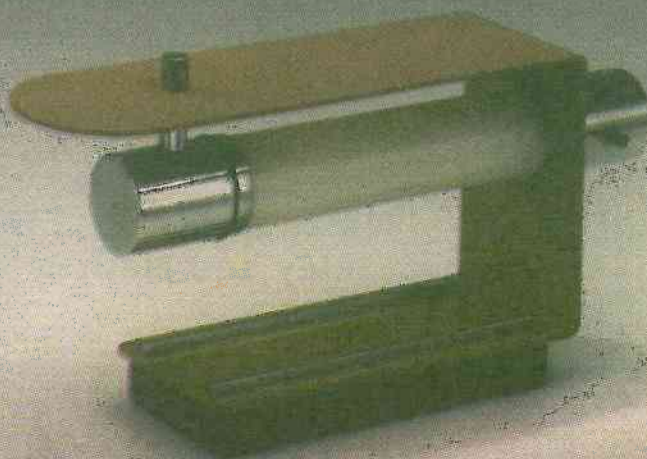
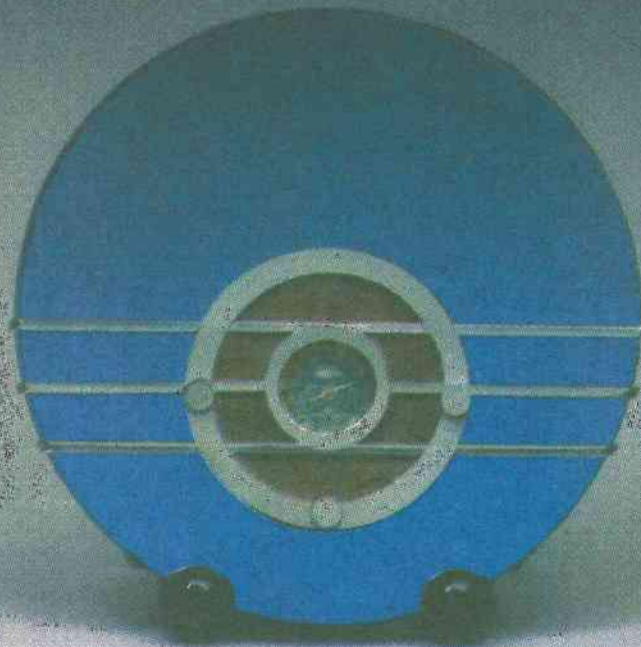
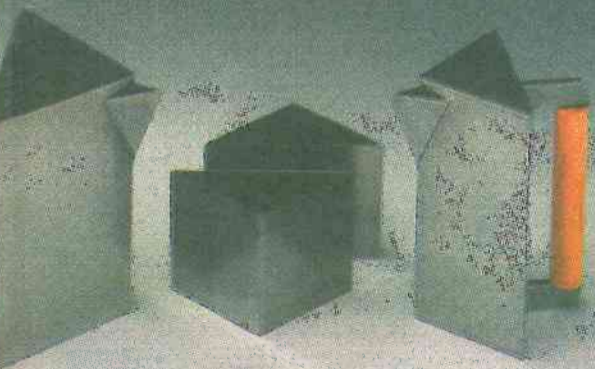


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**On Dit**  
Volume 69 Edition 6 26.3.2001



**On Dit**  
**Volume 69 Edition 6, 26.3.2001**

*On Dit* is the weekly student newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors or the Association.

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**About the cover:** Someone told us today that it was wanky to put Art Deco on the cover. We don't care.

**Wanna write?**

Then why not come and see us in our office?

It's in the basement of the George Murray Building, right next to the stinky male toilets, accessible from the Barr Smith lawns.

Alternatively, email us at [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

**Next Edition:**

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**The Eds would like to thank:**

Gemma C., Stanley G., Lem Lem, Lee, Leila, Linda, the TV Guide, Cathy and Anais for the Star Wars inspiration, Tony and Southwark, Mel's dad for our new sofa, the three members of SClub7 who got arrested (for making us all look good), LeAnn Rimes and all of her producers, all of our sub-eds and contributors, and no thanks to Mostyn G., who in his motoring zealotry forgot to replace the fuel cap and made Clem late for work. Finally, to all the people who walk past our office, stare, and don't say anything: come on down and say hi.

# Editorial

The editors would like to apologise for this undisguised piece of self indulgent filler posing as legitimate editorial comment this edition. It will never happen again. Actually, this edition contains a number of things that will never happen again - see if you can spot them.

Once, there was a dog named Spoggie. Spoggie liked to go for walks. One day he fell down a drain and ended up in a sewer. He thought it smelt. Then he saw a poo float past. And he ate it. Because that is exactly what dogs do, those filthy creatures. Which is why you need a cat. If you are looking for a cat I can fix you up with one. A nice one. An old Burmese one named Kul Kul. That is a Balinese name. He is an exotic cat, but he has simple tastes. All he wants is a happy home where he can get fed without stinky boys kicking him around the joint. So if you can provide a warm nice home for Kul Kul then come down to the *On Dit* office and prove you are not an insane cat killer and maybe I'll give him to you. He deserves to be happy.

Melissa

I love my lumberjack coat. It's like a great big hug that wraps itself around my upper torso. It's lined with sheep's wool. It's beautiful. I bought it secondhand for \$15 at the Red Shield Family Store. What a bargain. Sometimes, when I'm lonely, I think about all the people who have worn this coat and what they have left behind. I make up stories about all the micro-organisms that live in the thick wool. It makes me glad to think that my coat is a happy home for so many creatures going about their daily life. The wool of my coat is like a womb for the birth of generations of organisms.

Linley

(Note: Linley did not write this, but he does own the said coat)

I have a crush on Harry Potter. I'm going to marry him and kiss him on the lips.

Penny

I don't usually approve of racist, sexist or homophobic comments. If you are going to offend somebody it is my opinion that you should attempt to offend humanity as a whole (refer to my 1999 article, "I Like it Cold and Furry"). It is much more satisfying.

Linley

I love living at home. I'm not ashamed of it - in fact, I'm proud of it. Where else would I be so well taken care of? My clothes get washed, I get a free car and I always get a home-cooked dinner. I always have someone to tape Popstars for me. I never have to think about bills. The only annoyance is that I have to get up early on Friday mornings because that's when the cleaner comes, but I'll live. If I feel like living the student life, then I'll go and visit Linley in his hovel. But I won't. I love living at home.

Penny

Unlike Linley, I love to pumice my feet. I do it everyday. It feels so good on my feet. Nice feet are underrated.

Melissa

I can't believe I just ate an entire 250gm block of Cadbury Snack chocolate. I feel ill from all that sugar. I can almost feel myself becoming diabetic. My pancreas hurts.

Linley

Once again, we apologise.

**Penny, Linley and Melissa**



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# Hi There, Dr Kemp

On Friday 23rd March student representatives, activists and representatives from the Australian Education Union gathered outside a youth conference at Glenelg where the Federal Education Minister Dr David Kemp was to be the keynote speaker. Around 100 people gathered to demonstrate and mourn the death of Public Education and to begin to build for the National Union of Students National Day of Action for Higher Education on Thursday April 5th. Protesters embarked on a sombre walk down the jetty at Glenelg carrying a coffin signifying the death of public education and students' ability to access the tertiary system.

NUS State Branch President Joel Northcott spoke to the destruction of the higher Education sector under the Kemp administration and called on the public to support students in their campaign against the Anti-Education policies of the Liberal Government. Students across all campuses will rally on Thursday April 5th calling on the government to end the destruction of the Tertiary system and release the control of Universities back to the public from the current domination of the corporate world, and to provide students with a livable income and equitable access to University Education.

# Education goes back to the Blackboard\*

Adelaide University is currently involved in a pilot programme assessing the suitability of an on-line education system, called 'Blackboard', to be introduced in 2002. In contrast to the Uni's earlier rather fragmented regime of on-line teaching, which saw each faculty wandering off in its own direction, Blackboard will be a centralised, University-wide system consistent across and available to all faculties. Information about what exactly Blackboard will mean for students is not exactly thick on the ground; precise details

of its nature will presumably come out of the pilot programme.

One slightly worrying thing is revealed on the University's website: The centralisation associated with Blackboard will apparently allow the University to...

"... offer a better solution that includes integration with other corporate systems (PeopleSoft and e-mail) and business processes to produce better end-to-end service delivery."

PeopleSoft has been a less than successful venture and the student e-mail system is distinguished by its horrible use interface (although the

rest of it is working quite well these days), so it is unclear exactly what could be gained by integrating the Blackboard "solution" with either of them. Something else on the site:

"PLATO will provide an enabling solution that supports University strategic direction in providing high quality, flexible and consistent service and learning opportunities to students."

Find this and more stellar examples of marketing speak at the University's 'elearn' website:

[www.adelaide.edu.au/ITS/elearn/](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/ITS/elearn/)

\* This headline pilfered directly from *The Advertiser*, thanks Dave.

As with the Labor Party's planned "University of Australia On-Line", there are concerns about any move towards on-line education. Most people would probably agree that providing students with the option to study on-line, or to augment their normal study routine with some on-line material, is a good thing - it gives students more choice about the way they study. The problem is that it is very difficult, in the face of tight budgets and pressure to cut teaching costs, to make sure that the quality of off-line education on offer does not decline and that student-teacher interaction is not compromised.

For example: when, in 1999, the Law School launched its own on-line teaching system

(ALICE) it was made a part of the Criminal Law course, a section of which was taught exclusively on-line. Few students used ALICE and the relevant section of the Crim exam was made optional.

While it was sad that students were the ones to suffer from the poor organisational abilities of their School, the affair highlighted the essential problem besetting all efforts to take teaching out of the classroom and into the computer suite: **not everyone wants to be taught by a machine.** If Blackboard is implemented in a way that recognises this inconvenient fact, it could become a valuable part of Adelaide University's.

## JAL Scholarship

Summer in Japan

Wing your way to a summer in Japan with the 2001 Japan Airlines Scholarship. JAL is offering three scholarships to undergraduates who have considerable Japanese language ability and a deep interest in Japan.

The scholarship includes a 30 day stay in Japan (July 16 - August 14, 2001) attending the Summer Session at Ritsumeikan Asia Pacific University in Oita and provides students with the opportunity to experience Japan and its culture.

You must be an undergraduate University Student below or at the age of 25 years with considerable Japanese language ability; an Australian resident of at least 8 years; and not lived in Japan more than 6 months.

Japan Airlines will provide Economy Return Airfare on JAL services, insurance, accommodation and tuition fees for Ritsumeikan Asia Pacific University.

Applicants are required to submit a 1200 character essay written in Japanese.

The theme - The Attractiveness of Japan.

Entries close 27 April 2001

For more information and application guidelines please contact:

JAL Scholarship - Lesley Edwards, Japan Airlines  
Level 14, 201 Sussex Street, Sydney NSW 2000  
Tel: (02) 9272 1165 email: l.edwards@jal.com.au



## Bizarre News by Leila

Bob Manion, who has appeared as Flasher the Clown at festivals near his home in Clayton, Calif., for nearly 20 years, was rejected in January for this year's Walnut Festival and will probably be rejected as well for Clayton's Fourth of July parade, as organisers of both events say his act has started to worry people. Manion carries a small Yorkshire terrier inside his pants, and for a surprise opens the costume and allows kids to pet the dog.

(Source: www.ucomics.com)



Within every clown lurks a heart of evil

In January, News of the Weird reported that a North Dakota man had qualified under that State's law for a concealed-weapon permit even though legally blind, but that the man had satisfied the State's reasonable shooting test by hitting a human-sized target 10 times out of 10 from a distance of 21 feet (after practice shots to get his bearings). However, in February, according to a report in the Louisville Courier-Journal, Kentucky's weapons law has also permitted at least two legally blind people to obtain licenses, and in that state, the shooter must hit the human-sized target, also from 21 feet, only 11 times out of 20.

(Source: www.ucomics.com)

Interested in writing for our Current Affairs section? Impress your politics tutor with your extensive knowledge of world news and political affairs. Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2pm Wednesday and have a meeting with our Current Affairs sub-eds Leila and Tristan.

## Spectrum flogged for a song

Despite a return of less than half of the predicted revenue from the sale of the new generation communications spectrum (to be used by mobile telephone and other communications networks), the Federal Government maintains that a "comfortable" budget surplus will be achieved this financial year. "We will continue to deliver surpluses," said Prime Minister Howard. "You have to keep in perspective the fact that they don't have to be huge surpluses."

Last May, the Government predicted a 2.8 billion dollar surplus, 2.6 billion of which was expected to come from the sale of spectrum. Instead, six successful bidders paid just over \$1.1 billion - a shortfall that many believe will see the Federal budget back in the red for the first time in three years. In response, Treasurer Peter Costello maintains that the government "wouldn't have sold it if it wasn't a decent price and it was a price that we expected was real in the current circumstance."

The shortfall adds to a list of tangible threats to the prospect of a surplus in the coming financial year, in-

cluding the 1.5 cent cut in petrol excise, the increase in the first home buyers' grant from seven to fourteen thousand dollars and an expected contraction in taxation revenue due to the current economic slowdown.

Shadow Treasurer and fiscal genius Simon Crean stated that any drop in the budget surplus for the coming financial year would impede a Labor Government's ability to implement policies. "It means our task is harder, but it also means the task for the nation is harder," he said. Analysts were astonished at the Deputy Opposition Leader's uncanny grasp of Australian fiscal policy.

All this means that the Howard government will stop at nothing to secure some kind of Budget surplus. Expect the size and availability of benefits like Austudy and the Youth Allowance to erode over the coming months. In an election year, it will be interesting to see how the Coalition attempts to avoid a recession whilst maintaining the kind of tight-arse surpluses that have so far been its signature.

Tristan Mahoney

## Those crazy Albanians

Yet another crisis looms in the Balkans, this time in Macedonia. Ethnic Albanian rebels claim that they are fighting against discrimination on the part of Macedonian Slavs, who make up two thirds of the population the former Yugoslavian province. It is believed that the rebels seek to gain control of the predominantly Albanian North-West of Macedonia in an effort to establish a sovereign "Greater Albania".

The Macedonian Government's attempts to quell the uprising have been cautiously endorsed by the EU, despite the fact that more than 21,000 refugees have already fled the conflict. According to Ron Redmond, Spokesman for the UN High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), several thousand refugees have fled to neighbouring Turkey, Albania, Montenegro, Kosovo, Bosnia and Croatia. A further 14,000 civilians have fled to other parts of Macedonia. "The vast majority of those who left their homes said they did so as a precautionary measure, usually cit-

ing concerns over the safety of their children, and are staying primarily with friends and relatives," Mr Redmond said.

Kosovo, which has been administered by the United Nations since June 1999, has called on rebel Macedonians to lay down their arms in the wake of a Macedonian artillery barrage of rebel-held villages near the Kosovo border. Up to 200 civilians were reportedly injured in the attack.

Moderate leader Ibrahim Rugova was joined by former Kosovo Liberation Army chiefs Hashim Thaci and Ramush Haradinaj in signing a formal declaration calling on both sides to "resolve the grievances through peaceful and democratic means."

At home, Australian Macedonians rallied in Sydney last Friday in support of peace in Macedonia. They have called on the Federal Government to push for NATO forces to be sent in.

Mahoney

## News Bites by Leila Hallak

### George Dubya Won't Push Middle East Peace

AFTER meeting newly appointed Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon at the White House for the first time, US President George W. Bush made it clear that he won't be forcing the issue of peace in the Middle East, and will be sticking to his largely hands off policy. Bush indicated that his Middle East policy was a far cry from the last frenetic days of the Clinton Administration. Bush stated "I told him that our nation will not try to force peace, that we'll facilitate peace and that we'll work with those responsible for peace." And while Bill Clinton had a personal relationship with Yasser Arafat, Mr Bush wasn't prepared to indicate whether he'd even meet the Palestinian leader. Mr Sharon continues to insist that Arafat must end the 6-month Palestinian uprising, or intifada, which he calls a 'campaign of terror', so that peace talks can resume. While Mr Sharon talks of terror, the Palestinians accuse him of inciting their anger by approving the construction of 3,000 new settler homes in East Jerusalem, and the confiscation of land near Hebron to build a new road for settlers. They've also accused Israel of strangling the town of Jericho, by surrounding the area with army tanks and massive trenches. Before the intifada, Jericho was a booming tourist resort. Now, its

economy is dead. Israel says the defences are necessary to protect a road used by Israelis. Palestinians believe it is a 'siege', imposed as collective punishment and that it's only feeding the fires of the intifada.

(Source: [www.sbs.com.au](http://www.sbs.com.au))

### Crack-down on Nasty Lyrics

INTERNATIONAL and Australian bands could face the toughest labelling laws in the western world under a proposed clampdown on violent and sexually explicit lyrics. Australia's censorship Ministers are expected to give the go-ahead for a specially-commissioned group to develop mandatory labelling laws for all new album and single releases in the country. The controls, being pushed by the Northern Territory Government, are understood to have already gained approval from other states. A Federal Government source said: "The voluntary code generally operates effectively but there has been a number of complaints about the level of offensive lyrics on CDs. What will be on the table is whether to establish a reference group that will report to the ministers about what can be done about offensive lyrics and whether regulations need to be tightened up to protect kids... There is concern about the possible damage these lyrics can have on kids, especially when you are talk-

ing about songs on suicide, sexual violence, necrophilia or promoting criminal activities." US band Limp Bizkit was under fire for producing profane lyrics in songs such as 'Break Stuff', claiming "All those motherf... that want to step up I hope you know I pack a chainsaw. I'll skin your ass raw." The debate has also reflected recent fears over Grammy award winning United States rapper Marshall Mathers (aka Eminem) and his lyrics, which have been the subject of protests and labelled homophobic and sexist... oh, and he also sings about raping his mother.

(Source: [www.sbs.com](http://www.sbs.com))

### Army Called in to Help Fight Foot and Mouth

British troops have joined the battle against foot-and-mouth disease, as it begins to spiral out of control in the UK. 130 soldiers are now working in Devon, placed in order to help farmers deal with a backlog of thousands of destroyed animals. At the same time, the Netherlands has reported its first suspected outbreak. The military is also being used in Cumbria to help speed up the slaughter process. Some say the culling operation is already way overstretched, and the army's introduction is too little, too late. Compared to the last big outbreak in 1967, the latest epidemic is much worse and

unfortunately doesn't seem to be receding any time soon. If history is anything to go by, we can expect a slowdown in time, but isolated cases for months to come.

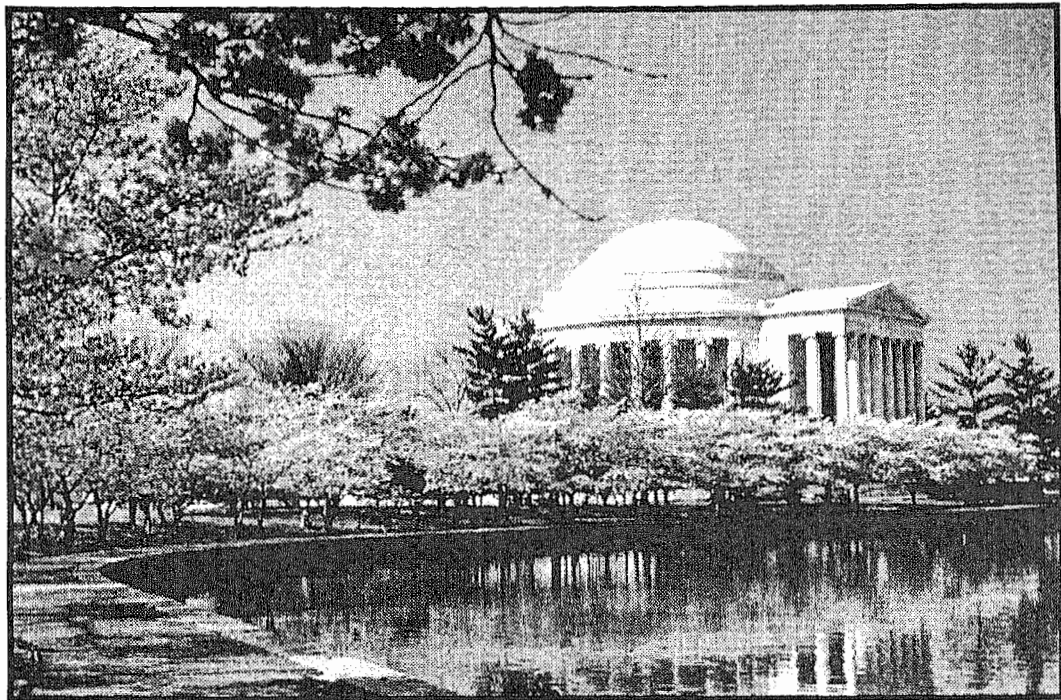
(Source: [www.worldnews.com](http://www.worldnews.com))

### Retirement Age may be Raised to 70

AGED Care Minister Bronwyn Bishop has said the average retirement age will have to rise, with 'babyboomers' staying in the workforce to their 70s. Currently, figures show that 77 per cent of men retired by age 60 and 87 per cent of women by 55. Australia's future wealth would depend on ageing babyboomers staying in the workforce, she said. Mrs Bishop said, as birth rates fell, the average retirement ages would have to rise. By the year 2010, the number of people turning 55 will be the same as the number of people turning 15. Opposition aged care spokesman Chris Evans said: "Older workers find it very hypocritical when they know they can't get a job with the Commonwealth public service when they hear the Minister talking this sort of talk when they know she doesn't walk the walk." Ironically, the Opposition has pointed out that the Government had an appalling record itself, with only 5.6 per cent of officers in Mrs Bishop's own department aged 55 and over, half the rate in the general workforce.

(Source: [www.news.com.au](http://www.news.com.au))

# Take Me Away...



*Just one of the countries where you could end up...*

A couple of years into your degree you might start to get those Adelaide blues and begin to wonder, 'Am I ever going to get out of this place?' Well, for all those out there with itchy feet, *On Dit* is presenting a two part profile on one of the best ways to break up the monotony that years of studying tends to bring. We are lucky at good ol' Adelaide Uni to have a wide variety of exchanges with Universities all over the world, so why not look into doing something a little bit different while getting your degree done at the same time?

Basically, the way exchanges work is that you are a non-award student at the University you're attending overseas. You select the subjects you plan to study before you leave Adelaide, and they are pre-approved by your faculty and count as credit towards your degree. Some faculties have restrictions on the number of points that can be transferred from another University, so you need to check the specific requirements of your faculty when you're choosing. When you've finished your exchange, you get an academic transcript from your host University, and are rewarded a Satisfactory/Unsatisfactory grade based on your results.

Most exchanges are for both full-time undergraduate and postgraduate students. Undergrads must have completed at least one year of their degree before they would be eligible to participate. Before you even think about applying, you will need at least a credit average, and as the exchanges are pretty popular, you may need even more than that. Also, the cost of living is not cheap, you will need money (and with our pitiful exchange rate, you will need quite a lot of it).

If you fill this criteria, the next step is finding two academic references from lecturers or tutors, and writing a 500 word essay about yourself and why you want to participate in the exchange programme. You will then be

subjected to an interview, after which final discretion is in the hands of the university which you've applied to. This may sound a little daunting, but it's not impossible - remember somebody has to get these things.

If you qualify for AUSTUDY/Youth Allowance or ABSTUDY in Australia, the good news is that you can continue to claim it while you're overseas. However, although the tuition fees of your overseas University are waived, you are still liable for HECS Fees and your Student Services Fee during the period you are away. Nevertheless, for most students this would be a substantially less than paying the fees of their host University.

Information sessions are held for different Universities at different times throughout the year, and more information on the different Universities is available through the Study Abroad Office, located on the ground floor of the Old Classics Wing, accessible from the Wills Courtyard.

## United States of America

### University of Oregon

Oregon is located on the Upper West Coast of the country, in between the states of California and Seattle. The University of Oregon was founded in 1876, and is located in Eugene, close to the Oregon coast.

**Places:** 5 per year.

**Course:** Law.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in either January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** US\$8000 for the academic year, including housing, meals, books and health insurance.

**Web site:** [www.uoregon.edu/](http://www.uoregon.edu/)

### College of William & Mary (Virginia)

The College of William & Mary is

one of the most prestigious institutions in the world and the second oldest college in the USA, founded in 1693 by William III and Mary II of England. The College is renowned for liberal arts and boasts many famous graduates, among them three former Presidents (including Thomas Jefferson).

The College is in Williamsburg, Virginia (on the East Coast of the Country), three hours from Washington D.C.

**Places:** 5 per year.

**Courses:** All Faculties - Arts and Sciences, Business Administration, Marine Science, Education and Law.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in either January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** US\$10,500 for 12 months, including housing, meals, health insurance and incidentals.

**Web site:** [www.wm.edu/](http://www.wm.edu/)

### Indiana University

The city of Bloomington, in the mid-western state of Indiana is home to Indiana University. The University was founded in 1820 and is one of the oldest and largest state Universities in the country, and apparently one of the most beautiful. The music school at Indiana is considered to be the best in the States, and the University has a large enrolment of 35,000 students.

**Courses:** All faculties - Arts and Sciences, Business, Music, Education, Public and Environmental Affairs and Allied Health Sciences.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in either January or September.

**Estimated Costs:** US\$10,200 including housing, meals and \$4200 miscellaneous.

**Web site:** [www.indiana.edu/iub/](http://www.indiana.edu/iub/)

### Purdue University (Indiana)

Purdue University was founded in 1869 and is located in the town of West Lafayette in North-West Indiana, one hour from Indianapolis and two hours from Chicago. The University specialises in engineering and agriculture.

**Places:** 5 per year.

**Courses:** Agriculture and engineering.

**Length:** One semester or one year, commencing in either January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** approximately US\$9000 per year, depending on miscellaneous expenses.

**Web site:** [www.purdue.edu/](http://www.purdue.edu/)

### Pace University (New York)

Pace University is located in Westchester County, New York, a forty-minute ride away from Manhattan. Pace has a great Law School specialising in Environmental Law and Civil Rights.

**Places:** 3 per year.

**Course:** Law.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in either January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** US\$7500 including housing, meals and books.

**Web site:** [www.pace.edu/](http://www.pace.edu/)

### Washington State University

Washington State, on the West Coast of the country, is situated in the town of Pullman, about 285 miles east of Seattle. The University is spread over 600 acres and boasts a forty-thousand seat stadium, golf course and three swimming pools.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Course:** All faculties - Agriculture, Business and Economics, Engineering and Architecture, Education, Arts and Sciences.

**Length:** One semester or one year, commencing in January or August semesters.

**Estimated Cost:** approx US\$11,000 including housing and meals, health insurance and miscellaneous expenses.

**Web site:** [www.wsu.edu/](http://www.wsu.edu/)

### University of California

This is an enormous University, with nine campuses spread throughout the state, and it encompasses a mammoth 166,000 students. Each campus has different academic strengths, so investigate which one will be the best for your course. The campuses with exchanges on offer are:

Davis	Los Angeles
Berkeley	Riverside
Santa Cruz	Irvine
Santa Barbara	San Diego

**Places:** 5 per year.

**Courses:** All Faculties.

**Length:** One semester or one year (prefer one year), commencing in January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** Tuition fees (US\$12,788) are waived, all other costs are the responsibility of the student. You must be able to show that you have access to at least the amount below before you can qualify for a visa to go over and study:

Berkeley:	US\$14,400
Los Angeles:	US\$16,000
Davis:	US\$10,800
Riverside:	US\$13,052
Irvine:	US\$15,340
Santa Barbara:	US\$14,000
San Diego:	US\$14,000

# Overseas Exchanges Part 1

Santa Cruz: US\$14,500  
Web site: [www.ucop.edu/](http://www.ucop.edu/)

## Canada

### University of Montreal

The University of Montreal is close to the centre of Montreal and situated on le Mont-Royal. The University has a fantastic school of landscape architecture and encourages the collaboration of students studying city planning, architecture and industrial design. However, all classes are taught in French, so obviously you need to be pretty fluent in the language if you want to go over there.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Course:** Architecture.

**Length:** One semester or one year, commencing in September or January.

**Estimated Cost:** For accommodation, approximately \$CA 500.00 per month.

**Language Requirements:** French.

**Web site:** [www.ame.umontreal.ca/ecoles/apa/](http://www.ame.umontreal.ca/ecoles/apa/)

### University of British Columbia

The University of British Columbia was founded in 1915. It is a global centre of research and has state of the art academic and recreational facilities.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Course:** All faculties - Agricultural Science, Applied Science, Arts, Commerce and Business, Administration, Education, Forestry, Law and Science.  
**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in either September-December or January - April.

**Estimated Cost:** \$CA845 for on campus accommodation \$CA5000 for off campus accommodation \$CA4400-5400.

**Web site:** [www.ubc.ca/](http://www.ubc.ca/)

### The University of Victoria

Located in Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, the University of Victoria has only recently established a law school, but is already gaining a reputation for being innovative in its course structure.

**Places:** 4 per year.

**Course:** Law.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** \$CA5500 for living and expenses and \$CA1000 for books and supplies.

**Web site:** [www.law.uvic.ca/](http://www.law.uvic.ca/)

### McGill University (Quebec)

McGill is one of the oldest and most prestigious Universities in Canada, being founded in 1821. It is located in the city of Montreal, one of the largest French speaking cities in the

world. However, classes at McGill are taught in English.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Course:** All Faculties - Agricultural and Environmental Sciences, Arts, Education, Engineering and Law.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in January or August.

**Estimated Cost:** approx CA\$10,000  
**Web site:** [www.mcgill.ca/](http://www.mcgill.ca/)

## France

### Universite de Poitiers (Poitiers)

The Universite of Poitiers was founded in 1432 by Charles VII and is situated in the central West region of France in the town of Poitiers. It has 25,000 students, 6000 of which are studying at the law school. In fact, one in four inhabitants of Poitiers are students, so this town pretty much revolves around the University.

**Places:** 3 per year.

**Course:** Law.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in January or September.

**Estimated Cost:** FF1800 per month, including accommodation.

**Web site:** [www.univ-poitiers.fr/](http://www.univ-poitiers.fr/)

### INSA L'Institut National des Sciences Appliquees de Rennes (Rennes)

INSA de Rennes is part of a nationwide network of four schools in Lyons, Toulouse, Rouen and Rennes. It was founded in 1966 and is one of the top tertiary institutions in France.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Course:** Electrical Engineering.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in September or January.

**Estimated Cost:** FF3000 - 4000 per month.

**Web site:** [www.insa-rennes.fr/](http://www.insa-rennes.fr/)

### Goupes SC Nantes Atlantique (Nantes)

Groupes SC Nantes Atlantique is located in the port of Nantes, on the River Loire in the West of France. The institution is one of a network around the country specialising in different areas, Nantes Atlantiques being commerce. The program offered is divided into two parts, Foundation or Advanced Programmes in Management, and exchanges students can take subjects from either program but not simultaneously. There are also courses French language courses on offer to exchange students.

**Places:** 2 per year.

**Course:** Commerce only.

**Length:** One year or one semester, commencing in either October, January or March.



*Classes are a great place to meet people*

**Estimated Cost:** FF3000-4000 per month, including accommodation.

**Web site:** [www.esna.fr](http://www.esna.fr)

### Next Week:

All the exchanges on offer in England, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Japan and China.

Penny Chalke

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A Commonwealth, State and Territory Initiative

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# Che Guevara

Ernesto Che Guevara was a guerrilla fighter, social theorist, and politician. He fought in the successful Cuban revolution of 1959, after which he wrote much on his experience of the vicissitudes of building socialism there. Besides being a commandante in the military, he held positions in the government, where he was an assiduous worker, sometimes working for as long as 36 hours on end. In 1967, he went to lead the guerilla campaign in Bolivia where he was killed the same year. Che's revolutionary social theory investigates the relationship between the individual and the community and how the transition from capitalism to socialism alters this relationship. He saw the goal of socialism not merely as the creation of a new society in material terms, but as the creation of "socialist man".

Che advocates the reconciliation of the interests of the individual with those of the community. Such a reconciliation is moral in character, in contrast to the liberal view of society purely as a congregation of individuals, over whom moral demands make no intrinsic claim.

*Individualism, in the form of the individual action of a person alone in a social milieu, must disappear in Cuba. In the future individualism*

*ought to be the efficient utilisation of the whole individual for the absolute benefit of the collectivity.[...] in order to change a way of thinking, it is necessary to undergo profound internal changes and to witness profound external changes, especially in the performance of our duties and obligations to society. (On Revolutionary Medicine)*

Such sentiments are often derided as unrealistic, but, for example, when in 1986 two Cuban teachers were killed in Nicaragua, 10,000 volunteered to replace them. Indeed, so passionate are the Cuban people of today about social justice that Cuban volunteers account for more aid workers throughout the third world than the World Health Organisation.

This collectivist ethic does not entail a slavish self-abnegation however; it is not that the individual ceases to matter, but that there is no longer a conflict between the interests of the individual and those of society. The higher values, which as all the religions of the world testify are a fundamental aspect of human nature, are reflected in the organisation of society, while the equally ubiquitous but ultimately unsatisfying drive towards personal gain at others' expense is no longer an alternative.

