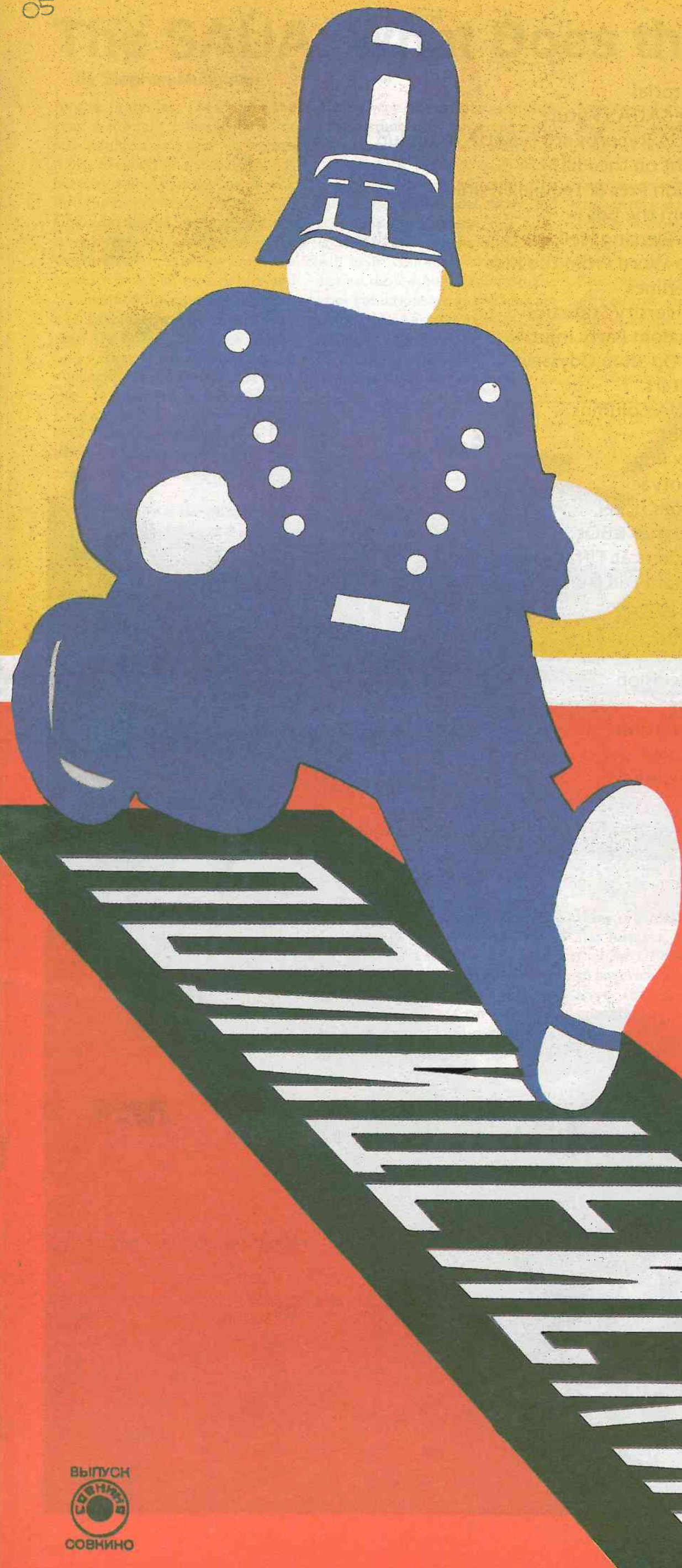


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СОВНИНО

EDITORIAL

It's the last edition of *On Dit* where we just talk about blah blah blah in the editorial. Well, not this time because I just watched three or four days worth of television within the one evening. Every fucking program was either a lifestyle show, some slice of real life action, or some bunch of tools getting stranded on a desert island a mere 15-minute swim away from the nearest Club Med and chilled Chardy.

I thought television was about mindless violence (sorry entertainment), about the drift away from reality into a cosy cocooned world free from any drama apart from if Harold really committed that armed robbery on Neighbours. One thing it's not about is watching some pudgy northern English milkman try to get his end away in Ibiza with some braindead slapper who hasn't seen a dentist since last night's slice of real life action television ... *where dentists work*. I mean give me a fucking break.

To me, it seems that the whole world is turning increasingly voyeuristic. Nothing is believed unless there are cameras there to record the moment; I'm petrified of wanking at the moment just in case Tania Zaetta/Gabrielle Richens *et al* are lurking around with a camera and a squad of dedicated freaks who will make-over my technique in three days at a cost of under \$3,500 during prime time. Just buy me a fucking porn mag.

This seems to stem from that most unseemly of American imports, the daytime confessional show. In these Jerry Springer and cohorts have taken the role of the confessional away from the Church and rammed it straight up the dirtbox of television.

'Fucked yo' mamma while dad was spanking off onto the kittens', no act is too weird or too banal to appear. Let loose the whooping and a'hollering audience and it's enough to make me wonder where the world and its idea of the public/private divide is heading. Straight up the clacker of culture and into the bowels of the lowest common denominator. This might work in primary school maths but not in the world of interaction. Are people so desperate to appear on television that they'll debase themselves any old how in order to achieve this goal? Are we not real if we don't appear in two dimensional form across the nation? Its enough to make one take up reading.

I guess I shouldn't complain, after all life still goes on, and after all we have choices to make, but I could get hit by a truck tomorrow. Which brings me back to my original topic: that of trucks.

I fucking hate them.

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The SAUA: What Does the Future Hold?

By Stephen Mullighan

As this is the last *On Dit* for the year, I thought I would be a bit self-indulgent and take the opportunity to reflect on the year that has been, as well as perhaps have a peek into the future of the SAUA.

Undoubtedly the SAUA is political; it represents its constituents to the University, government, and the broader community to lobby and comment on their actions and policies. In this sense it has been a busy year; the SAUA took firm stances on a variety of issues, including the amalgamation of the Music School, the introduction of the Chancellor's Committee of University Council, the Review of the Law School, and representation throughout the University.

Representation is the primary role of the SAUA, and I feel quite strongly that this should remain the focus of the organisation in the future. I almost got the impression that when I began as President, there was a sense of complicity in our dealings with other organisations. I have been criticised at times for being too confrontational in my approach to dealing with some groups, yet I believe overall it was necessary to ensure that student representation is as strong as it can be.

Having said that, there are pressures which student representation faces, and concurrently student organisations when they strive to achieve their objectives. Most would agree that the days of mass student demonstrations and protests are almost over; it seems students no longer have the time to devote to extra-curricular activities like sport, culture clubs, and involvement in student organisations. Pressures of study, work, and of course, forward planning for after graduation leave little time for most students to get involved. Yet the problems confronting students remain constant, and come from seemingly every direction.

At the moment we have a Federal government deprioritising both the higher education sector and the concept of a welfare state. This pressures students through both their study and the non-academic lives. As funding to Universities is reduced we receive a lower-quality education; and with the increasing inability of a lot of students to receive financial support through schemes and Rent Assistance and Common Youth Allowance, attention is diverted away from this study towards surviving as students.

This is why representative groups such as student organisations are so important. They exist primarily to represent the needs of students to the groups who contribute to shaping our educational, social, and economic environment.

A major challenge for the SAUA will be to continue our campaign against those who contribute to the poor conditions we as students are placed in. Another perhaps less abstract challenge is revitalising the campus community. Student organisations are here also to

have been the emergence of at least two new groups in those years. There is now a broad representation of different political persuasions throughout the student organisations, which I believe results in more varied and positive contributions to the direction of those organisations. It is worrying, however, when the current procedures and processes of the organisations are used to achieve ends for the benefit of a few, and this is something I believe needs to be addressed in the structure of

with ensuring that the event which guarantees the most publicity and income for the Association is not run by the best people.

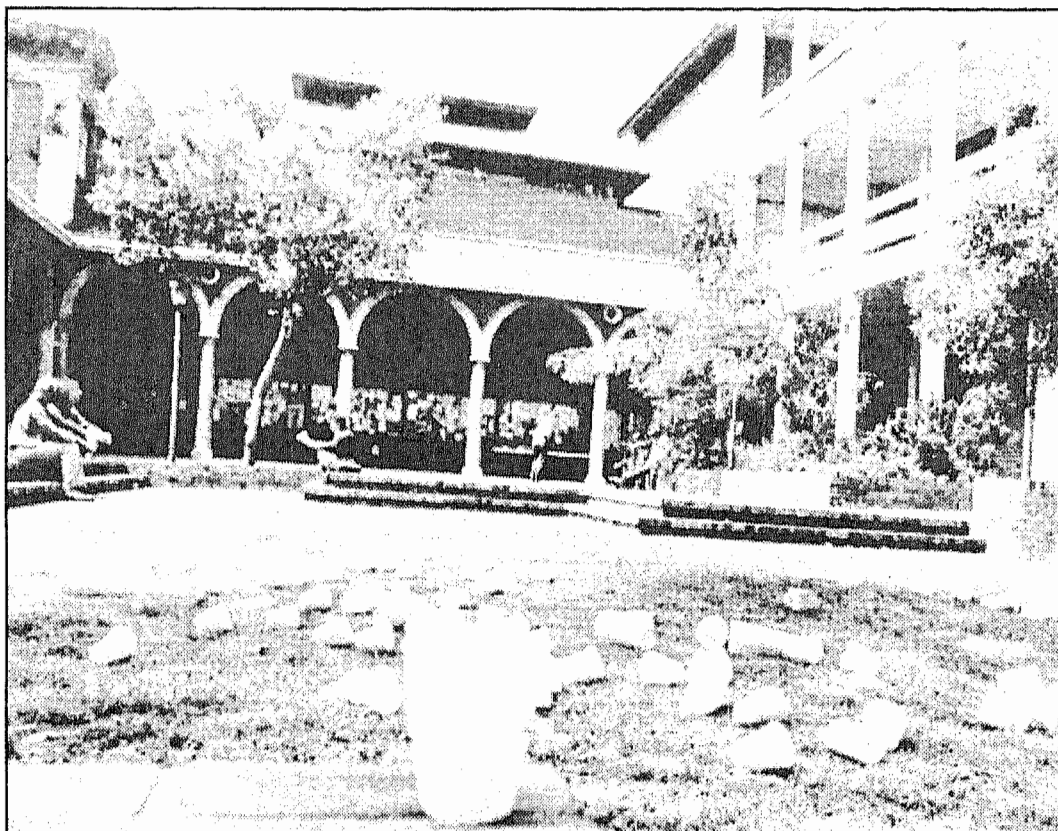
This is just one of the problems we are beginning to face in the SAUA; other have been highlighted both in Council meetings, and also in strategic planning sessions earlier in the year. I have no doubt that next year's Office-Bearers and Councillors will tackle these problems with the zest they have displayed thus far. And I guess that brings me to my farewell for the year. To all of you

who have the time away from study at this time of year to be reading this, good luck with your studies, and thank you for an exhausting, but very enjoyable year. Thank you to the Office-Bearers and Councillors - for the good times and the bad; Fi, Flip, Jane, Phil and Vicki in the SAUA for absolutely everything; Ian, Chris and Peter in the Union; Caroline, Claudia, Helen, Michael, Nizar, Steven, and Eric from the Affiliates, Warren, Nick and Tristan for letting me in and then carrying me out; Paul and Andrea in the UniBar - it became my second home; Chris for keeping me sane; as well as all my friends and family who put up with me this year - there are too many of you to name.

The one thing that holds student organisations together is

their staff. To be able to put up with us like they do, to do it with a smile, and to come back to work the next day to put up with us again never ceases to amaze me. The biggest thank you has to go to all the staff I have worked with this year. Thank you so much.

As for *On Dit*? I can't believe you Eds haven't been sued, murdered, or shut down! It was a great year, and a privilege to work with you.



It's a barren wasteland out there.

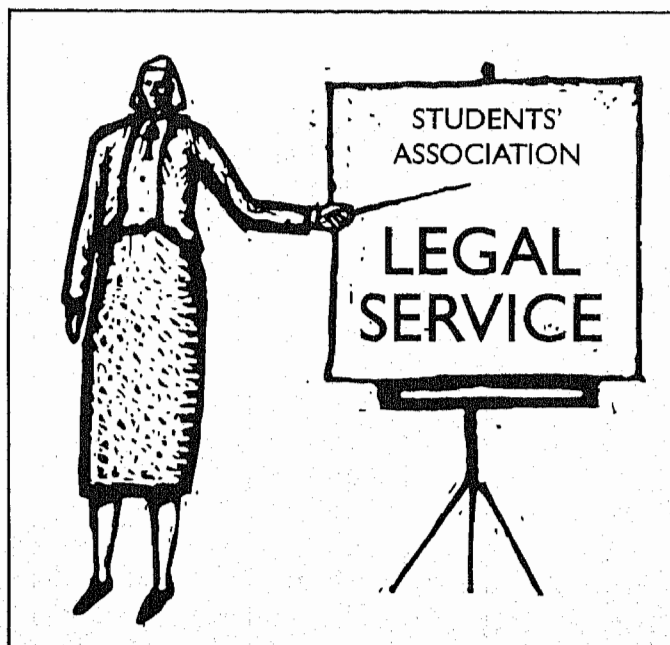
ensure that the time we spend at University is the best of our lives. We have had a successful Orientation, and other events and activities during the year to entertain students on campus. These events must also become a priority for the SAUA to ensure its members remain in constant, close contact with it.

While some of the year was spent by the various departments of the SAUA raising awareness of specific issues through theme weeks and events, a lot of the year was spent attempting to refine what we do in the SAUA and how we do it. This was done to ensure that in the future we provide our services and representation as effectively and efficiently as possible. Reviews of policy and process were begun, and the financial deficit of the Association has almost been eliminated within one year. I am confident that the organisation will reap the benefits of this in the future.

Those who have been on campus for the past three years or so will notice that elections have become increasingly hard-fought, and there

those organisations.

For instance, I have long insisted that the Orientation process needs to be reviewed. It no longer the case that the most capable and competent of people receive a position of responsibility in the Orientation process. It is instead decided by a highly political and factionalised Council. As I said earlier, this is not usually a problem, yet it is when it intervenes



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SAUA Scorecard

By The Editorial Team

The Students Association has faced a tumultuous year. From the start the Association has faced problem after problem of which very few of been of their own making. (For details see previous page.) One thing that never seems to change within the Students Association is the factionalism and bickering at Council level meaning that more debate is wasted on reasonably pointless minutiae than is spent over stuff that could actually create or change policy. Henry Kissinger once remarked that, 'University politics are vicious precisely because the stakes are so small.' This is a gross oversimplification but one that unfortunately holds water with a large majority of the people that student politicians hope to deal with: the general student population. Education brings us all to university, thus

the educational interests of the student must remain paramount.

In 2001, there will both Federal and State elections meaning that 2001 will be a watershed year for the tertiary sector within Australia; a Liberal victory may well see another attempt at the introduction of VSU while a Labor Party victory may well see an increase in HECS (their policy has not been officially released yet.) Either way students, unless united in opposition to negative policy, will face further obstacles in their educational pathways.

Debt was reduced through prudent management of all Departments, the use of the Project Research Officer seemed more savvy than in previous years. The following is just a brief attempt by us to quantify the efficiency of the SAUA Office Bearers this year;



next year a new crop start bringing with them fresh ideas to counter the seeming growing apathy and disenchantment with this university's peak student representational body. A uni-

fied Council would be a wonderful place to start; we wish all 2001 Councillors and Office Bearers good luck with their endeavours, activities and campaigns.

Stephen Mullighan SAUA President

Stephen faced a difficult job with a hostile Council, a largish debt to the Union courtesy of the 1999 O'Ball and a University administration hell-bent on change. The Music School Review was opposed strongly and correctly by the SAUA. Other reviews were the Law School Review, the Library Review and Geographical Sciences Review. Influential in tackling Union Organisational Review and in forcing University Council to look at the possibility of having students on all peak departmental, school and faculty boards and committees.

On the negative side, Stephen had the SAUA policy review not accepted by SAUA Council. The blame can not be solely ascribed to him however, as a factionally divided Council was antagonistic towards it. He ran on a policy of having a uniform recycling policy which has not been implemented fully partly due to the current SAUA Environment Officer. Student television was explored briefly then rightfully discarded as economically doubtful.

Stephen has received a Distinction for his efforts this year.

Seb Henbest

Education Vice President

Education Vice President is a difficult portfolio. It mixes the inherent reason of why we're at university with a Department that has next to no public face.

Seb tried and tried hard on most occasions. He had a willingness to work with other departments on campaigns that was refreshing and led directly to co-campaigns.

The Education Department seemed to be acquiring a public face to it; if this had anything to do with the large

number of candidates applying for ESC (Education Standing Committee) one will never truly know.

It is in his job description, but the first SRSC (Student Representative Standing Committee) met in five years - unfortunately towards the end of the academic year but hopefully this will start the relationship between the SAUA and a pool of potential.

However the relationship between the State branch of NUS (National Union of Students) and the SAUA was occasionally tenuous. NUSSA have control over those NDA's (National Day of Action) in theory. Practically campus EVP's publicise and organise on-campus. This year on-campus publicity of upcoming NDA's was intermittently poor.

Other negatives included the fact that there was no real educational campaigns run on campus (aside from the Elder Con). He put his foot into his mouth by attacking UMAT without research and Counter Calendar is once again a disaster. Editors are appointed but tradition holds that the EVP is nominally in charge of this under-utilised resource. The grievance procedure brochure fiasco also does not help his cause.

Seb has received a conceded pass this year.

Adam Langman

Activities Campaigns Vice President

ACVP is often considered a glamour position within the SAUA. Truth is different - pouring kegs, lugging barbies and cadging sponsorship are all part of the ACVP's day.

Adam introduced several good ideas this year with Cinema on the Lawns being one of the best. Hopefully this will go from strength to strength. Weekly barbecues on the Bar balcony helped to keep the punters in the Bar.

He worked well with Union Activities and showed a general willingness to help other departments with their campaigns and activities.

Prosh was a moderate success in that Canteen and the Don Dunstan Foundation benefited financially. As to promotion of campus culture, well let's say that Prosh would be better off finding a later home. We understand the reasoning behind Prosh's movement but do not agree with it. Negatively, there were no educational campaigns run this. By concentrating on the activities, campaigns were neglected. The Prosh pub crawl was a self-confessed failure. Promotion ranged from the very good to the very bad. Adam received a mid P1 for his year.

Heidi Ryan

Women's Officer

The immediate past history of the WO's position has been shabby. Heidi ran a good petition campaign against the GST on tampons though Enrolment and O'Week. Her support for the training of all O'Directors and leaders with regards to sexual harassment was blatant and rightfully so. She then pushed for inclusivity training for engineers and then just went quiet. She popped up for events like the Australia's Biggest Morning Tea while involving herself in the organisation of NOWSA (National Organisation of Women Students and Academics) without really leaving her mark (either positive or negative) upon proceedings.

Heidi unfortunately didn't seem to grasp the importance of the position and tempted to be reactive rather than pro-active in her position. Women in Education Week was too low-key for such an important event in the University calendar.

Heidi receives a P2.

Zane Young Environment Officer

This is a difficult one. The Environment Officer position is looked upon with derision by many, with equal fervour by others and never the twain shall meet. Information cards were distributed to a large number of people. Zane has a lot of community linked information (eg Critical Mass) encouraging people to look beyond the university at wider issues. On the flipside to this is his responsibility to change local attitudes and in this case that means at University. No ESC (Environment Standing Committee) meetings were held until 5 months after they had been elected. No uniform recycling policy was introduced and Environment Week was a sham.

We've given Zane an Incomplete Fail for his University work and a hearty commendation for outside.

Tom Radzevicius

Male Sexuality Officer

Amanda Camporeale

Female Sexuality Officer

The Sexuality Department has no official policy to follow as of yet. Positives include the video designed to ease coming out trauma, the yellow ribbon campaign initiated to minimise youth suicide (especially sexuality based youth suicide) and both undergoing sexual harassment contact officer training. Both helped Heidi Ryan with her push for inclusivity training in the Engineering faculty.

Negatives were the relationship between the Cross Campus Queer Network (originally Cross Campus Sexuality Network) and themselves and a strangely muted Sex Week.

Tom gets a low/borderline Credit while Amanda gets an incomplete fail due to attendance reasons only.

Light on the Hill?

By Mercedes Dumptruck

Foreign Minister Alexander Downer yesterday recorded his first blooper-free working day in an occasion prompting accolades from both sides of Parliament.

The historic day began as usual for the popular Mr Downer at 7.30am, when after showering he made a confident start by donning his own shoes and socks.

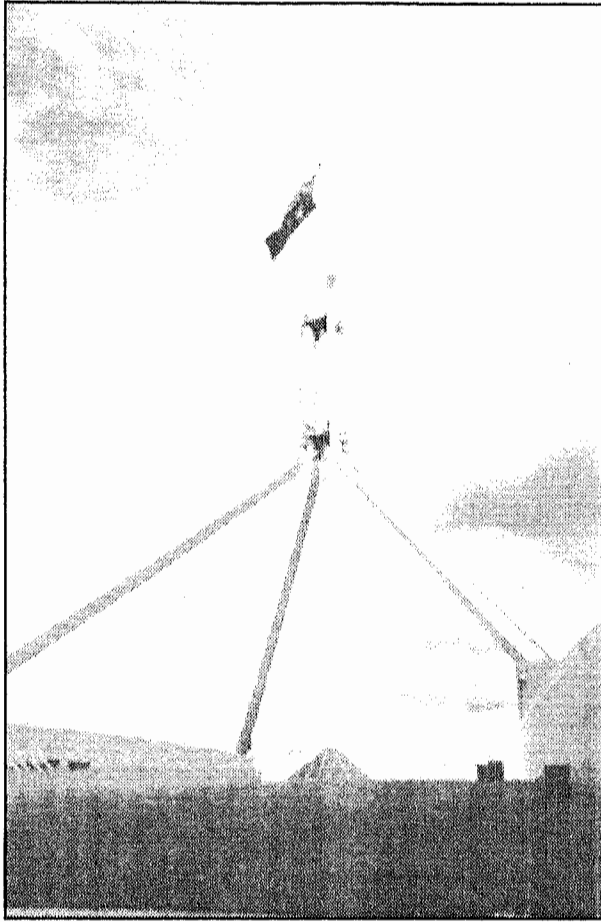
'I never heard the end of it last time I got dressed in the dark,' he quipped to watching journalists in a wry reference to his one-time appearance in fishnets and stiletto high heels.

Arriving at work, Mr Downer announced a press conference to comment on the overnight murder of several United Nations peacekeepers in West Timor. Cheered on by wife Nicky, Mr Downer managed to complete his remarks without giggling inappropriately, making inappropriate gags about torture or once mentioning the word 'nig-nog'.

Afterwards, the likeable Hills dweller wiped his brow, his relief obvious, and declared he was

'bloody pleased' with the day so far.

'But it's only elevenses o'clock - I won't be telephoning Mummy



with the good news unless I last till at least tea-time,' he twinkled. In Question Time, the Foreign Minister answered two tricky

questions and did not once ask for 'a clue'.

And in an afternoon interview with Radio Australia, when asked a question about former East Timor peacekeeping mission leader General Songkitti, Mr Downer did not make any cat jokes and had clearly heard of the man.

By five pm, when it was clear Mr Downer had completed his first muddle-free day since ascending to the frontbench (including his brief period as party leader on April 1 1991), an atmosphere of jubilation was apparent among Coalition MPs.

Prime Minister John Howard would not make a public comment, but party sources confirmed the Downers - along with children Peregrine, Lady Sophia, John and Janette - had been invited for a slap-up chicken nugget dinner at the Lodge.

Shadow foreign affairs minister Laurie Brereton shook his head ruefully, admitting that his long-term adversary had bested him on this occasion.

'You've got to hand it to the bloke,' he said.

Foreign affairs analyst Letitia Hufnagel said the events of the last day had generated extensive international interest, and several Australian first secretaries had already been invited to cocktail parties on the basis of the triumph.

Perhaps the most delighted of all the commentators was Mr Downer himself, who last night was excitedly awaiting an invitation to speak at the United Nations' New York headquarters. 'I can't wait,' he enthused.

'I've already worked out exactly what I'm going to wear and I've got the absolutely very best joke ever all ready.'

Apology

The Editors wish to apologise to Mr Alan Taylor for the article 'The Twig that Stops Traffic', which appeared in *On Dit* 68.20. Furthermore, they apologise for any distress this article may have caused Mr Taylor, and for any damage to his professional reputation that he may have suffered.

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AU Union Elect New President

By Dale F Adams

At an Adelaide University Union Board meeting held on October 3, Tanisha Hewanpola was elected as the new Union President for the 2000/2001 year.

Speaking to *On Dit* late last week, Ms Hewanpola, who is a Commerce graduate currently studying Arts/Law and one of the State Convenors of the National Organisation of Labor Students, said that the biggest challenge facing the Union at present is to 'reignite its relevance to its members.'

'Students pay a quite exorbitant Union Fee, and in the most part can't readily identify just what they get in return,' she said. 'To that end, I would like to not only make the students more aware of the services provided, but also make the services things that the students actually want to use, so they can take pride in their Union.'

Ms Hewanpola believes that the Union has a 'significant role in attempting to recreate the university 'culture' that she feels has been lost over the past few decades.

'At the end of the day, it really is

the Union at the university level that helps create university culture,' she said. 'If you look at the role that the Union performed in the 60s ... there was a huge university culture and climate. Whereas these days, things have changed a lot. People are coming in to uni and leaving very quickly. They don't have time to sit around and be part of that culture - they all have part time jobs, and have to study so hard. They want to get in and out as quickly as they can, because of the massive HECS debt they're accruing. It's really important for us to re-evaluate what it is that we're there to provide for our members, make it relevant to them and, as much as possible, help them enjoy their time at university.'

Effective long term planning is something that Ms Hewanpola feels has been lacking from the Union for some time, and she flags this area as vital to the continued reinvigoration of the AUU.

'We do want to be relevant and provide the sort of [services] that students want to use, but one of our major concerns is to be in the

financial position to be able to do that,' she said. 'To that end, towards the end of the 1999/2000 Union Board was the first time in a long time that Board started forward thinking and long-term planning, with a real strategic plan. We're just hoping to pick up the ball with that.'

Ms Hewanpola believes that effective long-term planning should place the Union in a position that allows it to effectively allocate future resources, as well as making problem resolution a far less ad hoc process than it has been in the past. 'I'm very much against things that are done in a hotch-potch manner, and I'm sick to death of people identifying problems within the Union and simply throwing money at them,' she said. 'It should all be part of a long-term vision, so that in five years' time we know where we want to be. And if your goals in the meantime are not being met, we should be able to identify the problems easily.'

Unfounded rumours that circulated extensively earlier this year suggested that Union Commercial

Operations (the arm of the Union that administers catering) was on the verge of being outsourced. Whilst this has proven to be untrue, catering within the Union continues to operate at a loss, a situation that Ms Hewanpola believes must be vigorously examined.

'Catering is one of the most important services that we provide, and the fact is that we have a very captive group, a captive market,' she said. 'Students don't for the most part enjoy climbing up that hill to go and get something to eat, so the fact that we don't seem able to maintain that market, and that they choose to go off campus to eat, is a very sad indictment on our ability to provide that service. Having said that, I wouldn't suggest that it is not a worthy service to provide. I am strongly against outsourcing catering on campus, but I have to say that if we can't fix this problem, then we really have to question our ability to provide [catering], and whether it is actually a service at all. But I refuse to believe that is the path that we will have to take.'

World Record Attempt set for Friday

By Dale F Adams

In an event currently being planned by Students' Association Activities/Campaigns Vice President Adam Langman, a world record attempt for world's longest drink is to take place on the Barr Smith Lawns on Friday, the final day for the Academic Year. 'At the start of the year, as I think nigh on all good ideas begin, I was having a few drinks, and someone mentioned that they'd love to set a world record that had something to do with drinking,' said Mr Langman, speaking to *On Dit* last week. 'So I wrote to Guinness in January to ask if there are any records that we could

attempt, and they eventually replied that there is a world record for the 'world's longest drink'. If we can get more than 132 people standing in a line, drinking a half shot of tequila a la the Mexican wave, then we'll have our own world record.'

Mr Langman believes that the event, the registration for which begins at noon, should be easy to organise.

'It's a pretty simple set-up, we just have to get people to stand in a line,' he said. 'At one I'll attempt to get everyone that has registered into a line, which may take around half an hour to set up. We'll then explain the

rules and, once everyone has it straight in their heads, we'll bring out the tequila, lemon and salt. One important thing I should mention, though, is that if people drink their tequila before the event, they will not be given another shot.'

The cost for participants will be one dollar, to help cover costs. Any profit that remains from the attempt will be donated to charity.

'I think that is one thing that the SAUA Activities Department has been quite happy to do this year,' said Mr Langman. 'We've donated about \$4,000 to charity from Prosh, and

through other various things this year. So we're going to keep up that tradition and support Canteen's Bandana Day.'

The world record attempt should kick off a busy afternoon of activities celebrating the end of the academic year.

'I believe that Union Activities is continuing a great tradition that they started earlier this year, and opening up the Games Room on level five, next to the Bar,' Mr Langman said.

'There should be free video games, a DJ, lounges, and there should be a cocktail bar in there as well.'

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Living with the Beanie of Disgrace

By Dale F Adams

I'd always thought that an Editor of *On Dit* taking an entire page of the last edition to push their own barrow was one of the most shamelessly self-indulgent acts I could think of. That was, of course, until I actually got here myself, and saw the manner that almost every one of the Editors' actions and intentions is misconstrued. Human nature, I suppose, the desire for the last word. So I'm going to take it now.

The first time I picked up an *On Dit* was in 1990, when I was in year eleven. I basically thought it was one of the best things I'd ever seen (I'd led a sheltered life), and made a point of picking it up at every available opportunity.

I kept on following the fortunes of the paper throughout the next year or so, until I actually got to university myself in 1992. I promptly started to hassle the music Sub-Editors (sorry guys) for free CDs, in return for which I provided some really shoddy reviews. The next year I kept on reviewing, wrote a few features, and started to hang around the office a lot on weekends. My presence was tolerated, I believe, because I used to bring a television with me, and everyone like to watch the reruns of the D-Gen's *Late Show* on Sundays.

I kept on writing sporadically over the next couple of years, but my involvement started to wane a bit. The next thing I knew, pesky little things like a Real Job started to get in the way, and my involvement with *On Dit* had basically gone back to being that of a reader.

Things would have stayed that way if a couple of my friends hadn't decided to run for the Editor's chair in mid 1998. They won, and I figured the time was ripe was to get involved again. Figuring I wouldn't have time for a real Sub-Editorship, I pitched them the idea of a column on television and, suckers that they were, they fell for it.

At the start of 1999 I edited the Orientation Guide. For a plan hatched whilst a bit drunk, it was kind of useful, as it meant that I relearnt most of the stuff I'd forgotten about the production side of things and bluffed my way through the rest. That was the first time I worked with Eva, and Darien came down to help out, and we sort of hatched the idea of

running as Editors ourselves. I wrote my column, Penny and Anthony didn't fire me, and we all had a fair bit of fun.

Running for *On Dit* basically involves dashing around to all of the major factions, and promising them pretty much anything you can think of to get their support. We seemed to do this quite well, got support from everyone, and won. Yee haw.

year for being too serious, which I suppose is kind of fair enough. I guess we just figured that *On Dit* does have a serious role to play as an adjunct to the 'mainstream media' (whatever that means), and that the activities of the various student representatives around here deserve a certain amount of coverage. Ah well. To those who feel that they have missed out on their fair share of toilet humour,

a part of. Besides, getting Mum's Taxi and going nuts for a week was really neat. Doing the *Advertisers*, the sheer hilarity of SAUA Council Meetings, some of the motions the Media Standing Committee managed to pass, and some of the work from our regular contributors really stand out as well, but I reckon the real highlights have been the layout weekends. Stuck in this hole of an office (why oh why did they ever move it from *On Dit* Lane?), with some good people and a whole lot of good times ... what more could you ask for?

It's a long time since I first stepped into the *On Dit* office, and I now realise one thing: if I could do it all again, I wouldn't change a fucking thing.

And I guess that leaves no room for anything else but the thank yous. They are long and, yes, they are sentimental. If you don't like it, then don't read them. Thank you, nevertheless, to: Dave, Steve, Dave, Simon, Vanessa, Sam, George, Richard and Fiona for teaching me what this paper should be all about, Penelope for getting here before I did, Jayne and Kate for getting it right, Reggie, housemate lil' Dave, Dr Paul for taking over teev, Cooper and Southwark, Jon for getting the ball rolling, Mullighan

for the long leash, the other Office Bearers for occasionally getting their columns in on time, Flip, Deb, Jane for liking our kind of trouble, Phil for leaning to the Left, Ian for his 'Breast of the Times' infatuation, and, last of all my Co-Editors - Darien, one of my best friends for years, and the person I love more than anything in the world, Eva.

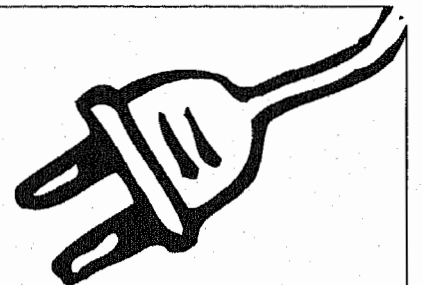


I guess I was lucky this year that we weren't a team that got thrown together specifically for the sake of running. We all knew each other pretty well, and took a largely unified vision into the year (just to sound pretentious for a second there) of what we wanted the paper to be like. Without wanting to speak for Darien or Eva, I'd say we were pretty heavily influenced by the papers of the early Nineties, which brought a quite definite focus on the goings-on on campus. Campus lifestyle issues, together with campus news, were very important to us, and we definitely wanted to concentrate on them. We also ditched two sections: Wayward, because we figured that it has lost its focus to a fair degree, and the musings of the 'wayward student' could quite happily be handled in the Features and Lifestyle sections; and Creative Writing, because running a section like that weekly inevitably involves a substantial trade-off with quality.

We wore a fair wack of shit this

um, sorry and stuff.

It's been a good year. I guess the highlight that springs immediately to mind is our road trip to Newcastle for the Student Media Conference, largely because it was only a couple of weeks ago. Without doubt the Conference itself could have been organised better, but it is a great idea that future Editors should certainly be



ACADEMIC BOARD CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Nominations are open for a student place on the University of Adelaide Academic Board for the year 2001. Address your application of 150 words to Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President and The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Council. Applications to be handed in at the SAUA Office (ground floor, George Murray Building, Union Complex) by 5.00pm, Friday 3rd November, 2000. For more information, please call Stephen Mullighan at the Students' Association on 8303 5406.



Vox Pop Chick Tells All

By Eva O'Driscoll

When I was in first year, not all that long ago, I read *On Dit* fairly regularly, and often wondered how someone got to be an Editor, or even got involved. It seemed like a pretty cool thing to do, but I figured there was no way I was qualified for that sort of caper - I mean, what did I have except good grades in English and a penchant for privately writing bad poetry and wondering if I just might be the next Sylvia Plath?

Over the next couple of years I tentatively came to the conclusion that I just might be capable of writing book reviews and finally, in the course of avoiding a somewhat persistent ex-boyfriend, I decided that what I really needed was a hobby, and I wandered down to the *On Dit* office, which I had been led to understand was somewhere next to some men's toilets

It was the middle of the summer holidays, and I walked in on a bemused trio of three new Editors, who set me loose on a pile of books and told me that reviews should be around three-hundred words.

A couple of weeks later I brought in my very first book review, which made it into the first edition of that year. A few book reviews later, I got a call from the Literature Sub-Editor, who was going to England and apparently wanted to give me her job - whether it was because my reviews were actually any good or whether it was just because I was such a nerd about getting them in on time remains a mystery.

Six months of being anal about chasing people with late reviews, compiling 'black lists' of reviewers not to be trusted, writing altogether too many book reviews, and generally neglecting my studies, I

thought I'd probably had enough. But just when I was starting to get a bit sentimental about my time at *On Dit* and how it was about to all be over, a friend roped me in to applying to edit the next *Orienta-tion Guide* with him and another bloke.

My friend didn't get the job, but the other bloke did, along with someone else, and so did I.

Although it's probably fair to say that the other bloke and I disliked each other on first sight, before long we were getting on like a house on fire, and the next thing I knew we were being aided in our *O'Guide* endeavours by yet another bloke, whom I like to refer to as The Old Bloke.

