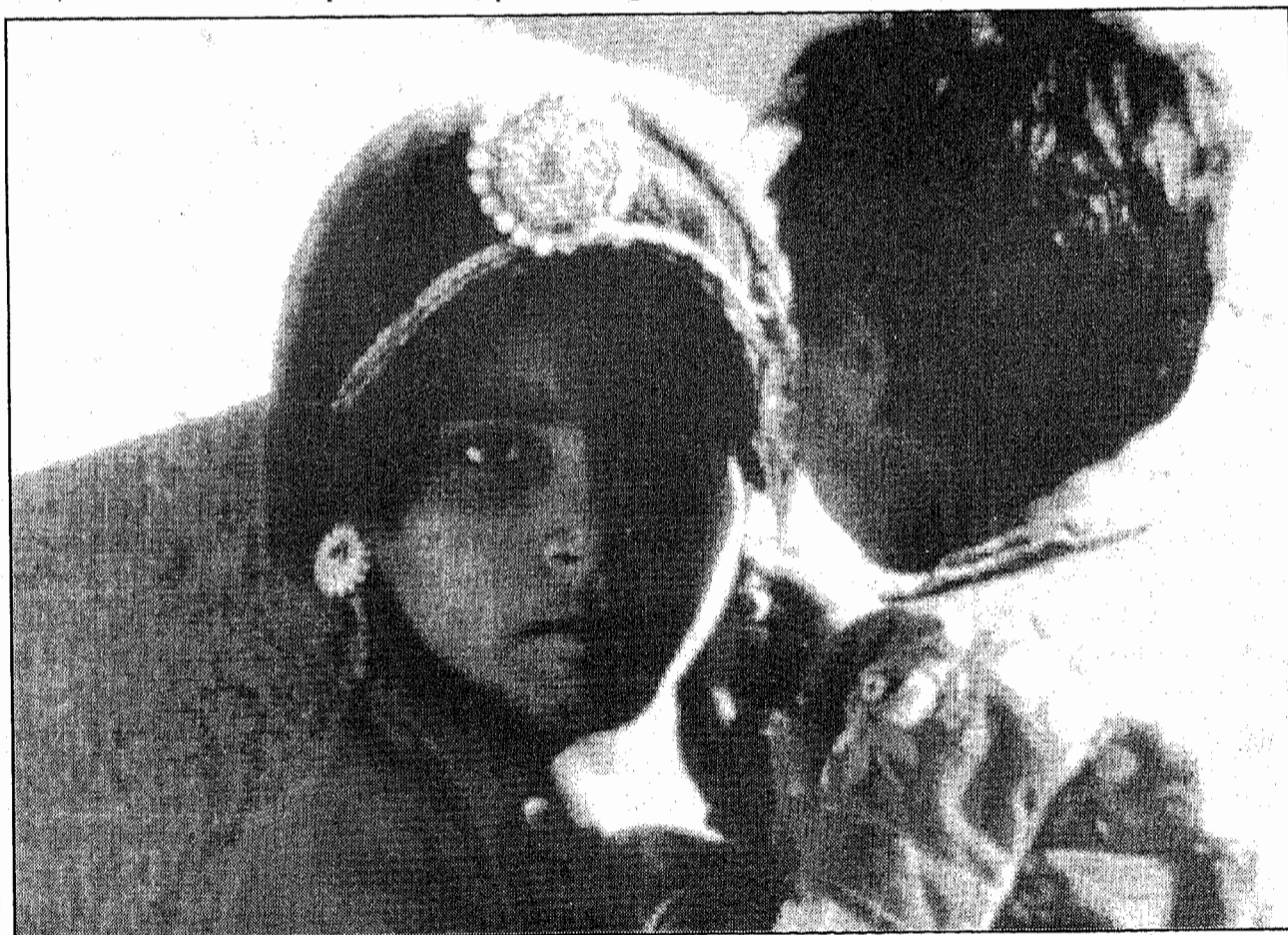
Thanks to Universal pictures, On Dit has great pleasure in giving away a large stack of season tickets to

Election

and

In A Savage Land

Just be the first to come down to the office and grab a double of your choice. If you are at Roseworthy or Waite, simply call 8303 5404.