Under capitalism the production of society is a threatening process to the very people who constitute and create it. We are alienated from production because all that we do within our social roles is largely dictated from without, and exterior to our true desires, because it is determined by an impersonal market. For the

worker, the means of subsistence are always uncertain, requiring him or her to expend much labour in the generation of value to be expropriated by the capitalist, which is thus transformed into the instrument of the worker's own oppression. We are likewise all forced into relations advantageous to capital: schools, dole queues, nuclear families. And we are also alienated from each other, because capitalism conditions us to view one another as competitors, instilling jealousy of superiors, mistrust among equals, and hostility to inferiors. This is the kind of individualism which Che hopes to supercede:

*The laws of capitalism, invisible and blind for most people, act upon the individual without his awareness. He sees only the broadness of a horizon that appears infinite. Capitalist propaganda presents it in just this way, and attempts to use the Rockefeller case (true or not) as a lesson in the prospects for success. The misery that must be accumulated for such an example to arise and the sum total of baseness contributing to the formation of such magnitude do not appear in the picture. [...] we can see the obstacle course which may apparently be overcome by an individual with the necessary qualities to arrive at the finish line. The reward is glimpsed only in the distance and the road is solitary. Furthermore, it is a race of wolves: he who arrives does so only at the expense of the failure of others. (Man and Socialism in Cuba)*

So with the formation of a new society comes the creation of a new humanity. The conditions which gave rise to the spirit of competition and alienation have been removed, and the individual on the way to true freedom. Altruism becomes possible, because society and its mode of produc-

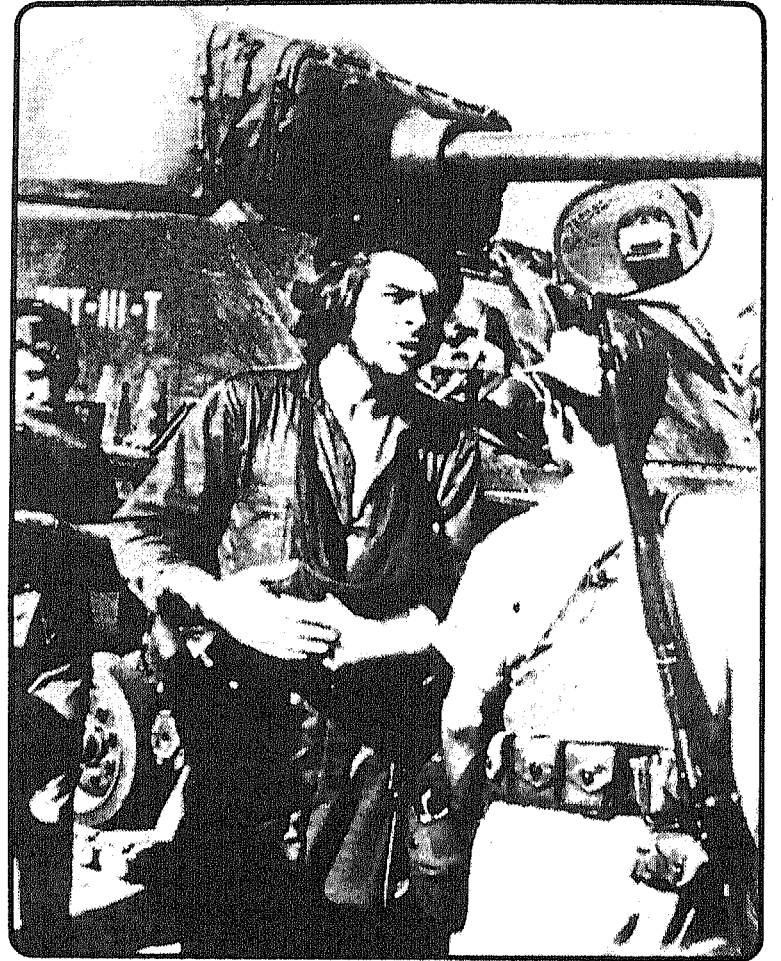
tion are no longer seen as alien and threatening, but are truly democratic. Che insists on moral incentives to cement this process, especially in an underdeveloped country like Cuba, where material interest is very great due to poverty. Such material incentives have the capacity to undermine the revolution, not only morally, but also materially. For example, Che speaks disparagingly of doctors from the richer metropolitan areas demanding increased payment for working in the poorer rural areas. He asks:

*What would have occurred if two or three hundred peasants had emerged, let us say by magic, from the university halls?*

*What would have happened is that the peasants would have run immediately and with unreserved enthusiasm, to help their brothers. [...] We must, then, begin to erase our old concepts and begin to draw closer and closer to the people and to be increasingly aware. We must approach them not as before. You are going to say: 'No. I like the people. I love talking to workers and peasants, and I go here and there on Sundays to see such and such'. Everyone has done it. But we have done it practicing charity, and what we have to practice today is solidarity. (On Revolutionary Medicine)*

Che attempted to instigate moral reform alongside economic reform, rather than postponing the former until allegedly more favourable conditions existed in the form of the latter. To set about creating "socialist man" was not only the most important task of the revolution, it was a means of ensuring its future survival throughout times of hardship which other revolutions have not been able to endure.

Jal Nicholl



*Che, getting tanked with the Comrades.*

## EMPLOYMENT SERVICES COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for one student member of the Employment Services Committee.

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

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

Applications close Friday 6th April, 2001

Applications in writing are to be forwarded to:

Mr TOM RADZEVICIUS

Students' Association President, Ground Floor, George Murray Building, Adelaide University.

Further information can be obtained from the President at the Association, telephone: 8303 5406.

or from the Student Employment Service (Level 4, Union Building), telephone: 8303 6483



Adelaide University Union



Students' Association of the University of Adelaide



# Why the WTO is Evil: Part 2

## The Present State of Things



*A WTO Henchman at Work*

Not convinced that things are totally screwed? Not enough good causes to campaign for or bad ones to lobby against? Well then, read on. On the other hand, if you are interested in knowing what is going on in the world, you might like to know how the policies of an organisation the Australian government can't fawn to enough (the World Trade Organisation) influence the lives of millions. Perhaps also you are interested in having any lurking suspicions about the moral standards of big corporations affirmed. Whatever. I think knowing this stuff is important (that's why I write about it) but what you think or do is up to you.

The agreement on Trade Related Property Rights is an excellent example of how WTO policy serves the interests of big business above and beyond anyone else. In the world of pharmaceuticals, four companies dominate the world stage - GlaxoSmithKline, Merck, Pfizer, and Eli Lilly. Combined, they have enormous financial power. This financial power gives them a substantial amount of political clout and during the Uruguay round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (1986-1994; GATT was the precursor to the WTO) they successfully lobbied for stricter regulations protecting intellectual property rights. This is just one instance where large corporations with no accountability to the people whose lives their decisions impact are able to effectively dictate global economic policy.

Where before there had existed at least some regulations preventing multinational exploitation of the pharmaceutical and biotechnological market, under the agreement on

TRIPs there was none. GlaxoSmithKline, Merck, Pfizer, and Eli Lilly had secured their domination of the world pharmaceutical market. To take one example: under this new agreement, patents were extended to 20 years for "new and innovative" products. The ramifications of this are obvious but the real issue it raises is not so much with regard to patents, but to the WTO's sworn commitment to the idea of free trade. Toughening rules regarding intellectual property and extending patents restricts, rather than frees up, trade. This, I think is indicative of the enormous amount of influence exerted on international institutions by multinational corporations: so great that it can twist economic policy to suit its own agenda without respect for anybody's rules.

Thankfully, as a safeguard, a clause was inserted into the agreement which enabled countries to cite a national emergency as a reason to infringe TRIPs. The HIV/AIDS pandemics in countries such as Brazil and South Africa by any reasonable assessment qualify as national emergencies. Countries such as these were then provided with two loopholes. They could either manufacture the necessary drugs themselves (as Brazil is doing) or they could import them from wherever the drugs were produced most cheaply (as in the case of South Africa). What is now happening is that the big four and the American government are doing everything in their power to close these loopholes.

Not only has this involved extensive legal action and analysis of the 73 articles which make up the TRIPs, but the US government is threatening sanctions for those countries who refuse to comply with their demands. The Dominican Republic currently benefits from a special deal regarding the export of textiles offered by the US. Unless plans for compulsory licensing of pharmaceuticals are scrapped by this tiny island nation, the US is threatening to withdraw this privilege. Brazil and India have also been threatened with sanctions. What this means is that US corporations are able to maintain their advantage in knowledge-intensive industries through the enforcement of strict intellectual property and copyright law. Against the established pharmaceutical giants and strict regulations in this area, developing nations have no hope of entering this market as effective competitors. How this fits into the "free" part of the

trade equation, I do not know. Nor do I really understand how this will "level the playing field" as TRIPs seem to consolidate already established interests rather than opening up the market to the best player.

And given that governments are failing to act in the interests of the general populace, it is hardly surprising that big business isn't. Under existing legislation the South African government is allowed to import medicines for HIV/AIDS from the cheapest producer as this pandemic qualifies as a national emergency. But over the past 3 years, the drug companies have retained almost every patent lawyer in South Africa and spent millions of dollars preparing their case against the South African government. The key argument centres around a reinterpretation of WTO policy on TRIPs. Other arguments put forward are that the pharmaceutical companies are only trying to protect their patents and to amend a law they argue is unconstitutional due to its ambiguity regarding what constitutes 'affordable'. The case is currently being argued in the South African High Court.

To be fair, the Bush administration, the European Union, the World Health Organisation and the even World Trade Organisation have, if not condemned, failed to endorse the actions of the pharmaceutical companies. However,

part of the problem lies in the actions of exactly these institutions. Under the Clinton administration, attempts were made to close the loopholes allowing people to be put before profit. Given the enormously beneficial impact this would have on American companies it would be surprising if Bush acted in opposition to this. Similarly, it was the WTO which bowed to pressure from these corporations to increase patents rather than reducing them - part of the fuel for the current legal battle.

The point I'm trying to make is that it is a global system that is creating these issues of profit vs people. A system where multinational corporations have the power to influence decisions which have an impact on basic human rights. Ten percent of the South African population is infected with AIDS and other life-threatening illnesses. If GlaxoSmithKline and its cronies win their case their access to medication will be in serious jeopardy.

I think it's really clear we need to reassess this situation. Governments should be the ones writing the rules, not transnational corporations and unelected, unaccountable organisations like the WTO. And we need to be pressuring governments now before the balance of power is so totally skewed that our elected representatives are totally powerless.

**Ella McHenry**

want to decide  
the future direction  
of the saua?

Submissions for the 2001 SAUA Constitutional & Structural Review are now open to ALL students. All submissions in written & electronic format to Tom Radzevicius, President & Chair of Constitutional & Structural Review Sub-Committee. Closing date 9th April, 2001 @ 5pm

For more information contact the Students' Association

☎ 8303 5406

☎ 8223 2412

✉ tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE



# Genetic Engineering

## how does it affect you?

Genetic Engineering is a hot issue at the moment. It is something we should all be concerned about as educated and well-informed students. Genetically Engineered Organisms are in our environment, our refrigerators and our medicine cabinets without our consent. We have all heard about the scientific "triumph" of cloning sheep. The mere fact that poor Dolly is incapable of reproduction should send virtual alarm bells ringing. In breaking news bulletins top scientists of the world inform us we are on the verge of cloning humans, but the question lurks in my subconscious - has it actually already happened?

Although advances in technology should be embraced by society, I question the wisdom in leaping before thinking. The excited hype should be pushed aside in favour of calmly considering the implications of accepting genetically engineered organisms into our society. Some concerns that have been voiced include the fact that genetically engineered organisms threaten to pollute our environment, damage public health and undermine the rural economy.

There are varying opinions as to the relative merits and dangers of releasing genetic engineered organisms into our communities. I do not attempt to unfairly influence the point of view of general students. The main issue as I see it is that very little is known of the long term consequences of consumption of genetically altered organisms. It is too dangerous to release genetically engineered organisms into the wider community until we know exactly how they will affect the health of ourselves and our families. Unfortunately, many genetically engineered products are already on the market, and are not labelled as being genetically engineered. Isn't it scary to think that those potato chips you are eating have hidden ingredients?

At the very least we should be able to expect genetically engineered food to be correctly labelled. When products are clearly labelled people have the choice about whether or not to buy and consume genetically engineered products. In a social climate where we have freedom of choice in almost all life decisions, this liberty must extend to what we ingest.

The Australian Conservation Foundation has sent the Environment Department information about genetic engineering and made a call for people to send letters to their local councillors asking for a freeze on genetic engineering. The ACF suggests people should ask their councils to:

- prohibit the release of genetically engineered organisms within your town or city
- make council food services genetic engineering free, including creches, meals on wheels and function catering
- call on the State government for a genetic engineering free State.

ACF recommend that a minimum five year freeze is needed on: the release of any genetically engineered organisms; all foods produced using gene technology and on life patents, while present law is reviewed. A letter to this effect has been sent to the Adelaide City Council voicing the concerns of the Environment department. Have your say on the matter by writing to your local council, for it is only through public pressure that the government will afford us a choice that is rightfully ours.

**Georgie Perks**  
SAUA Environment Officer

# .N.U.S.

## National Day of Action

Thursday April 5th 2001

The NDA on April 5th is fast approaching. This week we would like to talk about two important focal points of the Day of Action- Reverse the Funding Cuts and Stop the Attacks on Staff.

**Reverse The Funding Cuts -**  
For some five years now universities

have suffered from a chronic shortage of funding. In South Australia alone tens of thousands of dollars have been ripped out of higher education funding. It is the removal of this funding which has placed an enormous strain on the capacity of the university system to provide a high quality education to all students. Tutorials and lectures are overcrowded, textbooks are overpriced and faculties are forced to charge unreasonable amounts of money for simple course readers. Neither the Coalition nor the ALP have outlined how they propose to re-inject funds back into the university sector and address some of the problems which have reached crisis point.

**Stop The Attacks On Staff -**  
Academic and administration staff often have to deal with the brunt of the education crisis. Academics have had to fight long drawn-out battles for basic pay increases, and the government has threatened to introduce AWAs (Australian Workplace Agreements). Our friends working for universities deserve better.

For more information contact the NUS SA Education Officer, Marissa Meller-Harris, on 0403 325 594

**Joel Northcott**  
NUS SA President



*Genetic Engineering: Producing larger, more fecund vegetables - but at what price?*

### Queer Action and Adventure with George and Rachel.

Are you lost for queer things to do? Don't feel that gay clubs and pubs are satisfying your queer social thirst? Aside from bringing you fun things to do we also recognise the need for maintaining queer people's rights. This does not mean becoming a political fanatic but taking simple, peaceful actions that make a difference.

#### Adventure

Mullets, studded belts, mohawks, the Bangles, spandex, leg warmers, Bob Hawke. The things we all know but don't necessarily miss about the '80s. If you think you know a fair bit about the era of the shoulder pad then join a table for the FEAST fundraising quiz night. AND if you don't know anything about the 80s then it's about time you learned, so come along anyway. Give Les an e-mail (auprideclub@hotmail.com) if you

want to be on the Pride table. It's \$10, starts at 7pm, 30th of March.

This Friday, Grrls Lounge is happening at Second Storey, 57 Hyde St. Contact Eleanor for more details on 8232 0233 or just turn up between 7:30 till 10:30.

Another adventure for the girls. Saturday 31st the women of the wilderness walking club is having a leisurely stroll around Adelaide somewhere. Give Chris a call to find out time and place: 8536 2718.

#### ACTION

Well, we know we've had this in before, but it is really important. The structure of the sexuality department is under review and needs to be rewritten. So here's the opportunity to have your say about what the department that represents you should look like. Drop your ideas into the Sexuality Officers' pigeon holes or give them a call on 8303 3899.

**Have you 'come out' or are you doing so?**  
**Have you got a story to tell to others going through a similar experience?**

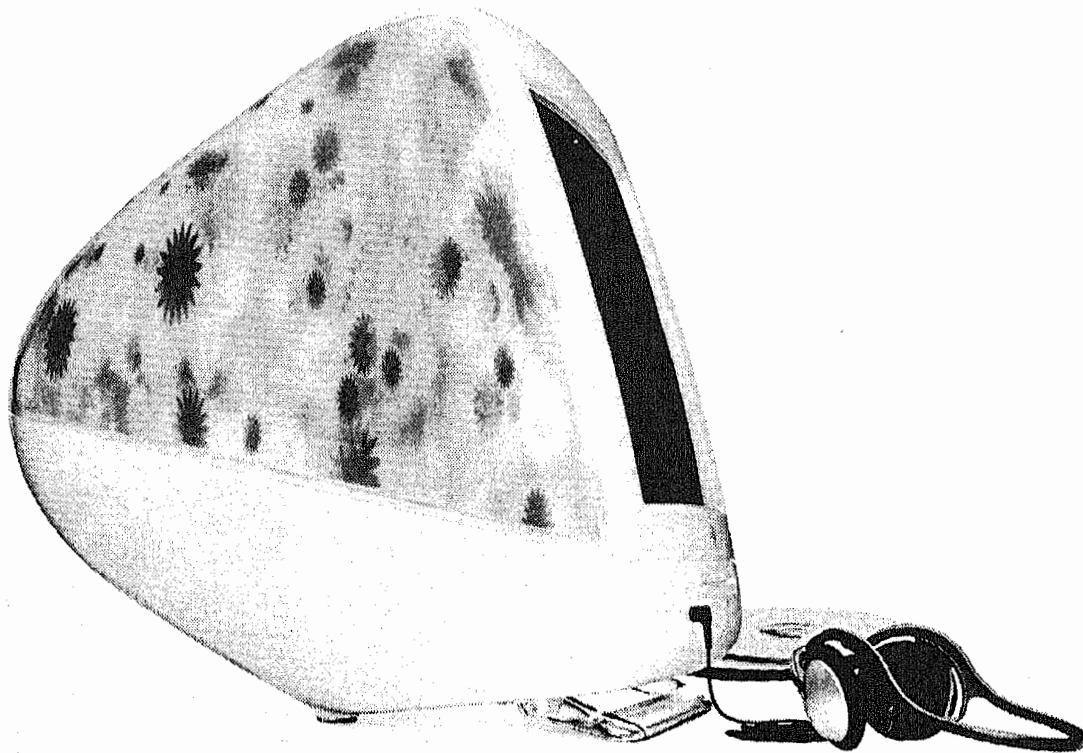
The Sexuality Department is producing a  
**COMING OUT BOOKLET**  
for students coming out or questioning their sexuality.

#### WE WANT YOU...

...to write articles, poetry, stories or anything else you can think of about your experiences and thoughts to do with coming out.

You can hand in your submissions to the Students' Association Office  
(Ground Floor, George Murray Building)  
Ring 8303 5406 (SAUA) or 8303 3899 (Sexuality Officers direct line)  
or email Sam on <boysexo@saua.asn.au>  
or Elise on <girlsexo@saua.asn.au>  
before **March 30th** (this Friday).  
We would love to hear from you  
(anything you submit can be anonymous)

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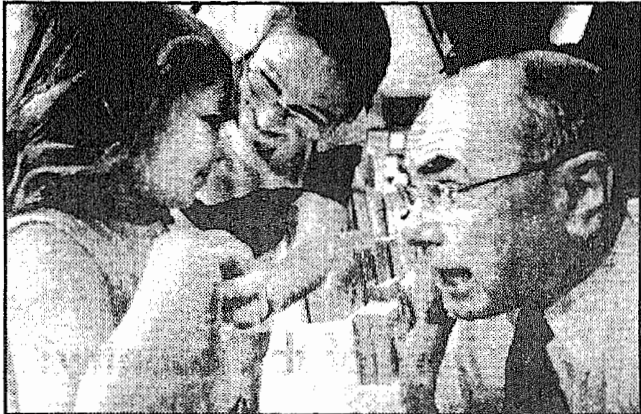
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# John Howard Caption Competition

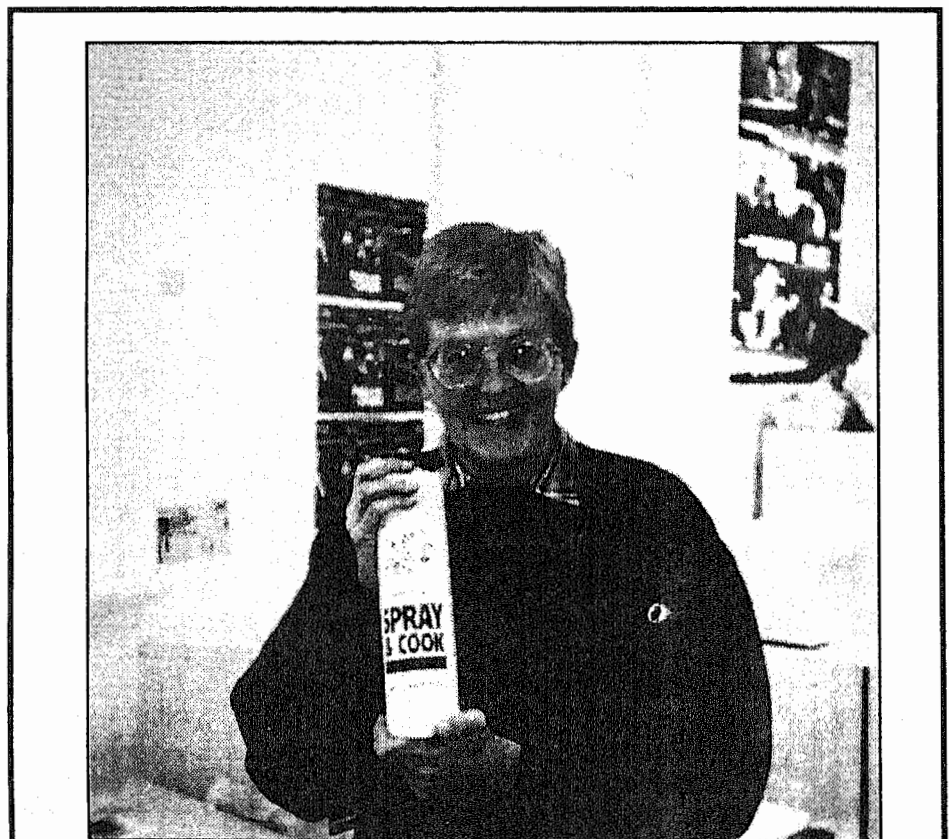
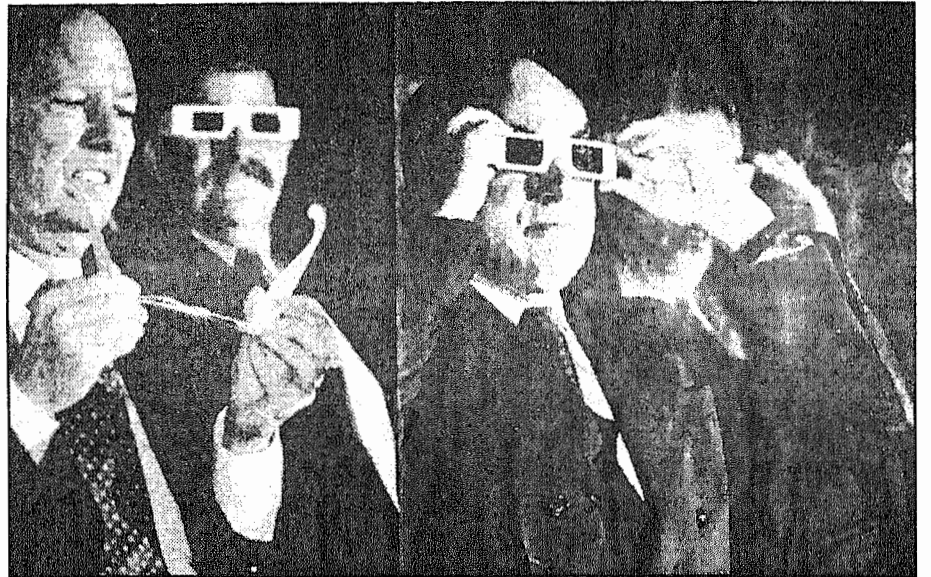


**Captions for last week's photo:**

- I don't know, little one, what do you get when you cross a weasel with a muppet? (David Cannon)
  - Mmm, still too fat! Axe some more from the welfare budget! (DC)
  - I don't remember eating that! (DC)
  - You're lucky your mum is here, ya bolshie turd! (DC)
  - Errh, shit Peter. I know kissing babies is part of the game, but she wants me to kiss her nipple! And she's not even wearing a brassiere! (Rory Spreckley)
  - John Howard explains the benefits of his new 'Work for Kindy' scheme, based on Work for the Dole, to a young shopper in the electorate of Ryan. Federal Cabinet hopes to finalise details early next week. (Joel Northcott)
  - Even you voted against us in Ryan? (Luke Toop)
  - You must be kidding - I love the Wiggles too! (LT)
  - Then the Evil Ones left a huge black hole for the Good Prince to fill up when he took over the Kingdom... (LT)
  - I'd like to dip my bald head in oil and rub it all over your body. (Michael Waite)
  - I'm sorry, 10% of your hymen belongs to the government. (MW)
- (Sorry Michael, all of your other captions are just too crude even for us. But you've won the canola oil)

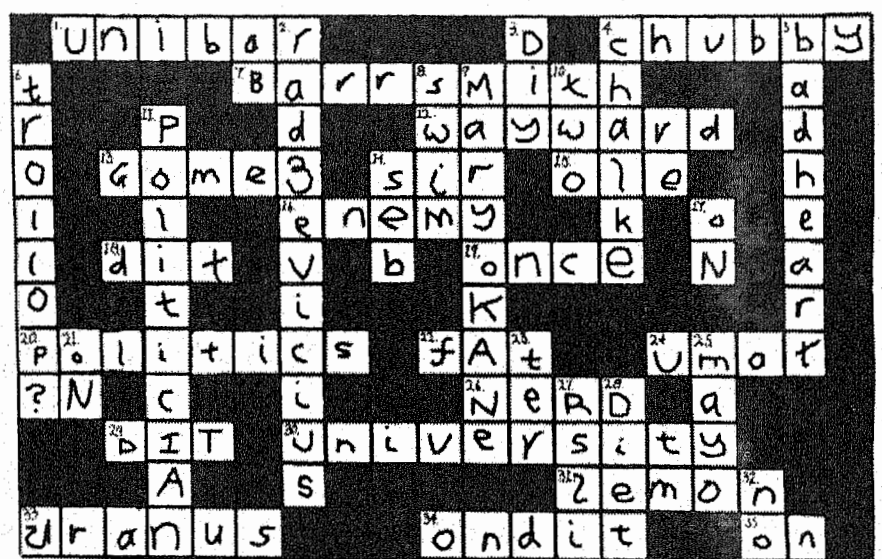
Well, we got quite a positive response from last week's photo of John and two of his friends.

It's actually illegal to buy someone else membership of a political party, or at least that's what we've been told (thanks to the SAUA person who informed us of this). So we've had to withdraw our initial offer of a year in the ALP to the person who came up with the best caption. INSTEAD you can now win yourself a can of Savings Brand 'Spray & Cook' aerosol canola oil - just by thinking up a caption for the picture below. Get your entries in to *On Dit* as soon as possible!



Congratulations to Robyn Gregory, Honours History student and winner of the inaugural *On Dit* crossword competition! Actually, Robyn, you were our only entrant - a good thing, because some of your answers were a little 'creative'. But hey, not all of the crossword made sense anyway so we can't really blame you for that.

Robyn walked away with Luke Toop's can of Savings Brand 'Spray & Cook' aerosol canola oil. Sorry Luke, this is our revenge for all of your late columns.



And here is our official solution (slightly different to Robyn's). We expect all of you to go back to your carefully stored copies of last week's *On Dit* and check to see how many you got right. Sorry about the mystery square at the end of 'trolley'. We don't know what it's doing there either.

## second hand text book register

**Looking to sell second hand books?**

If you want to advertise to sell those second hand text books you no longer require you can do so on the SAUA book register. All you need to do is fill out a card in the SAUA office, and we will advertise the book for you on the register and pass on your preferred contact details (phone, email, or pigeon hole) to people interested in buying them.

**Looking to buy second hand books?**

Visit the SAUA and check out the board for any books you might need. If you see one that you like, just quote the reference number to us and we will pass on the contact details of the person who wants to sell the book.

>>The SAUA Text Book Register is a new service of the SAUA Education Department.



Students' Association Education Department.  
Ground Floor, George Murray Building. Ph. 8303 5406



# Parental Lecture Part 4 - the Messy Room

The messy room is a subject of much discussion between the parent and their offspring. Much of the argument involving said messy room (as with every conversation between the parent and their spawn, an argument will invariably ensue; this is largely due to the Rhetorical Question as covered two weeks ago) will arise from a few casually placed objects littering the child's floor. As a parent, it is vital you blow these random pieces of clothes and/or papers out of proportion - imagine instead that their presence is a direct insult not only to the relative splendour of the rest of the house, but also to the very character of your dear, misled child. Remember, one scattered garment soon becomes two and should you allow their slovenly habits to continue, you will most likely be aiding their descent into slothdom. If you are to be a perfect

parent, you require CONSTANT VIGILANCE! What may seem to be only a few forgotten items will of course soon erupt into a hideous mass of filth far beyond your control. As with most situations involving your children, you can never overreact too much. Be sure they understand that their behaviour is deplored.

The recommended course of action is as follows. Wait until they are just about to leave the house (as stated in lecture 1, it's best to spring these things on them when they are least suspecting) preferably before a party because it will ruin their night and thus hopefully make them think about their actions. As they are getting ready, casually stroll into their room with some freshly washed and ironed clothes. At this point, you want to employ the art of diversion, of lulling them into a false sense of secu-

rity. Ask about the party and who's going. Appear interested, then tell them not to drink too much. They will be rushing by this stage, and will respond with some flippant remark. The conversation thus follows:

"Don't take that tone with me! While you live under my roof, you will respect me. And while we're on the subject, you treat this house like a hotel! Your room is a pigsty, and there are clothes ALL over the floor (ignore the fact there's only two items - you're a parent now). I do all your laundry and look how you treat it! You swan around as if you have no responsibility, you're never home. Don't you want to spend time with your family? You really hurt me sometimes." They will most likely be trembling in the corner by now. Finish with a "You're out of control!" for effect. As you walk out, it ends things nicely if you say,

"There's going to be some changes around here..."

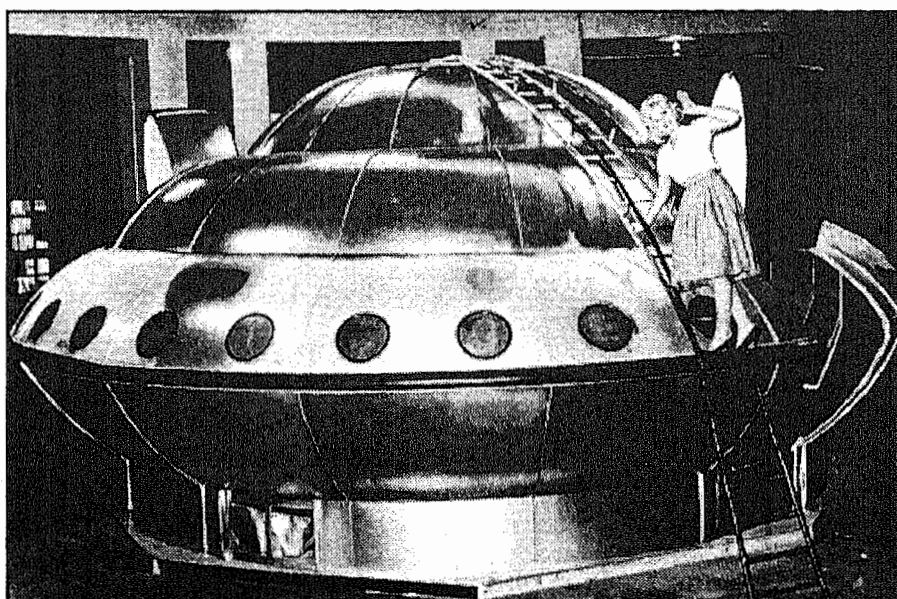
When they emerge five minutes later, make sure they overhear you talking to your co-parent about the situation. Be aware they will be hiding around the corner listening. Throw out a few, "I feel so used" comments, and rest assured their guilt will permeate throughout the house. When they finally emerge, let them know that you don't want to see them right now, and send them off to their party. They will proceed to get riotously drunk in order to forget about the events of the evening. This provides a whole new subject for attack for tomorrow. Parents are evil creatures.

Clementine

## Questions raised by Hard Waste Collection Time

If you are a povvo student in sore need of some decent furniture, a rubbish bin or perhaps some ornamental concrete ducks (headless) for the garden, then I'm sorry to inform you that had I written this article last week, you could have got your paws on some of these essential domestic goodies for FREE. Alas, however, you've now missed your chance and may have to wait another eight months or so while the good households of Burnside stockpile some more of the wonderful junk that decorates the pavement at Hard Waste Collection Time.

My heart always skips a beat when our letterbox is endowed with the attractive green, purple and buff flyer from the Burnside Council announcing that it's Hard Waste Collection Time in our area. The reason behind my excitement is multifaceted. Firstly, you get to throw things away, which is always fun when the ugly things clogging up the shed are really starting to annoy you. Secondly, the grassy verges of the area become decorated with the strangest assortment of junk. This in turn prompts the third and ultimate highlight of Hard Waste Collection Time: the souls of neighbours who have hidden behind the steering wheels of their Pajeros in the shade of their gold Gucci glasses are bared for all the world to see. As you look at their mound of broken cane furniture, mouldy suitcases, shrivelled garden clippings and cracked toilet bowls, you really find yourselves delving into amateur neighbourhood psychology. What were they thinking keeping a cracked toilet bowl? Why hang on to a brown and green banana lounge for the past 23 years when it clearly went out of fashion in the seventies? And what in the world could have possibly caused that large burn on the wardrobe that resembles a gi-



*That's one funky piece of Hard Waste you've got there, miss.*

ant artichoke?

Hard Waste Collection Time is also an opportunity to evaluate the existence of your neighbourhood as a collective. You'd be amazed at the number of people who take up power-walking at night, not so much for the nocturnal physical benefits as for the chance to rummage around in the waste piles of others, striding home in the dark clutching a sagging wicker pot plant holder in one hand and a bedside cabinet with a broken door in the other. Do they have no shame? Others are far less subtle: they stake their kids at strategic lookout points and back up the trailer, loading in the large quantities of guttering and rusty downpipes, occasionally throwing in the odd vinyl kitchen chair before slinking off into the night. On top of these little insights into the scabiness of your BMWed neighbours are the overall questions that Hard Waste Collection Time raises: why do we all seem to be throwing out the same things? Were we ALL such suckers

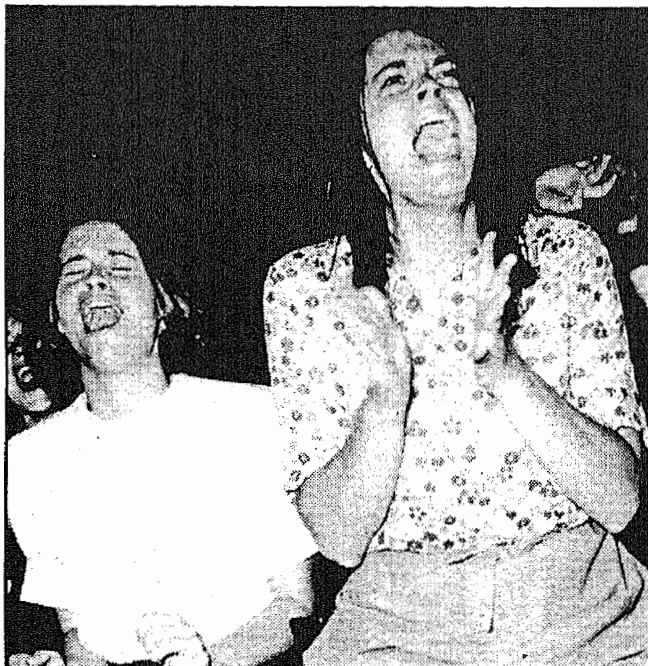
that we were ALL convinced that our lives would be incomplete without a fringed lampshade? And why is it that every second hard waste mound seems to be throwing out a rubbish bin, some plastic plant pots and a broken bird bath? What epidemic suddenly took place that ALL the bird-baths in the area fell over, shattering the frolicking nymphs that adorned their concrete glory?