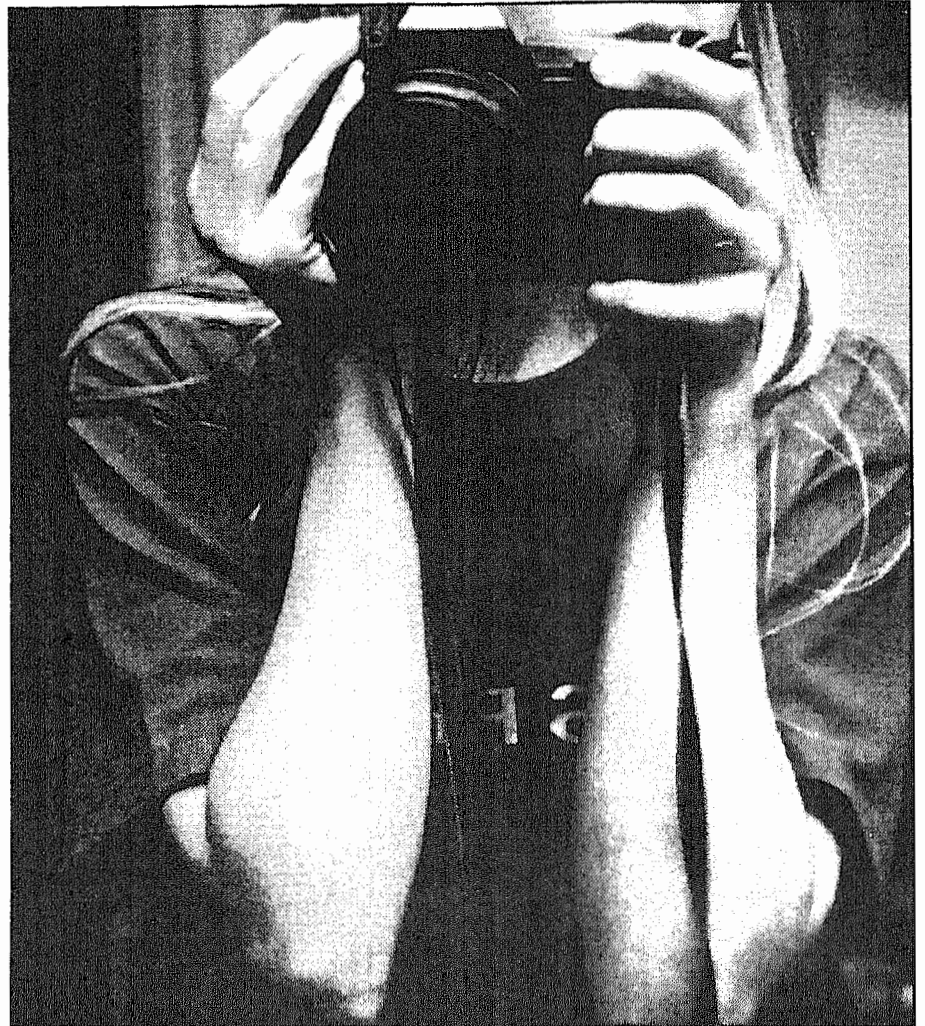
By the end of the *O'Guide* we were all laughing at each other's jokes, paying out each other's grammar, and dancing badly in the office together, so it seemed natural that we should run together to be *On Dit* Editors.

In the meantime, we pestered the 1999 Editors to give us jobs, and were re-incarnated as TV Guy, Music Guy and Vox Pop Chick.

At the end of that year, sucker for punishment that I was, I did another *O'Guide* with one of that year's Editors and another friend, and considered myself more-or-less ready to take on a year of editing *On Dit*: I knew how the computer systems and applications worked, I had had plenty of practice soliciting and editing material for publication, and I had learnt how to lay-out.

As it happened, I had a fair bit more to learn, but I think I can safely say that I've got it pretty much figured out now. Shame the year's over.

To anyone who would like to get



involved with *On Dit*, I thoroughly recommend that you do it. Come down to the office and volunteer your services, and once you've tried your hand at writing reviews (or whatever), think about applying to be a Sub-Ed. If you come down on weekends to help proof-read - and pester the Editors enough - they might just teach you how to lay out, and you'll pick up the sort of technical knowledge that will help if you ever want to be an Editor yourself.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my time as an *On Dit* Ed, even if the hours are long and the pay lousy. After all, you get your very own paper to play with.

Thanks to everyone who did their bit this year, but particularly to Jayne and Kate, our two most dedicated Sub-Eds, who will hopefully be Editors themselves one of these days.

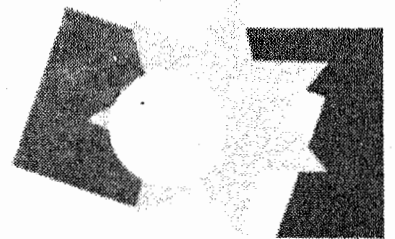
Thanks also to Stephen Mulligrubs, who was mighty nice to us, to Fi and Jane in the SAUA, to Penny Fredericks, and to Chris Slape, who answered the greater majority of my 'how does this work again?' questions back in 1998. My greatest thank you is due to my two co-editors this year, Dale F Adams and Darien O'Reilly: two of the best people I've ever met, even if they didn't always let me get my own way.

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On Dit Developers 2000

It's been my year and I'll write if I want to

By Darien O'Reilly

On Dit has been a part of my life for some would say too many years. Fuck you say I.

To give a bit of background, I started University in 1990 studying science. I started this due to Nicky studying it, and it sounding interesting. Damn Science students and what they stand for. I had picked up *On Dit* for years previously and always enjoyed its esoteric nature, its reviews and its general ability to laugh at itself.

I then started contributing, reasoning that free stuff is all good and also realising that getting involved in something that would broaden my skills could only be a good thing. Then the office gaily lived in *On Dit* Lane, between Union House and the Chemistry buildings. Cricket would be played, drinks drunk and general nonsense would happen. To me it

years at university. Things happen that transport shenanigans into the realm of just plain silly and then some. It provides the chance to be massively involved in univeristy with the opportunity to crunch numbers, dive into into politics and processes. Face it, we face these things every day of our working lives, so why not get used to them. I loved editing *On Dit* - yeah we had negative comments but if we all liked the same things why fucking bother. A world full of Ricky Martin tapes, white boy shuffling, pizzas without anchovies and the *Bold and the Beautiful* would truly suck.

I was lucky enough to edit *On Dit* with some of the most beautiful people in the world. Yeah, you say so fucking what ... *On Dit* means nothing in the greater scheme of things. Well, up yours.



I choose to play with my friends

was how University should be; a mix of the new, the old, the challenging, but all topped with fun. I still think that University is not just about degrees, it's about doing things that you wouldn't normally do, learning new skills and getting involved in the life that surrounds University. There's plenty of time to get old, staid and boring after the years you spend here. There's only so many chances that you get to meet new folk, go mental mental chicken Oriental, and sleep in till 1.1 every day if you so choose. Irresponsibility should be your closest friend at University, to paraphrase teen poet Paul Westerburg.

I then left University, worked for five years then returned because the idea of education fried my burger. I still believe that the moment you stop learning you might just as well vote Liberal, retire to a corner and curl up and mentally die. This does not just apply to the institutional pursuit of knowledge but to life in general. *On Dit* is an outlet for creativity: it provides the chance to explore hitherto unexplored areas of your life and the chance to basically to have fun and enjoy your

years at university. Things happen that transport shenanigans into the realm of just plain silly and then some. It provides the chance to be massively involved in univeristy with the opportunity to crunch numbers, dive into into politics and processes. Face it, we face these things every day of our working lives, so why not get used to them. I loved editing *On Dit* - yeah we had negative comments but if we all liked the same things why fucking bother. A world full of Ricky Martin tapes, white boy shuffling, pizzas without anchovies and the *Bold and the Beautiful* would truly suck. I was lucky enough to edit *On Dit* with some of the most beautiful people in the world. Yeah, you say so fucking what ... *On Dit* means nothing in the greater scheme of things. Well, up yours. Spending fourty hours a weekend in close proximity to people means that you have to like them in all their facets. I'm not ashamed to say that I love Dale and Eva, fascist pricks and contemptous tarts that they are. Working with folk like this is bonza Ozzie bewdy; it makes the long hours worthwhile. At the start of the year I was doing the Orientation Ball and had a hooter of a time - with Jeremy J and having a fine time, Frank was good; an Orientation Ball like that is worth gold. They were more than happy to cut me some slack while I played at being rock promoter/industry slut. But that's the way of the world, you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. What it did was set the scene for the year; massive amounts of cloistered frenzied activity over the weekend coupled with little sleep coupled with large doses of alcohol (usually when we said we were going to do work). Obviously this makes for an interesting start of the week; walking zombie-like through the University internally moaning 'brains, brains' while the rest of the world motors along can be a little disturbing. Emerging bleary-eyed from the dungeon can be an awe-inspiring experience, especially when the sunrise is full of colour, the air is redolent with the sounds of birds awakening and the faint roar of the lions drifts across from the zoo. It's

times like these that it is worthwhile; not fiscally, as the pay is bordering on nonsensical, but the feeling of creativity, of fulfillment, knowing that something you like to do is actually working out.

The other fulfilling aspect of *On Dit* is the development that you see in people's contributions - I have witnessed people change from being a shy and hesitant reviewer to suggesting covers and stories. Working within *On Dit* is like being in a scar; things are ugly but they make the entire process work and heal but for this to happen properly requires a lot of things to gel. *On Dit* is less about the editors and more about the contributors, the sub-editors and the readers. My heartfelt gratitude is extended to Kate Stryker because its all good, Jayne Lewis for doing more than she had to, Farley Wright for extending his own personal Fringe, and Mark Jordan and Luke Balzan for keeping the record companies more than happy.

Many many thanks are extended to Jane Kelsall because I like her kind of trouble, Fiona Dalton, well just for being her and Flippity Felicity Lellow for her poetry, as well as Ian Cannon, Paul Jennings, Chris Crichton and Andrea Murphy for Mum's Taxis, their durries, their conversation and occasionally their latitude. Carla Caruso, Jonny Dyer, Peter McKay, Paul Bulley, Georgie Hambrook and James Trevalyan all receive my many thanks for their input, their talent and, often, some of their chips.

I'd like to thank the little people: Mulligrub the SAUA Pres who brought burgers, entertaining stories and a wicked streak a mile wide, Brad Kitschke for his complete and absolute love of politics - even when we didn't agree, Tom Radz Radz and O'Campo who kept us entertained with stories, general drunken behaviour and good times. Thanks also

to Langers, Heidi and Seb for their input and information and willingness to work for the benefit of students; though it may appear that student polities don't care, they do.

Most of all though, life continues on around *On Dit*, for which I'm somewhat grateful, somewhat disappointed. To my friends unconnected with *On Dit* (especially lately the Hutt St Province people - Liss, Amy, Capt Spamhandler, Chris), the Chardonnay Socialists for cutting a swathe through Division 8 Amateur League as well as for their company, and to my friends connected to *On Dit* (spj5, Mercedes and Sister Heidi who all did sterling work) my thanks go out repeatedly. Thanks also to my kittens for being fluffy and just a little stupid. My affection and thanks go out to my family for picking up the slack post eye trauma. Most of all to Dale and Eva for the year, (the pointless arguments I'll miss) but for mostly just for being their wonderful selves and accepting me, my proclivities, with equal parts good grace and amusement.

On Dit has enabled me to do something that I always wanted to do, its enabled me to spread my creative wings, and meet a fistload of cracking people while simultaneously affording the opportunity to make a tangible mark upon University culture.

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Why I've got one too many holes in me

By Sam Franzway

This happened overseas last year. When I got it done, I said to myself that I was getting it done for me and not to impress anyone else, so I made a point of not showing it to people, so that it could be a personal growth kind of thing and not just a popularity stunt. I'm over that shit now.

Getting my belly button pierced is something I've toyed with for quite a long time. Not because everyone else has them - no, if new and exciting was what I was after, I should probably have had an eye-lid or a wrist pierced (I hear even anus-piercing is becoming passe in some circles nowadays). No - I think I wanted to do it because I would never really go through with it.

The thought of something going through skin makes me do a violent little wriggling dance that looks like I've just noticed two different hairy spiders, one crawling on my head, and the other down my daks. I wanted to get skewered for a long time, but didn't really feel like it was 'me' (whoever the flaming heck that is). But strolling down Venice Beach, with the Californian sun beaming down, the weirdos skating by and the tattoo and piercing parlours playing heavy metal to the boardwalk - it all seemed to click into place in a Baywatch kind of way. 'Now is the time!' my entire body (except for my belly button) cried. Overseas and underspent (so far), now was the perfect time to blow \$45 (that's about \$340 Australian I think) and get a ring thrown in free as well. I bravely decided then and there that I would come back the next day and get poked. We spent that day driving around LA, looking at the expensive walls and wrought iron gates of Beverly Hills, imagining Stars driving in and out on their way to rehab or to pick up the kids from school. When we finally made it back to Venice Beach (it's a lot frigging further than Glenelg) the scene wasn't quite as it had been the day before. Gone were the fortune-telling, sand-sculpting, henna-tattooing, chiropractising, portrait-painting hustlers, gone were the stalls full of off-the-back-of-a-truck sunglasses and pipes and leathersgoods and clothing with their off-the-back-of-a-truck proprietors and most importantly - gone was the sunshine. It was like *Baywatch* without silicon. We walked from our free parking spot all the way along the utterly deserted boardwalk, looking in vain hope for the piercing store with the friendly, helpful lady with a skull through each earlobe. She was gone. The only light on Venice Beach at that time of night was an extremely sterile-looking tattoo place, which my accomplice persuaded me into on our (my)

dejected walk back to the car. I could see two lads mopping the white tiled floor with something that smelled like bleach, so it seemed safe enough (sort of like a toilet in a restaurant as opposed to one at a concert).

We ducked under the halfway-down rollerdoor, and the man behind the counter greeted us with a southern Californian 'Hey' as we approached.



Say hello to my new stomach ...

We (I) hummed and hahed as we (I) inspected the selection of rings through the fingerprint smeared glass. Fortunately the selection didn't change much from store to store and I realised that they were probably all made in the same place: South Korea. The only thing left to decide was to pierce or not to pierce? Is it just a silly, spur of the moment thing? Or is it really the opportunity to break free and change my perception of self? Our man at the counter was obviously not in the mood for personal development counselling, 'So come orn amigo! Lez do this thang!'. This highly efficient sales technique has obviously worked before. 'Ok,' I say, sounding more like a monk preparing for enlightenment than someone who is pumped about getting punctured. 'I'm ready.'

'Cool man - that comes to \$43.75'. I hand over my trusty Visa card. The man yells back to the two young men mopping the floor 'Which one you guys wants to do a belly-button?'. They look at each other and scratch their multi-pierced noses and joke that normally they'd be fighting over it, but seeing as it is practically closing time, they are both more keen to shoot off for a beer (turns out it's not an exclusively Australian custom after all). Eventually the guy with the pierced septum and a huge blue plastic ear-ring in each ear says that he'll do it and so he pulls on the latex gloves and brings me around behind counter. All of a sudden, I'm

in a dentist's surgery, with the chair, the sterilising machine humming away in the background, the stainless steel spit-tray with that plastic/paper sheet on it hanging off one chair arm covered with lots of little stainless steel instruments and paper cups of sterilising goo. I'm tempted to grab the guy's arm and beg for mercy, screaming 'I'll talk! I'll tell you everything you need to know! The rebels attack at dawn!' But I just sit down try to deal with the fact that my tongue and the roof of my mouth are stuck together.

'Don't worry,' says the guy with the goatee and three nose-rings who is still mopping the floor; 'It's just like getting a shot at the doctor.' This puts my mind somewhat at ease, considering the pin-cushion imitation I did at the doctor's before I left (some funny bastard told me that the US was a filthy place and I took it a little too literally). I feel like an old pro already, even though I still crawl under my seat when John Travolta shoots up in *Pulp Fiction*. Maybe it's something to do with the fact that the idea of Bill and Ted doing the piercing is a fairly relaxing concept.

I open my shirt and the piercer sets about iodining my belly-button. At this point, the guy has known me for all of one and a half minutes, but I don't think I've ever been called 'dude' so much in my entire life.

'Ok, like, stand up dude, we have to decide where the, like, middle of your belly-button is, ok dude?' I stand in front of a full-length mirror and he moves his texta millimetres to the left and right as he, myself and my partner in crime argue over the exact central point of the top of my belly-button dude. Eventually he makes a dot that must contain the centre in it somewhere and sits me down again dude. He takes a pair of tongs with a hole in the tip and wraps a rubber-band around the end to make them clamp tight around the fold of skin that makes the top of my belly-button dude. He then picks up a clear, sealed plastic bag and shows me the needle inside so I can see that it's new dude (it looks pretty darn thick dude). He then tears opens the bag and rests the tip of the needle in a blob of mustard-coloured goo. He places a tiny little cork into my belly-button, like a jewel for a bargain-basement belly-dancer. He picks up the needle with a gloved hand, grins with perfect teeth (just like on TV, everyone in America has perfect teeth) and says 'Ok dude, you ready?' 'Yep,' I say, in what probably isn't a very cool and relaxed voice. He leans over, makes sure the point is on the really big dot and pushes the needle as hard as he can through the fold of skin and into the little

cork. It's all over and it didn't hurt a bit. Except looking down and seeing a 1-inch metal spike laying through my belly-button's hood is a very weird experience. The piercer then threads my ring through my new orifice and bends it into place and I am a newly pierced man dude.

While the man with a blue hula-hoop in each ear explains to me how to clean this newly modified part of my anatomy, with appropriate 'dude's and hand gestures, I sit back down.

My brain converses with my body 'Was it really that easy? That painless?', my body replies 'Well, yeah. It pinched a bit, but I'm fine. By the way how're you doing?' 'Me? I'm just dandy,' says brain and that's when interesting things start happening. At first it feels like I've had one shot of vodka - light-headed, a bit of crooked smiling. Then like I'd felt a bit more macho and had three more shots in a row - getting woozy and worried about balance. Then all of a sudden it was like I had just remembered all the broken-hearts I'd ever had and downed about half the bottle. I have stripey vision, alternating with spots and crinkly patterns. I can still talk, but it takes about 20 seconds to answer as the piercer and my accomplice asks me if I was ok. 'Are you ok dude?' (count to 20) 'Mmmmmmyeh.' They give me a gumball for loss of sugar, they tell me to breathe deep breaths, they give me some alcohol to sniff and rub on the back of my neck, purely for entertainment value I'm sure. I sit there for god knows how long looking like a fourteen year old's first parents-aren't-at-home party: head between my knees, debating whether to keep my dinner or just put it on the floor to see how it was going with that whole 'digestion' thing. Bill and Ted eventually get bored and leave and the store owner, whose idea it was in the first place to put this lily-livered land-lubber into the high-seas of piercing in the first place, is obviously beginning to regret his decision and is probably wondering about liability for having someone faint on his property (or he could have just been thinking about beer). Eventually my sidekick fireman-lifts me out into the night, the roller-door grazing her heels as we leave and she flops me down like a sack of cooked potatoes on a handy piece of grass to meditate on the flashing pools of light before my eyes. The pools of light are pretty and call out to the contents of my stomach 'Come out! Come out and join us! Dance with us upon this footpath!' But fortunately for me, my lunch is happy where it is and the sober voice of reason eventually returns to my head and tells me to pull myself together and stop being such a baby because it's time to drive me, my buddy and my new ornament back to the hostel for tea.

Kidz talk

By Carla Caruso

One of the first things I did last holidays was clean out my cupboard. I always find something interesting when I do. Old diaries, my folded-up Linda electric blanket (I'll be needing that sometime soon - not!), and my deodorant (that's where I put it). I also uncovered a stack of old school magazines. I dusted off one from 1984, when I was in Year 1. What a cutie I was,



Boys are weak, chuck'em in the creek.
Grrls are strong like King Kong

what dimples ... um, anyway, I found the funniest thing inside I just had to share, if you can believe it. Little tackers had to write in to say what they thought a woman and man's role was (way back when bubble-gum jeans and smiley T-shirts were all the rage.)

Here's some of the boys' views on women and men, boys and girls...

- A woman has babies.
- Most women have long hair.
- Women prepare food all the time.
- A woman does all the house work.
- Women are nice. They do all the work for you.
- A man can drink beer.
- Men are real tough. I know it because when I get a smack it hurts!!
- A man has a job and gets most of the money.
- Boys can run fast.
- Boys are tough and don't cry. (Some do cry).
- Sometimes boys are rough.
- A boy does things like dropping things everywhere.
- A boy is nice sometimes when he is at a party.
- A girl will probably have a baby when she grows up.
- Most girls cover their work.
- Girls are dumb sookies and bring their barbie dolls to school.
- I don't like girls because they think they're smart.
- A girl does things like cleaning her room.

This is what the girls thought...

- A woman always does the washing.
- A woman likes men.
- A woman becomes a grandmother.
- A man is always at work.
- I think men are hairy.
- A man is a dad.
- A man has short hair and thinks he's tough.
- A man likes to lift weights.
- Boys play in mud.

- Boys skid on the ground.
- A boy plays football, soccer or cricket.
- Some boys are nice.
- Boys are faster than girls.
- Girls can do ballet if they want to.
- Girls are sweet and nice.
- A girl usually plays with dolls.
- Most of them are weaklings.

Can you believe it? I wonder what my male classmates grew up to be? Rapists, politicians, or pimps?

The piece got me thinking, and I thought it would be funny to devise what kids in the year 2000 (our next generation of leaders) would have to say now. Here's what I came up with...

- A woman does most of the work around the place, and works 9-5 too.
- Women like men. And, sometimes they like women too. Anything goes.
- A woman has a baby, and brings it up on a single income when a man discovers his midlife crisis, a young, blonde secretary, and a red Ferrari.
- Women are nice and sweet when they're planning your company's takeover.
- Women are hairy too, but they know how to use Nair.
- A man can drink beer, and burp the national anthem too.
- Men are real tough. Except when their mother rings.
- A man goes to work each day. And sometimes the Dole Office.
- Boys can run fast, until they hit 40, and then sit in front of the box, with a stubby, watching someone else do it.
- A boy is nice sometimes at a party because he's getting free drinks.
- Women have whatever haircut the girls on Friends are wearing (and not the shows men watch).
- Girls play with dolls, and make Barbie lose her virginity to Ken. I guess not much has changed. What do you think?

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Beerlines: October Delights

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

There are few people who profess even a passing interest in beer that have not heard of the famous Munich Oktoberfest. We know of this event as the world's most famous and longest running beer festival, yet it was conceived way back in 1810 to celebrate the betrothal of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, not specifically to celebrate beer. None the less the timing of the festival, which actually begins on a Saturday in mid to late September and ends sixteen days later on the first Sunday in October, is intimately tied to the seasonality of beer making dating back to the days when refrigeration was unknown. Still taking pride of place at the Oktoberfest is a style of beer virtually unknown down under, the *Marzenbier*. Loosely translated this means 'March beer', and derives its name from the days when in this region of the globe, March was the last month in which brewing was possible. After this, the ensuing warm weather brought about a proliferation of the wild yeasts which would quickly infect the brew, producing objectionable off flavours and spoiling the beer. Marzenbier was the beer brewed in

large quantities (and usually at high gravity) in order to undergo a slow secondary fermentation during storage deep in the Alpine caves, thus helping to protect it from the action of the infecting wild yeasts. At summer's end of course, it's only natural that any remaining stocks of Marzenbier should be ceremonially consumed. Thus many country style fairs are staged throughout Germany around this time to perform that very necessary function.

The traditional Marzenbier is a bottom-fermented lager which is medium strong in alcohol (over 5%) and very malty, particularly on the aroma. It has an amber-red hue (generally around 30 colour units) which is taken from the Vienna-type malt used in the brew.

In Australia we seldom see beers of this colour but to give you an idea its somewhere between a Eagle Blue and Southwark Black, yet with a distinctly reddish (not brown) tint. The unique nature of the Vienna malt also infers an interesting sweet spiciness to the beer. This type of malt originated in Austria and came from a local interpretation of the pale malts used to produce the coppery coloured English pale ales. The Austrian



With one more beer, I reckon I could fly to the Oktoberfest ...

Vienna lagers are an interesting drop in their own right, were first introduced in 1841 and led to imitations in many countries around the world.

Marzenbier, popular though it is at this time of year in Germany by no means dominates the Oktoberfest. All the big Munich brewers take part and there are many other styles available including the very popular summer wheat beers.

Oktoberfest is an event that no

beer-lover should miss seeing at least once, but with over five million people in attendance, it is not the place for a quiet beer. Nevertheless you can always find a good reason for embarking on a journey to Germany if you try hard enough.

Quaffing down stein after heavy stein of beer is a great way to build up those biceps, and certainly preferable to a 6 am start in your local gym.

Trust me.

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COCKTAIL BAR

FOR THE BEST OF 80'S

ALTERNATIVE

& DANCE

SATURDAY NITES

STIX 1/123 GOUGER ST ADELAIDE

University Statistics for girls

Brain

Released bimbo hormones 220 times (minimum)
80 times due to champagne
60 times due to midori cocktails
100 times due to illegal substances that were obtained from the person you were desperately trying to impress
220 times in trying to attract someone you want to sleep with
Absorbed 40% of total lecture and tutorial content -
5% of this content will be useful after graduating
Thought about sex 25,670 times (Yesterday) -
17,680 of times in lectures or tutorials
123,789 of times on public transport
(even more if you're sitting over the back wheels)

Hair

Dyed 6.3 different colours and cut 4 different styles
187 new hair colours/styles were because you broke up with someone and needed a boost:
arranged with 15 different hair accessories due to *Cleo, Cosmo, etc* -
62% of which will be infantile plastic butterflies or daisies
50% of which will have glitter in them
182 of these hairstyles will look stupid when you look back at 21st photos, or any photos taken at that time.

Eyes

Given a black eye by a lesbian once
Looked at trash teeve 2,188,457,678 times -
86.3% of the time to avoid studying
Perved on 700 men
Perved on 700 women (reverse figures if gay)

Mouth

Snogged 5,005 times -
Snogged a Liberal once
2,480 of those snogs were regretted without the beer-goggles
1,910 of snogs already had a girlfriend/boyfriend
47 of said snogs happened on the one night
Given oral sex 501 times -
Swallowed 52 times
Swore 30,210 times (Not necessarily whilst giving oral sex, although not necessarily not)
Lied 272,103 times (More than likely whilst having someone going down on you)

Breasts

Groped 1767 times -
28 times by a complete stranger
Licked 2567 times
52% of female students go braless for a while for politics
92% of them can't remember what those reasons were
36% of female students turn Lesbian Until Graduation (LUGS)
100% of LUGS are married with ten kids and voting Liberal less than ten years after graduation.

Heart

Broken 1762 times by the end of first year
Cold as a witches tit by the end of first year due to the aforementioned statistic
Mistook lust for love 1762 times

Arse

Grabbed by stranger in pub/club trying to be witty and clever 145 times -
stranger neither witty nor clever 100% of the time
Spanked 12.8 times
Sat on couch in front of teeve 22,489,067 times -
the programme watched was genuinely good television 7% of the time
Had at least 27 photos taken of it and published on the Net by graduation
Had some drunk fool mistake it for a different orifice 12 times

Cunt

(we're empowered you know)

Penetrated 300 times -
150 times quite well
90 times shockingly badly
60 times so fucking good you shook all over
Engaged in act of self-love 832 times -
Caught by parents/housemates/sisters/grandma 3.5 times
5.3 times of somebody trying to put his/her whole hand in there without warning
Partner couldn't find the man in the boat 15.67% of times
Partner could find the man in the boat, but didn't know what to do with it 111.8% of the time of times found

Feet

Put into one-wear disposable strappy sandals 45 times -
resultant blisters bled 45% of times
couldn't walk properly for many days after initial wearing 55% of times
Had a massage that resulted in mad passionate lovemaking for the rest of the night 153 times
Walked to the servo at 3 in the morning 14 times to buy porn with boy/girlfriend.

Face it, at University you start off a number and end up being another statistic, proving to the funding Gods that University should continue.

We all know the boring stats; engies have 35 contact hours a day and 4 pairs of long white walk socks, Arts students always have 89 essays on coalmine canary literature due last Monday, Law students have 9,863 mobile calls to make (usually during lectures), while Med students have only a few more years to go before they can go start killing off the elderly, Science students have just another 13 Monty Python sketches to remember and Economics and Commerce students have that boring accountancy shit to stay awake through. Here are the statistics that really make the campus go round.

Random Party Injuries are fun

By Kate

Well, here we are at the end of yet another string of 364 consecutive disappointments. For the last edition of *On Dit* this year, I thought I might finish off with a ball-tearer of a story that sets the mood for all the summer shenanigans that seem to accompany the increase in temperature and the inevitable inability to sleep at night. As usual, this story starts out innocently enough with myself and a few good mates having a few drinks. In fact, this was one of those rare night of nights of student life than involves a tab at the bar. That is, free booze. On these nights you fuck off the usual beer diet, and start drinking the spirits and cocktails that you could never

afford if you had to pay for them yourself. For the uninitiated, this means that you end up streaking the local convent with your pubic hair on fire a lot earlier in the night than you usually would. It also involves a different kind of drunkenness, a drunkenness that starts from the pit of your stomach and sets up some sort of force field around your body that makes you invincible. Of course beer does that too, but it also leaves you with that bloated feeling, and that God awful after-taste when the dehydration kicks in. With spirits and the like, you

don't have the awful mouth feeling like a dry turd due to the mixture of beer, durries and dehydration. More importantly, you aren't slowed down by the bloating that inevitably follows an evening of drinking pints of carbonated liquid. That makes you a very dangerous individual indeed, somewhat of a rebel without a clue. After several hours of steady drinking, a few of us acquired a crate of liquor and made our way back to a friends house to finish the night in the manner in which it began, minus the sobriety.

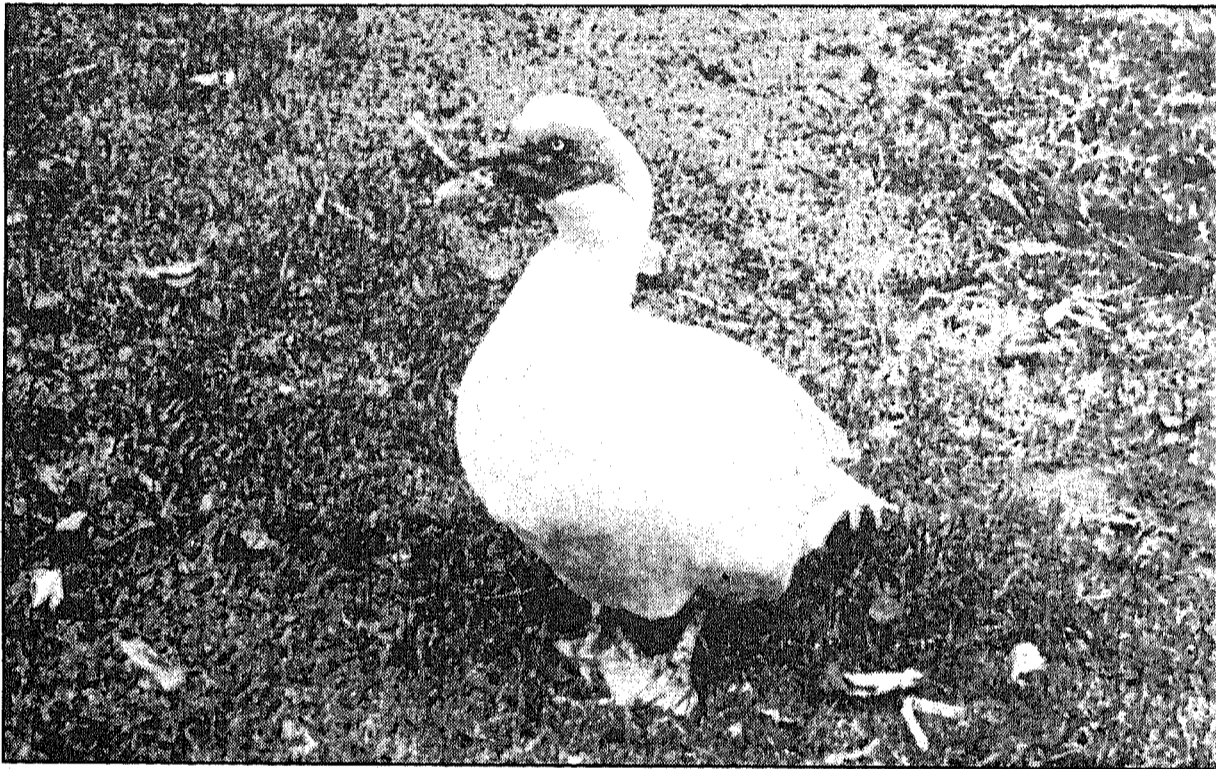
At this stage, I was well and truly on a roll, and the liquor was still going down smoothly, two things that led to me snaffling a bottle of schnapps and bugging off outside to drink myself to oblivion. Having polished that off, I hit the exceedingly dodgy Coyote tequila, about two thirds of the bottle, then proceeded to tackle the chocolate liqueur, simply because I could, it

was there. One of the folk there started to wax lyrical about the wonder that is *woman* and the power they have over those of us who love them. This of course led to a very loud and pathetic denouncement of all women as they 'use you up and spit you out' (a direct quote), soon followed by a pact to become 'of the Cloth'. So I'm on the floor at this stage, propping up the wall and clenching my bottle of liqueur as though my salvation depended on it, when one of my aforementioned friends decided to stand over me and tell me that I'm a disgrace to lesbians everywhere, laying at his feet like I was. So I did what any self-respecting lesbian feminist

ear was the straw that broke the camel's back and he just snapped, howled 'Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war dyke!' and then it was on for all and sundry. Now we had procured an unusually large number of unusually large fruit platters which also contained many a bowl of dip, and this is the point at which the night got very messy. Rather than do the sensible thing and just roll around throwing food at each other, we all seemed to get a second wind, and leapt up tearing up and down the house, screaming like banshees, splitting up into teams, or armies if you like, replete with commanders and even snipers. The snipers hid around corners and on top of furniture and

kept running. After all was said and done, she had one hell of a shiner. I became like those rumoured Vietnam vets that are apparently still wandering around the jungle in Vietnam, completely unaware that the war is over. Everyone else shook hands and wandered back into the lounge room. I on the other hand, continued to leap about the house not unlike an arcade game character for some time after that, convinced that I could take the whole lot of them out in one hit, if only I could find a banana big enough. In the end, I couldn't so I made my way back into the crowd just in time to meet 'Ryan the gay neighbour from Canada', that's actually how he introduced himself to me. He kept calling me his sister in this 'fucked heteronormative world', and said that I was letting down the team because I was hanging out with a bunch of straight folk, most of whom were men. I said I don't care what gender they were or who they fuck, they're my friends. He said that 'People like us have to stick together'. I said I'd rather hang out with them than at the Mars Bar any night of the week. He then started raving queer theory in my face and engaging me in an argument about political lesbianism and separatism, both of which I'm well versed

in, and the later with which I am strongly opposed to. He said I was a bad dyke and asked me if I even cared about my brothers and sisters who were dying due to people like my friends (ie heterosexual men). Brainsnap. Up until this point, no one was paying any attention to our argument, but they all paid very close attention to me when they heard him say this and saw the look in my eye (I can't be sure, but I think a few of them hid behind large heavy objects). I took a short run up and then launched myself at his head with every ounce of riotous indignation I ever had. Fine in theory, but due to the fact that my arse is so close to the ground and he was seven foot tall, I fell short, missed him entirely, hit the wall pretty hard, and subsequently hit the ground like a led zeppelin. I managed to get well and truly tangled up in the bike that was lying in the hallway, which slowed me down enough so that I could be



I'm after this fucker as well.

would do given the circumstances and the close proximity of his genitals to my person, I smashed his patriarchy, subverted his dominant paradigm, I punched him in the goolies. Not a nice thing to do to a mate I know, especially considering that he had to sit in a car for two days on a road trip to NSW 48 hours after the incident. The strange thing was that a matter of minutes later after I had attacked the bottle again (I know all the answers are in there somewhere, I just have to find the right bottle), I had absolutely no recollection of the incident at all. I guess memory is quite subjective though, because he's still whinging about it. As you do.

Shortly after, the unintelligibly drunk PhD English student was still waxing lyrical about women and I decided I'd had enough so I told him to cool down whilst pouring a large bowl of dip on his head and mashing an assortment of melon into his face. I think the rockmelon in the

picked off the poor unsuspecting sods the second they came into their line of fire with some loud yelling and banana. I had spotted our esteemed Film Sub-editor Jayne, down the end of the hallway and made a headlong dash for her with the last remaining full platter. Fully expecting her to hear 70 kilos of blithering idiot coming up behind her at a great rate of knots, I thought she'd make an evasive move, and knowing that she'd be a darn site quicker than I was, decided to launch the entire platter at her. Jayne didn't make an evasive move, she did turn around though, just in time to see the platter and two bowls of seafood dip heading her way. That was the last thing she saw out of her right eye for a while as the platter arced down (damn projectile motion) and the edge caught her square in the face. Eyewitness reports say that her eye even bled for a while, though I wouldn't have a clue because I just

Random Party Injuries are fun

By Kate

calmed down.

The rest of the night was fairly uneventful due to the damage I had sustained in the attack on Ryan the gay guy from Canada, although it only slowed me down, it certainly didn't stop me.

I awoke the next morning on the couch with a strange sensation on my face. You see the dip on my face had hardened, resulting in my left eye being open whilst I slept, and my right eye being sealed shut. I couldn't make out what I saw immediately, but it didn't take me long to realise that the cat was sitting on my chest and thoroughly enjoying the seafood dip in my eyes. Rather an odd sensation to wake up to a cat licking your eyeball let me tell you, particularly if you wake up still drunk, and you are unable to open your other eye.

