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On Dit

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On Dit

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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

These are some spunky fish

Wanna write?

Come and see us in our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (right next to the hot and happening toilets), accessible from the Barr Smith lawns. Alternatively, email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

Next Edition:

Deadline 8th August

Published 13th August

Waiter! Get a bottle of champagne for these people....

Gemma, Kirsten, Kirstie, Luke, Daisy, Stanley, Mikey, David Dury and the guy from ITS with the strange hairstyle for (kinda) fixing our email, Tanisha, all of the Mayo-fairies (especially Christine) and Good Luck to Joe for the rest of the season. No thanks to Stan's nasty Landlady!

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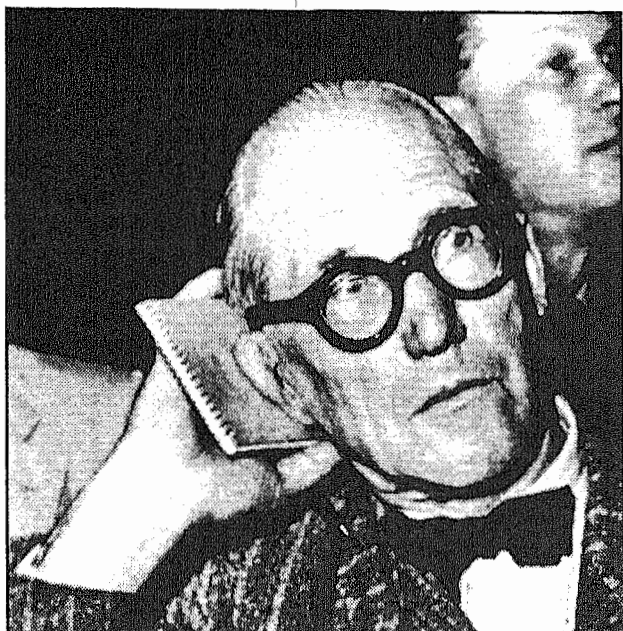
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Academic Board Update



This man may or may not be an academic, and may or may not be bored.

Hi all, as promised here is my update of what is occurring in the upper echelons of University management!

Last Wednesday saw the Academic Board sit to discuss a plethora of educational issues that affect all students.

University's Strategic and Operational Plans

The first major item on the agenda was discussion and input requested of the board on the University's Strategic and Operational Plans. The Strategic Plan of the University is the document that outlines the overall direction and goals of the University for the next ten years and the Operational Plan sets goals and accountabilities and responsibilities for the implementation of projects that will achieve the goals of the strategic plan. Most of the discussion of these documents centred on the two areas: 1) the impact that lower levels of funding from the government will have on Universities and the corresponding need to increase the level of funding from outside bodies and in par-

ticular full fee paying students 2) what impact the increased numbers of fee paying students will have on the operations of the University. The questions relating to these two areas focused on a table from the operational plan which highlighted the changing demographics that are predicted within the University over the next five years. By 2005 the University is aiming at raising the overall percentage of international full fee paying students by 5.1% to 15.5% of the total University population. At the same time as the

numbers of fee paying international students is increasing, the total number of teaching and learning staff within the University is predicted to drop. The Students' Association asked what the impact of these changes would have on the quality of teaching and learning and whether, given that the staff numbers will be dropping, that funding will be redirected from areas with a low concentration of full fee paying students into areas where there are high concentrations of these types of students. The Students' Association also asked what steps the University was taking to ensure that the full fee paying international students had the appropriate and adequate support services to ensure that their time in Adelaide was as rewarding and fruitful as possible. The University gave a categorical assurance that there would not be a prioritisation of funding for areas with greater numbers of fee paying students over HECS dominated areas and also that the University was committed to ensuring that the fee paying students had all of the necessary support mechanisms to en-

sure that their time in Adelaide was as hassle free as possible.

The Vice Chancellor's report also provided a number of highly relevant developments and issues that are occurring within the University. Chief among these was the issue of a review commissioned by the University into Assessment practices. This comes out of the furore created by academics in a number of Eastern state Universities where it was alleged that full fee paying students, both domestic and international, were receiving preferential treatment in the marking of their work. As a result, the University Council at it's last meeting on Monday passed a motion that: "Council reaffirms the University's commitment to the principle that students and staff have the right to fairly criticise, free of malice or vexatious intent, the policies and performance of the University, without fear of repercussions including summary dismissal or denial of due process". Essentially what this motion means is that the University will not persecute either students or staff that come forward and report on incidents, like soft marking for fee paying students, and will ensure that the due processes and policies are followed in each case. Look forward to more information on the outcomes of the review into soft marking in the coming months.

Gender and Equity at Adelaide University

The other major item that was discussed at was the report from the Gender, Equity and Diversity Committee. This committee was established in March 2000 and has four equity priorities for action, the first of these being to "improve the gender profile of the University, particularly in senior academic and administrative roles". The report highlighted the poor standards of gender equity that Adelaide University has at present. The statistics that were presented in the report were obtained from Selected Higher Education Staff Statistics (DEETYA 1996) and included the following categories where Adelaide University was performing poorly:

...
 • Universities where women are fewer than 10% of positions above senior lecturer:

...In 1997 the national benchmark for this criteria was 13%. In 2001 Adelaide has still not achieved this, much less the sector average which is 16%. Among the Go8, two universities are currently above 20% and Adelaide is second to bottom with women currently holding 11.3% of positions above Senior Lecturer.

• Universities where women are fewer than 20% at Senior Lecturer level: Here, Adelaide was one of five of the Go8 out of the total of 10 Universities mentioned.

• Adelaide did not appear in the one remaining category (Universities where women hold fewer than 40% of tenurable positions at Lecturer level and below).

...
 -Gender, Equity and Diversity Committee Report to Academic Board, 5/01, Alastair Blake, Acting Convenor, Executive Dean of Science.

This paints a fairly damning picture of the University's position on gender equity and the tertiary sector more generally. It is encouraging that Adelaide University is admitting that there are still problems in gender equity and is taking some steps to address them. However, as one of the speakers at the Board meeting, Professor Caroline McMillan pointed out, "the incremental improvement of gender equity and the recognition of problems and changes to the system within the University are necessary ways to improve gender equity. However, these may not work as research indicates that incremental changes do not work where problems are long standing". Professor McMillan asked the question of "What new processes might be brought to bear on women recruited to Adelaide through either general or academic staff?" This implies that the University will need to look at the overarching culture of the entire University in order to really effect some significant change in gender equity. Until this happened, Professor McMillan felt "reluctant to have a reiterative discussion when issues such as these have already been thrashed out". In the coming months the committee will continue to analyse the impact of gender equity on the University and propose changes to practices that will hopefully contribute to a change in the culture and operations of the University.

Tom Radzevicius

Student Pathways

The University is currently reviewing the ease with which students can study the courses that they wish to and attempting to implement policy that reflects the changing needs of students. The review committee is asking for feedback and input from students relating to instances where you have been unable to pursue a course of study because of either course requirements or other restrictions. The University is particularly interested in knowing the reasons what changes and areas need to be addressed in different faculties and schools to allow greater flexibility for students to study what they choose. Also the University is looking into the reasons that good combinations of study were restricted by your faculty or school and the impact that this has had on your degree programs. So, if you have any comments, suggestions, or examples of unfair restrictions and obstructions in place within the University that have prohibited you from studying the courses you wished, please send them to me (Tom Radzevicius) via the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, Ground Floor George Murray Building, or call 83035406 or through email at tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au. I look forward to your comments.

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MULTICULTURAL

Welcome to Multicultural Week...

What is Australian identity in the Twenty First Century? Modern Australia is unique in the range of its cultural diversity, from the indigenous cultures of the Aboriginal Nation to the broad swathe of immigrant groups from all the continents who have chosen Australia as their home.

Evidence of Australia's multi-culturalism is all around us. Take a walk down any food court in Adelaide, and enjoy the vast range of cuisines. Take a cultural tour of the deservedly famous Central Market. Accustom your ears to the rich diversity languages and accents as you go about your daily life. Appreciate the different cultural perspectives and experiences of your fellow international students as you engage with the international students of your own Uni.

Multicultural Week was established in 1993, as a key event in the Overseas Students' Association's events calendar. It has always functioned and will continue to act as a celebration of cultural diversity in Adelaide Uni and the wider community of Adelaide.

As the chairperson of Multicultural Week, I have had the invaluable opportunity to get to know people from a variety of different cultures, on the common ground of celebrating cultural goodwill and awareness of cultural diversity. I have worked with people from Asian, European and Australian backgrounds as part of my role. Not only has this been a fun and enjoyable experience but it has

also allowed me to appreciate the value of teamwork and cross-cultural interaction. We could work together productively to celebrate our differences and expand our cultural horizons, comparing and sharing out ideas and beliefs.

Multicultural Week is an event that promotes cultural awareness, while at the same time demonstrating pride in and commitment to the modern incarnation of Australia as a multi-cultural nation. The theme of this year M-Week, 'Cultural Quest', epitomises the need for continued curiosity and interest in other cultural experiences, on the quest for a truly modern cultural identity that incorporates and embraces cultural diversity in a harmonious way. During the week, there will be open-air cultural performances and dances, and a wide range of cultural cuisines will be available for your delectation at the Barr Smith Lawns.

I would like to pay tribute to the enormous contributions made by the Multicultural Week organising committee members and the volunteers who have given so generously of their time and effort in order to ensure the co-ordination of all activities throughout this event.. Your assistance and enthusiasm is sincerely appreciate.

Finally I urge everyone to participate in this celebration of cultural diversity. Wherever you are from, wherever you are going, this is about you. Your cultural experience and insight is unique and should be celebrated. Welcome to Multicultural Week!

Multicultural WEEK

Aug 6-10

Martial Arts, Music,
Cultural Dances,
M-Nite, Cultural
costume comp,
Food from around
the world...

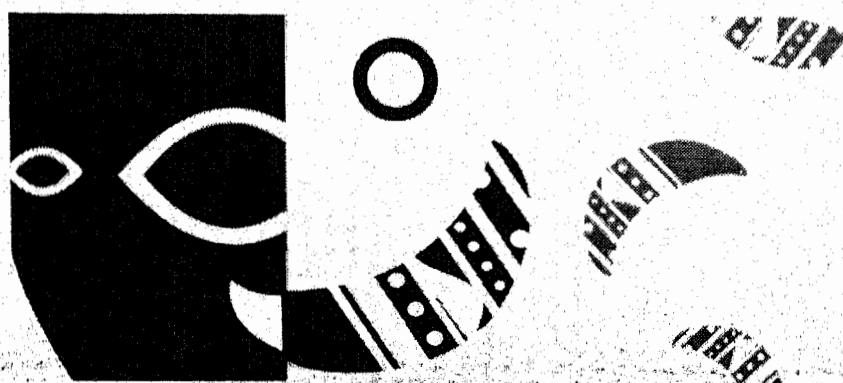
Culture Quest

OSA

Cultural Quest Quiz

In keeping with the 'Cultural Quest' theme of Multicultural Week, answer the following questions and drop it into the 'Q Boxes' around the Barr Smith Lawns during the week. There will be a prize draw on Friday night (M Night) to choose the winner.

- Q1. How would one say "welcome" in German?
- Q2. How would one say "welcome" in French?
- Q3. How would one say "thank you" in Japanese?
- Q4. How would one say "how do you do?" in Polish?
- Q5. How would one say "how are you?" in Spanish?
- Q6. How would one say "hello" in Cantonese?
- Q7. How would one say "how are you?" in Hindi?
- Q8. How would one say "welcome" in Malay?
- Q9. How would one say "welcome" in Chinese?
- Q10. How would one say "welcome" in Tagalog?
- Q11. How would one say "hello" in Vietnamese?
- Q12. How would one say "thank you" in Norwegian?
- Q13. How would one say "how are you?" in Danish?



WEEK AUG 6-10

Timetable for the Week

Monday

Barr Smith Lawns

- 11:45 - Welcoming Parade
- 12 noon - Lion Dance
- 12:40 - Belly Dance
- 12:55 - Chinese Martial Arts
- 1:05 - Line Dance
- 1:30 - African Drum
- 1:50 - Latin Dance

Thursday

Barr Smith Lawns

- 12 noon - Indian Dance
- 12:20 - Andean Dance
- 12:40 - Jazz Dance
- 1:00 - Trio
- 1:20 - Sailor Dance
- 1:40 - Limbo Dance
- 2:00 - Latin and Salsa

Tuesday

Barr Smith Lawns

- 12 noon - Thai Dance
- 12:20 - Conga Dance
- 12:40 - Scottish Pipe Dance
- 1:00 - Tap Dance
- 1:30 - Chinese Ballet
- 1:40 - Bamboo Dance

Friday

Barr Smith Lawns

- 12 noon - Salsa & Latin Dance
- 12:20 - Fashion Show
- 12:40 - Japanese Classical
- 12:50 - Red Ribbon Dance
- 1:20 - Round Dance
- 1:40 - Mongolian Dance

Wednesday

Barr Smith Lawns

- 12 noon - Folk Dance
- 12:20 - African Drum
- 12:40 - Sri Lankan Dance
- 1:00 - Highland Dance
- 1:20 - Tae Kwan Do
- 1:40 - Line Dancing

Friday - Evening

Mayo

- 7:00pm - Japanese Drum
- 7:35 - Latin Dance
- 8:15 - Indian Dance
- 8:25 - Sword Dance
- 8:35 - Indian Dance
- 8:50 - Flamenco Dance
- 9:00 - Chinese Traditional
- 9:20 - Folk Dance

SAUA Roundup

Jayne Lewis, one of the Editors of Counter Calendar 2001, has resigned. And that is pretty much all we can say on the matter of Counter Calendar because it was all *in camera*. And it could have been really interesting, so you are missing out. So there. Run for election for the SAUA Council and then you can sit in on exciting bits of fun like we witnessed Tuesday night.

One other thing we can say about Counter Calendar, the alternative subject guide collated from responses to the surveys you'll see dotted around the campus, is that it will not be appearing in a printed form this year (unlike last year, when it didn't appear at all). This will protect the SAUA from a lot of financial risk and allow the C.C. to be constantly updated throughout the year. The only question now is: will it be ready in time for enrolments?

Following a spate of staff departures from the Union (from the most senior positions down) the SAUA has felt the bite of loss with the departure of Employment Officer Vicki Thiele. Unfortunately the loss of Vicki has left the future of the Employment Service (which already enjoyed a shaky existence) in doubt.

The cock-up of the week this week has to go to the farce that was the appointment of the Returning Officer for the SAUA and Union elections (coming up way too soon). Despite the fact that all the election material displayed so far

has been 'authorised' by a non-existent Returning Officer (that's right, the SAUA lied) there does need to be a RO by the opening of nominations which was last Thursday. Usually, the Chief Executive Officer of the Union acts as the RO, but as the Union is currently CEO-less somebody had to be appointed to take up the responsibility.

So on Tuesday night the Election Tribunal met and realised that as the SAUA has no money it needed to appoint the same RO as the Union so that the Union will pay. Unfortunately, the Union's own Election Tribunal (or whatever it's called) was having trouble meeting to decide which RO they would be using, and an apparent breakdown in communication between Union President Tanisha Hewanpola and the SAUA lead to confusion.

So Tanisha was wheeled in to the SAUA Election Tribunal to try and work out a solution. Unfortunately a solution was hard to find, and a convoluted motion provisionally appointing external company Global Tertiary Solutions on

the proviso that the Union would use the same company (or something like that) or passed. Confused yet? An emergency meeting of the Union Election Tribunal on Wednesday night ended up appointing GTS, ensuring that the SAUA did indeed have an RO by the opening of nominations on Thursday so that they no longer need to lie on all their forms. Isn't it all happy?

Speaking of theme weeks, the Environment Department put on a fairly impressive show for Environment Week. Enviro Officer Georgie Perks, along with committee members Sarah Hanson and Kirsty Smith, ran an exceptionally well organised week with much sponsorship and lots of things going on. It's a pity that not as many people as hoped enjoyed the week's activities (except for Save the Forest Funk at the Rhino Room, which was packed). Maybe in part because of the weather, which kept people off the slightly damp Barr Smith Lawns, Environment Week may have suffered the same curse that seems to hang over most SAUA events. Hopefully this curse will not affect the up-coming SAUA Dance Party run by Mark Henderson and the Activities De-

partment. It would also be good to have a successful event associated with the SAUA, so it would no longer have to disguise its events under devious names to trick people into attending.

Bad news about Women's Week, which was scheduled to happen in the last week of this term. Apparently the Barr Smith Lawns, where events such as Women's Week usually happens, had not been booked. So Union Activities booked it out for a three-day end-of-term 'Carnival'. Oh well.

Anyway kids, nominations are now open for SAUA positions, both paid and unpaid, so if you want to get involved with this great organisation then get cracking. You can put it on your resume.

COUNTER CALENDAR

Don't forget to fill out a Counter Calendar Survey for each of the subjects you are doing - 1st Semester, 2nd Semester and full-year.

Centrelink: nasty or just incompetent?

Are you receiving Youth Allowance? Have you ever been breached?

A 'breach' occurs when Centrelink thinks that you have failed to fulfill either an activities test or some kind of administrative requirement.

There has been a 250% increase in the rate of breaches since 1997, and in the financial year 1999/2000 36% of breaches were overturned on appeal - indicating that they never should have been issued in the first place. Add to this reports from ex-Centrelink workers that they were expected to work towards informal quotas for the number of breaches issued, and one could be forgiven for suspecting that Centrelink is deliberately abusing the breach system to cut the amount of money it pays out to welfare recipients.

In this environment, it is important that anyone lucky enough to be on a Centrelink allowance is aware of their rights.

If you don't like a decision that Centrelink has made (this includes breaches, your initial application for benefits or any other decision) you can get it reviewed. There is a series of steps you should take in getting a decision overturned.

Note: It is important to record details of any conversation you have with a Centrelink drone. Ask for their identifying number and the number of the conversation, and take notes of everything you discuss with them. A dispute will sometimes come down to your word against theirs, and extensive records help your credibility.

1) Talk to them

Try to contact the person who made the original decision and discuss it with them. If that fails, talk to other people at the same office - different people often give different answers, depending on how stressed (or just plain nasty) they are - or how close they are to breaking quota, I suppose. Even if your case is a bit dodgy you may be able to talk them into believing you, so keep trying.

2) Get a formal review

Still not happy with a decision you consider incorrect? You can get it reviewed by another Centrelink person, who may take a different view. This can help clear up misunderstandings, as you have a chance to give your side of the story and point out the mistakes you believe the original decision-maker made.

3) Social Security Appeals Tribunal

Within 13 weeks of the original decision, and after you've been through a formal review, you can apply to the SSAT (if you wait until after 13 weeks you won't be able to get back pay). This procedure is complicated, so go to see the Education Welfare Officers in the Lady Symon Building before you take things this far. In fact, it's probably a good idea to see the E.W.O.s at the first sign of any Centrelink-related trouble.

4) The Administrative Appeals Tribunal

If all else fails, you can go to the AAT. Again, speak to the E.W.O.s about this.

Sources:

Rachel Thomson, NUS National Education Officer

Susan Lachner, The unheard injustice: Young People and Centrelink Breaches

POSITION VACANT

Unibooks Board Member

Unibooks is

- wholly owned by the Adelaide University Union;
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Applications close August 13, 2001.

For more information, please contact:

Ms. Tanisha Hewanpola

President

Adelaide University Union

North Terrace, Adelaide, 5005

(Ph.) 8303 5401

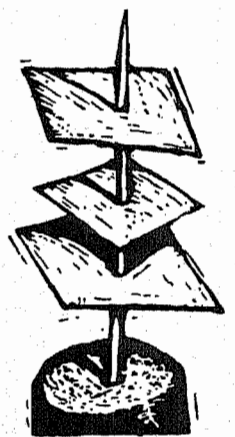


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Election Rumours

• O'Week director Mitch Coidan has been acting more and more like he is running for a major position – the question being if he intends that position to be within the SAUA or the Union.

• With both other O'Camp directors rumoured to be going for major positions will MAD candidate Lisa Amabili run to make up an O'Camp President/ACVP/EVP trio? We don't think so... but MAD certainly has a Presidential Candidate up its sleeve. Will it be Councillor Caitlin Gill or current ACVP Mark Henderson – eager to make the leap from VP to President?

• Will 2001 Environment Officer candidate Bek Cornish choose to run for any positions this year? Or will she simply run the Independents' early morning aerobics sessions?

• What colours will everyone be wearing this year? Will the Indies stick to their orange/purple/green staples? Renowned for 'testing out' their colours on events during the year – will 2001 O'Co George Taylor's choice of red/yellow/black during Orientation point to their campaign colours?

• Women's Officer has been a little hard to pick this year, with no obvious candidates. We are pretty sure that all factions have something up their sleeves but everyone is being very tight lipped about this one. We might just have to look to the Women's Standing Committee for some likely candidates.

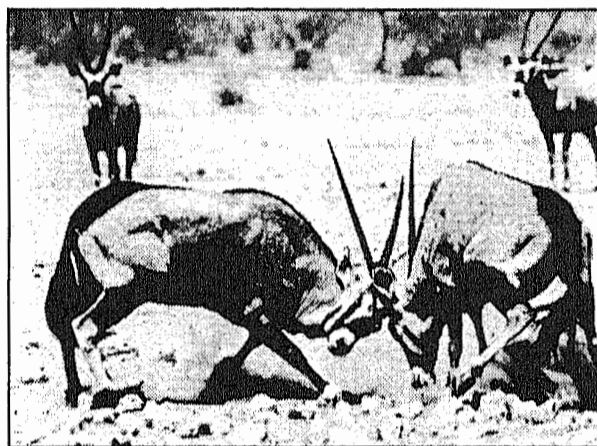
• Will ex-Independent Marissa Meller-Harris decide to run for the President? An early favourite for the top job with the Independent ticket – her aspirations were put to a halt when, the rumours say, she was kicked out of her party. Will she run as a small i?

• Many have been sniffing around the *On Dit* office to get the low down on who will produce the paper next year. All we can say is that we know that one team made up of *On Dit* sub-eds Michael Fyfe, Jenny Kalionis and Linda Rust should run uncontested.

• Environment Officer candidates aren't making themselves heard in the lead up to close of nominations but the

word around town is that current Environment Officer Georgie Perks is grooming a chosen one to follow in her footsteps. Will the major tickets run candidates contesting Georgie's choice? Standing Committee member Daniel Joyce has been hailed as a possibility – running with the Independents ticket. Of course, with some in the SAUA wanting to get rid of the Environment Department altogether, these may be the last people ever to hold the position.

• Will 2001 Sexuality Officers Elise Duffield and Sam Butler run again? The most effective sex-o team so far, they may wish to continue their quest to see the sexuality department turn into a queer department. Word has it that



Student Elections: Fun to be in, fun to watch.

Sam is uninterested in a second term, but Elise – who knows? They may have found some successors from within the PRIDE group who they can groom to continue their good work.

• Who will take on the cursed O'Co role for 2002? The failure of the referendum earlier this year means that the position will remain largely the same as in previous years – a known difficult job. It would need to be a capable and organised candidate with factional support within the SAUA to do the job really well. O'Tours director and general wunderkind Carol Foy has been suggested, as has the United Students (Labor Right) affiliated Jimmy McIntyre – but he may be interested in a more senior activities position. US comrade Kate Ninnes may be up for the job.

• As with every year speculation has centred around who each faction will nominate for that most coveted position

of power, the Presidency. Word on the street seems to point in the direction of a certain EVP. Hmm. But we here at *On Dit* wonder if Brad Kitschke could possibly desire another year in student politics – after all, he has already been involved for 4 and a half. That's longer than most people even spend at Uni.

• Councillor Caitlin Gill's name has been suggested for nearly every position. But she's not talking.

• My, those *On Dit* editors have done a pretty smashing job this year. Will they put their hands up for the position again? Could they possibly be elected against their clean slated competition? Despite all protests that they would never *ever* run again, they are being a little coy about the whole thing. Suspicious.

• Oh, Sarah Hanson – what are you up to?

• We aren't really sure about Student Radio, but the rumour is that there may be two teams of two each running for the Directorship, after several years of smooth, uncontested transition.

• Union President Tanisha Hewanpola will be (and we think a little reluctantly) forced to hand over the top job – but to whom? Her chosen successor would appear to be current Board member Susie Young, a popular choice. But would the national factions sit idly by while a member of a smaller, campus-based group took such a coveted position? We doubt it. Ex-SAUA Pres Stephen Mullighan disappeared for a while when his power seemed to fade post 2000, maybe it's time for a come-



back. On the other hand, Tanisha seems to enjoy the position a little too much, and it would be a shame to see her razor project abruptly scrapped by a hostile successor. Second term, Taneesh?

• Would 2001 O'Coordinator George Taylor be crazy enough to give the SAUA another go? We wouldn't put it past her...she may just want to outshine her big sister, 1996 SAUA President Kim Taylor.

• Who knows what the hell the Liberals are planning.

• Oh, the troubles of belonging to a smaller ticket and having bigger dreams. Word is that there are several members of smaller faction NOLS (Labor Left) with Office Bearer aspirations. EVP and Women's Officer are the two we hear bandied about the most – but could a small ticket possibly vie for two positions? More likely is the possibility they will choose to prioritise one position – which one?

• There are so many activities bunnies running around in MAD it is hard to pick just one who could be running for ACVP. Nevertheless, our money's on Cathy Godfrey, mainly because she has recently been seen on campus sporting a snazzy little t-shirt emblazoned with the words 'It's just a Game: Come play Student Politics'. Come play with us Cathy...

Student Representatives on the Student Appeals Committee

In March this year the University introduced its Policy and Procedures for the Prevention, Handling and Resolution of Student Complaints. Under this Policy students may complain about the delivery of academic and administrative services offered by the University.

Wherever possible, complaints are dealt with in the area of the University or by the member of staff responsible for the service or process about which the complaint is being made. Complaints that are resolved quickly, locally and with the fewest people have the greatest chance of removing any impediment to good working/teaching/learning relationships.

If attempts to resolve a complaint locally are unsuccessful, students may request that the complaint be heard by the Student Ap-

peals Committee. It is not a standing committee, but rather a separate committee is convened for each appeal. One student representative is required on each Student Appeals Committee. All currently enrolled undergraduate and postgraduate students are eligible to serve on the Committee.

Any students interested in serving as a representative are invited to register their interest or seek further information from the Secretariat to the Student Appeals Committee. They can send their details to suggestions@adelaide.edu.au or contact Kellie Toole on 8303 3341, 531, Wills Building or at kellie.toole@adelaide.edu.au or Peter Backhouse on 8303 7503, 530 Wills Building or at peter.backhouse@adelaide.edu.au any time.

N.U.S.

An NUS SA Education Meeting to discuss the upcoming National Day of Action will be held on Wednesday, August 8th. Starting at 5pm in the Margaret Murray Room, Level 5 Union Building. All welcome. For more information contact Joel at nussapresident@eudoramail.com

Conferences Galore!

Some went to one, others went to them all, and Kate Wilson was one of the latter. Like a conference zealot feeding on mane political debate, she managed to attend almost every major conference over the break. This is her story...

Over the holidays I attended three student conferences; Students and Sustainability (S & S), the National Union of Students Education Conference, and the Network of Women Students Australia (NOWSA) conference.

STUDENTS & SUSTAINABILITY
S & S brought together over 500 environmental activists, with topics such as climate change, deforestation, and uranium mining debated, as well as issues of racism and sexism within the environment movement. Alternative energy resources and strategies for campaigning were also explored.

The connection between corporate globalisation and environmental destruction was a topical discussion. A motion in support of the upcoming mobilisations against the Commonwealth Business Forum (CBF) in Melbourne and the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting (CHOGM) in Brisbane in October was passed, as students recognised that mass protests outside the CBF and CHOGM could express mass opposition to the next WTO round. The WTO intends to enforce pro-corporate rules on agriculture, intellectual property rights and international trade which will have devastating effects on the environment.

The conference also recognised the importance of international solidarity. This was illustrated by the enthusiastic reception the visiting students from PNG received from the conference. These students had participated in recent protests against the austerity measures of the IMF, where three students were shot dead. The conference overwhelmingly passed a motion proposed by Resistance that called for an National Day of Action on August 16th in support of democracy and human rights in PNG, Indonesia and Aceh.

NOWSA

NOWSA was organised around the theme "Which way forward for women's liberation? Women of the world working together". Around 300 women attended this year's NOWSA, and the theme became the focus for debate, with feminists particularly discussing the importance of participating in the global anti-corporate movement. This is because worldwide it is women who are affected the most by the poverty exacerbated by corporate globalisation.

Other significant debates at the conference were what alliances would strengthen the women's liberation movement and how to combat racism within it.

The conference supported a call to organise non-sexist block-the-CBF and -CHOGM demonstrations, and resolved to support an NDA for reproductive rights on August the 8th. It also condemned the racist policies of the Liberal government towards refugees and supported a call to form a sanctuary network to harbour escaped refugees.

NATIONAL EDUCATION CONFERENCE

This year's conference discussed the ongoing crisis of higher education and

how it's linked to corporate globalisation. More than 300 students attended, and plenary topics included "Education in a globalised economy", "Cuts and changes to education" and "Who's missing from your classroom - fighting against oppression."

A plenary discussed the impact of GATS (the General Agreement on Trade in Services) at the next WTO round to potentially affect higher education. The conference looked at the significance of the upcoming mobilisations against the CBF and CHOGM. The small but vocal right wing of the conference questioned the significance of these mobilisations in relation to higher education. We explained the potential for huge mobilisations outside the CBF and CHOGM to pressure the next WTO round about the impact on higher education if GATS is passed.

Resolutions included support for the CBF and CHOGM demonstrations, with the call for NUS to produce posters, leaflets and to actively help build the demonstrations. An Aceh solidarity motion was overwhelmingly passed, with the conference calling for the immediate release of Kautsar, an activist arrested during a protest against Exxon Mobil who is now being charged with subversion, and other political prisoners, an end to Indonesian military repression of Acehnese people and an end to Australian military ties with Indonesia. The conference also decided to hold a NDA against cuts to the education system.