And now, a bit of a Hard Waste Collection Time anecdote to finish off my junk for the week. You may recall the torrential downpour of last Tuesday afternoon. Misguidedly feeling the urge for exercise I struck out on the forty minute stride across the Parklands, confident that it wouldn't rain before I made it home. Rudely, two thirds of the way home it started to piss down with powerful vengeance, to the point that I was cowering under a skimpy tree for fifteen minutes, sodden. And this is why I fully appreciate the Burnside Council's decision that Hard Waste Collection Time

should come at the end of summer, because everyone has a good, hard look at their beach umbrella and decides that, this year, it has definitely had its day. Blinking out from under my dripping synthetic tresses, it struck me that a certain beach umbrella, hidden under a mountain of cane furniture and rusty bicycle, was perhaps not too mildewed to have one last run for its money. Feeling like the ultimate scab, I unwedged it from its funeral pyre and erected it over my sopping head, tilting myself at an angle to balance the umbrella against the whipping wind. And thus, I made my journey home: red and white umbrella advertising some Italian beverage, wet red bit running into wet white bit which in turn caused an attractive pink run-off all over my head and shoulders. The umbrella had got the bullet because it was incapable of holding itself up, so hence, I had to tilt my body even further towards the pavement to deal with its inadequacy. This complicated my travels further because I started to laugh, mainly at the spectacle I was making for passing motorists who hooted and whistled because all they could see was a lot of leg and a lot of umbrella, due to the fact that my drenched skirt insisted on riding up to my waist. The other thing that kept my amused was the gaily bobbing fringe around the umbrella, which, despite its pink wet state, insisted on jiggling around in a carnival-like celebration of life. And the best bit about making it home in Hard Waste Collection Time was at the end of my journey, wet through to the absolute bone, I could just throw down the umbrella on any random pile and go inside for a shower, having garnered an indulgent little experience of the importance of junk.

Sarah Moller

# And the Bride wore a Fru Fru



Guests get down to the grooves of DJ Cousin Darryl

Weddings suck. Even more than the suckiness of weddings is the reception. I know, because I am a waitress for one every Saturday night. I have often asked myself why people feel it is necessary to display their union in such an open forum. Let me tell you now, it isn't for the sake of their love. It isn't even for all the free whitegoods they receive upon the exchanging of their poorly conceived and highly uninteresting vows. In fact, it has long been the opinion of mine that people enter into the blessed union of mortgage repayments for the pure sake of the reception. Simply put, for the mere sum of a few thousand dollars, they can get their hundred nearest and dearest friends/family/supermarket attendants in one room together, provide them with alcohol and bad music for five hours, and thus be excused for having bored everyone for the past seven months with the details of their impending ceremony, flower arrangements and colour scheme. The bride and groom KNOW that nobody really cares about the whole church and priest thing. "I now pronounce you man and wife"? Eh. Take it or leave it, they're all think-

ing. They're secretly wondering how long they have to wait till they can get up to the hotel and start boozing, whilst simultaneously devising plans on how to chat up that sexy sister/brother of the bride through the incorporation of said boozing. In fact, the reception can be seen as the great reward for sitting through one hour of boring ceremony and then having to compliment the bride on her dress. This is especially true if the dress in question is shiny, beaded or in any way, shape or form resembling a fru fru.

Generally, this will be the case. So, dear reader, if you should find yourself in the unfortunate position of being invited to a wedding, it is best you prepare yourself for the variety of characters who were also unlucky enough to be thrown a guernsey.

Wedding attendees vary. There's the underage brother who'll be yacking by the end of the night because he's drunk too many butchers of beer, the bride's grandmother whose wheelchair will be parked in the corner for the rest of the evening and the groom's football friends from school who have suddenly morphed into a gaggle of fat, beery louts with receding hairlines. These are drunken pigs you will have to spend the evening with. Now, you could just join them, but personally I recommend the observation trick. I like to make a game of it. Ten points for every character spotted, and first one to a hundred gets a nice glass of goon. Extra points are awarded when you catch one of the seven bridesmaids boozing the best man in the disabled toilets.

The most noticeable character you will encounter at a wedding reception is the bride's drunk uncle. He will

begin the night raucously, having downed five pints during pre-dinner drinks. He will then proceed to regale his table with stories of little Jeanie from when she was four and liked to run naked underneath the garden sprinklers. Uncle Joe will be the first of many to pinch a waitress' bum. He'll get louder and louder as the evening progresses, and will ask the waitress, as she's refilling his wine, if she is trying to get him drunk. This will be followed by a deep and grotesque belly laugh as he and his friends relive the days of their youth when it was possible that some girl, somewhere, might consider boozing them. Uncle Joe will be one of the last on the dance floor with his shirt untucked and his pasty belly spewing over the rim of his trousers as he jigs his way through the third rendition of 'Tainted Love'. Speaking of bellies, common to all weddings is the fat person. Fat Janet will be jovial all evening, but will probably be desperately lonely inside because she's the only female wearing pants. But I'm being unnecessarily cruel. Some people have gland problems.

No wedding would be complete without the presence of the bride's unmarried friends. These are the girls who will be the most dressed up, having invested in glitter gel and tiaras and the like with the express purpose of trying to attract a husband of their own. Whilst they will appear happy for Jeanie on the surface, deep down they will be seething because they haven't found anyone who'll marry them yet. They will proceed to get riotously drunk and will probably end up at Joplin's post reception to stem the torrent of tears that threaten to overflow because of their impending spinsterhood. They are closely followed by those girls who do have boy-

friends, but will get equally as sloshed and teary because they don't have a ring on their finger. These people are not superfluous. Their presence is required for the bride's benefit, so that she may feel superior in her white fru fru with her probably shorter and balding husband by her side.

Separately, these people are annoying but generally harmless. However, there is no escape from the climactic end to the reception. Like that bit in a movie when the villain reveals his plans to the hero, or that bit at the end of a song when the chorus is repeated four times, the people all come together to complete the great circle of wedded celebration. The dancefloor. You haven't lived until you've witnessed a bunch of drunk halfwits writhing around in apparent agony on a 10 by 12 floor as the finale to the bizarre mating ritual that has occurred over the past four hours. Arms will flail, legs will fling and hips will jut as the DJ looks on and prepares to mix 'Teenage Dirtbag' into 'Love Don't Cost a Thing'. Worst of all of this is hearing 30 year olds yell, "I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby!" as they perform what they perceive to be "groovy" dance moves but which really resemble hyperactive moose on heat. When the DJ announces his last song, they will halfheartedly make their way into forty taxis headed for Heaven.

So where does this leave us, the wedding observer? With two firm resolves. One is to uphold the belief that people over the age of 24 shouldn't dance in public, and the other is that we should be more sympathetic to those suffering from gland disorders. Fat Janet is human too, you know.

**Fat Gertie**



Fat Janet lands Uncle Joe and wears a dress to celebrate

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# The Silence of the Lambics

## Beerlines by Tony Jones - Southwark Chief Brewer

Last week I wrote about the classic abbey beers, a style which as yet no local brewer has attempted to emulate.

There is yet another beer style which has barely graced our shores and it also hails from Belgium.

Lambic is a beer produced by spontaneous fermentation. Although this sounds like something from a brewers version of the X-files, it simply means there is no deliberate addition of yeast. Instead the fermentation is initiated by the natural airborne yeasts which inhabit the brewery. Before brewers tamed the mysterious organisms which produce beer, they relied on so called *wild* strains which resided either in the air or within their brewing vessels to attack the malt sugars and convert them to alcohol. In essence it is yeast that is the true beer-maker. The brewer is merely a cunning craftsman who creates the right conditions to tailor the action of the yeast to his own, (not so evil) purpose.

As brewers knowledge of the action of yeast grew, they were able to isolate specific strains which gave them the desired result and took the element of chance out of the fermentation process. Modern breweries mainly use a single strain of yeast to guarantee consistency of flavour and a predictable fermentation pattern. But for the brewers of Lambic beers there are no such safety nets.

Lambic is the world's oldest beer style that is still produced on a commercial basis. It is also the knowledgeable beerman's best kept secret.

These beers are tart, cidery and even vinous to the palate. Far different in flavour profile from the dominant malty and hoppy characters of other styles. It is indeed fortunate that this style survived industrialisation and the sift to strong ales and later the pilsener style, within its homeland.

In order to qualify as an authentic lambic, the beer must be brewed from a mash containing at least 30% wheat.

Unlike the usual Bavarian wheat beer (white beer) the wheat is unmalted. The remainder of the grain charge is barley malt. The hop rate is normally high, but old matured hops which impart a slightly rancid, cheesy note are preferred. Such hops would never be used in a normal ale or lager, but such is the depth of flavour of a lambic, that such notes favourably blend into the complexity of the brew. Once the copper boil stage is completed the raw hopped wort is left to nature. Allowed to slowly cool in shallow, open fermenting vessels known as coolships. Yeast carried into the brewery on the night breezes settle into the cooled wort and quickly at-

tack the malt sugars.

At the end of the primary fermentation, the "green beer" is transferred into oak casks where it is attacked by other microflora, including lactobacillus, which impart the sourish, tart character to the beer. The beer will secondary ferment and condition in these vessels for at least a year.

Lambic is available in several styles. The most widely available form is known as *Gueuze*, and is usually served ex the tap at around 5.5% alcohol. The origin of the name is thought to have come from "Geyser", meaning a beer that liberally foams and gushes when poured into the glass.

*Kreik* is a Flemish word for cherry, and is the name given to the fruit lambic produced when crushed cherries are added to the oak vats at the beginning of the cellaring stage. The fruit sugars encourage a secondary fermentation, and the skins of the fruit add dryness and colour to the brew.

Raspberry lambics are called *Framboise* or *Frambozen*.

A final version known as *Faro*, is produced by remashing the grains from the initial brew and adding candy sugar to encourage further fermentation. *Faro* is the lightest of the Lambics, at around 4.0% alcohol, and it is a very refreshing drop.

In Australia Lambics are a virtually an unknown beer style. Many of those that have sampled them would argue that they more closely resemble a dessert wine than what we know as a beer. Yet lambics are just one more example the diverse range of beer styles that inhabit this planet. Like many of the more traditional beer styles, you will find them at their best when consumed in their homeland. There are a few imported versions available locally, notably Bellevue Kriek and Gueuze, and Timmerman's Peach and Framboise.

For the with it dude who considers himself a sophisticated beer drinker, unveiling one of these corked beauties at the end of a romantic dinner for two is certain to impress your lady friend.

If you're willing to take that chance, try Rose Park Cellars who stock a great range of beers. Make sure your wallet is well stocked though, as imported classics don't come cheap.

If there's anything that you've always wanted to know about beer but were afraid to ask, now is your chance. Address questions to Beerlines Questions c/- [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) and I'll answer them through this column.

# Coming soon...

It's all the rage these days, and it seems that every week there's another one of those stupid reality shows messing up the airways.

**And there's more on the way!** *On DIT's* Corporate Infiltration operative Linley Henzell has managed to 'obtain' a series of highly confidential internal TV network communiqués detailing the next wave of reality TV, scheduled to be shown later in 2001.

## Shipwrecked on Treasure Survival Island

A very subtle variation on the themes of several previous reality TV shows. Things start off happily as a group of apparently mismatched individuals are thrown together on a distant desert island - but as tensions develop between members of the 'castaway' population, who will last out the whole series? Unmissable.

## Survivor. Series Three

Filmed in yet another desolate location normally devoid of human life. This time, *Survivor* comes to you from the top two floors of the Myer Centre in Rundle Mall.

## EXTREME Survivor

From the producers of the *Survivor* series. Unlike standard *Survivor*, contestants 'voted off the island' are EXECUTED LIVE ON CAMERA! Starts off quite tame, with the first few to go being slain by lethal injection, electric chair or gas chamber according to official U.S. Correctional Services guidelines, but the last three 'losers' receive thirty-six hours of exclusive attention from a professional C.I.A. torturer straight from the coca fields of Columbia.

## CockRockstars

From the producers of *Popstars*, but instead of a modern soft pop group the goal is to create an '80s-style glam cock-rock band - provisional name, 'Barred-Up'. Mulletts galore!

## Sandstone Erosion

Over the course of several years, an unnamed member of Australia's leading Group of Eight Universities has been part of a giant 'Reality TV' social experiment. Representatives of the Ten Network have been silently infiltrating the University's administration in order to undermine its operations and render it incapable of functioning as a modern teaching institution, while cameras hidden in various places around the campus observe the reactions of the students as they come to the slow realisation that the education they are receiving is basically worthless. Compelling, if a little sad.

## Boatwrecked

In an unexpected twist on the usual 'consensual' model of Reality TV programming, an actual Mediterra-

nean cruise ship is hijacked and run aground on a small island covered in cleverly concealed microcameras and microphones.

## The Mule

A single contestant is led to believe that he or she is to participate in the next series of *The Mole*. Unbeknownst to him or her, however, all of the other participants in the show are actors briefed by the producers to collaborate in slowly destroying the lone 'Mule's' sense of reality. Watch as the Mule's personality disintegrates into paranoia, self-doubt and self-hatred before your eyes!

## Parade of Homeliness

Groups of teenagers are approached on the street and invited to attend an audition for a reality TV modelling competition. The catch - they're all ugly! After professional makeovers, the hopefuls face a panel of celebrity judges charged with the painful task of choosing the least unattractive to go to the next round. Each week, however, the judges refuse to return a verdict, yelling 'they're all so goddamn hideous!' before walking out in disgust. Hilariously degrading!

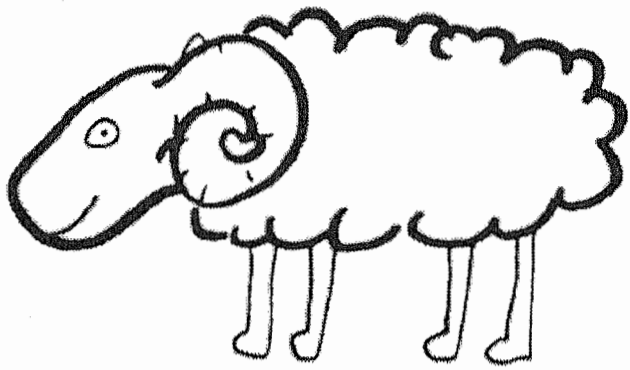
## Sweatshop Reality Trip

A group of wealthy (by world standards) middle-class Australians, Americans and Brits are given \$5,000 each and sent shopping through some of the Western hemisphere's most opulent department stores in search of clothing and consumer goods - then, still wearing what they have bought, they are flown to the prison-like Third World sweatshops in which their new possessions were made to meet the people who made them.

## Smallgoods Reality Trip

A less controversial outing from the producers of *Sweatshop Reality Trip*. A group of suburbanites who have never had any contact with any stages of the meat production process are fed three sumptuous feasts of hamburgers, sausages and other processed meats each day for a week. The following Monday they are taken on a tour of Australia's filthiest abattoirs and meat processing facilities and presented with a selection of eyeballs, ears, lips, genitals, internal organs and intestinal sections to take home. The next day a bung fritz eating competition decides the winner of \$50,000.

# Your Monthly Horoscope: April



The autumn equinox of 21 March marks the end of the heat and the beginning of the wet and windy weather.

## Aries

(Sun enters Aries approx. 20-21 March, leaving 20-21 April; check your individual year of birth)

### Overview

The new moon in Aries reveals Saturn rising and Mercury culminating, emphasising these as two strong planets. Their respective themes are responsibilities and mental activity.

Saturn is in the tropical sign of Taurus, and this means that the responsibilities will concern material things, such as money, possessions, and the physical body. Psychologically, you will be examining what you value.

Mercury in Pisces as the highest planet in the sky shows that your aspirations and career goals are prominently in mind. This means: communication themes, media, business, trade, study – with a collective emphasis and a sense of interconnectedness. Pisces is the most esoteric zodiac sign, with its keywords being imagination, the psyche, creativity, dreams, coincidences, mystery, emotional sensitivity, compassion, meditation. These are expressed in social and environment issues, art, music, and/or any new technological developments which expand the mind's abilities.

### Study

Study of the above-mentioned areas will suit you well. You will find that doing the detailed work will be easier if you can relate to it personally and, failing that, approach the tasks with a sense of fun. Another approach that you may wish to consider is doing any work in an area with lots of natural lighting. Read outside during pleasant days, and set up your study area in a room with big windows that catch the sun.

### Work

Opportunities exist to help friends or gain employment through who you know. You will approach work with enthusiasm, vigour and humour. On a serious note, you will find that drama

and power-plays are close at hand, and you will need to be aware of authority and respect who has the power. Don't overlook this by being too familiar with the boss. You will also be called upon to help others, sometimes saving them from a crisis.

New areas of work include sports, journalism, education, travel, the Law, or similar areas.

### Relationships

Venus is in retrograde during your birthday period, which will cause you to reflect on previous or existing relationships and seek to establish what your needs are. Excitement, challenge, spontaneity, flair, and all the similar spices of love will be a little scarce, so try to be patient (Ha – a patient Aries? Yeah, get real).

The worse that can happen is that you will feel so frustrated that you will lash out and do something rash, like dropping out and going somewhere else. Alright, but wait until the end of May, whatever you want to do. Just an extra month. See how it feels then.

Lonely Aries are best served by self-development. Concentrate on the things you do that make you a better person – reading, your art, training, working on your hobby, etc.

The best that will happen during this period is that you will soothe the beast within and focus your energy into bringing out your best, radiating a presence that conveys strength and charisma, making you irresistible to your chosen mate.

## Taurus

As the weather changes into Autumn, so the natural seasonal changes are reflected in your nature. You wish for quiet, solitude, a warm cosy home and the opportunity to reflect. You are going through a sense of 'coming down' and hibernating, before the coming changes in late April to May. Wait until then before starting new things.

## Gemini

The emphasis should now be on familiarising yourself with the details necessary for the life and career directions you wish. As long as you stay focussed, you will learn fast.

Circles of close friends can support you, and new ones may be found amongst groups who share similar interests as you.

Be aware that the daydreams and plans you have now will bear fruit in the future, so be as vivid and realistic as you can. This is unconscious programming, and a very effective way of succeeding.

## Cancer

This is the time where you begin to take decisions that will affect your life direction. You have been engaged in study and opening up your world view to new horizons. Now you are beginning to see what career options you have, and a new job possibility may arise.

Recently, you may have been developing an interest in overseas affairs, foreign cultures, or new philosophies. For some undergraduates the new year is still fresh, exciting and promising. You may find that you are a little more anxious, irritable or even aggressive than usual. This is best worked out by walking or a bike ride.

## Leo

After having a rather intense month, with issues of life/death/sex and/or taxes weighing on your mind, you can feel that it is time to lighten up. As the song goes, "I've never had to knock on wood...". As long as you're alive, you're ahead.

This month is a time for more good spirits and a sense of joviality. You can learn a lot this next month, as well as have some fun. Travel, teaching or legal opportunities may arise.

## Virgo

This time of year seems a bit frustrating. Your natural sexual urges are starting to interfere with your relationships. Seek stability through responsible mental work. You may find that new opportunities to handle other peoples' monies and/or affairs arise. For some of you, this will be good for business. For those who are studying, try to look at things cyclically. This is the answer.

## Libra

Now that you're ready for that great relationship, where are they? Current partners are in danger of looking a bit ordinary. You have high standards, as few people put into relationships as much as you do.

Concentrate on existing associations and professional relationships. The Aries period lends itself well to career development, so take advantage of working on the associates and colleagues already in your life. Intimately, things do improve in May. If you focus too much on intimate relationships now you are in danger of causing a conflict. Wait it out.

## Scorpio

Hard work and exercise are good things to focus on now, as are quick, fast challenges: building routines at home and during the daily grind, getting the rhythm going. If you began this in February, you will now be see-

ing some results. Keep it up.

## Sagittarius

You are SO full of energy that the days are too short. What should you do with this? It lends itself best to healing and learning. Healing can be on deeply personal level, or it might be a simple as finally getting to those much needed repairs and maintenance that are long overdue.

Learning can happen when you show others what to do, as the insights gained are tangential and usually involve human behaviour. Children are another good focus.

You are quite creative at the moment, so be aware that this can mean increased fertility.

Those who are feeling really down are working very deeply. Be assured that the resurrection will arise later this year.

## Capricorn

Home and the family are fundamental for an effective support network. This is really important to understand because you often miss out on providing the time and nurturing support your family need. Play with the kids (if you have any). This is a prudent investment, because when you need support yourself, it will be freely given. Times like now perhaps.

Whatever you're doing presently, concentrate on the foundations. Study the ancestry if necessary.

## Aquarius

This period is good for organising some new tools for work, and familiarising yourself with a new vocabulary/language. Relationships with your siblings are improving.

Think about how you speak and how you present yourself. Note that Aquarian charisma comes from individuality in lifestyle and work habits. Focus on research and paying attention to detail and you will have the structure for the fruition of your ideas.

## Pisces

Now that the party is over you can get back to work. Money is the focus, as it buys bricks for the builder, canvas for the painter, etc. Money comes from things that you did a while ago and have taken for granted. It may be boring, but money is often the result of repetition and duty. The greatest profit occurs when you go out alone. During your leisure time you reflect on your views on managing life and personal rules of thumb, then share them with others. As long as you are not too impatient you will be fine.

By An Aquarian Man



# Express your Espresso

## Viv's Guide to Cafe Culture

I LOOVVEE coffee. Not instant, percolated. Just love it. But hate making it. So, I buy it. OK, maybe that's not the only reason why I go out to drink coffee. I like the atmosphere too. And the nicotine which goes with it. Philosophising about the future of this world, and talking about things which are unimportant anywhere else other with a good cup of coffee and a ciggie. But I am aware that other people go out for coffee for other reasons. People who don't know that a Cafe Latte is a flat white in a glass. Better yet, who don't know that when they are ordering a 'latte' (while checking their messages on their phones) they are only asking for milk. So, seeing that some people are still quite clueless about the whole coffee scene in Adelaide, me, a retired coffee buff, will attempt to explain how it all works. Trust me, I used to be the girl the waiters knew by name...they even knew what I liked....

Note of caution: Let's get one thing straight before I begin. The actual quality of the coffee tends to be the same almost everywhere you go. So we are not really differentiating between one cup (glass) of coffee and another. It's really about the crowds, and the people you expect to find there. We hate to stereotype, but.....we do.

### What to wear

So, before we step out, we need to know the gear. It really depends entirely on where you are going. If we are talking down Rundle, the latest fashion, thank you. If you wanna be served, that is. If you're after something more casual, then I find O'Connell St is much better and relaxed. Although I'm not talking Cibo, more like Vagabondo. They have cute couches and they serve great food too. Now, back to Rundle. The West End of Rundle has always been reserved for the beginners. We used to have this saying, that through life you should move down the street, beginning at Buongiorno's and ending at that coffee shop at the end of Rundle, you know, the one across from the Stag (that being another point of conclusion to something). So, following with this thought, teeny-bopperland is at the West End of Rundle. And teeny-bopper style. More clearly, all the clothes we were wearing last season. Like the peasant look and the I'm-wearing-heels-at-10am-even-though-I'm-fifteen look. And if we move down, we can contrast this against what people wear at the East End. These are the clothes we will be wearing next season. People try to be the first wearing the latest fashion.



*I'm posing here people! Why isn't anyone noticing?*

If Mariah wore it, then they have it (or pretend). J.Lo is outta fashion with this crowd. Geez, they were wearing the hoop earrings ages ago....Some of them never took them off waiting for them to come back. Coz they knew.

### What to Take

Two simple words: mobile phone. Who doesn't see those poor souls who have nothing better to do than to check on their phones every two seconds to see if they have any messages? Worse yet, those sad, sad people who leave their latest model (Nokia 1000+) on the table at all times, and even play with it. I'm sorry, aren't the people they are with enough to keep them entertained?? Which brings me to the other thing you should bring. A couple of people who are going to sit there and try to be (painfully) cool with you. Looking cool is a must, having fun isn't. Therefore you cannot bring people along who might be nice but will make you look bad in any way. Bring the people who are wearing the hoop earrings. Don't forget, accessorise, accessorise. Anything you say or do, WILL BE taken against you. One more thing, make sure you bump into a lot of people while you're out. You want to be pretty fly for a white (black, yellow, pink) guy.

### What to Drink

Variety plus. There are many types which have the same thing in them but are called different things because of how they are served. In a cup or a glass? And if we sprinkle chocolate on it, we call it something else again. The most popular one must be a 'latte'. Not plain milk, as one would gather, but

a flat white in a glass. Up the East end that is. Although Macchiatos would seem to come close. They are the ones served in little glasses. Older, rough looking people, bold by choice, put those down somewhat quickly. A cappuccino for the little ones (they like the froth). And they all drink hot chocolates rather eagerly. Too young for caffeine.

### Where to sit

Be seen. Outside. Don't forget, with lots and lots of people around you.

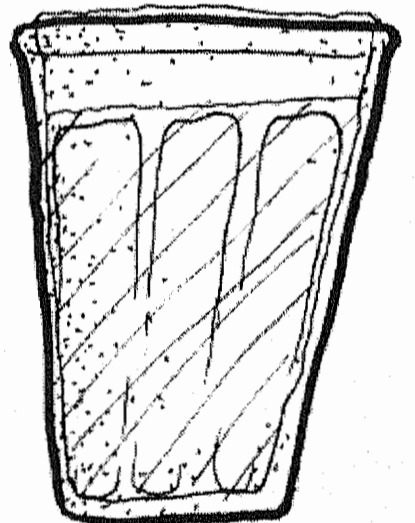
### How to Spot the Fakes

These are easy to recognise. They are the ones who (sneakily) put too much sugar into their coffee because they don't really like it (you know who you are) and those who ask for decaff. What's the point?? Waste of a good

cuppa, I reckon. I'll serve you dirty water instead, and you wouldn't know the difference. And last but not least, those who want a weak coffee with skim milk. Uh? What's that? Once again, what's the point? You can tell they just want to be seen with something resembling a coffee in front of them. Cool factor major problem for these people.

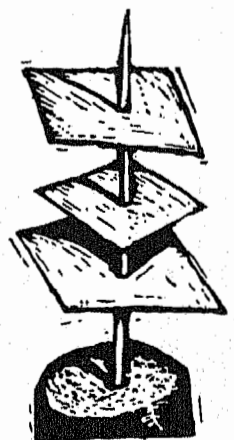
So there you go. From a pro. There is only one thing to be learnt from all this. Anything worth doing, is worth doing in excess. Drink the bloody cup of coffee and do it in style. Maybe you're not up for it. That's OK. There is a little coffee shop down Rundle Mall called 'The Coffee Pot', a brilliant little place, and I feel in there as great as those uncool people down Rundle St. Not quite right. But that's fine with me. Attitude is all. So if you like it, go for it, make your mark. And if you don't, well.....we all need friends, so fake it.

Viv Torres-Opazo



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# LETTERS

## Shafted, badly

Hey Eds,

I was wondering if anyone has bothered to read the SAUA publication "Shafted"? If you haven't I wouldn't recommend it as a worthwhile way to spend your time. Despite a few good points made, most of the content seems to be silly nit-picking and pointless drivel. It appears someone has something against the uni admin and is propagating their personal agenda. Instead of making this booklet of mindless, incessant whining I would have thought it would be far more interesting and useful to include only serious problems and the action that is being taken to resolve them. Further it would be to the benefit of everyone involved if the Students' Association which it appears want to divide the university community ceased their push to turn the student body against everyone else in this uni. What they are doing is very counter-productive. All bodies within our university need to work together to improve on what we have. Producing such antagonistic material won't do anyone any good.

James Simpson

## The Lone Ranger says, "Bad Tonto"

Dear Tonto,

Regarding your letter, "So young and so bitter". For a start, I was not "passed over" by catering this year, as such your suggestion that I am a "disgruntled ex-employee" is erroneous & false. After a year with catering, I made the tough decision to leave its snugly confines and the relative security it has provided me. Secondly, whilst you may be able to "chug lattes", I most certainly cannot afford to.

My letter in fact was written to promote discussion regarding the new changes. If you remember, the week before my apparently controversial letter was printed, I also submitted a consumer watchdog on the Mayo & its new food & its content was in complete contradiction of the subsequent letter. If you recall, I praised the wood lino effect, raved about the new goulash, & awarded the much-loved 'sagne a whopping 11.5 out of 10. Perhaps you were angry that I criticised log - I believe it's a popular dish.

As for quality being anathema to my fine self - no, that would be pretentious, pedantic people like yourself who lack the courage to sign their own names. I at least attached my own name to my letter.

Yours,  
Clementine

PS In reference to my article "Relationship" - it's called humour. Look it up.

## Mmm... Juicy

Dear Editors,  
Sometimes I get really, really hungry.  
Hungry enough to KILL?  
Sometimes, yes.

I don't know what it is, but seeing acres of scantily-clad human flesh arrayed before me as I stand on the Union House 4th-floor balcony staring down at the Barr Smith Lawns makes me drool and drool like nothing else, until droplets of saliva fall from my gaping mouth and splatter on the chips and wedges of people dining below. It's disgusting, but it's true.

Yours,  
The Hungry, Hungry Hippo

## I'm chilly

Eds,

The onslaught of bitterly cold winds and torrential rain is just beginning. Summer is over and I feel somewhat restricted.

Until the rain subsides, months from now, I will struggle to stay dry and warm while taking part in one of my favourite pastimes. Only a week or so ago the sun beamed out at me as I lay on the grassy banks of the Torrens River. Headphones blared music into my ears and a lighter rested in my right hand, while I gripped onto a homemade bong with my left hand. The grassy banks had become quite a haven for me during my spare time. Now, with winter approaching fast, I know of nowhere to enjoy one of life's many pleasures. Only an hour or so before writing this. I stood, shivering, under the Uni bridge. Bong, trembling in one hand; lighter, trembling in the other. I managed in the end, but only after much difficulty, frustration and discomfort.

I'll continue to search and will end up finding myself huddled in uncomfortable hidings. Perhaps I should start drinking alcohol, at least then I'll be able to do so protected from the nasty weather.

Johnny Blunt

## Soapy Acrobat fun

Dear On Dit,

I have a few choice words concerning Sam O'Harrell's opinion article in the last edition. Specifically point nine and the acrobatics concerned. I am such an acrobat and so are my friends. I enjoy the pass time and if you don't like it then don't bloody look or just go and stew in your inept jealousy elsewhere.

I fully agree about fat people though - you're absolutely right, they DO use more soap. Good one.

Her fellow Wayward editor,  
Sam Franzway

ps. While I'm on the last edition, why has no-one praised the re-appearance of the make-it yourself sandwich bar? It even seems cheaper than it used to be and has avocado. All it

needs now is fetta cheese and pesto and we are grooving and happy.

## Liberals are cool

Dear Eds,

Why are there students protesting against the Federal Minister for Higher Education, Dr Kemp? And what are these claims of the "Liberal government's anti-education agenda"? I for one don't think we have things too bad. Consider these facts, if you will:

·In 2000 there were 464,700 full-time equivalent students in higher education, which is a record number of places ever, and 42,000 more places than Labor's last full year in office

·30,000 of these new places are HECS places

·Higher education institutions are receiving record amounts of revenue, \$9 billion last year - \$900 million more than when Labor left office

·Much of this revenue comes from private funding, which increases universities' independence and lightens the expense to Australian taxpayers

·The government now gives assistance to Universities for each additional student they enroll - Labor only funded Government-set enrolment targets, denying access to tens of thousands

·Fee-paying places are now available to Australian undergraduate students - Labor only offered these to international students

·Fee-paying places do not prevent more capable students from studying. If these places weren't paid for upfront they would not exist

·Total research funding for higher education was \$447 million in 1999, up from \$399 million when Labor left office

·Government policy is that the current structure of tertiary education will be maintained and that university fees will not be deregulated

Since it is the individual and not the nation who is the principal beneficiary of an education it is fair that the individual makes a contribution towards paying for it, and our system makes this as easy as possible on students since we can pay our fees off gradually once we begin to earn an income. Furthermore HECS fees are not so high as to make higher education inaccessible for the same reason: we can defer paying our fees until (and unless) we begin earning a livable income. Also the fact that we have the highest number of enrolments ever shows fees are not discouraging entry. What's more, the differential HECS system is fairer because students studying courses with lower income prospects pay less than students studying courses with higher income prospects.

So has the government really done such a bad job? As individual students we are all well off since we are all able to come to university without having to pay a cent (except mandatory union fees) until we enter the work force. In addition our universities are better funded than ever before and more

funding comes from the private sector than ever before. Therefore not only do we enjoy better funded universities, but the nation does not have to pay as much for our educations either. There are also more students in our universities than ever before and that can only be a good thing. Just some food for thought for all those who were out there demonstrating last week.