After getting over that little panic attack, I went headlong into another one when I realised that I had to get to my cousins wedding 20kms outside of Murray Bridge in half-an-hour. Although my knee was hurting pretty bad, I didn't think anything of it until I leapt up in a panic and it went

straight out from under me, leaving me in a writhing sea of pain on the floor, much to the amusement of my friend who had just wandered into the room. Upon regaining the power of speech, albeit very profane speech I explained my predicament, he lined up a car, fucking good bloke that he is, and we headed off to the wedding as fast as the forces of nature would allow us, stopping

There's a lovely photo of my four-month-old cousin throwing up on my face contributing to the waterfall of drool from my mouth to the floor. I didn't even stir.

only at a friend's house to grab some heavy duty painkillers. Bearing in mind that I had only stopped drinking a few hours earlier and was still quite drunk, painkillers was not a good idea. I got to the wedding, which was being held on my aunt's property, in one piece, albeit a piece with absolutely no concept of reality, and made my way up to the house. Now there were three steps I had to get up at the back of the house,

surrounded by the chicken coop. I made my way up the first two OK, very, very slowly but the third presented a problem. I managed to get most of my body over the step just as my knee collapsed again. Due to the fact that I was already delirious, the shift in equilibrium was more than I could handle and I crashed through the railing straight into the chicken coop and onto a poor unfortunate chicken, breaking

her neck. She has posthumously been named Chicken Little. Very tasty according to my depraved aunt who wouldn't allow a proper burial, a fact that contributed considerably to my belief that I would be eternally damned for killing an innocent chook. She must've looked up before I landed on her because in addition to massive bruising on my back, there were a few deep abrasions that have been put down to her beak. I spent the

entire ceremony high as a kite and crying for the lost soul of the chicken, although halfway through they stopped the ceremony and I was asked to stand downwind because I was covered in chook shit and no one could stand the smell. At that point I think I was crying for my lost dignity.

Afterwards, I had a Pale Ale, then promptly passed out cold. There's a lovely photo of my four-month-old cousin throwing up on my face contributing to the waterfall of drool from my mouth to the floor. I didn't even stir.

My family are still laughing about it. At the end of the day, I had three hairline stress fractures, torn cartilage, a torn cruciate, and several sprains of the surrounding ligaments and tendons of my left knee.

After extensive physio and ridiculous numbers of cortisone injections I have to have surgery.

It was three weeks ago.

I came off the crutches today.

I still can't eat chicken.

It was worth it though.

Fuck I had a hell of a good night.

Or at least that's what they told me afterwards, anyway.

UniBar

Upcoming Events

**No fun at all
Sunday Nov 5
all ages**

**Pennywise
Friday Nov 17
Tickets @ VenueTix**

...the only place to meet on campus...

An Op Shop Odyssey

By Helen

How many op shops can you visit on the one day, with only public transport at your disposal? Quite a few, it seems. If you want to buy some cheap gear, or just have a browse and meet some nice parish ladies, follow us on this glorious Op Shop Odyssey, stretching from sunny Daw Park to scenic Felixstow ...

Step 1: From the city, catch a Goodwood Rd Bus from Stop C2 on King William St, as far as:

Absolutely Fabulous

514 Goodwood Rd, Daw Park

Mon - Fri 9.30-5, Sat 9.30-4

Absolutely Fabulous stocks both new and recycled stuff, but without the pretensions of many 'recycle boutiques.' The decor is quite flash and the stock tends towards the new and upmarket, but the staff are friendly and the prices aren't ridiculous. Stock ranges from nice but conventional mum-wear to young-and-smart work clothes and out-on-the-town wear, with the odd spark of op-shop-style character. There is also an extensive range of bridal clothing, some formal wear, a decent 16+ section, and bags and shoes.

Price Range: Most stock \$10 - \$35

Best Buys: A pair of well-cut navy linen shorts for \$10, and a little black halter dress for \$30.

Step 2: Walk or bus it back towards:

The Julia Farr Thrift Shop

448 Goodwood Rd

Mon - Fri, 10-4, Sat 10-12

Most of the clothes in stock are of the older lady/older gent variety; there are also stuffed toys of yesteryear, handbags, shoes, a few books, and some homewares. There is only a small range and the stuff is mostly fairly unappealing, making this a shopping stop only for very keen.

Stop By

318 Goodwood Rd, Clarence Park

Tues - Fri 9.30-3.30

There is men's and women's clothing in stock, including shoes and handbags. There is also quite a bit of practical stuff, like sheets and bedspreads. This is a very unfrivolous shop, run through the church it is a part of, with the emphasis very much on good useful clothes and other items. There isn't much here for Hip Young Thing, except perhaps some of the men's shirts.

Price Range: You pay by donation - so whatever you think appropriate.

Best Buy: A really nice soft, blue flanny shirt, which was in a 50c bin.

Salvation Army Family Store

307 Goodwood Rd

Mon - Fri 9-5, Saturday 9-4

This is a huge barn of a place, with separate rooms for furniture and homewares, men's and women's clothing, kids clothing, and books. The range of women's clothes is huge, the men's large.

Price Range: 50c - \$70

Best Buy: A three-piece bedroom set (one dressing table and two bedside tables) all in a nice golden pine, needing only a few mends.

Clarence Park Bazaar

306 Goodwood Rd, Clarence Park

Tues - Fri 11-5, Sat 1-5

This store is definitely one for the Hip Young Things, with the focus being very much on retro fashion - funky stuff from the fifties, marvellously ugly stuff from the sixties and seventies, and fashionable contemporary stuff that probably came from Dotti earlier this year. There is quite a good range of leather jackets, and some great deco stuff. It's not exactly bargain land, but the prices are reasonable and the stock looks promising.

Price Range: \$10 - \$70

Best Buy: A pair of heeled, calf-length leather boots for \$40.

Bargain Bin

145 Goodwood Rd

Mon - Fri 9.30-3.30, Sat 10-4

In stock are knick knacks, clothes, shoes, books and homewares. There isn't much, but there's some promise here and it may well be worth a look.

Price Range: \$1-\$40

Best Buy: An amethyst-coloured glass vase for \$2.

Step 3: Hop on a 210, 216, 217 or 218 from Goodwood Road and get off at Whitmore Square for:

Salvation Army Family Store

422 Morphett St, Adelaide

Mon - Fri 9-5, Sat 10-4

This is a quite large and popular Salvos, with a good range of men's and women's clothes, as well as kids' wear, shoes, homewares and books.

Price Range: \$1-\$60

Best Buy: An as-new penguin edition of EM Forster's *Passage to India* for \$3 and a retro desk light for \$8.

Vinnies Retro

301 Morphett St, Adelaide

Mon - Fri 9-5, Sat 10-4

This is a St Vinnies shop which concentrates on the kind of retro gear that appeals to the yooof of today. There are some nice men's jackets, leather jackets and formal wear, but not at the kind of cheap prices you'd find at a normal St Vinnies.

Price Range: \$1-\$60

Best Buy: An unusual sterling silver hand-crafted ring for \$5.

Step 4: Walk or bus it to Gouger Street and visit:

Central Market Dress Ups

59 Gouger St, Adelaide

Regular business hours

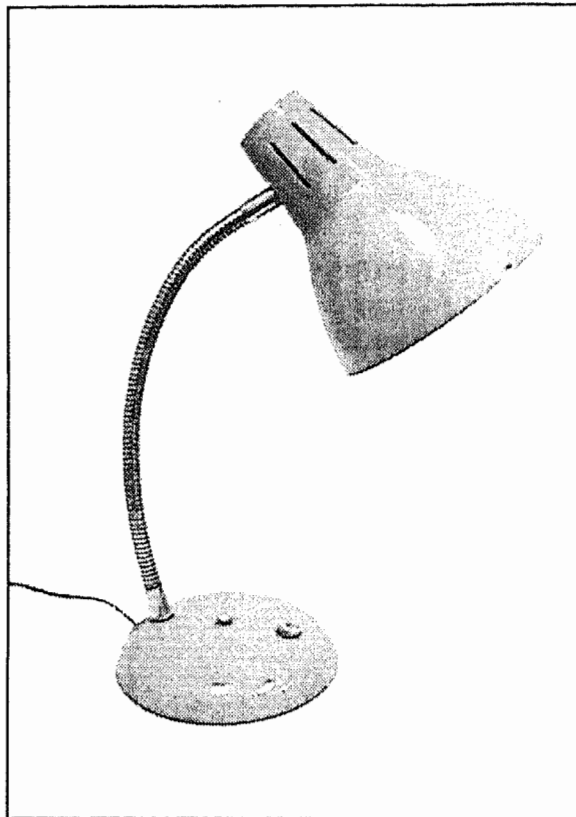
Billed as a 'vintage clothing' store, this is another one for the Hip Young Things. It has a large range of jackets, including leather jackets, and a lot of chinese-fabric dresses, jackets

and skirts. There is some very groovy stuff but not that many great bargains.

Price Range: \$10-\$120

Best Buy: A peach-coloured silk jacket with floral embroidery for \$14.

Step 5: Make your way to Victoria Square to catch a 17-something bus as far as stop 17 on Payneham Rd and head up towards:



'Fuck I was cheap.'

St Vincent De Paul

449a Payneham Rd, Felixstow

Mon - Fri 10-4, Sat 10-1

Stocks children's, adult and maternity wear, including some quite new stuff. The ladies' wear is mostly fairly boring, but the formal section may be worth a look, particularly if you're wanting something that smells like yesteryear (metaphorically speaking). In terms of menswear, there are some nice suits and shirts. also in stock are some accessories (ties, scarves, belts), household wares, some books (including cookbooks) and plush toys.

Price Range: 20c - \$2

Best Buy: A large white plush teddy bear in good condition for \$6, and a brown men's tailored suit for \$12.

Step 6: Catch a Payneham Rd bus back to the Marden Shopping Centre and Visit

St Peters Rotary Club Shop

At the back of the shopping centre

Wed - Fri 10-3, Sat 9-1

The Rotary Club Shop doesn't stock clothes (although it does have handbags and jewellery) but it's great for cheap homewares, including the odd bit of furniture. Crochery, curtains and vases etc abound, and there's some pretty nice stuff (at very good prices). There are also quite a few good books, whether of the popular fiction, classic, or textbook variety - and the prices are better than you'll find at any second hand bookshop. I have seen quite a few books here

from Arts subject reading lists on sale for a couple of dollars.

Price Range: \$1-10

Blind Welfare Shop

Next door to the Rotary Shop

The Blind Welfare Shop in Marden has quite a wide range of clothes, from children's wear to adult and maternity wear, as well as some shoes and accessories, and the odd bit of jewellery. There is also a small range of household goods and some books, which are worth giving a glance over. If you're hunting about for clothes, the racks here are worth a look: the odds are good that you'll find something you like in amongst the nylon frocks - and of course, if you're looking for a nylon frock, you're in luck.

Price Range: Mostly from \$1-\$8

Best Buy: A large glass fruit punch bowl, with a potentially funky (or just really bad-taste) raised fruit pattern on the outside, eight matching glasses and a ladle for \$8.

Step 7: Hop back on a Payneham Rd bus, heading towards the city, and get off at:

Lutheran Care and Clothing

2/236 Payneham Rd

Mon - Fri 9.45-2.45

The prices are cheap and the racks of clothes and collections of accessories and homewares show a certain tacky promise for the committed bargain hunter.

Step 8: Walk or bus onwards to:

Westcare Thrift Shop

129 Payneham Rd

Variable hours

I like to call this The Place of Perpetual Sale, because it always seems to be having one, making its already-low prices even more encouraging. And those \$1 days - they can last for weeks at a time! It's a small shop and the ladies' wear selection is largely outdated, but it's still possible to find the odd treasure, and the prices are very low. Homewares, and fluffy toys are also stocked, and the small collection of books is always worth a look. Last time I visited I saw Roget's *Thesaurus* for 50c and *The Australian Wines Compendium* for \$1.

Price Range: 10c - \$20

Best Buys: A very nice three-piece men's suit for \$20, and an olive-green stetson for \$3.50.

This is where the trek ends - from here you can catch a 17-something back into town.

If you're keen to see more, other areas worth checking out are Unley Road and Prospect Road, the Norwood Parade (especially the Orange Lane Markets, which are just off the Parade), and Melbourne Street in North Adelaide.

Everyone loves a letter

Letter of the Week

Dear Editors,

My student number starts with '90' – the only relevance of which to you is that I have now seen over a decade of *On Dits* with my own eyes. I have left submitting this letter until the last edition so that I cannot be accused of trying to gain from it, and also because I like having the last word.

At least the first half of the 90s was characterised by newspapers that read like a giant in-joke. Articles and editorial were largely inaccessible to non-members of the clique that hung out in the south-west corner of the cloisters, and later, of course, in the dungeon adjacent to the male toilets.

Volume 68 of *On Dit* has proven to be consistently intelligent and accessible. Readers and contributors alike have benefited from an editorial team that has concentrated on producing a quality newspaper at the expense of simply entertaining their friends (or, worse, themselves). A clear dissociation from Students' Association and Union politics was maintained throughout the year. Exclusive sympathy for specific ideologies was avoided. Editorial opinion was religiously flagged as separate from opinions of contributors – an observation regularly overlooked by some zealous contributors to this very Letters page.

The *On Dit* Office, though aesthetically unappealing, maintained an atmosphere welcoming to new writers. The Editors and Sub-editors were approachable and helpful throughout the year.

I'm not getting a carton of beer for this. And although I choose to be pseudonymous, I'm not one of the Editors blowing my own trumpet. Volume 68 was a fine volume.

Clinton Pose

Letter of the Week 2

Dear On Ditters,

I write this with a very heavy heart as I realise that there will be no more *On Dit* in 2000. Having seen seven years of student newspapers come and go during my illustrious university career, I want to congratulate the current editorial team on what has been a conststently high quality publication. From the O-week edition onwards, I have gone out of my way (OK, OK, the chicken shop on Hutt St) to procure a copy each week. Unlike previous years, *On Dit* has

been informative, interesting and extremely funny. And apart from references to the Blacks and the kittens, refreshingly free from the petty university in-crowd cliqueness inherent in past years. Well done chaps.

AJ
Med VI

Letter of the Week 3

Dear *On Dit* (Dale, Eva and Darien),

As this is the last edition of *On Dit* 2000, may I commend you on your work this year and the quality of the student paper at AU.

Good luck with future pursuits and I am sure that if you approach them in the same manner as the editorship this year, you will be fine. Regards,

Phil Harrison

Nancy's last hurrah

Hello all!! Hope you did extremely well this past year. Well, I may not get a chance to write again to *On Dit*, so I reckon I better get a quick word in now.

I've loved being at Adelaide Uni, and really enjoyed all the people I've met: staff in the faculties and those in the Union, Clubs Association and PGSA, and the students - even the student politicians. But I've hated seeing so many people leave the catering department, being replaced with casual labour. Many of those who worked in catering had been there for 10 or more years, serving students' needs, despite what appeared to be bad management practices and blame being placed firmly upon their shoulders (the employees). In the name of economic rationalism, our Union terminated catering staff, charged higher prices and employed more upper management (one presumes paying them more than the average employee costs). I reckon some loyalty to employees is more than needed in this Union, because economic rationalism may pay now, but without an ongoing organisational 'culture' the business will eventually pay by gaining a poor reputation amongst prospective employees. I have heard many current employees express concerns about the Union's loyalty and ability to remove one's livelihood without so much as a warning - what a shame - not even a chance to say goodbye.

Regarding student politicians, like all people, there are good, dedicated

ones such as Kim Taylor, Steve Mullighan, Tanisha Hewanpola (Union Board Pres next year) and Adam Langman - they deserved their positions. But there are others - who know who they are - that got what they didn't deserve. Well, such is life.

To the Editors of *On Dit*, you were the best, it's a shame you've been replaced - but at least I had the pleasure of your company for a whole enjoyable year.

Finally, LUNATIKIT enjoyed being there. We loved all your support. We appreciated those who voted for us, because you always made a difference, as you probably will throughout life.

Nancy White

Ross says 'fuck', again

Mr Eds,

As the end of the near, nay my life as a music student on campus, draws to a close, I figured it was time to finally write a letter. I've done this on four separate occasions in my 4 years at University. Back in 1997 along with co-conspirator *OnDit* published one of our letters simply entitled 'Fuck' due to the gratuitous use of this word, plus a second one a week or so later entitled 'Pissed UniBar Drunkard.' The new editorship in 1998 refused to print our other letters, possibly because they called for pokies, strippers and smoke machines in the UniBar.

I promise this letter will contain none of these things. Although I may say fuck again. It's hard to tell. Firsty a big congrats to Dale, Eva and Darien. *OnDit* 2000 has generally been a joy to read. It has come under much criticism for being too politically biased, too wordy and not funny enough. To these criticisors, if I can call you that, particularly because I don't think the work exists, I say 'POOH POOH.' In the words of a poet 'If a uni student can't read a 500 word article, then he don't belong at university.' I thought the demise of FlyGuy and all that he stood for, ie inane ramblings printed in a univarsity media, would be the demise of *OnDit*, and for a time I could feel it cough and splutter like a small rabid cocker spaniel with emphysima. It seems you gave the spaniel some cough syrup and brought it back to life. You little animal lovers you. Of the four years' of publication, I think this years has come up to par with 1997, previously my favourite year of *OnDit*, although that was due mainly due the verbal

sparrings of Felix Riley, the Arts Crusader, and Alan Anderson, The Enemy.

And if Dale is an neo-conservative ultra reactionary fascist, then I'm a small pregnant hedgehog that its masters have mistakenly called Gerald.

The main reason for this letter though is to notify all you layabouts about something that happens every year during exam week. This is the barrage of 3rd year music student recitals. Basically, to finish a B.Mus degree you have to do a 50 minute performance of solo literature. 3rd years like myself have been spending much of the year working towards this event, which is worth 80% of the final mark for Performance, the most important subject in a music student's curriculum.

Now, between the 6th and 16th of November, these long awaited recitals finally take place. They are open to the public, and the more public support a player gets, the better it feels at the end of it. They occur in three venues, every night, between 6 and 10. There are generally 2, if not 3, performances each night. In ELDER HALL the woodwind, string, and brass players will perform, whilst in HARTLEY CONCERT ROOM, on the Kintore Avenue side of the Scott Theatre complex, the voice and guitar recitals occur. In SCOTT THEATRE you can see our exceptional Jazz players perform, as well as the TV star talents of the percussion department.

Each night during exams you can visit at least 3 and up to 10 different recitals. You can simply drift into one of the venues, or check the windows out side the Con for ones that interest you. Inside the Con is also a notice board with a list of all of the recitals, if you have a friend who is doing a performance.

So if you can pull yourself away from the study, support the music students.

(as a quick plug my own Saxophone recital, entitled 'The Sprouts of Navarone', will be at 9pm in Elder Hall on Thursday 16th November.) Enjoy the exams peoples. salu

Ross A Chapman

'Fuck' - told you I'd say it again.

Dale's still a fascist

I'd like to highlight some of the flaws in Dale F. Adamant's 'What pissed me off this week'.

Although acknowledging the environmental destruction and human suffering caused by corpo-

Everyone loves a letter

rate tyranny, Dale castigates s11 for construing globalisation as 'an 'other' for everyone to kick against'. Yet, the article supports the mainstream media's depiction of s11 protestors as 'other'. He is quick to cast us as 'a bunch of thugs' into 'really poor street theatre' as he repetitively points out. Sounds like an assignment of deviancy and a privileging of high culture to me. Had Dale bothered to check the facts, he would have found that the several hundred Adelaide people who traveled to Melbourne for the protest were a diverse group that included few 'thugs' but many seniors, teachers, students, unionists, peace and Green activists. All are concerned citizens who, unlike Dale, are prepared to get off their butts and 'kick against' economic globalisation through nonviolent direct action. We will not be reduced to begging; something that Dale seems interested in. His opinion that mass protest is pointless and past its time is challenged by the recent success in Seattle. s11 may represent simply a traffic jam to Dale and some members of the public but to others it is seen as a means of building links between groups, sharing information and raising public awareness. In this way, the multi-lateral agreement on investment (MAI) was blocked.

'What pissed me off this week' was Dale's article. It told me what he thinks won't work but not what will. How will so-called 'rational debate' occur? More importantly, when will it be acted on?

Sue

He probably votes Liberal, too

Dear Dale, Eva, and Darien,

I wish to join the rapidly growing throngs of 'thugs' wearing 'designer clothes' who take offence at Dale's comments in *On Dit* dated the 9th of October.

It is sad that Mr Adams reads mainstream Murdoch-controlled newspapers and believes what they say. It is sad that aforementioned newspapers were so biased and sensational. It is sad that Mr Adams couldn't make more of an effort to research his article 'What pissed me off this week' any further than the first page of the S11 website, especially, as there were several weeks without the publication of *On Dit* to worry about beforehand. What pissed me off was that Mr Adams seemed to agree with the protestors in his article. He seemed to know the evils of multinationals and which ones were particularly

nasty, and he seemed to sympathise with the protestors.

But insinuating that the protestors were there because they were jealous of the rich is just absurd. They were there for all sorts of reasons - anti-nuclear, pro-environment, anti-mining, pro-union, pro-human rights, anti-globalisation, pro-human need, to name a few - but to my knowledge there was no-one there who was there because they were jealous that the corporate bastards had had these exploitative ideas before they had. Perhaps, Mr Adams, as someone who confesses that they are jealous of the rich and suggests that other people were there for the same reason, perhaps you could have joined the protests yourself. No-one was excluded from participation in the protests.

By all means be controversial, Dale, but please get your facts straight. This is, after all, a student newspaper.

Zane Young
Environment Officer

P.S. Admittedly though, I loved Dale's column last week. Finally, someone said it!

Another letter from Zane

This is the last time I'll be writing *On Dit*, because it's the last issue. I'll miss you guys! I wanted to end my reign of the SAUA Environment Dept with something really inspirational - but read on anyway... I've learnt so much stuff from being involved in the SAUA - from how to work a ten-year-old Mac to dealing with photocopiers, fax machines, PAs, people who disagree with me, meeting procedure, conflict resolution, finance, sexual harassment resolution, and a whole lot more. These are things that I never would have encountered if I hadn't got involved. I have led a huge rally through the city, chaired debates, hung a banner on Parliament House at 5am, and spoken at national events. The experience the SAUA brings you is unbelievable. You really can make a difference. It's not always easy - sometimes your obstacles are whatever you least expect, and seem insurmountable - but there are always little things that make it worthwhile - whether someone writes something nice about you in *On Dit*, a campaign that seems impossible becomes a raging success, or a seemingly evil politician turns around and does what you're asking. The feeling that you have made a difference is incredible.

Please consider getting involved in student life at Uni - whether it's with a club or collective (maybe think about forming one!), going for a position in the SAUA like an Orientation helper or one of the paid positions that crop up all year round, going to a Maths Society barbecue or becoming a volunteer in the Anthropology Reading Room. It has enriched my life incredibly, and, although it's not always smooth sailing, the feelings, the experience, and the memories will last forever. Think about getting involved in a SAUA department - they are Orientation, Environment, Sexuality, Education, Activities, Women's, and Council (the decision-making body) - ring the SAUA, talk to the Office Bearer, go to a meeting, and you too can be involved!

Your Students' Association needs you - after all, we're all students. Don't let Uni just be about getting your degree.

(Sorry about all the clichés, but it's not my fault they're overused. I'm not normally this mushy either.)

Zane Young
Environment Officer

It's raining men

I celebrated Women in Education Week by studying, in the library, to the sweet, sweet strains of 'It's raining men, hallelujah/It's raining men, hallelujah' drifting in from the lawns in what I presumed was part of the celebrations of the week. How appropriate. It really highlighted the many gains women have made. How well thought out a track. I know *I'm* only here to find a husband.

Nice one.

Dante Beer

Everyone hates a politician

To the elected student representatives,

As this will in all probability be my last opportunity to address you, I would like to let you know that I feel that the University has reached a new low for student services. Having studied continually at the North Tce. campus for 8 years, I have seen multiple attempts to 'enhance' the lives of the students, some successful, most at best a complete waste of money. However never before have I witnessed so many complete disasters in a single year.

The changes that have been made to the catering in particular sum up the poor management of our union

by our representatives. Were we as a student body given any choice to become part of the 'new generation'? Or in the demise of the upper refec. as both a source of cheap good food without line ups of up to 30 minutes? The Mayo has undergone 2 or 3 face lifts this year, and damn me if it's not back to the way it was before we started wasting money on all the new 'improvements'. And so much for the excuses that were given concerning health regulations, as the sandwich bar is back again, and as far as I know the health req's haven't been that radically altered in the last 3 months.

As our representatives, we look to you to make decisions the way that WE would want them made, and believe it or not, your contact with the miserable student population that you hassled for a week last year doesn't end when the votes are counted. If you want the perks of a nifty CV entry and possibly a paid union position, it's about time you got off your collective arses and started asking the students what THEY want, and not just going with the 'easiest, cheapest' option. In closing, I really don't care whether this letter makes any difference, as I will be out of here at the start of next year, and couldn't give a shit anymore, but to all the students who will still be here: YOU pay the highest union fees in the state: YOU have possibly the worst student facilities in the state because they keep getting reduced: YOU do have a say, YOU can make a difference - hunt down your student rep's (start with the ones photographed in *On Dit*) and hassel them for the other 23 weeks that you are on campus. When our student politicians realise that they are accountable to the people who voted them in, maybe they will start to make decisions that are actually what the student body wants.

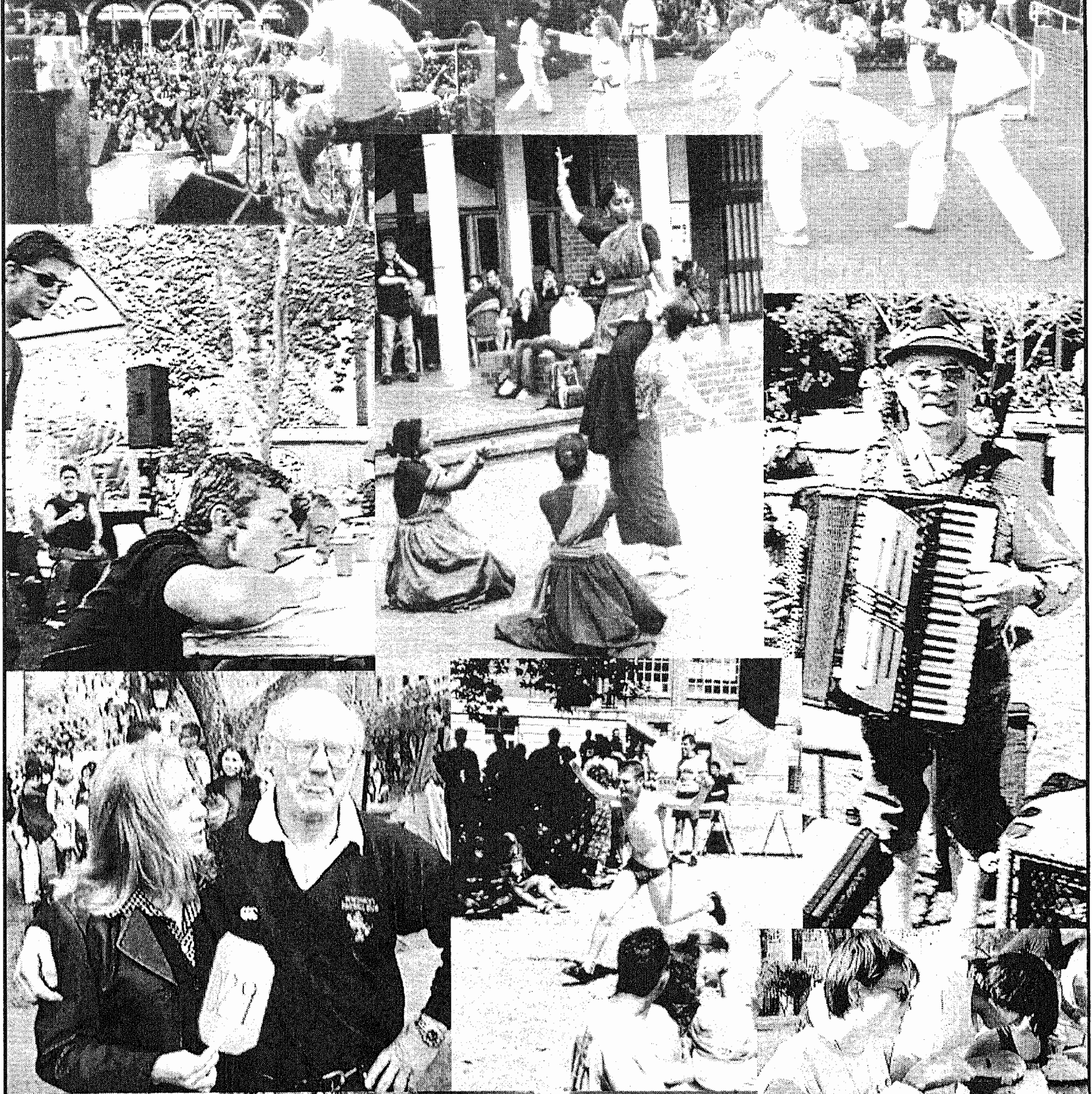
Ian Milne
Final Year, PhD Chemistry

Settle down there, fella

Why isn't the movie Titus being shown in Adelaide? Is it that we are all Advertiser readers who go to Uni SA, are we just viewed as uneducated idiots who would not be able to understand Shakespeare's first play? This really fucks me off! Titus would have been the best movie out this year, but only dickheads in NSW and Victoria get to see it on the big screen, what fucking crap! Fuck you Adelaide cinemas.

Geriatric

Activities on Campus



Proudly Supported by Union Commercial Operations



The last time you'll see these people this year

Stephen 'It's reprehensible' Mullighan, SAUA President



Music Review

The University's Music School Implementation Committee (MSIC) has been working over the past few months to amalgamate the Flinders Street School of Music and the University's School of Music. As has been previously reported, the MSIC has representation from the University, the Flinders Street School of Music, and the State Government. There are also two student representatives, one from the University and the other from the Flinders Street School.

There have been some complaints from students of both educational institutions that there is a lack of feedback from both the MSIC and its sub-committees about the progress of the amalgamation. There has also been some concern that not all of the students on the Committees are music students (including Seb and myself). This is something that should hopefully be rectified at the next meetings of the MSIC and the relevant sub-committees.

NUS National and State Conferences

In November the National Union of Students (SA Branch) will be holding its State Conference at Flinders University, and in early December the National Conference will be held in Ballarat. For those interested in the Conferences, or those wishing to apply to be observers at the National Conference, please come into the SAUA and ask for details.

Academic Board

There is a general student position on Academic Board vacant for next year. For details come into the SAUA.

To all of you sitting exams or busily writing assignments, good luck. Thank you for a great, stressful, fun, worrying, exciting and most of all, enjoyable year. You can contact me right up until the end of the year in the SAUA on 83035406, or at stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au. And then it's over to Tom...

Seb Henbest, 'Sub Cruce Lumen' Education Vice President



You didn't call, you didn't write.
We were worried sick, young man!

Adam! Langman!, Activities!/ Campaigns! Vice! President!



This is the End

I can't believe it is the last week of the year! This year has been fun, good, bad, hard, excellent and everything else in between too. This will also be my last week in charge of activities here! Thanks to all the people who helped out at events during the year, without your help things such as Prosh, Dance Party and the Greg Fleet Comedy show would not have been possible. So now I am going to tell you about my last event, this should see all of us going out on a high.

Tequila World Record

This may be the only chance that you ever get to have your own official Guinness World Record. The concept is simple: 1.- Get lots of people in a line (we need 132 people to break the record) 2.- Give everyone a shot of tequila 3.- The first person drinks 4.- After the first person drinks the second person drinks 5.- After the second person drinks the third person drinks... you get the idea. This is on the last day of the year, Friday the 27th of October. The event will be

on the lawns, registration will start at 12pm and the event will begin at 1pm. It will only cost \$1 to enter.

Club Foot? Club Couch? Club Seals? or Clubs

AIAA

American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics Annual General Meeting 2000 Thursday 26th October 1.10pm Davis Room S117 Engineering South Building. All members are invited to attend (feel free to bring lunch) Annual Elections will be conducted at the AGM. The following positions are open for nominations:

Executive Committee (must be full student members of the AIAA)

Chairperson,
Vice Chairperson,
Secretary, Treasurer,
Women's Officer

Additional Committee Members
Activities Committee (5 members)
General Committee (5 members)

To nominate for any of the listed positions please contact AIAA Faculty Advisor Dr Gerald Schneider by either:

* Delivering a sealed envelope addressed to Dr Schneider, containing name of nominee and position you wish to nominate for, to the Dept of Mechanical Engineering 1st Floor Engineering South Building or * Seeing Dr Schneider in room S 205, Engineering South Building. Nominations close 5 pm Thursday 19th October.

Film Society Final Flick

Films are shown in the Union Cinema, level 5 of the Union Building on Thursdays (unless otherwise specified). Free for members: membership is \$3 at the door.

26 October, 7.30pm

Furusato

1998. Dir: Koyoma Seijiro.

Sattring Kato Yoshi (*Tampopo*).

The developing relationship between a young boy and an old man whose village is facing destruction

to make way for a dam. In Japanese with English subtitles. Gold coin donation.

Mature Students Association

BBQ. Lunchtime. Thursday. Good value. End of year show. October 27 at the Brecknock. Tickets available at times advertised in MSA rooms. \$15 to members.

Skindiving Club

A Special General Meeting of the Adelaide University Skindiving Club Inc will be held on Thursday 26th October from 6:30pm at the Club Rooms (Foreman St, West Beach). The following items will be discussed:

Membership Fee for 2001
Equipment Hire Fees for 2001
All Skindiving Club members are

asked to attend.

A BBQ will be provided afterwards. Contact Pene in the Sports Association for more details on 8303 5403.

Sports Association

The final Council Meeting of the Adelaide University Sports Association Inc. will be held on Friday 27th October from 1pm in the North Dining Room (level 4, Union House).

All Sporting Club Representatives are asked to attend.

If you are unable to attend this meeting, please inform the staff at the Sports Association on 8383 5403.

Thanks to all Clubs for their support this year and we wish them all the best in 2001.

The last time you'll see these people this year

Heidi Ryan, Wimmin's Officer



Well, the whistles have been bought, the bands booked and the posters are going up. Reclaim the Night is now frighteningly (at least for the collective) close. In fact, it is this Friday!

For those of you who did not read my column last week, Reclaim the Night began in the 1970s when the British government announced that women should remain at home if they wanted to be safe. Outraged by this statement, a group of women and children formed a march. Twenty years later, on the last Friday of October we are still marching against the violence perpetrated against women and children both on the streets and within the home. This year we will be beginning at Light square, going down Hindley street and finishing at Elder park. Bands, including Mel Watson and Sam Lohs, will be performing in Elder park. Please take the time to come along, last year over 600 women and children attended and it will be quite an experience to be a part of such a large movement. Hope to see you there.

This is my last ever column and it is with sadness that I have to say goodbye to my current role in the women's department. I'd like to thank all those who have given me the opportunity to be a part of it. There have been times in the past year which I will treasure (and others which I will treasure not quite so much). I have met and worked with many extraordinary women and I think that that has been one of the most valuable experiences (you know who you are).

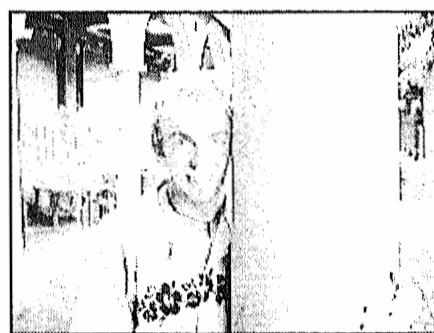
Thankyou to everyone in the SAUA, all the friends who helped me do the hands on jobs like putting up posters etc, all the friends who listened to me vent a million and one times, the other Women's Officers from around the state (you have done an outstanding job) and above all, my family who have put up with the worst of it all.

You can find me in the George Murray building, phone me on 8303 5406 or e-mail me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au but only until December 1. After that you can call Anais.

Goodluck in your exams. Merry Christmas, Happy New Year.

See you,
Heidi

Zane Young, Cloister Hugging Environment Officer



Ok, I don't have to write anything about how this is my last column or anything, because I wrote that in a letter to the editor. So, although I'm a little teary, I'll soldier on!

Study Break Boycotts

Avoid Nestle/Maggi/Nescafe/Allen's products. Their aggressive marketing tactics of baby formula in the maternity wards of South-East Asia have killed thousands of infants. There are lots of alternatives - like Cadbury, Moccona, or Continental.

Australian/Reflex/Optix/Renew/OzCopy/FujiXerox/Copyright photocopying paper is made from ancient native Australian forests in Tasmania and Victoria. Alternatives are Canon100, Datacopy, Envirocopy, Botany, Danka, and Canon Laser A4.

Kleenex tissues come from the same place, so buy Safe, Nature, or TreeFree instead.

Bunnings, Boral, Origin Energy and other companies also contribute to the logging of native forests, so stay away if you can.

Avoid McDonald's at all costs. They are unhealthy, anti-union, and the world's biggest contributor to Amazon deforestation.

Don't buy petrol from Shell or BP, because they collude with the corrupt Nigerian government to strip the native Ogoni people of land rights. Use Lead Replacement Petrol if your car won't take Unleaded, or ride a bike - it's good for you!

Buy Nothing Day

Friday November 24 is Buy Nothing Day. This is the annual day where, all over the world, people participate by staying at home! If you have to plan ahead for meals that day and buy up beforehand, that's fine. Just give the planet a break and stop buying stuff for one day - that's not hard, is it?