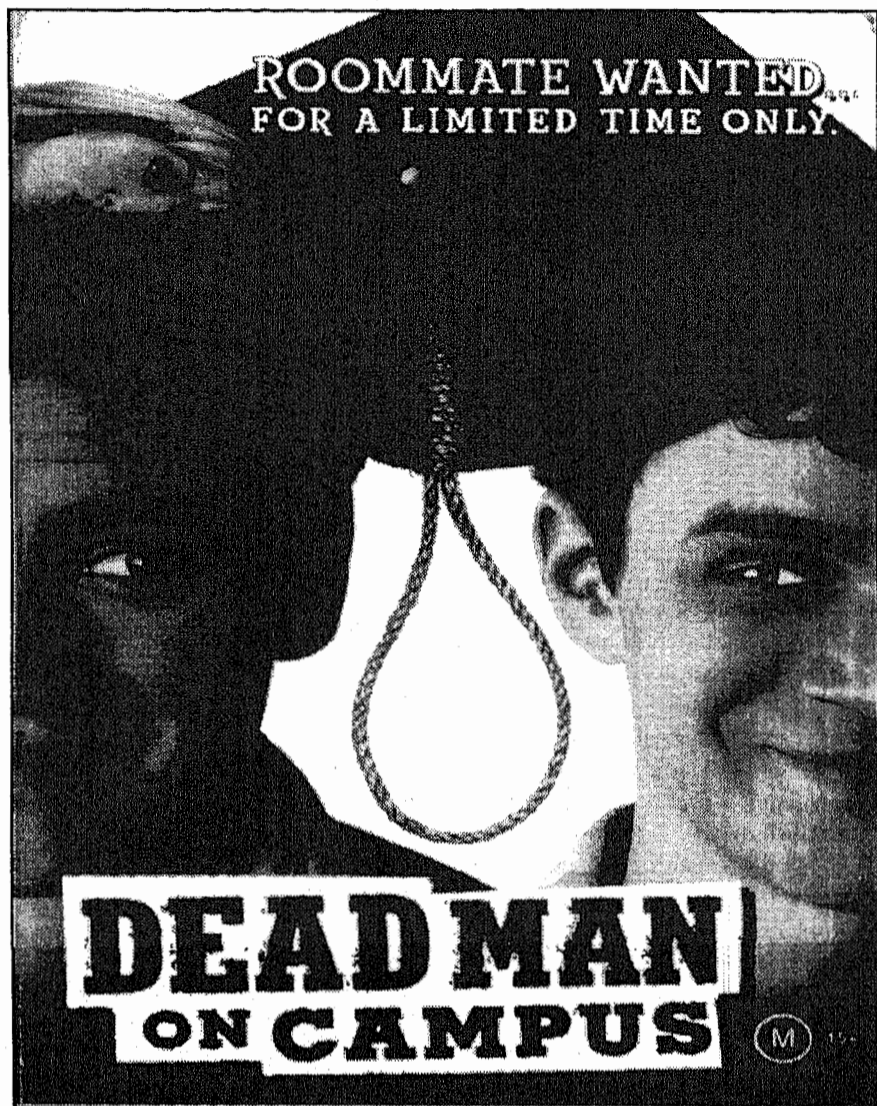
the video section is proudly sponsored by...