James Simpson

## John Howard's buns

Dear Eds,

I'm writing to congratulate Sarah and Anais for their 'Dying to be Thin' article. The ever increasing pressure on women to strive to achieve truly unattainable ideals in terms of weight, shape and appearance, are so incredibly destructive in terms of physical and mental health of so many women, I find it impossible to reconcile this with our belief that Human beings supposedly represent an advanced form of life... What is advanced about conditioning over half the world's population to HATE their natural bodies??? Why are women everywhere being both subtly and overtly pushed to conform to ridiculous ideals of having Barbie doll figures with Pamela's famous former boobs, Danni Minogue's plastic facial expression and Heather Locklear's peroxidized hair?? Why are women continually being assessed and judged on nothing more than their looks? Granted the objectification of women is nothing new - however it's gone far beyond the ridiculous. I mean what the hell have Pauline Hanson's party policies got to do with the shape of her legs? (Political column in the Advertiser last week) We don't go talking about The state of Johnnie Howard's buns...do we? People need to look in the beauty within themselves and others instead of falling victim to scheming and manipulative marketing ploys which have sadly found such whopping niche playing on human insecurities.

Inevitably our 'advanced' lives imitate art and vice versa....(In this case unfortunately, we're talking digitally enhanced magazine covers)

Imbi Ehvart

## How to write a letter

- Letters should be around 250 words long, and must be in by 5pm Wednesday.
- Letters must be accompanied by a name and student number, or, if you're not a student, your postal address and telephone number.
- We can't print anything defamatory, racist, sexist, homophobic etc etc. We also prefer not to print opinions critical of Bert Newton.
- Email letters to <ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au>, post to On Dit c/- Adelaide Uni, SA 5005, or bring them in to the office.

## OPINION

# Stanley George

*If you can't do the numbers then don't turn up.*

Brad Kitschke, Education Vice President

It was a dark and stormy night. Outside, the treenoise was the same as the sounds of wind and hail and traffic and roof-creak. Louder still was the sound of vagrants rummaging through the bins outside my window. I heard them hoot as they found an abandoned VCR, then curse as the hail grew so hard that they had to run for the carport. Once I had them inside they told me that their sleeping-place across the terrace was muddy with rain. One of them said they remembered me from last Wednesday when I had slept in the parklands. His friend smelled like a wet dog. I boiled some coffee.

Most people cringe when they see a hobo wandering down Angas Street with a coat hanger and a bag of cans. Better people know that winos and vagrants are no less than true prophets of our time. These are the Real People. Theirs is a life without plastic. A life without iced tea, sugar-free gum and *Sex & the City*. No fake smiles, no bad calls, no forced laughter – no chance of forgetting what it's like to wring a duck's neck when you're hungry, or to piss against a tree in full view of latte-swilling Rundle posers.

What's more, these people have something that most Australians will never have: a *real* reason to hate the Liberal Party. After all, how can an income tax-based compensation package ever hope to compensate people who don't pay income tax?

But I'm getting ahead of myself. See, while most of us shake our fists and curse Howard and Olsen and the arsehole moral majority that they represent, there aren't many tangible reasons to hate Liberal policies as much as we say we do. Sure there's GST and HECS and VSU and petrol prices and a welfare system that's tighter than Britney Spears' arsehole, but we're all still here, aren't we? Surely the above doesn't warrant putting a weaselly fuckwit like Simon Crean in charge of the Federal treasury?

Maybe it does. Who am I to judge? The point is that the kind of people who rifle through my rubbish are the only kind of people who should be allowed to criticise the Federal

Government. They are the real victims of the arrogant assumption that the welfare of a society revolves around nothing more or less than than income tax.

I know what you're thinking: "Here's another bleeding-heart hippie who can't stop wingeing about bread-heads and fat-cats and the GST." Well think again, Charlie. I'm a firm believer in the fact that a Goods and Services Tax is the fairest possible way that a government can collect revenue.

Think about it – what happens when you place a tax on goods and services? *They get more expensive.* And what happens when stuff gets more expensive? *People consume less.* Now as long as you zero-rate necessities like food and rent and books, a GST will do nothing more harmful than force Burnside princesses to cut down on useless luxuries. Down goes inflation, down goes the trade deficit, down goes foreign debt and the current account deficit. In short, a decent GST would require Australia to start paying tax as it consumes, which would finally force us to think about saving our disposable income instead of bitching to *A Current Affair* about tight-arse credit card companies.

There is one problem. How do we compensate people who already consume sensibly, or who can barely afford to consume as it is? The solution, as I see it, is quite simple. Scrap the whole broad-based deal and tax the significant proportion of goods and services that the wealthy can afford to pay more for. If 15 per cent of the price of land cruisers, chandeliers, china cabinets and macadamia nuts went straight to the government, the change in consumption alone would go a long way towards narrowing that stubborn gap between rich and poor.

Of course, selecting which goods and services to tax would require a considerable amount of planning and calculation. That said, the ALP's current lack of significantly detailed taxation policy is hopefully due to the fact that they are too busy assembling the rudiments of a consumption tax with a compensation package that doesn't rely exclusively on income tax breaks for the

mediumly wealthy.

Which brings me to my point. The Howard government has too narrow a concept of investment. Currently, "compensation" for the GST consists of a considerable cut in income tax. As far as I'm concerned, more disposable income is the last thing that credit-crazed Australian consumers need. A government cutting tax is like a randy guy chopping lines for his girlfriend. Sure it'll make for a more productive fiscal year – but what happens when the poor girl realises that she can't very well spend every night snorting great wads of cash up her rhinoplasty?

Acoustic base extraordinaire Simon Guthrie insists that there is an ideological reason for compensating the GST with disposable income. A first year politics veteran, Guthrie insists that the Liberal Party still believes in letting people decide what to do with their own money, ala Bush Jr, ala Reaganomics, ala "liberal" with a small "l". I'm too cynical to believe that Howard and Costello genuinely believe in Australian consumers' ideological right to larger proportions of their own income. I find it much easier to believe that the '99 compensation package was a cynical attempt to gloss over the GST's impact on the kind of unsustainable consumption that has been propping up the economy since the Asian Crisis. There's a reason why the Coalition has never attempted to address the fact that Australian consumers have the smallest propensity to save in the OECD.

Lowering income tax served two purposes for the Coalition. First, it meant that the government could rely on high wage earners to spend, spend, spend such that the GST didn't have too dramatic an impact on growth – which was among the highest in the region at the time. Second, it meant that faithful Liberal voters could be rewarded with the kind of tax cut that would ensure their continued support in the next election.

In effect, Howard and Costello's plan was to coax upper crust Australians into keeping the post-GST economy ticking over, such that the coalition maintained its reputation for good economic management. The

spectacular failure of this plan is, as far as I can see, the sole reason why Kim Beazley will become our next Prime Minister.

So how *did* the plan fail? If you ask me, the compensation package was doomed from the start simply because it was mean. Put in simple terms, the package gave more money to affluent consumers, and not enough to "moderate" spenders like you and me. As such, big business was fed great steaming piles of Burnside credit, leaving the small end of town even more vulnerable to the quarterly rectal probe that was BAS.

In this respect, the Coalition was a victim of its own narrow-minded approach to investment. Liberals in particular are prone to seeing investment as nothing more than a set of figures. They believe that if they can just keep the party faithful on side while maintaining the façade of a "robust" economy, things will be all right on the night. The ALP is only slightly better – if only because it seems to understand that a government's duty of care is not just to those of us who pay income tax.

Too many politicians believe in politics for the sake of itself. Proper debate and discussion has long been replaced by the art of getting "the numbers". Good policies attract numbers. *If you don't have any good policies, then don't turn up.*

Vagrants are unaccustomed to kindness. Inviting them out of the rain for coffee and leftover lamb chops will invariably result in their undivided attention. Tom and Sam listened to me jabber about Zeppelin and subjectivity and monetary policy and the PLO and Jesus and Scotch whisky and meditation and Bill Hicks and melted Camembert and about a million other things, until I felt like there was nothing left for me to say ever again. "So who's Natalia?" Sam asked.

I looked at the carpet. It was covered with dog-eared books and a scattered pile of notes called *Stanley George Plays Chess W/ Himself*. "No one," I replied.

I kicked the mooching bastards out after that.

**Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney**

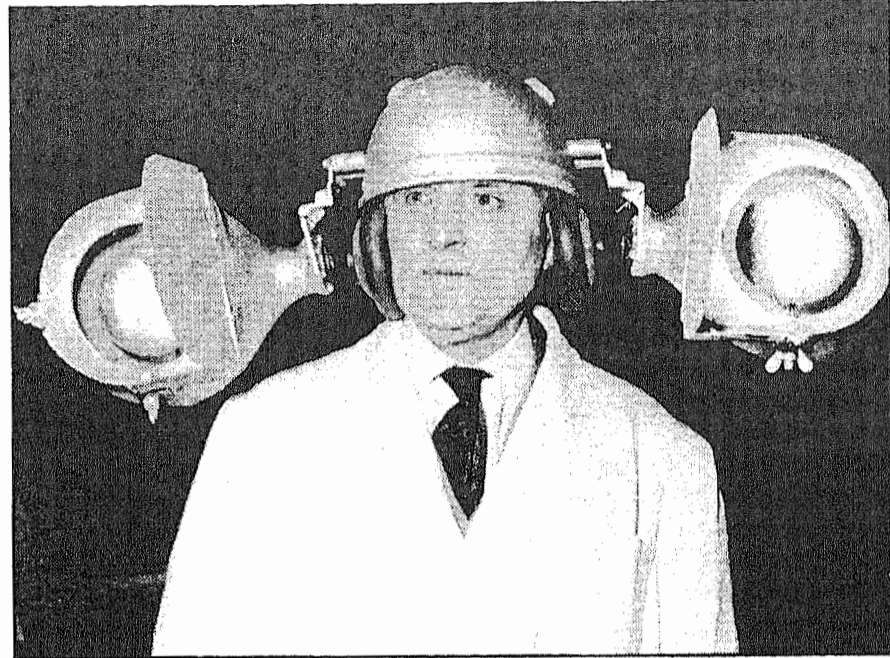


Stanley (right) entertains guests

# Freak Magnet

In recent years it has come to my attention that I seem to experience an excessive number of encounters with strange people. I admit that from time to time everyone is forced to interact with someone who is a little on the eccentric side but for me these interactions are more regular than occasional. My first theory to explain this disturbing phenomenon was that somewhere on my body was a sign saying, "If you're weird or just plain scary, talk to me!" No matter how hard I tried to erase this message I couldn't. When I started a job in telephone market research I realised why. There was no sign on me that only the truly strange could see, it was some vibe I emitted because people in other states over the phone could sense it too. So my new revised theory is, in a way, similar to the sonar dolphins use to communicate: I radiate a signal to attract people who are odd, strange or just plain mad. I am a freak magnet.

One of my most memorable encounters with the more bizarre members of society occurred at a particularly sleazy pub. And yes, I should have known better than to expect to make it through the night untouched by a complete weirdo, but that's blind optimism for you. I was standing with a group of friends when a pretty cute guy started to talk to me. There didn't appear to be anything unusual about him so I didn't discourage his attention. We were going through the normal get-to-know-you chit-chat and I asked him if he studied or worked. This seemingly innocent question turned out to be anything but, my dear reader. His astounding reply was, "I'm a hit man, y'know, I beat people up for money." Now being a hit man is one thing, but telling people about it is another entirely. Let's face it, if you're a hit man are you really going to broadcast it to a complete stranger in a pub? I doubted it. As I had consumed a few beverages, I felt no hesitation in voicing my opinion



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that this was an intensely stupid reply. I then added, just for good measure that it wasn't a good line to impress a girl if that's what he mistakenly thought. Not surprisingly, this freaky guy was quite offended and I wandered off. Now, I and most normal (or at least not totally bizarre) people would avoid someone they had so completely failed to pick up for eternity or at least the rest of the night. But (surprise, surprise) my encounter with "the hit man" wasn't over yet. About an hour later he came up to me to tell me he was leaving. I was quite relieved by this, I no longer had to avoid the area of the pub where he was (inconveniently en route to the toilets) but there's more. The "hit man" handed me a scrap of paper with a number on it and said casually, "Give me a call," as if we had been talking all night! I was so astonished I could only stand and stare until he finally walked away. Did he honestly think I'd ring him?! This weird incident is quite typical of my life as a

freak magnet. Out of a group of about ten, at least half of which were girls, this nutter zeroed in on little old me. Why you ask? Not because I'm especially gorgeous, friendly or even showed interest in him but because I am a freak magnet. I radiate a vibe that attracts bizarre people.

Now all of my friends found this story highly amusing, and let me assure you I would too - if it had happened to someone else. Strangers in every sense of the word sit next to me on buses to tell me, "the world is an asylum" or come up and kiss me in Rundle Mall (not a good thing I assure you, when it's a drunk old man) or lift me up as I'm innocently walking by. Interactions with the odd and eccentric are funny and entertaining when they happen occasionally, but when it's a regular thing all you can think is, "Why me?!"

Stacey, Freak Magnet

# Trouble Spice

I think Girl Thing are right: it's the end of an era, the start of a new day. The dream is over. The Spice Girls are no more. Sure, you've still got a three-member band who call themselves the Spice Girls. But the phenomenon, the spectacle, the VIBE that was all things spicy has over time become very, very bland.

It's been a while in the making, really. The Spice Girls burst onto the scene in July 1996 with "Wannabe", and only managed to squeeze out two albums before self-defined front-woman Geri Halliwell split to pursue a solo career in May 1998. It made front page news around the world, but the remaining four's assurances to the press that the Spice Rack was still intact seemed to set fans at ease. I know I was relieved, after a momentary mope. I thought their first post-Ginger single, "Goodbye", made the grade, even if it was a bit slow and sappy, and Victoria was looking nauseatingly gaunt in the video (especially for a pregnant woman). She was my least favourite anyway.

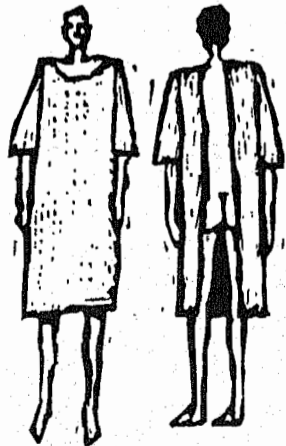
But since "Goodbye"? That G-force with a zoom has ground to a hobbling halt. One poxy album has been released (*Forever*), and the one memorable single, if not the only single released here, is "Holler". "Holler"? "Holler"? Wot's all this then? How could my girls, as Pommy as mushy peas, name a song in such a Yankee way? It should be "Bellow", or "Shout your gob off" with lots of "zigzagzags" thrown in for good measure!

The whole music style changed too - I'm sure the shift from teenybopper girl power pop to teenybopper conformist R 'n' B was a "market conscious" one, but I see it as their downfall. The reason the Spice Girls worked is because they were so different to what else was out there, and being diverse within their own style. Sure, there'd been all-girl pop bands before, but none with such catchy tunes, boppy dance moves, and simul-

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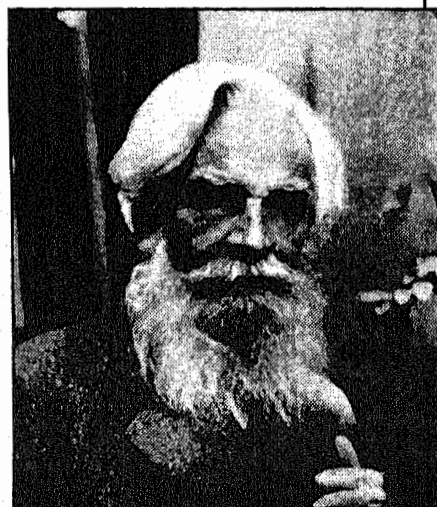


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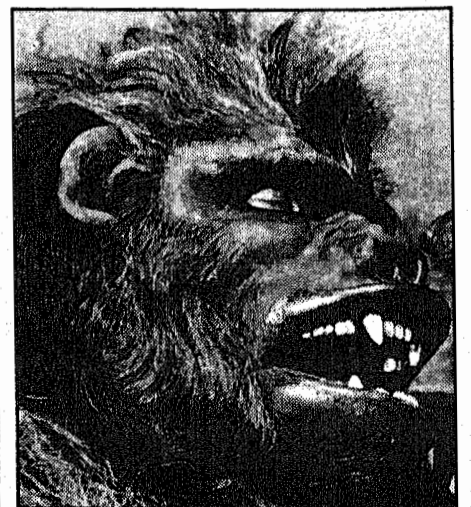


**STOP PRESS!!**

Just as *On Dit* went to print, the Spice Girls introduced their two new members to the world!



Elderly Bearded Male Spice



Primate Spice

in  
World

by Gemma  
Clark

# 'ILLEGAL'

taneously brainless and quasi-feminist lyrics. They had the ballads, they had the sultry funk, they had the bubblegum dance, and Mel B even had some rap to chuck in. The pre-teens could feel grown-up by singing along with Emma about the issues involved in 2 Becoming 1: "be a little bit wiser, baby; put it on, put it on." Older (ie aged over 16) women loved them because they could recapture their pre-pubescent youth through getting down at Year 12 formals to "Stop" (or maybe that was just me).

The slick, homogenous look of the remaining members is also a worry. Their mass popularity rested on that each had their own Spice style, with something for everyone. Each had their own style in clothing, hair and makeup. Now, a squiz at Spice Girls Forever, the official Spice Girls website, sees the girls decked out in white and gold '70s Charlie's Angels/disco ensembles, with lots of bronzer and shimmer applied in a very Dolly way. They may as well be TLC or Destiny's Child.

I read in the paper last week that Mel C has now left the group, although the official website says otherwise: "The girls ARE still together, they are still the best of mates and Melanie C's comments have been misinterpreted by the media. Right now, everything is right with Spice! WE'RE.....NOT.....SPLITTING.....UP.....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" (sic).

Oh dear. I think the group needs a new spokesperson too, if he or she is prone to making up new words like "mis-interpreted". But we all know Mel C has hung up her platform trainers, now that she's elevated herself to "duet with Bryan Adams" status. Now we're left with the weakest link in every department other than that of Sultry Pouting (Victoria), someone who's always tiptoed uneasily along the knife edge between being cute and inciting paedophilia (Emma), and the member who, despite having a solo career which is booming compared with the ruins of the group, stoops to be interviewed by Kyle and Jackie O on the Hot 30 (Mel B). It's over, girls.

Not only this, but an unauthorised documentary of the Girls (plus Geri) before they made it big is set to come out, called *Raw Spice*. It's a fly-on-the-wall kind of deal, harking back to August 1994 when the girls moved into a semi-detached house together to formulate success. To me, this sounds ominously like a *Before They Were Stars* job, which usually indicates that the subject of the footage is past their marketable prime without this kind of bolster. And besides, it could be really embarrassing.

The girl band phenomenon ignited by the Spice Girls is still going strong. Think Girl Thing, think Dream, think Sugarbabes. Manufactured, yes, but

Think back to the quiet, peaceful Australia of two or so years ago. The weather was pretty, the population was happy and the term "illegal immigrants" meant as little to the average Australian as "Catapultam habeo. Nisi pecuniam omnem mihi dabis, ad caput tuum saxum immane mittam".\* This all changed, however, on December 1 1999, when the Woomera Detention Centre opened its doors to house asylum seekers and refugees who would later become detainees stuck in a 'hell hole'. Most of these people were desperate to flee their home in Iraq in order to escape US-imposed sanctions and Saddam Hussein, and to protect their lives and the lives of their families. Furthermore, these people spent thousands to secure a position on a boat usually too unstable to cross a river. The lucky ones reached the north-west coast of Australia. The others went down with the boat, or worse. Upon arriving to the land of the proverbial 'fair go', these people were given a number, a cell and three meals a day, and were locked up in the hot Woomera desert while their visas were processed. One detainee, Majed, who landed on Ashmore Reef with his wife and three children last year said; "We crossed the sea in a bad boat. I kissed the ground when I arrived in Australia. I felt like I was born new. We thought this was a new beginning. We were flown to Woomera. Then began the tragedy."

And what a tragedy it was. We all heard the horror stories... Sordid tales of prostitution, riots, hunger strikes, rape and abuse splashed over the pages of almost every newspaper in the country. Sometimes the detain-

ees were portrayed as the innocent, other times they were dirty, rioting maniacs who felt like a bit of a cruise and came down to Australia to behave... well... un-Australian. When the detainees broke out of the compound and sat in the middle of the town on June 8, 2000, the locals came out with blankets and gave the children bananas. Chants of "We Want Freedom" could be heard across Australian radios nation wide, while the sight of wire fences enclosing desolate, angry faces like animals was replayed on all five television stations for weeks on end. On August 28, 2000, we saw the ugly side of boredom and desperation. A handful of detainees instigated a riot, burning down buildings such as the Centre's school and attacking security guards, ruining any benefits for the thousands of others, and drawing more attention to the 'negative types' within the compound. "Send them back, or they'll kill us all" cried Aussie folk and Hansonites alike. But just think for a minute, to what they'll be sent back to. These people risked death to get here. These "queue-jumpers" did not have the luxury of waiting weeks, months, or years for their visas. It was either stay and die or take an enormous risk to save themselves and their loved ones. They have been in a hot, brick building, treated like lesser beings and rounded up like cattle for months on end. What would you do?

Thankfully, there have been changes to the management in charge of the Woomera Detention Centre. Inquiries have been conducted, despite Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock's protests, and slowly, more and more detainees are being re-

full of pop goodness. Australia's even produced Bardot as its own offering. And Lash has most recently popped onto the scene (although in a different genre, and seemingly not manufactured).

Vic, Emma and Mel, it's time to pass the torch. Girl Thing have their foot in the door to meet you - seen their video to "Last One Standing"? It's seems they've got the mic and they're gonna rock it your way (not surprising, really, seeing as they've got the same production team you had). Five girls in tight bright clothes, singing in shouty voices and wreaking havoc in some staid establishment (a wedding, no less - an assertion of girl power?), dancing on tables... sound familiar? Yo, I'll tell you what I want, what I really, really want...

Spice Girls, may you rest in peace. Please.

leased. So what happens to these people, these 'foreigners'? Some have managed to secure a temporary visa and are (gasp) now living among us like regular human beings, gaining their freedom yet retaining their scars from their homeland and their 'prison term'. They're taking computing courses, English classes and helping fellow refugees. Others were sent back to the war they tried to escape from, or a neighbouring country where their lives would be relatively safe. Why bring all this up again and rehash old memories of those boat people that came so long ago? The scary thing is, some are still waiting, and have been doing so for around nineteen months now. Some know they're going home, yet haven't been moved from the Centre. They're not rioting. They're not getting publicity. They're not even getting media interest any more. But they're still there. Echoes of "We Want Freedom" linger behind the tall compound fences, while the depression, hurt and shame remains in those who escaped from one hell to find themselves in another. Prime Minister Howard, Philip Ruddock and Australia should be ashamed... The treatment of these people was and is inhumane, and 'un-Australian'. No-one is illegal.

Leila

\*I have a catapult. Give me all the money, or I will fling an enormous rock at your head.

## HAVE YOUR SAY & GET PAID!



The University is conducting market research to find out students' perceptions on a range of issues. Therefore, we need to speak with as many students as possible from the following groups:

- 1st year students of economics, engineering, science, commerce, humanities or social sciences;
- 2nd year students of economics, engineering, science, commerce, humanities or social sciences;
- 2nd year overseas/international students of economics, engineering, science, commerce, humanities or social sciences; and,
- 3rd year students of economics, engineering, science, commerce, humanities or social sciences.

If you fit into one of these categories we'd love to hear from you. All we need from you is 1 hour of your time and we'll pay you for your trouble.

If you are interested, please call 8303 5174.

# VOX

### QUESTIONS

1. If you were a porn star what would your name be?
2. What shits you about Adels?
3. Is there any plausibility to the historical claim that the 1892 South African by-election in the seat of Murrumbidgee was plagued by rumours of nepotism, right-winged anti-establishment deconstructionism, and allegations of post-modernism, given the context of the heated neo-political climate? Why?

Ellie

*Striding into Napier*

1. Roxanne Roxx.
2. Too many snobs.
3. I have no idea. That question is very hard hitting.



Mike and Clint

*A restful moment outside the Wills*

1. M: Rufus Hardcourt.  
C: Clit Banger.
2. M: Too many cars. Lack of progression.  
C: Too spread out and the airport is way too small.
3. M: I was with you all the way up to, "question 3 is...."  
C: What the fuck did you just say??????????

Ludo

*We caught up with Ludo at a Parisian Fashion Show*

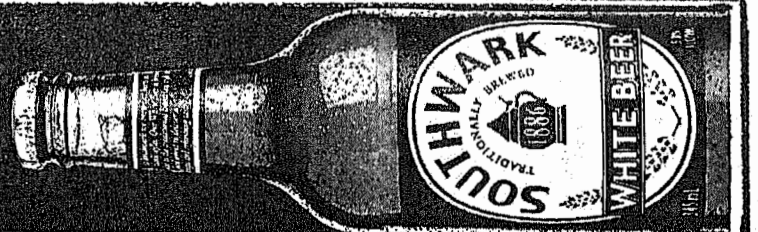
1. LUDO....SEXY.....BEAST.
2. ADELAIDE.....BORING.
3. UNFAIR BY-ELECTION PROCESS.....BAD.



Alice, Selina and Ali  
*Getting some good lovin'*

1. A: Alice Yes.  
S: Tissy Flydock.  
A: Q.T. Anglesey.
2. A: There's no snow.  
S: The lack of cheap designer clothes on sale.  
A: The nightlife is shit.
3. A: This couch is comfy.  
S: Yes.  
A: I'm wearing sparkly jeans.

BREWED WITH WHEAT.  
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.

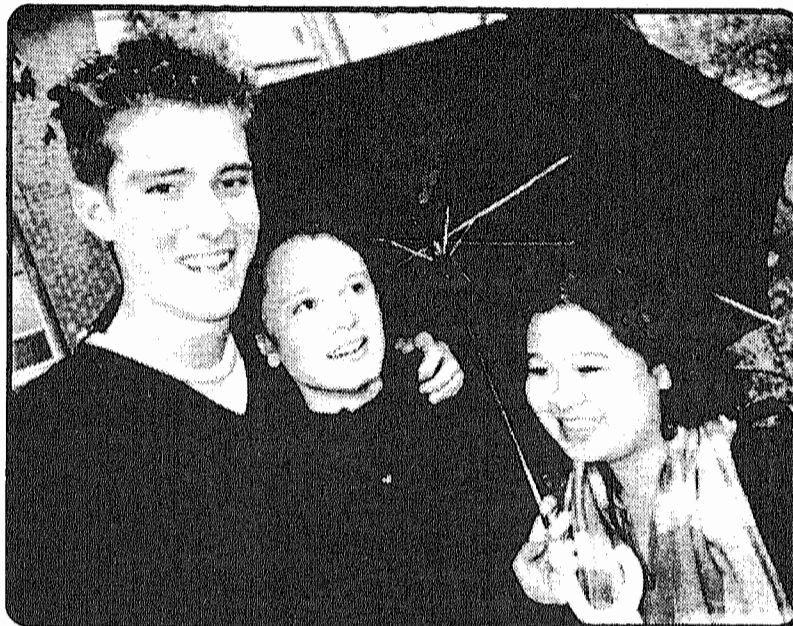


# POP

Alex, Emma and Mei

*Huddling for warmth*

1. A: Tony Vasselino.  
E: Ralph Kima.  
M: Rupert Grandwiew.
2. A: The smell at Bagels on Pirie St.  
E: Crazy weather.  
M: You meet too many people that you already know.
3. A: I think dirty money changed hands.  
E: What the fuck?!  
M: Whatever Alex said...I think that.



Raphael and Simone

*Building up the nerve to go to lecture*

1. R: Buck Naked.  
S: Sasha Violeta.
2. R: Elizabeth (the suburb).  
S: It's a retirement home.
3. R: Are you an Arts student?  
S: No comment - do I get beer now?

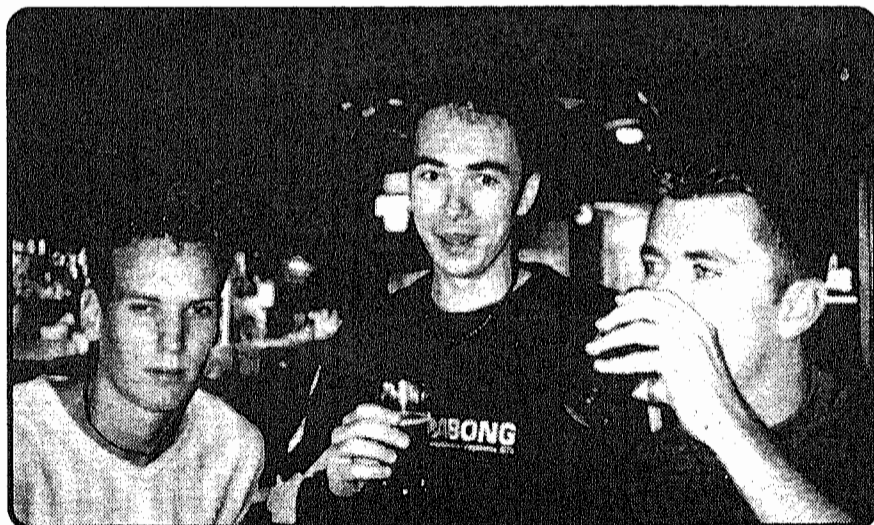
Darkshade

*The devil is not in hell...he goes to Adelaide Uni*

1. Sean "The Eliminator" Hitman.
2. It's pusillanimous, maskirovka and deodishina.
3. Hmmm. This situation was evident of the anti-disestablishment Boer attitude. It was the Zulu War of 1879 that did it Isandlwhana, yes.

## WHO WON THE BEER?

Ever since we announced that the person(s) who gave the best Vox Pop answers would receive ten pints of free beer at the Unibar, responses have risen to a new and higher calibre. With this in mind, we hereby reward the free beer to...Alex, Emma and Mei! Come down to the office to collect your prize, kindly donated by Southwark.



Chris, Rich and Kris

*Punishing their livers*

1. C: Long John Silver.  
R: Kris Moyse.  
K: Mickey Mouse.
2. C: Too many filthy skanks.  
R: Not enough chicks with breast implants.  
K: Everyone knows everyone. It's a country town.
3. C: mmmmm.....I'd have to say 'breasts.'  
R: Aw yeah.  
K: It depends which way you look at it really.

## Luke Skywalker Jedi Knight, SAUA President

Hello again! I hope everyone is surviving first term, and not being completely snowed under with horrible, horrible assignments!

### Constitutional and Structural Review:

Don't forget, submissions are now open for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, your students' Association, constitutional and structural review. If you have an interest in how the Association is run, how it can better assist you and how it is structured, then I would encourage you to write a submission. For a copy of the Constitution, please come and see me, or email me at [tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au).

All submissions need to be in by 9 of April. Submissions can be lodged in the Students' Association, George Murray Building, or emailed to me.

**Inside Adelaide:** Inside Adelaide is a new electronic newsletter for staff and students of Adelaide University. The newsletter will be published on the University's Web Site every month during the academic year and is aimed at improving the flow of information within the University. Inside Adelaide aims to provide quality information for staff and students about what is happening within the University and information about important happenings outside the University (such as Government decisions and reviews).

To access the first edition of Inside Adelaide, go to [http://www.adelaide.edu.au/PR/inside\\_adelaide/index.htm](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/PR/inside_adelaide/index.htm)

To have the newsletter sent directly to your email, send a message requesting a subscription to [inside.adelaide@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:inside.adelaide@adelaide.edu.au)

The latest edition was released on 19 March.

**Log of Claims:** Recently the SAUA submitted a Log of Claims to the Vice Chancellor regarding aspects of both academic and non-academic life at Adelaide Uni that the SAUA feels are unacceptable. Among these are issues such as illegal ancillary fees, the lack of access to computers and many others. The proposal is still in its draft stages, so if any students are interested in inputting into this log of claims then please contact me.

The goal is to create a document which the University will agree to with a list of targets to be achieved by the end of this year. This will then provide direct material benefits to students.

**Tom Radzevicius, President**



## Han Solo Lovable Rogue, SAUA Activities/ Campaigns Vice-President

**SAUA Ball Postponed:** For those of you who haven't already heard, the SAUA Ball, scheduled for last Saturday night, was postponed due to inclement weather. The Ball will now be held later in the year, probably in third or fourth term. If you had already bought a ticket then you are entitled to a full refund or you can hold onto your ticket and come to the ball when it is held later in the year. The SAUA apologises to any people who have been inconvenienced by this outcome but it was unavoidable.

**ASC and Meetings:** The next standing committee meeting will be held this Wednesday at noon. The venue for the meeting is at the time of writing unconfirmed. It will be in one of the meeting rooms on level five - just head through the Games Room and then follow the laughter. Included on the agenda this week are discussions of the Prosh Charity for this year and Prosh in general. There will also be a Council Meeting on Wednesday night at 5pm in the Margaret Murray room on level five of Union House. The Council is the chief administration body of the SAUA and meetings are open to all students.

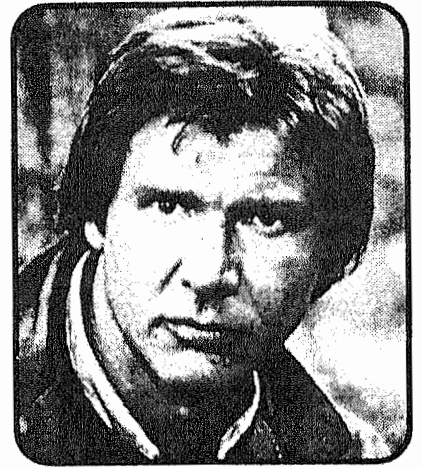
**Union Cinema:** This week's event in the Union Cinema is the screening of the Simpsons episode, *The PTA Disbands*, which is the origin of the Activities Department slogan. This will be followed by the showing of an 8mm reel that hasn't seen the light of day for over five years. It is a reel taken during Prosh in the early 1970s. Come along to see what Prosh was about back then and have some input into what it will be about this year. The screenings will begin immediately following the ASC meeting, at approximately 1pm on Wednesday.

**BBQ & Raffle in the Bar:** The tradition will continue this week, with your SAUA Activities Department running a free BBQ in the bar on Friday afternoon. This will kick off at about five o'clock although we will be in the bar from about four o'clock giving people the chance to be in the raffle that we run on Fridays. The cost is just 50c for a ticket and this gives you a chance to win a carton of beer.