Clearly, each conference focussed on the connection between corporate globalisation and the problems of the environment, higher education and women's rights. Recently in *On Dit* it has been claimed that organising mass mobilisations for CBF and CHOGM has no relevance for the state of higher education. Given that this view is taken by two of the National Education Conference participants, we can assume that neither of them attended the plenary on GATS, or even listened to any of the arguments put forth throughout the entire conference.

Due to this confusion, articles in this and future issues of *On Dit* will seek to explain the effects of GATS on higher education. However, the fact that each conference passed resolutions to support the CBF and CHOGM demonstrations shows that the majority of student activists actually *do* think it is important in the fight for higher education.

Oh, and people actually do win government concessions through mass protests. In the 70s, Whitlam didn't just decide to give free education, students had to fight for it. If enough people mobilise for the CBF and CHOGM demonstrations, it will send a clear and powerful message that will have a direct impact on not only our education, everyday lives and the basic services we use, but for people right around the world.

**Kate Wilson
Resistance**

Big Brother balls-up

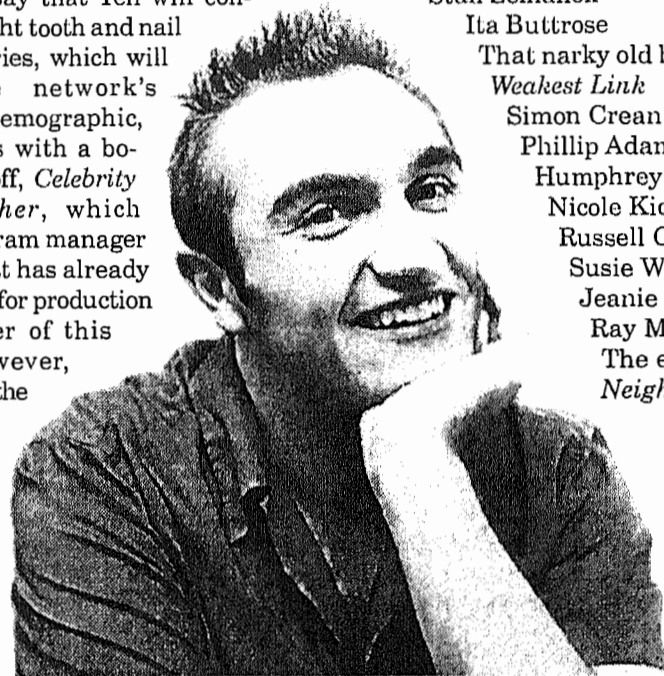
Network Ten has so far failed to secure the rights to *Big Brother 2* (the sequel to *Big Brother*). The exclusive negotiation period between production company Southern Star Endemol and Network Ten is set to conclude inside the month, while a spokeswoman for the youth-orientated network has admitted that Ten is yet to "finalise negotiations".

Both Seven and Nine are now moving to snap up the rights to the lucrative sequel, which should amount to over 100 hours of high-rating air time. Analysts say that Ten will continue to fight tooth and nail for the series, which will suit the network's younger demographic, and comes with a bonus spin-off, *Celebrity Big Brother*, which Ten's program manager David Mott has already scheduled for production in October of this year. However, thanks to the network's current insistence upon a share of the merchandising profits, Southern Star

continues to withhold the rights to the widely anticipated sequel, despite the network's success with the original series.

In slightly related news, sources close to both the Ten Network and *On Dit* have leaked the following unofficial list of Australian celebrities who have expressed interest in auditioning for *Celebrity Big Brother*:

George Denikian
Jackie O
Leigh McClusky
Stan Zemanek
Ila Buttrose
That narky old bat from *The Weakest Link*
Simon Crean
Phillip Adams
Humphrey B. Bear
Nicole Kidman
Russell Crowe
Susie Wilkes
Jeanie Little
Ray Martin
The entire cast of *Neighbours*
Stanley
George
Lady
Symon
Tristan



General Agreement on Trade in Services

After the defeat of the World Trade Organisation's Multilateral Agreement on Investment in the late 1990s, the next stage in the global free trade project is the General Agreement on Trade in Services. GATS has been around since 1994, but is only now emerging as the great hope of the WTO in its ongoing battle against social democracy.

Basically, GATS will force all of its signatory governments to open up their domestic markets in services to foreign competitors. The types of 'services' affected will include almost everything, from education to water to health and possibly even goods as well (as the sale and distribution of goods counts as a 'service').

Let's take education. Under GATS, governments may have to treat foreign for-profit education companies on the same footing as domestic public universities (which, as they charge fees, could be regarded as commercial enterprises by the WTO). The funding given to public Universities would be treated as a subsidy, and in order to avoid violating GATS the government will have to find a way of funding corporate educators on the same footing. The same applies to water, health and all of the other things covered by GATS. Although exemptions

are available, these are temporary and 'subject to negotiation in subsequent trade liberalizing rounds'.

If the above sounds a little uncertain, it is because there has been so little open debate about GATS and its potential impact. The agreement has been negotiated largely behind closed doors between heads of governments and representatives of corporations, and has been ignored by media and politicians alike. Furthermore, neither the governments involved nor even the WTO itself really know how the treaty will work in practice, as large parts of it will be shaped by the interpretations that future WTO judgement panels place on them.

The next round of discussions involving Australia will be occurring at the October Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in Brisbane. Not surprisingly, large protests are planned.

Linley Henzell

For further information:
World Trade Organisation:
www.wto.org/english/tratop_e/serv_e/gatsintr_e.htm
A short critique:
www.globalissues.org/TradeRelated/FreeTrade/GATS.asp
A longer, more detailed critique:
www.oneworld.net (search for 'GATS')

George W. Bush: He's not so bad

"But what a guy! Bush is 'governing from the centre' like a man who thinks the centre is about ten yards to the right of Jesse Helms. Every day brings more good news: Government promotion of abortion overseas—out! Logging on federal lands—in! Kissing up to North Korea—out! Drilling for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Reserve—in! Vetting of judicial appointees by the lefties of the American Bar Association—out! Two hundred percent marginal tax rates for anti-tobacco lawyers—in! Ergonomic regulations in the workplace—out! Arsenic in water—in! To be honest, I think I speak for many heartless right-wing bastards when I say that some of these initiatives are in areas we never even knew we didn't care about."

So wrote the entertaining Mark Steyn in the *Spectator* of London earlier this year, in a manner typical of media portrayals of George W. Bush as a hard-line conservative and environmental Nazi. This simple depiction of the President is not only inaccurate, but fails to recognise a mindset that is either much more complex, or perhaps erratic, than we are commonly led to believe.

Admittedly, there are several issues on which Bush has taken an extremely conservative stance. Take, for example, the institution of the 'Global Gag Rule' barring foreign organizations that receive U.S. aid from using their own money to speak freely about abortion law reform. Pro-abortion groups are gagged even in nations where abortion is legal, while organizations working to criminalize abortion or to increase restrictions on abortion access are not censored by the U.S. government. The policy provoked a concerted effort to sue the President for unlawful censorship.

Another example was the transparent proposal to abandon the practice of allowing the American Bar Association to vet judicial candidates, a task that has been turned over to conservative legal ideologues. It was a blatant attempt to pack judicial vacancies with candidates who would be disposed to enforcing the

'morality' of the religious right. Meanwhile the President's pet 'Star Wars' missile defence project is not exactly the policy of a forward-thinking proponent of global governance. It is a dangerously isolationist and provocative plan.

The infamous tax cut package is simply nonsensical. While Bush may be a committed libertarian, the package is as close to an admission that large, long-term tax cuts aren't sustainable as you'll get. Most of the cuts up to 2005 will be for those earning under \$50,000. The great relief for the wealthy isn't scheduled until the period 2006-10, by which time the Democrats may well be back in the White House and hoarding cash to retire debt again. At any rate, the entire bill is repealed in 2011, because no one wants to admit how costly it will be by then. The scheme is largely gimmick because, given Congress's \$1.35 trillion cap, it entails all sorts of fiddling with other parts of the system like the Alternative Minimum Tax and the repealing of education tax breaks for families in only a few years. The result is a horrible complication of the system which is going to give many a nasty shock in 2005 when they expect big relief and find it isn't forthcoming.

For the economy as a whole, the prospects of boosting long-term investment are wiped out by slow phase-in of the larger cuts, meaning the only benefit will be a short-term consumption boom. Also, the proposed cuts simply aren't sustainable in the face of mass baby-boomer retirement. The President has acknowledged this problem by promoting the partial privatisation of retirement benefits - putting less payroll tax into Social Security and more into mutual funds - so people receive much smaller pensions upon retirement which are supposedly supplemented by private, much riskier investment. The bottom line is that without debt retirement, savings and hence borrowing power, along with cuts to benefits (disastrous given that 1 in 4 low wage earners, let alone the unemployed, cannot afford

Bad Democrats! No biscuit!

Democrats leader and all around goody-goody Senator Natasha Stott Despoja recently helped to launch a "Women's Charter for Political Reform". Prior to the launch, Stott Despoja - who currently sports an even bouncier election year hairdo - was allegedly unaware that the soiree would incorporate the number of photo opportunities that it did.

Among other high-minded recommendations, the charter advocated the restriction of political party donations to \$1,000 from individuals and \$10,000 from corporations, in an effort to minimise the influence of big business in the political process.

Said recommendations were in keeping with the Democrats' 1998 platform which called for all donations over \$10,000 to be "immediately disclosed".

In slightly related news, the Democrats are currently holding a round of

fundraising dinners in capital cities around Australia. "The main selling point is the intimacy - no more than ten tables," said the *The Advertiser* in a recent report on the fundraisers, which are set to cost an outrageous \$2,500 per head to attend.

Rumour has it that the Packer family's Publishing and Broadcasting Limited booked a table for ten at the opening dinner, held at Sydney's Taronga Zoo last Wednesday. That in itself constitutes a donation well in excess of the \$10,000 that PBL coughed up for the Democrats in the 1999/2000 financial year.

Incidentally, the Democrats accepted a further \$10,000 from McDonald's, along with \$15,000 from the tres gen-x Ten Network that very same year.

Think about it, kids.

Tristan



food, rent or health care), the US has little hope of coping with an ageing population. This inevitably must mean taxation.

For the above policies Bush has been rightly criticised. There are several instances where criticism has not been warranted, however, such as his repealing of an unrealistic policy aimed at reducing ergonomic injuries which Bill Clinton rushed through as he stepped out the door. Certainly the President is no fan of Big Labour, but this decision was common sense. Likewise the slapping of two hundred percent tax rates on outrageous fees charged by anti-tobacco lawyers on every excessive dollar as mandated by each state. Some were charging up to \$200,000 an hour to try risk-free copycat suits and suits in states where they had already persuaded legislatures to change the law to ensure their victory.

Bush has been continually hounded by the press on environmental issues. In several cases, however, the President has simply followed in the footsteps of the Clinton Administration. For example, he was lampooned for delaying legislation to reduce arsenic levels in water, a problem only minimally affecting a few isolated areas. Clinton had done exactly the same thing until just before he left office. Bush also copped it for demanding a one year stop on lawsuits demanding additions to the Endangered Species Act. Once again, Clinton had done almost the same thing, in a bid to let those administering the ESA sift through piles of frivolous suits. Meanwhile Bush received very little praise for upholding regulations increasing efficiency standards on household appliances, along with tough and expensive diesel regulations. The crackdown on diesel pollutants represents the biggest advance in air pollution policy in a decade and will help to reduce thousands of premature deaths each year. Add to these the decisions to keep strict rules on development in wetlands and lead emissions. Not bad for a President supposedly beholden to corporate power.

The big issue is of course the Kyoto pact on greenhouse gas emissions. While

the U.S. must take more responsibility for its appalling record of greenhouse pollution, it must be remembered that in 1997 the Kyoto resolution did not receive a single Democrat vote in a Senate test ballot. The prospect of drawing the U.S. in on the back of concessions for 'carbon sinks' is at least a start, though it does entail a serious watering-down of the original aims of the resolution.

One environmental policy for which Bush has rightly been slammed concerns drilling for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Reserve, with one explanation being to stop California's rolling blackouts. This is highly improbable, as California produces very little energy from oil. The infrastructure isn't there. Anyway, oil would not flow from Alaska to the other states for at least ten years, according to the U.S. Geological Survey. Finally, more domestic oil production would not decrease dependence on foreign oil, as cost is the determinant factor, not availability. What is primarily required is further moves toward increasing efficiency, rather than digging big dirty holes in national parks. The average American uses twice as much energy as a European, largely due to wastefulness and lower energy taxes. Measures such as raising the efficiency of corporate fleets up to the standards afforded by recent technology could significantly reduce U.S. dependence on oil from the Persian Gulf.

So Bush is by no means perfect when it comes to the environment and has made a number of other dubious decisions. He has, to his credit, made some surprisingly positive policy too, that at times has deeply angered those who put up a lot of cash to put him in power. He is certainly not a President who can always be dismissed as an arch-conservative. For this reason he is a far more interesting and unpredictable leader than perhaps most expected.

Tim Williams

Sources: *New Republic*, *America*, *Newsweek*, *Economist*

GOODBYE COLD WAR - HULLO DOPE WAR:

The Nixon Doctrine & The Globalisation of the War on Drugs

It was Richard Nixon who invented the 'War on Drugs' in 1968, and, to begin with, Nixon ran the War on Drugs as a domestic vendetta against blacks, radicals and the youth movement in the USA. The brilliant idea of exporting drug law enforcement as an adjunct of foreign policy came four years later. Just as it was Richard Nixon who invented the War on Drugs, so it was Nixon and Henry Kissinger who created the bureaucracy and the ideological justification for the globalisation of the War on Drugs.

Speaking at the U.S. State Department's first conference on international narcotics control for U.S. envoys in other countries in September 1972, President Nixon told U.S. diplomats that his determination to wage total war on drug abuse had not flagged. Nixon noted that funding for his "total war"

on drugs had increased over 11 times from 1969 to almost \$750 million, and that the arrests of drug traffickers was double the number it was in 1969 and that seizures of heroin and other drugs was at an all-time high. However, he added: "This isn't good enough."

Nixon asked the assembled U.S. diplomats to spread his message to the leaders of the world: "In working on narcotics control around the world, I want you to convey this personal message from me to the foreign officials with whom you may be meeting. Any government whose leaders participate in or protect the activities of those who contribute to our drug problem should know that the president of the United States is required by statute to suspend all American economic and military assistance to such a regime and I shall not hesitate to comply with the law where there are any violations."

As justification for this globalisation of the War on Drugs, Nixon used "national security" declaring that the task of keeping dangerous drugs out of the United States was "just as important as keeping armed enemy forces from landing in the United States". "Our goal," he declared, "is the unconditional surrender of the merchants of death who traffic in heroin. Our goal is the total banishment of drug abuse from American life." Nixon was giving the US high moral grounds for paramilitary intervention into the domestic affairs of other countries. The justification was that "many of the serious drugs of abuse (in the US) originate in foreign countries" as the Kissinger-authored "White Paper on Drug Abuse" presented to President Ford in 1975

noted. In Dope War, Robert Singer labels this 'the Nixon Doctrine'.

Critics like Robert Singer accused



Drugs? A very hearty thumbs up

Nixon and Kissinger of charting a new course for US military intervention in the Third World under the facade of the War on Drugs. According to Singer the aim of U.S. diplomacy under Nixon was ending the Cold War with the USSR by a policy of detente, allowing the US to deal with the national liberation movements that were threatening its "national security" in South America and elsewhere. With the exhaustion of the Cold War, the US needed a new rationale for sending in the troops when the Red Menace could no longer be believed and the War on Drugs provided this by cloaking "national security" behind a facade of "moral leadership".

In a remarkably prophetic piece of journalism called *Dope War*, Singer noted in 1976 that "many areas in the Third World which produce marijuana and poppy crops were the same ones spawning national liberation movements opposed to existing US supported dictatorships". The "Dope War" provided a suitable facade to justify sending in military equipment and advisors to these dictators without creating a public outcry at home. In the DEA (the Drug Enforcement Agency - the new drug super agency created in March 1973), Nixon and Kissinger created a parallel organisa-

tion to the CIA which they had staffed with ex-CIA employees and which shared with the CIA the doctrine of "national security". Singer wrote:

"America's drug laws are actually a secret plot to control the world - just as you always suspected. The plot is the secret weapon of the Nixon Doctrine: the basis of defense against hijackers, kidnapers, terrorists, guerillas, dissident intellectuals, leftist labor unions, militant peasants and national liberation movements in the Third World in the post-anticommunist era. In the years to come, the rhetoric of Dope War will replace the rhetoric of Cold War as the justification for foreign military intervention. Instead of sending in the Marines, Washington will send in the narcs The plotters include Nixon, Kissinger, Rockefeller, Ford, G. Gordon Liddy, Egil Krogh, CIA Director George Bush, past and present Drug Enforcement Administration chiefs John Bartels and Peter Bensinger

and approximately 30 foreign heads of state. Apart from them and their intimates, perhaps a few dozen people in the world understand the meaning of the Dope War, or even suspect that it is being waged."

At the time Singer's theory seemed like some wild pothead's ravings, but Dope War was solid journalism, a well-researched account of the US War on Drugs under Nixon and Kissinger, which in the light of subsequent history can be seen as surprisingly prophetic.

When the Nixon administration launched the War On Drugs with Operation Intercept - the Mexican border blockade of 1969 - to disrupt US pot supplies from Mexico, intrepid Yankee smugglers soon discovered Jamaica. So in 1974, the first major Drug Enforce-

ment Agency (DEA) overseas paramilitary operation - Operation Buccaneer - targeted that island. The island's police and army were given flamethrowers, herbicides and helicopters and sent out to destroy five hundred acres of Jamaica's legendary ganja fields. The smugglers simply moved back to Mexico, using planes this time to fly over the border. In 1976, the DEA responded with an even greater display of paramilitary might. Twenty eight Vietnam style Bell helicopters were given to Mexico to spot the pot fields which were defoliated with Agent Orange and paraquat. North of the border 89 Customs pursuit planes scrambled night and day to intercept the smugglers. As in Jamaica, the entire Mexican police and army were retrained in counter-insurgency and crop defoliation to fight the War on Drugs. Result? The smugglers moved on to Panama and Columbia, while U.S. growers increased production.

The U.S. was never able to stop the flow of drugs. However, the U.S. has continually intervened in many countries in its role as self-appointed "global policeman", a role it adopted in the Cold War era and continued into the Dope War era. As self-appointed head of the global drug squad the U.S. was able to ensure that control of the drug trade passed from the liberation movements into the hands of their own private armies like the Contras and Dope Dictators like Manuel Noriega.

Throughout the Eighties, the US financed their wars in Nicaragua and Afghanistan via guns and drugs, and swung the balance of power their way. The largest operation in the Drug War was the invasion of Panama by the US in 1989. The aim of the US invasion was control of the Panama Canal and the 'Dope War' rhetoric provided a convenient mask for US imperialism as Singer had predicted. Manuel Noriega was an ideal foe to demonise - the classic Dope Dictator. In the past he had been hailed as an unfailing ally in the War on Drugs, but the invasion of Panama to remove him ordered by President George Bush was the largest US military operation of the Eighties and the greatest demonstration of the 'bad faith' at the heart of 'the Nixon Doctrine'. For even with the removal of the supreme 'narco-terrorist' Noriega, the flow of drugs continued unabated.

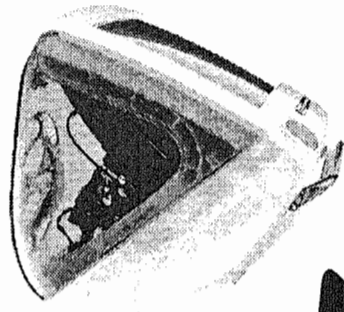
After Jamaica, after Mexico, after Panama, Colombia now found itself the latest front in this ever-intensifying, never-ending War.

Jay Jay
(author of *Marijuana Australiana*)



Kissinger: Drugs and Press Coverage go hand in hand

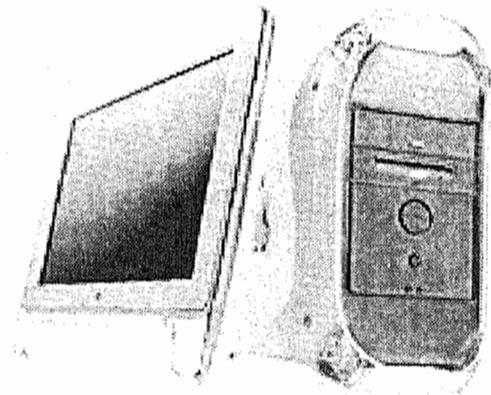
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LETTERS

ENTERTAINMENT, NOT INFORMATION

Jess,

In regard to your letter 'Bitchy, Bitchy' (*On Dit* Vol 69 ed 14) I think your harsh assumptions about Lady Symon's character, based on an article which is produced for our amusement rather than as an informative guide to life, says more about you than about her. It's meant to be funny, if you're going to take an obviously exaggerated opinion piece so seriously then perhaps you're the 'irritating try-hard'.

(up) yours,

Michael Waite

p.s. Please provide an article for our enjoyment so that we might delight in the magnificence of Jess and her 2 whole years of educating in Arts.

p.p.s How fitting that I wrote this letter on your birthday, August 1st, you stupid horse-faced freak!

FUZZY

Dear Eds,

That review of Sekiden by Jang Luu was really really dumb. Fuzzy guitars? What the fuck? Get some real reviewers like there were last year when Darien was in charge.

Jarrold W

PS. Get a decent pseudonym.

RUDE

Dear Eds,

Did you know something RUDE? If you're standing at the urinal in the men's toilets at the Unibar and someone opens both doors to the corridor outside, people standing there can see you in the act of passing water. Isn't that rude?

Love,
George Bush Snr.

DRUGS

Dear Eds,

This letter is in reference and reply to the one written last semester by Dolly Parton's bra. Firstly, I never wrote anything about myself being 'hooked' on drugs. More to the point, you couldn't be more wrong. Not once did I place blame on anyone. Neither did I write about it being a 'bright idea' to show an ad about what I do in my spare time. I simply felt it would have been more realistic. Secondly, before you criticise the use of 'shooting galleries', why don't you find out a little about them first? I'm sure I'd rather have used needles kept safely in the galleries, rather than have our brothers, sisters and children step on them. I'll admit, however, that work is needed on the manner in which these galleries are run and further research may be needed. John Howard seems to be throwing the money around, so why not throw a little into such work and research?

I completely agree with you that drugs kill people. However, I think that if you had done a little more research, you would have found that over ninety percent of drug related deaths are caused by alcohol and tobacco and not the drugs I was referring to. Don't be so fucking ignorant next time! Lastly, stop thinking like a stereotype. Just because I, or anyone, use drugs, it doesn't mean that we're 'fucked'.

Yours,
Johnny Blunt.

JOE VS JESS

Dear *On Dit*

This letter goes out to Jess of 2nd year Arts. Lady Symon is playing a character. Nothing more. Her stories (and I'm sure they are just stories) are not supposed to be taken seriously. I personally do not like her style of writing. In fact, I've never even managed to read her column from beginning to end. I also seriously doubt if she has experienced half of what she claims to. But for Christ's sake, it's just a bit of fun. It's certainly not worth getting into a bitch fest over.

Joseph Hynes

HOWL ON THE LAWNS

'Art is the highest task and the proper metaphysical activity of this life.'
- Jack Kerouac

Why should it be condemned by simple-minded, insipid sort of moronic awkward feeling adolescents? I refer to the truly reprehensible response to Lady Symon's article on 'feisty girls'.

Indeed if Jess was actually making valid criticisms in terms of style or structure, like a 'real' critic, her arguments may hold some formidable impact. However, she merely moves in passionate blusters to damn Lady Symon, on some obviously personal level. How vindictive!!

In my brief time at Adelaide (University) I have come to recognise that 'Sex on the Lawns' is very popular - and with good reason. It is a powerful article, an almost primal release of pent up frustration and rage, that all young males and females have and will continue to endure.

Moreover, it is the only article I anticipate reading every week. In an extreme rhapsodic wail, Lady Symon expresses the ideals and anxieties of a particular type of young female alienated from mainstream 'Skipper' society. Lady Symon is to be lauded and adulated.

Jess' assumption of Lady Symon's 'judgemental attitudes' are equally disturbing and makes me wonder whether or not she realises it is fiction.

As I sat, frustrated and annoyed writing this response to the abhorrent 'Bitchy Bitchy' an event I once read about came to mind. A homosexual poet was reciting poetry when an inebriated audience member decided to heckle and discourage the performer. After some minutes of constant ridicule the poet left the stage and a cold silence descended upon the room. Shortly after, the poet re-emerged, naked, and wailed at the heckler to take his clothes off. The drunk man refused and ran away. The poet exclaimed: "That's what a writer does every time they write, they stand naked before an audience."

That naked man, that vulnerable man was Allen Ginsberg but truer still he is every writer that has ever been unduly criticised.

Perhaps, Jess is like the drunk and threatened by the stark reality and beauty of Lady Symon and her article. I wonder if she would stand 'naked' (metaphorically of course) in front of everyone.

Finally, I am perplexed as to the point of 'Bitchy Bitchy'. Jess states that 'Sex on the Lawns' is "a self-indulgent attempt to justify her life and personality" this is perhaps the only point of the respondent's piece.

The omlet must fall apart, as with such eggs it must

Fortunately, I have had the pleasure (and it was a pleasure) to meet the elusive but lovely Lady Symon and believe, if what Jess said is true, that there is a proliferation of feisty girls, the world would be better off...at least if they are all like the fair Symon.

But until the next time I stare into the black print that mystifies and rekindles a kind of celestial cold fire that creeps over me and blazes up and illuminates the entire university and

makes it an eternal place - I will commend the myriad of frustrated writers who continually work in spite of their critics - and thus I speak of me and you and Lady Symon.

Nat Enright

GINSBERG WASN'T SO GREAT EITHER

Dear *On Dit*,

I agree with Jess about Lady Symon's columns. She sucks.

Yours,
Someone who prefers *Sex and the City*

AFTER THE REVOLUTION, ALL UNIONISM WILL BE VOLUNTARY

Dear Eds,

I must reply to the letter from Lisa Lines last week which suggested that the Labor and Liberal parties are just the same and that it is impossible to differentiate between them. I am getting increasingly tired of this argument. No matter what you think of past Labor governments, no one can honestly say that society today is no different to what it was in March 1996, when the Coalition was elected. The nation has taken a huge turn for the worse. No Labor Government has attempted to introduce Voluntary Student Unionism, dismantle medicare, introduce individual contracts for workers, set out to destroy unions, cut education funding, or privatised assets for the sake of privatising. And the Beazley Labor Government has pledged to reverse much of the above. This Coalition government, in the words of the Federal Liberal President, is "mean and tricky", and the sooner it is consigned to history, the better.

Joel Northcott

HAIRINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS

Dear Editors,

The other day I noticed a long black hair growing from my shoulder (not really long, but long enough to be disturbing given that shoulders are not supposed to have more than a thin coating of hair). This got me worried, so I looked at my back in the mirror and realised that it is starting to grow many similar hairs!

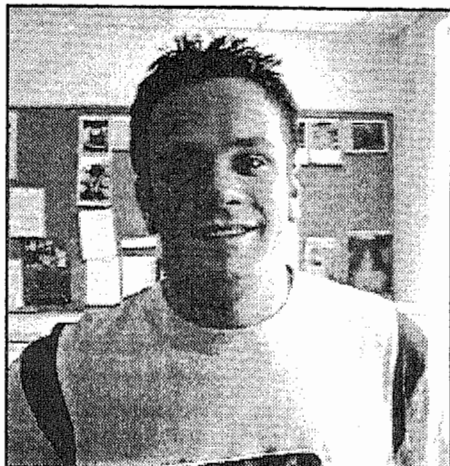
I don't want to be known as some kind of hairy-backed gorilla but the idea of waxing terrifies me and I can't afford laser hair removal surgery. I tried shaving a small patch of back, just below my left shoulderblade, but the hairs just grew back thicker and more numerous than before. I'm worried that soon I will be unable to wear light-coloured T-shirts for fear of the many hairs becoming obvious to the casual viewer as I walk down the street. What can I do???

Hairy

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER

Do you have something to say as well?

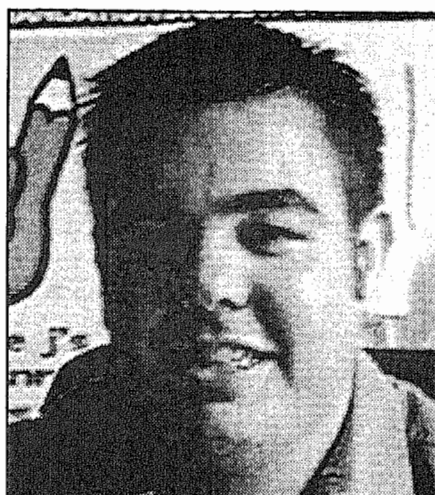
Send it in to *On Dit* at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au (on the off chance that our email is actually working) or bring it down to the *On Dit* office. Just don't make it too nasty or we won't be able to print it. Oh, and remember your real name and student number.



**Tom Radzevicius
President**

Student Forum

Don't forget the Student Forum into Higher Education is happening on August 15 at 6pm in the Union Cinema. The forum will be discussing the role of Universities in the 21st Century and the impact that the changes in funding and corporate involvement have on the governance of the Universities. There will be a number of speakers including: Senator Kim Carr from the ALP, Senator Meg Lees from the Democrats, the President of the National Postgraduate Association, an academic and a speaker from the Liberal Party. The forum will be opened by the Vice Chancellor and after the speakers there will be an open floor for questions and comments. This year education issues have become a priority for all major parties in the lead up to the elections, so if you have any interest in the impact that government policy will have on your degree, then come along and get involved.