TABRIZ

103 Melbourne Street
North Adelaide 5006
Telephone 08 8367 0888

Dead Police Academy



Dead Man on Campus
1998, Director: Alan Cohn
CIC; Starring: Some teenagers
you've never seen before or
since

Take one pot of Clag glue, add two hours of *Police Academy* highlights; as well as a plot line that has the depth of a blow-up kiddie pool - result: *Dead man on*

Campus. Anyone who saw this movie in the theatres I pity you and I'm sure even now you're still attempting to re-capture those one and a bit hours of your life. The tragedy begins when the studious and dedicated character of Josh enrolls into college under a scholarship and in typical 'odd couple' style, Josh is thrown into a dorm with the party minded and lovable character of Cooper and the two immediately bond. Josh is soon lured off the tracks by Cooper's 'madcap' ways and is soon partying with the best of them, throwing his scholarship to the winds. It is only when Josh discovers that he needs a B+ average to maintain his scholarship, and Cooper discovers that his dad is going to take him out of college and put him in the physical side of his toilet cleaning business that reality kicks in for the pair. Unable any longer to redeem themselves by study, the two find out through a story from some drunk guys in a bar (that plot development sounds plausible) that their college has a policy of A+ grading any student who has another student commit suicide in their dorm. This, unfortunately for us, turns out to

be true. From here, much corny slapstick hilarity ensues as the two attempt to find a student on campus who is likely to commit suicide before the end of year, and get him/her into their dorm. No, it doesn't get any worse than that, but trust me getting this far is an effort. The only redeeming feature of this movie (apart from the opening credits which really *are* funny) is its scarily lifelike imitation of first year college/university life. That is before the whole "Hey, let's get a student to commit suicide so we can pass!" part of the story begins. Watching Josh attempt to mix too much time in the bar and his heavy workload was actually funny, until I realised that it could be me in a week, or so when all those essays I've been putting off start to catch up with me. If you've finished rewinding all of your *Police Academy* videos in your VCR, put *Dead Man on Campus* in and press play - you won't be disappointed.

On the other hand, you could start that study you've been putting off, or just sit in a chair and watch your goldfish swim in circles - it'll probably be more fun.

Justin Hanson

Shag my Husband

Hilary and Jacky
1998, Director: Anand Tucker
Emily Watson, Rachel Griffith
David Morrissey

This is a beautiful, troubling and magnificent opus. It is a true story based on the lives of two sisters in England in the 1950s. Hilary and Jacqueline du Pres are both musically talented. Jacqueline, the younger and more brilliant sister, soon eclipses Hilary, a gifted flautist. Although initially the girls have an almost otherworldly relationship, it later diverges sharply as Jacqueline embarks on an extraordinary musical career and

Hilary marries and retires to the country. The movie explores the increasingly difficult relationship that develops between the two sisters from the perspective of both of them. Hilary has to come to terms with her sister's ascending star, while Jackie has to come to terms with her own emotional demons. Celebrated at an early age (she started playing the cello at five) she was thrust into concert tours and public scrutiny for which she was ill equipped. With her immense gift of talent and arduous lifestyle came a sadness and petulance that placed a great burden upon her family, her, and

her sister in particular.

This film was based upon a book, *A Genius in the Family* co-written by Hilary and their younger brother Piers. The exploration of the juxtaposition of the public and private persona of Jacqueline du Pres must have required an enormous amount of soul-searching and courage from her siblings. Their intimate portrayal of her, although not without its critics, adds a dimension that in no way diminishes her musical passion and beauty. She was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1973 and died in 1987 at 42 years of age. Emily Watson plays the part

of Jacqueline with great compassion and vitality while Rachel Griffith resonates as Hilary, torn by her sister's mental, emotional and personal anguish and ultimately her physical deterioration and demise.

This is a film that is complex and confronting, riveting and heart-breaking. It explores and questions the boundaries of love and sacrifice, the alienation of genius and the struggle to come to terms with what life has offered us. It is also a satisfying and intelligent film.

Sonja Lowen

the video section is proudly sponsored by...



TABRIZ

105 Melbourne Street
North Adelaide 5006
Telephone 08 8302 0088

Action Extravaganza

A Better Tomorrow II
1987, Director: John Woo
Siren Entertainment

Arguably the best of the acclaimed *A Better Tomorrow* series, this John Woo action extravaganza is simply amazing. Considering that in 1987, the West thought that Stallone and Schwarzenegger were the big names, *A Better Tomorrow II*, illustrates how advanced the Hong Kong movie-making industry was. While Chow Yun Fat is not the central character he controls the action with his graceful movement, superior acting, humour and

of course his toothpick and trademark overcoat. The other main characters provide strong support, not surprising as they are all famous Hong Kong actors in their own right. Leslie Cheung, the youngest of the cast, is especially dynamic as Kit (He starred in *A Chinese Ghost Story* - reviewed by *On Dit* a couple of weeks back).