**Prosh:** There will be a meeting for people who are interested in helping out with Prosh next week. It will be at 1pm although the day has yet to be set. If you want to know final details come along to the ASC meeting this week or give me a call.

**Suggestions:** I would love to hear what activities and events you would like the SAUA to put on. If you have any then give me a call on 8303 5406, email me on [mark@saua.asn.au](mailto:mark@saua.asn.au) or drop into the office, I am there or near there most of the time.

**Mark Henderson, ACVP**



## Queen Amidala Ruler of Naboo, SAUA Environment Officer

**Romax:** Romax is a range of plastic cutlery, plates and drinkware that is reusable and recyclable, and has been used in the refectory for the past year or so. It is an innovative Australian made product that helps save the environment by reducing the use of non-recyclable plastic and cardboard alternatives. Unfortunately the programme has not been working viably at Adelaide University and there are many reasons for this. Lack of student awareness about what Romax is has led to the majority of the product being thrown away. Another reason is that there have not been individual bins with correct signage in the refectory. As a result the Union is discontinuing the Romax regime and replacing it with the cheaper alternative of crockery. It is deeply concerning to see a backwards move in the existence of environmentally friendly practices on campus. For the next two weeks (until the end of term one) the scheme will continue to

operate. I have placed a bin in the refectory and placed up signs educating students about the regime. Perhaps if it can be seen that the programme could work, there may be scope for it to continue into the future. If you feel strongly that Romax is an important recycling initiative of the University, please voice your opinions to the Union or to me in the Students' Association.

**Native Tree planting by Adelaide University:** Spring Valley beverages made a sponsorship deal with Trees For Life offering to cover the cost of 500 native trees for every drink vending machine they installed. As you can see, Spring Valley machines have been installed at many points around Adelaide University. This means that the University has been instrumental in the planting of thousands of trees on rural properties throughout South Australia. Trees For Life is a South Australian volunteer non-profit organisation that has been responsible for the planting of over twenty million native trees and shrubs. Rural landowners make orders for trees to plant in areas of erosion and salinity on their land (among other reasons). Volunteers collect seeds, then plant and grow the trees to a size that can survive in the open. You can help by volunteering to grow trees or by making a small donation to this worthy organisation.

**Georgie Perks, Environment Officer, SAUA** [environment@saua.asn.au](mailto:environment@saua.asn.au) / ph: 8303 5182





## Darth Vader

### Evil Henchman, SAUA Education Vice-President

**NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION:** On April 5th the Students' Association is involved in a National Day of Action for Higher Education. We will be meeting on the Lawns at 12:30 where we will hear from speakers and then move off on the rally route and end up at Parliament house. We will also be providing food and entertainment on the Lawns from 11am so make sure you come down and check it out.

**Corporate Law Survey:** We have had quite a few responses to our Corporate Law survey and will be drafting a submission to the School and the University on the way the subject was taught in 2000. If anyone has any input to make please contact me on 8303 3898 or e-mail [education@saua.asn.au](mailto:education@saua.asn.au).

**Counter Calendar:** In the next three weeks the SAUA Council will be taking applications for Editors of Counter Calendar. If you are interested in being an Editor please drop in and pick up an application form from the SAUA, or contact me in the SAUA office.

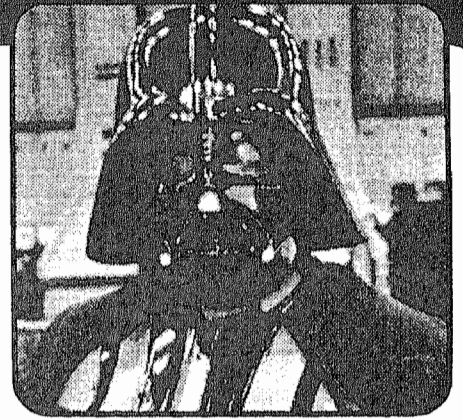
**Education Standing Committee:** All students are welcome to attend meetings of the Education Standing Committee. We meet fortnightly and discuss campaigns and activities and the general direction of the Department. Anyone is welcome to attend, come and see me in the SAUA or drop me a line for the next meeting times and dates.

**Faculty and Departmental Committees:** As has been mentioned previously all faculty and departmental elections will take place in term 2. If you are concerned about academic rights and the quality of your education in your faculty then the best way to be involved is as a member of your department or faculty committee. For more information contact your faculty office or the Students' Association

**Student Forums:** In the last few weeks of term 1 or the first few weeks of term 2 the SAUA Education Department will be holding series of rolling Student Forums in all faculties. We will be giving students the opportunity to interact with SAUA Office Bearers and ask questions and tell us what issues concern you and what you want from the Students' Association. More details will be listed in your faculties and in future editions of *On Dit*.

**Quality Of Education Survey:** The Education Department is conducting a quality of Education survey as part of our release of *Shafted* and our Academic rights blitz. Look out for members of the Education Standing Committee who will be getting students to fill them in next week. You can also grab a copy from the SAUA. We will be collating the results and presenting students' concerns to the University in a log of claims.

Brad Kitschke



### Princess Leia and Chewbacca, Senator & Wookiee, SAUA Sexuality Officers

**T-SHIRTS:** We have some excellent, groovy, cool and out there "Hate Free Zone" T-shirts in the SAUA. They are only \$16 and it is compulsory for all first year students to buy one.

**ACADEMICS LISTEN UP:** Last week we

sent off our anti-homophobia leaflets to all the faculties on campus. By now all academics should have received them, so you can look forward to less homophobia and more inclusivity in your lectures and tutes/seminars. Once again, if you are experiencing any problems with regard to homophobia at this university, please let us know and we'll fight for you against it.

**COMING OUT BOOKLET:** We have had some great responses to our questionnaire. There are still some around campus that need to be filled out, so if you've got some coming out experiences that you want to share, fill one out and put it in one of the boxes around the campus - in the Rainbow Room, in the SAUA or at the Barr-Smith library. Don't forget - submissions close THIS FRIDAY (30/3) and then it's publication time!

**FEAST:** The FEAST Quiz Night is happening this Friday night, 7pm at Kaos cafe, Hindley Street, for \$10. Contact Les at [auprideclub@hotmail.com](mailto:auprideclub@hotmail.com) if you would like a spot on the Pride tables. Also, the young gay men's and young lesbians' committee meetings are happening to help with programming this year's FEAST events to be more inclusive of younger people. Both meet once a month. Any one interested in joining the two youth committees or who wishes to hold an event in Feast should phone Margi, Luke or Neil at the FEAST office, on 8231 2155.

**THE SAUA STRUCTURAL REVIEW:** The Students' Association is currently reviewing its structure. If people have any suggestions or improvements for the Sexuality Department, please submit them to Tom Radzevicius before April 9th. Eg If you want it to be called a Queer Department (as is occurring in many other universities) or anything else you think is relevant. If you want to have your say in the structure of this department, now is your big chance.

Sam and Elise, Sexuality Officers



### Mon Mothma Leader of the Rebel Forces, SAUA Women's Officer

**Women's Standing Committee:** If you are reading this on Monday, there will be a Women's Standing Committee meeting today at 5pm in the Women's Room, Basement, Lady Symon Building. Come along and see what is going on in the SAUA. If it is Tuesday or later, I am afraid you will have to check next week's fabulous edition of everyone's favourite rag, *On Dit*, to see when the next one is.

**NOWSA:** NOWSA is an annual, national, women students' conference that will be held in Sydney this year between the 16th and 20th of July. If you are interested in coming along (we hope to have a large Adelaide contingent) either come to the Women's Standing Committee meeting (see above) or call me on 8303 5406 or email me at: [anais@arcom.com.au](mailto:anais@arcom.com.au). We need to start fundraising for registration and a travel pool, so we need lots of help and ideas!

**This is a call...** For anyone interested in getting involved in a body image campaign that will be run by the SAUA Women's Department. Also, any women who are keen to help with a clean up of the Women's Room. My contact details are in the previous paragraph, so, call me!

**Absolutely Fabulous Lunchtime!** On Wednesday the 4th of April the Women's Department will be screening episodes of *Absolutely Fabulous* from 12 noon 'til 3pm in the Union Cinema. This event will cost you absolutely diddely-squat (**FREE**) and it is a fabulous way to escape the cold, wet world outside!

**Women's Room Clean-up:** To continue the good work begun in the holidays there will be another working bee on the Women's Room on the 29th of April starting at 1pm. For further details, call or email me ([anais@arcom.com.au](mailto:anais@arcom.com.au)).

**Plenary on formal meeting procedures:** On the 29th of April (after the working bee, time to be set according to attendees availability), a plenary will be run by Union President Tanisha Hewanpola on formal meeting procedures. This is an excellent opportunity for any women who currently or in the future will use formal procedures.

With everything that is going on, I'll be sure to see you soon!

Anais Chevalier, Women's Officer



# Student Radio 5UV

Hopefully, you've had a chance to tune in to Adelaide Uni Student Radio, 531 AM 9pm-1am on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights. We'll have a few giveaways happening this week, with a couple of copies of the new Neil Finn album up for grabs. Tune in for details!

Anyway, if you've grabbed this straight off the press, you'll be able to tune in to **Local Noise** at 9pm on Tuesday and hear Snowmass playing live to air. Then a dose of South American rhythms with **Kul Cha Cha Cha**, followed by two hours of **Local Beats**: the latest electronic music served up by **Dork in a Cup** and **The Void**. For more details on this week's schedule, have a look at the timetable that is featured on this page.

In other news, Clan Analogue have released a CD, but not commercially: you can download the tracks from the internet, or copy the CD from a friend without violating their copyright. I'll be playing a few tracks from it on my show this Saturday (Noisegate, midnight-1am) and I'll run off a few copies of the cd to give away to callers on the night. If you want to listen to the whole thing, and find out more about Clan Analogue, then look them up on the web:

[www.clananalogue.org](http://www.clananalogue.org)

While we're on the topic of music distribution through the internet, there are a few interesting places to look for stuff. You have probably heard of MP3.com and MP3.com.au, and there is a lot of really good stuff stored there, but there are a lot of far more obscure niches which the internet seems to encourage: Micromusic features songs made from samples of old video game music, a genre which seems to have a somewhat fanatical following. I could list a whole lot of other sites, but you can just look up the links page from Micromusic itself

to get to them.

[www.micromusic.net](http://www.micromusic.net)

If you enjoy that, you'll really get into an animated music video done with really old video game graphics. My favourite bit is the tribute to 'the Matrix' in the middle of a game of Pit-fall. And the song itself is good too...

[www.goldenshower.gs/clipe.html](http://www.goldenshower.gs/clipe.html)

There is also a synthesizer/sequencer available for the Nintendo GameBoy, which is one of the best ideas I've heard for a while. It's pretty expensive to order the cartridge, unfortunately, but you can run it in an emulator and turn a very fast computer into a really slow, primitive synth...

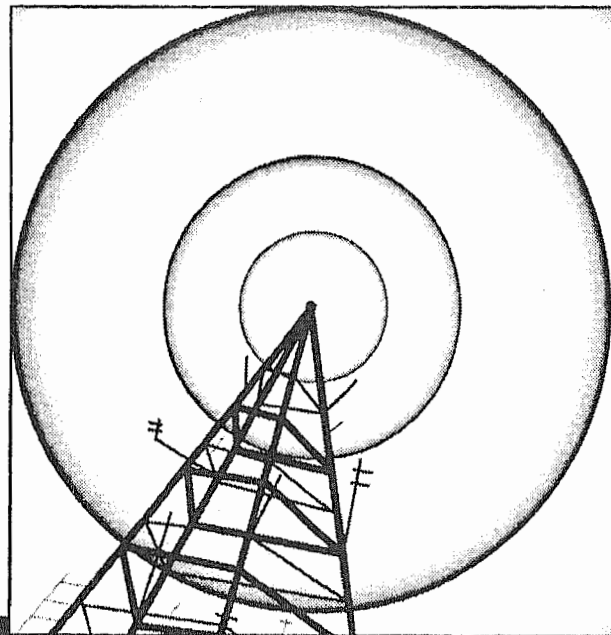
[www.nanoloop.de](http://www.nanoloop.de)

If you want to go high-end in the virtual studio arena, the Propellerheads have just released Reason. You set up virtual synthesizers, samplers, drum machines and effects and interconnect them. I can hardly tell you how much fun it is to play with. As you might expect, it needs a very hefty computer, but if you think you're up to it then grab the demo from their website:

[www.propellerheads.se](http://www.propellerheads.se)

Anyway, I'll leave you with those to search through, and don't forget to tune in and enjoy some of the finest radio in Adelaide...

**Luke Toop**  
Student Radio Director



## TIMETABLE

### How to use this timetable

Tune into 5UV (531am) between 9 & 11 on a Monday, Tuesday or Saturday. Then read this to find out what you're listening to. Easy!

#### Saturday (31/3):

**9pm: Urban Legends** with Jakin and Stacey. Find out about the city you live in via the six degrees of separation!

**10pm: Logos** with Mark and Damien.

**11pm: Hybrid** with Celia Brown. Lots and lots of coverage of the local arts scene, mixed in with some unusual music you'll love.

**12pm: Noisegate** with Luke. The experimental music show continues, covering the avant-garde, improvised and just plain crazy.

#### Monday (2/4):

**9pm: On Dit Radio** with Mark and Jenny. Hear the latest releases, topical interviews and find out about giveaways from the *On Dit* crew. We might even get the editors of this esteemed publication in from time to time...

**10pm: Cinemania** with Nick. The latest news for those of you who are crazy about film.

**11pm: Lost in the Mix** with David. Local DJs, flawless beatmixing, perfect track selection. You can't find a club this good on a Monday night.

**12pm: The Void** with Tim. A trip through the local electronic underground. If Clan Analogue was in Adelaide, what would it sound like?

#### Tuesday (3/4):

**9pm: Local Noise** with Denni.

**10pm: Crud Radio** with Sam, John, Harold, Michael, Dan and Teresa. The beast returns, commenting on the issues of the day and telling you where to catch fresh mullet.

**11pm: The Michael Tunn Variety Hour** with Tim and Liam. Everyone needs punk. Admit your craving. And then satisfy your inhuman appetite with these fine fellers.

**12pm: Sensory** with Kate, Emma and Lachlan. Concentrating on the far more human appetites...

#### Saturday (7/4):

**9pm: The Women's Show** with Anais and Elise. Women's issues, with your friendly Women's Officer and Female Sexuality Officer.

**10pm: The Bluebellies** with Izzy and Alana.

**11pm: Ashes to Ashes** with Mike and Ashley. The latest alternative music and gig reviews.

**12pm: The Moles Instinct** with Jon. Unusual and experimental music? Please, sir, can we have some more?

#### Monday (2/4 & 9/4):

**9pm: Well Powdered News**, reviews and current affairs with Alix and Jonathon.

**10pm: Heresy** with Michael and Michelle. Reviews of the latest metal releases and gigs, as well as interviews.

**11pm: Dork in a Cup** with Luke, Sam and Coralie. They are really, really funny. And they play good music too.

**12pm: The Void** with Tim. An emphasis on local producers and electronic deviants make this show the ideal way to end the night.

#### Tuesday (3/4 & 10/4):

**9pm: Local Noise** with Denni. On this award-winning show, local bands go live to air. Find out what's happening in the local scene so you can get out there and support local talent!

**10pm: Kul Cha Cha Cha** with Steve. South American beats, Latino hip-hop, Spanish-speaking host. What more could you want?

**11pm: I Took My Prozac** current affairs with Leila Hallak.

**12pm: The King Biscuit Flower Hour** with Alice, Georgia and Lachlan.

## LOGOS A postgraduate science show

As we say at the start of each programme "Logos is a show about science, it is produced and directed by postgraduate science students at Adelaide University, and is for anyone with an interest in sci-

ence!" There are two aims of Logos. The first is to give up and coming postgraduate science students their first opportunity to experience speaking and being interviewed on radio. For those who already have experience, it is an opportunity to brush up on communication skills. The second aim of Logos is to provide the listener with a chance to gain some insight into the often cryptic and unrecognised world of postgraduate science.

Logos is not a stuffy programme full of facts and no fun - we liken it more to a chat over coffee and cake (or tea and scones if your prefer) than an interrogation of somebody's research project. The programme is not restricted to classical sciences like physics, chemistry, biology and geology. We are also aiming to explore the variety of science disciplines that exist at this University

(and hopefully Finders and USA as well) and in doing so paint a portrait of what science looks like in the postgraduate and undergraduate student's eye in 2001.

So far the programme has had a distinctly biological flavour. We have discussed why seed banks are important for the Menindee Lakes and other wetlands across the Murray River (Jason Nicol), why possums do so well in the new urban setting with which they are now faced (Brydie Hill) and why some frogs smell like roasted nuts and how frog smelling can lead to an understanding of predator defence mechanisms (Ben Smith).

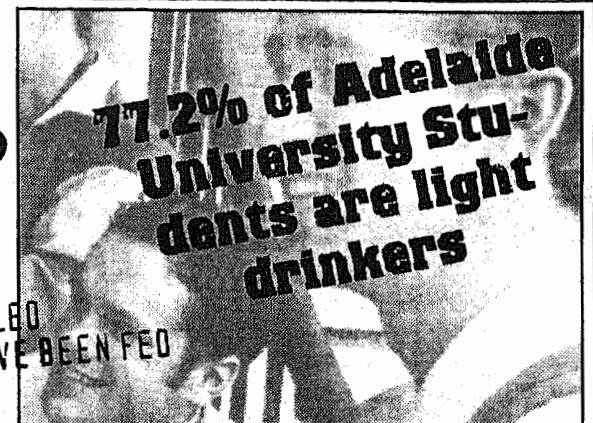
Logos is a new show on Adelaide University Student Radio in 2001 and airs fortnightly on Saturday nights at 10.30 pm on 5UV. It is produced and compared by Mark Siebentritt and Damien Victorsen, both of whom are postgraduate students in the Department of Environmental Biology. If you are interested in appearing on the show and think the experience would do you good then please contact either Damien ([damienvictorsen@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:damienvictorsen@adelaide.edu.au)) or myself.

([mark.siebentritt@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:mark.siebentritt@adelaide.edu.au))



DON'T BE MISLED  
BY WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FED

\*Based on the findings of  
the 1999 CORE Survey



(drink between 0-5  
drinks per week)



Student Care

This Blast from the Past is from May 13, 1991. Notice how the themes here seem to be recurring - isn't politics fun?

# Up the Proverbial Creek

Whilst the ALP stumbles from one crisis to another, attention has once again focussed on the leadership issue. John Hewson is on a par with Bob Hawke as preferred Prime Minister and this must worry Federal Labor.

Hewson has done very little to suggest that he is a good leader. He is consistently outgunned in Parliament, and keeps a very low profile in the media. It seems the less he does the more popular he becomes. Yet he has shown the potential to suggest there is more to him than meets the eye. When the Laurie Connell donation affair hit

**"Sling 'em a few shekels and Bob's your uncle. And maybe he is"**

Canberra, he displayed political maturity beyond all expectations. He buried Hawke in Parliament and received plaudits from hardened Labor writers like Laurie Oakes. But this was short-lived.

Now that Hawke is no longer "Mr Charisma" or "Mr 75%" he is under pressure. Word is out that Keating will mount a challenge. His personal interview on SBS TV recently showed the more human side of the Treasurer. This attempt to soften his image is clearly the beginning of his rise to the ALP leadership. However Bob is in no hurry to step aside. But now that the old bull is reaching the end of his tether, it is no longer a question of whether but when. What must not be forgotten is that Keating may not win a leadership ballot, if and when one occurs. Kim Beazley is his main threat, but with Keating's parliamentary performances of late and his image softening process under way, the Paul Keating juggernaut will be hard to stop.

Meanwhile in the west, Brian Burke has had his diplomatic career torn to shreds. His shonky dealings in gold, diamonds, and stamp collections have left the ALP quaking



John Bannon surrounded by the collected State Bank staff

in its collective boots. \$3.5 million went into his leader's account, of which thousands have been spent by Burke himself. Apparently some even found its way into SA and NSW for use by their respective Labor parties. Obviously the message is that Labor leaders have had close relationships with big

'em a few shekels and Bob's your uncle. And maybe he is.

Over in Victoria Jeffrey Kennett is gunning for the Premiership. Joanne "Sconeface" Kirner has just about done her bit. Her popularity is so low now that you couldn't give her away. Reinstating Kennett as leader

**"After nine years as Premier he's hardly put a foot wrong. Now he's in it up to his greasy locks"**

business, in particular the corporate cowboys of the '80s who seem to have come a cropper. They must have thought "sling

was the best thing that the Victorian Liberals have done in years. He is one of the few Australian politicians with true charisma.

He is also well known as a bit of a dickhead. Anyway, with Kennett Kennett back the Libs have a real chance of wiping Labor at the polls. The question is when. Under the Victorian law, governments must serve a minimum of three years of their four year term. Kirner's three years are up in October. After that if no election is called, my bet is that Jeffrey will block supply. Would Kirner do a Whitlam and stick it out or will she go to the people? Apparently the Victorian Government doesn't have the power to do a Kerr and sack the woman, although more's the pity because a good constitutional crisis is what is needed in this country at the moment. Go on Jeffrey! Starve the bastards!

Here in SA bugger all has happened apart from a bit of action in rural affairs. Some farmers are a bit pissed off because they haven't got any money. The government's "free trade" policy has completely stuffed up our rural industry and the farmers are angry. Bannon came up with a ridiculous little document designed to help as few farmers as possible whilst giving an impression to the contrary. When the farmers sneeze, the whole state catches cold. And that is precisely what is happening now. The Royal Commission into the State Bank

**"Thousands have been spent by Burke himself"**

is soon to begin and personally I can't wait. It's about time John Bannon tripped over himself. After nine years as Premier he's hardly put a foot wrong. But now he's in it up to his greasy locks.

Over in NSW they've got election fever. Bob "boring as hell" Carr has no hope of even getting close to Kermitt. With every Labor Government except Queensland's up the proverbial creek, Carr just can't win. Add to that the embarrassment of calling John Cain a "model Premier" just before his resignation and it's obvious that Carr is politically a dead man. If John Cain was a model Premier, then what was Brian Burke? A good financial manager? An honest man?

Significantly NSW is not in the same dire mess as WA, SA and Victoria - Labor's three big problem states. Greiner has done a reasonable job in NSW, enough to deserve another four years. And Bob Carr? He'll go the same way as Barry Unsworth. (Whatever happened to him???)

James Hall

# Adventures in the Adelaide Hills

## An *On Dit* travel story goes wrong

Much as we'd all like to reminisce in print about our European Odyssey, or offer some friendly advice following those worrying symptoms we picked up in Thailand, the furthest the average student gets from home is a trip offered by chemical means. But that's OK, because even the least grand of ventures can sometimes turn into ad-venture.

vehicle chose to ruin the atmosphere by impolitely enquiring as to my lack of female company and its implications for my sexuality. I thoughtfully reached for my club-lock, informing him that my girlfriend was in the boot and asking if he'd like to join her. Or at least I wish I had. Anyhow, by squinting at just the right angle one could gaze and be mesmerised by the

the little green men be eligible for the dole straight away, or are they to be treated like Kiwis? Are Virgin going to undercut the major interstellar carriers? In the footsteps of *Survivor*, will Series II of *Roswell* be shot Down Under? I had to find out, so we intrepidly took the appropriate exit. For some reason I donned my shades again. It just felt right.

frightening that any extraterrestrial notion I had entertained. We were lost, hopelessly lost. The place had more dead ends than women in 'Before' shots on shampoo ads. I mean seriously, who designs these damn things? Mr Squiggle couldn't have managed it if he was higher than that tin-foil rocket ever took him.

As far as I could guess, the idea must be to lure potential homebuyers to view the site, so they are forced to settle there when they realise there's no way out. It's marketing at its most devious and I have vowed to make it my personal crusade to have the practice outlawed.

As we approached the lights we soon encountered some very large signboards imploring us to build our dream home in the vicinity. The land prices they were asking were ludicrously high in view of the airstrip, but maybe the UFOs are very quiet, I thought. If not we could always sell them the secrets of our whisper-quiet submarines. It was a great disappointment when the penny dropped that my government coup was nothing more than the central roadway of this new estate. Never one to be down for long, however, I vowed to have a good old-fashioned poke about the place. Most impressive it was, too. I found myself thinking 'I could really live here' and then instantly chastised myself. It was time to get out of there.

If *Hotel California* had played on the radio I'm sure I would have lost the plot completely. As it was I was giving serious consideration to the modern day Hansel ploy of emptying a packet of bread crumbs into the exhaust system (I keep one in the glove box for just such an occasion), when finally the exit appeared at a place I remain convinced was a dead end only minutes earlier. It was now far too late to respectably go home.

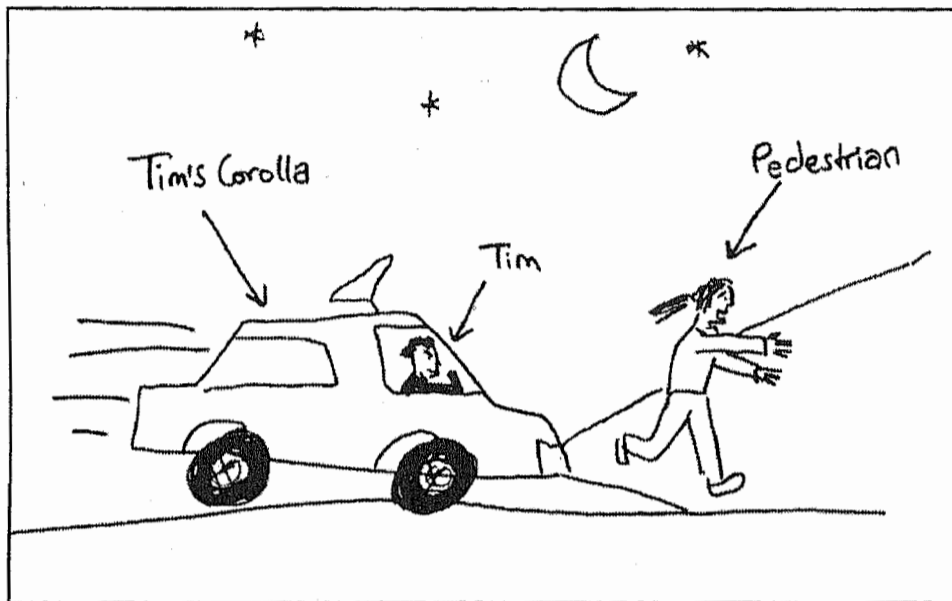
Knowing full well that I am genetically cursed with a non-existent sense of direction (my mother was convinced that Tasmania lay directly south of Adelaide until recently), I did not panic straight away when I could not find the exit. After fifteen minutes or so, however, I began to wonder if reality TV might have picked up on the *Truman Show* concept and made me guinea pig numero uno. If so it seemed reasonable to assume that there was a million dollars hidden somewhere on the estate, but would viewers vote me or my car off first? Should we form an alliance? I started to view every move the Corolla made with suspicion, when it dawned that the car was under my control. I had to pull myself together.

How we rejoiced to be reunited with Main Rd, which now seemed the grandest of highways. It's amazing how adversity provides one with a dose of perspective. However, my friends, that is not the moral of my story. I would not recount such a psychologically damaging experience to conclude with a trivial lesson. No, my friends, the moral or my tale is both profound and twofold: Firstly, never drive to social occasions when it can possibly be avoided. And secondly, when faced with endless recounts of the European Odysseys of your friends, never be afraid to bullshit like crazy to make your life sound interesting too.

Tim Williams

The situation was soon more

Pictures by Stanley George



Take the other night, for instance. Excusing myself from one of the most mind-numbingly dull evenings out on record (the gang at the Last Supper had a better time, I'm guessing), I decided it was far too early to respectably go home. Cursing my use of split infinitives but thanking my good fortune that world oil prices are so low and that our caring Government keeps its promises, I decided to go for a drive.

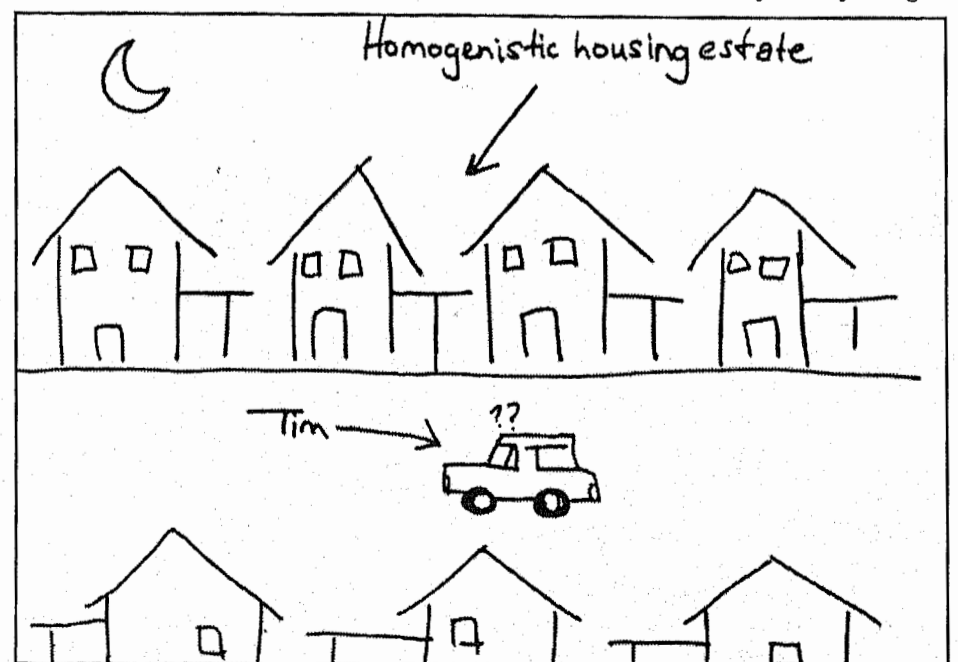
single light at the top of the Santos building that comprises the entirety of the Adelaide 'skyline'. So bugger *Thelma and Louise*, I now fancied myself an underdressed Gatsby. However, I soon felt the comparison with a bloke who just peered at a pier and then piked in a pool was unflattering, so I daringly resolved to strike forth in my own persona for a change.

It all started to pleasantly, winding up through the foothills, cheerily greeting oncoming cars with the high beams, my trusty old Toyota optimistically chanting 'I think I can' as we made way for passing cyclists and one particularly fit pedestrian. It was all very *Thelma and Louise* until I realised that my sunglasses probably weren't aiding my driving at that time of night and the hankie tied Judy Davis-style under my chin just looked silly. There was also the depressing fact that I was alone. My thoughts quickly turned to fate and that lone pedestrian, but she'd put too much distance between us to bridge uphill, even when the Corolla admirably agreed to brave second gear.

Passing through the glittering metropolis that is Blackwood by night, the stirring spirit of adventure (and the fact that it was still too early to respectably go home) led me to another bold resolution: I would follow Main Rd until it would take me no further. Hindsight informs that my first mistake was to assume *Main Rd* would live up to its name. All too soon it becomes a windy little bastard of a backstreet with offshoots to as yet unmapped backwaters of suburbia, darker and more labyrinthine than a Turkish market during a lunar eclipse.

However, one is never truly alone when behind the wheel, and we decided that as long as we were doing the touristy thing we really ought to make a romantic stop at the Windy Hill lookout. Otherwise it would have been like a trip to Venice without a gondola ride: sensible but somehow always to be regretted. A charming young Romeo from a neighbouring

While battling this unforgiving terrain the land to my right sharply dropped away into darkness, interrupted only by a double strip of bright bulbous lights. My first instinct was naturally that it could only be a runway for alien aircraft, which brought on an intriguing set of questions. Firstly, what phenomenal amount of corporate welfare must Mr Olsen have proffered to bring it to SA? (No E.T. type is going to 'phone home' on a Motorola mobile, that's for sure. That shredder in the Premier's office must be white-hot by now). Secondly, will



# Working in Ireland

## Adventures with Corona and Mad Irishmen

As Anthony Bak recounted in our first issue, pub jobs in Britain aren't quite what they're cracked up to be. Even if you believe the skinny, spiky haired barman who tells you that it's better to spend all of your money on amphetamines instead of food because your body will adjust just like it does to jetlag! This man is wrong and losing a quarter of your body weight in three weeks is about as fun as sunburn.

My experience with pubs in Britain is a bit different to Anthony's. I went to Belfast in Northern Ireland, as opposed to London; the charming accent and the lower cost of living was quite enough to convince me that London wasn't the go. I ended up staying in a long-term hostel for about \$100AUS a week. This wasn't quite your high-standard, IH-approved hostel either. It was the last in a long street full of derelict town-houses, the house next door had actually been gutted by fire and condemned and the rest were just waiting their turn. The place had a distinctive smell that wasn't quite cigarette smoke, wasn't quite beer and wasn't quite dust, but there was definitely a rotting potato somewhere. The people who lived in that hostel were (surprisingly enough) all Australians, plus a couple of New Zealanders, a Swede and the occasional Canadian. We were all backpackers who had done the summer tour of Europe and were looking for a place to stay to last out the winter with warmth and money. Of course, being backpackers we were all tighter than a duck's arse (I believe the PC term is Highly Thrift Motivated Personality) and so any way to save, or even make money was highly sought after. Have you ever heard that joke about getting four days out of one pair of jocks? Second day, wear them inside out, third day back to front and fourth day inside out and back the front? Well, it stopped becoming a joke and starting becoming just another way of life for that nest of thrifty little Aussies as the months got colder. In those days before foot and mouth disease (and just shortly after Mad Cow disease actually - hmm), the joy of finding a packet of mince in the Tesco's fridge with the magic label "Expired today, 75% off" was almost as great as the joy of waking up to discover that the masturbating Scotsman in your dorm had gone to work (literally - focus, people) earlier that morning. Yes, the meat was half fat, but here's a handy cooking tip for all HTMPs out there: if you're careful not to let the fat spill as it settles (congeals) at the bottom of your plate, then you can easily scrape it off and save it in the fridge in the plastic bag you brought it home in and fry an omelette in it the next night. Come now

dear reader, don't knock a taco-flavoured omelette until you've tried one.