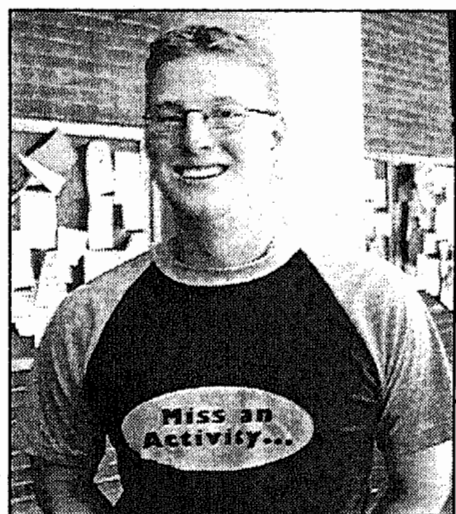
**Brad Kitschke
Education VP**

Internet Changes

In the last few weeks you would have read in the column about the University's new policy of Internet charges for Students. The SAUA is building a campaign against this and wants as much student involvement as possible. We will be holding a meeting in the next few weeks for anyone interested in getting involved in the campaign, or who wants to find out more about the Internet charges. If you are interested please contact me on education@saua.asn.au, or call 8303 3898.

Tutorial and Seminar sizes

As a result of the SAUA log of claims to the University a few months ago, and the SAUA lobbying the University over tutorial and seminar sizes, we will be meeting with the University in the next few weeks. We want to know what your experiences are about tutorial and seminar sizes, what students believe would be a reasonable cap for different faculties or areas of study. Send your comments about tute sizes, staff-to-student ratios and the different sizes in different faculties to education@saua.asn.au. We will keep you updated in the next few weeks about any developments.



**Mark Henderson
Activities VP**

SAUA Dance Party

It has finally arrived. This Friday in the UniBar we are holding the second annual SAUA Dance Party. It will only cost you \$5 and that includes drinks specials for

the whole night as well as, hopefully, a drink on the door.

In late developments we have just found out that there will only be one type of beer available on tap for the night. Coopers have come on board as a major sponsor and are making sure that we have plenty of free stuff to give away including their popular caps and shirts. I hope to see you all there.

With all of the festivities that are happening later, the BBQ in the bar will still be held this week, so don't miss out on that either.



**Georgie Perks
Environment Officer**

Environment Week

Environment week was an absolutely fantastic three days of speakers, organic veggie and free range chicken food, events and funky tunes. Thank you to all of the speakers for the week for being so informative and inspiring. Thank you so much to all those fantastic people who helped me out during the week.

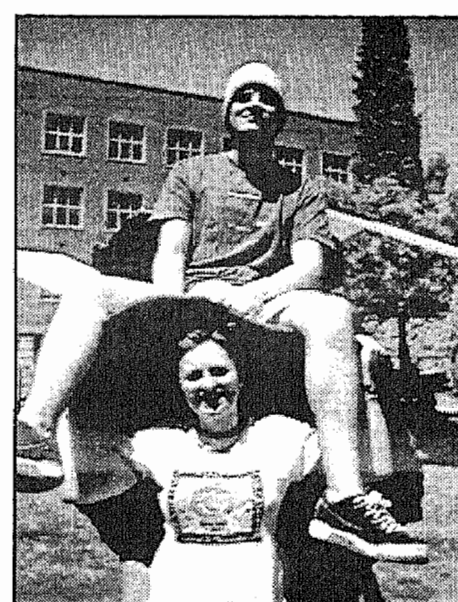
Thanks to Ellen Bates, Mark Henderson, Gemma Clark, Simon Kennedy, Penny Chalke, Melissa Vine and Linley Henzell (you are also my fave office bearers) Caitlin Gill, Luke Toop and the 5UV boys, Paul from the Unibar, Tony for setting everything up, Daniel Joyce, Adam Langman, Katie Goodenough, Seb Henbest, Jakin Ravalico, Tom Radzevicius and a big thankyou to the Rhino Room and Mick for a wicked Save the Forest Funk. Thanks to Coopers, Tip Top, Aroma Fresh, James Place Cameras, Continental Bakeries and Vegas Poultry. (sorry if I forgot you - you know who you are) It was so fulfilling to see so many people out there getting the environment message and participating in the events. It makes all of the hard work and effort worthwhile when I see students getting involved, and enjoying the festivities. To Kirsty Smith and Sarah Hanson - words cannot express the gratitude I feel to you both for the effort and dedication that you expended to make Environment Week the resounding success that it was.

ASC

There will be an Activities Standing Committee meeting this Wednesday from 12 noon. It will held in the Union Building. Come into the SAUA if you would like to find out more.

Adelaide University Ball

Just a quick note to let you know that this \$35 all you can drink event will be held in Bonython Hall on the 8th of September. Put it in your diaries.



**Sam Butler &
Elise Duffield
Sexuality Officers**

Querelle

Copies of Querelle are now available from the Students' Association, the Rainbow Room and the Women's Room. Querelle is an annual publication of writings by queer students all across the country from various universities. It's a free publication, so feel free to pick up a copy.

Pride

For any new students this semester who may be looking to meet new people, don't forget about AUPride, the lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender social group on campus. Pride's base of operations is the Rainbow Room, located opposite the Gallery. Members meet once a week every Wednesday at 3pm, but there are usually people up there every day socialising. So if you'd like to get involved, come along on Wednesday or email auprideclub@hotmail.com

Youth Suicide Prevention Campaign

This semester we plan to run a campaign raising awareness of youth suicide, particularly in relation to sexuality. Get in contact with us if you'd like to be involved:

[boysexo](mailto:boysexo@saua.asn.au) or girlsexo@saua.asn.au

Also, don't forget that you can register your same-sex relationship this week on the Census form. A same sex relationship will be recorded by the Bureau of Statistics when person 1 and person 2 are of the same sex and write that they are partners. Here's your chance to show the government that we exist - and it's anonymous.



**Do you want one of these jobs?
Maybe one of these jobs wants YOU!**

Don't forget to nominate for the Students' Association Annual Elections. Nominations are now open, but they close this Friday - so hurry!

Nomination forms are available at the administration offices of the Union. If you have any queries in regards to the election, please call Patrick Clancy, Chief Returning Officer, GTS Elections, on 0411 279 252.

**Anais?
Anais?
Where are you?
This is the third lot of filler we've
had to think up to replace your
weekly column.
Are you still out there? Anais?**

I hate *Sex and the City*, it always leaves me feeling like shit. Unlike Carrie Bradshaw, an eighteen-year-old Uni student from Adelaide doesn't exactly get overloaded with stories of funky spunk and other shortcomings. If my friends are having sex with anyone and if there are any particular issues going on, they're certainly being hesitant to talk about them (of course, considering my favourite pastime I can hardly blame them). The dilemma occurs that life isn't a drama, even though it should be. People rarely act impulsively or stupidly and as a result the funny stories I am told are probably about two sentences long. For example: "This one time my boyfriend and I were making out, we sat back for a while and took a breather, then, when he leant over to kiss me again, he farted. Can you believe it? He farted while he was trying to make a move! It was sooo embarrassing." And while I'm being told this story, pen and paper in hand, I'm thinking to myself 'Oh God, is this it? Is this what the rest of my life is going to be like? Laughing at fart jokes?'

Dejected, I go down to the *On Dit* office to sulk about hate mail and they ask me if I've written next week's article. I'm a few hours away from the deadline and, frankly, as far as I'm concerned next week's article will be some porn I pilfered off the Internet with the girl's first name changed to Jemma. Conversation on the Barr Smith Lawns has been about as flat and boring as every single degree this great University offers. Long involved tales with funny punch lines have been left to the sixties



when everybody was taking drugs and getting themselves in jail. The last couple to have sex in the library was probably your mum and dad, and if anyone has had sex in the library recently it was still probably your mum and dad.

My lack of inspiration is not a fault with people's storytelling skills, but a fault with the kind of lives so many of us are lazily living. People don't want to hear about how Ben's ex-girlfriend threw up on his dick while she was giving him a head job, or how Sasha accidentally pashed the best-friend of the guy who had just asked her out on a

date. Nobody really wants to know about how I quite misbehaved with my friend's older brother while she was passed out drunk in the bed beside us, or really needs to know how long I waited before telling her. Why? Because that's plain old smut, that's pseudo porn - it's not a story. It's not an insidious, lascivious drama with a beginning, middle and an end. It's not even fanfiction.

So instead of writing anything interesting I want to personally berate each and every one of you, because if you're not out there performing acts of insanity which evolve into some *Sex and the*

City style dramas, then what the hell are you doing with your time? I admit, I'm wasting it just as much as everybody else, but, my friends, I think it's about time for a change. Long periods of stagnancy are nauseating, it makes the whole world look like a coagulated shot of baileys. Instead of getting together in groups and entertaining each other with our tales, we're acting like reruns of *Seinfeld*, and, as a result, I have not a bloody thing to write about.

Now, I'm fully prepared to be proven wrong (that's why I've got an e-mail address) but until then I'm sitting here at my computer and contemplating visiting a thumbnail gallery just for a bit of entertainment. I am presently moving into a groove where I drink too much, pash my friends while they're eating celery and tell random boys that they're welcome to ask me out on a date. You get a certain number of days on this little blue planet and you, me and everyone else is well aware that a large percentage of them are going to be shitty. If you can't make the most of what's left over, cause a bit of trouble and get yourself some stories to tell, then at least be prepared to make them up. In every situation where you take action there are two possible outcomes: either something good will happen, or something bad will happen. But, you know what? Whatever outcome does take place, it's got to be a damn sight better than nothing happening.

ladysymon@hotmail.com

The Cynics' Guide to Seducing Your Dream Man

By Brigadier-General The Hon. Laetitia F.C.C Bolingbroke (ret.) BE. KBE

Very few things scare me. That would be hypocritical... I am pretty damn scary myself after I've drunk a bottle of whisky and started ranting about how sexy Dr. Frankenfurter from *The Rocky Horror Picture* show is in his little corset and suspenders ensemble... but

that's another story. Anyway one thing that does scare me is a cute little book called *How To Seduce Your Dream Man*, by Anna Maxted, claiming to offer 100 strategies to help "bring Mr. Right to heel". On the perky yellow cover a girl with a scheming expression is dragging a sleazy looking man along by his tie... not that there's anything wrong with that. The book reads like *Cosmopolitan* filler: cute, witty and ideologically disturbing. Take it seriously and Janette Howard starts to look like a feminist icon. I'm not pretending it wasn't a damn funny read, or that people should read about quarks instead, but amusing as it was, the book presents a frightening view of gender relations. It's amazes me the things women are supposed to do to get guys to like them.

On page 39, for example, begins an entire two-page section on how to spill your drink on a boy and get

him to ask you out afterwards. I had no idea that being uncoordinated was such a mathematical process! The quantity of spillage, apparently, is quite important. You mustn't throw the whole glass at the poor lad, just a splash. And only if he's not wearing suede shoes. When calculating the size of said splash, "you have to get the balance right by spilling enough so it's an issue, so that he is forced into a conversation" but no so much that he gets pissed off. And assuming he hasn't already recognised this sad cliché for what it was! I mean feel free to call me a brazen hussy (and you wouldn't be the first) but why would anyone want to go to such effort when they could just proposition the person instead? At the very least you'd save on dry cleaning!

Pointless, time wasting activities are not the only dodgy ideas in this book. My favourite was the section on "sparring" or sexual tension, on page 72. This is what happens when, "girl meets boy, boy and girl irritate the hell out of each other... boy and girl realize that they are actually magnetically attracted to each other". As a literary device this allows writers of Mills and Boon stories to make their plots last longer than a paragraph. Interestingly, it never turns out that the two people

do actually dislike each other. This little fantasy is a nasty subversive little piece of psychology. If boys are rude to us we think "Aha! He must be in love with me", instead of shouting at them for being horrid, which might be more useful.

It annoys me that anyone, even if it is only Anna Maxted, presumes to offer such pitiful advice on what is basically a very easy thing to do. Getting a boy is not hard. You might try going on the Engineering pub-crawl if your standards aren't too high. Every non-attached boy you meet will be either a) attracted to you b) gay or c) a bloody-minded wanker with perverse taste in women. This makes things quite easy. If your "Dream Man" is in category a) put the paper down and start hitting on him *right now*. He won't mind. If he is in category b), tough titties! Saucy knickers and stylish stalking techniques won't be too useful there! If the sick puppy concerned is in category c), batter him to death with a copy of *How to seduce your Dream Man*. You might get arrested but I promise it will make you feel better. After that you might like to burn this book and all others like it. Have confidence in your own attractiveness. And only throw drinks at people you *don't* like.



You too can have a man like this!

Stanley George

My life seems unreal, my crime an illusion, a scene badly written in which I must play.

There are a number of psychological stages that must be dealt with before a man can truly come to terms with the loss of his house.

Denial, depression, despair and desperation – I've sampled the whole spectrum in the space of the last four days. Having abandoned my pursuit of psychology shortly after first year, I can't rightly say whether or not my own personal experience of loss has been normal for my circumstances, so I'll be damned if I have any way of knowing for sure whether I'm on the right track. Should I be holding up a liquor store, stealing a car and burning rubber into the sunset? Should I be packing whisky, cigarettes and a big block of cheese into my man-purse and resigning myself to a life of vagrancy? Should I cut my losses and crawl back to my smug parents, thereby condemning myself to a sanitary life of tea parties, lawn mowing and premature senility? Perhaps I should just check myself into a mental hospital and spend the rest of my days as a mysteriously broken man, quietly brooding over his own state of collapse:

"Who's that slightly handsome fellow playing chess with himself?"

"Oh, that's Old Man Stan – they had to put him away back in '01 after some nazi landlord changed his locks."

Suffice to say that the abrupt loss of the House on Little Angas Street has left a dark and indelible mark on me – from now on I shall be meaner, nastier, lonelier, more like my mother than I ever was before.

But before that happens I feel that it is necessary to compile as many weird stories about my tenancy at the House

on Little Angas Street as I can remember. Of course I am in no state to remember them all, but I'm sure that those that have sprung to mind won't be too self indulgent and will suffice to pass the time whilst you're in the can or on the bus home.

Some months ago I was awoken by a terrible pounding on my door. It was one of my more dubious friends, who for the sake of characterisation has recently been done for grievous bodily harm and shall be known in certain circles as "Knuckles".

'Morning Stan, I thought you might appreciate these, seeing as you've got a spare room and all.'

As I struggled to hold my robe together it occurred to me that Knuckles was brandishing a pair of rubbish sacks which looked for all the world like they were stuffed to the brim with hastily harvested marijuana branches. 'Sweet Jesus, Knuckles – what do you expect me to do with these?'

'I figured we could dry them in your spare room. See, I know some guys who'll pay through the nose for them.'

Now I'd like to say that I told the blundering maniac to find some other chump to hide the sacks from his ultra-conservative parents. Unfortunately, it was 3 am on a Tuesday and I was in no condition to argue with a seven foot pseudo-mafioso on my doorstep. I invited him in, told him to spread the foul-smelling weed on a sleeping bag, put the kettle on and mentally prepared myself for a month's worth of jitters.

Knuckles began to explain how he would make us rich as Nazis inside the month. The plan was to wait a couple

of days until the merchandise was sufficiently dry, then spend a weekend converting the lot of it into honey-rolled spliffs such that they could be sold to private schoolboys with too much money for their own good. I mean, what could possibly go wrong?

Of course, plans like these are meant to go pear-shaped. Nevertheless I did my bit by borrowing a fan heater, removing the stalks and separating the buds into a jar ready to be evenly distributed into "wicked spliffs" when the time came.

Unfortunately, when the time did come, Knuckles arrived at The House on Little Angas Street at the exact same time as my parents decided to visit from interstate. 'Knuckles McGee, this is my mother. Mum, this is Knuckles – I'm, erm, tutoring him in economics. We're just going into the spare room now to arrange an appointment.' I then showed Knuckles where everything was and told him to climb in through my kitchen window while I was out to dinner with my folks.

I didn't hear from that deadbeat bastard for another month. Word around town was that he was "laying low" in Murray Bridge because the cops were on to him. He later told me that he had to be persuaded not to stick a knife in me for forgetting to tell him where I had put the jar of separated buds and allegedly spreading rumours about his dodgy dealings. The moron had convinced himself that the fuzz were after him because I had put them up to it. In reality, it was more to do with his bright idea to give boxes of spliffs away at parties. Goddamned amateur.

Okay, so that story was pretty ordinary. This one'll be better – I promise. Regular readers of *On Dit* may already know about the succession of slightly operational electrical appliances that would mysteriously appear in and around my rubbish bins (we later decided that they had been left there by a ring of burglars who lacked the time or the expertise to repair them). Of course, such an endless cornucopia of expensive appliances tends to attract all manner of resourceful vagrants. Sympathetic as I am, I played host to several homeless people who were invariably aghast at my willingness to take them in for a cup of tea and a natter.

One such drifter, who insisted that I call him "Jesus", was so grateful that he saw fit to tell me how Kennett had managed to lose the last Victorian state election. Apparently, both Felicity and Jeff's separation was a smokescreen calculated to hide the truth of their mutual smack addiction. Jesus – who claimed to have been secretly employed as a troubleshooter on the Kennett cam-



Now that he is homeless, Stan needs somewhere to keep his stuff

paign – said that the Premier had started using the drug on the advice of his wife, who felt that a decent smack habit was the only way to make an informed decision regarding the introduction of heroin injecting facilities.

'That was the beginning of the end of the Kennett Government,' Jesus explained. 'Jeff just plain lost the will to run a decent campaign. He would turn up to strategy meetings in the most godawful state – one time he showed up for a meeting with the Exxon people almost three quarters of an hour late with a belt around his head and a charred spoon in his jacket pocket. As for flying into marginal country electorates, he just couldn't be bothered – he told me personally that there were more things to life than pandering to slack-jawed rural types... got any more peanuts?'

Needless to say, I took Jesus's story with more than a pinch of salt. That said, I admired the man for his ability to spin a bullshit yarn. We spent almost an entire night discussing the state of the Federal Coalition, swapping election rumours and arguing about whether or not it was possible to repair the derelict stereo that he had found amongst my bins.

Have I told you about the time the cops mistook me for a naked prowler? Seems like something I would have mentioned earlier – you'll have to look that one up in previous editions. How's about the time I accidentally climbed into the wrong house?

There isn't much to that one, really. I was still raucously drunk at 5 am, but for some reason decided that it was a good idea to hit the sack. Upon falling out of the cab and stumbling straight past my own front door, I decided that odds on at least one of the dozen or so windows on offer was mine. Once inside, I noticed that the place lacked that familiar odour of gunpowder and tobacco, and that my pantry had an unusually wide variety of food in it. I found my self fumbling for light switches that weren't there and bumping into items of furniture that I didn't remember owning. I thought nothing of it, and promptly fell asleep on the couch.

This story is continued on page 17...

Congratulations
Camilla
Bachelor of Commerce
(or something to that effect)
who has won an invalid cheque for
ONE BILLION DOLLARS!

~ Plus ~
lifetime membership of
The Stanley George
Appreciation Society
Come down to the *On Dit* office before
Friday August 10 to collect these
and other
amazing prizes.

Footy Tipping Fun!

Theories about footy tipping abound, and the whole concept never ceases to fascinate me. I believe it is caught somewhere between a right and ritual, as every week families, friends and workplaces religiously enter their tips for the weekend football. The very fact that people develop complex theories upon which to base their decisions indicates the importance of footy tipping in Australia's sport-drenched culture, and I for one think it is hilarious.

I have to admit that I am relatively new to the game of footy, having only taken an active interest in the game last year so that I could have a passable go at tipping. Prior to this, I ignored the game, and as I look back on life then, everything was a hell of a lot more simple.

The pressure to tip the winners can now weigh on my mind mid week, days before the first bounce of Friday Night Footy. Every week I enter my tips and I am convinced that there before me is a list of the winners, I have no doubt that I have just tipped all eight correctly. But without fail, my belief in my ability is

shot every weekend as the teams I was convinced would win fail to honour my faith in their abilities. Sydney is a bit of a thorn in my side, I tip them and they lose, I don't tip them and they bloody well go and win the stinking game.

But, each week as I see the teams I tip lose, it only makes me more determined to have a far more informed and thorough shot at it the next week. I am also determined to prove that women can tip winners without paying any attention to team colours.

I have no particular theory behind my tipping, but I know people who have. There is my philosophising uncle who just recently said so eloquently, 'If you tip the teams that are higher up the ladder, except in the games where you know that the team that is higher in the ladder is going to lose, you'll be right.' This is all right if you are God and know everything, but what is the fun in tipping then?

Then there is my brother's strategy whereby if he tips the teams he knows will win and then for the other games

he tips the opposite of everyone else in the family so that if he gets it right he will go one up on everyone else. At the moment he is sitting at the bottom of the family tipping ladder.

Then there is a friend who stated once that women can only tip by picking winners based on team colours. It may have been said in jest, but how many truths have been uttered in jest? Now I know pretty much bugger all about footy but I like to think that with a bit of research and determination I can do better than just tip according to team colours. All I can say is that I am doing better than he is.

There is also another friend's theory of having balanced and aesthetically pleasing tips. I can't really say much against this system because it seems to be

working fairly effectively.

My dad works with chance. He reaps the rewards of a bit of the old pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey-style tipping. And he isn't doing too badly either. There is something to be said in sticking a pin into a bit of paper when doing your tips.

So I conclude that sport is the winner, and don't Australians love their sport and the ethics that they promote? No matter what the form or theory, footy tipping is everyone's game.

Anna Day



I always tip the team with the most vigorous jumpers

Wonders of Personal Hygiene

Personal hygiene is rather a contradiction. Hygiene is not something which is done specifically for oneself but rather the nasal pleasure of others, or conversely avoiding their displeasure.

Take the 'enclosed housing' situation, where the odours you create will find their way to those who crowd around. What if you didn't like to shower? What if you didn't know how to shower affectively? Perhaps the

said individual holds strong opinions as to the careless waste of water of this great brown land or perhaps there is a childhood trauma which manifests itself as falling daggers of pain eating away at the naked skin, a highly corrosive experience.

Whatever the reason, certain truths can not be avoided - if you don't like to keep clean, then perhaps your desires should lead you to be unseen.

I was broken into hysterics while watching an excerpt of life in the Big Brother house where one house member was expressing their displeasure with another who has apparently been neglecting to find the shower each morning and packed seven versions of the same outfit. The reason this broke me so heartily a piece, was as it was a pleasant reminder of my own experience with the 'unclean'.

I was working in a London pub at the time. It was a small place and while clean of dirt, it was far from

How do you tell a giant he smells?

clean of conscience. While the dirt did not fester on the walls, there was one rather large, gentle giant who had found himself, shall we say, a giant, greasy, humidly-slick dirt magnet. This hearty oaf was Jamie.

Jamie was an ever so nice giant with his shaved head, dopey smile flanked by crooked teeth, and a firm distaste for the shower. His interests included the many facets of the stock car, (being the mechanics, the fast driving, the art of a good crash, and not to mention the hours of videos) and he also had the another tendency of....falling in love. A giant man, with a giant heart.

Personally I did not mind his perfume - as long as he stayed in one corner of the bar and did not move into the fan. However there were those others working in this bar and some on the other side, who were less than pleased when Jamie took to swaggering in their direction or flapping a wing to retrieve an empty. The jokes behind his back were relentless, there was talk of passing out, wonder to why he didnt use the shower kit bought for Christmas, and the continual hidden cringes and change of subject when his scent entered the room - Jamie closely in tow.

Something had to be done, but how do you tell a giant he stinks and, more importantly, who tells him? It was decided that one of the female members of staff would talk to him - because, as the Governor declared, females knew about that sort of stuff. So it was decided.

The time grew near. The sun retreating over the horizon and thunder clouds gathered overhead.

A delicate voice requested Jamie to join it in the office with the promise of food, and the door closed behind him. I gathered outside the door with the smart-alecky American chef and we focused on the conversation, on the other side of the door. Sniggering like small children, my face was flushed with tempered excitement, just what would happen next?

A voice was raised in attack, and another to counter.

"What'd ya man I smell?" the giant blurted out.

"No Jamie, calm down, it's not that....well,' a pause - the awkward moment, once past there was no turning back, 'well, you just need to shower more, at least every couple of days...awwright luv?"

Silence.

A chair crashed down and the door flung open. The American chef scurried into the kitchen and I was left staring into the painful eyes of a giant who had just been bitten by his loyal dog and did not understand why.

'Ahhh, you alright Num-nuts?' as he was affectionately known, trying to conceal my smirk.

He let out a ferocious roar, knocked me to the ground and stormed up the staircase, each step more thunderous than the last.

I was left giggling on the ground. The American darted from the kitchen to see Jamies exit and Angela, in the office, was torn between feelings of laughter and genuine concern.

The laughter prevailed.

Jean-Paul



If personal hygiene is a priority then On Dit does not recommend kissing a monkey

Stanley George (continued from page 15)

Some time later I was awoken by someone trying to open what I thought was the front door. Saints be praised that the real owner of the house had also misplaced her keys, otherwise I would have had to explain to her why I had broken into her apartment, eaten a whole packet of gummy bears and fallen asleep on her newly upholstered sofa.

Two blissful hours of sleep had sobered me up a shade, so it fast occurred to me that I no choice but to escape through the rear laundry window before my neighbour found her keys. And that I did, thereby robbing this particular story of a punchline. Sorry.

The following day I was woken by a pair of Jehovah's Witness. One of them was almost certainly of Mediterranean descent (I couldn't tell you where exactly - it was far too early in the afternoon to tell).

'Have you been saved by Jesus?' he asked.

'Not recently,' was the wittiest reply I could think of at the time.

'Eeuh . . . have you been saved by Jesus?' he repeated, this time offering me several copies of *Watchtower*. It occurred to me that I could teach them more than a thing or two about the art of doorstep religious conversion. I de-

cidated that it would be best to invite them.

'See, the secret to door-to-door salesmanship is *empathy*. You have to persuade people that they're in need of your product; that you're doing them a favor by selling it to them. You've also got to make people believe that you're on their side - perhaps you should try soliciting salvation in the Italian quarter of town or something.'

'Eeuh . . . have you been saved by Jesus?'

Naturally, I wasn't getting anywhere. The trouble with godbothers is that they are too goddamn friendly to get into a decent argument. I put my feet on the coffee table and found a forgotten jay bag down the side of my armchair. I eyed them with amusement as I packed my trusty springwater bong.

'You still here?'

Of course, there was the time I almost levelled the place with a rudimentary pipe bomb. Or the time I "accidentally" rigged it so that all my neighbour's water pressure was re-routed to my shower. Or the time a drunken homeless person took a leak in my laundry basin. Or the time Matty Fisher and I polished off a bottle of tequila and went on a violent rampage in the parklands.

Or the time I weaned my accountant's son off smack by locking the two of us in the spare room. Or the time Kathryn Cooper and I converted my clothes drier into a hash factory. Then there was the time I had to explain to the Lebanese Mafia that they had shown up at the wrong address...

However, there is one House on Little Angas Street memory that I hope will stay with me for a long time to come. I was in the thick of one of my nastier spells, during which there is nothing I can do but curl up on my rickety old couch with a bottle of scotch and hope to Jesus that the sun will come up in the morning.

The weasels were rapidly closing in, and boy-howdy was I terrified. I had become a twitching sack of bones and nerves, jabbering to myself about how the abyss was perfection, how darkness was the only truth and how Richard Nixon had been the Second Coming of Christ. The best I could do at the time was flick all the lights on and watch a worn-out tape of *Rowan Atkinson Live*.

Quite suddenly, I heard the sound of a clapped-out Honda Civic pulling into my drive. Before I knew what was what, I found myself frying pork chops and onions on the stove with Clemen-

tine Ford sitting sideways in my armchair, laughing like a chipmonk at Rowan Atkinson. If memory serves, we spent the rest of that night sipping cups of tea and listening to Fleetwood Mac.

Not a terribly exciting story, I know. However, say what you will about Clementine (and my allegedly dishonourable intentions for her) but I'm a monkey's uncle if she isn't the kindest and most amazing humanitarian who has ever graced the House on Little Angas Street. I'll be damned if I don't go to my grave utterly convinced that she saved my life that night - if only because she saw fit to keep me company.

Finally, as I come to terms with the loss of the greatest house that I have ever lived in, I am obliged to thank all those who made it the bizarre and exquisite home that it was. Guthrie, Croft, Natalia, Kathryn, Hagemann, Luke, Amye, Tom, Sam, Fisher, Jesus, Bulley, Knuckles, Henzell, Mel and Clementine Ford - may the good Lord bless and keep the whole lot of you, and may the world forgive me for once again filling half an opinion section with half-bright anecdotes.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney

Blast from the Past

This week's Blast from the Past is reprinted from Volume 56, Number 6, April 18, 1988 - the time of the Dawkins Report into Higher Education. Enjoy!



Free Women's Self Defence Course

Women are encouraged to undertake a Self Defence course offered through Security Services, 35990. The courses consist of 2x2 hour sessions run over 2 weeks. They are informative, great fun & really teach you how to look after yourself!

PERSONAL SAFETY

Everyone has the right to be safe and live without fear. The practical information contained within this brochure provides the basis for you to be safe and encourages you and your friends to think about your own "Personal Safety Plan".

There are no hard and fast rules to protect yourself - use commonsense and don't get into a position where you could be attacked.

Your plan should be about simple practical steps that can prevent a threat to your safety or at least help you prepare if your safety is threatened. It is about taking simple safety steps that should become habits.

OUT WALKING

- Keep alert, walk confidently. If you feel unsafe, head for the nearest

well-lit or populated area.

- Always walk against the flow of traffic. This will allow you to see cars approaching.

- If possible, walk with other friends.

- If you are concerned about people following you or approaching you, don't stop to have a conversation with them. Try to keep moving and remain confident even if you feel nervous.

- At night, avoid walking in areas where the lighting is poor, such as parks and laneways.