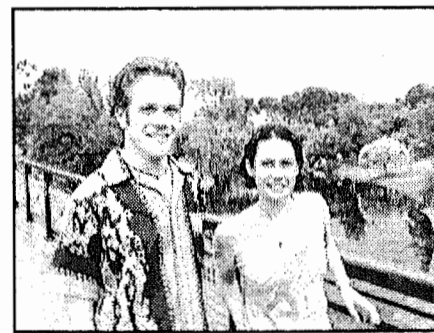
12 Days left to stop nuclear dumps

On November 12th, it will be a year since the Premier declared his opposition to medium- to high-level radioactive waste in SA. There's only 12 days of Parliament left this year, so let me know if you want to help hassle him!

Thanks guys, you're great!

zane, environment officer, environment@saua.asn.au, 8303 5182

Amanda 'Beanie' Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Hello Everyone, welcome to the last Sexuality Column of the year. We hope that you have had an enjoyable and safe year and that your exams go well.

Our year has been, without a doubt an interesting and rewarding one. We have had our fair share of controversy, but in a department designed to be proactive we feel this has been healthy. We felt it appropriate that we give a synopsis of what has happened.

O'Week: - well, what can we say, a tad bit of controversy. We put on a drag show with some drag queens from the Mars Bar. This was well recieved by the crowd but some questions were raised as to the legitimacy of the performance and the role of the drag queens in feminist culture. Anyway, the differences were sorted out finally and an extremely informative forum was held as to the role of Drag Queens in the queer community.

Sexuality Week - was, in our opinion, an unbridled success. We had a number of events aimed at raising the awareness of the link between youth suicide and sexuality. To that effect we organised a seminar presentation with a number of speakers from both clinical and psychological back grounds that gave their opinios as to the link between young queer people and suicide. We also launched the Yellow Ribbon Foundation which is a community based youth suicide prevention program and the first in the state. We had a debate on whether queer lovers were more romantic and a very successful band night.

Out and About at Adelaide Uni - a video about the trials and tribulations of coming out at uni and general helpful hints about dealing with sexuality issues from a variety of AU students, including next years Male Sex'O

We would like to thank the following people in no order for their help, support and friendship throughout what has been a fairly tumultuous year: Steve for being there, Jane for sorting out all our problems, Kate S for the wrestling, Fi for all the stress, sorry, Flip for hiding our photocopying card from thieves, Phil for the workers, Dale for the wombats, Eva for just being lovely and of course Darien for those beautiful check pants.

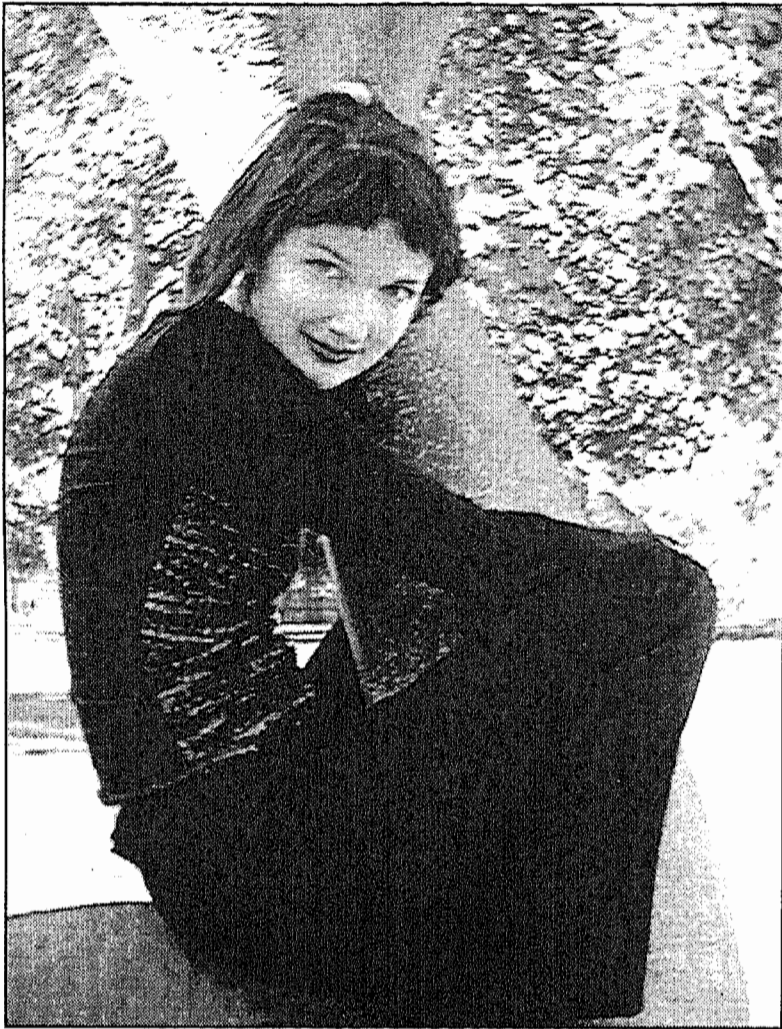
To anyone else, sorry.

Thanks a Bunch

Love Tommy and Mandy - Moo

QUESTIONS:

- 1) What is the best thing about Summer?
- 2) What is the worst thing about Summer?
- 3) Do you find summer sexually frustrating? Why?



Penny

Groping the horn

- 1) I can walk around in the nuddy.
- 2) Chaffing.
- 3) No way. I'd enforce my conjugal rights with rougher than usual handling.



Darien

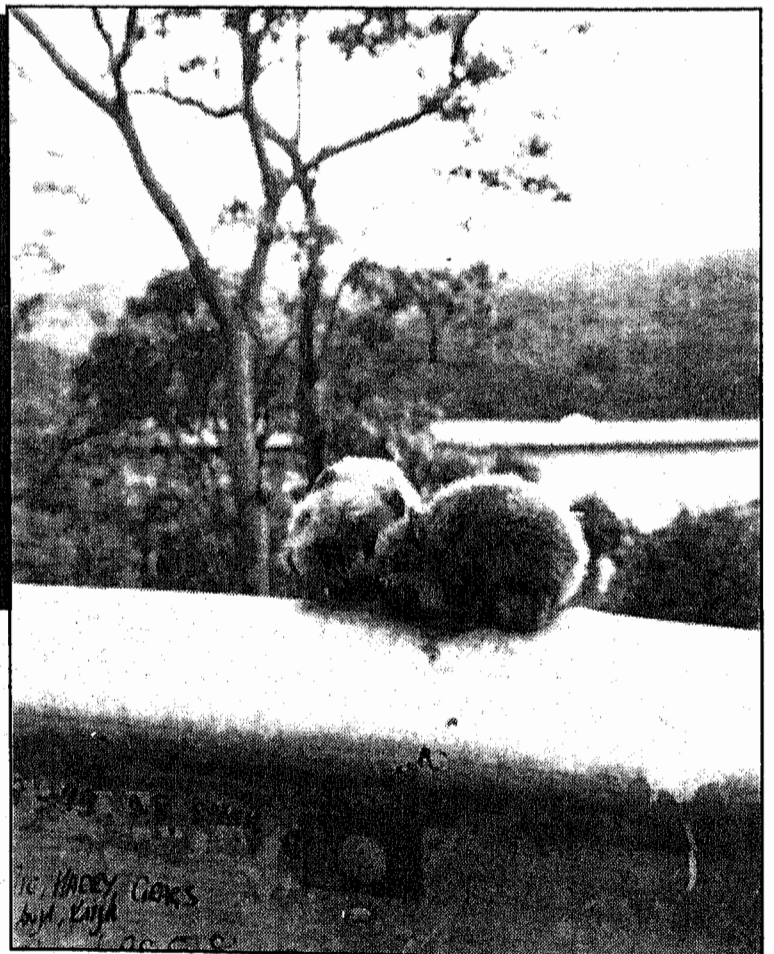
Busting some hot moves, somewhere off-campus

- 1) The smell of freshly mown grass, rain and gin and tonics.
- 2) The heat.
- 3) Nah, not really. No more so than any other time of year.



Cakehole and Dirtbox
Doing what wombats do

- 1) **Cakehole:** The long balmy summer evenings.
Dirtbox: Long balmy summer evenings, fucking up other wombats' shit.
- 2) **Cakehole:** Getting fucked up by Dirtbox.
Dirtbox: It's not really tuber season.
- 3) **Dirtbox:** I find all seasons sexually frustrating. Where's Cakehole?
Cakehole: Please keep Dirtbox away from me.



Kate

Just naturally cantankerous

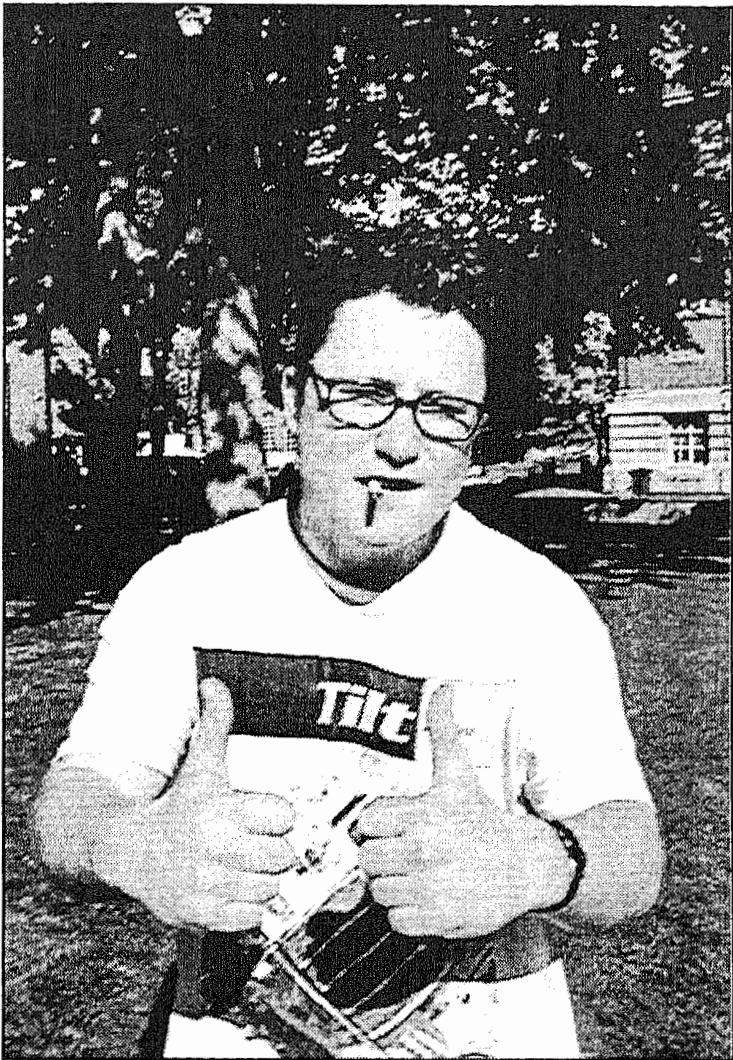
- 1) The sun, warmth and the lack of clothing.
- 2) The sun, warmth and the lack of clothing.
- 3) It's only frustrating insofar as those with a lack of clothing won't sleep with me.



Eva

In the office, as usual

- 1) Thinking about going to the beach.
- 2) Going to the beach.
- 3) Yes, hot weather makes me horny - all the heat and sweat and near nudity. Then again, cold weather makes me horny too ... something about the thought of hearth rugs and open fires and the potential need to huddle together to preserve body heat.



Dale

What didn't piss me off this week!

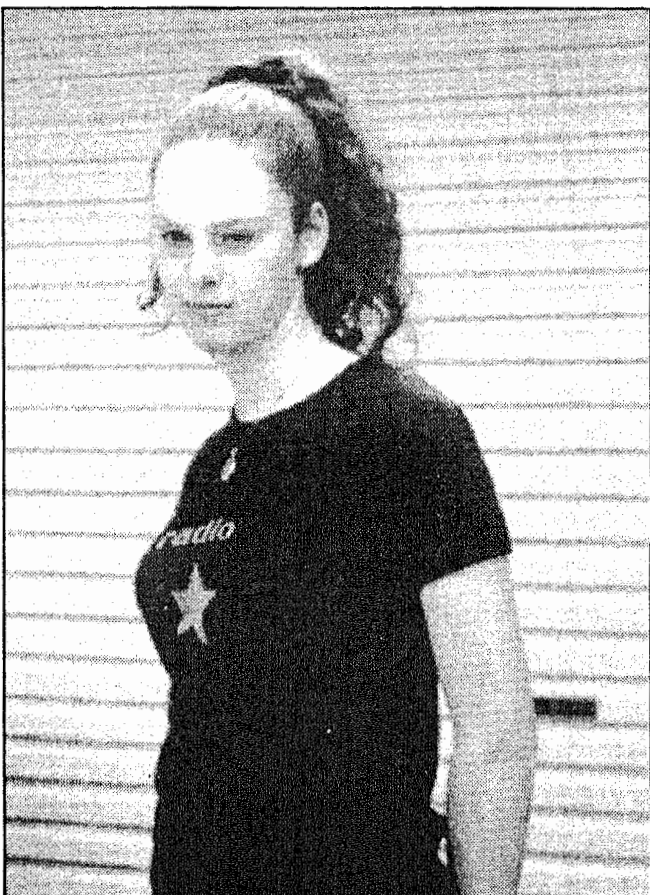
- 1) People wear less clothing, which, as an equal opportunity lech, is really handy.
- 2) Sweating.
- 3) Yes. Because of the sweating.



Jayne and Sam

They know where the party is

- 1) Jayne: Short dresses, sandals and beaches.
Sam: Tan lines.
- 2) Jayne: I've never had a house with airconditioning; days over 40 degrees; and sweating.
Sam: Tan lines.
- 3) Jayne: Only when they're sweating so much I can't grab hold properly. And I find it sleep frustrating, because it's hard to sleep next to someone on a hot night.
Sam: Yep. Tan lines.



Elly

- 1) Summer evenings and the smell of rain on hot concrete. Oh yeah - and the back of panel vans ... steamy.
- 2) The back of panel vans.
- 3) Yes I always get sexually frustrated in summer - there's something about a bloke in thongs, with a stubby, that really turns me on.

A Change is as Good as a Swot Vac

Or is it? A survivor tells ...

To the discerning student, Swot Vac is the most wonderful time of the year. A time evenly balanced between the tedium of lectures and the duress of exams, and yet with the responsibility of neither. It is a time for revelry and good cheer. A time for rest and relaxation. A time, above all, for procrastination.

It is hard to avoid, in the days leading up to that festive week, a mounting sense of euphoria. As the essays, assignments and projects are one by one written, faked and copied, and for the first time all year there are no new ones springing up to take their place like noxious weeds, the feeling of release begins to grow. Practicals cease to exist, reuniting the student with parts of Tuesday and Thursday that had been thought lost for ever. Lectures become almost pleasant. Fifty frantic minutes attempting to construct a logical train of thought from an obscure and pointless monologue give way to a series of chatty friendly sessions where little work is done and lecturers tend to summarise course material in a reassuringly over-simplistic way.

A faint scent of holidays, growing stronger each day, begins to stir an unavoidable feeling of impending leisure within the breast of every student. Half-remembered visions of summer start to float across more serious and pressing thoughts in a delightfully unexpected manner, bringing with them pleasant memories of beaches, parties, hot weather and above all months of blissful laziness in which a mind crammed with knowledge may be allowed to sag and slowly reassert itself to a state of natural ignorance.

The first few days of Swot Vac may be given over quite justifiably to catching up on two essential commodities usually in short supply over the previous week - sleep and television. The forward thinking folk who programmed their video with frivolity and recklessness, devil-may-care abandon during the times when assignments held a rare position of priority over TV-watching may now reap the fruits of their toil and are guaranteed a televisual feast of exceptional entertainment.

As it happens, this is unnecessary. It is a well-documented phenomenon that Swot Vac is always one of the most exciting weeks of television in living memory. The screen vividly bursts with quality new shows, returns of favourite old series and blockbuster first release movies. The stations seductively lure the weak and morally spineless, tempting the wavering student with a lush assortment of

delectable morsels each day. Not that it matters. The TV set would continue to hold its place dear to a student's heart regardless of content. One of the greatest joys of Swot Vac is being able to let the mind succumb to that most simple of all pleasures, the brain-deadening torpor of a really mundane TV show.

It suddenly becomes obvious, with unexpected clarity, that the daytime soap operas are classy stuff. How you could ever not have noticed such a high quality drama hidden away during the day before becomes an insoluble mystery. *Days of Our Lives* becomes compelling viewing. *The Bold and the Beautiful* becomes heart-wrenchingly real. The problems of the characters in *The Young and the Restless* become your problems; their joys and misfortunes, their erratic mood swings take on a significance far outweighing those of your own life. You find yourself idly wondering if Jack will ever forgive Paul, if Macie and Thorn will get back together and what the dark secret of that guy with the eye-patch could possibly be. Programmes you wouldn't have touched with the pointed end of a TV Plus in your unenlightened are now essential viewing. The Channel 7 movie, plucked fresh from the 'Agonisingly Prolonged 1970's Drama or Love Story-Warning: Contains Flares' section of the archives is an undiscovered all-time classic, worthy of high critical acclaim and primetime scheduling. The ABC's Kids' programmes are documentary masterpieces, and *Behind the News* is so helpful and informative that you begin to feel uni classes should instigate it as compulsory weekly viewing as well.

The real decider, however, is the point about half-way through the first week when the SBS test pattern becomes interesting. The programme suddenly inherits a deceptive complexity, easily overlooked by most viewers, that belies its simple appearance. Mental games of 'Guess the SBS Broadcasting Frequency in Wagga Wagga' and 'Can You Read Both Lines of Text Simultaneously' provide hour upon hour of harmless entertainment and every now and then the plot takes an unexpected twist when one of the lines changes or disappears entirely.

This nadir of coherent thought and mental activity is the turning point. Some last remaining scrap of pride, a remote inkling of reason finally makes the desperate, uphill struggle to consciousness and erupts, causing the remote control to be flung from the hand in horror. What am I doing? What was I thinking? It's already Thursday and exams start on



An On Dit activity of choice during swotvac

Monday. This has got to stop. And I mean it this time. An end to this continual deferment. The time has really come for some serious study.

But getting started is quite a problem. Even casual strolls past the study area for completely unrelated purposes may induce a slight sweat as a flicker of long hidden unpleasant memories shifts uncomfortably in the depths. Any attempt to think seriously about getting on with a bit of study may cause a sudden, rising tide of panic and the need to take a prolonged cold shower or a bit of a lie down.

The secret is to gently ease the luxury-softened intellect, that only one week before was able to spew forth a thirty page report in the space of an afternoon, back to the stage where it can write a half-page note summary in under two hours without feeling the strain of relentless overwork. The first things to make are lists. Lots of lists. Unnecessary lists. Lists of lists. Lists that refer to other lists and joyfully lead to a sublimely organised world of lists. The first list is a neat copy of the exam timetable, carefully translated from a rather indistinct smudge on the left forearm into a masterpiece of graphic design, with any number of flourishes, pictorial decorations and extravagant text styles adorning it in a truly artistic fashion.

The next list is a schedule of the remaining study days divided into equal segments, each of which is allocated a subject. The programme is strict and rigidly inflexible. The lunch and dinner breaks have been whittled down to a half hour only, with one essential break at 4.30 for *The Bold and the Beautiful*. The work begins at 7.00am and ends at 9.00pm. A day of sustained, solid, productive study. Every day. Starting tomorrow. But despite having the backing of more good intentions than a student politician at election time, the schedule is doomed to failure. Waking at 11.30 the next day with time payments already owing on four subjects, the rising tide of depression

at a sad lack of resolve is countered by reading the paper, meticulously tidying the desk or watching *Ricki*. At 4.00pm when the study begins for real, the agenda is scrapped in favour of a simpler and uncharacteristically sensible plan of attack: start with the subject you least understand first.

After an hour of staring at a blank, seven hole sheet of white paper with 34 lateral blue lines at 8mm interval from a decreasingly distant perspective's, it becomes apparent that a subject that was difficult to understand in the company of textbooks, tutors and well meaning friends is nigh impossible when confronted alone. It can be seen that the plan is fine with one small modification: the subjects to be studied first should really be the easiest ones, to start the studying machine off in first gear and to bolster a self-confidence that has begun to wither pitifully in shame.

It is by this process of agony, denial and self-deception that the ardent Swot Vac'er arrives at the morning of the first exam: unwashed, unbrushed and unshaven for the better part of a week; with a comprehensive thesis-standard knowledge of all the subjects he already understood, a guilt complex from the previous day's *Oprah*, and an illegible page of desperate scribbling from 12 o'clock last night when it finally came home for the first time that there was an exam on the next day, and studying couldn't really be put off any longer. Here the manic screaming, the panic and the bitter recriminations begin. Reasons for not starting studying earlier suddenly look a lot thinner than they did a week ago, and the rational behind watching Question Time daily can't even be remembered, let alone justified.

Resolutions are made. Resolutions about paying attention in lectures next year, about studying during the holidays. Resolutions, thankfully, that will never be honoured beyond the last day of exams.

Lagoon

Smell the Glove

'Cricket is the ultimate art form. It's poetry. Mate, it's better than poetry ... it's just beautiful.'

Jason, public servant, Grange

Summer is almost upon us. Once those pesky exam and essay type things are out of the way, month upon month of sitting around, doing pretty much fuck all, await us all. And that can only mean one thing: long lazy days on the couch, immersing oneself in the ultimate in sporting enjoyment. Cricket.

Let's face it, cricket has kinda become a religion in this country. In days to come, people will ask questions like 'Where were you when Miller took the rebound catch off Chris Tavaré to dismiss Jeff Thomson to clinch the Melbourne test in 1982/83?' in much the same way they ask where you were when Jack Kennedy spilt his brains all over Jackie's lap. It's a way of life. The thwack of leather on willow is as important to the national psyche as watching lil' Andy McLeod assume liquid form and penetrate that crazy Irish defence time and time again.

Summer, I think that we can say with a fair degree of certainty, just isn't summer without cricket.

Not that I am for a second encouraging any of you actually run out there, buy some really stupid white clothes from Rowe and Jarman, and actually play the game yourselves. Christ no. I'm well aware that I'd be wasting my time with a bunch of lazy members of Gen X and Gen Why Bother. I'm surprised you pricks can ever actually work up the energy to get off the couch, and few things rank quite so highly in the boredom stakes as spending a solid six hours in the unique Australian sun, standing at long on and not having the ball come anywhere near you. No, what I'm talking about is that most revered of summer past times: the sitting and watching of cricket. This particular leisure activity can basically be broken down into two main forms: the going to the game and the watching of the television. With the price of a patch of turf under the scoreboard sky-rocketing to the near unaffordable, the question of a pilgrimage to the Oval is pretty much out of the question for the average punter. So my advice to the kids out there is to sit at home and marvel at the inestimable brilliance of the Channel Nine broadcast. It will make your summer complete.

This is not, however, as easy as it may sound. There are a number of subtle tactics that must be employed to make the viewing experience complete. Without them you fall dangerously close to ruining your

appreciation of this, the ultimate in sporting spectacles.

Television

Now, you may think that any run of the mill teev will see you through in your watching of the grand spectacle.

Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong.

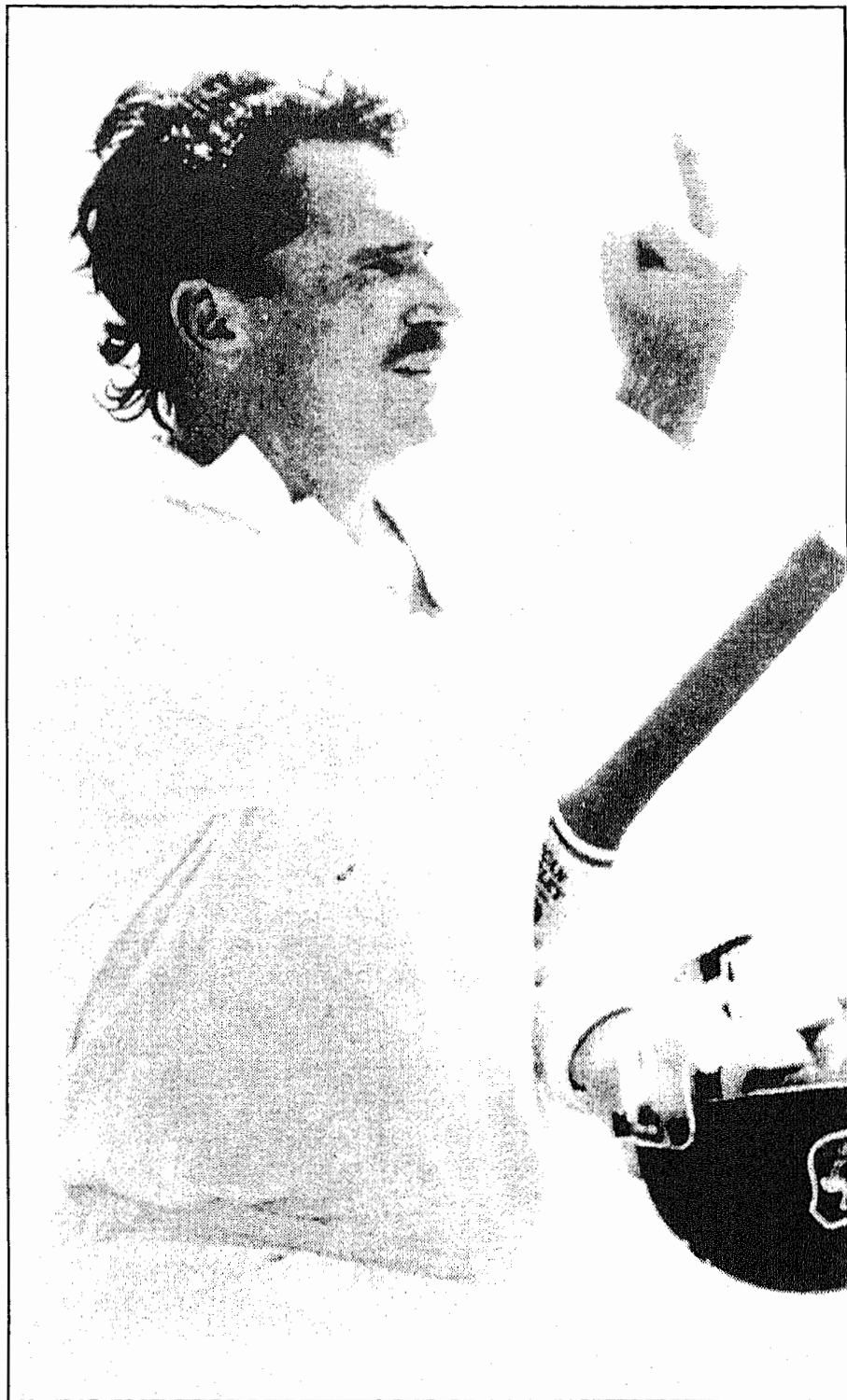
For one thing, under no circumstances whatsoever should a black and white television be tolerated. Think of the subtleties lost when viewing one day games. Without those colourful uniforms, how are you supposed to tell, say, the Australians from the West Indies? Without that vital colour differentiation, those not in the know just won't know, if you follow me. Even the five day version of the game will suffer in a black and white setting. So colour is in.

The size of the set depends entirely on your personal circumstances. The small, portable teev is perfect for the lying-in-bed-too-lazy-to-even-make-it-to-the-loungeroom style of viewing. But when considering a large group of folk clustered around the screen, swilling lager and ignoring the fact that their social lives have come to this, the little fella's going to be pretty hopeless. In this type of situation, I recommend that you get everyone the hell out your house, and decamp to the nearest abode with a 68 cm Sony Super Black Trinitron. If they just happen to have a pool and a spa, all the better.

Seating

Where one sits while watching the cricket is always a vital consideration. Obviously the first place to look at is the couch, but even this option can hold some pitfalls. Let's face it, one dodgy couch spring can ruin a day's play completely.

One method of avoiding this potential tragedy is to implement a 'Couch Inspection', just as Tony Greig is doing the same thing to the pitch. That way, any problems can be ironed out early. If the couch is a lost cause, now is the time to implement the floor policy - but for the love of Christ be quick, or you might miss the toss. Grab some pillows/cushions/soft things, and arrange them to accommodate your ideal lounging position. You should now be in the perfect position to enjoy a day's play.



AB goes the full biscuit.

Always take special note of the seating arrangements when watching the game with a large group of people. It is always a tragedy to see three couches filled, their occupants looking perfectly comfortable and strangely smug, whilst a few stragglers are stuck on the outer on dining room chairs. A little foresight and planning, people, and this need never happen.

Lager

Now we reach the most important aspect of the cricket viewing experience: the beer. Now, far be it for me to encourage drinking to excess, but the cricket experience can never be complete without a lager in one's fist. The choice of brew you embrace when while the action unfolds is a vital one.

The time of year is one point that must be taken into consideration when choosing your bevvie. Coopers' finest - Sparkling Ale - is perfect for the long winter months that lie

ahead next year, as Tugger and the boys shit on the Poms on more time, but it really doesn't suit the local season too well. Let's face it, it's a little bit too heavy for Australian summer. It's little brother, Pale Ale, offers a rather pleasant lighter option, but it probably makes more sense to consider the draught option. Coopers Draught is always a safe bet, but I have often found that VB is a better option, particularly in cans. For one thing, it's ridiculously easy to drink, and the can is less likely to do damage to the television when thrown at it.

Many people complain that cricket is a stupidly boring game that makes virtually no sense. Taken as it stands, it is. No argument there. But if you treat your cricket the right way, it will always be your friend. Look at the suggestions I have made as a starting point, and your summers will be all the better for it.

Dale F Adams

Sunday Afternoons...

All Australians have at one stage or another attended or thrown that most recognisable of Australian cultural icons, the Barbecue. Barbecues figure strongly both within Australian culture and within people's store of memories. Who can forget those gatherings where the adults would lounge around quaffing a few long tall cold ones while the kinder would steal the mixers, blast a few strong raspberry cordials and then have each other out over twelve yards of Nature's carpet. The dreamy haze of radio commentary would sweep over the vista, the hearty laughter mixed with the delightfully tinkling. Tea would happen and then the grown-ups would charge onto this week's hallowed turf, takeover the game and banish the chronologically challenged to another twelve yards of dreams. Ah barbecues, you gave me some of the best days of my life.

Parks, gardens, backyards, garages (at a pinch), houseboats among others have all provided the stage where the Festival of the Barbecue has been played out on. This is one of the beautiful qualities of the barbecue, its inherent itinerant nature, its very outdooriness. Barbecues are

unsurprisingly synonymous with summer, with long lazy days and with capering about. Or it could be due to the fact that nobody wants to eat a damp sanga.

The mix of the social with the private also provides a perfect excuse to put off any tiresome chore. Got a house to paint? Nah, it's a beautiful day, let's have a few friends around and toss a few dead things on the fire. Let's choose tossing back anotherie and scoffing our faces over studying for the upcoming supp, cleaning the house or spending the day with relatives that you barely recognise let alone have enough in common with to natter merrily to.

Unfortunately, the perception of the barbecue is too often negative. A rickety blackened tripod with a battle scarred hotplate encrusted with the remnants of a thousand vanquished foes. A hotplate laden with a mound of unevenly sliced onions and potatoes, fatty chops occasionally falling onto the ground getting wrested back from the slaving jaws of the local hound, washed and replaced, sausages that spit with greater accuracy than a rabid meercat getting served onto some buttered bread, a litre or two of tomato sauce, a dreary potato salad

and a dry, barely touched, grated cheese and carrot salad.

A tad scary but hearty and traditional. In Australia we are lucky enough to have an abundantly diverse range of fresh fruit and vegetables, the cheapest and leanest meat in the world, and enough diversity of marine life (salt and fresh water) to keep the most jaded of palates enthused.

All you have to is look at our coat of arms. Whack an octopus on the shield that the emu and kanga are holding and you a gourmand's wet dream.

Being able to draw upon the wide range of cuisines available to us via our multicultural heritage should have led to an exploration of barbecue taste sensations, but unfortunately, this doesn't seem to be the case.

Granted, we're beginning via the explosion in the oven ready/butcher-marinated produce available but to most, a barbie isn't a barbie without a sanga.

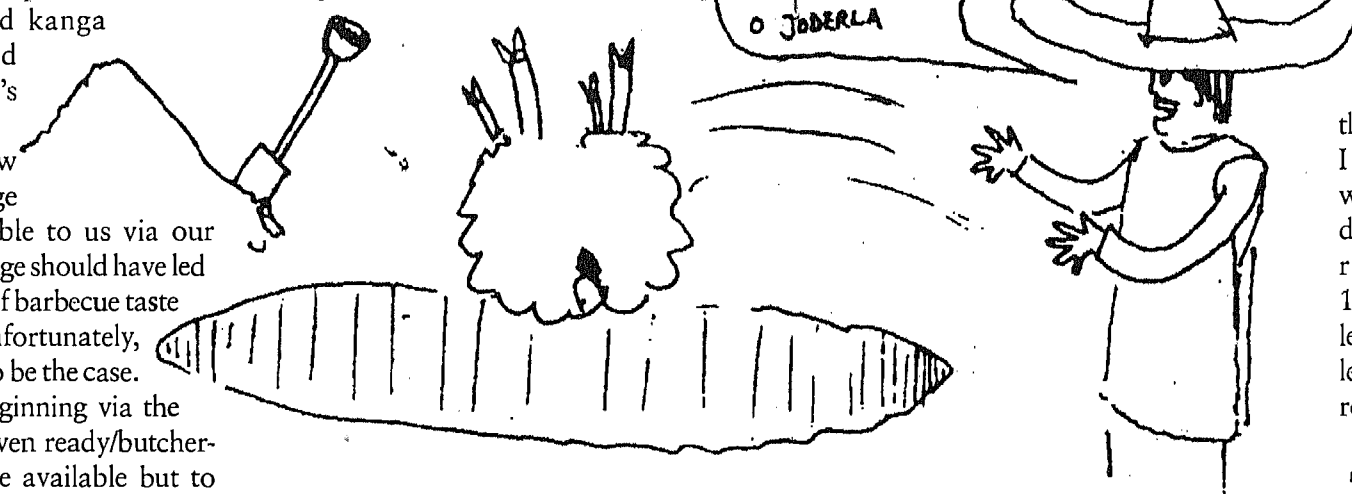
We have incorporated different cultural methods in our indoor cooking (witness the acceptance of the stir fry); it's only a small walk from the

kitchen to the barbie.

The Barbecue experience relies upon organisation, obviously the more preparation time the greater opportunity to minimise the time spent in the kitchen on the day and maximise the time spent cavorting with cohorts, swilling G&T's. Let's get to it boppers.

Step 1 - Get a Barbie

There are two polarised schools of thought among Barbecue intellectuals - the pre-Weberians and



Los ultimos momentos de la vida triste y corta de Paco, el borrego que tenia mala suerte.

the post-Weberians. It seems that people believe in either one or the other wholeheartedly. Negotiating an agreement between the two is almost as difficult as negotiating the

Northern Ireland Peace Accords.

It makes more sense to own both as you extract different flavours from each and they can be used for different barbecue experiences.

The Weber is excellent for roasting haunches, legs and whole vegetables (such as Butternut Pumpkin, chokoos and squash). Anything that can stew in its own juices also works

wonderfully in the Weber (whole Flathead stuffed

spending a good four or five hours excitedly watching my poor father, a man of letters, struggle vainly with a veritable armoury of incendiary devices - heat beads, firelighters, brandy, kero, petrol and red phosphorus. It looked uncannily like a Neil Davis photograph of the Tet offensive. Dad toiled with the bastard kettle, his friends all proffered advice and help. Nothing would help. Not curses and not pleading questions. 'How many beads does this kettle need?', 'Where have all the firelighters gone?' 'Where have all the hairs on my arm gone?', 'Why do I keep stabbing myself with the fork?', while they all got progressively drunker and drunker. The guests arrived at 1pm for lunch and at 11.30pm were presented with a raw leg of pork. They slurrily thanked us, left and haven't been seen or heard of round those pa-rts since.

For recipes requiring a smokier or grittier flavour, the traditional barbie is the only option. Vary the wood used and you automatically vary the flavour. Use traditional barbies for searing octopus and other things that need quick and direct cooking.

Step 2 - Get some meat

The heart and soul of the barbie is meat, so one of the biggest mistakes you can do is invite a vegetarian. They'll spend the entire day talking about how sausages have the faculty of reason, how it takes 3 times more land to produce the same amount of food. They'll bugger up your day. Refute their comments using jaws and teeth of homo sapiens and plough into another filllet of native endangered species. You can also play practical jokes on them. Add mince to the grated carrot and cheese salad, or for the more aggressive host, pinning them to the patio and stuffing handfuls of prosciutto down their throats will usually work.

Always get fresh and lean meat. Try to get to know a particular butcher and not only will see you get the right stuff, they'll give you handy hints.

Step 3 - Get some fruit & veges

Once again, fresh is best. Try to vary the veges so you don't get bored with them. Same with salad stuff. Once again, find a reliable grocer who will show you the produce before you buy it. Go to markets, and become a regular as this will ensure good produce.

Step 4 - Get some herbs and spices
Don't use dried herbs. These should only be a last resort. Use in an understated manner.

Step 5 - Get some friends

The most important part of the whole shebang. As barbies have the tendency to degenerate into an all night orgy of eating, drinking, dancing, singing and pissing off the neighbours, people who are keen to go the distance are important. If your neighbours are bastards, barbies should coincide with their laundry day. Setting up a Bastard Barbie network will facilitate this.