The plot is a straightforward Mafia-Police saga, centering on the efforts of former mobsters struggling to keep straight. Events unfortunately conspire to corrupt them and they slide back into retribution, vengeance and death

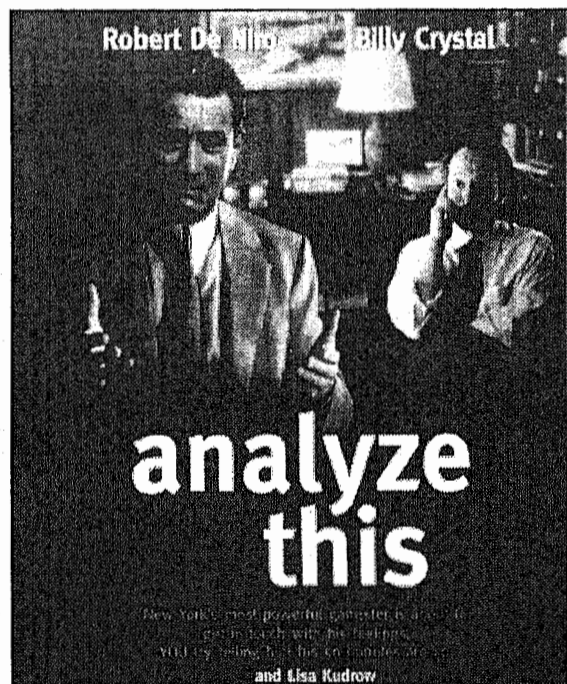
(not a bad thing in a John Woo film). A reformed mobster, Chow Yun Fat owns a New York restaurant, but when gangsters bomb the place, he grabs his personal armoury and joins his old buddy, Ti Lung, who just happens to be infiltrating a major counterfeit currency operation. Lots of other subplots revolve around, all climaxing in Chow, Ti and Dean Shek blowing away hundreds of extras and stuntmen, in a seaside mansion. Inspirational stuff - how action movies should be.

The *Better Tomorrow* series is historically significant in that it heralded John Woo's entrance into

the HK mainstream. Before the *Better Tomorrow* series, he had directed a few chop-socky period martial art flicks without much success. His break came when he experimented with using automatic weapons, coupled with the speed of the HK style and his own flair in the first *A Better Tomorrow*. This eventually led to masterpieces like *Hard Boiled* and *The Killer*. I strongly recommend this movie to all action fans as being a great place to learn more about the greatest action director in the world.

Lindsay Gordon

Big Man, Short Fuse



Analyze This
1999, Director: Harold Ramis
Village Roadshow
Robert De Niro, Billy Crystal

For those who get annoyed by Robert De Niro's frequent type-casting, it is wise (no pun intended) to note that this is precisely one of the reasons why *Analyze This* is so appealing. Since his early days on the mean streets of New York De Niro has refined his recurring role as a tough gangster in everything from *Bloody Mama* (1970) to *The*

Untouchables (1987) to *Heat* (1995), not to mention his long-running career-making crime spree with Martin Scorsese. In *Analyze This*, De Niro plays Paul Vitti, New York's most feared and infamous wise guy (who ain't all dat wise), faced with a new kind of problem for him: he keeps having panic attacks and emotional outbursts, even crying at the mere sight of a playful puppy on television.

Later Ben Sobel (Billy Crystal in his usual, gloriously deadpan mode), a psychiatrist who can't get away from the distinguished new patient who falls into his lap. Bullied into helping this big man with a short fuse, Sobel finds no support from his usually reliable colleagues, retreating after an introduction to Freud gets off on the wrong foot ("You think I wanna fuck my mother? Have you *seen* her?").