- Handbags should be carried either in front of you or under your arm with the strap secured. Never let the bag or strap hang loosely.

- If you carry a mobile, you should dial 112 in case of an emergency. This works if your keypad is locked.

- Avoid wearing headphones so that you can hear what is happening around you.

- If you do walk alone, consider varying your route and carry a personal duress alarm.

Owen Godfrey
Manager, Security Services

Welcome to the 21st Century University.



The University's new "Mini-Computers" will make your learning experience cheaper and more pleasant.

Some students may be aware of the Uni's new 'myuni' system - a version of the American Blackboard computer education system which provides a range of useful information about class times and assessment on-line, as well as being part of a general University-wide push towards on-line teaching. There are many reasons for the University's move in this direction. One of them is that actual human interaction is quite expensive, so when you can replace tutors and supervisors with computer programs everything gets a lot cheaper.

The Law School has already replaced tutors with a program called 'ALICE', but this Uni has so many more inefficiencies just waiting to be rooted out and mechanised. One of these is assessment. Not only do academics hate marking papers, but the Uni hates paying them to do so. Say hello to your new tutorial paper/assignment/essay/thesis marker, `assess.c!`

```
int assess(long word_length, long maximum_word_length)
/*
this function assumes that:
a) the student has provided a correct word count, and;
b) a human has glanced at the assessment piece's first page and confirmed
that it is written in English or another appropriate language
*/
{
    /* start off with a perfect mark */
    int mark = 100;

    /* adjust it for length */
    if (word_length > maximum_word_length)
        mark /= (word_length / maximum_word_length);
    /* too long and you lose marks*/

    if (word_length < maximum_word_length)
        mark *= (word_length / maximum_word_length);
    /* too short and you lose marks */

    /* and randomise it */
    for (i = 0; i < 3; i++)
    {
        mark += random() % mark;
    }

    /* this is really half-arsed, isn't it?
v2.0 of assess.c uses a normal distribution, so upgrade today! */
    mark /= 4;

    /* as long as it's written in English, you'll get at least 35% */
    if (mark < 35) mark = 35;

    /* some faculties really need postgrads to keep their funding up, so
we don't like failing their students */
    if (FACULTY_STATUS == NEED_PHDS && mark < 55) mark = 55;

    /* all done! That was cheap */
    return mark;
}
```

`assess.c` is all ready to be linked into the University's main module, `adelaide_university.c`, and is expected to save millions of dollars each year. It hasn't been properly tested yet and may contain errors (just look at the use of `i`, apparently a global variable, in a loop - did these people learn to code on a Commodore 64?), but this wouldn't be the first time that Adelaide students have had to deal with an experimental computer system that constantly breaks down, now would it? (cf the Law School's ALICE)

Note: rumours that `adelaide_university.c`'s main function is of type `void` are unconfirmed.



SAUA

Friday 10th August

7PM Till Late @ Unibar

DANCE

Tickets \$5

Drink Specials

Dance Competition @ 10PM

PARTY

Being a Free-Range Chick

Free-range adj. 1. Kept or produced in natural conditions. 2. Living life spontaneously with no regard for conventional methods of approach. 3. Not eating tofu or rocket on principle.

Chick: what a word. Guaranteed to piss off every female within a two kilometre radius, except those who don't really care. If this terminology annoys you, good on you for taking a stand. Stir and get stirred is a fine female catchcry: originally a culinary term, it has now thankfully emerged from the confines of the kitchen to apply, like the formerly naughty term 'bugger', to pretty much everything. In this harmonious week of celebrating cultural and culinary diversity, Wayward takes a glance at the life, but more importantly the death, of she who stirs and gets stirred: the free-range chick.

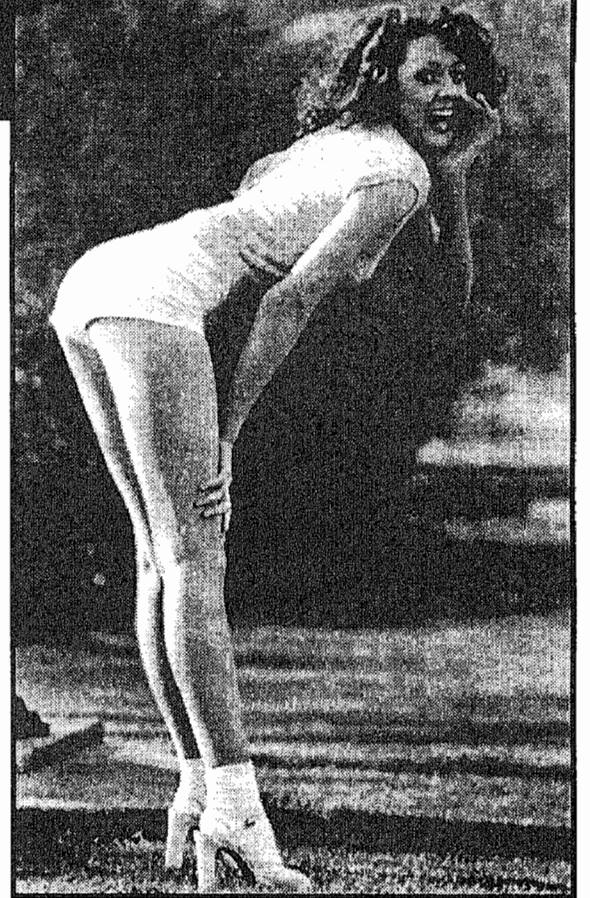
Most girls probably see themselves as free-range chicks: independent and noisy. The free-range chick refuses to recognise that rocket is suitable for human consumption. She does not necessarily always toe the party line or do things by the book. She is always up for stirring the pot, and in this week of tolerance to all cultures (including Eskimo) would possibly consider the following argument: Fur. For goodness sake, why not? Sure, you have a former possum on your head, the same possum which, had it not been welcomed into your wardrobe, would probably have frolicked a few days more in your roof before being eaten by the cat. The bottom line, kids, is that the creature is dead and would probably be thrilled to know it has been immortalised to appear as a co-star with your expensive boots.

Are you a free-range chick? Probably. There is a little of her in everyone, amongst other life ambitions to have a brilliant career, drive an Alpha Spider, be gorgeous, cool, and work a gold credit card and a Spanish male model. Maybe also, a free-range chick may consider additional goals of eating some organic wheatgrass and sponsoring a dugong. Here at Wayward, however, we are challenging you to re-evaluate your life and seriously consider reality: chicks grow into hens. One day you'll be 34, surrounded by peroxidised girlfriends at the Earl of Aberdeen, and you will find, whether you like it or not, that you are the guest of honour at your own Hen's Night. Don't try to deny it; no matter how cool you are now, no matter how many pairs of snow boots you own or garments you have on layby at Miss Gladys, the inevitable part of being a chick who perhaps may consider marriage at some point or another is that there is always a Hen's Night in the equation. It is up to your friends to determine the scale of tawdriness on the night: if they have not yet learnt the wisdom of laughing at themselves then you may get off lightly with a few drinks with the girls at P.J. O'Briens. At most, you may end up dancing badly on a barrel to Kylie. If, however, you have friends who appreciate the symbolism of the Hen's Night, then this event will be an extravaganza of getting shabby on a scale worthy of the momentous occasion that your last night as a free-range chick warrants.

Prepare for a glorious Hen's Night. Appoint a dedicated Head Chicken to come up with a detailed battle-plan of suitably dodgy beverage points, some-

what akin to the places you may visit were you a guest on a Klub Cruiser. You may like to begin with a meal at a restaurant that has no objection to you pinching the male waiting staff on the bottom, and which will serve you carafes of champagne and raspberry every time you stand on the table and do the Birdie Dance. Plan your wardrobe carefully: tight pants, cowgirl boots, shoulder pads - anything that makes you resemble a bad Eighties country and western star is appropriate. Get your hair bleached and bouffed for the occasion, and perhaps your Head Chicken can organise an attractive piece of kitchen curtaining for you to pop on your head. She should also photocopy pictures of enlarged male appendages for the rest of your brood to hang around their necks so you all have something to denote that you are together when standing in the queue to Amanda's Stag Party.

Ultimately, the end of free-rangedom is always a sad ending, even though, in reality, the happiness of the people who enjoy the roast chicken dinner picks up where the happiness of the free-range chicken left off. We suggest that the pain of leaving free-rangedom behind may be offset slightly on your Hen's Night if you opt for an Australiana theme and trade in the snow boots for a pair of knee-high



Free Range Chicks as they made them in the Seventies

uggboots. Now that you are going to be married you'll probably spend most of your time at home anyway, so whenever you need to dress up and go down to the video shop, these will come in handy. What's more, the raspberry - and, if it was a successfully shabby night, the regurgitated seafood medley stains - will always be there as a fond reminder of your last night as a free-range chick.

Sarah Moller

Seppo's Corner

Your taste in music: incredibly un-cool. Your dancing skills: HEAPS bad. So what exactly is it that draws hundreds of American students abroad each year into this vast, mostly empty country (or should I say, British colony)?

Maybe we're suicidal (I certainly am, writing an article like this). There are more things that will kill you in Australia than almost anywhere else on earth, including, (but not limited to): over ten varieties of poisonous snakes, spiders, jellyfish, sharks, saltwater crocodiles and let's not forget that lovely little bird that will slice your chest open with a flick of their claw, the Cassowary. I mean, honestly, what self-respecting country contains a bird that will cut you straight down the chest with a razor-sharp claw?! Oh, yeah, and apparently dingoes can kill you too!

But that's probably not the only reason we come. Maybe we're all just lazy-bastard-Americans who couldn't learn a foreign language, and we didn't want to go hang out with the British for any extended period of time. Or maybe we're all secretly scooping out more ways that our multi-millionaire CEO parents might exploit Australians and take their money...

No but seriously...hehehe... before I get beat up...I think Australia is a

great country. As some (very modest) Australians (as opposed to us arrogant seppos) once told me, you guys had a very high amount of medal-winning athletes in the 2000 Summer Olympics in proportion to your meager population size, and you have a flourishing film industry despite the difficulties in competing with the terrors of the Hollywood conglomerate. Really, I love Australia, and I think most people who visit Australia share my sentiments.

I just have one thing to say: Get over this inferiority complex that causes everyone to mention at every possible moment that Americans are the devil's messengers, that we are the cause of everything evil in the world, and that we are generally overbearing imperialist pieces of shit. First of all, if you don't like American movies, television, music or fast food, you don't have to watch, listen to, or otherwise consume it! I can think of no better way to rid of American influence than to boycott it. If you DO like all these things American, then please, pretty please, accept the fact that America being great does not mean that America is terrible, and get on with your lives so I can get on with mine. So long and thanks for all the fish.

Steve Black

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION STUDENT DIARY 2002

cover competition

>> Design the winning cover for the 2002 Student Diary, and win \$300.

For more information and design specifications contact Fiona at the SAUA on 8303 5406 or email fiona.dalton@adelaide.edu.au

Entries close August 10th 2001



Adelaide University Union

VOX

Questions:
 1. What do you think of student politics at this uni?
 2. What group were you in at high school?
 3. What advice do you have for aspiring actresses waiting tables in skanky New York City diners?

Nadia & Katie

Wacky zany camera angles

- 1. N: It's good practice for the big stuff.
K: They are all way too nice to be real politicians.
- 2. N: I was a floater, I hopped around.
K: The outside rebel group that hated the cool group.
- 3. N: There are two options: learn to schmooze, or sleep your way to the top.
K: Implants and platinum blonde hair.



BEER WINNER
 The winner of this week's Southwark beer prize for best answers goes to Lord Stompy and How Much Can You Bear. Come down to the office to collect your prize, and bring those cute little costumes with you - we could have some fun with those!

Tori Spelling
So much money...such an ugly skank
 1. I vote for Brandon!!!
 2. School?! I have a bowling alley at my house...
 3. I got to the top on raw talent, oh yeah, and my daddy owns Hollywood.



Julie
Make hay while the sun shines
 1. I don't hear much about it. They badger you in election week!
 2. The in-between group, not the coolies.
 3. Watch *Grosse Pointe Blank*.



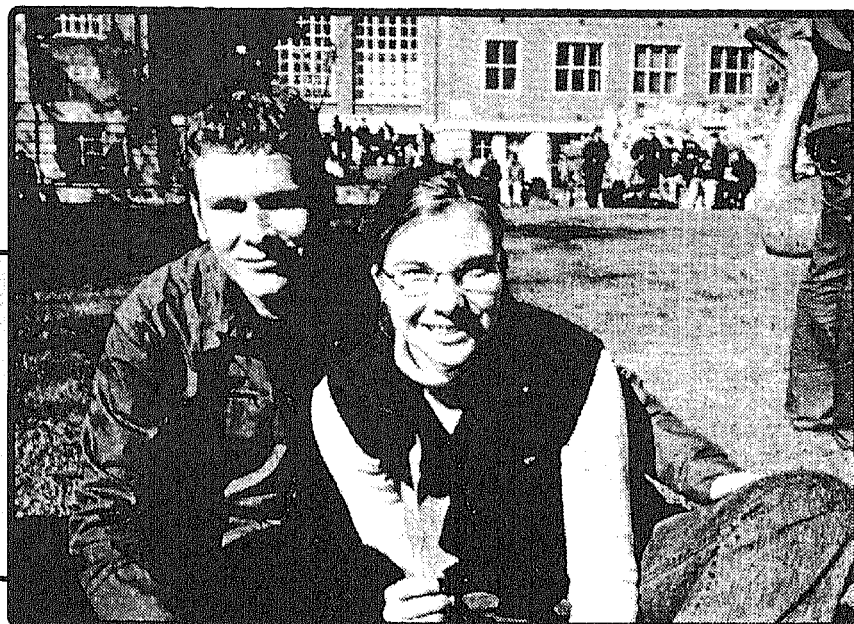
Mitch, Alex and Sam (St Peter's High)
The fruits of a private school education
 1. M: It's all right.
A: It has its benefits but it's mostly a bit of a joke.
S: It's a waste of time.
2. M: The Boarders .
A: The Sunny Crew.
S: I was an individual. I had no friends. (sigh)
3. M: Try heaps hard.
A: Follow your dreams and suck heaps of cock.
S: Get on your knees.

POP

Ben & Kate

A rolling stone gathers no moss

- 1. B: I'm sure they have a valid function, I just don't know what it is.
K: I take no notice.
- 2. B: I was the music guy. People came to me for CD reviews.
K: In the middle, I sat with the international students.
- 3. B: Go to L.A. where the acting jobs are.
K: Show some more leg.



Crystal

Only after the last tree is gone, will we realise that we can't eat money

- 1. I think it's good that they are taking an interest.
- 2. I know it sounds a little pretentious but THE BAD GIRLS.
- 3. Don't give up. Just remember, porn is a growth industry.
There are endless possibilities.



Lord Stompy and How Much Can You Bear

Give us some ##\$@! Eucalyptus
you mother #*!@#**

- 1. L: I think student politics is fast becoming irrelevant to the general needs of the student.
H: I think some uni students need to take their heads out of their arse.
- 2. L: The Run A Muck Crew. Though I was probably one of the smarter ones.
H: The Kiss Chasey Nerd Crew.
- 3. L: Honey – if you really believe in yourself you have to go to bottom to get to the top.
H: Come back to my house and let's practice some sex scenes.



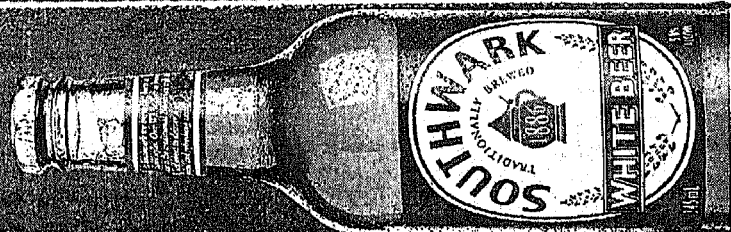
Tammy, Chinga, & Jai (and some other guy)

Teach a man to fish and he will never buy fish fingers again

- 1. T: The environmental department is very strong here.
C: I don't know enough about the politics.
J: I think it's far too bourgeois.
- 2. T: We were just individuals.
C: I played footy, my school was pretty sporty.
J: The smokers club.
- 3. T: Anything is possible, follow your dreams.
C: Get established in Australia first.
J: Get out of there and become an activist.



BREWED WITH WHEAT.
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.



Consumer Watchdog

This week our Consumer Watchdog ran out of ideas. So instead of the usual plan of reviewing lots of different types of one product, we have instead decided to review some products that begin with the letter 'F'. Genius. Read on if you are interested in some reviews of products that don't have much of all to do with each other.



Fanta

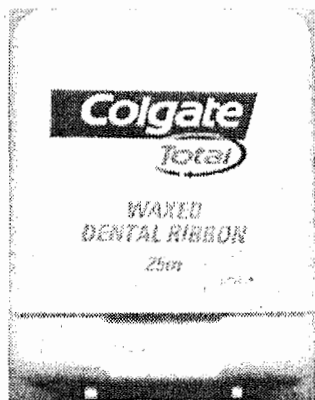
I'm sure you're aware of the truly nauseating advertising campaign that paints this particular saccharine beverage as some kind of hallucinogenic elixir that makes everything look all neon and sparkly. Well, we here at the *On Dit* office thought we'd get to the bottom of this, and promptly sampled an altogether irresponsible amount of each of the 6 (six) fanta flavours.

It has been five hours, and still none of us have experienced any sparkly hallucinations. Stan thought he saw a pair of geese perched on top of one of the computers, but Linley quickly pointed out that the (ceramic) geese were a present for Melissa that Stan had brought back from New South Wales. Bad Coca-cola Amatil. No biscuit.



French Fries

Each one of these imitation french fries is covered with a sprinkling of red powder, which one would assume supplies them with their tomato sauce flavour. However, it was noted that each of the fries was as flavoursome as the next, despite the fact that they were sprinkled unevenly. Is this because each 'fry' is actually impregnated, rather than covered, with the tomato sauce flavour molecules? Also, in what sense are these things 'straws'? It would be very difficult to drink a liquid through one of them.



Floss

Floss, as they say, is the Devil's handmaiden. Why they choose to say this, we aren't entirely certain. As for Colgate's brand of waxed dental ribbon, there isn't much to say really. It does the job fairly well - even managing to fit under Stan's overbite such that the tiny gaps between his rear molars are now as vacant as God intended (assuming, of course, that God is indeed as into dental hygiene as the good people at Colgate proclaim to be, which is unlikely, seeing as He/She probably has more pressing things to worry about, like the massive corruption inherent in the Brazilian political system, or the disturbing instability of the Indonesian archipelago, or the fact that nobody seems to care about that poor vagrant who has set up camp on Rundle Street and smells like he hasn't bathed since 1985, or the rampant overpopularity of inane gameshows, or the fact that more people are probably going to vote Democrat in the upcoming Federal election just because Natasha has a shiny new haircut). Melissa does prefer the mint flavoured variety, which has some kind of minty goodness impregnated in the fibres of the ribbon. However, the nutritional impact of said impregnation may be considered dubious, particularly in light of the fact that whatever residue the floss leaves behind is likely to stick around until your next flossing effort replaces it. Who cares?

Floss is good.



Freddo Frogs

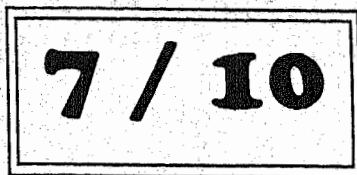
Freddo Frogs are tops as. Way topper than the alternative - Golden Rough - which contains coconut. Yucks. Naturally, there is nothing inherently spectacular about the chocolate that they are composed of, but there's definitely something reassuring about our Fred's smooth, moulded complexion. We are told that there has been a white chocolate Freddo for quite some time, which we are sure looks and feels as if it was carved from finest marble by Michelangelo himself.

Or not. At any rate, Freddo Frogs are far grousier than the second grousierest thing there is, especially now that there are three new varieties, one of which is apparently blueberry. Mmm - blueberry. Frog in the Pond (Green jelly with a Freddo at the bottom) is also tres cool.



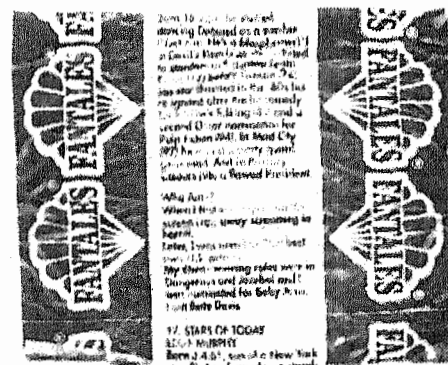
Film

A trustworthy brand of film if ever there was one. We here at *On Dit* use it for everything from Vox Pop to random campus pix. It's kept in the office refrigerator. Not entirely sure why. Must ask Dr Karl about that one. We give it a tentative 7 (seven) out of ten.



Fruit Box

There are many wrong things about the humble fruit box. For starters, it barely contains any fruit to speak of (a paltry 25 percent local and/or imported reconstituted juice, to be exact). Apart from said juice, the box also contains sugar, food acid (330), flavouring and ascorbic acid. Your best bet is a one hundred percent pure variety, which is bound to contain a damn sight more natural goodness. Ironically, Nippies OJ is probably the safest brand nowadays. Send any and all enquiries to Coca-cola Amatil 71 Macquarie Street, Sydney, NSW, 2000, Australia. Or simply phone consumer information on 1800 025 123.



Fantales

Perfect for those cold winter nights when there's nothing to do but vegetate with a pile of classic black and white flicks. Who was the genius who thought of wrapping chocolate-smothered toffees with slightly interesting movie trivia? Was it you? If it was, come down to the *On Dit* office to collect a barrage of fantastic prizes. While you're here, you might also like to help us come up with a decent idea for our Consumer Watchdog. The poor bastard hasn't been getting enough sleep recently. Up till now he's been working his fingers to the bone for ungrateful consumers like you. We worry about him - rumour has it that he's taken to drinking whisky straight from the bottle since his fiance left him. Some nights you can hear him stumbling through the deserted streets, jabbering to himself and yelling his lost love's name into the wind: 'Maureen...'

Coopers

I like to eat and drink

Restaurant of the Week

Lemon and Lime
Thai Cafe
Gouger Street

Where is it: Gouger Street

Atmosphere: This place is done up in that 'modern' style, all pale wooden tables/chairs/floors positioned in a diagonal fashion. And blackboards and mirrors hanging on the walls in inconvenient positions advertising the specials. The staff are quite competent and friendly

What it serves: All the usual Thai favourites including Pandan Chicken, Phad Thai Noodles, and Tom Yum. But it also has a fairly wide selection of general Asian food, especially noodles. Having been there a few times I've tried quite a selection of their menu and find it to be a little hit and miss. Some of their dishes are quite good and others don't really cut the mustard. Their Quail and Pandan Chicken were quite over-cooked and the Thai patties were pretty ordinary. Their cold rolls could have been stuffed with more salad type things because they looked pretty sad. Salt and Pepper dishes are something that is pretty difficult to get right and so I guess they can be forgiven for it not being that great. On the other hand their Phad Thai noodles were pretty good. The Thai Green Curry was slightly watery but had quite a nice flavour.

Any Complaints: The serves could have been more generous. Everything is slightly overpriced for what it is, I guess you are paying for all the trendy fixtures and paper napkins. Or something.

Low-down: Not a bad place overall if you aren't too fussy about your food. If you want some really excellent Thai food then try Amrin in North Adelaide or Cafe Michael in Rundle Street.

Annabel

Recipe of the Week

Tofu Veggie Curry

Due to the amazing success of last week's recipe for Tofu Peanut Butter Cake (thanks for all the letters guys, we are glad you liked it), we have decided to provide you with yet another tofu recipe. Now, you may omit the raisins if you like, but the general opinion in the office is that raisins only add to a curry. Each to themselves I say, there are people out there who think that pineapple chunks, sausages and blue curacao only add to a curry as well and they can do as they please. So, enjoy!

Ingredients

- 2 potatoes, diced
- 2 cups diced, peeled eggplant
- 1 tablespoon peanut oil
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 clove of garlic, crushed
- 1 teaspoon minced fresh ginger
- 250g tofu
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1/4 cup peanuts
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup low fat yoghurt

Method

- Steam eggplant and potatoes until tender.
- Heat oil and saute onion and garlic and ginger.
- Add tofu and curry powder and saute gently for about 10 minutes.
- Add potato, eggplant, nuts and raisins. Saute another 5 minutes.
- Remove from heat and stir through yoghurt.
- Serve with rice, chutney and crisp greens

Club of the Week

Allure
Hindley St

Random nights out are the best, don't you think? Twice this week I have been picked up from work by esteemed Wayward sub ed Samla, thinking we were going to retire to my living room to watch *Return of the Jedi*. But no, more interesting times were apparently up for grabs and so it is that I found myself sitting in the loft-like room of Allure last Sunday night with a host of supremely good value people, a glass of scotch and some funny dancing girls to laugh at.

Where it is: Next to Supermild and across the road from Cargo. Look for the location with no lineup, no bouncer and no pumping loud music.

Who goes there: Anyone trying to escape the claustrophobic crowd of Cargo or the acute pretension of Supermild. Being the third point in a nightspot triangle, Allure offers punters the opportunity to chill out pre or post big night out. You'll see drunkards lounging on the cushions and probably a couple of girls dancing along to a really cool mish mash of music. The girls I saw had different dancing routines that all ended up being pretty much exactly the same. That wasn't so good, but they did provide a few minutes of amusement.

Why we like it: Sometimes you don't want to sit in a noisy pub. Sometimes you don't want to have to fight your way through throngs of drunk people just to make it to the bar/toilet/space three metres away from you. Sometimes you just want to crash on a few cushions with some good friends and cool music and that's it. That's why we like Allure. The atmosphere is relaxed, and the clientele respond in kind. Everyone I spoke to on Sunday night was very friendly and willing to give me cigarettes, which leads me to my next rave. The bar staff. In fact, I think they can have a section to themselves.

The Bar staff: The staff at Allure are truly excellent. It's such a little bar that they can be totally at ease with the customers, and can engage in conversation without the attitude so prevalent in many pubs and bars today of I-work-in-a-wanky-establishment-and-don't-you-forget-it. There were two people working on Sunday night, the owner and this really gorgeous girl with the most shining personality I've encountered for a long time. She even took regular breaks to come out and dance with the crazy routine girls, plus she had wicked hair. When I went to her to complain about how my friends were giving me shit about smoking, she responded by offering me one of her cigarettes. Truly an asset to this establishment. Her boss, who seems quite young to own a bar, was also excellent, and my last memory of the evening was him giving me five shots of scotch for the price of two. That was pretty cool. And cheap. Yum.

Any complaints: The only thing I could say against Allure is that it probably isn't a bar for all occasions. If you're after a full-on night out, you might not want to start at Allure. But then, if you're finishing one up, it's the best place to go out of a lot of them.

Prices: Quite reasonably priced, with base spirits and mix at the usual \$5 mark. There's no beer on tap, but who wants spillage anyway? And if you get on the good side of the owner, you might find yourself with an entire tumbler full of spirits for a low low price.

Opening Hours: Having only been there once, I couldn't really say. It was open late on Sunday night, but then was shut on Wednesday night. The best thing to do is check it out for yourself. I guarantee you'll have a supremely excellent time.

Sally

Australian Made, Australian Owned

May I help you and your smelly child?

You had better read up, I have sold toys to kids...

I landed my first job at the tender age of fifteen at a large city toy retailer. I felt like a real winner – I walked in, handed over my resume (at that point, consisting of such claims to fame as “played orphan in school musical” and “Patrol Leader of the Kookaburras”), and watched some videos of early ‘80s vintage on how to “scan ‘n’ bag”. From that crisp April afternoon onwards, I could consider myself an employee – or “team associate” – at the happiest store on earth.

There is a tart, not bitter, irony in this place’s syrupy image. I have to admit, there were some good times, and lots of laughs.

For example, you could say that the geeky manager had a kitsch sense of cool about it. One of my fellow employees even had a racket going, where she supplied friends with shirts and caps to wear as much-admired novelties. Then the uniform cupboard got locked.

And I suppose you learn a lot about yourself and human nature in general when you work in a toy store at Christmas. You also decide never to have kids. My mettle was tested, and felt I could take on anyone after telling a parent on Christmas Eve that sorry, their Tickle Me Elmo is *not* in the lay-by bay where it should be, the shelf stock has been sold out for months, and the fact that they paid for it days ago will not make it magically appear.

Best of all, my friend served not one, but *two* celebrities in her time there. Meeting Tim Ferguson was kind of cool in the era of *Don’t Forget Your Toothbrush*, but wouldn’t be so cool in these post-*Unreal TV*, receding-hairline-in-denial times. *Recovery’s* Dylan Lewis was the other big spunk to make his way through her register.

Sadly, none of this detracted from the pervasive smell throughout the store. It may not be detectable to the

blissfully toy-entranced child or the dotting grandparent, but to the underage lackey it becomes unbearably suffocating. Calling it the smell of death may be going a little far (considering I don’t yet know of any deaths resulting within or *directly* as a result of the store itself), but it is without a doubt the stench of exploitation, oppression, misery, boredom, and poor toilet training (I know the latter for a fact, thanks to a six-year-old customer).

Odours aside, the remuneration involved was less than attractive to anyone other than a naïve and grateful fifteen-year-old, like myself. My starting wage was \$7 an hour. I grew to realise that this was shite, but my sense of disgust was alleviated somewhat by the knowledge that my supervisor was scrabbling around in that hole, 8 ‘til 6, Monday to Friday, for \$4 an hour. Apparently a traineeship was to blame for this pittance, but she knew in her heart that in the end it would *all* be worth it.