Remember that the salads and appetisers are just as much a feature as the mains. The indoor cooking rule of thumb applies to barbies as well, understate and underplay the seasonings and they'll co-operate with the taste to weave their own special brand of magic. Too many people think that they can mad scientist up a taste treat by tossing sixty spices and herbs together: unless the recipe calls for it, don't go mad.

All the following menus are for eight people: all are fairly simple. It's time to grab the apron with the fake breasts on it, and a G&T, and get cracking.

Darien O'Reilly

Recipes...Goat on a stick, in a Weber... Recipes

Greek Mezes

Mezes means appetisers in Greek. These are monster easy to make, even easier to sit down and eat.

Ingredients

You will need 1.5kg octopus (or 1kg peeled and tenderised), 1 kg calamari, olive oil, white vinegar, oregano, olives, cucumber, garlic, salt, 1kg fresh tomatoes, 2 large Spanish onions, 300 grams feta, a bucketload of crusty bread and fresh rosemary.

A person with an aversion to slimy stuff may need a helper. A glass or two of chilled Chardonnay will also help the process.

Method

Octopus - Peel octopus by grabbing skin near top of tentacle and pulling down, discard skin. There is no need to go too crazy around the suckers. Put octopus in oven bag and bake at 280 degrees C for an hour. Transfer to saucepan full of boiling water and cook until water turns pink. Drain off approximately 1/4 cup of the water. Mix this with 2 parts olive oil, 1 part vinegar, salt, oregano and garlic. Remove puss from bag, cut roughly, add to mix and serve to the waiting throng.

Alternatively, skin octopus mix with vinegar, olive oil, salt, garlic, cracked black pepper, bayleaf and oregano then let sit in fridge for anything up to two days. Cook on searing hotplate, cut and serve.

Calamari - Cut into rings, cook on searing hotplate with oil and lemon. Serve. Can also be basted with a light oil, fresh chilli and garlic then cooked. Or score across sheath and cut into flat squares/rectangles, marinade is up to you then cook. All = tasty.

Salad - Chop tomatoes into largish sections, slice onions, mix and pour through olive oil and vinegar (a 2:1 mix). Add feta, cucumber, olives and herbs. Add cos lettuce if desired.

Serve all mezes with crusty bread and a few little drinks.

Roast Greek Lamb - For Weber owners only. Baste leg of lamb overnight in mixture of olive oil, lemon juice, marjoram, fresh black pepper and salt. Before cooking, rub more salt, pepper and marjoram into the leg. The cooking time will depend on size of leg. Serve when pinkish in the middle.

Accompany with more salads, more bread and conversation.

Drinks - Retsina, ouzo, lager, chilled white wine and Greek coffees for after.

Australian

Australian food should incorporate the best elements of the geographical region, and draw on any of the cuisines available for style, flavour and influence. We figure that with approximately a baker's dozen of Asian Supermarkets around the Central Market, the decision is obvious. For those with a more Australian bent get cracking on rounding up the quandongs, myrtle etc that you wish to use.

King Prawns in Dill and Lemon Butter - 64 King Prawns, 1 cup fish stock, 1/2 cup white wine, 5 finely chopped shallots, 1 noisy bunch of dill, juice of 1 lemon and 250 gms butter (can be dairy free, salt reduced etc)

On top of the traditional barbie, reduce fish stock, shallots and wine to about half a cup. Slowly add butter and about four tablespoons of those dills. Thread prawns onto pre-soaked skewers (four on each) and grill over coals. Spoon sauce over the prawns, serve and take a bow.

Chicken Satays - 8 thigh fillets, 1/2 cup crunchy peanut paste, 1 cup chicken stock, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, 1 tablespoon soy, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated ginger, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 crushed garlic clove, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon cumin and coriander and 3 drops

tabasco.

Cut chicken into strips, toss back a G&T (with either wedges of lime or orange) and skewer the strips. Combine the rest of the goodies in a shallow dish then marinate the skewered chicken for a long time. Grill satays over the traditional barbie and spoon sauce as you go, a good method is one spoon per one G&T. Don't constantly turn the satays as tempting as it is.

Grilled Kidneys - Soak kidneys for approximately 4 hours in salt water and garlic. Chop off fatty white tissue and discard. Grill with lemon, garlic, olive oil, parsley and black pepper.

Kangaroo in Chilli and Coriander - 8 roo steaks (saddle fillets are great), 8 chopped tomatoes, 4 cloves garlic, 4 red chillies. You have to love the lean beast that is our national emblem. Mix some oil, cracked black pepper, a tad of chilli and garlic. Marinate for a little while. Cook the steaks over top of the traditional barbie. While the above is happening and while slurping another G&T mix the drained tomatoes, your amount of cracked black pepper, 4 gloves garlic and oil in a saucepan. Cook until hot.

Serve on plates next to steaks. Sprinkle fresh coriander on top of each, eat, enjoy and loosen the belt. Serve with traditional salads and breads.

Baked Potatoes - For the nippers. Wrap the spuds in foil, chuck them

into the coals and leave until cooked. (approximately 2 Generation X hours) Serve with chopped chives, sour cream, good cheese etc etc.

Dessert - Fresh fruit salad from the tropics. Fresh figs and ricotta also make quite a combination.

Drinks - The usual and plenty of it. Chilled whites, feisty reds, giggle juice, gin of course and lager. Make sure the beer is cold.

Mexican

Guacamole - Apparently the guaca from heck. 4 avocaoos (Hass are best), juice of 2 lemons, 2 onions, 6 tomatoes, 2 green capsicums, 2 seeded green chillies, 10 drops of tabasco, 4 tablespoons mayo and 4 tablespoons thickened cream.

Chop everything into bits, no uniform size here so let your creativity get the better of you. Mash the avocaoos (put lemon juice on them so they don't brown) and mix with the liquids. Serve with plain corn chips. Do not let celery get near.

Chorizos con Salsa Verde y Garbanzos - 16 chorizos (from any continental shop at Market), ten green chillies, four onions, 1/2 kilo chickpeas, 2 lemons and a luvly bunch of rosemary.

Soak chickpeas overnight. Call them garbanzos to impress your friends. Blend onion and chillies and set aside. You can add tomatoes finely chopped if desired. This makes the salsa. Boil chickpeas until soft and sprinkle with lemon juice. Cook chorizos on barbie. Serve and watch people go nuts for

this one.

Here comes the biggy. This is a must if you have time, a big backyard and a potential polarisation of Barbecue attendees.

Cochinita Pibil

Ingredients

A ute (V8 if possible), a sharp machete, a shovel, some sheets of corrugated iron, a hacksaw, twenty bricks whwheelbarrow full of hot coals, the address of the Christies Beach RSL Club, a few days, mescaline and a whole sheep with entrails intact. Beer is optional but welcome.

Method

Take mescaline, pack ute with some frosty little soldiers and drive to Christies Beach RSL Club. Take machete and locate a large maguey-anagave cactus, hack off twelve long leaves, throw them into the back of the ute, freak out a little, quaff lager and drive home.

Dig a hole that's six feet deep in the backyard. Better yet, get friends and acquaintances to do this while you're going to the RSL Club. Put ten bricks in bottom of hole, line walls of hole with cactus leaves so no dirt is showing. Saw corrugated iron into circle so it fits into hole, then place on top o'hot coals. Toss sheep on top of iron, cover with second sheet of iron, pour coals onto iron, cover coals with

Buckets at Tiffany's

The point of these reviews is not to indicate what makes a great video film. It is rather to suggest to the reader which films are only improved by the consumption of controlled substances. Remember, you don't need to go out of your house to have a good time. For those of you who would rather spend most of your summer indoors, watching videos and smoking yourselves stupid, here are just a few recommendations. Yes they are in the main older but we reason that you probably know what the more contemporary ones are. Yes, they're all American but one country at a time hey.

Action

Die Hard et al

Die Hard is a film that doesn't muck about. The villains, led by the superb Alan Rickman, are nasty and clever ('Benefits of a classical education') and not what they seem. Bruce Willis is in top form as NYPD detective John McLean who has come to LA to visit his sort of estranged wife and kids but ends up shooting lots of people and blowing up the building. The film is rich with humour and director John McTiernan (*Predator* etc.) keeps pace fast and furious, with ripper stunts and heaps of carnage.

Die Hard 2 on the other hand has a strong story, albeit a little contrived, with John arriving at the airport just in time to thwart a pack of evil renegade military types hell bent on freeing some sort of Noriega-a-like. This one was directed by Renny Harlin (*The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* - 4 buckets) and, while not as good as the first, is not too bad. Apparently DH2 was only ever intended for video release but somehow wound up on the big screen anyway. DH1 - 2 buckets and beer
DH2 - 3 buckets and more beer

Jurassic Park/JP2

I saw this film twice. The first time I was stoned as B'Jesus and I loved it. The scene when the raptor jumps up at the escaping good guys made me jump. The second time I saw it I was pissed and stoned and this time I saw it with the much raved about Digital Sound. It was very loud and gave me a headache but I enjoyed the film more than when I saw it for the first time. Forget the story, forget the acting and simply enjoy the dinosaurs. Take as many drugs as you can and slurp loudly on your Fanta.

2 buckets, 1 six pack (optional)
The woefully disjointed and insensibly incoherent JP2 requires a little more. Once again, sit back and enjoy the dinosaurs as the human actors should have been computer generated as well.

4 buckets or one decent cookie

Predator

Possibly the best Arnie film ever. John McTiernan (*Die Hard*, *Hunt for Red October*, *Last Action Hero*) directs a fucking mega cast including Carl 'Action Jackson' Weathers, and Jesse 'Rock'n'roll Wrestling' Ventura through the Latin American jungle where they encounter Terance Trent

D'Arby in the guise of the shimmering Predator. Everyone else dies except for Arnie who wins out at the end natch. The film is clever, suspenseful and violent. The special effects are a trip. I saw it on ecstasy and everything shimmered. Worth seeing just to see Jesse 'The Body' Ventura utter the immortal words, 'I ain't got time to bleed' before getting wasted by Terance in a somewhat icky manner. 2 buckets, 1/2 ecy (optional)

T2

I loved T2. From its moving opening scene of a playground in flames to the stupid thumbs-up ending there is scarcely a scene longer than 30 seconds. Get as stoned as you like in this film-it'll only help suspend disbelief - but for the full effect be sure to crank up the volume. The effects are still a spin out, even if every second car act uses 'morphing'. Great action, great acting, top effects - top film.

3 buckets, trip optional

Comedy

Back to School

Rodney Dangerfield essentially plays himself, as usual, in this extremely engaging film about a crass self-made millionaire who enrolls in his son's college. He dates his English lecturer (Sally Kellerman), hires Kurt Vonnegut to write his term paper, installs a hot tub in his room and hires Oingo Boingo to play at a party. Robert Downey Jr plays Dangerfield's sulky son's ridiculously new wave roommate.

Rating: Bring out a jug of beer every ten minutes until someone passes out, then bring one every seven minutes

Caddyshack

What do you expect when you put Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield and Bill Murray together on the same elite golf course? Of course it's funny and naturally much of the humour is drug related. The plot is as thin as it needs to be: Danny is a young caddy whose parents want him to go to college despite his poor grades. He befriends wealthy eccentric (Chevy). Dangerfield is himself again as a flamboyant, irreverent property developer who wreaks havoc in usual hilarious fashion. Danny attempts to curry favour with Judge Smalls in order to win a place in college or some such thing-it doesn't really matter. Bill Murray, meanwhile, plays the assistant greenkeeper in what could only be called a retarded style. His mission

is to destroy the gopher which has been plaguing the course. There is so much in this film that I suggest you watch it four or five times and at no stage stray from being under the influence. Watch for Chevy's numerous cocaine references.

3 buckets, 1 six pack, anything else that comes to hand (sniff)

The Three Amigos

I smoked 9 buckets as a dare before settling in to watch the *Three Amigos*. They did the job and in fact provided the inspiration for the bucket rating system. Nuff said. Watch out for the following scenes: singing bush / the invisible swordsman / 'what is a plethora' / 'The real El Guapo' etc. 9 buckets.

Vacation Films

What can you say about a series of films based on the holiday exploits of the original dysfunctional family, The Griswalds. Chevy Chase is brilliant as Clark Griswald - idiot dad - and the jokes flow so thick and fast that it's a shame that the drugs make you miss some of them. The scene where they tie their dead granny to the roof of the car is easily right up there with the best. Beverly D'Angelo stars as the patient mother who generally copes with disasters while the kids provide their fair share of humour. These films are almost a genre in themselves. Unfortunately the quality declines with each film but Vacation can easily be watched many times. 3 buckets each

Serial Mom

Kathleen Turner turns nasty in this edgy black comedy that is paradoxically full of goodness and light. Kathleen tops everybody that gives her family a hard time and gets away with it by being sweet and virtuous, thus wholly unbelievable when cast into the role of black-hearted mass murderer. The leaving the court scene is simply brilliant.

This film has also been acclaimed as a critique of modern suburban society and its associated hollowness. 3 buckets or 1 per murder

Neighbours

Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi have a ball in this satire of the American Dream. Belushi plays the straight man to Aykroyd's manic Captain Vic. The storyline is minimal, Aykroyd and partner come sweeping into Belushi's ordered suburban world,

turn it upside down and enable life to be really 'lived'. The scene regarding where the takeaway comes from is pure genius as are the critiques that are thrown in as an aside. Worth watching and analysing critically. 4 buckets

Stoner/Stupid Comedy

The late nineties saw a boom in this genre of comedy. Based around stupid average folk getting themselves into all sorts of adventures. What this seems to be is a direct progression from the predominantly English 'where's my pussy?' genre back to the vaudeville acts of yesteryear which themselves owe a considerable debt to playwrights such as Aristophanes (*The Frogs* etc) who didn't mind slipping in the odd arse joke.

The films you're looking at here include *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, *Dumb and Dumber*, *Wayne's World*, *Beavis and Butthead* etc etc all of which are basically slapstick but well worth the effort. Many buckets here.

Drama

The Brekky Club

Yet another John Hughes teen film in the days before *Home Alone*. *The Brekky Club* attempted to offer the youth of the day some insight into coping with each other's differences and showing us how even seemingly natural adversaries are really just good kids gone bad. Blah blah blah, it's just crap really. The only message in the film is that drugs will help you get on with each other better and everything works out fine in the end. They should have replaced Judge Nelson's hard bitten cynical character with a more 90's slacker and remade the film 'The Brunch Club'. Then, instead of smoking pot, going hypo, and looking into each other's hearts, they could have sat about, ate some Tim-Tams and giggled a bit. It could have ended the same way.

3 buckets, but only smoke when the characters do!

Two Moon Junction (aka Two Heads Bobbing)

I saw this film by accident as Laurie Anderson's *Home of the Brave* (5 buckets and rising) hadn't arrived at the cinema as expected. Whoopsie. Sherilyn Fenn (*Twin Peaks*) shows her tits off fairly much constantly and Richard Tyson shows off his butt in this daft soft porn costume (or part

Buckets at Tiffany's



Leatherface does his dance ushering in another bucket

thereof) piece set in the South. It was written and directed by Zelman King (*9 1/2 Weeks* etc) which should give you some idea of what it's like.

4 buckets and 1 six pack per person per hour

The Warriors

A gang from Coney Island travel across gang-ridden New York to listen to a proposal from the biggest gang in New York. Unsurprisingly, the leader of this gang gets killed and they must make their way back across a hostile New York while encountering many unruly youngsters.

6 buckets or one for each fight

Zandalee

Nicholas Cage and Judge Reinhold in an incomprehensible film set in the Deep South, about friendship and loyalty and betrayal, but mostly about rooting. The female lead spends almost the entire film naked. Actually about ten times better than *Wild Orchid*, which isn't saying anything.

4 buckets

Fantasy

The early 80s gave us lots of bizarre fantasy films. *The Sword and the Sor-*

cerer, The Beastmaster, Krull and the *Conan* movies (one of which has James Earl Jones, Brigitte Nielsen and Arnie in it) are all worth a look in but only with the right preparation.

3 buckets minimum

The Princess Bride is an exquisite flick and should be seen both with buckets and without buckets in order to compare. Any film with Andre the Giant just has to be good.

Horror

Reanimator etc

The books of Howard Phillips Lovecraft almost never made it as movies. This is probably due, for the most part, to HP's failure to really describe anything except in terms of 'unspeakable loathsomeness' or some such nonsense.

When director Stuart Gordon decided to make a fist of it the first thing he did was dispense with the 20's loathsomeness and replace it with a more new wave 80's setting. The film is set at the Miskatonic Uni, so popular with HPL. Herbert West (played by Jeffery Coombs) is the Re-Animator, a brilliant med student who has discovered a bright green formula for bringing dead flesh back to life. There fol-

lows the usual set of hi-jinks as the dean tries to steal the formula and ends up dead, then alive. Particularly gory and truly revolting in places, this film is pretty good fun and warrants a five bucket rating. (See sequels *Bride of Reanimator* and *From Beyond*, neither of which live up to the original.)

The Evil Dead

Billed as the ultimate experience in gruelling horror and made on a budget of only \$10000, *The Evil Dead* is THE horror film of choice for any serious video buff. The effects are great, the body count is high and you'll laugh as the unfortunate Ash (played by Bruce Campbell) gets more and more blood poured over him.

The plot goes like this. Five college kids go up to a deserted mountain cabin for a holiday and accidentally wake the evil spirits who promptly possess everyone. The possessed kids can only be stopped by dismemberment and decapitation. Naturally the forces of evil win out. There is an alternative explanation for all the supernatural shenanigans, however. Some brainy uni types have suggested that the five kids all took acid and what you are seeing are just Ash's hallucinations. The implication is that Ash hacks all his friends to death in a drug addled frenzy and the famous final scene is simply Ash turning to face reality.

Whatever you think, *The Evil Dead* is a masterpiece of low budget horror and has no rivals.

2 buckets

Evil Dead 2

Kind of a remake of *ED1* rather than a sequel. Roughly the same story except that at the end Ash is flung off through time and space. This is more a comedy than anything else with gory laughs a plenty. The scene where Ash cuts off he's possessed hand and covers it with a cup, then puts a copy of *Farewell to Arms* on top of the cup to keep it still is typical of the humour.

3 buckets

Evil Dead 3

Evil Dead Three, subtitled *Bruce Campbell vs The Army of Darkness* takes off where *ED2* left us. That this one was billed as the ultimate experience in medieval horror is indicative of the style. *Evil Dead 3* has lashings of humour in it, mostly along the lines of *Evil Dead 2*; what can we say, the producers love their slapstick. Better effects and a really strange story make this film worth it but only for the drugs.

4 buckets + beer

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre

Often called the epiphany of gore flicks, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is a wonderful excursion into the world of crazy rednecks. Basically five young folk (its a surprise that there are any left in America with the rate that they're snuffed) encounter a cannibal family of fun (Leatherface, Granpa etc) who kill passersby and use them as sausage stuffing. The final scene is worth an extra bucket as we witness Leatherface twirling his chainsaw as the sun sets in the background.

Buckets 2 - keep away from the sausages.

Videodrome

See characters merge with televisions, watch Debbie Harry mesmerise somebody else. Basically a story about a channel that contains subliminal messages that contribute to people doing weird arse stuff. Buckets won't make this film any less understandable but they will add to the almost tangible aura of creepiness and sado-masochism that permeate this flick.

As many buckets as you desire.

And Finally

Also look out for *The Fly* with Mr Potato Head himself, Jeff Goldblum, the brilliantly disturbing *Dead Ringers* and *Scanners* and the incredibly turgid *Crash* (enough buckets to put you to sleep).

See the piece of willow that terrified a nation.

The Don's record breaking bat is at the Bradman Collection, The State Library Institute Building, North Terrace. 8207 7595. www.bradman.sa.com.au



What I did Last Summer

Fuck me, did I have a good time during last summer. No bullshit. One Friday night Che The Chief, myself and a few other people who have just finished featuring in this story went and got smashed in true student fashion: we got a couple of six-packs and some African Parsley and spent the night laughing, singing and making cheese toasties and curried rice. I somehow managed to get home without anyone's help (I'm fairly sure I was driving), crashed into bed and fell asleep after wandering around my room trying to chat up various pieces of furniture. Four hours later I remembered that The Chief and I had planned to go to an auction that Saturday morning at 10am morning. I remembered because Che rang and woke me up to remind me to get ready to leave. The conversation went something like this: *ring ring* 'H'llo S'm sp'king.' (it was too early for vowels) 'Hey man, are you ready to come to the auction?' 'You bet your sweet arse I am.' (Filthy Lie No. 1) 'Are you even dressed yet?' 'Yeah, half way there.' (Filthy Lie No.2) 'Cool, you'll be ready when I pick you up?' 'No wuckin' furries.' (Filthy Lie No. 3) 'See you in fifteen.' 'Yo later.' *thump* (my head hitting the pillow and losing consciousness). And, true to his word, fifteen minutes later The Chief entered my room in true happy elephant fashion and played bad guitar riffs on my treasured four string until I agreed to put some clothes on before we left for the auction. By that early stage my body just wasn't ready for detoxification. It was like the party in my veins had kept going, even though my brain had piked out and gone to bed. The Chief wasn't in a much more road-worthy state either; his driving could only have been described as akin to a dying blowfly's final flight. Watching us enter the ER Auction Warehouse, one might put one's hand to one's mouth and smiled wistfully in bemusement at the flightiness of youth. One might also have shaken one's head and yelled 'Get those two fucking yobbos out of here before they fall over and break something.'

The reason we came to be standing in a giggly haze in an auction house in Richmond on a Saturday morning was because Che is the type of dude who reads The Messenger for the ads. I'm not sure what that implies, but it means that he went along to an inspection of the 400 or so items to be auctioned off on Friday. The stuff there ranged from fridges, washing machines, TVs, stereos, furniture and plants to towels, cafe umbrellas, linen, wooden boxes, crates of picture frames, assorted gourmet foods and (I quote) 'a palette of assorted items'. The weirdest thing was that that particular item went for \$35. I went

along because, in a munchie-ridden state the previous evening I spied lot number 16 - '3 crates of vending machine bubble gum' - and decided that my future happiness rested solely upon having a steady supply of Hubba Bubba.

I'm not a very drug-savvy person. I, like most people out there, have experimented here and there and decided for myself what's good and what makes me behave like a self-centred Russian spy in a tutu, but for the most part I don't rely on added extras to keep me going but the first time I put up my number to place a bid I felt a rush like nothing else I've experienced. The emotional roller coaster that happens when you make a bid goes up down in a matter of seconds. The first stage is the part where you rationally decide that you want to buy something. Already you're screwed because there's nothing the least bit rational about wanting 9 kilos of bubble gum, it's just that it seems rational in comparison to deciding not to buy the 60 License Plate Plastic Bags (no shit, two people bid for these up to twenty-five bucks).

The second stage is where you wait for the price to become just right. For me this means waiting until it's dropped so low that the auctioneer starts actually shaking his head in disgust. That's when you know for sure that you're in with a chance.

The third and most exciting stage is where you wave your card high in the air and there's no turning back. The auctioneer points in your direction and your fate is sealed. You have actually agreed to pay \$25 for a crate of stationery.

The fourth and final stage can make or break the entire experience. How long the adrenalin rush of wondering whether you just wasted twenty-five bucks lasts for depends on how long your bid hangs in the air. If you had the guts to bid, the odds are you really wanted a tiger print bed-spread or you were only bidding on impulse and you're wishing to fuck that someone else will want it more than you.

The only way to describe the rush to someone who hasn't done it is that it's sort of like asking out someone you'd really like to get busy with. First, you look them up and down (this can last seconds or years), decide you like them and that you're going to pop the question. Second, you wait for your opportunity. If they're going out with someone you wait until they break up (or until their partner ain't around) and pick your moment; if you're in the state The Chief and I were at the auction, any moment is a good moment. Third, you pop the question. Your mouth opens and you say 'How about it?' and that's your bid. That's when the magical intense rush that

makes bungee jumping seem like a litre of Lemsip flows over your quivering body. Whether they say yes or no can really make a difference to how your day goes from this point. If you wanted to go out with the person like you wanted the place the winning bid on a Victorian towel rack and they say yes, then you get all happy because you've now got a place to hang your towel (sorry about the phalocentric metaphor). If they say no because there are better things and higher bids around, then this is where the similarities between going to an auction and propositioning someone go their separate ways. In an auction you can always offer more money, if you try that on someone who's just said 'No thanks' then you could be accused of scraping the barrel, not respecting your crush or possibly even solicitation.

Back to the auction, just briefly. I scored a Discman for \$70 - a bargain, but not a funny bargain. A funny



Just one of the posters that Sam bought.

bargain was another purchase of '8 Khaki Tops (small)' for \$10. If ever there was a fine example of something I didn't know I wanted or needed until the auctioneer called it out, this is it. He even laughed when I made the only bid. However, I feel the score of the day was a pink velour dressing gown that I managed to bargain out of a group of 10 for \$17. I told everyone I was giving it to my Mum, but I'm wearing it right now and I don't think I want to give it up. It feels so soft and warm.

Ps. If anyone wants a Khaki Top (small) drop in to *On Dit* and leave me a note.

Sam Franzway

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This never would have happened



**A Room For Romeo
Brass
Now showing
Palace Nova cinemas**

Some movies don't know just how ugly and evil they are. It is my reluctant, and slightly shaken, opinion that this is one of those movies. You can conjure up Satan, slice up yuppies, cackle nastily or give John Malkovitch a goatee as much as you like, and you won't manage the faint patina of oiled nastiness marring the souls of an unwilling audience which is generated by a movie that actually thinks it's about something else. Like, for example, thinking it's a movie about the beauty and fragility of friendship, whilst actually being a discomfiting and unfulfilling look into psychotic behaviour and repressed feelings of weakness. I've done a double major in psychology and I know what I'm talking about. Vaguely.

Which sounds harsh, but the only worthless movie is one that leaves you with nothing to take home, as it were. I would have liked a little warning that I was watching violent ugliness rather than a detailed look at the dynamics of childhood friendship.

Right, down to business. What is this production that can send a decent, respectable reviewer into howling fits of bloody vengeance? Well, it's a touching story about two twelve year old boys—Romeo Brass (Andrew Shim) and Gavin 'Knocks' Woolley (Ben Marshall)—and the tests their friendship undergoes after meeting a psychotic moron, Morell (Paddy Considine), who

they alternately tease and encourage in unwelcome attempts at courting Romeo's sister, Ladine (Vicky McClure). 'Funny' they said, 'extremely touching' they said. Yeah, and I laugh light-heartedly and prance around the house whilst listening to The Cure...fucking NOT (depending on song of course—I'm thinking 'A Forest' or 'Lullaby' or most of *Wish*).

Ummm...anyhow...sure, it has moments that develop its protagonists' friendships and character, but these moments are blown away by the discomfiting, violently unpredictable presence of Considine's Morell, and the foul waves he leaves in his wake. ALL the performances, however, are faultless. The characters are very well developed in a plot that leaves very little room for expansion of anything save for hate—of Morell and of the fact that his psycho ass isn't being thrown into a vat of acid.

Despite, and perhaps *because* most of the cast, and all the leads, have very little experience and have been given a great deal of reign over their characters, it all seems very natural and real. The kids are smart ass little brats who don't know when to back off, the parents are convincingly loser-ish, with real character lurking underneath. The whole thing flows along with a sense of inevitability. Meadows recreates his childhood home of Nottingham faultlessly, and the photography (Ashley Rowe) is appropriately dull in a suburban kind of way. I haven't seen *TwentyFourSeven* (Meadows' first feature) but apparently Rowe's photography is something special. And yet, I am left with doubts. It is my firmly held belief, without

giving too much away, that when the hammer makes its first appearance, it's probably time to call the police (or the local vat of acid). But nobody does. That bastard character needs to have his bleedin' kneecaps crushed and then to be thrown into a mental institution for the rest of his natural life.

Unhappily, this thought dominated me for the entire movie, and so instead of *Stand By Me*, it felt like *The Boys*. Making you feel weak, unfulfilled and finally terrified is definitely indica-

tive of a quality piece of work, and that it is in direction, script flow and acting. But I don't have to bloody like it, especially with all characters being idiotic, careless and unthinking to various degrees and also as stated intentions differed so dramatically from the product. Nya.

Ben Tucker

**The Emperor and the
Assassin
Now Showing
Palace Nova cinemas**

Epic Chinese Shakespeare, lacking a toilet break.

Three hours, dammit. Three hours...my bladder has suffered permanent disablement for I could not leave nor even look away. Running close for most fantastic movie I have seen all year is Chen Kaige's (*Farewell My Concubine*) *The Emperor and the Assassin*, which, as with so many things, is worth destroying any betraying body organ to engage in.

Following the ascent to power of Ying Zheng (Li Xuejian) in the third century BC, and the wacky capers he gets up to (killing, exiling, maiming, upsetting, teasing) and his quest to unify China under a single rule, we are treated to a highly impressive production. The plot is convoluted and backstabbing (seriously, I can't use the word 'Shakespeare' enough) and all aspects of production are of pants-creaming quality, with set design, photography and costume design all mind boggling, the cast well chosen and directed, and all

put together in a believable way. There is a reasonable nod to historical accuracy (I did research), whilst maintaining the very Shakespearian sense of drama as regards to the actualities of history. I almost felt like I came away with a basic knowledge of Chinese politics of the era, and I hope that the movie is worked into high school curricula. Or maybe not, as they're impressionable kiddies, and there is a little too much child-killing (in a variety of ways) going on for parents, people of weak heart, and soft persons to feel totally at ease letting loose the little tackers on this gig, even besides the bladder workout. It's pretty nasty, but it works—and I feel that full artistic merit can be levelled at the use of graphic violence in this picture. A cinematic production of *Macbeth* I once saw concluded with Macca's head paraded around a castle on a spike—it was perfectly done, and the same runs true for the entirety of *The Emperor*...

The only aspect that lacked was, surprisingly enough for such a high quality picture, in the editing. Either some vital seconds were cut or someone is being sloppy because, here and there, inconsistencies appeared. Nothing major you understand, but just enough to throw you off—disappearing underlings, teleporting women, things like that. It's a minor niggle, and I'm not certain it wasn't just sleep deprivation on my part, but it bugged me all the same.

Nonetheless, I credit *Rip It Up's* Mad Dog with saying '...it could take several veiwings to drink it all in'. And for a three-hour epic, that says something about the content. Fuck that four simultaneous screens bullshit, this is far more active in mono. If it's still showing (all apologies for my slackness in putting out this review—I have excuses) go see it on the big screen—fan-bloody-tastic.

Ben Tucker

**Sweet and Lowdown
Now showing
Selected cinemas**

Oh, if only I could criticise this vile little man on more than a personal level. If only I could ride roughshod over his cinematic creation, and laugh at his lack of talent or creativity. But, as with so many de-ranked bastards, Woody Allen has some vague idea of what his gig is about. Generally it's him. Everything he's ever done (that I've seen) has been about him. Even if it's

to the other fella

about someone else, it's really about him, self-centred prick. Oh the horror of being poor little him. How terrible it is to be a known and self-confirmed asshole, with the moral calibre of a sewer rat. You have to be pretty careful with that insult. Last time I used it someone got quite upset, but I think it's deserved here. The man bugs me, in that he brings a strange dignity to what is generally considered the 'plague' approach to life-spreading misery and death with occasional unsightly skin blemishes. Sing ho for nastiness, nastiness ho!

Today, he is being somewhat more subtle than in *Deconstructing Harry*. His latest is a fictional biography about a 1930's jazz guitarist Emmet Ray, played with passion and believability by Sean Penn who is thought, among all circles who count, as god himself and quite an impressive actor to boot. He does crazy unpredictability to a tee, for evidence see *She's So Lovely*, which isn't very good save for Penn's performance.

This film offers Allen a chance to base a movie around what is obviously his favourite musical era, and fill it chokkers with INCREDIBLE music. The music is bleedin' fantastic, featuring one or two bits done by Django Reinhardt, who also features, in spirit, as a major plot device. The music is well-chosen and the live performances are ghosted impressively by Penn, who looks like he's done a damn huge amount of research and practice in the fingering department.

I fear I was suckered...I knew not of the film's fictional status when I first saw it, and I could have sworn I had seen an Emmet Ray amongst my Mum's extensive jazz collection, and for a time before reading the production notes, I spoke as if the chap had lived. But no, Emmet Ray is a puppet for Allen to work out his personal torment onto the big screen. Bastard. Nonetheless, the character is built with class and colour, and Penn, as mentioned, does crazy well, and is rather perfect in the role. At least it wasn't Allen doing himself again—I get the urge to throw things at the screen whenever I see his weedy shnoz.

Special mention should be made of Samantha Morton who plays her lineless part with a great deal of character and style, blowing movies that spout line after line of postmodern crap from the mouths of pretty, wooden teenagers out of the water. *Dawsons*, *Scream*—I'm looking at you.

Unfortunately, the quality doesn't end with performances and music. Both are enhanced by fantastic set

design and a wide variety of locations that set up the Swing Era quite effectively. It's all great, but prepare to be annoyed by characters designed to be such. Pretty cack funny in places as well, if only in that uncomfortable sort of way. In conclusion, I must recommend it to all and sundry. Damn.

Ben Tucker

**The Living Sea
Now showing
IMAX**

Narrated by Meryl Streep, *The Living Sea* is an interesting documentary on the beauty of our oceans. Ranging from the sandy beaches to the darkest depths for forty-odd minutes some of the most breath-taking footage is mixed in with music performed by Sting, that devotee of all things tantric, to create a relaxing and enjoyable experience.

The camera movements and angles (aka cinematography) are designed for the 'big screen' and, at times, you feel as though you are swimming alongside some of the ocean's most magnificent and unusual creatures. The footage of the blue whales is enchanting even though they are dwarfed by size of the ocean itself.

The Living Sea keeps emphasizing the importance of looking after our oceans and points to the fact that even though we have succeeded in some areas more needs to be done to ensure that future generations will be able to see the wonders that we have in today's oceans. There are a few 'stories' of the sea throughout where various people from widely different backgrounds give their perspective on their little part of the ocean.

There is some spectacular footage of the roaring surf (from above and below the wave) as surfers try chasing the perfect ride, the family bond existing between the Pacific and islanders, children being taught to respect the sea whilst embracing modern culture and a scientists journey to research an amazing area where literally hundreds of thousands of jellyfish live. Each segment doesn't drag on too long ensuring constant interest and attention. It certainly is true family entertainment.

For anyone that hasn't been to IMAX before treat yourself at least once.

Jorm



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What do you want to do on your show:

.....

Do you have any previous experience we should know about?

.....

What ideas do you have for Student Radio next year?

.....



Are you talking to me? A Spotlight on Martin Scorsese

Martin Scorsese was born on November 17 1942 in Flushing, Long Island. He is the second son of Charles and Catherine Scorsese. A film devotee from a very young age, Scorsese began making amateur films with his close friends. He was a film student at New York University from 1960-1965, and while there photographed *Inesita*, a nine-minute film of a flamenco

dancer which was directed by Robert Siegel. Scorsese made his first real film in 1963, entitled *What's a Nice Girl Like You Doing in a Place Like This?* This was a nine-minute short about a writer named Algernon who buys a picture and becomes so obsessed with it that he can no longer lead a normal life.

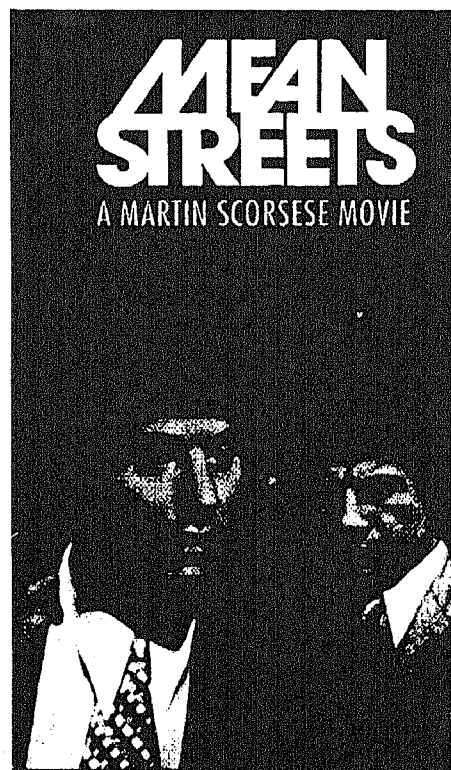
In 1969, the director made his first

feature, *Who's That Knocking at my Door?* Over the years he has proven himself a passionate and versatile filmmaker. He has directed eighteen feature films in total, nearly all of which have attracted considerable critical acclaim.

Scorsese's latest film is *Bringing Out the Dead*, a high-energy, relentlessly dark view of life through the bleary, sleep-derived eyes of a paramedic

in New York's notorious Hell's Kitchen. To commemorate the release of *Bringing Out the Dead* on videocassette on October 25, we take a look at some of the films of the man who has been hailed as 'a god among directors'.

James Trevelyan
with extra special thanks to
Lara Iziercich



Mean Streets
1973 Dir: Martin Scorsese
Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel,
Amy Robinson, Richard
Romanus
Warner Home Video

The consistently careless Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro) is a small-time gambler who is always in debt. Charlie (Harvey Keitel) is a crony and associate who is always bailing Johnny Boy out of mischief. Michael (Richard Romanus) is a loan shark who cannot get any payments out of Johnny Boy. All small-time hoods, these characters hang out in a bar. They are required to make payments every Tuesday. Johnny Boy is indolent and untrustworthy, which invariably gets him into trouble with

Michael. Johnny is a prankster and derelict, and only really cares about himself. Charlie is always making excuses to Michael so that Johnny can get money to the loan shark the following week.