Director and co-screenwriter Harold Ramis (*Caddyshack*, *Groundhog Day*) gathers all the

Mafia stereotypes (e.g. Robert De Niro) his arms will allow, throws them into a pot and brings it to boil with some mild spices (*Chazz Palminteri* as a rival gangster, Lisa Kudrow as Sobel's neglected bride-to-be). The casting in-joke extends to incorporate many other actors who played gangsters in

other films. Of course, the emphasis here is displaced from violence on to humour, and although *Analyze This* is anchored in contemporary Hollywood design, its cheeky wit needs offer no apology.

Daniel Gear

North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

Elizabeth House
231 North Terrace
Adelaide



Telephone: 8223 2713

Quality comprehensive
eyecare and eyewear
Eyewear with appeal,
performance and value
The widest scope in
professional and
clinical service



Quality Eyewear

15% Savings to Student Card Holders

MATURE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESENTS...

END OF AN ERA

CELEBRATE THE END OF THE 1900'S IN STYLE WITH THE MSA...

BAND - THE "VB'S"
FREE FOOD & DRINKS ALL NITE

COME DRESSED FOR YOUR FAVOURITE DECADE

DOOR PRIZES AWARDS CEREMONY PRIZE FOR BEST COSTUME

TICKETS: **\$15 PRE-PAID**** \$20/\$25 AT THE DOOR**

Friday, 5 November 1999
7pm to 1.00am

Upper Refectory Level 4, Union House

Tickets available from the Clubs Association or MSA Headquarters

Screen the Screeners

Are you having problems with Centerlink? Have your applications for Austudy/Abstudy been rejected? If the answer is yes, then contact the WRC. 1800-46 287.

The Welfare Rights Centre (SA) is a community service organisation specialising in Social Security law. They provide free information and advice for current Centrelink clients or Centrelink recipient applicants experiencing any difficulties with the Centrelink system.

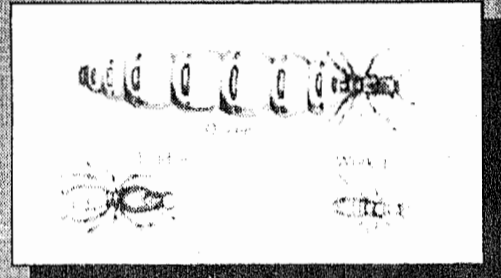
For FREE information or enquiries phone 1800 246 287 between 9am and 5pm from Monday to Friday.

Share with New Friends

Mile End. Share 3br house. 3 mins to city. \$70 per week + bond. Nick and Wasanthi 8351 9721.

Problems?

Exam Problems
 Study Problems
 Stress Problems
 NO PROBLEM
 Study Skills and Exam Preparation Seminar
 Wednesday 1pm
 WP Rogers Room
 Level 4, Union Building
 Presented by ACUE
 Courtesy of Universe



TABB SA 1

ON DIT

PLEASE CHECK PRINTED DETAILS ON REVERSE

APPLICATIONS FOR POSITIONS WITH ON DIT IN 2000 OPEN SOON

WIN/PLACE

		RACE NO.									
CODE		[1]	[2]	[3]	[4]	[5]	[6]	[7]	[8]	[9]	[10]
[O]	[D]										
[D]	[F]	SELECTIONS									
[E]	[A]	[ARTS]	[CAMPUS LIFESTYLE]	[CAMPUS NEWS]	[FEATURES]	[FILM]					
[M]		[LITERATURE]	[MUSIC]	[NEWS]	[VIDEO]	[VOX POP]					
[O]		APPLICATIONS									
[D]		CAN BE COLLECTED FROM THE SAUA OFFICE ANY TIME FROM WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 27 ONWARDS.									
[J]		SIMPLY PICK UP AN APPLICATION FORM, FILL IT IN AND RETURN IT TO THE SAUA. IT'S THAT SIMPLE.									
[O]		TO APPLY									

PRE
 BET