The pay was indicative of the degree of training we received. I still managed to clamber up three rungs of that steep career ladder, though! I graduated from checkout chick, to layby checkout chick, to office girl. The downside of having such prestigious sounding job titles was that I was not trained in anything other than “scan ‘n’ bag”, “stow ‘n’ go” and “count ‘n’ frown”. So heaven forbid anyone asking me about a TOY. I didn’t know anything about that. The most tense and gruelling part of the job was running the gauntlet between the staff room (on the first floor) and the checkouts (located on the ground floor). Rollerblades were positioned right outside the staff room door so, undoubtedly, there would be a stressed parent demanding that their kid be fitted with the right size blades, right NOW. When you don’t know a freaking thing about rollerblades, you don’t like the look of the kid’s quivering lower lip, you don’t like the parent’s ominous tone of voice, you’ve got a manager about to tear you

limb from limb if you’re not on the register within 30 seconds, and you’re wearing a shirt emblazoned with the invitation “May I help you?”, what *do* you do? I usually tried to run, head down, with my back facing the wall. It usually didn’t work.

Management was really bitchy, too. Apparently this changed after I left and the boss started turning up to work wearing a big smile and lots of hickeys. The other boss may have been a little shirty with life in general following him sticking his hand under a lawnmower and requiring it to be completely reconstructed, throbbing metal pins and all. And this guy works around *children*?

The work environment definitely left a lot to be desired. Dear God, the music... I’ve worked to 5AD. I’ve worked to SAFM. How dulcet are the tones of these two music makers compared to what I experienced at this place: think the Wiggles, think Barbie and the Rockers, think nursery rhymes in saccharine American kiddie voices. Worst of all, think “It’s a great day for Fisher Price!” in aforementioned saccharine American kiddie voices, repeated ad nauseum in the most unabashed commercial plug imaginable.

Then there was the time the air conditioner was broken. Actually, it was a condition of six months when the air conditioner was broken. In fact, the baseball cap component of the uniform was abolished over this time, because it was too hot to work there otherwise, which suited us fine. The highlight of this period would have to be the über-vommie. A devoted father was just completing the no-doubt promised tour of our store with his beloved offspring on a particularly hot day – one of those days when the atmosphere is so still and heavy that just standing in open air feels oppres-

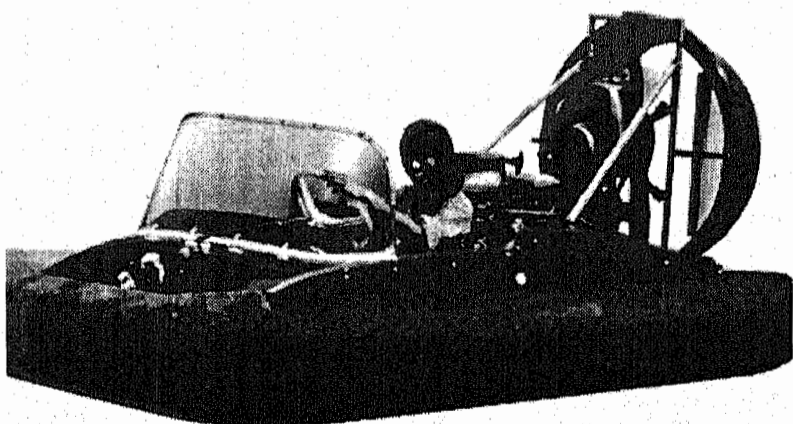


sive, let alone standing in a two-storey glorified warehouse. Just as Pop was guiding Junior through the most used thoroughfare in the whole store, Junior started to feel not so well. So Junior let rip – with a veritable torrent of the most pungent, rich, brown vomit I had ever seen. This chunder satisfied its liquid property to cover the most surface area possible, flowing out to span the whole, 1.5 – 2 metre width of the aisle. Subsequently there was a collective “Euw!” from customers and employees alike, a mass exodus of customers, and a scuffling-away of potential cleaners. My shift ended right then, and I hopped, skipped and jumped over the mess to go home.

Despite all this fun, I knew my affair with that particular employer was over when I got landed with bargain bin sorting on Monday nights during Year 12. The manager’s response to my resignation? “But we were just about to promote you!” Thanks, but no thanks.

Gemma Clark

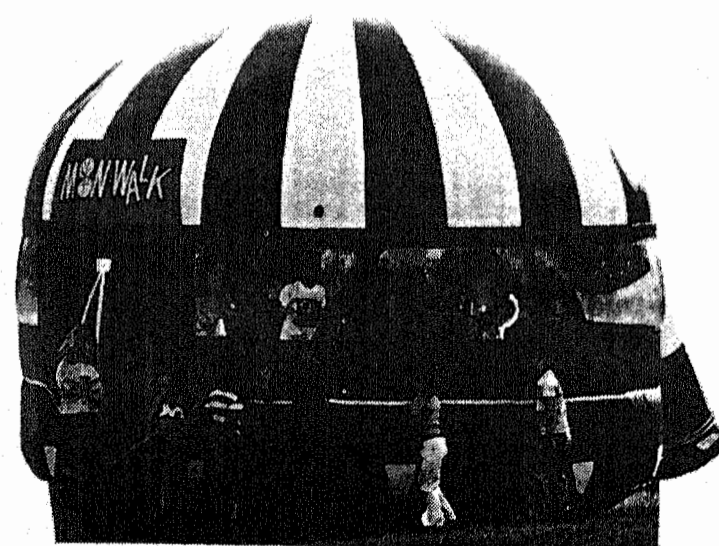
On Dit's Favourite toys:



Hovercraft.



**Giant Metal Penguin.
Literally Thousands
of Uses.**



**'Biosphere' artificial
sealed habitat.
Trains children for the
eventual colonisation
of Mars.**

What are you, some kind of Communist?

WARNING: On Dit hopes that no Americans find this too offensive. There was a long debate about this article, and we hope that nobody interprets this to be the opinion of all Australians. It's not.

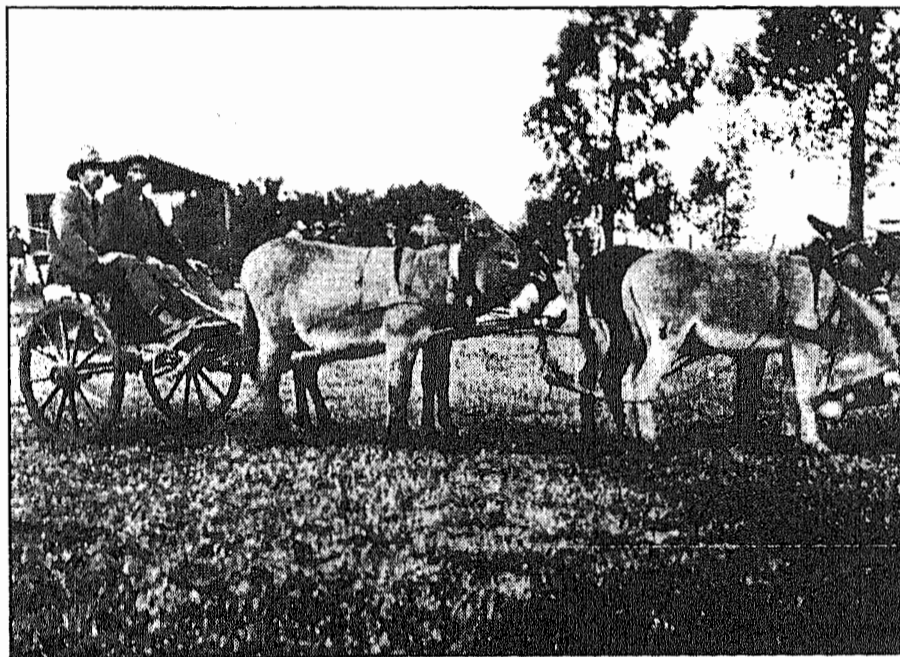
It has been said that travel broadens the mind. I suppose it does, but it also provides one with a veritable ocean of anecdotes, amusing or not. Last summer holidays I embarked on a European Odyssey with a good friend and consequently, not only have I broadened my mind but I now have at least a back garden pool of decent anecdotes to tell.*

There are many things I could write about - how dull London was, but what a great shop 'Accessoris' is. The time spent in queues in Paris and the whole getting separated on New Year's Eve in Paris experience, and spending the early hours of the morning of 1 January 2001 with a Canadian man, Roger, whom I had only known for an hour, in a Parisian bar, drinking the world's most revolting schnapps and watching 'Roszg-air' work his way through a whole pack of cigarettes taking one drag of each and letting the rest sit in the ashtray and burn down while telling me that he doesn't smoke but he paid for these cigarettes and was bloody well going to get through them all. My friend was with his Australian girlfriend hitchhiking through Paris with a Pakistani man who was singing along to weird music and misplacing black folders in his car. The wonderful days with friends in Holland spent eating, sleeping and watching Monty Python's *The Life of Brian*. Having my hair cut by a freaky looking woman in Dresden who didn't speak a word of English. And firmly believing that I was going to die on the kiddies ski slope in Switzerland. Look, the list goes on, but I think I have made my point.

As I cast my mind back to the two and a half months I spent in the bloody cold winter of the Northern Hemisphere I seem to be inundated with memories of the American tourists that my travelling companion and I encountered. They were everywhere.

It was in the youth hostel in Oxford - great place Oxford - that we had our first up close encounter with an American tourist. Monty Python's *Holy Grail* was on television and had drawn a decent crowd into the dining room. But this one American guy just didn't get it, so much so that he asked out loud what King Arthur and his knights were doing going around pretending to ride horses. Stupid git.

Later in our trip, while travelling in a sleeper from Amsterdam to Berlin, my companion and I met a couple of Americans, Katie and Joe. They were brother and sister who were travelling together for a while. We ended up staying in the same hostel (that is another story in itself; Joe's snoring was horrific, but don't get me started on snoring stories). They were unintentionally hilarious. Katie had knee-high boots that didn't fit into any of her suit cases - she had several - and complained about having to wear them every time she had to pack up and was on the move, despite the fact that they made her legs look 'so cute'.



Next week: On Dit explores the far reaches of Linear Park by donkey carriage.

We arrived in Berlin on a Sunday and all Joe wanted to do was to find a bar that would be broadcasting American football. Before we parted ways, both declared that they would never come to Australia because it was a land filled with snakes, spiders and crocodiles. I protested saying that we are not all like that crocodile hunter person or Troy Dan, but they hadn't ever heard of Troy Dan. Two more stupid gits.

But moving on, there were these other Americans that we met in Cafe Oz in Paris. Both were pretty smashed when they joined my friend and I while we quietly sipped our \$A6 Sparkling Ale. They fed us some story about working in Germany as fire fighters before I

blurted out that I hate America. I then proceeded to enter into an argument with one of the Americans which covered a number of topics, from the American education system to this bloke calling me a communist. Is this the Americans' answer to everyone they dislike and feel threatened by? It was when he said that the world needed the morals provided by America that I grabbed my coat and my friend and left.

Later in our travels, when my esteemed companion - or is it comrade? - and I were in Salzburg on a Sunday morning one of the most bizarre incidents of our travels occurred. Needless

one of the curious friends and exchanged pleasantries. As we had finished eating and were anxious to both get out and see the place and to end the conversation, we stood up and declared that we were off to climb the hill to the castle. It is common practice to clear up after oneself in hostels but these two Americans, apparently feeling the urge to parent us, stood up and grabbed our plates and cups, said that they would clean them up and, with a wave of their hands, told us to 'go along' as if we were seven years old.

It was quite surreal. Being my sceptical self, I remain convinced that they were carrying out a dare. My friend, who doesn't seem to hate America and Americans as much as I do, maintains that they were being good, decent and generous people.

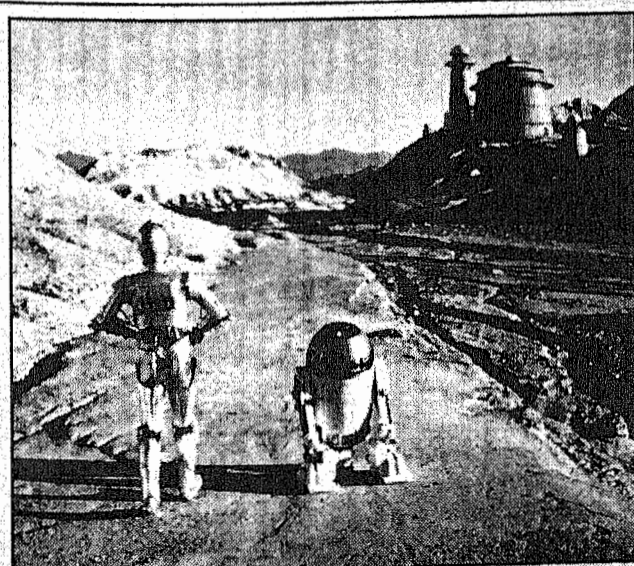
My point is that there is a general code of kindness and camaraderie amongst backpackers in a foreign land. But these Americans took it too far. It should be contained to an exchange of useful information, or just a nod of recognition and understanding between two worn yet relentlessly idealistic travellers.

I am not sure what to think of American tourists, they confuse me, and, damn it, I hate being confused, especially by Americans.

And the moral of these rambling anecdotes - there are plenty more - is twofold: Firstly, travel broadens one's anecdotal reservoir. And secondly, avoid American tourists, they are more hassle than they are worth.

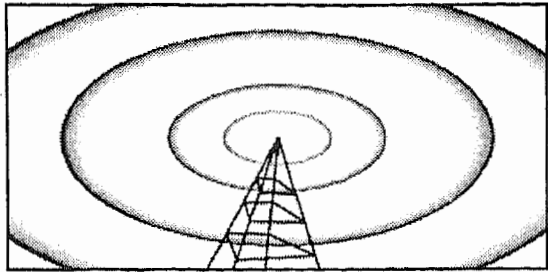
Anna

*At this point I should like to say that while this article is for the reading pleasure of all On Dit readers, it specifically goes out to Tim Williams as an appallingly belated response to his pathetic excuse for a travel article previously published in this fine paper: Although I have been assured that his attack on reminiscences of European Odysseys in the aforementioned article was 'merely an angle to get the thing printed' and that 'no malice was intended', I feel obliged to level the score.



Have you journeyed to strange and savage places and returned to tell the tale?
On Dit wants to know. And so do thousands of our readers. Keep on bringing your travel stories into On Dit or email them to ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au

Student Radio Report



Hello and welcome back to our regularly scheduled service!

Hopefully we saw you on the lawns last week, taking advantage of Environment Week and all the fun stuff they managed to organise. All of us at radio had a lot of fun broadcasting out on the lawns, playing music really loud and eating the Environment Department's food.

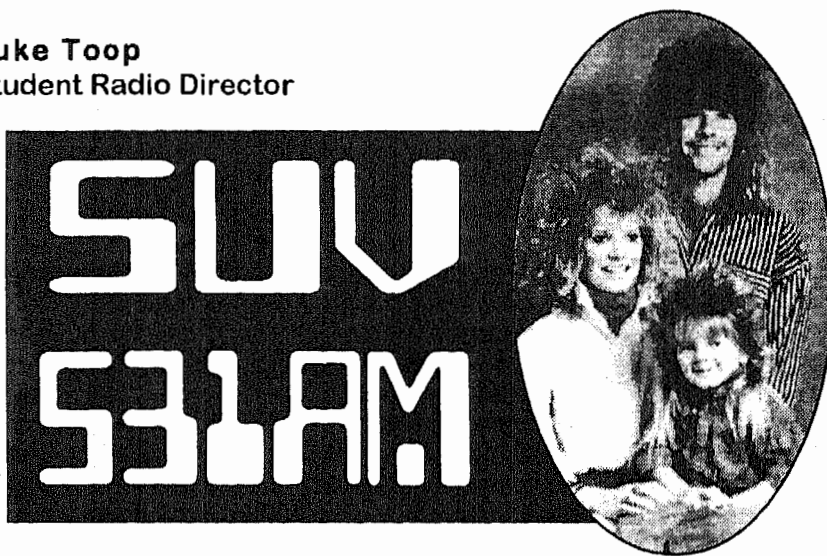
For now, of course, we're getting busy putting our bands together for the Battle of the Bands Competition — in only a few weeks time, you'll be able to see a whole lot of up-and-comers on the Adelaide band scene doing the best they can, and a whole lot of joke bands being hilariously funny. If you can come up with a funny idea, and have even a few friends remotely acquainted with musical instruments, then you should think about giving it a go. Or at least come along and watch!

In other news, later this semester there will be Women's Week, and a part of that is 'Totally Wimmin Powered Radio'. Our normally scheduled shows

are replaced for one week by a new group of volunteers, arranged through the Women's Department. Anais will be organising this soon, and look for ads for women volunteers to start appearing very soon. If you're interested and want to get involved, then contact Anais or myself through the SAUA office.

Last of all, remember to tune in to Student Radio, 531 AM (but not for too much longer) Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays from 9pm till 1am!

Luke Toop
Student Radio Director



student radio

TIMETABLE

First Week

Monday

- ☞ **On Dit radio:** New releases and music news
- ☞ **Cinemania:** Movies reviews and gossip
- ☞ **Lost in the Mix:** Latest dance music
- ☞ **Eye and Ear Control:** Unusual/Experimental/Fringe musics

Tuesday

- ☞ **Local Noise:** Local bands play live-to-air
- ☞ **Crud Radio:** Crudster sightings, music and interviews
- ☞ **The Michael Tunn Variety Hour:** Punk music show
- ☞ **Sensory:** A different theme every week

Saturday

- ☞ **Totally Wimmin Powered Radio:** Women's issues and news
- ☞ **Wall of Sound:** Izzy and Alana play the blues
- ☞ **None the Wiser:** Reviews and news on happenings in the local live music scene
- ☞ **Noisegate:** Guest DJs, musicians and noisicians go live-to-air

Second Week

Monday

- ☞ **Well Powdered:** News and current affairs
- ☞ **Heresy:** Hard, dark, fast and loud - Metal show, with a focus on new releases and local events and bands
- ☞ **Dork in a Cup:** Dance music and comedy. Home of the 'Captain Action Pants' radio drama
- ☞ **Eye and Ear Control:** Unusual/Experimental/Fringe musics

Tuesday

- ☞ **Local Noise:** Local bands play live-to-air
- ☞ **Newsroom:** Satirical look at news and current affairs
- ☞ **I took my Prozac:** Current affairs and music
- ☞ **Biscuit Power Flower Hour:** A look at the recent history of music, a different year every show

Saturday

- ☞ **Urban Legends:** A show about Adelaide and its inhabitants
- ☞ **Logos:** Post-graduate science show, AUSR's 'Quantum'
- ☞ **Noisegate:** Guest DJs, musicians and noisicians go live-to-air

"We listen to Student Radio every week, and live by its teachings."

What's happening in the exciting world of Computer Games?

Computer and video games are more popular now than they ever have been and they just keep on growing. *On Dit* being the current, cool, "on the ball", fantastic magazine/newspaper/thingy in between those two things, that it is has decided in its infinite wisdom to include a news type thang about these time sappers/life wasters/"real reasons for assignment extensions" (aka games). So, here goes, onto business.

I want Pain baby.

but I probably can't afford it.

Max Payne, the game on the lips (fingers) of every PC gamer in every chat room it seems. It has been in development for years making people weep in anticipation for it. **Daikatana** showed us that just because a game's release date is extended almost indefinitely, it does not mean that it is any good. Unlike **Daikatana** though, **Max Payne** is at least based on an innovative game system and promises to introduce something halfway original to the PC games' scene. It is supposedly going to be released around July in Australia, but I have not seen it anywhere yet so the date could be bogus. It has been released in the US recently and most reviewers have given it a very positive

reception. Ordinarily I would not cover a game already out if I cannot review it myself but the original game concept (something of a rarity in PC games, especially shooters) meant that I could not help myself.

The game plays in the 3rd person and it's a shooter with a detective type storyline, no surprises so far huh? The impressive thing about **Max Payne** is the fact that it plays like a scene out of the Matrix. At certain points the action slows down so much that you can actually see bullets heading toward you. Most of the game plays at a normal speed, but as your character gains more experience the game slows down giving Max a distinct advantage in gun battles. This slow mo system is something new and original and is what made everyone so excited about the whole thing. Critics have on the whole given **Max Payne** a positive spin, citing original gameplay as the game's major drawcard, disadvantages include the repetitiveness of the whole thing and the shortness of the whole experience (10-15 hrs) which really sux if you plan on spending a \$100+(!!) on it. Still I couldn't help covering it because it sounds so original. The game

is supposed to come out for the PS2 eventually but the mouse controlled shooting/aiming system adopted in Payne might make a good conversion difficult.

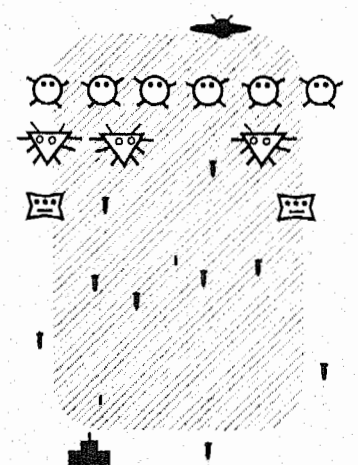
WEIRDNESSNESS

Apparently, prisoners in the U.K. seem to enjoy **Tomb Raider** more than any other game out there. Firstly, I'm amazed that prisoners get to play Playstation games in their (copious) spare time (if Austudy payments get any lower maybe any Uni gamers out there can rob a bank, if you get away with it: sweetness-you can keep on studying, if you get caught, then you can while away your time in prison playing video games with payed accommodation, free meals, sweetness-v2.0)*. Secondly, why **Tomb Raider**? The only reason I can think of relates to one of the most ancient "jokes" in the industry which is invariably related to the fans big breasted heroine which I will not take advantage of (wait a second I just didn't I, oh well). Predictably **Grand Theft Auto** made it in at no.5-less predictably **Rainbow Six** was in the top ten, firstly it was not the best of games (on PS1) but more than that don't you think it's weird that prisoners want to be cops (really cool elite special forces cops

but cops none the less) with all missions guided towards stopping the bad guys i.e. them, pretty weird huh?

*Not sure if Aussie prisoners are allowed to have access to video games, so if you do plan to go to prison *On Dit* will take no responsibility - you do so at your own risk.

Matthew Pastro



G E N E R A T I O N T E E V E

'I'll Play On for the Saucepans Thanks, Larry'



ame shows. They've been around forever, and in theory have an audience far wider than the occasional teeve columnist who watches once a month out of a sense of duty. The game show is a teeve programme unlike any other: the feverish excitement; the grand prizes; the white teeth; the shouting from the audience. Oh the shouting. Oh the audience.

The 'old school' of game shows seems to be a dying breed these days. The simple joys of life, such as watching people compete for points to win grand prizes such as cars and saucepan sets, seem to be over and are being replaced with bigger, harder, faster, and stupider game shows.

I remember with fondness that old school feeling—or is it just that kids will watch any old crap? *The Price is Right* was always a favourite. The excitement built as the host called 'Come on down', and reached a fever-pitch as they rewarded those who had a first-hand knowledge of consumerism—the audience screaming 'put the holiday after the bag of flour'.

There is just something about the afternoon game show. I don't understand what it is or why people will watch it, but there's definitely something there. Kitsch value perhaps? Like *Wheel of Fortune*, which features that mesmerising clickety clickety clickety of the wheel, and endless inane chatter reminiscent of Lotto draws. I never understood how on earth people were able to choose immediately from the vast array of sumptuous goodies displayed before them. When I got a little older I understood: they didn't really have a choice.

The thing about the best daytime game shows are the sound effects. For the *Wheel* it was the mesmerising clickety, and for *Family Feud* it was that fantastic 'bhwung bhwung' noise. Do you know why *Burgo's Catchphrase* was so crap? Well, apart from the obvious crapness of being, it had no signature noise. Nope, just crappy cartoons to



catchphrases which, after a few games, really weren't 'catchphrases' anymore.

Another favourite as a youngster was *It's A Knockout!* Why the hell don't we have punters running about getting messy and doing dumb shit in silly costumes anymore? What happened to *Gladiator*? Where is the jelly and the violence in our game shows? Did anyone else happen to read those articles at the time about how *Gladiator* was a symptom of the coming end of the millennium? Ha. Wasn't that all a big fizzer? Millennium schellnium—at least in Adelaide: City of the Bored.

As far as game shows go, you just can't beat *Sale of the Century* as a classic. One hundred percent pure class all the way, baby. It's civilized, there are no gimmicks, you have to be smartish and fast to win, and most of the prizes are actually shit you'd want.

A little-known fact about Glenn Ridge: he used to present the Saturday morning cartoon show on Channel 6 in Ballarat, Victoria, back when I was a wee little punter and he had a mullet.

I really liked *Jeopardy*, too, and find it strange that it never took off in Australia. Perhaps we were just confused by the 'what/who is' format for answering questions.

The only thing worse than *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* was *Million Dollar Chance of a Lifetime*. The two were identical twins in the game show universe, sharing similar format, hosts, and set. *Million Dollar Chance of a Lifetime* was an abysmal copy-and-paste on the part of Channel 7, and you'll notice that it didn't last very long.

Far from being the competitive, fast-paced, question-answering action we have come to expect, *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* puts one dickhead—taking half a fucking hour to answer a question—in the spotlight. I have this rule of thumb: if it doesn't spring to mind after the first thirty seconds of thinking about it, then you probably don't actually know the answer, and it's not going to simply come to you if you sit there long enough. At this point it's wise to cut your losses and either phone a bulk-smart friend or ask the frigging audience ('take the saucepans').

And while I'm at it, what is the fucking point of a 'game show' where you get to ask other people what the answer

is? You *already* have the choice of four frigging answers in front of you. Where is the challenge in the guarantee that one of those four is right? Where is the challenge in that? You don't race others or the clock—you just sit there scratching your arse and taking your own sweet time to have a good think before deciding, finally, to phone your sister for help. Game shows are about knowledge and skill. They're about quick thinking: snap snap snap—answer answer answer.

The whole ritual is made even worse by the constant, overly-dramatic 'dum da DUM' used to add effect, and the craaaaaazy camera whipping around as if the action is fast-paced and non-stop, when it is clearly not.

The only good thing about *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* is 'Celebrity' *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire*—then we get to see what dickheads some celebs are.

The Weakest Link is best described as an exercise in Pure Evil. Not only are the punters in direct competition—encouraging opposition and rivalry over teamwork—but the object of the game is actually to eliminate your competitors by voting them off the island, I mean, game show. The *Big Treasureship Molesurvive* brands of realiteeve have done enough to blur the distinctions between so-called 'reality' television and game shows, without those stupid fucking pieces-to-camera they do on *The Weakest Link* after being given the boot.

Not only are the punters encouraged to be as nasty as inhumanly possible for the enjoyment of you there on the couch, but the central pivot upon which everything else turns, the host, actually insults the punters. The insults are the point of the show. This is why people watch. Does anybody else see anything wrong with this? Or is it just me? Not only is individualism stressed over community and co-operation, but punters must actively destroy their competition. This is not fun. This is not skilful. This does not reward intelligence. It is merely an exercise in masochism and humiliation.

One thing I really miss are romance game shows. Oh for the days of *Perfect Match*, with pink-tinted sets, Dexter that crazy little robot, and the constantly reinforced notion that without a partner you are less of a person.

I always wondered, though: what if the couples hated each other and had a really lousy time? Was it written in their contract that they had to pretend to have had fun?

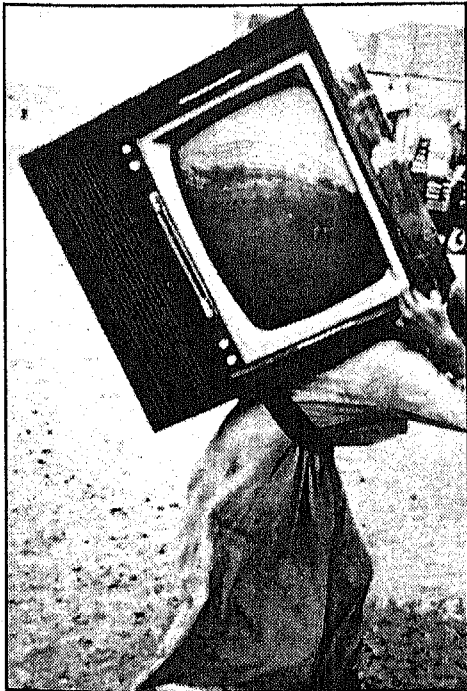
But do you know what I *did* like? The all too short lived *Street Date*. Yep. I loved *Street Date*, mainly for this one time that this chick was totally taking the piss by pretending to have a Danish accent. Halfway through the date, the boy she'd picked commented on how nice her accent was, and she leaned over and whispered into his mike, 'actually, I'm faking it'. From then on in they laughed, joked, took the piss some more, and apparently ended up quite good friends.

For the uninitiated, some ultra-perky chick with a camera crew would bound up to Random Stranger Number One and get them to point out a nice piece of arse that they'd like to go out with. The perky chick would then bound up to the pointed-out random stranger (Random Stranger Number Two) and ask if they'd go on a date with Random Stranger Number One. The camera crew would then film the date (hm. Yes, that would be comfortable), and come back a week later to see if any sparks were flying. Unlike *Perfect Match*, the couple got to do separate pieces to camera to say what they really thought of each other. So it was fun when one said they had a great time and the 'chemistry' was definitely there (translation: I'm gonna get laid), and the other was all like 'yuck, no, disgusting and never ever again'.

Never fear happy punters. If you're missing terribly the lack of forced romance on your teeve screen, coming soon to television is *Chains of Love*. People are chained together 24/7 for, I think, 4 days. Each day the main person nominates one chaineer to leave the chain. By the end, you should have your perfect match still chained to you. Again. Am I the only person who sees something wrong with this? What about privacy? What if you need to take a dump? How are you going to sleep? What about showering?

Is nothing sacred anymore?

Jayne Lewis



"the best feel-good flick of the year - must miss!"

The Right Temptation

2000 D: Lyndon Chubbuck
Kiefer Sutherland, Rebecca DeMornay
Dana Delany, Michael Ralph
Columbia TriStar Home Entertainment



If you hire *The Right Temptation*, don't be expecting a thriller as the cover will suggest. This is the sort of movie you'll find in the TV guide as the midday movie, the description reading 'murder mystery' rather than 'thriller'.