Charlie is sleeping with Johnny's epileptic cousin Teresa (Amy Robinson), and feels like he should help Johnny out. Charlie has a chance to take over a restaurant but is torn between his lover and his business associates. Michael becomes impatient with Johnny Boy and warns him to pay up or he will take action.

Mean Streets is the first collaboration between Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro. Gritty and violent, it takes us into the lives of small-time gangsters. Its dazzling soundtrack and consistent flow of colourful characters make this film unique and

absorbing. Scorsese uses slow motion sequences that are distinguished and give the scenes a more realistic feel. There is a scene set in a bar in which Johnny boy has his arms around two girls and is walking down the side of the bar. Slow motion is used and is backed by a Rolling Stones tune, making the scene memorable as Johnny strolls down, grinning and feeling proud of himself.

Harvey Keitel is an average actor who cannot upstage De Niro. De Niro steals every scene they are in together. Originally De Niro was to play Charlie but changed his mind. The screenplay was written by Scorsese and Mardik Martin, which shows us that they're extraordinary talents in creating these wonderful characters.

Matthew Herfurth

Taxi Driver
1976 D: Martin Scorsese
Robert De Niro, Jodie Foster
Cybil Sheppard, Harvey Keitel
Columbia Tristar Home Video

Almost branded with an X rating, *Taxi Driver* is a fearsome and unprecedented movie written by the renowned Paul Schrader. Incipiently slated as a vehicle for Jeff Bridges, this film follows the sleepless life of Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro). *Taxi Driver* is a movie that deserves repeated viewings - a real gem. The observant Travis is a loner who needs someplace to go in his life. After taking a job as a cabbie, Travis is watchful of the city's nightlife and yearns for the day when all the foulness and impurity will erode away. Travis has mixed feelings

about his life and keeps an eerie journal which records his day-to-day musings.

Travis is an introvert, and however concerned about other people's lives he may be, his own is distant and unclear. He is unsure about the world around him; he offers friendship to some of the people he interacts with but is sometimes refused. He meets Iris (Jodie Foster), an underage hooker, and is both concerned and appalled by her way of life. This leaves him more and more disillusioned. After a mishap with a female interest called Betsy (Cybil Sheppard), Travis becomes enraged and spirals off into his own sick world.

Taxi Driver is my favorite Martin Scorsese movie. It is engaging in

most places; a real genius of a film that has timeless scenes. De Niro's unique mannerisms grabbed me from the very start; shyness around his co-workers is a treat to watch.



Not much of a talker, time and money is Bickle's strength. The unresponsive Travis is perfectly played by Robert De Niro, who is chilling and momentous. His

lonesome face and his lost expressions are all signs of a socially disadvantaged fellow who bonded with a hooker.

Robert De Niro actually improvised and used his own dialogue in the famous 'You talkin' to me?' scene. *Taxi Driver* is violent and disturbing, haunting the audience with its ghostly soundtrack. This is a really effective portrayal of one man on the edge who has just simply had enough of the disasters that surround him. *Taxi Driver* is enjoyable to the very last minute and emotionally satisfying. It leaves you wondering how far people can be pushed before they snap inside.

Matthew Herfurth

GoodFellas
1990 D: Martin Scorsese
Robert De Niro, Ray Liotta
Joe Pesci, Lorraine Bracco
Warner Home Video

GoodFellas, based on the book *Wiseguy* by Nicholas Pileggi, is a fascinating look at life in the Mafia. Ray Liotta stars as Henry Hill, who grows up in an Italian-American neighborhood and dreams of becoming a 'wiseguy' - a

gangster. The film follows his informal inauguration into a crime family headed by the intimidating Paulie (Paul Sorvino) and his ensuing life of above-the-law mischief. He marries the fiesty Karen (Lorraine Bracco), who becomes increasingly suspicious about what it is exactly that Henry does for a living.

This is an engrossing and highly compelling gangster drama. Liotta stars with longtime Scorsese collaborator Robert De Niro, who

plays Irish-American career criminal James Conway, a charming yet ruthless man. Joe Pesci is deliciously nasty as Tommy, a walking powder keg who explodes into violence at the slightest provocation.

To a large extent, *GoodFellas* focuses on the close-knit triangle of Henry, Jimmy and Tommy. We see these three hoodlums rob trucks, sell drugs, and threaten and/or kill anyone who stands in their way. But, as the saying goes, nothing lasts forever.

GoodFellas recalls *Mean Streets*, and explores thematically similar territory. And the memorable scenes are too numerous to mention. One that springs to mind is the one in which dead bodies connected to the history-making Lufthansa heist are being discovered in various unlikely public places. This is set to the piano and slide guitar-driven coda from Derek and the Dominoes' 'Layla'!

James Trevelyan

Are you talking to me? A Spotlight on Martin Scorsese

The King of Comedy
1983 D: Martin Scorsese
Robert De Niro, Jerry Lewis
Sandra Bernhard
Warner Home Video

Hysterically insane Rupert Pupkin (Robert De Niro) has a philosophy that it is better to be a king for a night than a fool for a lifetime. In *The King of Comedy*, Martin Scorsese's fifth pairing with Robert De Niro, Scorsese introduces another loner who will not stop at anything to be noticed and achieve his fame. Rupert is an over-the-top, talentless comedian and a nutcase. He is obsessed with talk show host Jerry Langford (Jerry Lewis), and waits outside the studio in which Langford's show is filmed, desiring to meet him. Rupert meets Jerry and asks to be on his show. Rupert thinks he has what it takes to make

it to the big time, and ends up giving a tape to Jerry containing his stand-up material. Rupert repeatedly calls Jerry but cannot get in contact with him. Jerry hates Rupert and finally rejects his comedic offerings, so Rupert kidnaps Jerry, aided and abetted by another obsessive fan named Masha (Sandra Bernhard). Masha is in love with Jerry and fantasizes about him constantly. *The King of Comedy* tells a story about one man's grapple for recognition and fame that ultimately lands him in trouble. I think Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro are the finest director/actor combination in cinematic history. De Niro's unique talent is once again uncovered as he is given an obsessive and crazed character to work with. This is easily one of his best performances and he is a frequent

scene-stealer in the movie. There are scenes in this film which are so over-the-top and which take Rupert's loneliness to extremes. Rupert has created a fake TV set in his room

friend. This is a man removed from reality but who continues to strive for his fifteen minutes of fame. He is pushed over the edge when his friendship for Jerry is refused. Mistreated and hurt, Rupert reacts with sad desperation. Jerry Lewis gives a steady performance in a serious role that helps to balance out this movie's insane characters. I think Lewis is a capable actor who can persuade the audience that there is a serious side to him. For all Jerry Lewis fans, I greatly recommend a movie called *Arizona Dream*, which he made with Johnny Depp in 1993. Obsessive people and their infatuation with entertainment celebrities are used in this fantastic film that has to be seen to be believed.



and is always pretending to be hosting his own show. He has visions of meeting Jerry and becoming a success. Rupert wanted to be Jerry's

Matthew Herfurth

The Age of Innocence
1993 D: Martin Scorsese
Daniel Day Lewis, Michelle Pfeiffer, Winona Ryder, Richard E. Grant
Columbia TriStar Home Video

Adapted from the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Edith Wharton and previously filmed twice - in 1924 and 1934 - *The Age of Innocence* tells the story of Newland Archer's (Daniel Day Lewis) secret love for the charismatic and mysterious Countess Ellen Olenska (Michelle Pfeiffer) and the staunch, stifling society which ensured that this love could not come to fruition.

Archer is an up-and-coming young lawyer who is engaged to the lovely if naïve May Welland. They inhabit the wealthy, privileged society of New York in the 1870s whose conventions Archer finds frustrating and restrictive. His world is irrevocably altered when he falls

in love with Ellen, who has come to New York to escape her abusive husband in Europe. But both Archer and Ellen recognize that their love will not be able to endure the torrent of scandal that will descend upon it if the New York aristocracy finds out what they have been up to.

The Age of Innocence is a visually sumptuous, sweeping love story which will - hopefully! - completely bewitch you. It has a capable and engaging cast. The principal actors do very good work, and Richard E. Grant is very good as the bitchy, gossip-driven Larry Lefferts. Jonathan Pryce pops up as an appealing, poverty-stricken Frenchman, and the film is narrated by Joanne Woodward. Michael Ballhaus' cinematography is superb, and the set design is pretty breathtaking. As always, Scorsese's attention to detail is faultless. The director dedicated this film to his father, Charles Luciano, and *The Age of*

Innocence really does come across as a heartfelt labour of love.

For an interesting account of Richard E. Grant's experiences onset and his take on what it was like to work with *The Master*, check out Grant's uproarious and insightful film diaries, *With Nails*.

James Trevelyan

Video Tip of the Week

Do not stick a sandwich in the VCR. It will fuck shit up.



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Are you talking to me? A Spotlight on Martin Scorsese

Casino
1996, D: Martin Scorsese
Robert De Niro, Sharon Stone, Joe Pesci
CIC Home Video

Perhaps the most common complaint - over and beyond its three-plus hour running time - is that it's simply *Goodfellas* goes to Vegas. Despite the obvious similarities between the two films, however, this suggestion is quite unfair to what

Bringing Out the Dead
1999, D: Martin Scorsese
Nicolas Cage, Patricia Arquette, John Goodman, Ving Rhames

Real life man and wife duo up for Martin Scorsese's *Bringing out the Dead*. Nicolas Cage plays a burnt out paramedic named Frank Pierce who has lost reliance upon himself and has difficulty concentrating. Haunted by memories of losing a girl named Rose, he believes that when the spirits leave the body they come back as ghosts. Night after night Frank and Larry (John Goodman) patrol the streets waiting for cardiac arrests and drug overdoses and observing the

is, ultimately, a wonderful film. *Casino* is based on the true story of Sam 'Ace' Rothstein (De Niro), a numbers man for the mob, who is given the job of running the Tangiers Casino in Vegas by a bunch of crooked Teamsters. Despite the fact that Ace has to operate without a licence, the operation is a resounding success. Money is made for all concerned. Things, inevitably, begin to go a bit awry, due to two main factors. The first is the arrival of Ace's old buddy,

impurities that walk the streets. Frank meets Mary (Patricia Arquette) after he resuscitates her father in an incident, saving his life. Frank is also partnered with Marcus (Ving Rhames), a part-time paramedic who worships the Lord. He believes that only crazy people can see ghosts and Frank tells him about his visions of young Rose. Frank has a theory that rescuing someone's life is like falling in love. He feels immortal after saving people - it is a complete high. Burnt out, unsettled and irked, Frank asks to be fired every day when he arrives - late - for work. He is always refused termination and always desires for the next day to be his last. Frank wants to help Mary and follows her around. She

Nicky Santoro (Pesci), the second his marriage to Ginger (Stone), a hustler who has been working the Tangiers for years. Over the course of the next ten years or so, Nicky crosses further into the realms of pointless, sociopathic violence, Ginger becomes hopelessly addicted to pretty much anything she can get her hands on, and Ace tries desperately to hold everything together. Ultimately, it is a very simple story writ large, and almost effective one at that.

doesn't need him but he still pursues her. Nicolas Cage, Oscar winner for *Leaving Las Vegas*, gives a convincing offering as a paramedic on the verge of losing his mind. The ghosts of people he could not save haunt him. Frank cannot get past the death of Rose and apologizes to her ghost in one scene. This scene is effective because all his guilt and anguish is finally emancipated and he realizes that it wasn't really his fault. As usual Martin Scorsese introduces fascinating characters to his movies that stay in our minds forever. I think Scorsese is still making clever movies today, just like he did in the Seventies and Eighties. A great supporting cast is used in *Bringing*

De Niro turns in a perfect, rather restrained performance that further adds to the notion that he does his best work with Scorsese. Pesci's crazy little guy routine still works, despite its increasing familiarity, and Stone, quite simply, puts in her best performance, ever. Beautiful to look at, with an absorbing story and three wonderful performances, *Casino* is, quite simply, a tour de force.

Jake la Motta

Out the Dead, including John Goodman, Ving Rhames and Patricia Arquette. All of these actors bring individual realism to their roles and are pleasing to watch on the screen. The camera angles used in this movie are unforgettable and the rearview mirror sequences used in the ambulance are admirable. The camera pans over the roof of the ambulance and focuses on the lights as they flash like crazy while in action. In one scene the camera pans behind the ambulance, speeds up the film and in another scene turns the camera upside down as the ambulance speeds away. Recommended highly.

Matthew Herfurth

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"Each sub-editorial position is worth one badge. This collection is my passport to a cadetship at the Sunday Mail!"

57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

Show me the Cable

I must admit that many years ago when I first heard of the concept of pay television as it existed in the United States (if I recall correctly it was during an episode of *Different Strokes* – but there's certainly no need to go into that), I was pretty sceptical. 'Why,' I wondered, 'with the wealth of quality free programming available in Australia, would anyone want to *pay* for extra channels?' Keep in mind I was a kid in primary school at the time – which might explain both why I was watching *Different Strokes* and why I thought free-to-air television was great. Later, of course, I realised that free television is *free* because you get what you pay for. I thought I had rationalised paying for television based on the fact that it involved no advertising, quality programming and lots of it. Later still, I would realise that I was wrong on pretty much all three counts.

I saw Foxtel for the first time in 1997 at a friend's house. I was mesmerised. The first observation everyone makes with Foxtel is that even when there's nothing on it's great, because it takes half an hour to surf through all the channels. Later that year, I moved in to share a house with that very same friend, and we transferred his Foxtel account right on over.

The first dream to be shattered was that there are no ads. Dead wrong. The only channels spared from advertising are the movie channels, and even then it's only when a movie is playing. Otherwise, there's actually quite a bit of advertising. We're certainly not talking 6 or 7 per ad break, but you still notice that they are there. Secondly, there aren't as many channels as you'd think. We had the full package

available at the time (minus the low-budget, soft-core porn channel – didn't really seem worth it, even to two guys), and I thought that meant 33 channels. Not really. First deduct 5 for the retransmitted free-to-air

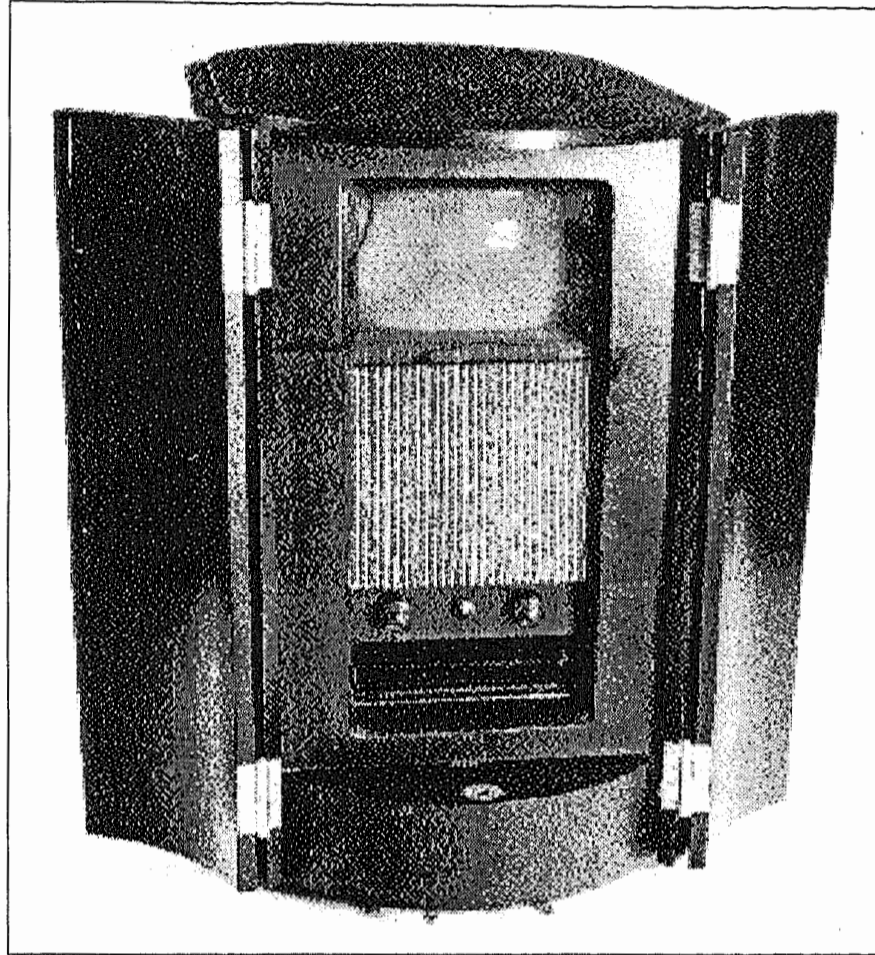
channels, pretty much everything on Foxtel has already been on free-to-air television. There are some programs, though not many, that are exclusive to Foxtel, and they seem to show fairly recent series,

be running down your street, but Telstra's just not connecting houses to it any more. That seems like a curious business plan to me. Apart from that, of course, Foxtel's just not as good as you expect it to be. And it's expensive. What I've described in the paragraph above costs about \$60 per month. Even shared between two, that kind of expense gets pretty hard to justify once the novelty's worn off. So, as I glance over to my lovely, black Trinitron, I'm thinking even now that the thick coax of Fox extending to it from the wall might just have to go. And the final tragedy is that if I ditch the pay-TV, the outlet has no choice but to sit dormant in Adelaide, for despite it being 6 feet from my PC, we can't get cable Internet access in this city.

The End

O'Week 2000 feels like yesterday. Looking back, it's been a long year, but it's hard to pin down where most of it went. Congratulations to anyone who stuck with me here in *57 Channels* – there were times when the column was hardly a literary work. I think we occasionally examined some important issues, though. Getting to interview *The Curiosity Show's* Rob Morrison about children's television, and education in the media in general was certainly a highlight of my journalistic year. We also looked at digital television in Australia, some lowlights of news reporting, and, probably just as importantly, how the plots of a few of my favourite cop shows are going. Being involved with *On Dit* has been a worthwhile experience – I recommend it to anyone for the year to come.

Paul Hoadley



channels (poor old ACE-TV never made the cut). Then deduct one for the Electronic Program Guide, and one more for the Weather Channel. Already we're down to 26. Where to go from there, of course, depends very much on taste, but I would certainly be deducting one for each of the Lifestyle, TCM, Sky Racing, CMT, TVSN, FX, and Hallmark as channels I have literally never watched. Now we're down to 19. The myth that I was paying for quality was the next to go. With the exception of Showtime and, of course, the Sports and News

but these are the exception. The documentary channels show programs made in the early nineties as a rule. The Comedy Channel shows some great stand-up, for example, but it's five years old, and you've generally seen it at least twice before *on The Comedy Channel!*

Telstra, Australia's largest pay television provider via Foxtel, has 637,000 subscribers. I don't think it's hard to work out why. For one thing, Telstra seems to have stopped rolling out cable, and, worse, I've heard of cases where the cable can



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Television, Drug of a Nation

It's been a funny old year for the teev. Some bunch of people from some university somewhere, who are probably a hell of a lot smarter than you or I, released a report earlier this year that essentially said that television is getting stupider by the second. Their conclusion? That decent programming basically doesn't exist any more. Yet we all keep on coming back for more, tuning in like the good little consumers that we are.

There's clearly a level of manipulation of the audience at work here that kind of has to be admired. Just look at Seven's deeply weird 'Dot' promotion, and you'll see what I mean.

The year began with a complete obsession with all things 'millennium', which got pretty old pretty quickly. I for one was enormously sick of shows throwing the words 'new millennium/century/year' around by about midday January 1. Once the networks shed that one, the Olympics obsession began, and we're still experiencing the aftershocks of that now. It looks like Seven will never tire of using the Olympic colours to plug the network, but I guess only time will tell on that. No discussion of this year's television could overlook the first major phenomenon that hit our screens this year: reality TV. The first whiff we got of this rash of programming came with the explosion of *Popstars*. As television, *Popstars* was kind of fascinating: the overwhelmingly plastic nature of the program and everything that surrounded it was pretty compelling, and the clear attempt at multi-media manipulation was simply frightening. But even more frightening was the fact that it worked so well.

Things then went quiet on the 'reality' front until two remarkably similar shows turned up at what was pretty much the same time, namely *Survivor* and *Shipwrecked*. The former, American-produced option verged on the unwatchable for mine, drowning under the weight of its own self-importance and rather forced 'drama'. The British-produced *Shipwrecked*, on the other hand, was at least self-aware enough to realise that it was complete pap and little more than an excuse to get people to wear as little clothing as possible and, as such, was

significantly more entertaining. And that was that. As soon as we could say 'formulaic', reality TV was everywhere. Local talent again leapt into the fray with the execrable *Treasure Island* and the if-anything-slightly-worse *The Great Chase*. Expatriate Austral-



Ground Force: *shithouse*.

ian Mark Little is now churning out episodes of *The Villa*, which falls squarely into the so bad it's funny category, for British television, and the new series of *Shipwrecked* and *Survivor* are filming as we speak.

It's depressing, really. Hopefully it's only matter of time before this crap goes the way of the Power Rangers, and we're not forced to suffer through this shite for too long.

The other phenomenon that began to crop up this year was that of the now-familiar lifestyle show, taken to a whole new level. Now, I thought that this particular genre had reached its nadir a few years back with the frankly horrific *Changing Rooms*, but I guess I was wrong.

Ground Force and *Backyard Blitz* arrived on our screens at virtually the same time and basically are, for all intents and purposes, identical. Unwatchable pap, apparently produced by incompetents, each seems to involve a team of drooling imbeciles descending on some unfortunate's back yard, with the apparent aim of transforming it into something as ugly as fuck, if not far uglier, in a timeframe of about 37 seconds.

Or something like that.

About the most interesting thing about these shows was the sniping that went on between them when they debuted, as each claimed they had stolen the idea from the other. Once that abated, each seemed to descend to being a constant repetition of the words 'water feature', which is hardly riveting, to me at least.

Ally McBeal is still offending the world's sensibilities, even though the juggernaut seems to be running out of steam - let's face it, when this many of the original cast jump ship, you always know things are looking a bit wonky. It seems that a large degree of the Ally obsession that plagued us last year has been gradually transferred to *Sex and the City*, Ally's harder-edged (in a really soft-edged sort of way) successor. The themes underpinning *Sex and the City* are no less worrying than those in *Ally McBeal* (ie women can't be truly happy without a man and all that), but at least it does

without the saccharine sentimentality. Mind you, when last month's *Cleo* ran a competition to find the four women in Australia most like *Sex and the City*'s protagonists, it was startlingly clear that the whole thing had gone just a bit too far.

You could well get the impression from what I have written thus far that what's gone to air this year



Backyard Blitz: *shithouse*.

on Australian television this year has been universally bad, which is certainly not the case. The past ten years or so has seen an increase in the quality of a lot of programming, particularly in the areas of drama and situation comedy, and a shining example of this over the last year or so has

been *The Sopranos*. Unfailingly literate and intelligent scripts, excellent performances and universally high production values have made this little number one of the best things going around at the moment. Now if only Nine could find a decent timeslot for it ...

The usual suspects among American television drama continued to perform strongly throughout the year. Little Ricky (sorry, Rick) Schroeder continues to amaze me by being able to act in *NYPD Blue*, and *Law and Order*, despite having run for what seems like forever, still impresses. The hospital dramas, *ER* and *Chicago Hope*, are still going reasonably strong, the latter seemingly not turning to shit with the return of David E Kelley, which surprised me for one. And even the grand old warhorse, *The X-Files*, despite clearly limping on towards an inevitable death, remains quite watchable. Whether it's got enough life left in it for one more season remains to be seen, however. I doubt it.

American situation comedy has continued to head pretty much in the right direction in this post-*Seinfeld* world, which is encouraging. *Just Shoot Me!* seems finally to have got over the last of its teething troubles, and produced a consistently excellent season this year, while *Spin City* also came up with its best work to date. Whether the momentum can be maintained following the loss of Michael J Fox is questionable, though.

I can't help my fascination with television. I guess that when you get down to it, I'm just a pop culture junkie, and I find it hard to ignore the big Sony sitting in the corner.

Television is a fascinating medium, and yet one that goes unexplored much of the time. The total saturation it can achieve, the sheer number of people that it can reach is staggering, and both frightens and fascinates me. What was that line from *Seinfeld*?

'It repulses me, but I cannot look away.' I think that pretty much sums it up.

I was pretty happy with the way my year in teev panned out, largely because *The Simpsons* remains pure genius, Ten brought back *Dilbert* and Two brought back *Daria*.

I guess I'm just easy to please.

Dale F Adams

Arts Bandit

FESTIVAL OF ONE
Bakehouse Theatre
 Nov 23 - Dec 9

I interviewed Bakehouse Theatre Director Peter Green this week about the up-coming 'Festival of One'. The festival will be staging 10 'one-actor' plays, over two weeks.

OD. This is the Festival's second year?

PG. This year is riding a ground swell of enthusiasm and support created by the first festival. The first festival had to make do with a very limited advertising budget, and with the ArtSA project funding that we received we were only able to offer less than \$500 for each production - and that had to be split up between their writer, director, actor and helpers. Even so we attracted 15 entries, from which we selected 12. The success of the event is evident in that the sponsors are much more supportive this year. We are truly grateful to Arts S.A., and we are also receiving support from Health Promotion, and the Adelaide City Council.

OD. Success breeds success.

PG. It has been really exciting. I think people are catching on that this is not a 'one act' amateur theatre festival, but actually a 'one actor' (per play) festival, certainly open to all comers, but aimed at the professional market. I think this realisation explains the increased response from sponsors, particularly the support by *The Advertiser*, which is very important. All this support has validated the sense of confidence we had after last season and upon which we have been operating in the run-up to the event over the last six months.

OD. What have the submissions been like this year?

PG. Aside from numerous phone calls, we received 40 applications, 5 of which were play-scripts only, the other 35 being complete productions: actor, playwright, and director. The selection process was very difficult. My daughter Erin (a student at Adelaide University) helped, and between us I think we ensured that the material is both of

a high standard, as well as fresh and relevant to a younger audience. Seven shows were immediate stand-outs, and we selected amongst the others to give the programme some balance and diversity. The festival has obviously created a great deal of interest in the writing of one-actor plays, which are themselves an excellent vehicle for the playwright, director, and actor through which to get some exposure. It is usually very difficult for South Australian playwrights to get to see their work in production, and this format



addresses that problem directly. Interestingly, eight out of the ten selected plays were written in South Australia. This means that they competed very well amongst the competition, which included international entrants.

OD. What kind of material do the plays cover?

PG. The genre tends to encourage exciting theatre. A lone actor must work hard to fully engage an audience, and this factor must be addressed by the playwright. Hence the plays tend to deal with 'on the edge' topics; topics which go close to the line, and evoke strong feelings. The result is not a 'board-room dialogue' kind of theatre; it is much more vibrant, and looks for instant impact. The plays average around 40 - 60 minutes in length, which meant that we also attracted

a lot of interest from short story writers, who have now had the chance to work within the theatrical form.

OD. The people involved must be quite excited with the opportunity.

PG. This means that 10 actors, 10 writers and 10 directors are working and creating. This year, because of the improved funding, we are able to give each production the lion's share of the box-office takings, which means that potentially they can receive around \$3000. This still isn't much when divided between writer, director,

actor, designers and sundry helpers, but it is a significantly improved return upon last year. What we hope is that acts can then move onward from the festival. This is definitely more possible for this kind of performance because the travel costs for a one-actor play are obviously so much less than they are for larger productions. It is a much more affordable venture. Last year the Bakehouse Theatre had a production by Rawcus, *Often I find That I Am Naked*, which went on to travel and win prizes at Fringe festivals around the world, including winning prizes at Edinburgh. We hope that other productions from this year's festival can go on to repeat the same experience.

OD. That is good to hear. On Dit reviewed that show, and Rawcus

truly deserve their success. Have there been any other flow-on effects of the festival?

PG. The festival has stimulated a lot of interest within the industry. We are finding that other groups are now thinking of holding seasons of their own. There are 30 acts we haven't been able to include, so there is obviously a lot of over-flow begging to be produced. The festival involves several hundred people, so it excites a lot of talk and discussion. Hopefully the stimulation can continue to snow-ball. People need this sort of opportunity to showcase their talent, and the industry needs this kind of support to nurture the pool of experienced people, especially so that South Australia can compete with the otherwise ever-present inter-state movement of our local talent. The festival gives people the opportunities that they need.

OD. Anything else that you'd like to add?

PG. Yes, I'd like to say that there are some great people involved in these productions, people like writer/director Rob George, and writer Stephanie McCarthy. It is great to have this calibre of people involved. At the same time we haven't necessarily just chosen the 10 best, we've also gone for the emerging talents, the people who are going somewhere, but only just getting started. So the shows include people such as recent graduates of the CPA, which is great. We want to see those people getting the experience.

OD. And the festival format?

PG. There will be two plays each night, with a half hour intermission between during which we hope to have musicians performing in the foyer whilst the crowd enjoys a drink.

Peter is looking for musicians to perform during the intermissions. Remuneration is limited to professional exposure and tickets to the night, and involvement in the event should be rewarding in itself. Those interested (and those wanting to make ticket bookings) can call on 8227 0505.

The sweet folk at HELPMANN GRANTS have awarded 20 arts projects a total financial assistance of over \$47,000. This enables such things as the Flinders Drama Centre inviting Australian experimental artist STELARC to conduct a series of workshops and lectures at all Helpmann Academy institutions next year. GEFILTE FISH, formed by recent graduates of the Flinders Drama Centre, also received assistance for their

premiere production of *Falsettos* at the forthcoming Feast 2000. The list goes on, and we are very grateful.

Please go and see VITAL STATISTIX's *The Marigold Hour* at Feast 2000. End of the year has prevented us from covering their offering, but Vital Statistix is a nationally respected, locally based Women's Theatre company that deserves our support. Bon chance.

ARTSON

There are five FREE DOUBLE-PASSES to give away for Tangent Production's *And Baby Makes Seven* to the first 5 people who ring Christopher Hurrell on 0415 199 050. See the review in this section.

The Theatre Guild's final production for the year is *Four on a Couch*.

Written by Finegan Kruckemeyer, directed by Patricia Ryan, lighting by Ben Flett. It should sound familiar - four young people in a share house, drinking, desperately avoiding Uni and chatting about life's big issues such as the sexual habits of the Muppets and the artistic merits of *Basic Instinct*. A 'mystery' drives the action: 'are we living with a thief or a dealer?' The Rhino Room, Frome St., 9 - 11 Nov @ 8.30pm; tickets at the door.

Who Arted?

Tosca
State Opera
21, 24, 28, 31 Oct & 2 Nov
Adelaide Festival Theatre

Puccini's *Tosca* possesses a reputation as an ill-fated opera - every production has some problem or glitch. Some are the stuff of legends, like a certain European the prima-donna in the title-role managed to infuriate everybody involved, especially the stage hands. Their revenge was sweet. On opening night the show went well until the climactic end scene, when Tosca threw herself from the parapet and fell, then reappeared, then reappeared twice more, each time more furious and red-faced. The stage-hands had replaced the mattresses on which she was supposed to land with a trampoline. Or the Brazilian production where the chorus went on strike on the night of the season opening. The stage manager employed some out of work actors to fill the roles of the firing squad, but a misunderstanding regarding their directions for the final scene saw them chase Tosca across the stage and mount the parapet behind her, where they proceeded to jump

after her, one by one.

In choosing *Tosca* as the final production for their 2000 season, the State Opera Company board seemed to be flying in the face of the gods. This year's season has been arguably the company's best in some years. As if to prove that every legend has some grounding in fact, a problem arose on the morning of the production's first night.

The supremely talented soprano Deborah Riedel, who was to sing the role of Floria Tosca for the first time, had been ill during rehearsals and suffered a relapse, informing State Opera general director Stephen Phillips of her inability to sing the role the morning of the first performance. With six hours to curtain-up, Phillips secured the services of virtuoso soprano Joan Carden, who arrived in Adelaide just two hours before the performance was to begin. Such is the stuff of legends.

The verdict: The State Opera's 2000 production of *Tosca* - a resurrection of the company's 1993 production - is the perfect end to an exceptional season. *Tosca*, like *Madama Butterfly* and *Carmen* is a bit of a crowd-pleaser - a good turn-out is always guaranteed.



this lady did not end up being Floria Tosca. But she might have.

There is an inherent danger of complacency built into such a popular production. Director Peter Watson has maintained the spirit of Michael Blackmore's '93 production, while Nicholas Braithwaite once again leads the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra admirably.

Tosca is an ensemble piece: the opera has only one chorus to speak of - the Te Deum at the end of Act I, so a production will inevitably be only as strong as its weakest voice. While the Festival Theatre is a

notoriously difficult space to fill vocally, the entire cast proved up to the task.

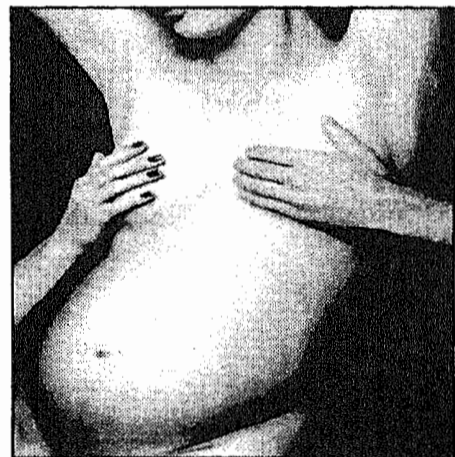
Puccini oftentimes saved his best male arias for his villains, as baritone Daniel Sumegi's Scarpia proved to a delighted audience. But the real highlight (and welcome surprise) of the show was Joan Carden's sensitive and passionate interpretation of Floria Tosca. All in all, this is one production not to be missed.

Jonathon Dyer

AND BABY MAKES SEVEN
Tangent Productions
Little Theatre, 21-28 Oct

professionalism speaks of a shining future if they can continue to discover such inspiring material as Vogel's. Whilst the number of scene changes in this particular play creates some disjointedness in the performance, it is an inescapable aspect of the play, and the three cast members rise to the challenge of leaping into each fresh moment. Emma Beech's pregnant Anna anchors the show with her stage presence, while Lex Lindsay's portrayal of Peter admirably navigates the difficulties of playing a gay guy. The three roles are woven so closely together, but the Ruth character (played by Katie Reilly) stands out because of its wickedly fast mental and emotional gymnastic character changes - in which it was a delight to see Reilly perform.

Tickets from Bass or at the door. And better, there are FIVE FREE DOUBLE-PASSES to give away to the first people who ring Christopher Hurrell on 0415 199 050.



And Baby Makes Seven is a wild ride of dangerous gender-bending hilarity, exploding the normal expectations of the nuclear family in a search for intimacy, safety, and community. Co-habiting are one gay guy and a lesbian couple expecting their first baby - haunted all the while by three playful sprites of fantasy.

What results is an engaging, incisive portrayal of a family life that challenges both the conservative holy cows and the many Chardonnay sentiments. Vogel's play will keep you talking for long, long after the curtain call. As a debut production, *And Baby Makes Seven* showcases the teamwork and talent of a very promising young theatre group. Established as an emerging artists' collective, the company's

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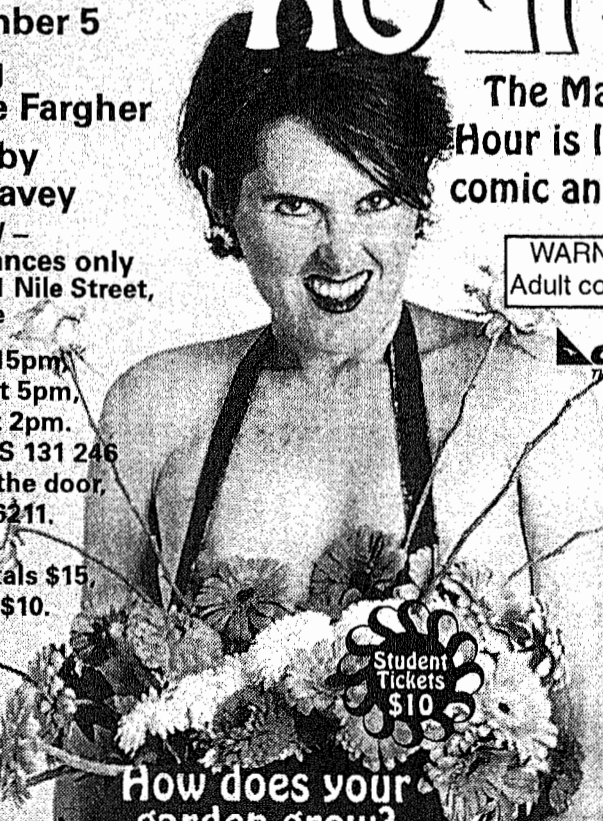
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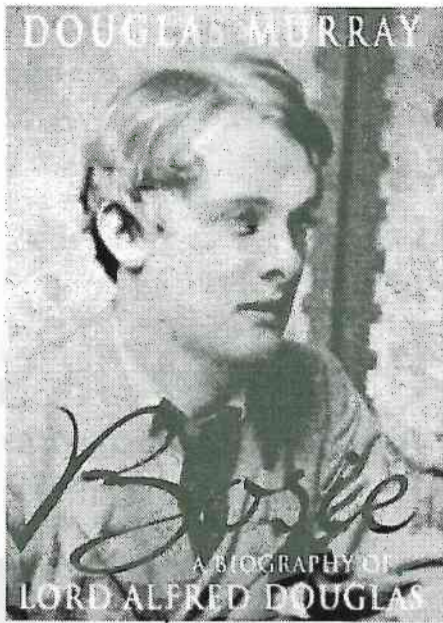
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Biographers Tell All ...