Making money was also high on the list, but drug-dealing stories probably aren't quite the *On Dit* tone this early in the year, I might just let everyone get to know each other before I start giving out my pager number and demonstrating how well I can use phrases like "You need eniiting, eniiting at awl, just cawl me, I ged it for you bro!". Instead, here's the not entirely legitimate story of how I managed to quit my job without telling anyone and still come away with more severance than I ever will again.

I worked in a traditional old Irish pub in the middle of Belfast. No, not cool at all thank you very much. I worked as a kitchen porter (translation: Shit Kicker) in the huge crowded kitchen of the Morning Star. The manager was a porky Irishman called Seamus who was probably the rudest person I have ever met. If you worked there as anything less than a chef or a head barman, he would snap his fingers to get your attention. Many was the time I would be washing up like a madman, and he would come into the kitchen, no cap or hairnet on despite the fact that you could literally see his hair falling out, and stand next to me, watching me work. "Sam," he would say. "Yes Seamus," I would say, working on. "Sam," he would say again. "Yes Seamus," I would say, looking up as I slogged another tray of dishes into the machine. "Sam," a bit louder, so I stop and turn to him. "Yes Seamus?". A brief pause in that maelstrom of steam and water. "You're going to have to work a lot faster than that if you're going to keep this bench clear, now hurry up!". I donate regularly to charity, I enjoy the Buddhist philosophy of live and be kind to all creatures, but at moments like those I ached for three feet of steel and an open fire. Hannibal, you are my hero. Obviously I spent a lot of time by myself in front of the sink in those days. A man does get to thinking some creative stuff.

This pub, being a large establishment, made a great deal of money and had a great deal of stuff hanging around. About 200 of those amusing 'My Goodness, My Guinness!' adverts all in broken frames, microwaves so big that you could actually fit a whole person into them (hmm, Seamus...) and about 300 cartons of Corona sitting around waiting for someone in Ireland to feel like drinking a light Mexican brew, rather than beer with a head so thick that you can actually lift it off the top and use it as a coaster. All this stuff just sat around the place, gathering dust where previous, now probably long-dead kitchen hands had shoved it in the hope that it would look neat enough for the boss not to notice what a precarious job they had

made of it. Every now and then when Seamus was off pushing the suspension of his C-Class Mercedes to the limit, it was a simple matter of leaving via the back door with a carton of Corona under my arm and taking it home and flogging it at a very reasonable £4 a six-pack to my fellow hostellians for a bit of extra cash.

Shortly after the washing-up/primal-rage incident, the Morning Star hired a new head chef, basically because the previous chef had left due to ill-treatment. It had been a simple matter of collecting his last pay and then telling Seamus in front of a reasonably full restaurant to go off to a quiet corner and fuck himself. Two days later we had a tall Dutchman called Rudy in the position. Rudy was the sort of guy who would still talk to you even though he was cooking 25 steaks and lifting 10 kilos of carrots out of the industrial steamer. He would even stay behind after the cooking was finished and help tidy things away. Let's not get too excited though, I don't think it's because he was the next Jesus Christ or anything, I think a large part may have been due to the fact that he didn't really trust my thoroughness when mopping the floors. I didn't really care though, it was good to have someone to joke around with at the end of the night. We shared a common interest in our mutual hatred of Seamus because even though Rudy was the head chef, Seamus was would still come into the kitchen and waddle through the thin aisles where everyone was cooking and fiddle with Rudy's carefully frying fish or he would simply pick up a steak with his porky fingers where Rudy had just finished decorating it with garnishes and hold it up to look underneath it to see if it was cooked and then dump it back down on the plate and tell him to put it back on a skillet for 20 more seconds. The incident that pushed Rudy over the edge happened one night while we had both stayed back to clean away the kitchen. We had finished everything but the floor and Rudy told me to go home and he would mop it. Great, I thought, I hated mopping that floor and five minutes later I was on my way home. The next morning when I came in, Rudy had bags under his eyes like eggplants and his usual jokey, Dutch demeanour was replaced by a kind of half-homicidal half-just-giving-someone-a-good-slap-around moodiness. At the lunch break he told me that Seamus had come into the kitchen shortly after I had left the night before and decided that he would speed things up around the place by replacing the oil in the deep-fryer. This is easy to do, you simply open the tap at the bottom, let all the oil flow out into a big bucket, close the tap and pour

the new oil in. Apparently Seamus had done all this but instead of closing the tap like one would expect, he simply forgot and all 20 litres of fresh vegetable oil flowed out onto the newly mopped floor before Seamus had noticed. In true Seamus like character, he did not apologise nor did he make the slightest effort to clean up even one drop of oil - he simply told Rudy to "Clean this mess up," and then left Rudy to clean the tide of oil up using paper towels. Until 3am. Rudy hated Seamus.

Together we resolved to screw him up in as big a way as possible. Originally we were just going to throw some paint stripper over his car and turn the fridge off over the weekend after we had collected our pay, but a much better solution presented itself. Rudy found out that Seamus was going to throw a party at his house for the Guild of Irish Pub Owner's Association or some bloody thing where, basically, he had promised to supply a shitload of free food (care of tax-deductable restaurant deliveries) and free grog in the form the 300 cartons of Corona (minus a few) sitting in the store room. Rudy happened to know an off-licence owner who was so crooked that he had to stand sideways to take a slash who was willing to buy 300 very cheap cartons of Corona. I also managed to persuade one of the delivery boys, Patty, to 'borrow' his Dad's delivery truck for the evening. Normally in movies where this kind of scheme is put under way, there are all sorts of hijinks and shenanigans accompanied by a fair bit of hiding behind dustbins to the tune of some diddly-dum Keystone Cops kind of music. This was not the movies and I'm proud to say that everything went smooth as silk, except for the fact that the delivery boy's Dad scared the shit out of me and Rudy by arriving with him, hand on his son's shoulder and torch in hand. It turned out that he was actually there to help in exchange for half of his son's share in order to teach the lad about being honest (I think the lesson there might have had more to do with the fact that Patty hadn't asked to borrow the truck and his Dad had caught him rather than our theft of a large amount of imported beer). Rudy and I had even collected what was to be our last pay the day before. Almost nothing in the world feels sweeter than a big, fat, rustling handful of £50 notes.

Is it true? All I'll say is the laptop I'm typing this on now and the two weeks in Thailand on the way home seem a very fair swap for 100 cartons of Corona.

Sam Franzway

# Waiter, bring me a steak. A nice juicy bloody steak.

## Bar of the Week

Supermild  
Hindley Street West

I was first introduced to this little nightspot on one of those nights when I was really IN NO MOOD to be going out, let alone interacting with anyone breathing and moving. I slouched past the doorman, politely holding open the door for me (a trend thankfully becoming more popular around Adelaide lately). Then down the stairs, past the mirror strategically set for one last hair check ("Yep, hopeless.") and into the dim, air-conditioned basement that is Supermild. Dark. Good. I started feeling better already, the dark brown matching my mood at the time and the orange around the edges to remind me not to be such a bloody sourpuss all the time. Colour scheme analysis aside, the whole place is geared in a very relaxing way, there are quite enough tables and chairs around the place to seat everyone who isn't perched at the bar that serves as the centrepiece, complete with spot-lighting and a retro-trendy rock arrangement. There are your regulation comfy couches (another must-have for every chilled out bar these days it seems) and a bunch of neck pillows around the place to rest your weary head against while you observe the latest op-shop fashions floating around the place.

There is a menu of standard cocktails on each table. The prices are not too bad really, considering what some places charge for fizz, a shot of moonshine and barmaid sweat. The bloody marys are much tastier than any of the twenty I had on a flight from Bangkok once (see upcoming Wayward Travel section article on how to ensite road rage on an aeroplane). There is the full range of Cooper's beers available, along with pretty much whatever happens to be your "I love this stuff" ale of the moment. Unfortunately they only have your boatrace bevvie of choice, West End Draught, on tap. One interesting insider

tip is the Shandy menu kept behind the bar with a range of about twelve different Shandies, all apparently invented by a band that used to hang around the place back when the air was still mostly methane and carbon based life-forms were still just clever gimmicks.

The music is what puts the coriander in the curry for Supermild. Get there early and you won't be able to stop your head from nodding along like a suck-up in their first tute. Get there later and if you've ever used the words "Let's have a big phat groove man," then I'm sure you'll be shaking your booty before too long. Groovelicious ska and funky-arse electronica are the orders of the day and rarely have I heard a song there that I've ever heard before in my entire life.

The one really strange thing that happens there on a regular basis is the distinct powerful scent of orange peel that swishes through the place every night. Weird. Kind of nice, but weird.

The overall impression is of a place where you would feel entirely comfortable talking philosophy, shaking your groove thang, then sitting back down to discuss why you always go for the wrong type of sex object. Probably not the best place for drinking your comrades under the table or bopping the night away to the greatest hits of the 70s, 80s and 90s, but definitely a joint well included in any night's itinerary. Needless to say, when I left on that fateful first night, my lips carried a little more pout and it wasn't all to do with the three gin'n'tonics I'd been shouted (thanks Molly).

Sam Franzway

## Restaurant of the Week

Ristorante Servizio Pasticceria  
300 Rundle Street (corner of Rundle Street and East Terrace)

Okay fast food lovers, this isn't a place where you'll find cheap, greasy, supposedly edible food. This is a place for Real Food in a Place with a Groovy Atmosphere. Good service is also a plus in my book. I have to admit, it isn't really within the average uni student budget, but it is possible, so stick with me and I'll tell you how.

You might have previously known this restaurant as "Cafe San Marco". Now not only does it have a new name, but a stylish new look. It fits into the Rundle Street style of cafe/restaurant, though still having its own individuality. My favourite part was the bar-style seating that looks out onto the pavement. It is perfect for having a coffee and chat with a friend, while watching passers-by.

However, as is the case with most cafe/restaurants these days, I was annoyed that they played commercial radio in the background. I mean, you're sitting there, perhaps drinking a latte, conversing with a friend on a relaxed, beautiful, sunny day and you're listening to frigging J-Lo or the Backstreet Boys. I'm sorry, but it just doesn't sit well in the stylish setting.

The service was good, though we were the only ones there at the time (pre-Saturday night rush). We weren't kept waiting for our food and drinks, and

when the food arrived it was yum. I had the Bruschetta al Salmone, a generous serving and very tasty. For dessert, I had the mud cake. This was also a generous serving, with lots of cream. Clearly I love my food - calories, go home. I drank Corona and this was the average price for imported beer. The range of drinks was extensive, with a selection of red/white wines, beers, spirits and non-alcoholic drinks. The food menu was also diverse, with a notable breakfast menu, entree/antipasto, pasta, focaccia and pizza with some seafood and meat dishes.

Hopefully you're still with me. Perhaps you are asking the person next to you, "How can I afford to eat here?" Easy. Don't succumb to the entree/main/dessert and lots of wine style dining. For ten dollars, you could have an entree and a glass of wine, or a piece of cake and coffee. Obviously you can't do this every day, but isn't a treat now and then more enjoyable? If after all this you would still rather go and eat cheap, barely edible food and chew your Extra to rid yourself of MSG breath then begone! Let the rest of us eat in style!

Ladybug

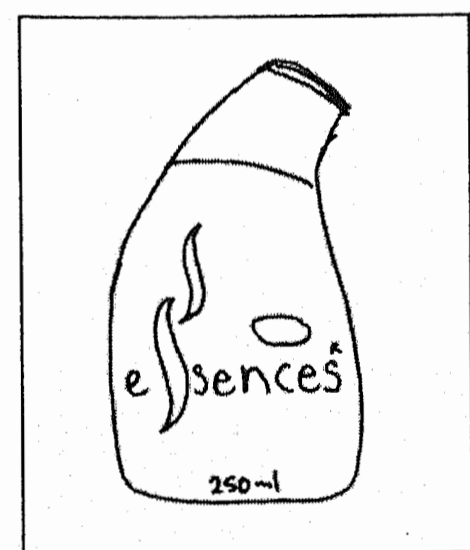
# CONSUMER WATCHDOG

## ventures into the world of the Body Wash



Clarins 'Bains aux Plantes' Relaxing Shower-Bath Concentrate with plant extracts.

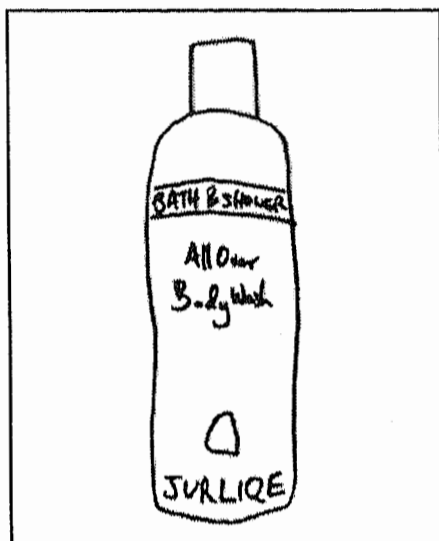
Clarins, being a prestigious (read: overpriced and overrated) brand, this one probably appeals to those with a little bit too much money. It comes in a tiny bottle and doesn't even tell you how many mls are in it so the Burnside ladies don't know how much they are being ripped off. They are probably fooled by the 'plant extracts' line as well. What plant extract are they speaking about exactly and how is it going to be of benefit to my skin? It is a highly unnatural fluro blue colour that smells like a really potent chamomile lotion. Ick. However you can also use this one in the bath. Just let a little bit run under the hot tap and you have a delicious blue soupy bath that smells like a medicine cabinet.



Essences 'Renewing' Moisturising Body Wash with jojoba beads and essential oils.

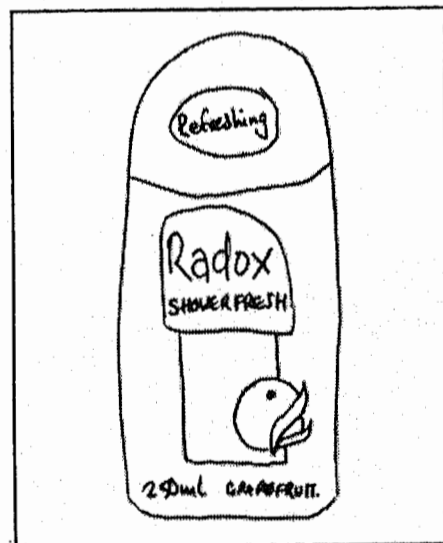
A pinky orangy colour and a pleasant aroma are the highlights of this body wash. But I'm not sure about this 'Moisturising' claim, not to mention jojoba beads. In fact I've no idea what jojoba beads even are, but there was certainly nothing beady about this body wash. The packaging has been made to look pretty but the bottle is an odd shape and therefore kind of

hard to hold onto when you are all nice and slippery and soapy. Overall it was ok, but I think it has something to do with the Elle McPherson empire and so should be avoided on principle.



Jurlique All Over Body Wash Rosemary and Mandarin

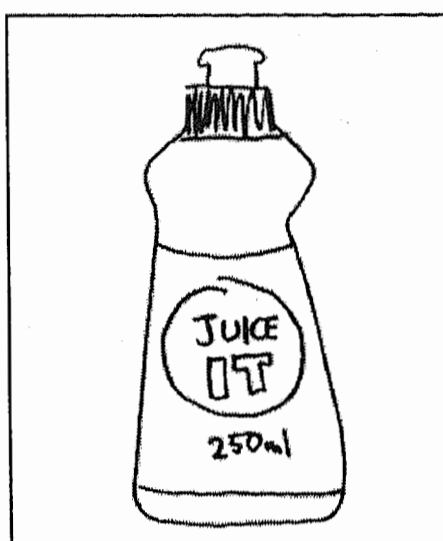
This body wash for for 'all over' the body, as opposed to, I presume, those body washes which are only allowed to be used on certain parts. How convenient. The smell neither pleased nor offended me, I couldn't detect a hint of the 'mandarin' but I guess it smelled a little like rosemary. This product definitely had the best packaging for ease of use. No-one ever buys Jurlique stuff for themselves, it's always a gift, but this body wash is pretty good as far as insincere gifts go.



Radox Showerfresh Citrus Tang Grapefruit

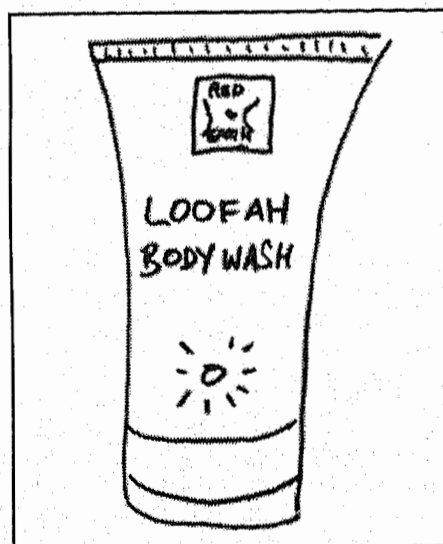
The word 'Refreshing' is plastered all over its bright yellow packaging and it certainly is! This product is definitely my favourite. Grapefruit isn't really the right description of its aroma but it is definitely Citrusy and Tangy. And the smell lingers on your skin for hours, ensuring that a delicious citrusy cloud follows you wherever you go. No need for expensive perfumes when using Radox. The packaging is so inviting and it has a

top that extends out so you can hook it over a tap for maximum convenience. Pour a little on one of those puffy shower things and lather up!



The Body Shop - Juice It Coconut and Lime Shower Gel with natural coconut and ginseng for tropical pampering in the shower.

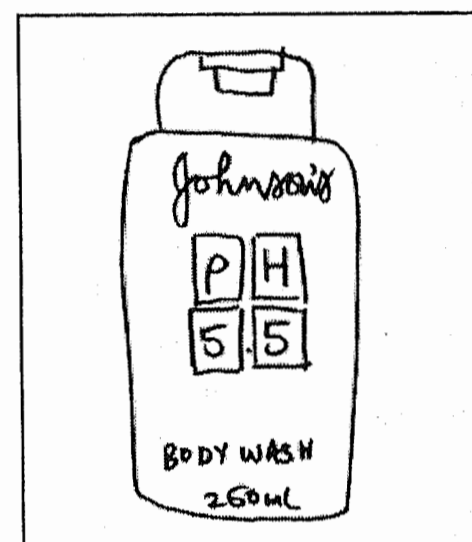
Coconut and Lime? Tropical Pampering? All sounds a little trite to me but I suppose it appeals to the kiddies who swarm around the Body Shop testing all the pseudo 'perfumes' and irritating those who just want to go in to buy their soap as quickly as possible before the cloud of sickly sweet scent of 'vanilla' and 'peach' gives them a headache. Anyway, Juice It is the latest gimmick from the Body Shop and what a clever one it is. It's a body wash, in a fruit juice-esque container. Genius. It smells OK - kinda tangy, and foams up nicely. It also looks pretty in the shower but make sure the kiddies don't try and drink it.



Red Earth Loofah Body Wash - Honeysuckle with a touch of Jasmine

OK, this one was the only one I tried which claimed to have 'Loofah' qualities. Now, I thought that because it had in-built Loofah stuff I wouldn't need to use my own loofah sponge.

Unfortunately this body wash was completely ineffectual without the extra lathering action that a sponge provides. It didn't froth up at all no matter how vigorously I rubbed it all over my moist body. I had to bring in some emergency sponge action to bring the foam levels up to an acceptable standard. It smelt pleasant enough, though a 'touch of jasmine' might have been exaggerating a little. The 'loofah' particles made it kinda scratchy on my skin, but beauty is pain, so deal with it.



Johnson's pH 5.5 2 in 1 Moisturising Body Wash

Two of what exactly in one? Moisturiser and body wash I presume. And this pH 5.5 business is, I suspect, a bit of a gimmick. To its advantage it doesn't smell too strongly, just a pleasant soapy kind of smell. And it lathers up nicely.



Shokubutsu Body Shower Foam in Fresh Green

Wow, this one rocks. Not only does it have the most excellent name, it also smells great, leaves your skin all lovely and smooth, and is Japanese so you can't get it here.

Melissa

Art by Stanley George

# GENERATION TEEVE

Last week we talked about the more evil trends in realiteeve: torture, gratuitous norg-shots, and the breaking up of happy couples.

I forgot to mention *Sylvania Waters*. I can't really remember it. I was young. I'm fairly sure it was bad, but a probable precursor to the realiteeve phenomenon. My dictionary defines phenomenon, incidentally, as anything which can be perceived or discerned by the senses. Relevant? Not really. But it does rather widen the definition of what can be labelled a phenomenon.

Interestingly though, whilst I don't remember the programme itself, I do remember the amount of publicity surrounding *Sylvania Waters*, and that its cast became minor celebrities for at least fifteen minutes. That is, in the tabloid media my Mummikins likes to read, anyway. Mixed in with such hazy memories are also fuzzy flashbacks of Jeremy Simms buttocks in *Chances*. Same era. I think.

## Sit Right Back, Let's Hear a Tale, a Tale of a Fateful Trip:

The digital generation have whacked Gilligan, Ginger, and the Professor on a remote island with a camera crew and this time it's for the money. When it comes to the chickens and the eggs of deserted island realiteeve, I couldn't possibly tell you who the fucking fuck came first. They just kinda appeared at once, as if out of nowhere. They're the crop circles of your magic moving picture box - no one knows from whence they came, and tomorrow they may be gone. But it's always the bloody way lately, isn't it? *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* and *Million Dollar Chance of a Lifetime*. *Ground Force* and *Backyard Blitz*. *Harry's Practice* and *Home and Away*.

Okay. The last one is wrong. But you get my drift.

Someone gets an idea, someone else copies it, and they both claim to be original. Which is the thinly-veiled imposter? Impossible to say? I'll see you in court, matey. *The Mole* has been done all over Europe; *Treasure Island* was swiped from New Zealand; *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush* originated in France (incidentally, I bumped (literally) into Tim Ferguson once at Heaven II. Before you all bloody lynch me for being at Heaven II, I would like to draw your attention to article 7, subsection G, paragraph xvii of the constitution: Jayne shall only ever go to Heaven once, on the opening night, and only for the free (free!) beer, wine, and champers all night. And the Mayor is entitled to a buxom virgin and a suckling pig upon taking office).

Did you ever have to do that crappy exercise in high school where you're given a list of folks and told to pick the 7 you'd let in the life-raft when your ship went down? In the version they made me do, you yourself were a wheelchair-bound Captain, just to make it interesting. Everyone gave the same bloody list every time: rec-

ognising your supreme uselessness on a desert island, you'd let yourself die a horrible death; the doctor, the fisherman, the comedian (cause the world needs laughter), the carpenter, the biologist yadda yadda all get to live and I'll see the rest of you suckers in hell.

It seems the producers of the desert island brand of realiteeve never did that exercise. They pick all the folks who are going to irritate the fuck out of each other. And then they film them constantly.

Personally my trophy goes to the Aussie (stolen) version: *Treasure Island*. For starters, I didn't find the accents as bloody irritating. I also found it a whole lot more interesting. The setup was similar to the first *Survivor*, but instead of being voted off, the *Treasure* folks had to take regular punts on where they thought the treasure would be, and place landmarks on a map. The least accurate person on each team left.

Actually, a lot about *Survivor* bugs the hell outta me. The sheer wankiness of it all, quite frankly, drives me up the proverbial fucking wall. I can't stand the stupid tribal rituals those people go through, like immunity idols (ooooooooohhh oogy boogy boogy) and solemn processions to firelit rocks to engage in symbolic flamage extinguishment. Are these grown-ups, or what?

It seems so fake, so contrived, and I can't watch it. I've tried, but I can't. And then there's the brand-placement.

*Treasure Island* spent more time filming the figuring-out processes, and the wandering around necessary to complete the rather ingenious challenges set for the punters. *Survivor*, on the other hand, is just too neat: 7 minutes of campsite bitching, 7 minutes of silly challenge, and 7 minutes of voting the most hated member out. And another thing: one of the teams in an early episode won an outback fishing pack. FOR GOD'S SAKE SOMEONE TELL THEM THAT THE NET IS FOR CATCHING YABBIES. None of them have figured out that the tasty, nutritious little critters even exist yet. I bet the local indigenous population are cacking themselves with amusement. I cack. But then again, I have the high moral ground of knowing how to catch a yabby (all you need is a chunk of meat and a piece of string, fellahs).

*Shipwrecked* is every kind of bad. At least, every kind available at your local supermarket. The folks on that island have nothing to do all day except bitch about and to each other. Entire episodes are made up of sitting around and bitching. Bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch. That's not exciting. That's not good teeve. That's boring. I'm not advocating making life miserable for the punters involved by any means, but each night I pray to baby Jesus, please, please make them do something challenging. It's a cruel game

## Realiteeve Part Two: THE REVENGE.

(Just kidding)

indeed to reduce people to such a state that they get wildly excited about finding a fork, a cabbage, and a couple of limes stuck up a tree (though if MacGyver were on the island he could've built an airplane outta them), but if I wanted to watch people sitting around on a beach I'd go to Glenelg.

### Simulacra for Beginners: Why I Was Going to Write a Thesis on Popstars:

I'll keep it very, very simple: There's this groovy Italian bloke called Umberto Eco who had this theory about what he called hyperreality. Eco is a semiologist. They go about deconstructing and reading meanings into stuff, especially popular culture stuff, and he reckoned that when something was a copy or a fake of an original, it was hyperreal. Teeve is automatically hyperreal cause it's not actually real, but a representation of something real. Disneyland is also hyperreal, because it has fake Wild Wests and Mississippi Rivers and such. Eco (Bertie to his mates), said that the less something is trying to be real, the more hyperreal it is. So, for instance, *The Simpsons* (being animated) is more hyperreal than the nightly news.

Then there was this French dude called Jean Baudrillard who wrote a lot of really groovy shit that I don't recommend most people read because it's really difficult to understand, even for the average Arts student. There's a trick to it: you've gotta have a glass of wine, get comfy, and get into a simultaneous academic and poetic brain groove.

Baudrillard, amongst a lot of verbiage and metaphor, took this one step further and declared that in the digital age it is meaningless to talk about originals, fakes, and reality, because

everything is a representation (illusion is no longer possible, because the real is no longer possible). Unlike philosophers who claim that the material world doesn't exist causing a great deal of pain and bother to their detractors, who are forced to kick a stone in order to refute them, Baudrillard doesn't deny the very existence of stuff. That's just bloody stupid. Stuff exists, but it is a representation, and the representation is our reality. This he called simulacra. Television is a simulacra - it will only ever give us images.

And so to *Popstars*. Pop groups are simulacras as they aren't real, but are manufactured meanings. Marilyn Manson is a simulacra (don't think for a second that the guy doesn't have a veritable army of publicists and marketing folk creating and promoting a carefully-crafted image). By the time you see a pop group (or any group for that matter) you see a manufactured image which has been created for you. *Popstars*, the television programme, is automatically simulacrous by virtue of its being on the moving picture box. But it offers the unique chance to watch the process of creating, each step of the way, the final product - the manufactured image of a pop group. Like, last series you got to sit on the couch and actually watch image consultants decide each person's look. Thus, I believe, *Popstars* is post-simulacrous at least, that's what I was going to argue in the thesis I decided not to do.

The programme is boring, but that's beside the point.

And if anyone steals my thesis idea, I want credit, damnit.

Teeve: wake me up before you go go.

Jayne Lewis

## Survivor Roundup

Last week's *Survivor* gave us yet another delicious dose of politics, due mainly to the fact that Kucha had been reduced to four in the previous episode. A poll taken of all discerning *Survivor* watchers in the *On Dit* office (which are growing at quite a satisfactory rate) shows everyone is very happy with this development. Everybody knows that had Kucha gained the upper hand post-merger, they would have systematically voted off Ogakor one by one. Now, we can watch with glee as Kucha tries to break up a shaky Ogakor alliance. At least now there's hope of some gritty bitch action!

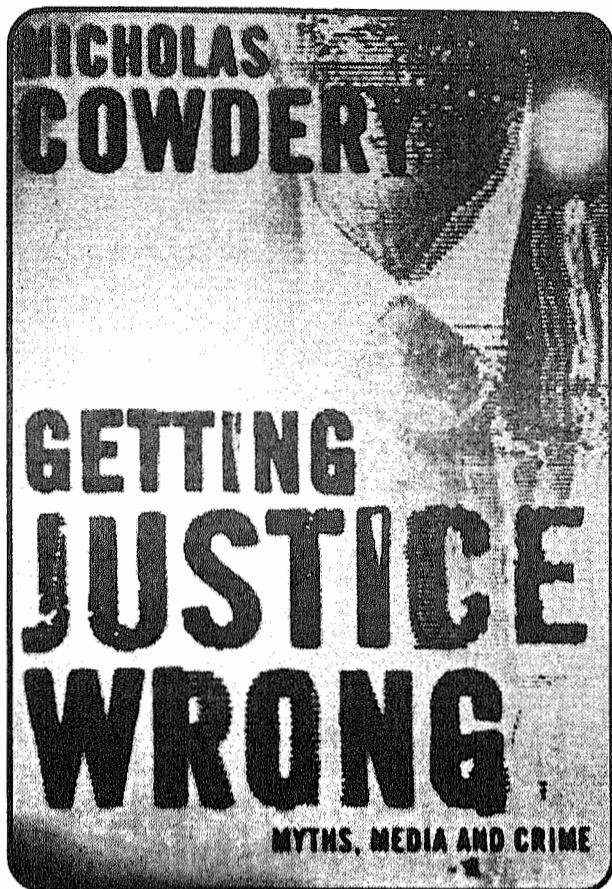
As it stands at the moment, the strongest force is undoubtedly Tina, Keith and Colby. Their strategy seems to be to whittle down Kucha with the help of the hapless Amber and Jerri. BUT! The *On Dit* team are of the belief that as soon as Nick is out of the picture in the next episode (read well - HOT TIP!) Tina, Keith and Colby may well team up with the lovable Elisabeth and Rodger to oust Jerri and subsequently Amber. It's no secret Jerri is unloved, in fact the shock of the episode was her staying instead of Alicia. How dare she criticise how they cook their rice? Still, she keeps things interesting.

So, will the martyred memory of Mike be enough to keep Kucha from further destruction? I suppose we'll have to wait a fortnight because next week we're being 'treated' to a recap of the first 24 days. Frankly, I find this disappointing; this should be the kind of episode aired after the finish of the series, when avid fans are still lapping up anything *Survivor*-esque in the post-series depression phase. Tacking it in the middle is just frustrating.

I want more!



# Artsy Stuff



Literature: Nicholas Cowdery, *Getting Justice Wrong*  
Allen & Unwin

Nicholas Cowdery (QC) works for the NSW Office of the Director of Public Prosecutions, and has written "Getting Justice Wrong - Myths, Media and Crime" in an attempt to address some of the issues raised about the justice system by talk-back radio and tabloid journalists. Although he stated in his acknowledgments that the book was written not "to give it the features or even the appearance of an academic work" and instead to be "a discussion prompter that should be easily read", I found that wading through the descriptions of the justice system, as well as the pros and cons of the current system, to be a lot more difficult than I expected.

This book reads like a thesis. The author has obvious and detailed knowledge of the subject, and I applaud him for his attempt to present a balanced view of the justice system. However, as the book has been written to ensure that the views given by "talk-back entertainers" are balanced against the actual workings of the courts, the style of writing may not be the most appropriate. I don't feel that this book would be easy reading for most people, least of all regular contributors to radio talk-back,

which is a shame, as the information in "Getting Justice Wrong" could quite easily shut John Laws up about our criminal system for a while.

On the positive side, the author uses logical arguments and facts to demystify the judicial system and to debunk many of the myths associated with it. Through this he manages to show his dislike for political posturing, talk-back radio personalities, "non-core" election policies, reduction in government funding and political quick-fix measures and provides the reader with some ammunition when next faced with a know-it-all on the bus home.

If you are interested in a simplified account of how our judicial system works, and a summary of how the author feels we should change (or not change in many cases) the judicial system, then "Getting Justice Wrong" may be worth having a look at. Alternatively, if you have no interest whatsoever but need a non pharmaceutical sleep inducer, this may be perfect bedtime reading.

Ian Milne

Theatre: *The Small Poppies*  
The Playhouse (until 7<sup>th</sup> April)

Company B Belvoir is an exciting and innovative Sydney based theatre company which has provided Adelaide audiences with such fantastic productions as *Cloudstreet* in 1999. Their latest effort, which is part of Come Out 01, is David Holman's play about starting school: *The Small Poppies*. It was commissioned by Geoffrey Rush fifteen years ago but is still completely recognisable for anyone who has ever lived through those first life-changing days.

Clint (Richard Sydenham) is the mummy's boy who does not want to go to Big School.

Shane (Arky Michael) is the school bully who knows how to threaten the others to get what he

wants, yet appears sweet and innocent to the teacher.

Lep (Ursula Yovich) is the Cambodian refugee who speaks no English and eats food that looks and smells foreign to the others.

Theo (Andrew S. Gilbert) is the second generation Greek kid who is obsessed with crocodiles and wants to be a Formula One driver.

Recognise any of them? There is also the bright Chinese child (Felicity Price), and most importantly, the teacher Mrs Walsh (Genevieve Moody), who brings it all together.

*The Small Poppies* is cleverly structured like a school play within the play which gives room for wonderfully silly moments like the one where the 'kids' pretend to be the universe, running around the stage covered in tinsel, with comets on sticks waving above their heads. This structure helps make interaction with the audience natural and funny. And it is a truly humorous play. On opening night the audience was in stitches thanks to the hilarious performances, particularly by Sydenham, Michael and Moody.

But *The Small Poppies* does not shy away from the difficult issues and in flashbacks (simply but effectively done) of Lep's origin in Cambodia we are told about the tragic loss of her mother to the Khmer Rouge under Pol Pot. Cambodian history might be unknown to a younger audience but in his director's note, Armfield suggests Lep's story would find parallels today in countries like East Timor, Burma or Soma

The direction is excellent throughout and devices such as the shadow puppets feel refreshingly new. The way the 'children' manage to tell old jokes and still make us laugh is an achievement. My partner's only suggestion for improvement was to tell some more as an encore. Bottom line is: *The Small Poppies* is one of the best productions I have seen in recent years. Don't miss it!