The Right Temptation follows a case of Derian McCall's (Rebecca DeMornay), an ex-undercover cop turned private investigator. The story in brief is that she falls for the man whom she is supposed to be spying on. She was hired by Anthia (Dana Delany), the man's wife, but ends up having passionate sex with Michael (Kiefer Sutherland). Be warned: bad attempts at trying to make these scenes incredibly sexy almost make it appear to be a low-budget porn video.

The story has a twist wherein Derian ends up in jail for the murder of Michael. Being the brave ex-cop that she is, she solves the case. However, I won't let on too much, just in case you want to see it.

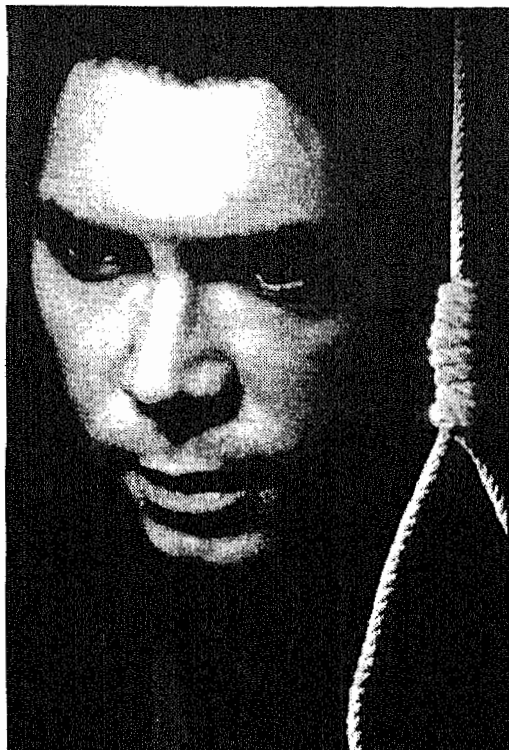
Don't hire this movie hoping to cuddle up to your girl/boyfriend dur-

ing the scary bits, because there aren't any; *The Right Temptation* is definitely not an edge-of-your-seat thriller. All this being said, don't be scared off hiring this movie when you rock up to the video store at 9 PM and all of the good movies are gone. Just give it a try; you may even enjoy it.

Karina Carslake

Hangman

2000 D: Ken Girotti
Lou Diamond Phillips, Madchen Amick
Mark Wilson, Vincent Corazza
Columbia TriStar Home Video



My mind began to wander in numerous directions while watching this fucker of a film. At one stage, I began to contemplate washing the dishes or maybe sleeping. This was certainly not a sign that I was enjoying what I was watching.

Hangman stars the career-doomed Lou Diamond Phillips as a detective on the trail of a serial killer who entices people to play the hangman game; thus their doom is sealed.

'Lunacy' is the word I would use to classify this no-brainer. When watching a serial killer thriller, I generally like to be on the edge of my seat, trying to guess the serial killer's identity. Basically, you would have to be a simple fucker not to guess who the killer is in this B-grade piece of shite. The dreadful music, the general lack of suspense, the farcical

dialogue and the uninteresting actors assure that this film will be instantly forgotten.

Lou Diamond Phillips, who makes me want to bawl, is ineffectual as the virtuous Detective Nick Roos. I seem to have no recollection of him displaying any emotions; his character is just another version of himself.

This film would perhaps have seduced me ten years ago; today, I'd rather wake up naked in Hindmarsh Square than see this film again.

Check out *Seven*, the only serial killer film worth viewing.

Matthew "Dr Video" Herfurth
Untercritic

Snatch

2000 D: Guy Ritchie
Brad Pitt, Benicio Del Toro
Columbia TriStar Home Entertainment

Snatch made \$5 million at the Australian box office. If it was not for the large number of central characters and the English accents that most of them spoke with, which I found pretty hard to understand, *Snatch* would be a brilliant movie. The film was written and directed by Guy Ritchie (Madonna's husband) who also did *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* and *Snatch* follows in much the same vein.

The movie has two main plots, which merge at the end; hence the large number of characters. The first plot concerns the delivery of some smaller diamonds by Franky Four Fingers (Benicio Del Toro, who's also in *Traffic*) to his boss's cousin, The Head, in London, before heading to New York to deliver the larger one to his boss, Avi. However, Franky has been set up by Boris The Blade, who wants to steal the diamond.

The second plot is about an illegal boxing and gambling syndicate run by Brick Top. Mickey O'Neil (Brad Pitt), an Irish gypsy whose speech is totally incomprehensible, finds himself a participant after knocking out one of the novice fighters. Brick Top has Mickey's mum killed when Mickey refused to 'go down in the fourth' and this makes for a very interesting and amusing ending when the two plots come together.

Snatch moves at a very quick pace with without any wasted scenes. Even though there are so many characters, which means they do not get as much screen time and it is a little confusing, everything makes sense in the end. Three and a half stars.

Jang Luu

This Week's Film Quiz!

1. Name one of the stars of *Speed*.
2. Who wrote the novel *L.A. Confidential*?
3. Name the love theme from *Daylight*.
4. Name one of the stars of *The Right Temptation*.
5. What do the films *Cutting Class*, *A River Runs Through It*, and *Fight Club* have in common?
6. How many *Beverly Hills Cop* sequels have there been?
7. Who directed *Top Gun*?
8. Name the German-born composer who scored *Gladiator* and *Mission: Impossible 2*.
9. *Hannibal* is the sequel to which 1991 thriller?
10. True or false: Cuba Gooding, Jr. is an Academy Award winner.

And for all of you who slaved over last week's out-of-date film quiz, here are the answers!

1. 'My Heart Will Go On'.
2. The Wachowski Brothers.
3. Michael Douglas.
4. Thomas Mapother.
5. They all star Keanu Reeves.
6. Room.
7. Garbage.
8. Bernard Herrman.
9. Tyler Durden.
10. Andrew Kevin Walker.

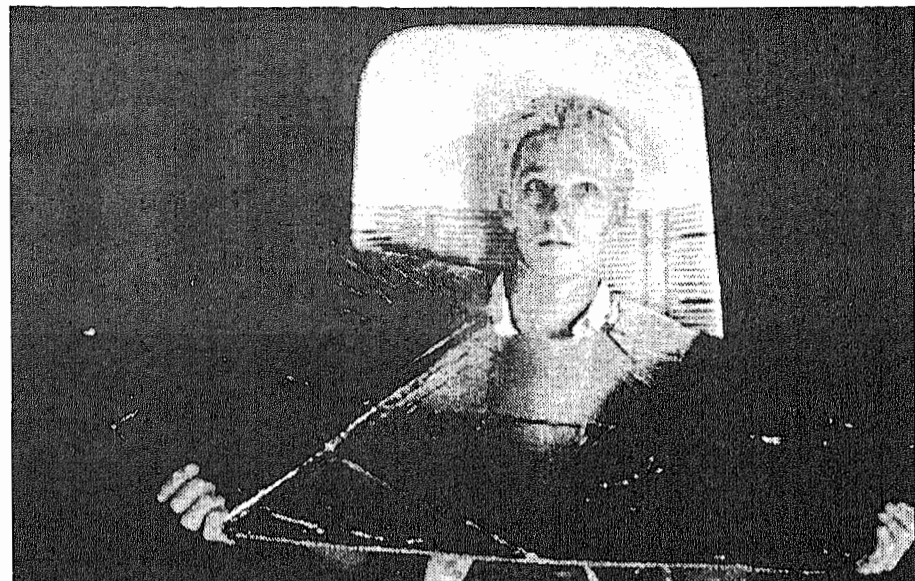
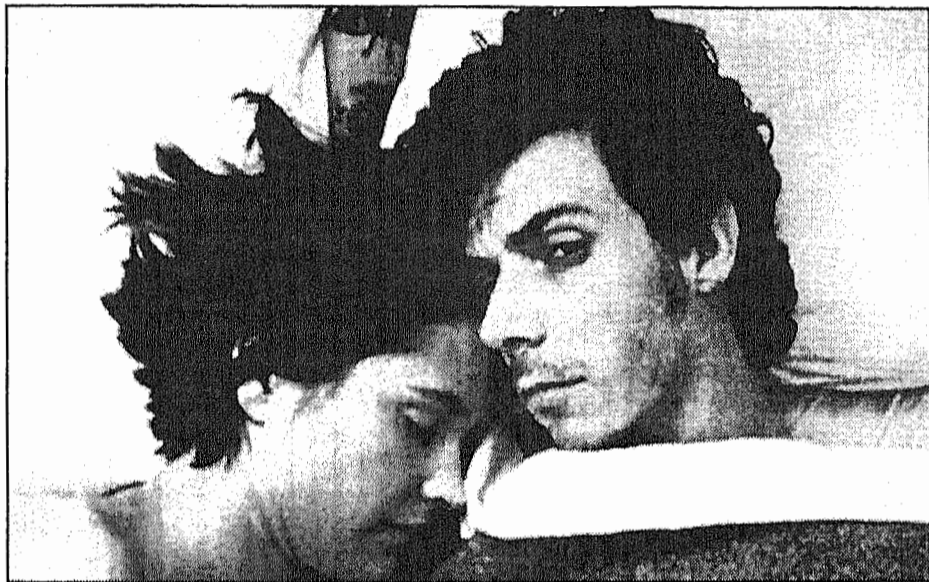
Dr Video says...
"I like to watch
moofies"

Movie of the Week

He Died with a Falafel in his Hand

Coming Soon - Palace/Nova Cinemas

There is no hell on earth quite like that which goes on in share-houses, and this movie will be an uncomfortable reminder for those of you out there who are currently residing in one. Starring the morose Noah Taylor, *He Died With A Falafel In His Hand* is a hilarious look at struggling writer Danny's life as he drifts about the share-house circuit of the east coast. Opening in a disintegrating corrugated iron house in Brisbane, Danny is an unemployed writer living in a testosterone-filled house with a military freak, a moon-tanning albino, a TV addict, a tent-dwelling bank clerk, and his best female friend Sammy. Their days are spent playing cane-



toad golf, downing bucket bongos and telling tall tales. Enter their latest housemate, an extreme feminist called Anya, over whom the men compete. Only trouble is that she seems partial to Sammy. This all culminates in a winter solstice which involves ritual sacrifice and Nazis with chainsaws. This is of course the signal to move on for Danny, who goes through a succession of houses and even crazier flatmates. Wherever he goes Danny is eternally drawn into the crazy lesbian relationship triangle from which he cannot escape.

Having read the novel by John Birmingham, I was really looking forward to the movie, to see how they managed to create a narrative out of what is essentially a series of short stories. By inventing the new character of Danny, they have managed to pull it all off and still keep it in the spirit of the novel. Noah Taylor is the perfect choice to play him, and Sophie Lee absolutely shines as a drama queen actress. I have never come across the English girl who plays Sammy but she is really talented. Damien Walsh-Howling of *Blue Heelers* fame even pops up as the quintessential Aussie bloke in the Brisbane share-house. Perhaps it is because these characters are all drawn from reality that they are all so biting realistic. The sets and the dialogue are all so naturalistic they enable the viewer to immediately identify with them. The soundtrack is a must-have also, and really enhances the experience (in particular, I've started to come over all Nick Cave). Don't reserve this film for cheapie night, it's a must see for any night of the week.

Poptart

Planet of the Apes
Now Showing
At a Megaplex near you!

I was pleasantly surprised to find that this version of *Planet of the Apes* has a different storyline to the Charlton Heston original - after all that ending had been spoiled for me and most others by a very humorous episode of *The Simpsons*. This version is an improvement in many ways on the original, not just with special effects and more believable technological and spaceship sequences, but also by the inclusion of Mark Wahlberg and Helena Bonham-Carter (cool even as an ape). The original saw a mass of homogenised apes with identical faces, while the latest has individualised apes (over 60 in total) that makes for a much more realistic race. This emphasises the individuality and (for want of a better word) humanity of the apes, which makes the storyline that much easier to relate to. The sets, costumes and (millions of hours of) make-up create a visual feast, and a believable one at that. It seems films of this genre are finally surpassing the need to suspend reality in order to make their costumes and make-up believable.

It's hard to relate interesting parts of the movie without giving away some of the (sometimes predictable) twists in the storyline. What I will say is that the plot rolls along very nicely throughout the whole movie - until the end that is. In an attempt to find a suitably satisfying and kooky ending the writers ended up, in my opinion, damaging the credibility of the script. In fact, the crazy Hollywood illogicality of the ending gave me a bit of a headache from thinking about it. Still, that can be fun.

Planet of the Apes is still well worth your money - it shits all over other remakes like *Godzilla*, but then, what doesn't?

Mikey

Silent Partner
Palace Cinemas
Opening August 16th

John and Bill are two blokes who like a beer and a bet on the dogs. They are likeable larrikins, a bit down on their luck, who get offered the chance to train and run a greyhound dog by racing identity Mr. Silver. The reason Mr. Silver can't run the dog himself are not apparent but all is clearly not as it should be. While most people would be reluctant to walk into a situation that is undoubtedly illegal, this pair waltz in almost without reservation. However the apparent coup for the men slowly turns sour as their measures to make the dog win become more desperate.

This film is essentially a character piece, exploring the friendship between John (David Field) and Bill (Syd Brisbane) as they meander through their lives of limited opportunity. Both actors are extremely strong but Syd Brisbane is the stand-out of the two displaying not only a blokey exterior but also the vulnerability of a man who has suffered a failed marriage and for whom owning a dog means he has something to love and something to hope for. The mood of the piece is simplistic and the shots very well composed and successful in creating a lonely and dark feel.

Unfortunately the plot is too minimalist and the film flounders at the end. There are too many drunken scenes between the two which start off impressive but soon become quite boring. We never find out what the silent partner has to hide and why he chose these two no-hopers to look after his dog. The ending of the film is unsatisfying, not only because it is inconclusive but because not enough happened during the preceding two hours.

The bottom line: A gallant attempt at an Aussie character film, but a little too thin on plot. Try Mullet instead.

Julia

You Can Count on Me
Now Showing
Palace/Nova Cinemas

The headline of the review of this film in *The Advertiser* read, 'You Can Count on This'. In my opinion, this sums up the movie perfectly.

You Can Count on Me is based on the relationship between Sammy (Laura Linney) and her brother, Terry (Mark Ruffalo). Orphaned as children, the two now lead very different lives - Sammy is a single mother, living in her childhood house and working in the small town bank. Terry is a drifter, who left Scottsville to move from state to state, taking odd jobs and occasionally landing in jail. When Terry comes back to Scottsville to ask his sister for money, he ends up staying longer than he anticipated.

If you're thinking, 'great, another one of those chuck-two-people-together-and-see-how-they-change-each-other movies', then you'd be partly right. Both characters learn from each other - Sammy loosens up and learns to take more risks, and Terry learns to be a bit more responsible. Their characters and their relationships with those around them, however, are both complex and compelling. This is what makes the film worth watching - not so much what happens to the characters, but how they react to it.

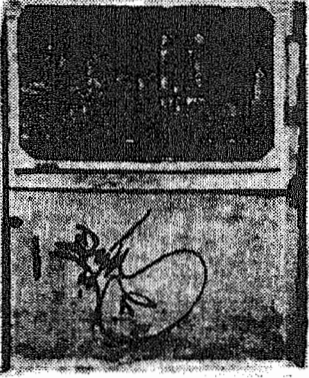
Other pluses for *You Can Count on Me*: Rory Culkin (Macauley's brother) is adorable in his role as Sammy's 8-year-old son; the setting of 'Scottsville' in the Catskill Mountains, New York, is beautiful; and Matthew Broderick is hilarious as Sammy's uptight bank manager. It's a long way from Ferris Bueller, I assure you.

Tired of watching action movies at your local megaplex? Then go see *You Can Count on Me* - you won't regret it.

Emily

LITERATURE

Secret
NEW YORK



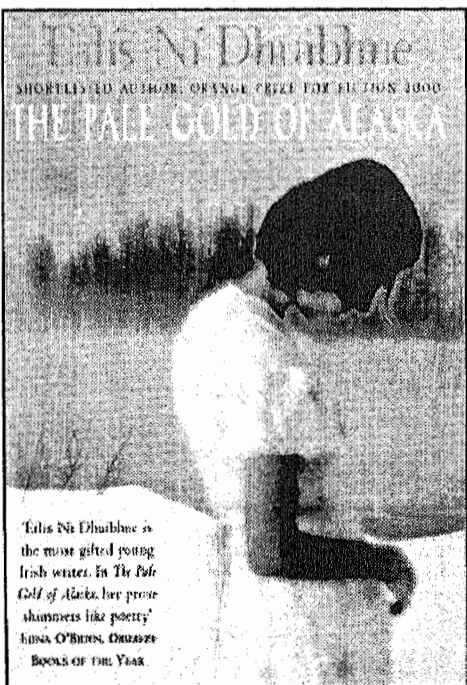
THE UNIQUE GUIDEBOOK
TO NEW YORK'S HIDDEN
SITES, SOUNDS, & TASTES

by ROBERT SIETSEMA
Photograph by LINDA RUTENBERG

Secret New York
Robert Sietsema
ECW Press

Secret New York claims to be "The unique guidebook to New York's hidden sites, sounds & tastes" which indeed it is. This book is great as it provides an insight to the many different aspects of New York and after reading it I know that there are several places that I'd like to visit, apart from the obvious tourist attractions. This book would be great if you were going to visit New York, as by visiting one or two of the places mentioned in this book you would leave with some very memorable moments. It covers all tastes and topics from Hot Dogs to Used Books and Birds of Prey to Bathrooms. If you are lucky enough to be going to New York, or just wish you were, I highly recommend you get a copy of this book.

Rosie



The Pale Gold of Alaska
Eilis Ni Dhuibne
Hodder Headline

The Pale Gold of Alaska gained a short listing in last year's Orange Prize for Fiction, and it's not hard to see why. The stories in this collection are sim-

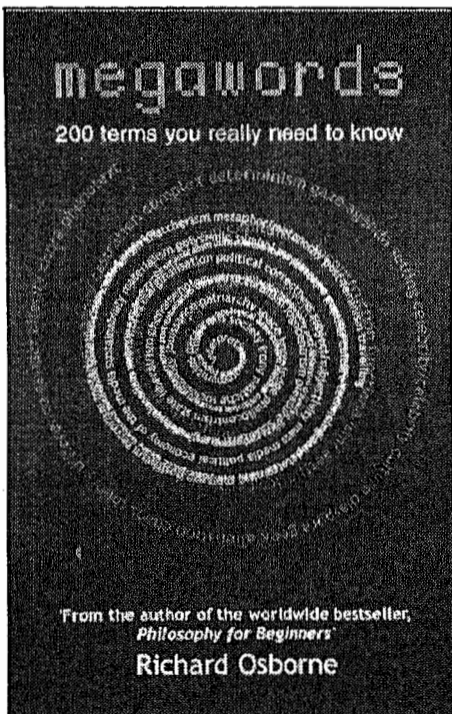
ple, subtle and beautiful. And of these, the title story is definitely the best. I hadn't read the blurb of this book before I started reading it and I'd also managed not to notice the contents page. So when the first story ended I was very disappointed. I really wanted to know more of the story of these characters whose lives I'd been introduced to. In fact the only problem with these stories is that they're short stories, but are so intriguing you wish they were novels.

And there is the essence of what is so lovely about *The Pale Gold of Alaska* – the characters. In each story the principal character is a woman, and despite Eilis Ni Dhuibne's use of the short story medium, these women have as important a role in the success of the story as the anecdote around which it is based.

The stories are snapshots of brief periods in the lives of these women, centring on times when the women are in love. You may think that there are only so many tales one can tell about a woman in love, but Eilis Ni Dhuibne certainly doesn't exhaust these. Each story has a different focus, and is equally enjoyable.

Eilis Ni Dhuibne has summed this book up in a much more elegant way than I ever could. In the penultimate story 'Oleander' she says something of another author's stories that is certainly true of her own: "They meander like real life and the details ring true as bottled water".

Elenor Gee



Megawords
Richard Osborne
Allen and Unwin

Does anyone remember 'Wank Word', that fun-for-all word game that *On Dit* printed last year? The Arts version contained a table of common 'Arts' words, which participants crossed off as the lecturer used them. The winner was the first person to cross off a certain number of words, stand up, and yell 'wank word!' Needless to say, it spiced up many a boring lecture.

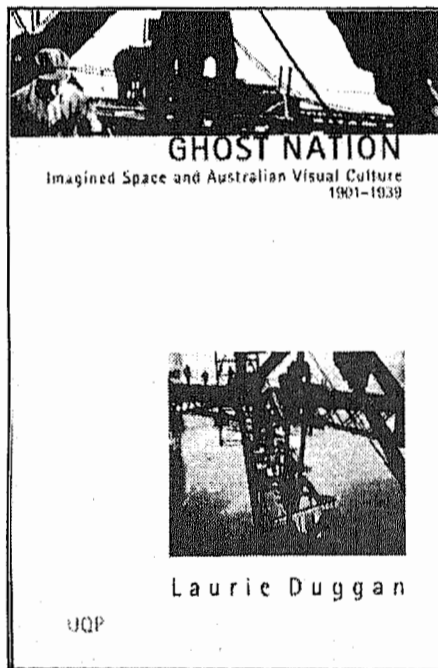
Anyway, back to my review.

Megawords would be the ultimate 'Wank Word' companion. It would provide a meaning for all those words you were ticking off (just in case you were interested, of course). Covering everything from 'anomie' to 'virtual reality', this book provides straight-forward, insightful explanations for all those complicated words thrown around in the Arts Department. At first I thought this book was simply a Uni student-oriented version of *The Oxford Concise Dictionary of Literary Terms*. However, the difference is a bit more substantial. This book provides not only a basic definition for terms, but also provides the reader with a sense of where the terms have come from, how they have evolved, and how they may carry multiple definitions.

My only criticism is directed at how the book is marketed. The front cover claims that *Megawords* contains '200 terms you really need to know'. I think this type of scare-you-into-buying-it marketing would make most students laugh. I know I did, especially after hearing an English Honours student recently admit that they did not know what postmodernism was. Perhaps they need a copy of this book...

While *Megawords* is by no means a cover-to-cover read, it would be a useful reference book for Arts students to have on their shelf.

Emily



Ghost Nation
Laurie Duggan
University of Queensland Press

The title *Ghost Nation* is usually more evocative of the Native American past than the *Imagined Space and Australian Visual Culture* of this book's subtitle.

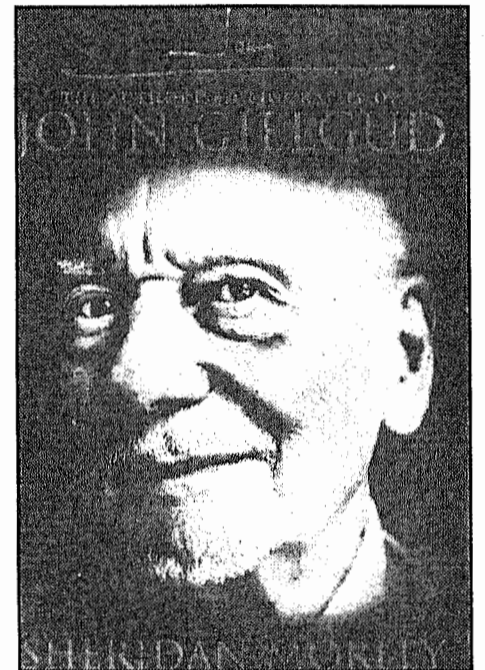
The connection with the past is there however, in Duggan's examination of visual images in Australian art from Federation until 1939. His aim is to show, through this examination, how the space which was 'Australia' is multifaceted. Just as any moment in the present has many 'truths', he shows that our notion of the past can be presented in many images, ghosted upon each other in multiplicity.

In doing so, Duggan shows himself to be multifaceted. He is the same

Laurie Duggan, and not some imposter doppelganger, who was awarded the 1968 Victorian Premier's ANZ New Writing Award for his epic poem *The Ash Range*. He is often included in poetry anthologies and his own publications include *Under the Weather* and *New and Selected Poems 1971-1993*.

Works examined are as diverse as those of Sydney Long, May Gibbs (of *Snugglypot and Cuddlepiefie* fame), Grace Cossington Smith and Harold Cazneaux, for example. A working knowledge of the work of such theorists as Walter Benjamin and Friedrich Nietzsche, for example will help with reading this book. My complaint is that Duggan quotes too many people for too much of the time. Nevertheless, Modernism or Cultural Studies students will find this a useful reference.

Julia Lim



John G: The Authorised Biography of John Gielgud
Sheridan Morley
Hodder & Stoughton

I've only been around the last twenty years or so but I still find Sir John Gielgud's face easily recognisable. I have mostly seen him in small roles, such as David Helfgott's London piano teacher in *Shine* or the Pope in *Elizabeth*, which do no justice to the enormous body of work he created over eighty years as an actor and director.

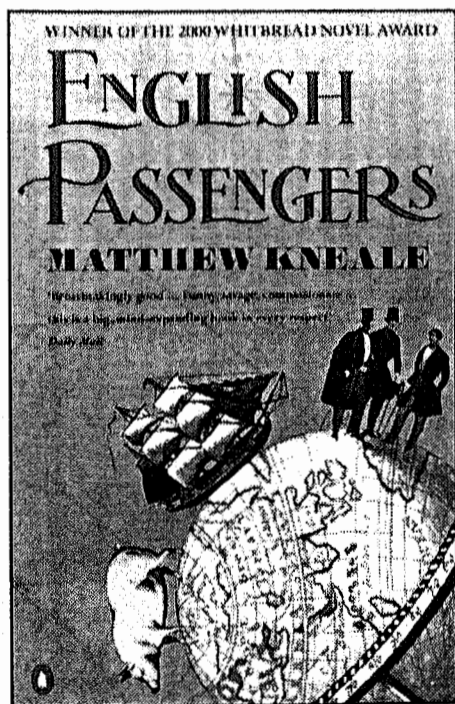
Gielgud left two major influences on British theatre that still remain today. One is the revival of Shakespeare, whose works he was able to drag into the twentieth century and produce for contemporary audiences. He was famous in the roles of Hamlet and Prospero (*The Tempest*), as well as touring his one-man Shakespeare show *The Ages of Man*, to packed theatres around the world. Secondly, he established the first repertory companies, with a group of cast and crew producing several plays with each other.

One of the most memorable quotes in this book has to be that 'John Gielgud has no place in the history of twentieth-century British theatre for the simple reason that he was that history'. Morley's biography does help someone such as myself understand Gielgud's vast theatre career in the sixty years before I was born.

My only serious complaint about this book is that it tends to descend into consisting of a listing of Gielgud's plays with a brief summary of cast and crew and then the good and bad highlights of their reviews. Considering that Gielgud was in an average of ten or so plays a year throughout the Twenties and Thirties and then around five or six annually until the Seventies, this makes reading his biography a little dull. However, as Morley points out more than once, Gielgud had little else in his life apart from his work. His friends were, for the vast majority, from theatre circles and he was often rehearsing or directing one play during the day while performing in another at night. I think I was looking for a little more in a biography, perhaps an exploration of Gielgud's personality, social life and motives behind his career decisions, which is why I was left a little disappointed.

There is one issue which, Morley is careful to highlight, he could only have published after Gielgud's death (May 21, 2000). In 1953 Gielgud was arrested and fined for homosexual soliciting. Private homosexual acts were still illegal in Britain at this time, even between consenting adults in their own homes and the very private Gielgud was mortified at having his private life, one which homosexuals still had to hide, made public. Morley examines this incident in his book, although it is scarcely to be found in any publications or media apart from the press coverage at the time. This virtual blind-eye given to Gielgud by the press since then serves to illustrate his admiration from the public and the media, who continued to support him wholeheartedly.

Cheryl



English Passengers
Matthew Kneale
Penguin

Set in the 1850s, this fictional account of life in Tasmania is a fantastic read. The book is comprised of a series of letters, journal entries and verbal accounts from a diverse group of people, including convicts, politicians, a hap-hazard group of explorers and the views of the Aboriginal community as seen through the eyes of one boy.

There are many different stories that make up this book, and the author

has excellently interwoven them, in such a way that the true relationship between the characters is brought to light over the entire book.

The struggle of the Aboriginal people to survive against the invasion of the English is very clearly shown, as well as the arrogance of the white settlers in their assumption that they knew how best to "enhance" the lives of the Aborigines. The honesty with which this false superiority is portrayed is a welcome change to other stories about Australian history.

I really enjoyed reading *English Passengers*, not only because of the stories that it was able to tell, but also because many of the characters and events were honestly portrayed and based on actual historical events and figures. In addition, while not everything turns out perfectly, the book concludes with the feeling that just about everyone got what they deserved.

Ian Milne



Cool For You
Eileen Myles
Wakefield Press

Eileen Myles writes quite a skilful narrative. Her approach is fresh and insightful without trying to be anything.

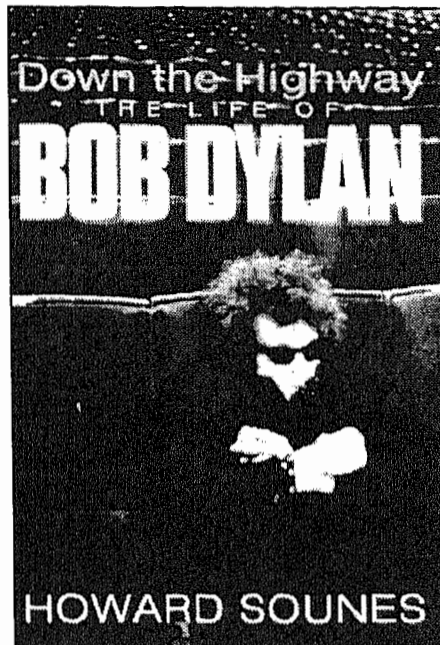
In this sense, the character of the book mirrors the character in the book. The expression matches that expected of such a character. Language is well used and on the whole the journey is well articulated. Overall, even in its cruder moments, the reading is poetic and flows such that the reader need not actively interact with the book or need to think. The reader is taken on a journey, a thoroughly convincing autobiography.