Bosie: A Biography of Lord Alfred Douglas
Douglas Murray
Hodder
\$60.28

If you came back, perhaps you would not find / The old enchantment, nor again discern / The altered face of love. The wheels yet turn / That clocked the wasted hours, the spirit's wind / Still fans the embers in the hidden mind.

- Lord Alfred Douglas

Bosie is a biography of Lord Alfred Douglas, a talented poet,

writer and critic, better known as the lover of Oscar Wilde, and a key player in the drama that saw Wilde tried and imprisoned.

It would be easy for a biography of Lord Alfred to concentrate on his affair with Wilde and the trial which rocked Victorian England, but this one doesn't. Rather, it covers every aspect of Bosie's life, from his years as an undergraduate to his surprise elopement and marriage, his career as a writer, critic and controversial litigator, his eventual imprisonment, and the lonely years leading up to his death.

Written by an Oxford Undergraduate, *Bosie* is well-researched, factual

and highly credible - if a little dry at times (although it does get more interesting as it progresses). Lord Alfred led a fascinating life, filled with drama, passion, and wildly swinging extremes - including the turnaround from youthful indulgence to the puritanism of his later years, in which he also renounced the homosexuality of which, in his youth, he was defiantly unashamed. Douglas Murray handles his subject with intelligence, perceptiveness and sensitivity, making this biography a very interesting (if somewhat depressing) read.

EM

Leviathan: the Unauthorised Biography of Sydney
John Birmingham
Virgin

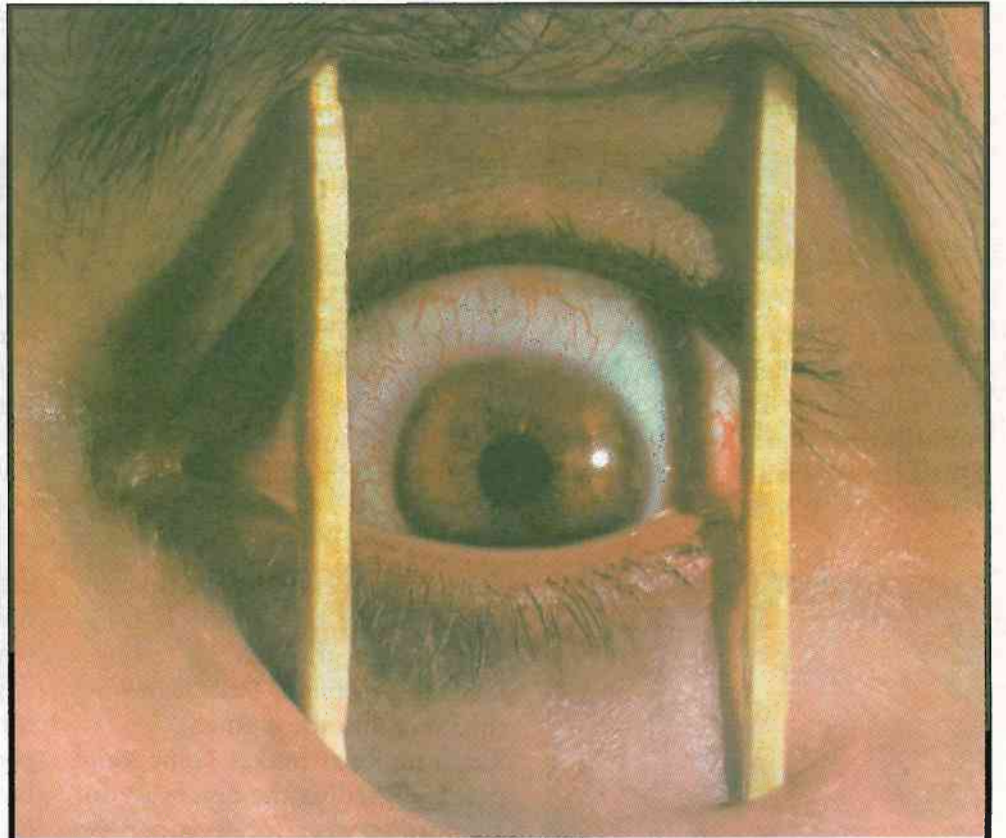
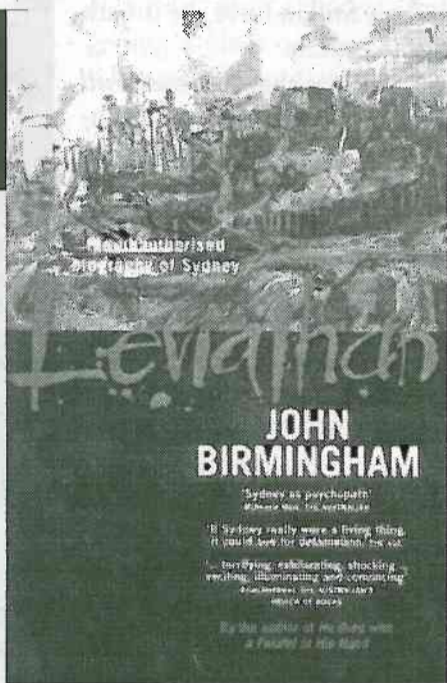
John Birmingham's bio on the first page of *Leviathan* says it all: 'He is not looking for any more flatmates'. Ever since *He Died with a Felafel in his Hand* a few years back, he's been pegged as Crazy John, always a couple of tokens too far over the line, with the wacky tales of sharehouse living. He has, essentially, painted himself into a bit of a corner. A shame, really - he is clearly a far more gifted writer than that.

The man constantly feted as Australia's premier gonzo journalist (although just how much currency that term has in this post-ironic world is questionable) has, in *Leviathan*, tackled a subject significantly broader than the stories about flatmates that made him famous. *Leviathan* purports to be an unauthorised biography of Sydney, the town that the Ipswich-born Birmingham has made his home, and it is a quite appropriate description. One would find it hard to believe that Sydney's publicists, if the city actually had any, would ever allow the publication of this book. As one reviewer from *The Age* put it, 'if Sydney were really a living thing, it could sue for defamation.' The city of Sydney emerges from Birmingham's prose as a horrible, corrupt, but never less than compelling, place.

Birmingham has essentially compiled a scattershot history of the city, drawing countless parallels that have emerged over the last two hundred or so years. As a history it is less than complete, but that is one of *Leviathan's* greatest strengths. Birmingham is a journalist, not an historian, and he pursues his target as any journo should. We are presented with a stream of snapshots from throughout Sydney's past, as Birmingham jumps constantly from one period to another. One of the most enjoyable aspects of *Leviathan* is the language that Birmingham uses. Much of the book adopts a quite dry, pseudo-academic style, but Birmingham also frequently jumps into a quite conversational tone. It is here that his sense of humour shines through, and we are reminded that this is, after all, Crazy John we're reading here.

I have no idea what John Birmingham was trying to achieve with *Leviathan*. A history of Sydney written by a non-historian is quite an audacious idea, and in many respects it fails in its endeavours (as Birmingham himself notes more than once throughout the text). But *Leviathan* remains a fascinating read and a remarkable achievement, and I can only recommend it.

Michael Tolliver



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Women's stories

JOAN
O'NEILL

A House Full of Women

Bestselling author of
Turn of the Tide



A House Full of Women
Joan O'Neill
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\$16.39

Joan O'Neill's *A House Full of Women* is a story about a family of Irish women, their friends, lovers and husbands. It covers several tumultuous years in the lives of Queenie, a war widow who

married in haste and was left to fend for herself; her daughter Lorraine, who ran off with a circus performer and then settled for a businessman; and her beloved granddaughter Olivia, who is set to marry the town's most eligible bachelor, the rich, reliable Barry. Everything goes wrong when Olivia meets a handsome Italian restaurateur who is everything good old Barry isn't, and she has to make a very difficult decision ...

A House Full of Women is primarily interested in family politics, with some romance and soap-opera-style drama on the side. The plot is largely formulaic and predictable, and the only real surprises lie in trying to predict which stereotypical storyline will win the day: will it be a case of 'Handsome Italian turns out to be love of life and everyone lives happily after'; 'true love falls foul of fate and everyone lives unhappily ever after'; or 'Handsome Italian turns out to be Bastard Two-Timing Lothario?' It seems at times that even the author doesn't know, with plot and character motivation often seeming inconsistent, and cheap psychology

being roped in all over the place to explain things about characters which had hitherto been unhinted at. The plot hiccoughs would, perhaps, be more forgivable if the ending had tidied everything up, but unfortunately the grand finale is more of a somewhat stilted and frustrating petering out than the nice resolution it promises to be. The main character's self-involvement also gets annoying after a while, because she persists in walking callously all over the feelings of Mr Nice Guy Who'd Do anything To Make Her Happy, letting him think that he might stand a chance, while continuously telling him how Still in Love she is with Handsome Italian.

All in all, it seems that *A House Full of Women* was churned out without all that much thought - or polish. Although flawed and simplistic, as written-for-women pap it's quite serviceable - even entertaining. It certainly kept me up late over a few nights, if only to find out whether true love (or lust) would win out in the end.

EM

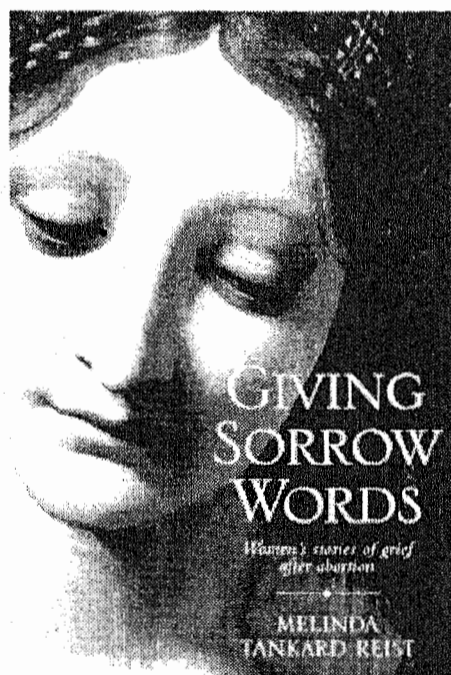
abortion - a very sensitive subject - it is difficult to critique it fairly without denegrating their feelings. With this in mind, I am reviewing the book, not the women.

Tankard Reist makes some valid points regarding the necessity for support services for women who experience an unplanned pregnancy and the need for a shift in social attitudes, so that the women are not vilified. She also highlights the need for better counselling services.

However, Tankard Reist claims that the pervading view held in Australia is that an abortion is an 'easy out' that causes little or no emotional or physical stress to the women who have them. She goes further to claim that doctors believe that women who have abortions are 'overwhelmingly overjoyed' after the operation. The text leaps from one inflammatory quote to another, leaving me feeling skeptical before I had even finished the introduction. Then the stories themselves, which as individual pieces are sympathetic and completely valid, have been

used by Tankard Reist to push her own agenda. There is not one woman of the 18 interviewed who is pro-choice. These women were, for the majority, coerced by other people (parents, lovers, doctors) to have the abortion. A large number have previous or subsequent mental health problems. What I am getting at is that Tankard Reist was highly selective in her choice of women and (with the exception of one line of text explaining that these were not the experiences of all women, they were the experiences of 'silenced' women) has then tried to pass their experiences off as representative of the majority. As a scholarly work, *Giving Sorrow Words* fails, because it is both biased and misleading in the extreme. It is compelling reading, and the stories are sympathetic and heart-rending, but I fear that Tankard Reist has used these brave women's stories to push her own political beliefs.

Anais Chevalier



Giving Sorrow Words
Melinda Tankard Reist
Duffy & Snellgrove
\$17.95

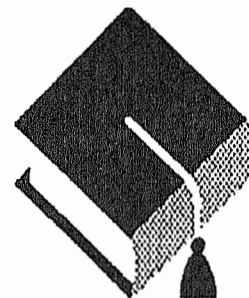
The fact that this book is about the feelings of grief experienced by women that have undergone an

Condensed Fiction Feature: *The Old Man and the Sea*, By Ernest Hemingway

An old man catches a fish that's too big for his boat. The fish gets eaten by sharks. Then he goes home and dies.

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It must be magic

"Big guys is the word: Where are all the girls?!" bemoans spunky rock chick Adalita.

The raucous lead voice of Australian alterna-rock group Magic Dirt is commenting on their successful signing to 'big guys' Warner Music Australia – which they did in June. 'What a lot of people don't know is that we had already signed up with Warner for an international deal,' Adalita points out, 'So, it's cool ... you kind of sell out with any label, whether they've got five staff or five hundred.' Sell-out or not, Magic Dirt are starting to make a damned large dent on the recording industry. Previous albums, including the hugely successful *Young and Full of the Devil* ('Strange that,' Adalita mused, '... because that was such a full-on album'), have graced Triple J, Rolling Stone and ARIA nods all round. Now, in specky style, the guys have returned with *What Are Rock Stars Doing Today* – which debuted at no. 35 on the ARIA album charts.

'There's lots of guitar, there's lots of experimenting with the vocals,' Adalita says of the album, 'since we brought the producer in, his definition helped us to clarify the sound ... to distil them, to purify them, so that

I think it's a lot more accessible for the ear ... there's a bit of a sheen over the top ... slightly syrupy; but it's counteracted with the kind of rock and roll feel.'

Living up to the first album was not a challenge for the guys, as Adalita tells: 'For a lot of that time, personally I was really unconscious ... for most of the time in some sort of drug or alcohol (laughs). [Or] it's just the way I am, I'm a bit off the ground, floating ... I didn't really notice anything that was going on, so I [don't] really have a lot to live up to: I am my first fan, and I please myself.'

The album's first single, 'Dirty Jeans' is on high rotation on various stations, and a lucky snap was getting a place on the *Looking For Alibrandi* soundtrack. 'Saw [the

literally everything fell out of my body and I felt like a hollow shell.

movie] and thought yeah, that looks cool, heard the song, it was cool, Liz [Phair] is cool,' Adalita says on the track 'Supanova', a Liz Phair cover. 'We didn't really change much, kept it the same.'

Perhaps the highest merit to be paid to Magic Dirt is their intense touring ethic. The band have found themselves performing at every Big Day Out since 1995 (excluding 1998 and 1999, when they were recording their

**Magic Dirt
Dirty Jeans
Warner**

Nice mellow sound building up to a Magic Dirt style climax. The b-sides sucked, and the repetitiveness of the song was a little irritating (I know it's the style of the song, but blah). Not bad.

alternika



new album), countless Livid and Homebush festivals, plus tours with Silverchair, Red Hot Chilli Peppers, Shihad, and US band Archers of Loaf. 'Again, where are the girls? They're all guys; I'm getting really sick of it,' says Adalita on touring with such big names, 'Where are the big girls, out

there, what the fuck are they doing?' To top it off, this year they're touring with Powderfinger, and they'll return with Jebediah on the 7th and 8th of December (Tivoli Hotel). Which is good, because Adalita loves Adelaide:

'Yay! I love Adelaide, we've had such a great time there, but particularly in the last two years it's been so welcoming, everyone's so shit hot there!' Hot, like the 2000 Adelaide Big Day Out (for those of you that didn't go 42 degrees at midday)? 'That was my favourite Big Day Out, although that

hot house was a hot house. I was, like, dying; literally everything fell out of my body and I felt like a hollow shell. I was singing but I felt like a piece of shit bodily wise, but emotionally wise [I] felt so great – everyone was really having a great time!' Other than dealing with a Terago conspiracy (It seems that the newer model Terago has less room for storing band items – which it is believed, was done on purpose so that bands wouldn't hire them as much: 'We wrecked maybe five in our career ... you can jump on the roof, smash the windows, if you want,' Adalita praises the Terago.) the band seem heading on an up and up. As for this interview; famous last words?

'John Howard Sucks!'
Gotta love it.

alternika

Spineshank

Over the past year or so, there has been a massive shift towards the heavier spectrum of music. With bands like Korn and Metallica creeping their way into the charts and into the hearts of new, young audiences, heavy music has cemented its way into modern musical culture. Not only have these major bands flourished, but less mainstream bands like Slipknot have also enjoyed success. Both traditional metal bands and new hybrids, like rap/metal, punk/metal, etc, are now as common place in a CD shop as any dodgy pop release. Spineshank fit into the category of less mainstream traditional metal. Already having had one release, *Strictly Diesel*, they are now about to release their second full length album, *The Height Of Callousness*, internationally. In light of this major release for them, the band's wonder guitarist Mike Sarkisyan called *On Dit* on his day off to let us know just how he and his band mates had made it through.

'We formed in 96,' he begins enthusiastically. 'The band came out of the ashes of another band, and me

Jonny (vocals), and Tom (drums) were in that band, broke it up and started Spineshank in February 96. And it's been a rollercoaster since then!'

Tommy Decker, the bands drummer, actually coined the bands name. 'It had a real lot to do with being stabbed in the back, and being always approached by people who always say one thing and mean another. The name has, in a way, taken a life of its own.'

One of the band's major beliefs is to follow no rules. Right from the very start, they set out to make their own way despite what anyone had told them. 'We had the attitude of just throw away everything we knew about anything, and just write music that we wanted to do, with no rules. I'm very proud to say that to this day, we still don't have any

rules about anything. If it sounds good, we'll use it. It doesn't matter if it's too heavy or too melodic, or what other people think about it. Just do it! We value all of our stuff, no matter how the music itself has changed. Without the early stuff, *Height Of Callousness*

wouldn't exist. 'Motley Crue, Guns 'n' Roses, and all that stuff have always been important influences for us, but there's

We're eerie always new stuff coming

out that is good too. Stuff like (hed)PE, they're amazing, System of the Down. There's a lot of good music out there at the moment, and it doesn't have to be just metal. Good music is good music, it doesn't have to be rock or metal or whatever you want to call it.'

With a major release looming over their heads, the guys in the band

would be experiencing a great deal of pressure and worry about its possible success. With bands like the aforementioned 'greats', who wouldn't be! 'I'm really excited about *The Height Of Callousness* at the moment. It's coming out here (in the US) on Tuesday, and I'm really anxious to see the fruits of our labour, to see what people will think.'

So is Australia in the picture for a tour? 'Actually yes, we're planning on coming down there. I don't know when, but it's definitely on the agenda. I've heard a lot of good things about Australia. All the bands that go there have told us about it, and also I have family in Sydney, so it's gonna be really cool to go there!'

At the moment, the band have a huge line up of touring to do, including much of the US and Europe. Judging by the quality of the album, by the time they reach Australia, they'll already be huge stars. Make sure you catch them when they come. It'll definitely be worth it!

L.A.



We're eerie

We're headlining the BDO

Limp Bizkit are currently one of the world's most popular bands. They, along with the likes of Korn, have created a huge surge of interest in heavy music, and have cultivated the new hybrid genre of rap/metal. In light of their new album release, *The Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavoured Water*, and the recent announcement of their headlining status at next year's Big Day Out, Fred Durst and Wes Borland decided to have a little chat to *On Dit* about their path to notoriety.

On Dit: Once you got off tour, was it immediately time to say, okay, no more songs for a while; let me look around, see what other avenues there are for me? Were you fed up with thinking about songs then, or when did you find the time to suddenly start getting back in the album mode?

Fred: 'When we were on tour we were in album mode. We were ready to make new songs to play. When you play the same song every single night, same songs, it's cool. We love the songs we've made and we feel them every time we play them, but we're at a creative point in our lives. What kind of musician makes some songs and that's all he makes and plays them

use this record to strike back at those who turned you down the first time around when you were small?

F: 'No, we're fuckin' - You can't go into it thinking you're the champions. You can't think your shit doesn't stink. Like we still got a lot to prove. We're worried, I'm worried right now, what if fuckin' people don't like what we're doing? What if they hate this record, you know what I mean? Just because we like it and we think that we're in tune with our fans, what if they don't? We're fucked. It's like then they're not going to want us to come play live for them and play our songs.

'We're not going to be communicating and having a universal alignment between all of us, you know what I mean? We're walking on a razor blade right now, that we're



Fred's got a hat, Bez had a hat...something to ponder

forever? That's only bands like -'

Wes: 'Well, a lot of them.'

F: 'A lot of them, you know what I mean?'

W: 'We just- I don't know, the reward is that we get to keep doing this and spend more hours a day doing it and continue to put out more and more work and better quality work. And that's it.'

F: 'We always do try to make everything better to what we consider our standards.'

OD: I'm wondering if Limp Bizkit went into the making of their third record with a kind of, "we are the champions" kind of attitude. Did you go into it feeling incredibly confident or did you go into it to

definitely not fuckin' champions. This is not a formula you can figure out and then fuckin' just be the king of it 'til somebody comes and takes your title.

'This is like, you live every single day and it's a fickle world and attention spans are short and things are changing and technology's into play and there's so many more bands, so many more shitty bands, so many more great bands 'n we're just another band. We're just some fans that put together a band and we're still fans, we're jammin' and we got a lot to lose. And we're not the fuckin' champions, obviously. I mean, who's the fuckin' champion? You know what I mean?'

Limp Bizkit *Chocolate Starfish & the Hot Dog Flavoured Water* Universal

you'll be pleasantly pacified by this true-to-the-genre' original release.

Chocolate Starfish picks up where *Significant Other* left off with a new heavy dose of phat riffs courtesy of Mr Borland and more than a smidgin of "white guy" rap from the now universally loved and hated Fred Durst. With songs like 'My Generation', the latest single and 'Full Nelson', most closely related to 'Stuck' from *Three Dollar Bill*, keeping the kids jumping and bopping along it's hard to believe that the infamous Mr Durst has a softer more caring side, but songs like 'It'll Be Ok' show that Fred is just a softy underneath.

For those few of you that actually bought Bizkit's first album you will be happy to note that the production has again drastically improved, as has the song writing skills of these five fellows. Wes, the band's riff machine has found his home with the flanger pedal. Those guitarists out there would be quick to note that this makes a guitar sound as though it is watery, giving off a lovely dark sound best heard in 'It'll Be Ok' and 'Livin It Up' Dedicated to Ben Stiller.

This would definitely have to rate as the best Bizkit album yet due to the high quality and the improvements in song writing. If you're finally sick of your Papa Roach album do the great Aussie *Piss Bolt to Sanity* and go the *Five Finger Discount*, and punish them for taking over CC in the mall.

Jeffrey M Ellsmore

'This is not a test, this is reality.....', and this is another brilliant LP from the spawn of the Korn, and Limp Bizkit. If you've been listening to the crap metal coming out lately then

OD: Is there something that you're going to put out as something to rally for, you know, gather all the kids around? Is there a song like that on this record so far?

F: 'Well, there's not a song that a word was a very weird word for the world and they always wanted to say it. 'Nookie' was kind of like a word that we always use but no-one really heard. I feel like I have somewhat of a generation, a voice for our generation, an anthem. I feel like I have an anthem right now that is, it gives me chill bumps and it makes me feel like united with all my fans. And I feel like they're going to feel like it too, I think.'

W: 'There's that one, there's a few on the record that are much more, instead of speaking personally or speaking - well, it's speaking personally but speaking for everyone.'

OD: Did you get the guest appearances you were hoping for?

W: 'There was a whole slew of people that came in, but I don't know if any of them made the cut'

F: 'Yeah, we jammed with a few people that we always wanted to jam with but nothing's really made it yet. I'm still working on, maybe me and Method Man will do part two. I really would like to do that. I've got a great idea for that and I did something with Exhibit which I don't know if it's going to be on the album or not. Singing-wise, I mean I'd like to get Bono from U-2. I've really been wanting to work with him. I got this great song called "I'll Fight Back" that I'd love to sing it with him, that'd be pretty fat.'

Make sure you get your-self a copy of the new album by Limp Bizkit, *The Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavoured Water*, and catch them playing live at next year's Big Day Out!

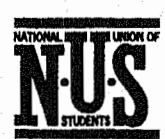
NUS OBSERVERSHIPS

Applications are open to be an observer to the National Union of Students Annual Conference, from December 10 -15, 2000 at Ballarat University.

Address your application of 150 words to Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President and The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Council.

Applications to be handed in at the SAUA Office (ground floor, George Murray Building, Union House) by 5.00pm, Friday 3rd November, 2000.

For more information, please call Stephen Mullighan at the Students' Association on 8303 5406.



Sevendust go nuts

As anyone who has ever had to conduct and write up an interview would know, they aren't the best of fun. However, when the opportunity came up for me to do an interview with Sevendust, I jumped at the chance. Finally, a band that I'd actually enjoy interviewing! I rocked up early one Friday morning with at least two pages worth of questions to ask. I'd recently acquired Sevendust's latest CD *Home* and had been listening to it continuously for a couple of weeks, and thus I was in a huge Sevendust mood by the time the interview came through. As the phone rang, I quickly became nervous; it isn't often that you get the chance to speak to one of your idols. Picking it up, I was soon greeted by the calm voice of John Connolly, Sevendust's fantastic guitarist, and following introductions, the nerves vanished, and it all just began to flow.

Assuring John that I was very pleased with his efforts on the album and telling him how excited I was to be interviewing a good band for a change, he immediately responded with a big hearty laugh. The interview was already off to a good start. And speaking of starts, as you would imagine in a logical discussion, my first question just happened to be about starts; more precisely, how the band first started. 'We've been together for about six years now,' John begins. 'We started in Atlanta, with Morgan (Rose, the band's sensational drummer) and

Vinny (Hornsby, the driving bassist) in a band together called Snake Nation, while I had been playing drums in a band called the Peace Talks. After that, I switched over to guitar, and began working on some music that I wanted to take into the studio and do some demos with. I lived in the same apartment complex as Morgan, and we were out drinking one night, and I asked them if they wanted to come into the studio with me. Morgan was like 'What do you need a drummer for,' and I just said I wanted a different drummer's insight. So me and Morgan and Vinny went in and did the first demos. We just did it as a project, cos I didn't want them to leave their band or anything, but the music turned

out so good that they decided they wanted to do that instead.

'So then we went in search of a singer, and Morgan had known of a band called Body and Soul that was in Atlanta that Lajon (Witherspoon, the excellent vocalist) was singing for. I remember he took me up to see them, and I

thought that he (Lajon) isn't gonna want to do this at all, I don't think he'll understand it. Well he proved me wrong, that's for sure! (laughs) 'Our original guitar player, Lee, also came from that band, Body and Soul, but that didn't last very long. We courted Clint (Lowery, the second guitarist) forever, and since he was in a band that was bigger than we were, it took us a while to get him convinced to leave, but he did leave and he was the last piece of the puzzle.'



Rock shots: An entry from Sevendust

So after a massive recruitment drive, the band line-up was finally complete. With all the members coming from so many different bands, it left me wondering what it was that drew them all together in the first place.

'Well, this might sound strange, but the whole reason this band started was because we were all frustrated with the bullshit we had to go through in our other bands. Either an egotistical singer, or a tyrant of a guitar player, it just wasn't fun to be in any of those bands. We thought screw getting a record deal, what's the point. Lets just do this because we love doing it. We just liked being around each other; we really respected each other musically, and we got along great. Getting the record deal wasn't even top on the priority list! People often say, what's the secret behind Sevendust, and we have to say that we just really, really love each other to death! (laughs) We get off the road and we're on the phone to each other all the time, and we just spend time together.'

Despite that fact it wasn't number one on their priority list, the band obviously got signed. But like everything else about Sevendust, I didn't expect this to be a conventional experience either!

'It was a bit of a freak thing (laughs). We were playing at a place called the Rec Room in Atlanta. Now the Rec Room is a concert hall on one side, and on the other side

it's rehearsal rooms. We rehearsed there, and since we didn't have a lot of money, once a month we did a show there to pay for the rooms. We actually didn't want to do this particular show, because there was a big radio convention happening in Atlanta at the time. We all thought what's the point, since nobody's going to be here anyway. Well, we did the show since we needed the money, and low and behold, a couple of TVT reps happened to walk into the Rec Room looking for directions for a strip club!

They came upstairs after we were done and it wasn't even a very good show. We had broken strings and all that, but they loved us! They came up and introduced themselves, and I'm going 'yeah sure you're so-an-so from TVT Records, we hear that all the time'. They gave me their number, and I gave it to Morgan who put

it in his pocket and then washed it! Eventually, one of them called up the owner of the Rec Room and managed to convince him to give out one of our home phone numbers, and as they say, the rest is history. Six months later, we were signed to TVT Records.

'The whole TVT thing is really interesting cos they were actually the first label who showed any interest in us. After they first came, a couple of other labels came and looked, but they couldn't really get what we were doing. It was like 'they're really heavy but really melodic; how is this going to work?'. It scared a lot of labels, but TVT, they got it straight away.'

By this stage I had realised that John certainly could talk! Man, I could hardly get a word in anywhere! When I finally did get a chance to speak, the next question I had for John was the inevitable influences question.

'That'd be a tough one. As far as the band goes, we listen to everything. As far as me personally I listen to everything too, just not as much everything as the rest of the group! If Lajon had to pick a CD to listen to right now, he'd probably pick a Stevie Wonder CD. Either that or the new Deftones album. He absolutely loves that, which I do too. I've always been influenced by Pink Floyd and Rush. That's what I cut my teeth on when I was growing up. A lot of the heavier bands too, like Judas Priest.



Sevendust Self-Titled TVT/Festival

This is the album that started it all. Five young guys from Atlanta beating it out and giving it all they've got. This album rocks out from the very start, and winds its way through all sorts of stuff, from funky to melodic rock to heavy riffing to flat out death metal. It isn't often that a band can produce a debut album this good, but when it does happen you just know that the band are destined for greatness.

Track one is 'Black', a fast paced hard rocker. It immediately draws you in and has you begging for more. There are some great guitars sounds happening here, and plenty of great riffs. A very good opener. But it's the next track that steals the show. 'Bitch' starts out with a nice bit of four chord guitar strumming with some great vocals sung cleanly over the top before exploding into a fast paced metallic frenzy. All the instruments go full bore and the vocals switch to some great strong yelling, before it all slows down again to the first theme. The song goes back and forth between the themes and is just excellent. Other standouts on the album are 'Terminator', a very heavy slow moving track, the somewhat funky 'Prayer', the excellently synopated 'Speak', and the softer, very melodic 'My Ruin'.

Sevendust have certainly set the pace with this album. They've demonstrated their amazing diversity and expertise to a very high standard. In many ways, they remind me of Tool, and I'm sure Tool fans will love Sevendust too. The self titled album is very good, and I strongly recommend it.

Sevendust go nuts

I had a lot of metal in my diet, like Ozzy and Sabbath, and Led Zep-
pelin. They're probably my favour-
ite band of all time.'

At that, I just had to cut in and let
him know that Zeppelin was my fa-
vourite band of all time too. What
a small world it is.

'I listen to a lot of other stuff too,'
John continued. 'We're big Depeche
Mode fans, and Duran Duran fans.
People are like 'You listen to Duran
Duran?!' (laughs) As long as it's
good music, you know it doesn't
have to be a style that we play or
anything. Nine Inch Nails are good.
And Van Halen. I even like Sarah
McLachlan!'

As all good Van Halen fans would
know David Lee Roth is consider-
ing rejoining the band. After hear-
ing that John was into Van Halen, I
had to ask him about it.

'It's about time! (laughs) I have to
give Sammy Hagar credit where
credit is due, but I knew Van Halen
from *Van Halen I* and it's kind of
tough for me to see them any other
way. I mean, I like (Sammy) a lot
better than Gary Charone, but he's
still not Dave! You know, Van
Halen was all about David Lee
Roth. Mr California, go get the
girls, doing his karate kicks; that's
what Van Halen is all about, big
haired rock'n'roll. I hope they can
pull it off, cos I'm really excited
about it.'

Halen. Much as I'd have liked to
go on about it, John and I had some
more important issues to discuss,
like the origins of his band's unique
name.

'That came from Vinny. We have a
product here in the US that is like a
pesticide that we use on tomato
plants and in the vegetable garden,
and it's called *Sevin* and in brack-
ets right next to it is written dust,
because you can get it in dust or
spray form. Vinny had to be walk-
ing through the garage one day
when we were struggling to get a
name, and he came in with it writ-
ten on a piece of paper and he
dropped it in front of us and we said
'seven dust, what's that?' It looked
kinda cool, it's got a bit of a ring to
it and that was pretty much how it
happened. Two words just put to-
gether. We changed the spelling of
Sevin to seven, put dust after it and
it was really cool.'

After that interesting anecdote, I be-
gan to wonder how these guys were
experiencing success, and what they
thought of the whole musical indus-
try.

'It's interesting. Success is every-
thing I thought it would be, and at
the same time it's everything I
thought it wouldn't be. As far as the
success goes, right from the start,

we've been one of those bands who
always make it a point to go out
and talk to our fans. As soon as the
show is over, instead of getting back
into the bus or going off to some
private club, we're the type of band
who will get cleaned up and go and
hang out with our fans. Unfortu-
nately, the bigger we get, the harder
that is to do. We found out the hard
way; we played with Metallica do-
ing stadium dates, and we'd never
done stadium dates before. Our bus
was all the way farthest from the
door. So we think it's just like any
other show and hop out to talk to
our fans, and about 2000 of those
fans decided they were going to
hang around outside the bus and
block traffic, so we had a serious
situation on our hands (laughs).

'Success is experienced on so many
different levels, it's gotten to the
point where it's frustrating because
it does get a little more difficult to
hang out with your fans. It's just
such a cool experience for us right
now, cos we're playing arenas.
Apart from the summer festivals,
we've never done these big shows
before, and now we're playing sold
out shows with Creed, and it's re-
ally exciting.'

At that point, I once again felt the
urge to interrupt John to tell him
what a big fan of Creed I am and
how it's unfortunate that they're not
so big in Australia.

'They're great. We're really hon-
oured that they asked us to play
with them. The crowds have been
getting both bands and they're the
coolest guys we have met in our
lives. In fact, their tour is selling
even faster than the Korn tour,
which is the next big competition.'
After that point, I was interrupted
by the conference administrator in-
forming me that my time was up. I
reluctantly accepted, despite being
only half way through my ques-
tions. However, I still had time to
ask John a couple more questions.
So, as they say in the classics, I saved
the best till last; will the band ever
be coming to Australia?

'Yeah, absolutely. We'll be down
there later in the year, around Oc-
tober/November. I'll be looking for-
ward to seeing you at one of the
shows. We've heard it's a beautiful
country, and I'm dying to see it!
Well, that certainly won me over!
Following that, I grudgingly bid my
farewell, replaced the phone on the
hook and sat back and reflected;
that was the most amazing inter-
view I have ever done. Sensational!
Make sure you catch Sevendust
when they play here sometime in the
next few months!

L.A.



Sevendust
Home
TVT/Festival

Now this is a
good album.
After being
first released
late last year,

a renewed interest in the band in Aus-
tralia has led to the album being re-re-
leased, and rightly so. *Home* has got to
be one of the most amazing albums I've
heard for a very long time. Sevendust's
first album was great, but this one is even
better. A couple of great guest singers,

some excellent musicianship, and some absolutely sensational songs make
Home the best album that I've got all year.

It all starts with the title track 'Home', the latest single from the album.
Beginning with an excellent heavy riff, this song immediately gets you
pumped. A few seconds of listening and you'll be headbanging along! With
an opening track like that, you just know the album is going to be good.
'Denial' keeps the momentum up with plenty of heavy riffs, before the
album swings into yet another amazing track. 'Headtrip' is a pumping
song that has sounds going everywhere. A great main theme runs through-
out with catch-cries 'create' and 'self-destruction' being yelled out at regu-
lar intervals. The arrangement on this song is superb, and coupled with
some great drumming (listen to the hi-hats!) makes 'Headtrip' one of the
best songs on the album. But it isn't until track six that Sevendust really go
wild. 'Waffle', another single, has got to be Sevendust's best song yet. You
just have to hear the chorus on this one. After hearing the song only a
couple of times, I was singing the chorus continuously. Lajon, the band's
singer really shows what an excellent vocalist he is. The vocals on 'Waffle'
are fantastic. Other standouts on the album are 'Licking Cream', yet an-
other single, which features vocals from Skunk Anansie's Skin, the softer
'Grasp', and the final track, 'Bender', featuring Chino from the Deftones.
As you've probably guessed by now, I absolutely love Sevendust's album
Home. I haven't been this excited about a band for quite a while, so I can
assure you that Sevendust really are very good. Make sure you take a copy
of *Home* home today!

clothes dirty, stained and worn?
stressed about the cost of cleaning?

stress no more... your Students' Association presents...