Sol



Having a play at school

## Impro for the Masses

Many of you may be familiar with Impro Comedy, a hard and fast brand where the action is made up on the spot. In fact some of you may well have participated in various high school classes or the odd drunken night on the town. But Impro Comedy is certainly hard to do well, though many claim to be staunch professors of the art as it grows in popularity.

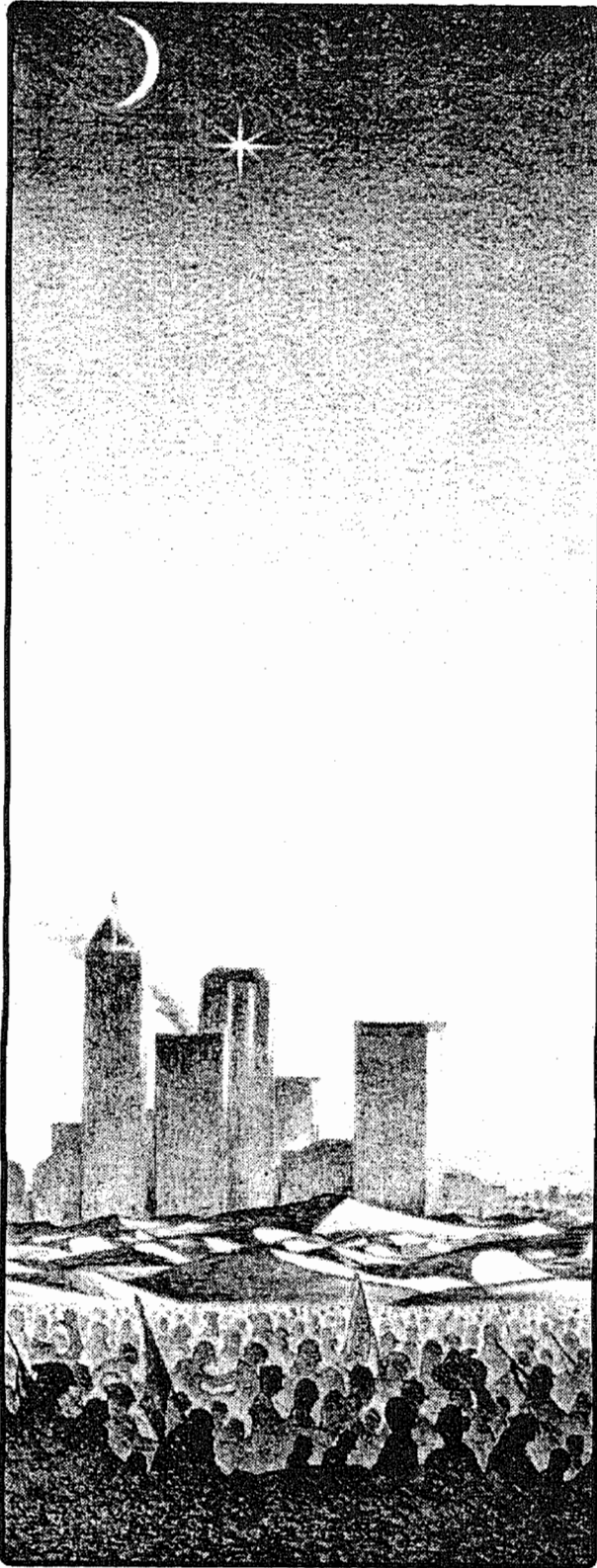
ImproExpresso should by all accounts sit comfortably in the category of Impro competence. The show, a brainchild of the Theatresports SA group, has been in rehearsal for weeks (well, it can be hard to rehearse Impro, but they've been working on ensemble skills). The group has eight or nine core members, as well as over 20 new recruits who have been in training for over a month. Team this with a dedicated publicity crew and you have what has become a very tight-knit group of individuals.

The show is divided into three sections. The first has teams competing against each other in standard theatresports games, including a scratch team that is made up from audience members on the night. After an interval is a crazed game show format followed by a weekly soap opera.

This new form of Theatresports looks set to provide some fantastic entertainment. It starts this Sunday at Boltz Cafe on Rundle Street at 7pm. Tickets are \$7.70 or \$5.50 concession, and bookings are available on 0419 808 166.

# Food for the Soul

## FIVE MINUTES WITH MATT FISHER



**How long ago were these pictures made?**  
About 1998.

**Do you always work with pencil and pen?**  
Pretty much, occasionally I use coloured pencils but mostly just fine point pens and pencil.

**Do you prefer black and white images to colour?**

Yeah, I just seem to think in black and white. Having done it for so long, when images occur to me, that's just my medium now. So when it comes to doing colour images, my mind just doesn't seem to go in that direction.

**Are you self taught?**

I did art as a subject as part of a BA at Flinders, but that was all theory based. I started doing art as sort serious hobby before I left school, and have been doing it ever since. I've got the occasional bit of commercial work - illustration work for magazines, but a lot of it is for my own pleasure.

**Where do you get your inspiration?**

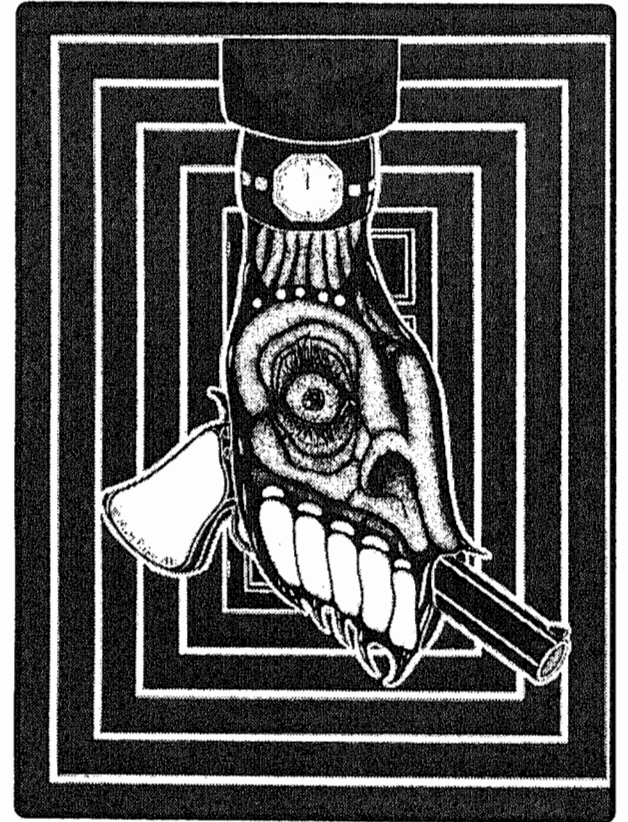
Sometimes from photos...I borrow pieces from photos to make up parts of images and things but mainly there's a certain theme - some sort of idea in there that I am trying to communicate, usually some sort of particular environmental theme. Themes like the connection between technology and humanity. I'm currently doing a research MA in Environmental Studies, Ecological Philosophy.

**Ever been in an exhibition?**

I have the occasional exhibition including one in the Adelaide Uni Exhibition Space, up in the coffee house, probably about four years ago. Gen-

erally I prefer to publish things in a magazine rather than hang it on a wall. I think you get a lot more exposure and my images to me are more sort of illustration than they are sort of fine art work.

**CONTACT MATT :**  
[ian.fisher@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ian.fisher@student.adelaide.edu.au)



### In Their Own Image, Greek Australians The Migration Museum 16 March- May

This exhibition presents portraits of a number of Greek Australians (or at least, people with some Greek heritage whether they were born in Greece or Australia), reflecting upon their family and themselves in what one might call a visual history exhibit.

Photographed by Effy Alexakis and backed up with some historical evidence by Leonard Janiszewski, these modest black and white portraits are well defined and sharply contrasted, neatly composed and capture a proud moment for the subject(s), ranging from writers, farmers, actors, ambassadors and families - not famous faces. Black, engaging eyes smile into the camera, often surrounded by the things that make their lives theirs (such as family members or machinery). For those of you who trekked up the hill to the Art Gallery of South Australia to check out the Henri Cartier-Bresson exhibition *Tete a Tete* earlier this year, you will find a similar genre of photography. Unlike Cartier-Bresson, however, this exhibition lacks what I would call 'romance' (no out of focus

pics), does not include the photographer's personal life, is comprised of far smaller portraits and is a more contemporary/modern exhibit (given that these portraits have been taken over the last decade).

Put simply: nice, clean cut portraits, every one containing a pair of enchanting black eyes and every one with a story to be told. Not a fish and chip shop in sight.

AND admission is FREE. Have a wander when you've time to kill or are desperate for something to do, a bit of culture won't hurt anyone!

**\*\*A WORD OF WARNING:** if you go straight to the museum, you will also encounter a brief history on the settlement of South Australia. If you follow through this and head to a building which was once a women's asylum you will (eventually) find the actual exhibit, but probably not before you see a history on how homeless women lived and all sorts of interesting, sometimes painful artifacts. I learned a lot today.

kp

**WANT TO  
REVIEW  
PUBLIC  
ART?**

**Come down and  
see Jenny in the  
On Dit office**

# Food for the Cultural Critic

**ALISON MITCHELL**

Until midday on Wednesday 28 March  
Greenhill Galleries, North Adelaide

I missed the opening of this exhibition through no fault of my own. I'm so late telling you about this, you'll miss out completely if you don't fly straight in. It's just that this bird has had his thinking cap on. And that is no way to imagine going to this place.

Let's forget about art for a minute. Think of house decorating. Your dad is talking about the craft of decorating the passage from family room to dining. In the front gallery: Cityscapes from Hinley Street to Trafalgar Square in vivid watercoloured line. Through the windows, Jeffcott Street is in perfect swing.

At the front door, your dealer has found a seventeenth century Italian wood panel. The cobwebs are off. The dust can soon follow with a mixture of gold and boiled linseed oil recommended by Mr Angus Trumble of the Art Gallery. I think that's what he said. And if no-one wants it, then I'm going to keep it for myself, he says. Carved as it is out of one whole piece of a tree.

Alison Mitchell's work is displayed in the back room. A professional woman comes. One glance. She puts the catalogue back in the pile. And she's gone.

That's right, there is absolutely nowhere on my walls to put this stuff. There is something special about it all though.

A wall of nudes (water colour sketches). A wall of still life (acrylic or oils). And on the third wall holding the balance, wall carvings that look like they are made of enamel. Buxom girls. A bosom slips

over the edge. No, that's not it exactly, not buxom really. Full, rounded, overflowing with the happiness of life.

But it would be death to art if I put it on the wall.

The first of the nudes was very, very interesting. Slim and in no way a hard body, she leans on straight arms and almost against a very big white pillow. Her face is not visible. She looks across and away from us. Actually, all the women are doing that. The line is simple and realistic. They are all strong characters. I decided to put her on the way to the nursery. Then I decided I'd rather not. Why be reminded of all the sickness that girl is going to go through?

Everything was an exercise in the craft of the artist. The last two nudes done on brown paper like one of those guys from the seventeenth century. And that bowl of lemons in a bowl might fool a lot of people into thinking it came from David Jones.

Piped in on the radio Ella Fitzgerald sang songs from Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine*, clear and loud, just how I like it.

Behind his desk at the front door, the director was saying, "...108 plus 220 makes...". The Madonna and Child looked straight out at me from the panel. Two cherubs beside. On top a crown. Gaunt, poor people from Northern Italy, a bit like me.

**The Neutron**

**OPEN HOUSE - Adelaide's West End Arts Precinct**

Friday 16th March 6pm - 9pm

Free Entry

At first glance during a stroll down Hindley Street on a Friday night, one could be forgiven for wondering if Hindley Street really is Adelaide's newest and most vibrant arts precinct. "Open House" included 32 participating galleries and venues along the infamous Adelaide strip. However, as I wandered down from Rundle Mall, what greeted me was the usual Hindley assortment of Harleys, mullets, sex shops and strip clubs. Obviously Hindley Street truly is an Adelaide cultural icon. As I reached the Art Lounge Gallery, what followed was enough to make me rethink my cynical view of Hindley Street. From the sight of the usual Hindley parade in desperate need of beauty sleep, to walk through the gallery doors and be immersed within a sophisticated throng, with an obvious excess of beauty sleep, was quite a case of culture shock. A light Chardonnay or a feisty Shiraz were never far from hand and kalamata olives seemed to be the nibble of choice. The business of art appreciation was in full swing, if not for art's sake, then just for the sake of appearance.

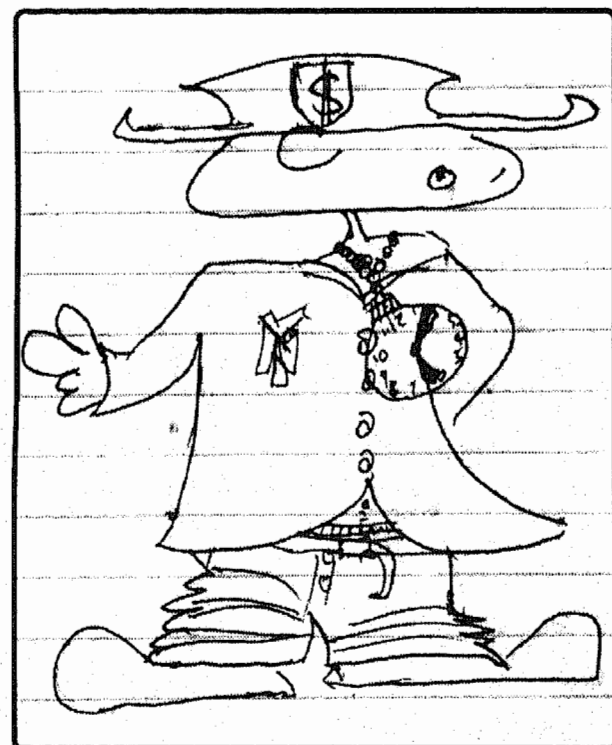
'Open House' included a diverse and compelling collection, in theme and media. Art Lounge Gallery exhibited indigenous works from Australia, Africa and Papua New Guinea in collaboration with several abstract pieces from local artists. The contrast between foreign, indigenous work and local, western styles was tied together with our own indigenous art forms suggesting themes of difference and reconciliation. The Adelaide Festival Centre displayed examples of Adelaide Festival posters

from the 1970s to the present day. However, the Jam Factory had the best on offer. Stunning examples of hand-crafted jewellery and various home wares were displayed alongside a travelling exhibition from the National Gallery by Susan Cohn. Elizabeth Kelly's 'Points of Saturation' was a definite highlight along with the demonstrations of glass blowing that continued throughout the night. Amongst these highlights were fine examples of dance and performance art at SEAS Studio and Gallery.

Walking home from 'Open House,' the impression I received was of a street divided. My invitation to 'Open House' spoke of art galleries, bookshops and music shops standing alongside amusement halls, tattoo parlours and sex shops, creating a diverse and eclectic artistic environment. Hindley Street has the potential to become just this, however such a transformation takes time and we're not quite there yet. At the moment it seems that a sharp division exists between the new, artistic elements of the street and that which Hindley Street has naturally evolved into over the years. If we are serious about the rejuvenation of the West End, the question must be: can we create an environment in which the representatives of the contrasting cultural elements; the West End Draught and the Shiraz, the 108 and Supermild, the pokies and the art, can exist together and actually complement one another to create a heart for Adelaide which is meaningful and accessible for all?

**Ben Rowley**

Doodle  
of  
the  
WEEK



This week's 'Doodle of the Week' was drawn by Angus Champion de Crespligny. Congrats to Angus for this marvellous piece of art, and to everyone else out there - you too could have a doodle of this calibre published as 'Doodle of the Week', and maybe even win 'Doodle of the Year', so keep up the drawing. Please send all doodle submissions to the *On Dit* office.

**Croupier  
Palace/Nova cinemas  
Released 12th April**

I was dubious about this movie just from hearing the title. Gambling movies annoy me – they always have some stupid clichéd plot where you have some super gambler hero guy who becomes desperate for money so goes up against some super gambler villain guy and amazingly enough at the eleventh hour wins copious amounts of cash.

Fortunately, despite the fact that the film is set for the most part in a casino, it has little to do with gambling, at least in the gaming sense. *Croupier* is the story of a writer named Jack Manfred (Clive Owen). His literary career at a standstill, he is coerced by his father into taking up a position as a croupier at a London casino. The job soon consumes his life, and he starts pouring his experiences into a new novel. In whatever spare time he has, he's busy juggling three women – his girlfriend, a fellow croupier and a mysterious gambler.

The story unfolds very cleverly, with twists and turns which are satisfyingly unexpected. However, the plot is hardly the point of this film – what's really interesting is the complexity of the character, Jack. His entire perception of the world is shaped by his dual professions of writer and croupier. He doesn't seem to be emotionally affected by anything, and certainly has no qualms about doing anything immoral, rather basing his decisions on mathematical odds. Clive Owens does a great job with the role – his sardonic voice-over narration is especially delicious.

Everything about the script is wonderful. The side characters are skillfully handled – I found it refreshing that they turned up only when necessary rather than hanging around for the whole film just to remind you they exist. The dialogue is constantly witty – the movie is filled with those sharp one-liners which you wish you were smart enough to come up with during everyday conversation. It does go a bit far with peppering gambling metaphors all over the place, which are clever at first but gradually feel irritatingly contrived.

That aside, practically everything about this movie is excellent – indeed there is no reason at all you shouldn't go out and see this film straight away.

(Other than the fact that it doesn't open for another couple of weeks. **BAHA!**)

**Justin Ghan**



**The Exorcist:  
Director's Cut  
(Dir: William Friedkin)  
Academy Cinema City  
and selected theatres  
Now Showing**

After more than a quarter of a century, horror classic *The Exorcist* still packs quite a punch. This tale of the demonic possession of a twelve-year-old girl named Regan shocked audiences back in 1973 and is back to haunt us once again. The director's cut features eleven minutes of additional footage and the famous 'spiderwalk' sequence.

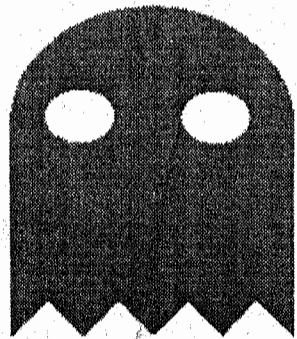
Linda Blair stars as Regan, a young Georgetown girl who becomes possessed by the Devil. Her frantic mother – a great performance from Ellen Burstyn – approaches Father Damien Karras (Jason Miller) about having an exorcism performed. Father Merrin (Max Von Sydow) is brought in to perform the exorcism and the two priests set about saving young Regan's soul.

I still think that *The Exorcist* is the most frightening horror film ever made, and it was a real treat to see it on the big screen, having only ever seen it on video. Dick Smith's special makeup effects, for which he won an Academy Award, are still incredibly shocking even by today's standards.

Based on the novel by William Peter Blatty – who also scripted – *The Exorcist* offers a plethora of scares which had cinema audiences back in 1973 screaming, hiding, ducking and running up the aisles to get out. All the memorable moments are here, including the demonic Regan masturbating with a silver crucifix and projectile vomiting green gloop all over Father Karras.

In addition to the new footage, the sound has been completely redesigned. If you haven't already seen *The Exorcist* you should really check it out. And if you have, it is well worth another look. Highly recommended.

**James Trevelyan**



*A scary ghost!  
Looks like another  
job for the exorcist.*

**In The Mood For Love  
Maggie Cheung,  
Tony Leung**

The 60s for many was a time of life, a time of freedom and a time to have fun, but in working-class Hong Kong, 1962 was a year of heartbreak, confusion and rejection for two young couples.

Chow (Tony Leung) seems happily married, he is the chief editor of a local daily, and he's just moved into a modest but friendly household in downtown apartment building.

Although her husband is often travelling with his work, Li-zhin (Maggie Cheung) is very satisfied with her job and content with her life. At first, Li-zhin and Chow are just your average neighbours, but as they become friends and spend more and more time together, they come to realise that their respective partners are having an adulterous affair.

In their plot to discover how such

an affair could eventuate, Li-zhin is seduced by Chow who cannot help his love for her. Despite their disgust with their partners' actions, the rejected partners find a certain level of passion in their perverse reenactments of the affair they are not a part of. Chow never reveals his love for Li-zhin, only the sacred Angkor Wat.

*In The Mood For Love* is an interesting story of two crushed souls who have the most bizarre relationship. Through their hurting they fall into each others' arms, but never act on the secret passion they hold for each other.

Filmed in a very modernist manner, Wong Kar-Wai captures beautiful moments of the mental and emotional intimacy that is played so well by these two well-acted characters. Complimented with a somewhat annoying but effective repetitive soundtrack, this film is a must for all who enjoy arthouse, culture, subtitles and a little sexual tension.

**by Graceless**

**What's That About?!  
Tacky Statues Ahoy**

It's that time again, the night of nights when the beautiful people of the world come together, when excitement fills the air, and even the losers go home as winners. Feeling sick yet? Well, I love the whole Oscar deal, all with the exception of Tom Hanks. There is something about Mr Hanks that I really cannot stand. I can't pinpoint exactly what it is that irritates me so much about someone who is regarded by everyone as being Mr Nice Guy, except to say that he is bland. Nice is such an irritating word and that is exactly what Tom is. I hope and pray with all my being that Mr Hanks does not step up to that podium to accept another Best Actor award. I would rather that anyone got it than Tom. Of course I would like to see our very own Russ get the gong for *Gladiator*, just so that he can swagger up to the podium and call someone a knobhead. I'd also like to see him wearing a flannel shirt with a stubby of Fosters in his hand. Failing that, I hear that Jean Claude Van Damme has been doing some sterling work lately. And what about the guy from *Coyote Ugly*?

Let's face it, all year Tom indulges his love of schmaltzy romantic comedy by doing endless variations on the same movie with Meg I'm-a-nice-girl-really Ryan. Then, once a year Mr Hanks churns out a performance that is solely directed at winning another golden statue. I'm sure that there is no-one in the world who was as happy as me (well, maybe Kevin Spacey) when Hanks failed to win last year

for his part in the thoroughly yankee *Saving Ryan's Privates*. And now he is up for yet another Oscar for a movie in which he spends much of his time talking to a ball with a face painted on it. No, I haven't actually seen *Castaway*, but I feel free to criticise it without having seen the movie since all Hanks ever does is play the same character over and over again. I'm sure that it's just his *Saving Private Ryan* character all over again, with more sand and less of the other people.

What exactly is Tom Hanks going to do with his award anyway? I'm sure his little statue shelf is already groaning under the weight of all the awards that he has already won, and the only room in the mansion that has any space left would have to be the toilet. I hear that Oscars actually make damn good toilet roll holders, so maybe that is where he is planning to put this next one. I think that Tom should go away and consult with Robert Downey Jr and Hugh Grant for a while. After a few months of intensive intravenous drug use, soliciting of prostitutes down back alleys and actually doing the dirty with good old Meg, then he can front up at the Oscars next year for his next award with his nice bland expression and his nice bland tux. Then when he climbs up to the podium and thanks God and his lovely wife, we can all applaud him for his Oscar-winning performance and it won't be the one on the movie screen.

**Popart**

**Gossip (2000)**  
 Dir: Davis Guggenheim  
 Roadshow

**Whiteboys (2000)**  
 Dir: Marc Levin  
 Danny Hoch, Dash Mihok, Mark Webber  
 Twentieth Century Fox

**The Brave (1997)**  
 Dir: Johnny Depp  
 Johnny Depp, Marlon Brando  
 Roadshow

This movie revolves around a group of three university friends and housemates, Derrick (played by James Marsden, who is also Cyclops in the *X Men* movie), Jones (Lena Headly) and the quietly disturbed Travis (Norman Reedus). These three get their jollies out of spreading lies about people and one day they decide to tell everyone that Kate Hudson, a self-proclaimed celibate, had sex with Pacey from *Dawson's Creek*. Little do they know that this rumour-mongering will come back later to haunt them.

*Gossip* is a really bad movie. Like really bad - there are holes a plenty. Travis is too poor to pay rent to Cyclops, yet he owns about \$15,000 worth of computer equipment. And in a lecture scene the teacher seems to know all the names of the three hundred or so students, which I find hard to believe. The Jones character reminded me of Sandra Bullock, who I hate, and the rip-off Mission: Improvable trick ending is nothing but lame. Despite having the likes of Cyclops, Kate Hudson (Goldie Hawn's daughter) and Pacey, this movie is dreadful.

The one thing that I did like about it, though, was the cool apartment that they lived in. It had three levels with trendy metal stairs and the furniture was all designer. And to top that off there was a greenhouse on the roof. The fight scene between Pacey and Cyclops was pretty cool too. The moral of this story is that spreading rumours about people is not nice and you reap what you sow, which Cyclops learns at the end. Unfortunately, I do not think that that's enough to make a whole movie out of.

Jang Luu

*Whiteboys* follows the exploits of three friends - Flip, James and Trevor - in rural Iowa. Flip (Danny Hoch) is a wannabe gangster rapper who believes himself to be black on the inside and who loathes his Middle American surroundings, longing to move to Chicago and live in the projects. Things are fairly bleak for him in Iowa - his father is laid off and his mother faces the indignity of buying groceries with food stamps. Without jobs or a sense or direction, Flip, James (Dash Mihok) and Trevor (Mark Webber) spend their time hanging out at each other's houses, freestyling and drinking 'forties'. Then Flip further complicates things by impregnating his girlfriend Sara (Piper Perabo).

Flip's plan is to set up a drug-dealing empire in Iowa by going to Chicago and making what he thinks is a large drug buy. He asks his African-American friend Khalid (Eugene Byrd) to hook him up with some dealers in the Windy City. Khalid reluctantly agrees, but in Chicago things go unexpectedly and dangerously wrong, resulting in death and mayhem.

*Whiteboys* is quite an entertaining film. Danny Hoch is great as the dysfunctional Flip, and Dash Mihok and Mark Webber provide good support. Hoch also co-wrote the screenplay. The film features cameos by such rappers as Fat Joe, Dead Prez, Mic Geronimo, Slick Rick, Doug E. Fresh and Snoop Dogg.

There are some interesting fantasy sequences cued by Flip's daydreaming about being a gangster and living large, eating shrimp and drinking vintage champagne.

So kick back with a forty and have a look at this, dawg. Word.

James Trevelyan

Johnny Depp has come along way since *A Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984), featuring in some of the most glorious cult films ever made including *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* (1993), *Dead Man* (1995), *Ed Wood* (1994), *Edward Scissorhands* (1990) and *Benny and Joon* (1993). Continuing his success with his directorial debut *The Brave*, Depp plays Raphael, an Apache who takes on employment that entirely alters his reality. Raphael wants to provide for his family, and finds living in poverty and being deprived of clean water increasingly frustrating. He meets with a man called MacCarthy (Marlon Brando), who presents him with fifty thousand dollars. Raphael has a dream to see his family free from poverty and attempts to transform this dream into reality.

A risk taker, Depp has made a fulfilling choice in his debut. *The Brave* is a gradual, bold and entertaining tale of a man who will do anything for his family, hoping that through his bravery they will one day progress to a better life.

Johnny Depp is like a young Brando in his approach to acting. He is a natural performer who can portray both eccentric and conservative characters and who is invariably a pleasure to watch.

Marlon Brando plays a mumbling cripple who senses kinship with Raphael. His role does not demand much of his capabilities; his screen presence is there but has not really been effectively used since *Apocalypse Now* (1979). Absorbing music by Iggy Pop and Johnny Depp's natural grace make this film worth checking out.

Matthew Herfurth

# CYBERWORLD 3D

As announced in last week's *On Dit*, the people at IMAX have given us **FIFTEEN FREE DOUBLE TICKETS** to the April 3rd showing of their upcoming computer animation extravaganza, **Cyberworld 3D!** Cyberworld showcases a variety of animation, including the piece (pictured) where Homer gets an unpleasant surprise from a weird conical object.

If you want to see all of this and much, much more, come along to the *On Dit* office at 1pm this Thursday and explain to us why you deserve to be given a double ticket to Three Dimensions of fun.

# Interview with Fear Factory

With the potential cataclysm of Y2K behind the world, Fear Factory have released a new album for 2001 that once again focuses on the confrontation of humanity and technology. "For our last album *Obsolete*... everyone was fearing the Y2K bug and people were wondering what was going to happen to man in 2000. The album was about how technology was evolving faster than man and man basically feared that he was going to become obsolete so he was fighting against these machines and he was trying to catch up to it so that he didn't become obsolete."

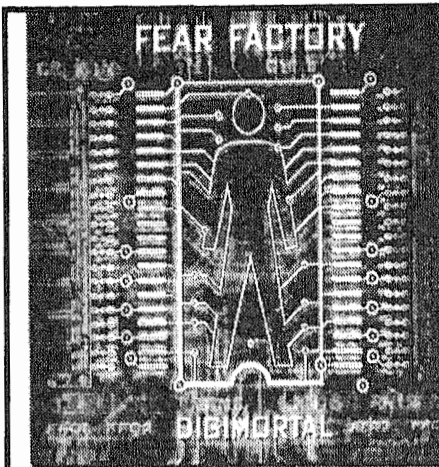
*Obsolete* followed the story of one person's revolution against a machine-led totalitarian state. *Digimortal* examines the possible dangers of new technology and how we respond to it. It also poses the hypothesis that the evolution of the human race is inherently and tragically linked to our development of technology. Each song addresses a different aspect of the theme, questioning how we will use technology such as cloning, gene modification and human mortality. "On this record man discovers that technology cannot exist without him. He regained everything he had and took his technology even further to the point where he can clone himself. Which is what is happening now. But a clone is not exactly you; it's physically you but it's not mentally you because it hasn't gone through all of the experiences that you've been through. What man has discovered which is mainly us Americans is that we are so obsessed with living longer and looking younger, staying healthier. Going to be able to fuck with these genes that are going to make you perfect. What he is trying to do is to transfer his soul into a younger version of him, transfer his memories and all the things that he has thought in his life and being able to download them on a chip, store them on a chip. And transfer them so that when he dies his clone will live on."

*Digimortal* marks a step in the evolution of Fear Factory as well. Musically they have become more refined, choosing to keep their songs shorter and more concentrated on groove rather than the industrial metal that they became famous for after *Demanufacture*. "Many songs on this album are shorter and there are less long keyboard intros and less long outros, and we just sort of trimmed off the fat and just made it catchier. It's slower but its groovier and just as heavy. We wanted to create more room for low end. Sometimes when you're playing really fast there is no room for low end... Some stuff was just too complicated, because we can be a really complicated band but sometimes it just doesn't go with the kids, you know they like listening to it, but live it just doesn't go that well... The best songs are the best live songs, the less complicated, catchier songs. I think that the first half [of the album] is like that but towards the second half we've got songs like 'Acres of Skin', 'Byte Block', 'Hurt Conveyer', songs that are a little more complex."

The worldwide resurgence in the popularity of heavy music thanks to bands such as Korn and Linkin Park means that Fear Factory may become commercially successful with the release of this album. Dino is quick to mention that this is not because they have changed their sound but because "more people are accepting heavier shit worldwide." He points to bands like Slipknot as an example: "With bands like Slipknot, who ever thought that that would be a commercial band? And it is, it's not commercial musically but they're always being played on the radio and TV and they've sold heaps of albums. We haven't had to change our style."

Fear Factory's new album *Digimortal* will be released on April 27th.

Mike



Fear Factory's fourth album *Digimortal* has been one of the most anticipated albums of 2001. Unfortunately it has turned out to be a disappointment with the industrial metal that made them famous being turned aside in favour of more "groove".

This album continues to explore the relationship between humanity and machinery that began with *Soul of a New Machine*, through their masterpiece *Demanufacture* and finally *Obsolete*. This album discusses some of the scenarios that may occur if we are not careful with how we use technology. Genetic engineering, cloning and the limits of human mortality are all exposed to Fear Factory's unique form of Star Trek philosophy. Each song addresses a different theme, unlike the concept album *Obsolete* that told the story of a single person's fight against a machine-controlled totalitarian future.

In typical FF style the album begins with the fast songs that will come across well live. Songs such as "No One" and "Damaged" sound so much like they have been written to the FF recipe that they offer nothing new to the long time fan. One addition to their repertoire

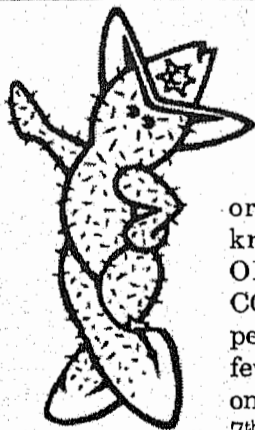
is the use of sudden breaks in the song to insert a sample or a strange guitar interlude. These really interrupt the flow of the song and feel far to nu-metal for my liking.

It is also apparent that almost all of the tracks on *Digimortal* are under four minutes. While the band claim that this is an attempt to streamline the album it leaves many of the songs feeling incomplete. This album lacks the complexity of the past two releases and the songs end abruptly without developing or taking the listener on any musical journey.

The lowest point on the album is easily "Back the Fuck Up" which has Burton C. Bell performing a rap duet with B. Real from Cypress Hill. This song is a blatant attempt to jump on the bandwagon of acts such as Limp Bizkit, Korn and Linkin Park.

This album feels laboured and rushed. It doesn't have the depth or the longevity of past Fear Factory albums. Despite this it may prove to be their most commercially successful release. The work already done on the music charts by Slipknot and other nu metal acts may have paved the way for this album and its slightly more marketable formula.

Mike



As you may or may not know by now, OFF THE COUCH is happening in just a few weeks time, on Saturday the 7<sup>th</sup> of April. It's a

FREE (!!) all-ages event that aims to give young, up-and-coming South Australian bands, solo-artists, DJs and other performers an opportunity to play/perform live and receive some exposure. Over forty artists are performing at nine venues in Adelaide's West End, including the Swing Cat Club, the Enigma Bar, and the Cumberland, from 2pm 'til late.

## Off The Couch: Band Bios

Below are two brief bios of a couple of the bands that will be playing at this year's event:

### Scissor Pretty

The members of Scissor Pretty met at Adelaide Uni in 1995 (brought together by a mutual love of A and E minor chords) and started jamming as a band in early 1996.

July 1996 saw the band win their heat of the University Campus Band Competition and from then on they played gig after gig, while at the same time continuing to write new songs.