Catholic school. Growing up. Being a tomboy dyke. Wanting to be an astronaut and becoming a poet. Several jobs caring for mentally ill or disabled patients. Learning about love. A very interesting life.

I didn't exactly like the book. In fact I ended up immensely frustrated with it and wanted to throw it somewhere and tell it to get a life. Or I liked the book, just found the character affronting. That would be my reaction to meeting this life story on the street. Though I would respect it and if I got to talk with it, would find such conversation profitable and entertaining.

One's reaction to this novel, will be one's reaction to Eileen Myles, it is a strength of the book that the two are so interwoven. I merely react badly to the character. See for yourself.

Mags Addicoat



Down The Highway : The Life Of Bob Dylan
Howard Sounes
Doubleday, Random House

Anyone with even a slight interest in the works of Bob Dylan should do themselves a favour and check out this book. Possibly the most comprehensive book ever published (and trust me, there have been many) about the mysterious legend that is Dylan, the author (Sounes) has quite obviously spent the three years of research he claims to

have. In fact, during the writing Sounes claims to have interviewed over 250 people that were in some way or another involved in Dylan's life. Some will be familiar, such as his former employees, friends and relatives, others (some would say) infamous - including his many "lovers", as the book puts it. Some had yet to tell their story publically too. Of course, the odd peer (aka music star) gets to have their say too, however, this is no real surprise when considering just how influential Dylan's music has been. Starting, where any good biographical book should (except for *Survivor*...sorry had to get a Chuck reference in there), at the beginning, it gives quite a detailed account of Dylan's life right up to the year 2001 (well, almost). Thankfully, this means all of Bob's more recent moments are included such as the fortunes of his son's band, The Wallflowers, and the resurgence of his popularity after his song was used as the title-track/theme to *The Hurricane*. His very recent Grammy success is not included (as far as I can tell - it seems unlikely that the author would miss that one on purpose). As is customary in biographies of this type there are quite a few eye-opening (and many previously unseen) photographs of Bob throughout his life. But the text is what matters. In it are some great anecdotes that invite the reader into Dylan's world (if only slightly) and shed some light onto what must be one of history's most influential and mysterious (and possibly misunderstood) characters. To top it all off, this biography comes complete with wonderfully classy presentation. *Down The Highway* would (nay, should) sit comfortably on any self respecting music lover's bookshelf with pride.

MJ

www.splunderousnoog.com



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this
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So much more than Vox Pop sub-ed

Cry God for Harry
 Wednesday 8th August 6:30pm
 Thurs 9, Fri 10 & Sat 11 August, 7:30pm
 Adults \$28, Concession \$22
 Book at Bass 131246
 Enquiries Independent Theatre 8411 6661

Cry God for Harry is Independent Theatre Company's latest production - a series of Shakespearean histories (Richard II, Henry IV Parts 1 & 2, The Merry Wives of Windsor and Henry V) merged into one 3 3/4 hour extravaganza (with interval). Rob Croser, who collated the script and stars as King Henry IV, chose to focus the history on the education of King Henry V (played by Joseph Hynes, resident Vox Popper of *On Dit*. Don't know him? Turn to the centre pages of this edition for more info...). Lessons of war, responsibility, authority and justice must be merged with humanity if he is to take his place as one of history's great figures.

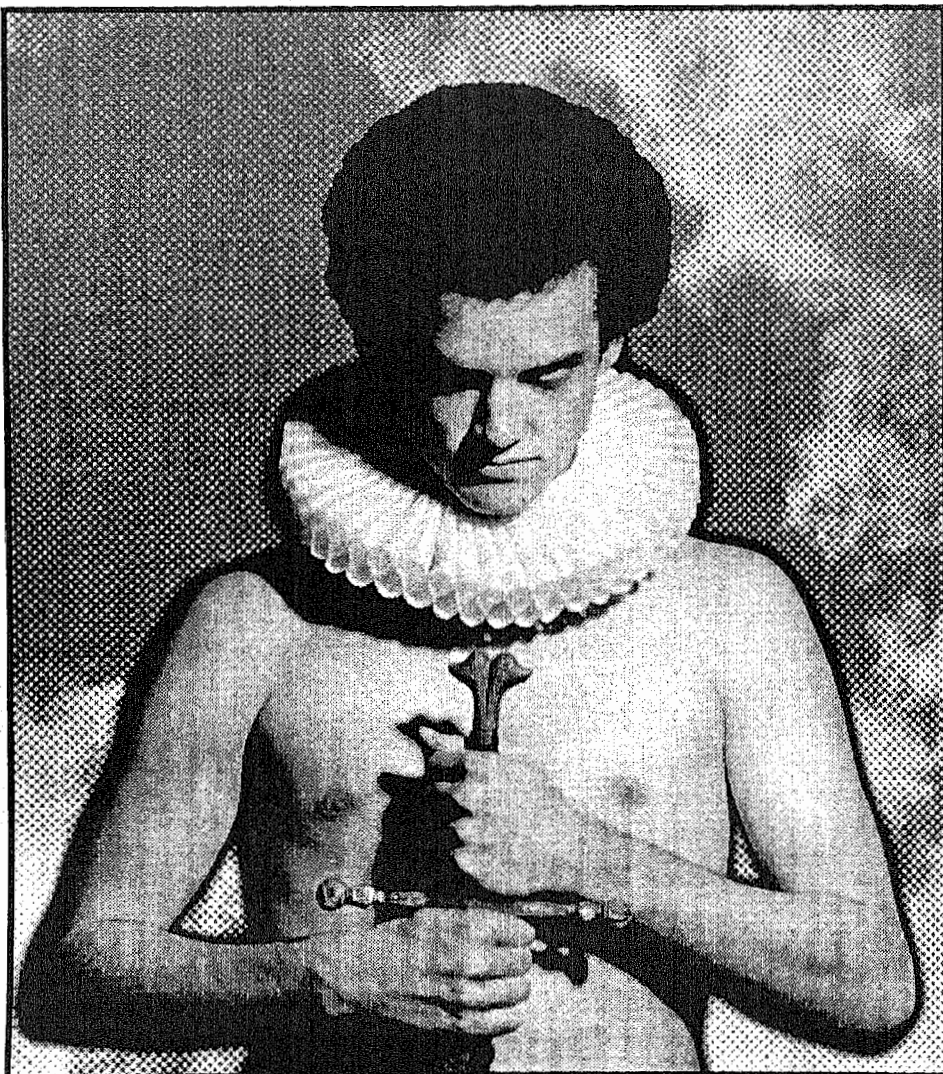
The play features strong performances throughout, particularly from Rob Croser and especially David Roach as the irrepressible and bawdy Falstaff; but you'd expect no less from these two veterans. Joseph Hynes commanded a strong performance, at ease with the character changes in King Henry V's personality. My personal favourite was the young William Roxburgh as Falstaff's page; it's rare to see someone so young being so confident and competent on stage.

One of the greatest things about this play was the lighting. The

changes were flawless and varied, and made excellent use of a sparse black stage. Most costumes were composed in large part by regulation black, which blended nicely with the stage and allowed maximum effect with the lighting. Coupled with the sound effects, the entire composition was very effective, the only minor flaw being that sometimes the sound cues sounded like bad 80's science fiction. Much of the play was filled with historical anachronisms, so this may well have been the plan. These anachronisms, such as McDonalds, a mobile phone and exciting new ways of turning silver material into armour add a sense of timelessness to the storyline: perhaps that the themes and lessons to be learned could well come from now.

Cry God for Harry is an absolutely fantastic play for anyone who loves Shakespeare, being a very interesting look at the histories from a much different perspective. For anyone else, it's still very much worth your while. Don't be put off by the 3 3/4 hour length: it goes much quicker than you think. You'll need to hurry though because it's in its last week at the Odeon Theatre.

Mikey



2001 YELLOWGLEN YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER'S AWARD

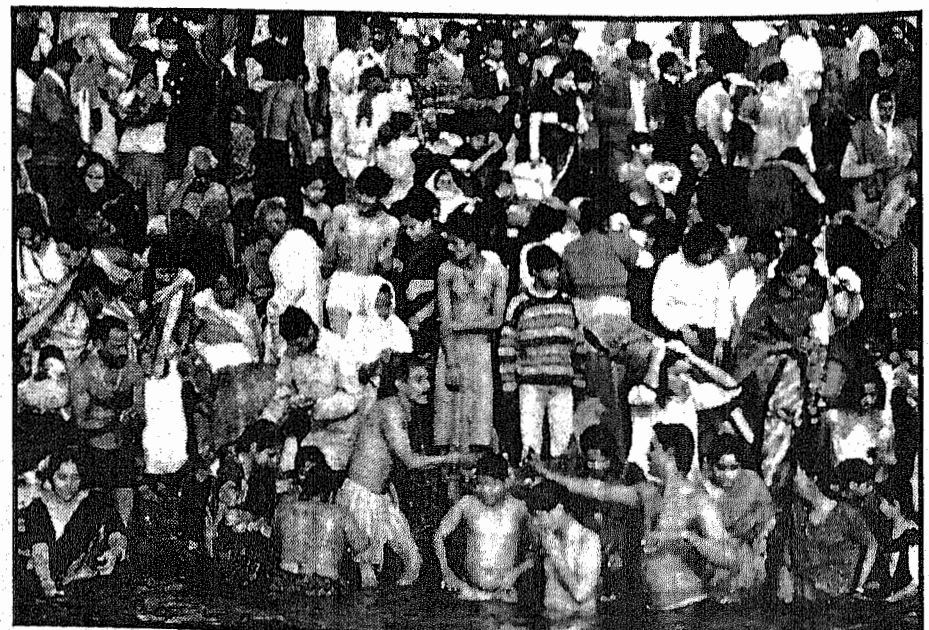
The Yellowglen Awards have been running for four years, and this year the competition welcomed more than 600 entries. The top 100 of these have been touring our nation, and recently graced the walls of the Kintolai Gallery in Hindley Street.

Successful in two of the five main categories, Dominyk Lever, clinched the competition with a photograph entitled 'The In Crowd'. This photograph was taken on the Ganges River in the city of Varanassi, India. Inspired by the majestic scenery and the lively people, Lever describes Varanassi as 'a visual feast'. Lever plans to move into photojournalism, and is especially interested in capturing the essence of people, places and the environment.

The Yellowglen awards give budding photographers like Lever the opportunity to kick start their career, and get noticed in this competitive industry. The awards also provide an important focus on young artists and promote opportunities for employment.



'Love & Laughter Chilling' by Dominyk Lever



'The In Crowd' by Dominyk Lever

Coldplay Live

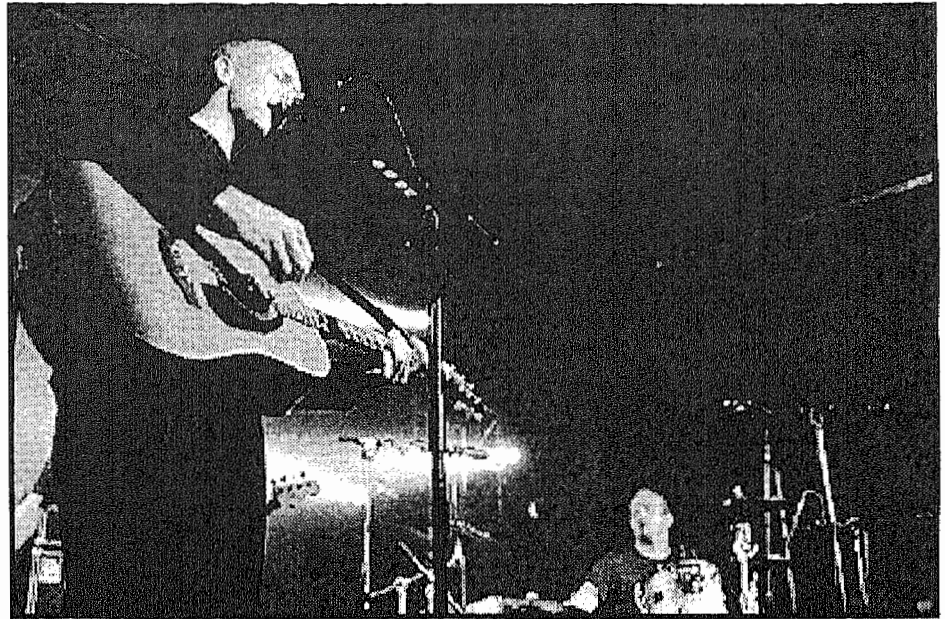
Is there a chill in the air?

After seeing Coldplay at the Big Day Out, I was eager to experience them live again. Their performance at the festival was impressive musically, despite the fact that they played in the middle of the afternoon. It kind of takes the impact away from a song like 'Yellow' when they are forced to sing lyrics like "Look at the stars" while the sun is blazing down. Arriving late to Thebarton Theatre, we were disappointed to find that we had just missed the support act, Zed. After grabbing a drink at the exceedingly crowded bar, we moseyed on into the theatre itself to grab a good position. I have never been to Thebarton Theatre when it has sold out before, and I was surprised at the sheer volume of people that could be packed into it. Disregarding the seats, we decided to see just how far into the seething mass we could worm our way. Taking up a position somewhat close to the front of the stage, we tried to dodge the giant tree trunk that was standing directly in front of us. For some reason Coldplay attracts the largest number of giant men that I have ever come across this side of a Metallica gig.

When Coldplay finally took the stage to the strains of 'Shiver', the audience went wild, nearly deafen-

ing me in the process. I was surprised at exactly how loud and rocky they were, as I have heard them described as the kind of band that your grandma would like. The lead singer Chris Martin was almost unrecognizable, as he has recently shaved his head. He bounced around the stage like a frenzied bee, looking for all the world like an escapee from an asylum. His incredible voice soared above the instruments, blending almost seamlessly with the guitars. The other members of the band remained mute and impassive for the entire gig, not even acknowledging Chris. I was surprised to see that Chris was actually in the mood for a bit of stage banter, which even he acknowledged was a rare thing. He constantly thanked the crowd for coming, and was unfailingly polite. In his introduction of the track 'Everything's Not Lost', he compared it to the dismal state of the English cricket team, which drew appreciative laughter from the audience. Towards the end of the set, the crowd got even more excited, whistling and clapping after only a brief introduction to the next song, leading Chris to remark "Five notes and I feel like Moses."

Complementing their music was the sparse set, which had a particularly interesting backdrop that



Yay Coldplay Yay!

seemed to consist of alfoil tacked to the wall. It may not sound like much but it was really effective when coloured lights were shone on it. I was impressed by the lighting, which really enhanced the mood of each song. During their rendition of the crowd favourite 'Yellow', Chris broke into his own version of 'My Happiness' by Powderfinger, which of course really endeared him to the crowd. With the set over, the band disappeared off the stage, returning almost immediately to the roar of the crowd. They played a beautiful version of 'Trouble', followed by a hilarious cover of 'Lost Highway'.

Chris said that he might come back to play some new songs but invited people to leave because "it might be all shit." After they finished the encore, the lights were turned on but the crowd refused to believe it was over. After much stomping and screaming, the band returned to play a couple of new songs which were certainly not shit. Coldplay more than proved that they have what it takes to make us shiver, and I hope that their next album will be along soon.

Poptart

Battle of the Bands

Attention

any and all bands

applications are closing for the annual **Battle of the Bands** competition on 8th of August!

Heats to be held in the **Unibar Level 5, Union Building** 15th, 16th, 17th, 23rd and 24th of August. Final to be held 31st of August.

Winner will head to Tasmania for the final!

Fill out an entry form in the Lady Symon Building
Call the AUU on 8303 5401 for more details
Hurry up! Event starting soon

Starting Soon!

Proudly brought to you by **UNION ACTIVITIES**



LOCAL MUSIC

Baby Doll Interview

It takes more than a casual glance through any thesaurus to find one word that could describe our local band Baby Doll. When *OnDit's* over-keen and under-paid reporter *The Bard of Blasphemy* was offered this interview the group was described to him as "a bunch of corndog hillbilly swamp-rockers."

Lead vocalist and general madman Matt Dry spilled the beans on this band's dark and dubious past...

TB: What is the best word to describe your band Baby Doll?

MD: In one word...? Shambolic.

TB: Not bad. I hope I spelt that right! How long have you all been together?

MD: Around three years, give or take, it's been a while now.

TB: Baby Doll's music has its own distinctive style. Could you tell us of any major influences?

MD: Birthday Party and Cramps are definitely up there. I would also say Dead Kennedy's amongst others.

TB: Some of those frantic boot-scooting boogies definitely had a touch of punk about them. Where do the band members all come from?

MD: We're all from Adelaide. In the northern suburbs actually. That might account for our hillbilly heritage!

TB: So have you ever gone tipping cows?

MD: No... well we did try once but it was really dark and the cows were so big...

TB: Too scared then eh?

MD: Ummmmm...

TB: Has Baby Doll ever played a gig in a barn?

MD: Not so far but we've had plenty of gigs in garages and sheds.

TB: The band has just released its first EP called *SnowTown* - how has it been since?

MD: Yeh good. We only have four copies left to sell. Heifer and Toxic Shock supported us for our CD launch at Proscenium and it went really well. I want to thank

everyone that came too. Our live set is always pretty rowdy. We like to get revved up and do our best at trashing the place.

TB: Nice one tiger. Can I ask about the significance of the CD title?

MD: Sorry but no. We would rather keep that secret to ourselves. If I told you then I would be forced to kill you...

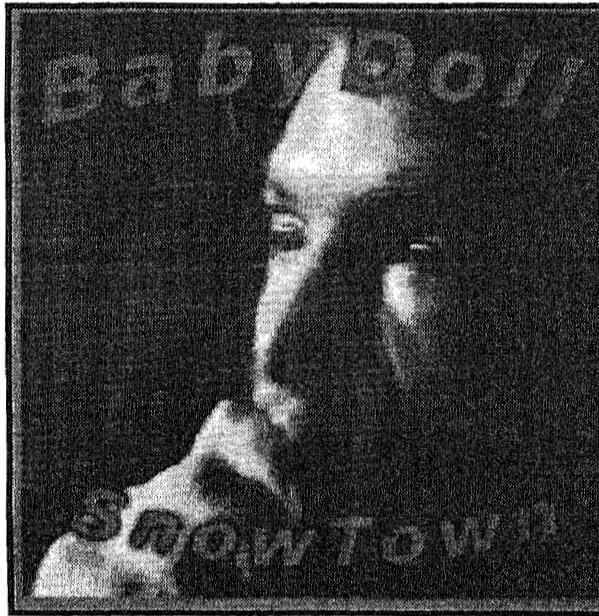
TB: Well in that case I'll say no more.

If you are looking for something different, fresh and decidedly shambolic then check out Baby Doll before they all go to jail.

My final words for the day - **SUPPORT LOCAL MUSIC!**

Check out Babydoll as they play live to air on 531 AM this Tuesday night on Local Noise!

The Bard of Blasphemy



Local Noise

First up, big thanks to all those thousands of people or so, who turned up for the 'Local Noise Live' show on Thursday night. They were treated to an excellent night of entertainment by WITHERCELLO and SPECIAL PATROL GROUP, whose large followings are testament to their great music. I thoroughly recommend that you catch WITHERCELLO in one of their Thursday night regular spots at the Hackney Hotel (cheap beers included). The new EP by SPG, *Little Man* is certainly worth the purchase price. Big thanks to Luke, Peter, and especially John for their semi-legal door work roughing up the trouble makers. VEILED GLADE will be hosting relative newcomers BRILLIG on at the 'Sceptre on Thursday the 16th of August so stay tuned. This Thursday night at the 'Sceptre hosts an '80's rock tribute night from SKINNY BLONDE IDIOTS.

On the local noise front, if you have picked up this edition in time then tune in on Tuesday the 7th at 9pm for BABYDOLL. The walls of 5UV have been specially padded as I hear the shows can get a little raucous, so listen in on 531AM from the relative safety of your lounge rooms to hear a souped up set of rockin' rockabilly from the band who called their EP *Snowtown*.

Finally, don't forget to register your band in the uni battle of the bands comp. Even if you don't have a band, fill in an entry form and the rest will surely take care of itself.

denni d.

Surrounded by sound

This week if you want some relaxed yet interesting mid-week entertainment, get to the Crown & Sceptre on Tuesday night as DJ Trip provides some ambience alongside Spoken Word by Paroxysm Press - the topic is 'altered states'.

Thursday night Primary hit town for a gig at the Tivoli supported by Roger The Band; that should be a fine night of music!

On Friday night you can see The Seen, also at the Tivoli for some skankin' action. Just outside of the city, at the Holdfast Hotel (Cnr. Diagonal and Brighton Rd.'s) you can catch Stella One Eleven (from Sydney) as they play with the hegemonic Tendahook.

For lovers of more chilled out tunes, Lunch Hour Concerts have returned to Elder Hall. Every Friday around 1pm for just \$3 you can hear sweet classical music without straying off campus.

Are you in a band? Would you like a little help in generating support? Then come down to On Dit and submit a CD for review or tell us of an upcoming gig that we could review. Also, check out <www.wobblyradio.com> Wobbly Radio is a new all Australian music site which will deliver streaming on demand - you can upload your songs for the whole of Australia to hear!!!!

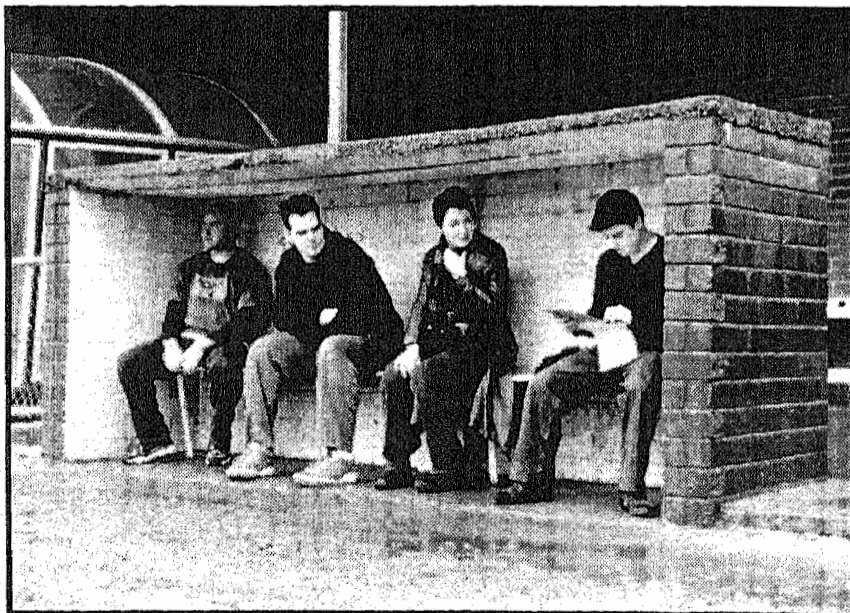
Mike Paradowski

Local CD of the Week

Fear Of Flying *Park For May*

Local band Fear Of Flying's debut release is an incredibly accomplished album that melds catchy melodies with haunting lyrics in a style reminiscent of early Radiohead. This is their first release since they welcomed new member Jade. The opening track 'Here To Stay' is a definite standout, which had me singing along after a couple of listens. For me though the track 'Japanese Soldiers' is worth the price of the album alone.

Based on a true story, this tune is incredibly strong lyrically. Although the record was produced independently, it has a really polished feel to it. This CD is a great choice for relaxed afternoons drinking beer or go along to actually catch the band live



at one of their gigs: *Park For May* is a brilliant start for an up-and-coming band who are sure to hit the big time very soon. Get to it.

Poptart

Gorillaz



mayed at the current music scene in Britain. Russell dismisses Coldplay, 'Nothing wrong with that shit but it just don't help me - except when I want to sleep'. Murdoc treads a little more dangerously, and takes a swipe at Radiohead, 'Oh, I'm not going down any path that Radiohead has walked down. Give me an avocado stone and a shoehorn and I'll show you something really experimental...' Although it is unclear as to whether the acid tongued bassist is insulting these music heavyweights, or just leading into one of his crude one-liners.

I ain't getting on no plane with no fool sucka.

Fans of Gorillaz will by now be fondly acquainted with each of the supergroups' cartoons members, and their quirky personalities. Formed in April 1998, Gorillaz is perhaps the freshest band to hit our radio waves in a long time. Murdoc, 2D, Noodle and Russell sat down for an interview in London...

The interview has barely commenced and Murdoc is emphatically stating that Gorillaz is *his* band. Living up to his reputation for dominating interviews, he intercepts almost every question and seldom neglects the opportunity to make a joke at the expense of 2D. Murdoc likes to shock, and gleefully informs the interviewer that he spends his days making pacts with the devil, at the band's South Essex base. He frequently ends his sentences with 'Hail Satan' or something smutty from his grab bag of quotes and insults. He expects a lot from his band, and he expects a lot from his fans. When the band is asked whether they want the kids to look up to them, Murdoc's response is 'Oh yeah! From the mosh pit.'

Gorillaz tell the story of when they were signed to EMI with some affection. They seem quite proud of their burst onto the music scene, after their first gig at Camden Brown House 'turned into a monster riot'. Gorillaz's sound is quite unique; a mish-mash of punk, rock, reggae, latin groove, hip hop, lo-fi... the influences are endless. Sweet 2D describes the Gorillaz groove as 'German two-step fresh lounge or sweet corn', which sparks Russell's quick response, 'Since when we been calling our shit sweet corn?'. Murdoc quickly sums it up, 'It ain't wrong but it ain't right. We call it zombie hip hop or dark pop'. Noodle simply yells excitedly in Japanese and, 'GORILLAZ!!' and 'Graham Coxon' are the only distinguishable words until Russell attempts to translate for her towards the end of the interview. She is credited as being the member who came up with the band's name.

Although they can't settle on a unanimous description of their sound, Gorillaz's members have some very strong ideas about today's music industry. Describing Limp Bizkit and Pearl Jam as 'butthole surfers', they are dis-

There is no doubt that the original and creative Gorillaz are a breath of fresh air in the stale music industry, which is studded with boy bands and heavily manufactured trash. Russell carefully emphasises that all bands are manufactured to some extent and that, 'If you take the lowest common denominator, the boy band, then it's a case of you're gonna pay peanuts, you're gonna get monkeys'.

Gorillaz's intentions are clear, they will continue to create brilliant music and entertain us with their fantastic videos and colourful personalities as they do 'whatever it takes to rid the charts of the virulent E-boy-a-Band virus'.

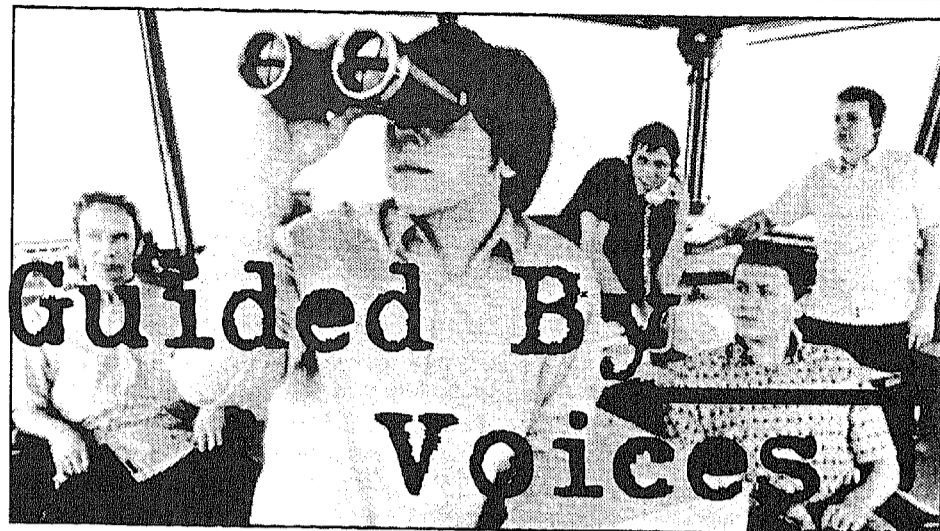
Jen



Gorillaz
Gorillaz
 Parlophone/EMI

Gorillaz are a new band with a fresh sound and a creative outlook, fronted by some popular music industry personalities and presented as an animated group. Murdoc (Dan "The Automator" Nakamura), 2-D (Damon Albarn), Noodle (Cibo Matto's Miho Hatori), and Russel (Del Tha Funky Homosapien), have created a brilliant little album full of diverse sounds and lyrics. Infused with hip hop beats, lo-fi thrash guitar, animal sounds and electro effects, this debut effort has spawned the hit single, 'Clint Eastwood'. One of the best tracks on the album is the Albarnesque 'Tomorrow Comes Today'. '19-2000' and 'Double Bass' are also great. '5/4' is catchy with its minimalist guitar overlapping a slightly 80s beat. The music is excellent, and the multimedia section is amazing.

Jen



With the promise of a tour to our fair shores in the near future, and a new album just hitting the stores, I recently had the opportunity to chat with the guitarist of Guided By Voices, Doug Gillard. The latest album, *Isolation Drills*, is a haunting landscape of pop songs that reflects the band's commitment to edgy guitar music. On the strength of their last album, *Do The Collapse*, they toured Australia a year ago and drew enthusiastic crowds.