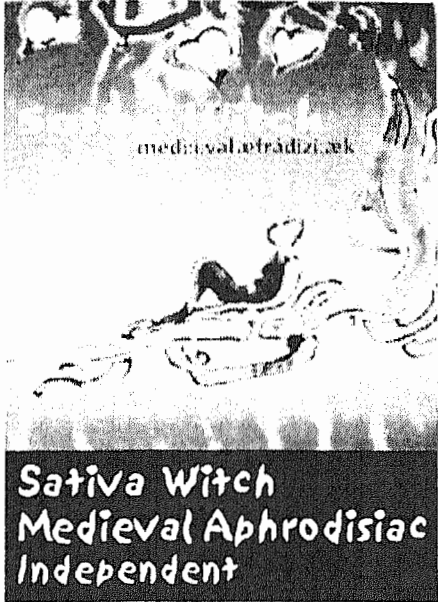
DISCOUNT DRYCLEANING

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"My clothes have
never looked so good!"



There was this place



As everyone would know, females are not a dominant force in the music industry. They have a bit of a foothold in pop music circles, but in rock music, and especially on the local circuit, they are very under-represented. Because of that, it is always good to see when a female band cuts in this male dominated industry. Sativa Witch are one of Adelaide's strongest female musical forces, and judging by the might of their debut release, *Medieval Aphrodisiac*, they will be for quite a while yet.

The six track EP opens with a great drumming intro. The first track, 'M.C. Forest' is a great rocking track, with some cool dirty guitar riffs and solos, and as I already mentioned, a great drum track. Next up is 'Palpitations', another rocking track, but is a little more poppy. There is a very happy feel to this song, and its catchy tune will have you hooked in no time. There is also a change later on in the track where it slows down to a groovy little soft rock song. 'Peace in the Interim' is yet another rocky song. Fast paced with a heavy main riff, this one also has some very funky themes mid way through.

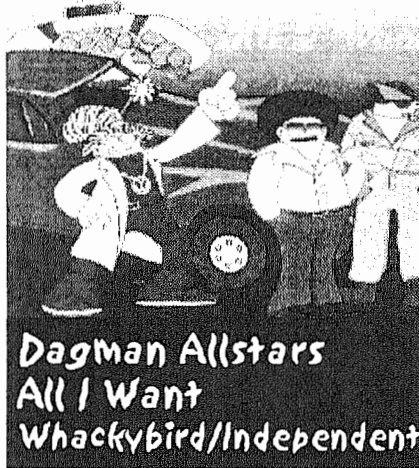
After that, the album has a little turn, and gets away from the rock stuff and goes into some quieter songs. 'Hesperus' is a much softer track than its predecessors, and features some very nice violin work. Classical instruments like the violin don't often find their way into a lot of modern music, but when they do, it's always good to hear. 'Backbends in the Kitchen' keeps with the softer feel of the disc, and also contains violin. The final track is 'Morse Code'. An all acoustic song, this one also features the violin. Quite soft, this one is a great song to end the EP.

Medieval Aphrodisiac is a very good CD, and I quite enjoyed it. Unfortunately, Sativa Witch don't have any gigs coming up due to drummer Wendy having recently had a shoulder operation. However, they will be back on the local circuit towards the end of November (right in time for

the holidays, so you've got no excuse not to see them!). One of Adelaide's more unique bands, Sativa Witch have certainly made their mark on the local scene, and on me!

L.A.

DAGMAN ALLSTARS



Now this is an interesting CD. As many people would know, the Dagman Allstars are not your regular local band, and their debut release, *All I Want* is not any regular release either. The band are a seventies funk styled band, similar to Pornland. Now that Pornland have left us for Melbourne, it has left the door open for the Dagman Allstars to lead the way in local send-up bands. Despite the fact that they send up the whole seventies style, their sound is very good and tight, and their music is certainly no joke.

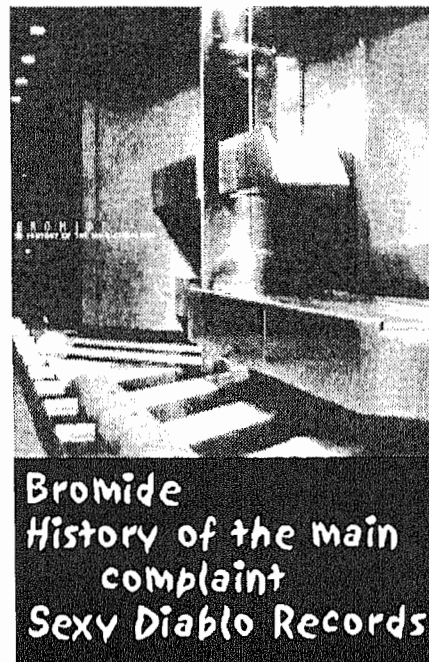
At first glance, the CD seems your average release. A five song EP showcasing the band at their best. It begins with the very funky 'Unfinished Business' which will have you dancing along in no time. They've got all the key points of funk music, from a funky bass line, chicken pecking guitar, smooth drums, a keyboard solo, and some very sexy vocals. This track then leads into the more loungey title track, 'All I Want (part 1)'. This one is very groovy, and is oozing with sexiness. Track three is 'All I Want (part 2)', and is more dancey than 'Part 1'. 'Funk is the Grooviest' follows that, and as the name suggests, this one is very groovy. This one is quite quick, and is very infectious. The final track is 'Funked Up'. This one is a slower track and is loaded with some excellent funky guitar.

So far, the CD is pretty normal, but it's when you put it into your computer that things start to get interesting. So what, you may say, lots of bands have multimedia components on their discs. But this one is something special. Rather than just having band pics, a bio and a couple of video clips, this one features an interactive interview with an animated

version of the band. The cartoon clips are quite entertaining, and plenty of fun can be had asking the band all kinds of questions. Quite an ingenious idea, I think. Also included is a video clip for 'Unfinished Business', and is a send up of the whole seventies TV show thing. This too is quite entertaining.

Well, I was very happy with this CD. Very good production and a great multimedia component make it one of the better local releases I've seen. Make sure you catch the Dagman Allstars soon. They've got loads of gigs coming up over the next few months. Not only will you get a great stage show, but you can get a hold of your very own copy of *All I Want!*

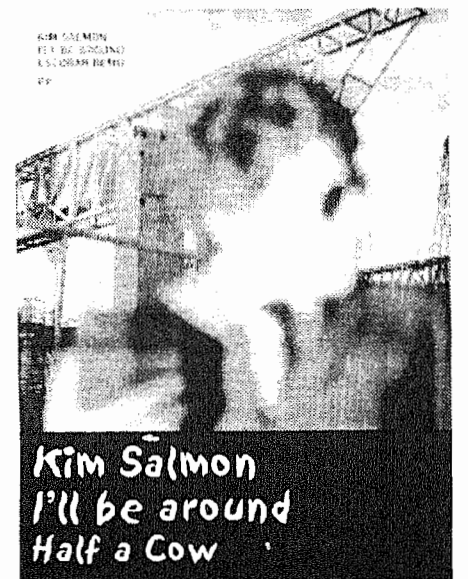
L.A.



Bromide have already built up quite a healthy amount of interest before it had even started recording. This three piece have quite a history individually comprising of Paul Champion (Flat Stanley), Stuart Symons (Avon, ex-Flat Stanley) and Jason Bootle (ex-The Moonies) and have come together to make minimalist and at times experimental music. Based mainly on improvisation and recorded live in the band practice room this album is full of complex and abstract sounds designed to almost challenge the listener into thinking differently. This is no pop record. You won't find any vocals here. The music is what matters. The smoothing 'The Reserve of the Dead Swiss' has an almost Dirty Three atmosphere until it builds to a frenzy of sound and calms back down again. 'Applied Distribution Rig' could even be a pop song if lyrics were added to it. Instead, Bromide have opted for samples to take their place. They have tried to use more obscure sample too such as from Bergman movies as opposed to more obvious choices. The intoxicating 'Satori Three Inches Within Your Heart'

evidences this fact over beautiful relaxing music. Songs such as 'Satori...' and 'Red Morning Trouble' could easily find their way into movie soundtracks. In fact, Bromide seem to be able to capture moods well making most of their songs well-suited to a soundtrack. 'Thicket No. 2' turns from a rock feel into a wall of feedback and 'Home of the Welder' has a Black Sabbath / Led Zeppelin big rock feel. *History of the Main Complaint* concludes with a couple of slower / moody tracks highlighting the diversity present in this band's songwriting. As far as debuts go this album is very promising. The band have ensured that it will be impossible to pigeonhole or categorise them. What will Bromide do next? The answer is: Anything, because they can. (available at Big Star Records or the Sexy Diablo website at www.popgun.com.au/sexy)

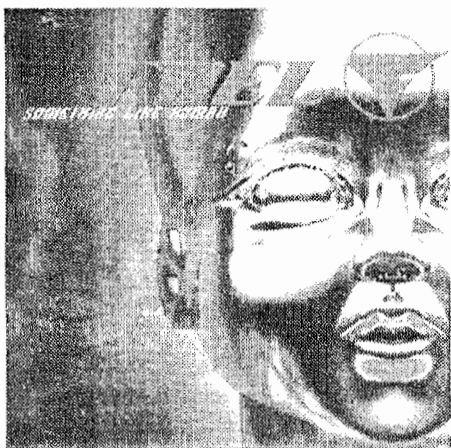
Jorm



Kim Salmon is the man! Definitely one of the best live performers that I've ever seen, he has the rare ability to translate his talent onto disc. His latest re-incarnation, Kim Salmon and the Business, already doing well on radio, particularly with the single 'Disconnected', and have now released yet another single 'I'll Be Around', from the sensational *Record* album. The disc includes a funky remix of the song, as well as the great album version. A lot of Kim's older fans may have been wondering why Kim had decided to do remixes, a move that is quite surprising. In recent interviews, he has said that doing the remixes has allowed people to see a different side to his music, and unlike the standard remix, Kim Salmon's remixes are pretty good. A remix of 'Anticipation' and the slide guitar influenced 'I Was A Lord Of Darkness' are also included. Yet another testament to Kim Salmon's excellence!

L.A.

The name of which escapes me



Fuel
Something like human
Epic/Sony

After a huge success with their last album and the single 'Shimmer', Fuel are back for more. Keeping with their winning formula of Silverchair meets Stone Temple Pilots rock, the album is already doing well around the nation. Having spawned a hit single, 'Hemorrhage', watch out as Fuel rise to the top.

A pumping hard rock song, 'Last Time' starts out the album and sets the standard for the album. The first single, 'Hemorrhage (In My Name)' follows. By now you've probably already heard it on radio. Similar to 'Shimmer', this one is a bit softer, but it is still a great song. Definitely a standout. Other great tracks include the softer rock ballad 'Bad Day', the slow heavy grinding of 'Easy' (a great main guitar theme happening here), the syncopated heavy bass driven 'Down', complete with timing changes and all, a very STP sounding 'Solace' loaded with diminished chords, and some great drumming, and finally the last track, the bluesy 'Slow'.

I was very happy with this album. Not many duds on here. Both the early half and the late half contain some outstanding tracks, which is always nice to hear. I was never a massive Fuel fan before, but after a couple of listens to this album, I've been won over. Despite lead singer Brett Scallion's somewhat boy band appearance, he and his band mates have produced something they can be very proud of. I'll certainly be watching out for Fuel in the future, and if you're a fan of their earlier stuff or of Stone Temple Pilots, then I strongly recommend *Something Like Human*.

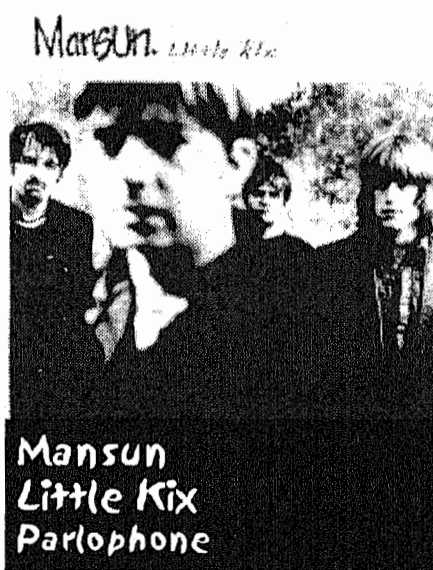
L.A.

Gersey
Hope Springs
Trifekta

Radiohead without the heavy tragedy. Travis without the poppy appeal. Pink Floyd without the seventies. You

don't often see bands going for two minute intros these days, but Gersey seems perfectly at ease to let their music invite itself onto your stereo and make itself comfortable before it gets going with the business of showing you what they're all about. They're not really about anything I've heard lately- there's no real formulaic structure or showing off in the music. Each song achieves its goal by simply being itself and not hanging onto any preconceived notions of how music should be heard. 'Being at Your Station' only really gets going as a recognisable song in the last two of its six minutes and is fading off for a minute of that. 'The Beautiful Look City Today' doesn't mind keeping the same repetitive guitar riff throughout its nine minutes, even though they've proven that they can write original and thoughtful, even catchy songs. Gersey isn't just another sensitive combination of guitar, singer and snare drum either, the other instruments to their credit include piano, glockenspiel, melodica, farfisa and moog. The thing to particularly like about this album is that no song is apparently stuck in to be The single, except perhaps the slightly strummy 'Gallantry and Grace' - each song stands well alone, but together on an album they all compliment each other and (cliche drumroll please) the whole is more than the sum of the parts. I had a blinding migraine when I first listened to the CD and for 45 short minutes I managed to forget that I wanted to tear out my own eyeball rather than wait for the panamax to work. 'Hope Springs' is not really an album to listen to, but rather to think about complicated areas of your love life by. Ahem. Or perhaps for some good after-dinner music, even.

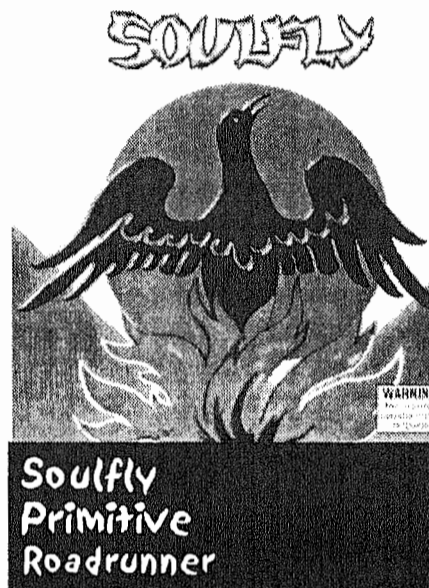
Sam



Little Kix has a very smooth and manufactured sound ... with a slight edge. A bit like a 90s brit boy band who can actually plug their instruments in by themselves.

Overall, the album has a great sound, and is best listened to in its entirety. Each song flows neatly into the next, encompassing a variance of moods. 'I can only disappoint you' with clear vocals and a touch of 80s pop/rock, is a prominent track. 'Love is', which includes a suggestion of funk, is the standout tune from this accomplished album. Comparatively, 'Electric man' and 'Forgive me' disappointingly include too many harmonies and not enough rock.

Jen



Soulfly, Max Cavallera's pet project, has served up another slab of energy with *Primitive*, their sophomore release.

A few line-up changes have occurred but rest assured that this group always has, and always will be, Max's. It must be noted though that Soulfly are no Sepultura, nor do they try to be. However, *Primitive* has a lot in common with Sepultura's *Roots*. Since Max's departure from Sepultura he has continued his research into tribal cultures trying to incorporate this feel into his music. Not only that, but the distinctive musical style of *Roots* is pushed even further here - the sludgy, down-tuned guitars as opposed to the tight, palm-muted technique. Guest appearances are numerous including Corey Taylor (Slipknot) on the slightly purile title of 'Jump Da Fuck Up', Tom Araya (Slayer) on 'Terrorist', Chino Moreno (Deftones) and Grady Anvill (Will Haven) on the addictive 'Pain' and Sean Lennon on the interesting and moody 'Son Song'. This type of collaboration is unusual for a 'metal' album but somehow it works quite well.

Best tracks include the opener 'Back To The Primitive', '300th', 'Bring It' and 'Pain'. Fans of *Roots* will surely enjoy *Primitive*.

Jorm



Fenix*TX
Self-Titled
MCA/Universal

Fenix*TX join the ranks of the power pop bands with a song in their hearts, harmonies in their head, tongues in their cheeks and some pointed societal comments to make thus joining bands that they thank on this eponymous release; bands like Blink 182, Unwritten Law, Less than Jake, Buck o Nine et al.

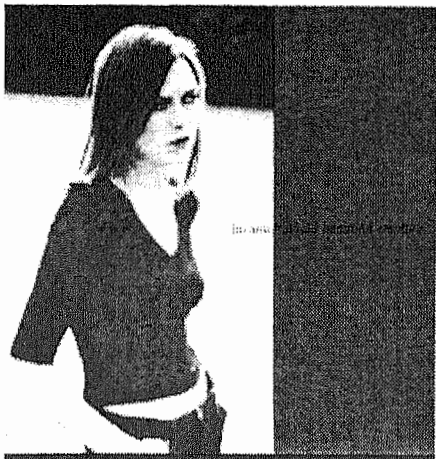
Whether this makes them punk is a question that will keep the pundits chatting for awhile. Frankly, I don't care one way or the other but to some bands/people being called 'punk' adds that necessary aura of authenticity that people search for. Pigeonholing bands and attitudes can set parameters in place that cloister and, often, foster attitudes that are similar to those attacked. Enough of that though.

This is an enjoyable release from the lads. Writing and production is uniformly good throughout the album, sometimes this does lead an almost hollow and two dimensional sound as if they're just going through the motions but, generally, if you like this style of music, you prefer the live sound. Live Fenix*TX would be a hoot, short songs, anthemic choruses and monster riffs careering over a tight and full rhythm section which drive the songs along their merry way. Albums need a big hooky number or riff to set the scene, land the listener and get them interested enough to put in the hard yards through the aural experience. Fenix*TX starts off with 'Flight 601' which fits this criteria suitably before kicking along sweetly into 'Minimum Wage, then 'Surf Song'. By this stage I was ready to say that this was looking good. Unfortunately the quality doesn't remain as high throughout.

Fenix*TX seem to have all the attributes necessary to follow in the footsteps of Blink 182, cute vocals, oodles of energy and a fair grasp on melody plus large trousers: what more do the kids need to throw their shoes about?

Milo Aukermann

And when I can't remember



Juliana Hatfield
Beautiful Creature
Shock



Juliana's Pony
Total System Failure
Shock

Juliana Hatfield is somewhat a hero of the slightly dysfunctional and the champion of the overly introspective. Juliana's slightly whiney voice is somehow a perfect compliment to her oddly loveable stories, statements and revelations.

Beautiful Creature is Juliana's softer more soulful (in content not style) moments. To describe the album simply would be to say 'Beautiful' and 'Sweet'. The tracks range in style and content but the predominant feature is the acoustic basis and Juliana's mesmeric lyrics. This is a record that truly strikes Juliana's name as a song writing talent.

The light breezy sounds of songs such as 'Choose drugs' and the slightly Beatle-esque 'Somebody is waiting for me' make this album such a pleasure to listen to, and one that has the listener cowering in pain to the stories so apparently glibly sung.

Juliana's outsider and doubtful perspective will ring true with many, and makes for an interesting spin on love, life and other bizarre situations. A solid album which any Hatfield fan will devour while smiling at the sweetness, this album has more substance than mere ear candy. This album sees Hatfield in a different light, almost totally removed from her thrashy and maybe bitchy history.

Total system failure is the result of a band featuring the talents of Hatfield, Weezer Bassist Mikey Welsh, and Drummer Zephaniah Courtney from Boston band Milligram.

This is a tougher album full of fuzz guitar and crashing cymbals. The album also sees Juliana's lyrics more sneering and contemptuous, with such lines as 'Little white boy will you be my slave'. Unfortunately some of the tracks contain fairly average lyrics, such as 'Road Wrath' which is a predictable, but better than most, shot at describing the feeling of road rage. Juliana's seeming obsession with rednecks and white-trash is amusing and thought provoking 'when the baby feeds and the implant leaks' is an example of the singer's odd thought processes in 'Breeders' which takes a swipe at the every multiplying white trash on American shores.

It is the repeated use of monotonous guitar sounds that is its downfall, it has interesting songs, but the fuzz at every track change makes it an attention-span-killer. A good album but it pales against its accompanying release.

So if you want to hear the new Juliana Hatfield releases, first pick up *Beautiful creature*, then if you are after some thrashy, grungy sounds, try *Total System Failure*.

Case C. Sinclair

Regurgitator *Crush the Losers* Warner

Billed as the 'Unofficial Theme Song of the Games' Regurgitator have produced another tongue-in-cheek release sure to keep the fans happy. The title track is as cheesy as you could get sounding like a cock-rock anthem with a chorus incorporating a call-and-response chant from a group of primary school kids a la 'Department of Youth' by Alice Cooper.

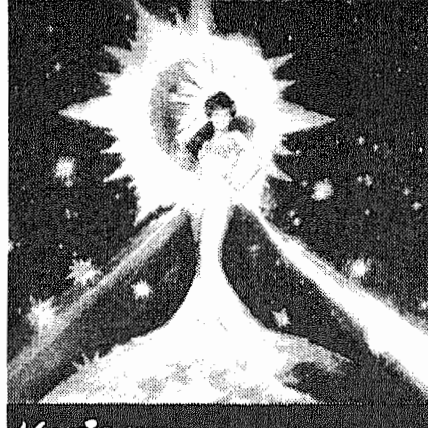
By far the best track is 'Injury' written by Ben with ridiculously down tuned instruments making the instrumental brutally heavy with intermittent cheesy keyboard fills providing great dynamics. Also of note is the electronica remake of 'Eye of the Tiger' called 'Comeback'.

Imagine computerised vocals to a laughable, almost indecipherable electronic backing.

Fun, but to be taken in moderation.

Jorm

SHIRLEY BASSEY



Various
Shirley Bassey
Remixed
EM

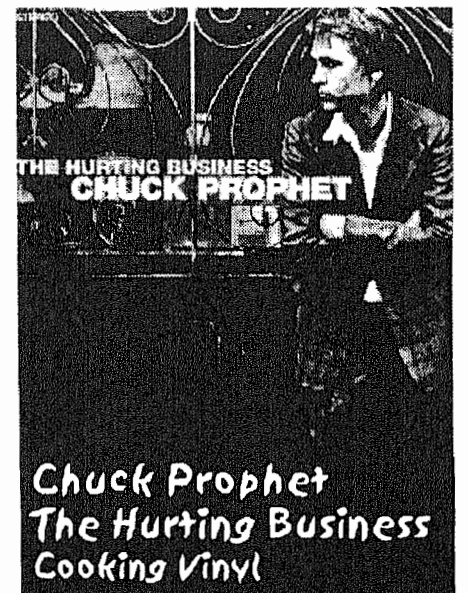
Diehard purists will probably be aghast at the very notion that somebody let a bunch of DJs remix Shirley Bassey tunes, and want to hit over the head with a very big stick anybody who dares to tamper with the greatness of that most royal of swamp boogie queens, the mistress of song with the voice that could power an entire city if someone could but harness its power...Shirley Bassey. In my humble opinion, anyone wanting to power a city with Bassey's voice could do a lot worse than to start off with this album. Lets face it, it is just about impossible to fuck up with Bassey's strong and unmistakable sound. The folks behind the compilation are all huge fans who have done their best to add to Bassey's greatness, and they will probably help to attract a whole new generation of fans. Most artists commenting in the cd booklet confessed that they were initially quite frightened when they began, not wanting to remove or deviate too much from the original recordings, and scared of overpowering Bassey (and of being hit over the head with very big sticks, I suppose). The remixes are, for the most part, fairly low-key and complementary—though Wild Oscar's remix of 'Big Spender' suffers greatly from overload. The music on this track seems to be trying to outshine Bassey and lets face it, is bound to lose (and does). The only other complaint I have is that the album has two versions of 'Light My Fire', when one would have sufficed.

Bassey befits electronic music like chocolate topping suits vanilla icecream—her vocals on the Propellerheads' 'History Repeating' single were an absolutely creamy explosion of aural pleasure (the Propellerheads 'do' 'Goldfinger' on this album, incidentally).

Highlights are the Mantronik remix of 'Diamonds are Forever', Groove Armada's 'Never Never Never', and Moloko's version of 'If You Go Away', all of which still manage to

highlight and express Bassey's melancholy and the poignancy of the songs. Also fantastic are away Team's 'Where Do I Begin' and DJ Spinna's 'Spinning Wheel' for their upbeat energy, and the latter for its pure joy. DJ Spinna, incidentally, loved jumping up and down to this track as a kid—hence this choice for the remix. The great thing for a lover of horn like myself is that a lot of the original brassy goodness is still in there. This is a great album for fans, and a great album to attract the kiddies who have never heard Bassey before.

Jayne Lewis



Chuck Prophet
The Hurting Business
Cooking Vinyl

Singer/songwriter/guitarist Chuck Prophet is best known for his work with the band Green on Red, whose new sounds received many differing descriptions in the mid-'80s. In the past decade he has released four solo albums with an alternative country flavour, while also playing on records by Kim Richey, Cake and the Silos. But his fifth album is a bit of a step in a new direction. Co-produced with Jacquie King, who engineered Tom Waits' recent *Mule Variations*, the songs are loaded with sounds that would fit nicely in Waits' bone machine. The core guitar/keys/bass/drums features additional flutes, scratching and textured vocal effect. Prophet sing-speaks like Tom Petty and to some extent Bowie and Bob Dylan, and spices his narratives with delightful puns and quips. All 12 tracks are varied and strong. Some highlights: The trip-hoppy opener 'Rise' borrows some atmospherics from Ennio Morricone's cortex. 'Lucky,' a dazzler which hinges on a keyboard riff that is a step away from Carly Simon's 'You're So Vain,' could be a chart maker. And 'Dyin' All Young' is a trying ballad about a drug casualty, punctuated by the sampled line 'He didn't even get to see the summer setting/Dyin' all young.' *The Hurting Business* is an engaging new record that houses a wiser old soul.

Case C. Sinclair

It irritates me

LUKE VIBERT / BJ COLE
STOP THE PANIC

Luke Vibert & DJ Cole
Stop the Panic
Cooking Vinyl

Luke Vibert who is also famed for his *Wagon Christ* project is perhaps a master of goofy electronic endeavours. Here Vibert attempts to subvert the sound of contemporary electronica by collaborating with pedal steel genius BJ Cole (who's worked with Beck and Bjork to Marc Bolan and John Cale). Thankfully, despite what may have been, *Stop the Panic* isn't some 'wanna-be-different-country' record. But, given his propensity for bizarre (and fun) music, its little surprise that *Stop the Panic* sounds utterly unlike anything Vibert has done before. Alas it is a great sounding record. Of course, a lot of this album's genius can be attributed to the fact that Cole is no ordinary pedal steel guitarist and thankfully Cole is in no way bound by the tradition of his chosen instrument. And when Cole's willingness to experiment collided with Vibert's no-holds-barred approach to electronic music (supported by a plethora of great live musicians playing everything from cello to mandolin), it ends up as a lush foray into exotic electronic pop, undercut by layers and layers of densely silly programming. From a redefinition of exotica ('Fly Hawaii') and a deconstruction of Detroit techno ('Start the Panic') to some

truly avant-tronic tracks, *Stop the Panic* packs a numbers of pleasing tricks in its arsenal.

Case C. Sinclair

The Fauves
Celebrate the failure
Shock

I've always vaguely suspected The Fauves of aiming a bit more towards the main-stream commercial market than Triple J gives them credit for. The final three tracks on this little baby certainly have that 'sameness' about them- nothing risky, nice singing, not too fast and a little bit cute (why are the Whitlams popping into my head?). But 'Celebrate the Failure' has flipped them back in the direction of this reviewer's good books. A catchy synthesiser riff (a la 'Give Up Your Day Job') and some decent lyrics about what's wrong with Oz at the moment. It's a flash in the pan, but there should be more bands taking the piss and sticking in lyrics like 'snot rag'.



Cannibal Corpse
Live
Shock

A live album from an extreme death metal band is unusual in itself. However, one with brilliant produc-

tion is even more unusual. Cannibal Corpse is a band whose power live cannot be mistaken and this record captures the intensity of their live spectacle. Spanning their career, the album contains 18 brutal tracks including the much loved Chris Barnes tunes sung (maybe growled is a better word) by (the now, not so new) George 'Corpsegrinder' Fisher. In fact, the production quality is so good that it definitely rivals the production on some of their earlier studio efforts. Unless you already know Cannibal Corpse then there is a little chance you'd be interested in this album but with song titles such as 'I Cum Blood', 'Meat Hook Sodomy', 'Fucked With A Knife' and 'Blowtorch Slaughter' at least they'll capture your attention. Technically, the music is mind-boggling; it's ridiculously fast and intricate once again proving that it takes some talent to play death metal. Possibly one of the best live death metal albums ever produced.

Jorm

Giveaways

Thanks to Cherie at EMI we have 5 copies of Radiohead's *Kid A* to giveaway. Just come down to the On Dit office at 2pm Wednesday and tell us why we should give you a copy in ten words or less.

Tam and Kate at Universal have given us 3 copies of Limp Bizkit's *Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water* to giveaway. To get your hands on a copy come down to the On Dit office at 2pm Wednesday and tell us why you want it in ten words or less.

Cheree at Festival has kindly given us giveaways of VAST's single 'Free' and Motor Ace's 'Death Defy'. The first five people in at 2pm Wednesday for each of these singles gets to take them off of our hands.

Cheree at Festival has also given us 5 copies of Machine Gun Fellatio's new album *Bring It On* to giveaway. Wednesday, 2pm - tell us something interesting about MGF.

Cheree at Festival has given us a few copies of Sevendust's sophomore album *Home* for giveaway. Just come down to the On Dit office at 1pm Friday and tell us the name of a vocalist who guests on *Home*. We have poster as a consolation prize.

STUDENT RADIO 531 AM STUDENT RADIO 531 AM

Well folks it has come to that time of the year again when we have to say goodbye to lazy days on the lawns and languid afternoons in the Unibar. Exams are fast approaching and so now it's time for the hard slog until those long sought after three months of freedom.

Can you believe it's all over for another year?? We certainly can't and we would like to take this opportunity to say thank you to all those who have helped make Student Radio so fantastic this year - kate, james, jonno, graham, denni, tommy, mandy, nick, charles, seb, simple simon, steve f., chris, izzy, alana, bri, alex, jono, steve, phil, the science chris b., michael, michelle, mikey, clem, and anyone else who ever helped out or ever cared enough thank yous must go to the lovely people who helped out on our numerous outside broadcasts this dirty trix, the punk boys, lumber jack joan, and the toopster. And to the presenters of our two cal Beatz and Local Noise, Graham and Denni, we give a special shout out - we love you guys, you're Anyway, enough of the thank yous, it's not all over until mono gets replaced with digital. Student broadcast until the end of November so make sure you tune in and alleviate some of those exam time too despondent now kids, Student Radio will be back next year with a whole bunch of new presenters and a charge. So make sure you keep listening because next year promises to be bigger and better than ever and stereo!!!!

We hope that your exams go well and if all else fails remember the 3B's - Baffle the Bastards with Bullshit!!!

Yours in broadcasting,

Elly 'crack whore' Wright and Joni 'scabby knee' Queen, Student Radio Directors 2000



waite, tim, liam, sally, louise, boys, toopy, heather, bree, to listen. Particular year - the rock boys, weekly programs Lo- our favourites!!! Radio continues to blues. And don't get new director in maybe even in

Have a fabu-

So long, and thanks for all the carp

Geddin Barry Wid It

Relaxation sessions, Monday 23 and 30 October, 1.10 - 2.00pm, Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building. Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Surviving a PhD

Session to be held on Tuesday 24 October. 1.10 - 2.00pm, Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building. Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Playing Gaelic

Gaelic Football is like soccer where you can use your hands. It is a fast fun game to play. Footy and soccer players adapt easily, but all newcomers are welcome: there are both women's and men's teams. Unlike the Ireland v Australia International Rules, there is no tackling. Season commences 27th October on Friday and Sunday evenings at the Brighton Rugby Club grounds, Brighton Rd. Hove. See 'GFHA of SA' website for details: (www.geocities.com/colosseum/gym/4608).

On Yer Rags, Luv?

We need women who: are aged between 18-30 years; have regular menstrual cycles; are not using oral contraceptives; are non-smokers and non-exercisers. The Exercise Physiology Research Unit is undertaking a series of experiments designed to examine the effects of the menstrual cycle on exercise. \$100 honorarium will be paid on completion. If you are interested please contact Leanne on 8303 4569.

Seeking Visual Artists

City Sites is a public arts employment and education project which seeks participation from young visual artists aged 17 - 26 years to work under the guidance of professional artists. An information session at Carclew (11 Jeffcott St North Adelaide 5006) at 10am on Friday 10 November 2000 must be attended. Applications close 5pm Friday December 1. For a job specification call Carclew on 8267 5111. For more info contact Belinda MacQueen on 8267 5111 or email bmacqueen@carclew.org.au.

Queen Liz Hospital Scholarships

Postgraduate Research Scholarships, Vacation and Research Scholarships: applications close Tuesday 31st October 2000.

Honours Research Scholarships: applications close Friday 24th November 2000. For further details contact the Research Secretariat, TQEH: phone: 8222 7836 / (08) 8222 6870, email: natalie.howard@nwahs.sa.gov.au or gwenda.graves@nwahs.sa.gov.au. Internet: <http://www.nwahs.sa.gov.au/research/Scholarships.htm>.

Arts Summer School

Meet inspirational arts industry practitioners, gain insights and develop invaluable business skills for your continuing journey as a professional artist. When? 22, 23 and 24 January 2001 at the Roma Mitchell Arts Education Centre, Light Square, Adelaide SA 5000. Cost is \$50 (\$40 if you book before 1 December) and includes lunch, morning and afternoon tea. For enquiries, call (08) 8293 1155. Places are limited, so be early. Brought to you by the Helpmann Academy.

Free Movie Tickets

Win tickets for you and nine friends to see *The Dish! The Dish!* is based on the true story of Australia's extraordinary but much unnoticed involvement in the Apollo XI mission in July 1969, brought to screen in the way only the creators of *The Castle* can.

For your chance to win 10 tickets to see it simply email greateruniondish@axcite.com.au and tell us in less than 100 words what your greatest achievement that has gone unrewarded is.

3 mins to Midnight

Exhibition of final year student work - School of Architecture, Landscape Architecture and Urban Design. 11 - 18 November, 12-8pm daily, Queen's Theatre, Waymouth St, Adelaide. Contact uafx2000@hotmail.com or call Justin on 0407 241 271.

OSA Writing Competition

Cash prizes to be won! The winning contributions will also be published in the OSA's 2001 International Student Handbook. Please drop in entries of a maximum of 500 words to the OSA office or email entries to OSA@adelaide.edu.au before the deadline of 5pm Friday October 27. NB: You must be an international student to enter. Terms and conditions are on display in the OSA office (Level 1, George Murray Building, phone 8303 5852).

on dit

... where they burn On Dit they will one day burn people ...

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial control, as well as full and busy lives outside the workplace, and although the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily their own, they probably wouldn't print any that weren't.

Editors

Dale F Adams
Eva O'Driscoll
Darien O'Reilly

Photographers

Paul Bulley
Jena Woodburn

Nice Guy

Fiona Dalton

Printing

Cadillac Printing

Photographic Supplies

Camera House

Beer

Southwark

Thanks

To all our lovely Sub-Editors, but particularly those who lasted out the year: Jayne Lewis (Film), who went far above and beyond the call of a film Sub-Ed's duty; Kate Stryker (Lifestyle) for better anecdotes than anyone else we know; Mark Jordan and Luke Balzan (Music) for ably managing our biggest section; James Trevelyan (Video) for working even later than us most weeknights; Farley Wright (Theatre), who only ever intended to help over Fringe but stayed for the hard yards; Carla Caruso (Features) for consistently entertaining us; Georgie Hambrook (News) for finding the time; Paul Bulley, who started as Photographer and became Mr Vox Pop as well; Jon Dyer (Visual Arts) for not letting a real job get in his way; and Paul 'Dr Television' Hoadley for making us laugh. Thanks also to those we lost along the way: Peter McKay, our charming first photographer; and Erin O'Donnell (Literature).

Thanks also to our regular contributors: Sam Franzway, our find for the year; Mercedes Dumpruck, for getting us in trouble; spj5 for being shabby; Sister Heidi for great recipes; and Tony Jones for his beerlines (and his beer).

Thanks are also due to Mike P for his efforts last week; Penny Fredericks for her help; Ben for coming just in time to see 'Super Dirty'; Jen; John Gardner for joining the party; Kitschke for his vitriol and Tom for his good humour; Fi for being; Flip, Jane and Ian for their help; Mum's Taxi; Chris and Paul, Mr Food and Mr Beverage; and El Presidente Stephen Mullighan, who let us get our own way most of the time, and sometimes brought food.

Thanks also to the glorious minority of student polities who didn't see fit to fuck us around (or over), and, naturally, no thanks to those who did.

Union Activities presents

The End Of Year Party

Friday 27th October

Games Room and Unibar

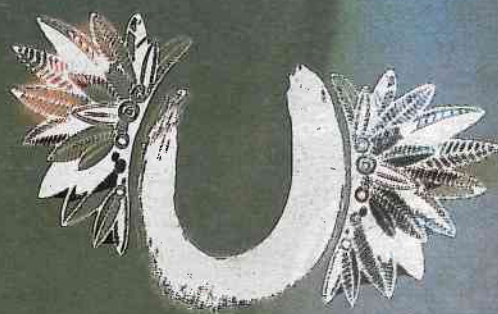
Lvl. 5 Union Building

4pm - Late

DJ Griff

Drink Specials

Proudly Supported by



WARNING - Do not take poster internally