Scissor Pretty launched a seven track EP called *are you home?* in July 1999, which debuted at number three on the SAMIA chart. July 1999 also

saw the introduction of Owen to the band and the farewell of Peter.

In December 2000 Scissor Pretty were awarded a grant by ArtSA to record and release a new CD. This new EP, titled *Cheese Dreams*, will be released mid-April.

Check out Scissor Pretty's website at <[www.scissorpretty.com](http://www.scissorpretty.com)>.

### Dominian

Dominian is a four-piece hard rock band that formed in 1999. They mix heavy guitar and drum work with sweet melodic vocals to incorporate a "freshness" into their music.

Dominian have been performing since 1999. Since the release in May 2000 of their six track EP, titled *En-*

*ter Dominian*, they have been securing gigs on a weekly basis. The original print of 60 CDs sold out within the first two weeks of release and over 200 have now been sold.

Dominian have played at venues across Adelaide such as The Crown and Anchor, The Seven Stars Hotel, and The Heritage Hotel and have received regular airplay on 3D Radio, 5UV Radio, and 89.7 DBA FM.

A new single by the band will be released in late May.

Check out Dominian's website at <[www.dominian.org](http://www.dominian.org)>.

Scissor Pretty will be playing at the Lion Arts Bar at 8pm and Dominian will be playing at the Enigma Bar at 7pm. Get Off The Couch on the 7th of April and come check them out!!

# Interview with Avon

Local band, Avon, have built a steady following in the local scene since their beginnings back in 1996. With the release of two independent EPs and a spot on the Big Day Out under their belts, and with the plans to head over to Melbourne and record again later in year, the band are moving from strength to strength. The release of their latest EP *Pictures Versus the Stage* shows Avon displaying a talent which seems to be missing in too many local bands, good original songwriting. I recently had the chance to talk to guitarist and songwriter, Phil Brown, and to discuss the past, present and future of the local four-piece.

Vocalist and guitarist Alison and Phil had been friends through school, so that when they started writing songs in 1996 it wasn't long until the idea of forming a band came to mind, and bass player Craig Poulton was soon introduced by a mutual friend. 'Hopefully he'll stick around', Phil says, in reference to the fourth member, Stuart Symons (ex-Flat Stanley), who is also the fourth drummer to grace the rhythm end of Avon, but who is definitely a welcome addition, giving his own ideas and contributions to the songwriting process rather than 'just playing the drums'.

With indie influences, including

Sonic Youth, My Bloody Valentine, Dinosaur Jr. and Pavement, the sound of Avon is very distinct and quite original. Phil admits that while 'it takes a few listens', Avon have developed a sound out of the love of playing music, and use this to drive the evolution of their music. A favourite of the local Rundle Street pubs, including the Austral and more recently the Exeter (and once upon a time the now sadly departed Mad Love Bar) playing live is the main focus of the band, with 'a definite spot for us' in the local music scene.

At the other end of the spectrum

for the band, the recording process of *Pictures Versus the Stage* gave the band a chance to relax in the studio and play with a more natural feel, having had the experience of recording their first CD, *Box Set EP*, a year earlier. This new release sees the music of Avon step up a notch, which Phil attributes to the easy-going feel of the recording process, as well as the ability to continue the songwriting process while in the middle of the recording process. 'Halfway through the recording process Stuart had to go away. The bulk of the music had been done which gave me a month to think

about how I could dress it up' says Phil. This gave him the chance to add a backwards guitar solo to one track 'Ether', among other additions to the sound. More attention to detail was paid on *Pictures Versus the Stage* compared to *Box Set EP*, especially with the use of the two guitar parts within the music. 'We spent a lot more time in getting the right sounds, and being better musos allowed us to get it down a lot quicker. I was keen to do a lot more with the two guitars, and have them playing separate things the whole way through, whereas I think quite often when you have two guitars you tend to double up a lot of stuff. We tended to steer clear of that. If we didn't need the second guitar then we

didn't use it. It was as simple as that'.

The new EP shows Avon in a new light, displaying their songwriting and musicianship talents in a noticeably improved manner. The stage is now set for the national recognition of one of Adelaide's most exciting and original bands, and hopefully with the release of this newest CD, and the aforementioned trip over the border, the 4-piece can obtain some of the recognition that has seemed to elude them so far.

Murray



## Giveaways

A huge thanks to Cherie from EMI Music for kindly giving us a handful of copies of both Neil Finn's *One Nil* (our Album of the Week this week) and Daft Punk's *Discovery* to give away to you, our lovely readers.

Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2pm on Wednesday and be prepared to sing your favourite Crowded House song and/or show us your best dancing moves.

Hell, the humiliation is worth it!

## Are you in a Local Band?

Want some exposure?

Want to be featured in the prestigious pages of *On Dit*?

Then come on down to the *On Dit* office, maybe leave us a sample or something and if you take one of our reviewers out for coffee you might even score an interview. Wow.

RI State of Sound presents

## SOUTHWARK Sessions

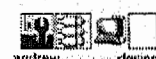
at the Seven Stars

Southwark Pints for the price of schooners all night

free entry  
doors open 3pm

First 50 thru the door get a free schooner of Southwark White

- SAT 3/7/2001
- 100% ROCK MONDO
- Blood Sucking Freaks
- Roadkill 66
- Sprawl
- Z-28
- SAT 7/4/2001
- UPBEAT AND ECLECTIC
- Digit
- Roger the band
- Snap to Zero
- Career Girls
- SAT 21/4/2001
- GUITARO BIZARRO
- Avon
- Bergerac
- Diplomat
- Krystapinzon
- SAT 28/4/2001
- SURE, SWAMP & SKA
- GT Stringer
- Johnny Seven O.M.A
- King Daddy
- The Seen



BANDS & VENUE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

# Bob Dylan

## Ballad Of A Thin Man With Mad Hair



One of the most influential musicians of all time, Bob Dylan, performed an amazing Adelaide show at the Entertainment Centre last Tuesday. The audience, ranging from ag-

graced the stage.

The set itself was wide ranging, but it was the classics; including The Times They Are A-Changin', 'Like A Rolling Stone', 'Tangled Up In Blue'

ing hipsters to strange young men with binoculars (such was the man seated next to us, who never once applauded but simply gazed with great reverence at the great man) were held captivated from the moment Dylan

and a climactic 'Blowing In The Wind'; that kept the audience foot tapping and enthralled. A mind blowing version of 'This Wheel's On Fire' was certainly the highlight.

Dylan talked little during the set, appearing characteristically ticked off (I have been assured he always looks like that). He introduced the band during 'Highway 61', but let his songs speak for themselves. The two hour set proved that Dylan is still as good as ever despite years of cigarette and other smokable substance abuse.

In the midway intermission the crowd left their seats anxious for more. The woman behind us believed that Dylan had in fact left the stage because of this surge toward the front and attempted to get a chant of "Go back to your seats! Go back to your seats!" No-one joined in or sat down and Dylan re-appeared to complete his set in good form to his enthusias-

tic and standing fans.

Dylan's backing band certainly deserved mention, performing each song brilliantly. The crowd was there to see Dylan though many, including binoculars man, passed on a superb supporting performance by Paul Kelly backed by Vika and Linda.

The presence and performance of Bob Dylan was equally as enthralling for those who had seen him perform in his youth and those seeing him for the first time. Certainly we both felt privileged just being in the same room as him, but the performance was outstanding. Dylan's voice is still as captivating as ever and his mastery of guitar and harmonica have only improved. Unfortunately he couldn't perform all his songs (it may have killed him) but still five out of five from these barmy Dylan fans.

Sarah and Connal

### Show Review

Nitocris/Kaleidoscope/  
J-Ded  
Enigma Bar  
Thursday 15.3.01

I arrived shortly after J-Ded in time to see Kaleidoscope take the stage. This Adelaide band recently received national recognition for their song 'slot car slut', deservedly so, I believe, as they are a tight, professional sounding outfit. Technically speaking their set sounded very good but didn't do much for me. Their pop/rock/(punk?) sound is all too common these days and bands need that special edge to set them apart. Kaleidoscope seem to lack this and with their rather bland and simple lyrics there is not a great deal unique about this band. However, the vocals were impressive and I didn't not enjoy the show.

I was all excited when Nitocris hit the stage as I had missed this all-girl 5-piece at the BDO. They played a solid set with an encore to the sheer delight of a healthy sized crowd. As one friend of mine said, 'they played the hits, they played the misses', they jammed out some instrumental stuff from time to time and towards the end we were treated to an emphatic drum solo. It's always good when a band mixes things up like that, instead of just playing 10 songs and walking off. Nitocris' stage presence and guitar driven grooves were a sheer delight on the night; yeeehaa, a band with charisma.

Mike Paradowski

### FREE STUFF

#### The Superjesus.

30th March - Friday night  
Adelaide University Cloisters.  
Want to be there?

Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2:15pm on Wednesday.....and beg (literally).

(Thanks to Sacha Sewell!)

### ALBUM OF THE WEEK

Neil Finn  
*One Nil*  
EMI



*One Nil* is the latest offering from New Zealand's favourite son, Neil Finn (sorry Tim). A warm, reflective album, *One Nil* will surely prove a popular favourite with the Australian public. The first single 'Rest Of The Day Off', a catchy, summer song, is receiving a great deal of radio play at the moment. However, this isn't the only gem to feature on this album. 'Wherever You Are', is a beautifully mellow track that is quite reminiscent of the smooth ballads from *Try Whistling This*. Similarly melodious are the soft 'Turn And Run', and the brilliant 'Last To Know' which are both stand out tracks.

This is a radiant and personal album that incorporates Sharon and Liam Finn's backing vocals, and Wendy and Lisa's (Who? They are reputedly two of Prince's former proteges) writing, percussion, violin and vocals expertise. Taking a great deal of inspiration from the spectacular New Zealand scenery, in particular the fabulous Piha beach, *One Nil* sounds like...summer.

A great album, from a great man.

It's got my Mum's seal of approval and I'm sure that your Mum will like it, too.

Jen



# Deep in the dark...



**Rod Stewart**  
*Human*  
Warner

Rod Stewart has emerged from the musical wilderness with this new offering. A slick cover accompanies the CD and it is obvious Rod is making an effort to appeal to a new listening audience.

The title track, which is first up on the CD, is rather catchy. A bit of synthesiser and a touch of bass produce a distinctly non-Rod Stewart style and would appeal to many tastes and is by far the best of the twelve track album.

The remaining eleven songs, however, have nothing special about them that make them stand out, and frankly, all sound the same. Just the usual love ballads with piano accompaniment and violin in the background.

If you are into Rod Stewart, or that type of music, then there is probably something in this CD to your liking. Anyone else would be better off giving it a miss.

TK.



**Various Artists**  
*Club Angels 2*  
Colossal Records

The sparkly mirrorball on the cover of this one didn't bode well, but I tried to approach it with an open mind. The track listing placed it pretty quickly as a dance compilation with SAFM rather than Fresh FM credentials. The first CD is a strange mix of of the top 40 usual suspects (Kylie Minogue - 'Breathe') and that kind of diet, caffeine-free trance you get on SAFM sometimes (Sash feat. Tina Cousins - 'Just Around The Hill').

The second disc is a more standard mix of very commercial funky house. I suspect it's aimed at the camp end of town - I can imagine Hoops belting out some of these tunes. It's not mixed and the thing is put together so hastily they even managed to put a track number halfway through a track name on the listing.

I'll stop short of condemning the thing entirely, but only if they promise not to release any more.

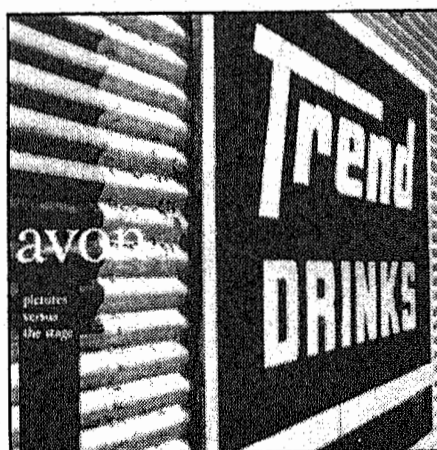
Chris



**Run-DMC**  
*Crown Royal*  
BMG

Baaam! It seems very ironic to me that the opening rap on this album about the years when Run were on the scene with the likes of the Beastie Boys and LL Cool J is called 'It's Over'. If they would only stop giving it up for the opportunity to praise themselves! The 'kings', 'legends', etc, have definitely fallen, but bound to succeed in sales of this album. It lists like a tribute compilation album, as there are big name guests on the greater percentage of the songs. It includes some great pop-hop, surely destined for the top 40, eg 'Them Girls' feat. Fred Durst, 'Take The Money And Run' feat. Everlast. Not the anarchy hip-hop they were initially renowned for but almost as fun. The rock aspect comes in with Kid Rock, Sugar Ray, and Stephan Jenkins of Third Eye Blind. It travels; mellowing out to R&B, pop and rock.

Prof. Booty



**Avon**  
*Pictures Versus the Stage*  
Independent release

This is the second independent release from local four-piece, Avon, and is the follow up to their debut CD, *Box Set EP*. It is easy to see why the band have such a dedicated following in the local scene with strong songs and musicianship, shown off perfectly in this latest release. A definite musical progression can be seen between this and the first release, with the use of more complex song structures and styles that gives the band a lot to be proud of. The sound is best described as eclectic pop-rock, with a very fresh sense of style that seems to be lacking from many local releases. Standout tracks include 'The Industrial Mission' and 'Din Violent', which show off a more rock-influenced side of the band. Alison Mair's vocals are a highlight, even if tending to sound a bit thin over the overdriven guitars. However, a top class release from an exciting local band, and well worth checking out.

Murray



**Big Dumb Face**  
*Duke Lion Fights The Terror!!*  
Flip/Geffen, Universal

For those who don't know, Big Dumb Face is Wes Borland's (guitarist of Limp Bizkit) own creation. However, DON'T be put off! There is much more on offer here than any Limp Bizkit release and it doesn't take itself too seriously in the process. This album is in total contrast to Limp Bizkit in that every song is totally different. In fact, the diversity present is quite amazing. The opener, 'Burgalveist', is almost mock death metal which progresses into plain weird cartoon theme-like music. With titles like 'Organ Splitter' and 'Mighty Penis Laser' and the silliness of the themed artwork it's hard not to like Big Dumb Face. For sheer diversity and light-heartedness you can't do much better. After listening to Big Dumb Face you start to believe Wes's own comments that he himself wouldn't actually buy Limp Bizkit's last album. There goes the cliché that "the sum is better than its parts".

Jorm



**Belle and Sebastian**  
*Tiger Milk*  
Electric Honey/Festival

My mother described this album to me as modern folk music, and I would have to say that she got it right. *Tiger Milk* is the debut album from Belle and Sebastian and has been re-released due to their success with their last two albums. This first record is very much easy listening (although I heard one *On Dit* staffer describe it as elevator music). It is gentle guitar music for laid-back drinking sessions or lazy dinner parties.

The track 'Electronic Renaissance' stands out from the others as it discards the guitar pop and heads towards experimental electronica. As with their other albums, the use of handclaps is apparent, which inspires much dance-floor tomfoolery as people try to clap along with the songs and get laughed at by everyone else. The rest of the songs are guitar pop songs which, while not as catchy as some of their later efforts, are great to listen to on a lazy summer afternoon.

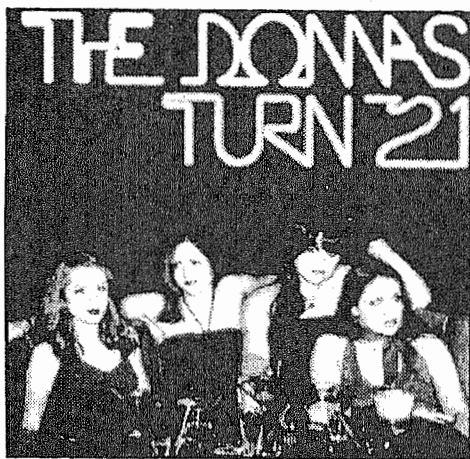
Poptart

**Inland Knights**  
*Finger In A Matchbox*  
RedLightDistrict Records

These 14 tracks of electronic dance beats progress like a live dj set. That is, getting better and better, and pulling the listener into the rhythm more and more. The music travels, incorporating a lovely array of guitar samples, funky percussive drums and the occasional vocal. Let's see, I was talking about travelling, wasn't I? As the album progresses it takes an ambient slant...and then a disco-pop slant...and then a funky-as-hell slant before moving back to classic dance for the finale. (Phew, around the world in sixty minutes of dance!) Usually working to a fairly classic style of build-it-up, break-it-down, the Inland Knights use this method effectively as there are always new sounds to spice up the mix. The key word is quality so if that sounds mildly interesting to you go check that they can cut it live when they visit Cargo in April.

Prof. Booty

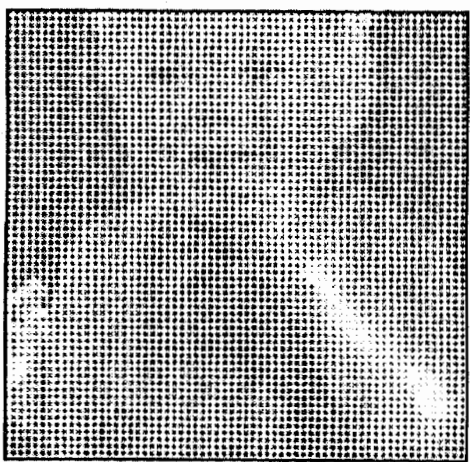
# you'll surrender your heart



**The Donnas**  
*The Donnas Turn 21*  
EMI

To my understanding, The Donnas are a low budget kind of a tin shed band who so far have only reached relative notoriety through appearances in equally low budget films, such as *Jawbreaker*. I could be wrong, but listening to their new CD, *The Donnas Turn 21*, I can't help but think of aluminium lining, cotton candy and bright red lipstick. The Donnas could best be described as garage band pop rock with a possible target audience of 15 year old alternababes with an extensive knowledge of *Clueless*. The band writes with feeling and a wisdom that is beyond their years. Lines such as, "Stop drivin' thru my heart, You ditched me at the mini mart" and "Tell that girl of yours that you'll be right back, cause I want a piece of you with my midnight snack" will move you to tears. Congratulations on turning 21 Donnas. It's a shame your music hasn't.

## Clementine

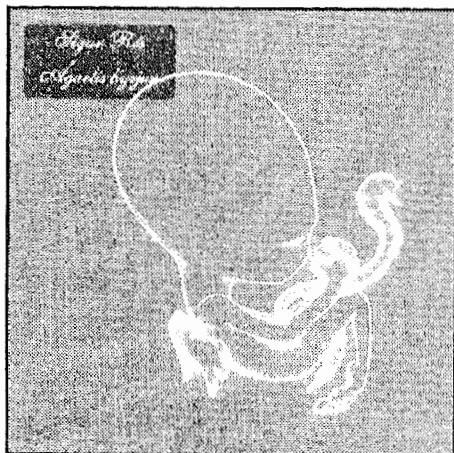


**Various**  
*Splinter 3*  
RedLightDistrict Records

If you're into deep base with a whole lot more to it, then this is where it's at. Sounding just like an early morning club, you're either going to lose yourself in the layering of this production masterpiece or it'll shake your brain cavity into next week. Featuring the likes of Tribadelics, Stryker and Eddie "Flashin" Fawkes. My faves are the funkier tracks like Schmoov's 'Chicken Grease', and the disco-funk inspired 'Lara's Theme' by

Streetlife Originals, which has a really great jam session of sax, rhythm guitar, vocals and keyboards. If you dig this kind of product go see Roy Davis Jr. when he hits our shores fresh from Chicago to Cargo in April. Ooh the production! Delightful!

## Prof. Booty



**Sigur Ros**  
*Agaetis Byrjun*  
Festival Mushroom

Seldom do artists of this brilliance slip through the sterile and heavily manufactured modern music industry. Sigur Ros make beautiful, saturated soundscapes which have been accurately described as 'otherworldly'. Unparalleled in today's 'mainstream' music scene, this band allegedly inspired Radiohead's *Kid A* (think 'How To Disappear Completely', but longer and with sweet Icelandic vocals). Like *Kid A*, this is an album which can only be fully appreciated when listened to in its entirety. There are no stand out tracks on *Agaetis Byrjun*.

Probably one of the most important releases of this year.

## jen



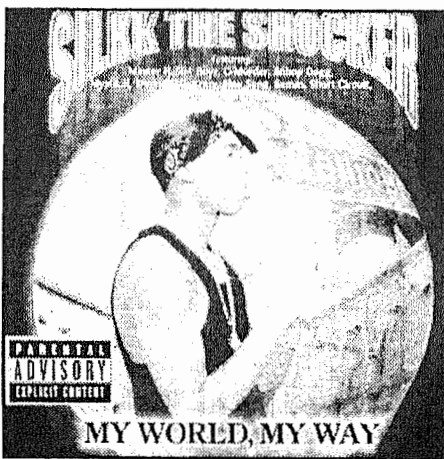
**The Scientists**  
*Blood Red River 1982-1984*  
Citadel

The Scientists were a seminal and influential Australian band fronted by the mighty Kim Salmon. Think Hoodoo Gurus, You Am I, The Church, Mudhoney, Nirvana etc and you get the idea. They were a musician's band. Of course, like all of these sort of bands, sales did not reflect their influence.

*Blood Red River* is awesomely good. An anthology not just of music but of a time, *Blood Red River* harks back to a time where bands played late at night in dark dingy pubs to an audience of music devotees. The Scientists bridged the gap between Birthday's Party discordant art rock and traditional rock'n'roll to form a sleazy bastard child of often arhythmical bass driven guitar washed rock that hits you in the sternum. It is full of highlights with 'swampland', 'when fate deals its mortal blow' and 'demolition derby' being the absolute standouts.

*Blood Red River* reminds me of a sweaty post-sexual lounge around. Often not too comfortable but one that you would not give up. Anybody with a remote interest in the history of Oz rock should get this; it's just a pity that most won't.

## Martin Bland



**Silkk The Shocker**  
*My World, My Way*  
No Limit Records

*My World, My Way* is Silkk The Shocker's second major release, and it is obvious that he has learnt a few tricks of the trade, as this record boasts a big name producer (Master P), an impressive list of guests (including Mystikal, Trina and Snoop Dogg), and a fluid style of delivery from Silkk himself. All the elements are there for a high quality release, but somehow *My World, My Way* never manages to reach the level that it promises.

Silkk moves between R & B and hardcore rap, but never really sounds like a master of his game. Although his flow is strong, he's missing a distinctive rapping style which would set him apart from the mass of other generic rappers. Even when he calls on his guests, there are no real standout tracks here - every track sounds like it has been made to a formula.

This CD never reaches the quality necessary to establish Silkk as one of the top rappers around. With a bit more practice, he should be ready to shock the world with his next couple of records, but this one is definitely a pass.

## Singles

**Wheatus**  
*Leroy*  
Sony

Those who found Brendon's voice a bit whiny on Teenage Dirtbag will be pleased to find it far less irritating on this latest single. There is a chance that Leroy will follow the success of TD as it is equally catchy and the lyrics are just as quirky.

**Louise Teale**

**Kim (featuring SISQO)**  
*How Many Licks?*  
Atlantic Records

Has the king of pop porn found his queen? It appears so, and accordingly this collaboration provides an infectious rap/R&B tune. With four remixes marked as "(clean version)" the single perhaps "sells" itself short with the addition of a raunchy video - the only explanation for the M 15+ rating.

**M.C.**

**Lash**  
*Take me away*  
Sputnik/Festival

Lash is a young West Australian band and 'take me away' is their first single and a fairly decent one at that. The girls have a released a creamy guitar drenched slice of pop knee-deep with harmonies. A passing acquaintanceship with bands like L7 and Hole comes through but they are more than simple copies. The B-side 'aloha mr hand' is better.

Looking forward to the album.

**Ian MacKaye**

**The Moffatts**  
*Bang Bang Boom*  
EMI

Take a dash of Wheatus add some Smashmouth/Matchbox Twenty and you have the incredibly radio friendly Moffatts. 'Bang Bang Boom' will be heard for years on commercial radio as a mildly alternative country influenced yearning-for-somebody song. This is ideal Triple M fodder. B-sides are the anthemic 'all the answers' and 'two beats'. I didn't really like it but thousands will.

**Lou Barlow**

**On Dit 69.6**

# Classifieds

# Clubs

## Learn Deep Relaxation

WHEN: Every Monday for Semester 1. 1.10 - 2.00pm  
 WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building  
 FREE.  
 BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or call in.

## Microscope for sale

Nikon Alphaphot Lamp, binocular tube BJ CF Achromat 4X, 10X & 40X objectives. As new. Call Jason on 8296 0259

## Looking for Lurve?

Slightly handsome sub editor seeks rebound girl. Must be loud and opinionated and able to enjoy a drink or six. Tender applications to the *On Dit* office (basement of the George Murray building). Bleached blondes need not apply.

Wanna put in a Classified? We are happy to print your Classified as long as it's not of a commercial nature. It should be 50 word or less and in by 5pm Wednesday. You can either email it to us at [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or bring it down to the office. Easy.

Does your club have a message that it wants to get out to its members or the University population? Then bring down your submission by 5pm Wednesday and we can print it right here on the Clubs and Classifieds page. It's better than another dodgy Star Wars pic, right?

## Bacchae

Bacchae AGM April 5th Thursday 1pm Hughes building room 723. The Bacchae present 2001 A Drunken Odyssey. Friday 6th April 2001 starting at Unibar 6-7pm. 7-8 Crown and Anchor. 8pm Yiros break. 8.30-9pm Eastend exchange. 9.30-10.30 Mansions. 10.30 Worldsend. To get cheap drinks you will need to buy a Bacchae T-shirt for \$15, to be sold at the following events: Thurs 5th April at the AGM check the noticeboard 7th Floor Hughes building.

## Demonological Union IGM

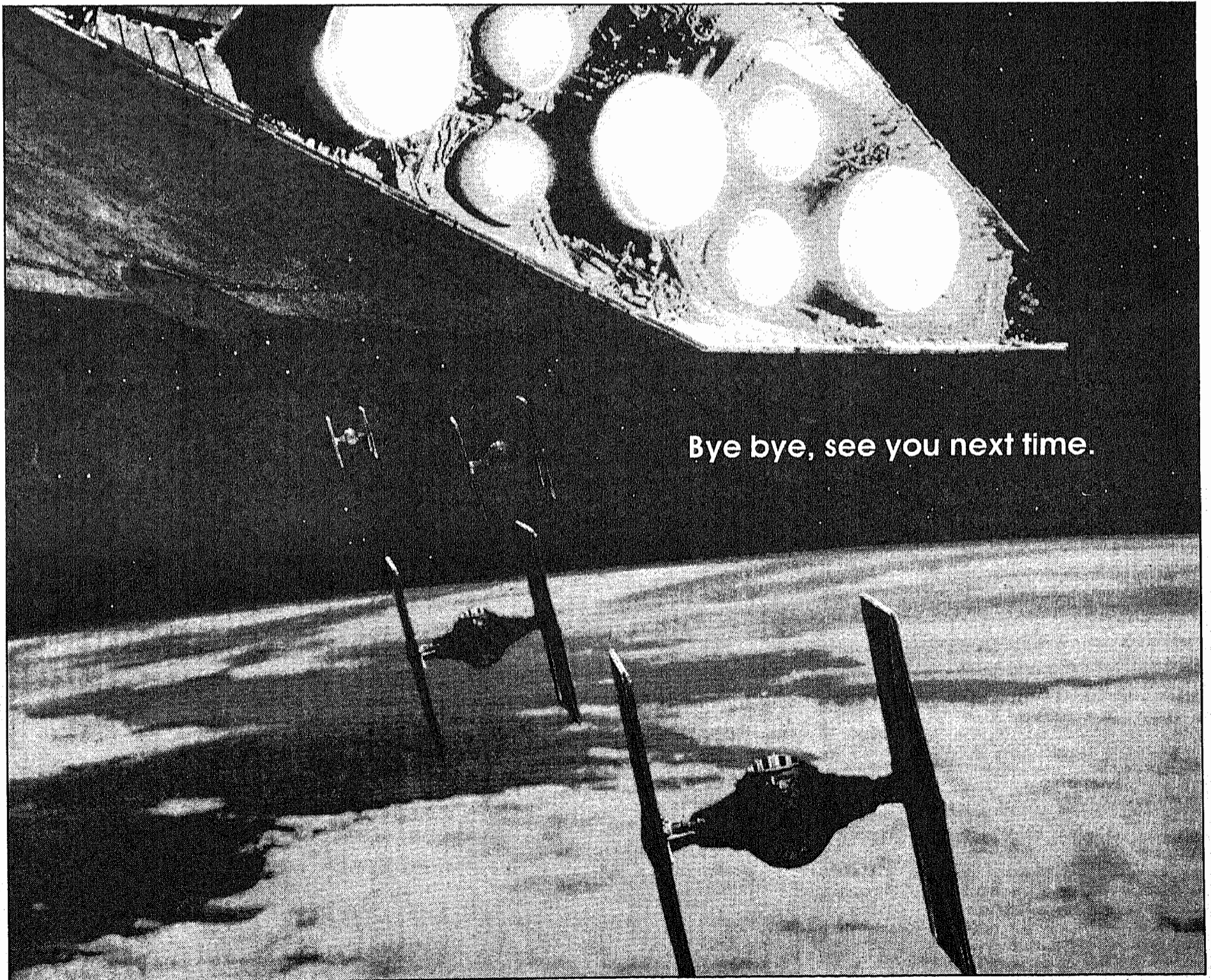
Come and revel with us in the glory of the Fallen One! The Demonological Union is having its Inaugural General Meeting at 1pm Monday in the Union Cinema. Join in the fun with the D.U.

## AUBA (Bands Assoc.)

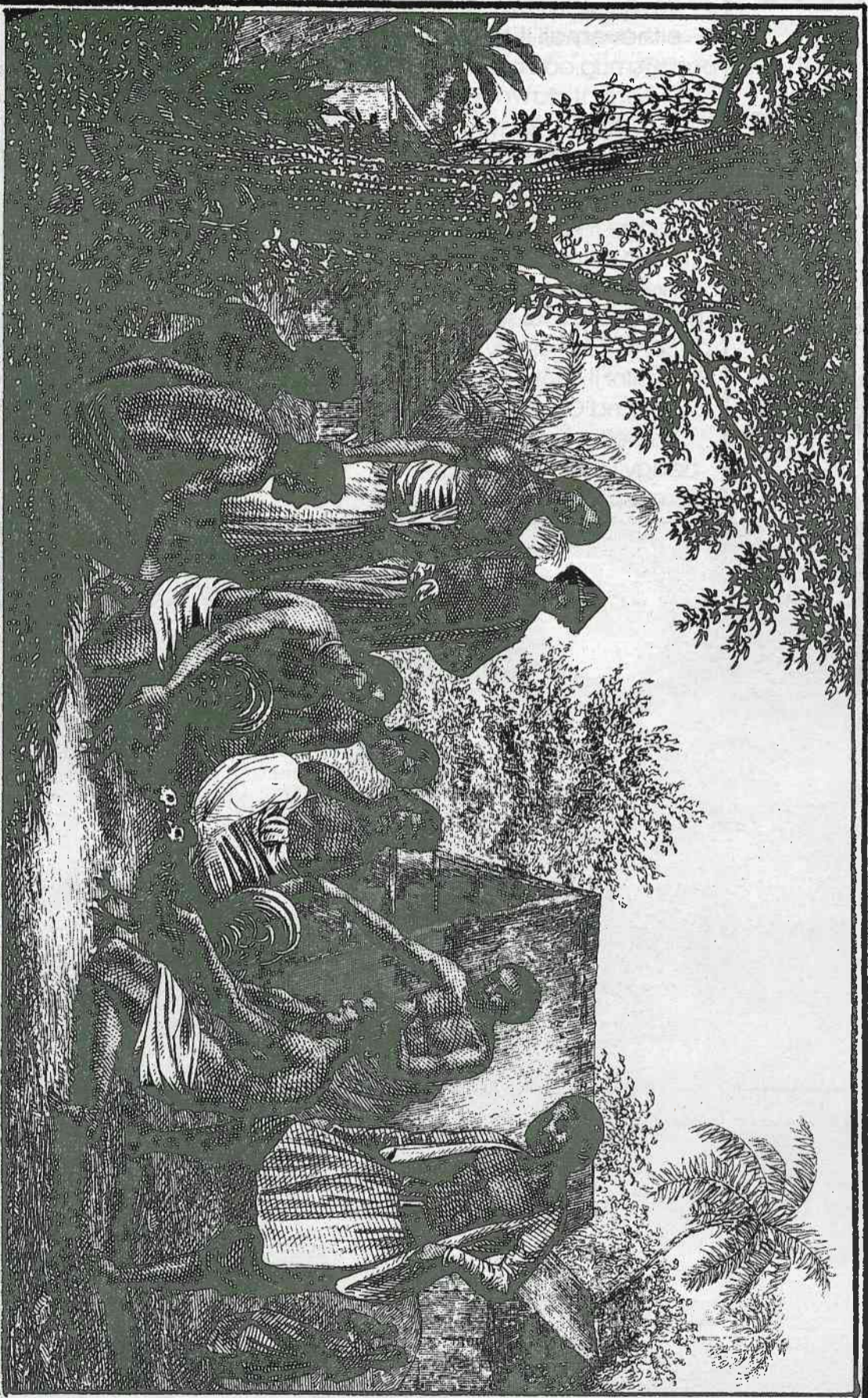
Attention members there will be an AGM held at 1pm on Friday 30th March on the 5th Floor of the Union Building. All members are invited to attend and choose new committee members. Positions of President, Treasurer, Secretary, Clubs rep and Publicity Officer will become vacant and new committee members called for. So please come along and nominate for a position and let's see the club take off this year. I'm not sure but we may have a few drinks and nibbles if I can find the rest of the committee before the meeting, if not see you there anyway.  
 Nancy White, Secretary AUBA

## Liberal Club AGM

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> March, at 1pm, North/South Dining room - level 3 Union house.



Bye bye, see you next time.



After a few whites, the conversation inevitably turned to who had the biggest cock.



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.