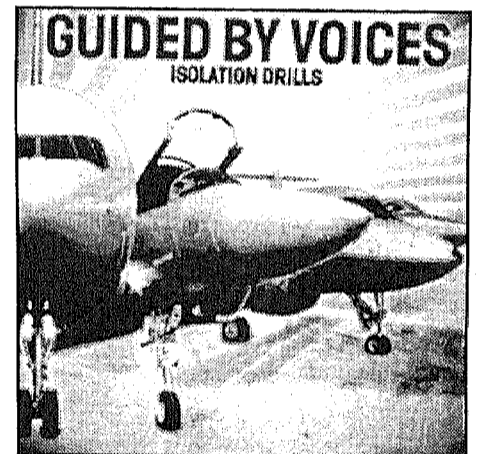
Isolation Drills only took a month to record, and this time it was a different process. With this album they enlisted the skills of producer Rob Schnapf, who has also worked with Elliot Smith and Beck. With regards to the recording process, Doug remarked that "It was a lot more organic this time. Rob Schnapf was the producer on this one and we got along with him really well. We hung out with him a little bit, because he's about the same age as us and we also respected his wishes when he would go and tell us to do something. He had a really natural approach to mixing and he didn't put too many effects on the record so it doesn't sound too slick, which we are really happy about. It's a pretty good representation of how a Guided By Voices record should sound."

Although the band has had a fair amount of airplay, in particular due to the single "Teenage FBI" (which was included on the Buffy soundtrack), Guided By Voices has still yet to break into the mainstream. This is despite the fact that the band has been going for the past fifteen years, with various incarnations and line-up changes. When asked whether he believed the latest album would break them into the spotlight, Doug said "In a perfect world it would because there is about ten singles on it, really if the label wanted to release that many. In a perfect world of pop singles they are there. But we are aware that it is not the climate of radio these days, at least not in the States."

Discussing the state of the American music scene, Doug spoke quite derisively of the radio scene. "I don't even know how to describe what it's like, it's just really bad. I don't even know what to call this genre. I've heard it called asshole rock, aggressive minor key rock. Even worse than bands like Korn and Limp Biscuit there are bands that still follow that imitation of Pearl Jam. The music isn't near as good as Pearl Jam was and the voice of Eddie Vedder lives on in a million people these days." The sound of Guided By Voices is much more comparable to the British sound, which Doug says has a lot to do with their influences, which are mainly from the British bands of the sixties to the eighties, like The Who and Joy Division.

Having been known over the years for the record number of changes in the line-up of the band, Guided By Voices has just morphed again, with a new drummer, John, replacing Jim MacPherson. Although John didn't play on the album, they already knew him as he played in a band that opened for them on a previous tour and he "fit right in. Except for the drummer, we've had this current line-up for about two years." We are fortunate enough that the band are going to be returning to our fair shores around October this year. When they were last here Doug told me that they had found the Australian fans to be really enthusiastic and had thoroughly enjoyed their last tour. Hopefully everyone will turn up in droves for their next performance - I'm sure that I'll be there, beer in hand. See you all there!

Poptart



Guided By Voices
Isolation Drills
 Festival Mushroom

Guided By Voices have been such an indie institution for so long, and this album just follows on their spotless record. The latest single *Glad Girls* is one of the standout pop style tracks that is unrelentingly uplifting from beginning to end. *Chasing Heather Crazy* is another fine single, although not quite as distinctive. More melancholy songs like *How's My Drinking?* and *The Brides Have Hit Glass* are destined to be classics. The album flows well as a whole, telling a story as the moods shift.

Although the line-up has changed yet again, Guided By Voices retain their unique sound that has made them firm cult favourites in many universities across the globe. Robert Pollard's talent as a songwriter is apparent in this collection of songs that are carefully crafted lyrically. More commercial than their past outings, this album may just break them into the mainstream. Regardless of their chart success, *Isolation Drills* has more than satisfied my expectations.

Poptart

Mark Seymour

When I was asked if I was prepared to interview an icon of the Australian music industry, I immediately assumed that I was going to have to talk to Jimmy Barnes. In a welcome surprise, I found out that I was actually going to be fortunate enough to chat with the one and only Mark Seymour, ex-Hunters and Collectors front-man and all-around Aussie bloke. Curious to know how different it is as a solo artist, I posed this question to Mark. Although he misses some aspects of working with the band, he finds that "generally speaking from an artistic point of view I'm much happier working on my own. I'd reached a point in my life where it was something that I needed to do, and I'm finding that things are pretty good for me on that front." It has taken a couple of years for Mark's latest release, *One Eyed Man* to hit the stores. Although this included only six weeks of actual recording time, the process took longer because there was more time spent working on the actual songs. They apparently eliminated a lot of tracks, and Mark remarks that it is because they "took a symphonic big approach to production, it was essential that the songs stood up in their own right, 'cause there is nothing worse than hearing songs that aren't that good that are presented in that way, it just sounds like mutton dressed up as lamb."

There are some collaborations on this album, which Mark sees as necessary from time to time to keep him on his toes. He finds that "it's often quite

fruitful to just take a set of chords and work with someone else - just ask how would you develop this, where would you take it. It's proved quite useful on some of the songs." Apart from these few collaborations, the bulk of the songwriting is done by Mark himself. It is the performances, however, that are really the driving force. "With the solo thing, because I'm flexible I can actually get work all year round. I'm finding that gigs are coming up constantly, which is good for my head really." This album is really what Mark has been aiming for ever since the split of the Hunters. Writing around the acoustic guitar and then orchestrating songs with the band over the top of that is the aim that Mark has been pursuing. "I think my approach to production is going to be a little different in the future. I think I want to actually start from a much more stripped back position, like with one or two different instruments in each song and then build up some of them so you'll still get the scale that this album has, but only at some points in the record. I just want to increase the intimacy but still build certain songs up if production is warranted."

I ask about the state of the Australian music industry, and Mark says that "the passion that Australian musicians have for performing is really strong. I think Australian audiences really love their own artists and it's the strongest it has ever been. I think the really huge problem we have, and it's getting worse, is Australian radio. Commercial



networks are doing their level best to avoid playing contemporary Australian music, even though we have a 20% quota system. The emphasis is still only on playing Australian music that has a guaranteed listening audience". Mark feels that the only place for new artists on Australian radio is the Triple J network or independent stations. "Both these options aren't great because you are not guaranteed large record sales unless you get really lucky.

It's still a bottleneck at Triple J, which means that it's extremely competitive getting airplay there. The commercial networks have a lot to answer for." Airplay is certainly not something that Mark Seymour has to worry about. His latest offering, *One Eyed Man* is out in shops now, and is definitely worth adding to your collection.

Poptart

MARK SEYMOUR THE GOVERNOR HINDMARSH SATURDAY, JULY 28th

The night was one great surprise after another. My first impression when walking through the door was a comment on the average age of the audience being about twice my age. I was quite shocked by the number of men in beige slacks and knitted jumpers, but as I continued further into the room I came across many more people my age. There was a huge range of ages and in fact, a huge range of people, all there with one thing in common. They were there to hear the superb sounds of Mark Seymour and crew. From the moment he came out on stage the crowd were ecstatic. I have to say that the feeling was best described as electric! I'm not sure if the audience knew that they were listening to the sweet sounds of Mark and his band, The Human Tide. I'm sure most still believed that it was Hunters and Collectors and I can understand why. The sound was recognisably similar although I was surprised to hear a Powderfingery, Crowded House influence that was awesome.

A really appealing thing about the night was how friendly the audience was and how genuine Mark Seymour seemed. He had no problems having a joke with the audience and they had no problems having a joke with him. Comi-

cal heckles from the crowd included jokes about Hunters and Gatherers and people offering to throw their arms around Mark!

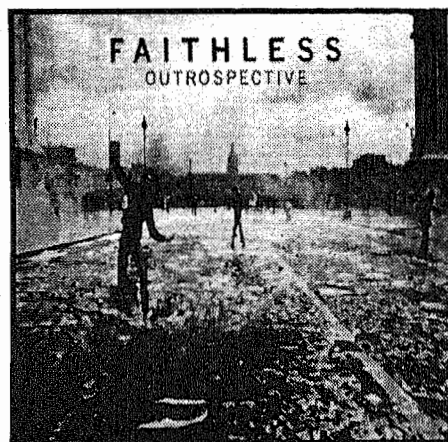
Mark Seymour has an absolutely fantastic voice, his range and the emotion were quite amazing. I think that my personal favourite during the night would have to have had been 'The Eye of the Needle'. Rodney Davies accompanied Mark on electric acoustic and vocals and the balance of sound was great. 'Eldorado', and 'Supergirl', were some of the most popular with their funky rock'n'roll feel.

By far the highlights of the night were the Hunters and Collectors songs 'Holy Grail' and 'Throw Your Arms Around Me'. The crowd went absolutely mad!

If you get the chance to hear Mark Seymour, I highly recommend it. Not only was the music some of the best I have heard, you will get a good laugh from the 80's dancing! There is no doubt that this was a sensational example of Australian music at its best, indeed a reason why we should all rally to save live music in Adelaide.

Hannah Spanna

Album of the Week

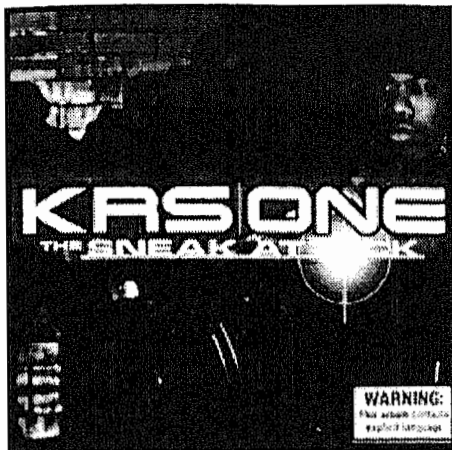


Faithless
Outrospective
BMG

Sister Bliss, Maxi and the Faithless crew return for their third studio album (ignoring remixes of their earlier albums *Sunday 8pm* and *Reverence*), and once again produce something which comes close to pure audio perfection. *Outrospective*, much like *Sunday 8pm* will take a few listens to get accustomed to, but once hooked, this CD will be in your trusty player for a long time. Sticking to the trademark Faithless sound, with Sister Bliss's amazing mixing skills, coupled with Maxi's lyrical prowess, this album has a little more variety in style than their last release. Beginning with the ambient 'Donny X' then ranging from the sorrowful 'Not Enough Love', to the addictive crowd pleaser 'We Come 1', which follows the same vein as previous hits such as 'God is a DJ'. There is something in *Outrospective* for the Faithless fanatic (a.k.a. me) and the newcomer alike. Dido (who is the sister of one of the members of Faithless) makes a return appearance adding her melodic vocals to such tracks as 'Crazy English Summer' and 'One Step Too Far'. My personal favourite would have to be 'Liontamer', with its haunting beginnings, and its mix of thumping bass line and ambient melody. I could compliment each track on this album all for different reasons, such is the depth of this CD. If you liked Faithless' earlier releases, go out and grab this one - you will not be disappointed.

Jester.

SINGLES

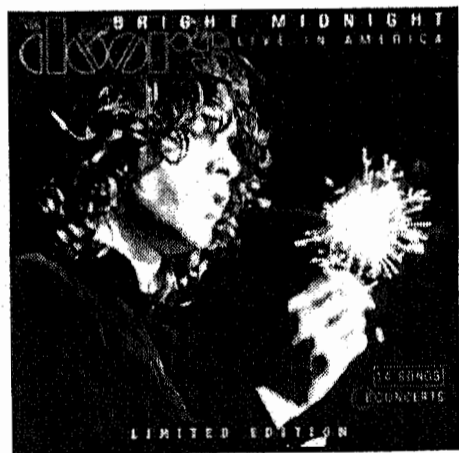


KRS-ONE
The Sneak Attack
Koch / Shock

Veteran hip-hopper, KRS-ONE has just released his new album, *The Sneak Attack*. Hot off the heels of his retrospective album, *The Sneak Attack* showcases KRS-ONE's trademark hard-core, in-your-face rap. Unlike many of his peers, KRS-ONE doesn't rap about gang warfare, instead he preaches knowledge and education. Having lectured philosophy at several distinguished universities, KRS knows what he's talking about, and it comes through in the songs. Stand-out tracks include 'Hot' (produced by Jazzy Jeff, remember him?!), 'Hip-hop Knowledge', a synopsis of his career since 1986, 'Hush', a tough song criticising "MTV Gansta Rappers", and 'The Raptism', an old-style hip-hop track. There are also two spoken word tracks on the album, which are clever to say the least.

This album is very well produced and written, and KRS proves once again that he is one of the greatest rappers around. Any hip-hop fan should at least give this album a listen, it's well worth it.

Mars



The Doors
Bright Midnight - Live In America
Elektra, Warner Music

They need no introduction. No review can do them justice. Released as a 'Limited Edition' this compilation of 13 songs (though the information on the front of the CD says 14?!) from a series of 8 concerts (funnily enough the booklet says 14 concerts?!) performed by the one-and-only Doors on their US tour in 1969, this CD is a must-have for any Doors fan. Not so much for the music, but for the fact that with this many errors / inconsistencies on the first pressing it is bound to live up to its name of

being 'Limited Edition'. Bullshit aside, this IS a compilation CD because the Doors' record label is going to be releasing virtually every US concert from 1969 in its entirety in the next few years. This selection, hand picked by Doors-guru Danny Sugerman and Ray Manzarek himself, is a representation of a few of the highlights from the soon to be released remastered recordings. The songs flow into each other well, with Jim Morrison's poems and screams adding to the hypnotic atmosphere. The classics are there too - but, hey, it's the Doors....they're ALL classics.

Jorm

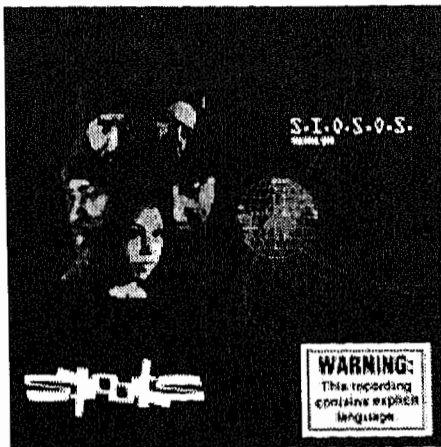


Duran Duran
Rio
EMI

A remastered edition of Duran Duran's classic *Rio* should be enticing enough for 80s fans. Add to that a bonus CD-ROM component of lyrics, photos, memorabilia and film-clips from album singles and you have an unbeatable gift for any 80s freak. Where do we start? With the title track itself, a fun, breezy summer jaunt, the pop-rock beat of 'Hungry Like The Wolf' or the power ballad of 'Save A Prayer'; each video included. Interesting facts appear on screen during the videos but it's hard to notice them whilst being enchanted by just how 80s this band really was. Some songs, for their time, were 'cutting edge' and unlikely to gain commer-

cial success (ie. 'The Chauffeur' - since covered by the Deftones of all bands!) and others are custom made for the charts (even if they never did quite make it). If you want a classic 80s album in your collection, this would be an excellent start. Can't wait for the remastering/enhancement of their debut, though.

Jorm



Spooks
S.I.O.S.O.S. volume 1.
Atremis/Sony

From the outset I will admit one thing. I do like hip-hop, but a select few bands fit into what I do like. Thankfully this album is one of them. Yes, they do sound much like The Fugees, but their sound has a darker edge, subtle and smooth, but still hard hitting in a lyrical sense. This fourteen-track album has a couple of standout tracks, from their debut single 'Karma Hotel' through to the darker, harsher 'Deep Cutz'. But the thing that stands out the most from this album is the in-between track dialogue, of which I am a big fan. Finally if you want to know what the album name stands for, head to the track 'Safe House', and the explanation is there... if you listen hard enough. This is one brilliant debut album. Expect these guys to get bigger and better.

Jester.

Gorillaz
Clint Eastwood
EMI

Catchy and interesting single from the animated four-piece. 2-D's trademark vocals are matched with Russel's rhymes and a great beat. Features two remixes and the bonus track 'Dracula', which is a very good B-side. The 'Clint Eastwood' video clip is also included. Excellent value.

Jen

Alex Lloyd
Downtown
EMI

Lyrical beautiful, 'Downtown' is another fine single from Alex Lloyd. This is from the forthcoming album, and judging by this, the album is going to be just as successful as his last. The layering of sound creates a haunting soundscape that will remain in your head for the rest of the day.

Poptart

Eskimo Joe
Who Sold Her Out
EMI

Yet another catchy pop song from those boys from WA. This tune is certainly up there with their previous single, and bodes well for the release of their album. Buy this one in anticipation, and put your dancing shoes on.

Poptart

Millencolin
No Cigar
Shock

This is the third single lifted from Millencolin's hugely successful *Pennybridge Pioneers* album and it also features the songs 'Black Eye' and 'Buzzer'. The CD also comes with a multimedia component; film clips of 'Penguins and Polarbears', 'Fox' and live footage of the band performing 'Pepper' and 'Olympic' at the Independiente Festival, Italy. That's damn good value for money if you ask me. Get it if you like Millencolin.

m.p.

Paul Mac
Just The Thing (Featuring Peta Morris)
EMI MUSIC

This latest single from Paul Mac is far more poppy than many previous Paul Mac songs, which might explain its popularity in the Top 40 charts. I liked track 2, an extended remix (8.5 minutes), cause it was really cruisy.

LT

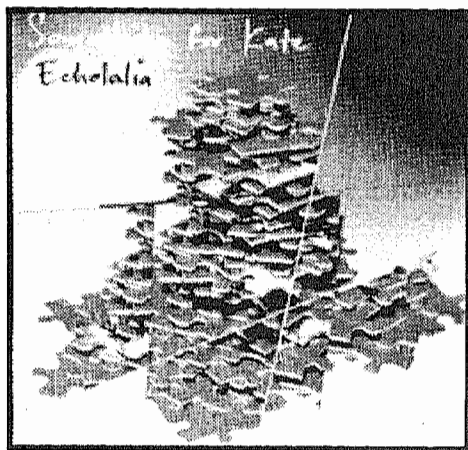
GIVEAWAYS GALORE!

Yes, that's right kiddies....we have LOTS to giveaway this week - so BRACE YOURSELVES.

You've read our interview with Gorillaz - now listen to the CD for free! The amazing Cherie from EMI has given us FIVE whole copies to give to our loyal readers. Come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 2:10pm and tell us the names of two films Mr. Damon Albarn has helped score the soundtrack to. Not too hard really. If you don't know - come down anyway with an interesting Blur fact or impersonation and you're sure to score yourself a freebie.

Monique from Sony has kindly thrown our way FIVE copies of JJ72's album to give to the first five lucky people that can tell us what the hell JJ72 stands for!?! (Clue: We don't actually know - so the best / funniest guess wins!). This one is at 2:15pm on Wednesday, *On Dit* office.

Simon from BMG has given us a few copies of our Album of the Week, Faithless's *Outrospective*. Want one? Twister playoff at 2:20pm on Wednesday on the Barr Smith Lawns (opposite the *On Dit* office door). Have fun...and win! Who could ask for more?



Something For Kate
Echolalia
Sony

Triple J listeners will already be familiar with singles 'Monsters' and 'Three Dimensions', but the true strength of *Something For Kate's* latest album release lies in its quality as a whole. S4K seem to have taken a great deal of time writing and crafting material for this album, as there is a great deal to enjoy in each and every track. *Echolalia* truly places the band in a category with some of the world's best. What makes this album so listenable is the band's experimentation into different styles and sounds, however, that is not to say that the release is disjointed. The album gains a unity from the guitar driven and melodic style of the songs, also Paul's unique vocals tie the release together. While the album's sound will not be for everyone, it is certainly worth a listen. For those horrendously short of time, listen to tracks 3 and 6.

M.C. discoballs

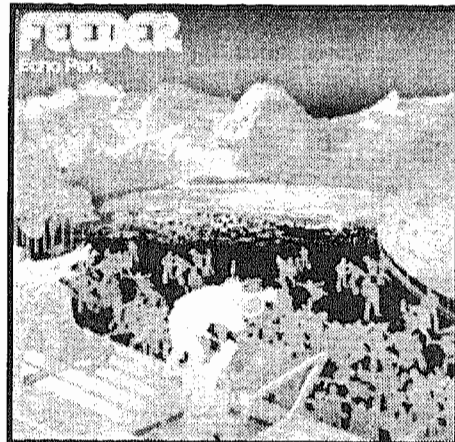


Backyard Babies
Making Enemies Is Good
BMG

Ah, Sweden. Home to the Satanic Surfers, Liberator, Millencolin and busty, moral-free women (if my porno videos are anything to go by). Add to that prestigious list of national treasures Swedish rock 'n' roll band Backyard Babies. *Making Enemies Is Good* is the *Babies'* third album after 1994's *Diesel and Power* and the highly acclaimed *Total 13*. True, honest rock in the vein of Guns 'n' Roses and KISS is what is being thrown at you, from the raucous chords of 'I © To Roll', the album's opening track and arguably the best. The band describes 'I © To Roll' as 'the ultimate rock 'n' roll track and they could well be right. Other stand out tracks

include 'My Demonic Side', about the hunger to succeed, 'Brand New Hate' and 'Too Tough To Make Some Friends'. The *Babies* have just come back from a European tour backing up Aussie icons AC/DC and with this album, I feel Sweden has officially atoned for the horror that was Ace of Base (*You're banned - Eds*).

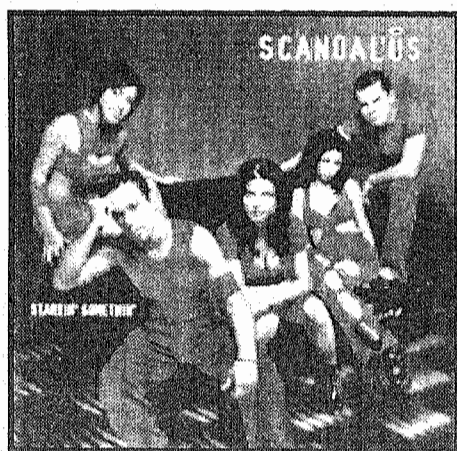
Massiv Micky D



Feeder
Echo Park
Festival Mushroom

Although Feeder as not as well known in Australia as they are in their home country, I'm sure that it will not be long before this situation is rectified. Their latest album, *Echo Park*, is a progression from their earlier releases, introducing drum loops and a lot of other different sounds to create a more polished and produced feel. There are some really catchy melodies on this album, including the brilliant single 'Buck Rodgers'. The interesting 'Piece By Piece' also is a standout with its looped beginning. All of the songs flow in a logical sequence, and they have included a couple of tracks from an earlier album as a bonus for those people who are new fans. This is a really interesting and accomplished release, and since the band will probably be returning to tour Australia shortly, this album should be put on the to-buy list. You won't regret it.

Poptart

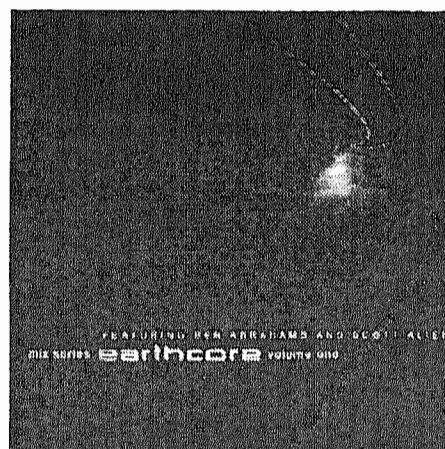


Scandal'us
Startin' Somethin'
Festival Mushroom

The first release from Scandal'us is alright but the rest of the album lacks the edge of its first single 'Me, Myself and I'. I was expecting a sharp, exciting album but after the first song

it goes into a laid-back, slower R&B style. After the first couple of songs they all begin to sound the same because the tempo hardly ever varies. The lyrics are so repetitive that you can't listen to it for more than a few songs at a time. There will certainly be no mistaking what you are listening to because everything is repeated over and over. Good points? - Well if you like engineered R&B this album is definitely for you. And if you can get over the repetitiveness, some of the songs are quite good. My favourite is 'Me, Myself and I' but 'You Bring Me Love' and the title track 'Startin' Somethin'' are also fun to listen to. I think that if the songs weren't engineered so much, the instruments weren't changed so much and there weren't so many electronic effects added, the album would be a lot better. This one is definitely for the fans.

Music Girl



EARTHCORE Mix Series
featuring Ben Abrahams
and Scott Alien
Shock

Earthcore is Australia's premier outdoor electronic dance music festival, furthering dance culture since 1993. This mixed double CD set is almost as good as being there.

Ben Abrahams, who played to the main floor at Earthcore in 2000 has mixed the first and more chilled out CD of the two. A fine example of deep progressive trance with some deep overtones, the disc contains an hour and fifteen minutes of hypnotic tunes. Great to chill out to.

Disc two, mixed by the aptly named Scott Alien, immediately transfers the listener into party mode! The fast and relentless acid techno/trance will have your heart beating in time, your eyelids drawing back into your face leaving you wide-eyed, while you madly jump around with a smile on your face (unless maybe I'm just allergic to it or something). A couple of the tracks have samples of Johny Depp speaking in 'Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas', which very much compliments the psychedelic mood of the music.

This double CD is evidence of the talent and innovation that make Melbourne the current national breeding ground of dance culture.

See you at Earthcore - at Mt. Disappointment, Victoria on the 24th of November

m.p.

SINGLES

Manic Street Preachers
Ocean Spray
Sony

Another beautiful tune from the Manics that returns to their previous level of social consciousness. Deceptively simple, this lyrical song hides a strong message behind the lilting music. It also occasionally breaks into a rockier sound that harks back to their earlier albums, while retaining the epic nature of their last album.

Poptart

Augie March
Here Comes the Night
BMG Australia

'Here Comes the Night' is the final single to come off last year's debut *Sunset Studies* record. Slightly more up tempo than some of the record's previous singles, this song is renowned as a live favourite for the band. Also featured on this release are versions of previous single 'Heartbeat and Sails' as well as two live tracks and a new song, 'Negambie River Wine Song'.

Church.

Nokturnl
Haterz
Sputnik Records

You've probably all heard it by now so you will realise that 'Haterz' is a good solid song. It's a groove-driven hard rock song intertwined with hip-hop style vocals and samples and occasionally showcasing some awesome guitar solos. The two b-sides 'Flamental' and 'Primitive' really show the talent of Nokturnl.

Morgan

Starsailor -
Goodsouls / Fever
Chrysalis, EMI

A simple but effective driving acoustic offering from UK's Starsailor, 'Goodsouls' is bordering on gospel-pop. A double A-side single, 'Fever' offers more of their same style (a relatively generic UK sound but somehow better than most). A couple of remixes are included but the undoubted highlight is the brilliant cover of Van Morrison's 'The Way Young Lovers Do'.

Semprini

Ben Folds
Rockin' The Suburbs
Sony

This catchy tune is a well awaited offering from Ben Folds (minus the five). With clever lyrics such as 'Y'all don't know what it's like being male middle class and white,' this is sure to be a hit. Whilst still progressing, this tune will still quench any die hard Ben Folds fan's thirst.

Clubs And Classifieds

University Games

Adelaide University NEEDS you to compete at the Australia University Games, 23 - 28th September (last week of holidays), hosted by the University of Sydney in Sydney. Represent your university and have some fun at the same time...

Experience not necessary - the only criterion is that you must be enthusiastic and be an Adelaide University student.

If you would like to play at OLYMPIC venues in Men's Badminton, Baseball, Men's Basketball, Men's and Women's Hockey, and Men's Soccer against 6,500 students from around Australia then please contact the Sports Association on 8303 5403, or come in and see the friendly staff (ground floor, Lady Symon building - north-western corner of the Cloisters). You have nothing to lose and everything to gain!

"Pilates" Fitness Instructor Personal Trainer

Classes:

Group Sessions: \$5 each Tuesdays 6.15pm - 7.15pm, or Sundays 4pm-5pm
Studio is on corner of East Tce and Princes Road Kingswood (previously church hall)

Personal Sessions \$20 per hour (can share with a partner \$10 each) at the studio or at your own home
Pilates conditioning
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Resistance - Weights
General Fitness - Nutrition
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Dog House for Small ankle biter \$50
Must collect goods yourself, no delivery
Electric Upright Vacuum Cleaner, lightweight easy to use \$50
Dressing Table, solid timber, 6 drawers, Large Mirror, Grey Laminate surface tough, servicable, very good condition \$50
Diana Ferrari, ladies black leather lace up shoes
Grip soles suitable for hospitality work used for 1 week work experience only. Just like brand new size 10-1/2 \$20
Teak Solid Timber Wall Units 2ft wide, (610mm) x 1ft6" deep (470mm) and 6ft.4" high (930mm)
heaps of storage shelves for videos, CD's, ornaments, BOOKS, space for TV, drawer and cupboard below shelves. Excellent condition
\$70 the pair
Contact Vicki in Lady Symon building Sports Assoc office or call 8303 3410 work
8262 5134 home answering machine

Adelaide University Hockey Club Results for 28 and 29 July:

Premier League defeated North East 7-2 Goals to Brendan Fewster (2), Ross Fitzgerald (2), Andy Thomas (2), Nick Pannell
Premier League Reserve Men defeated Westminster 2-1, Goals to Stephen Hope, Michael Bishop
Division 3 Men defeated Woodville 2-1 James Dwyer, Todd Murfitt
Division 4 Men defeated Forestville 3-2 Goals to Chris Holding, Erik Dunlop (2)
Division 5 Men defeated Seacliff 7-1
Division 6 Men defeated Westminster 2-1 Goals to Tim Duval, Bruce McHendrie
Veterans A Men lost to Forestville 1-2
Premier League Women defeated Forestville 3-2 Goals to Kaye Loring, Amber Lang, Casey Bell
Premier League Reserve Women defeated Forestville 3-1 Goals to Emily Ferguson (2), Anna Viiret
Division 3 Women defeated Burnside 4-0
Division 4 Women drew with Forestville 1-1 Goal to Sarah Elding
Division 5 Women had a bye
Division 6 Women Black to Murray Bridge 0-1
Division 6 Women White lost to UniSa 1-3 Goal to Juliet Paine

U15B Boys defeated Woodville 2-1 Goals to Adam McNamara, Tristan Rawson
U13B Boys defeated Grange 1-0 Goal to Christopher McHugh
U11 Mixed lost to Forestville 4-0
U9 Mixed played Burnside.

UN General Assembly

The United Nations Students Association Special General Meeting Wednesday August 15th 3pm - 5pm WP Rogers Room
Contact Dorothy Bloomfield
Ph: 8271 8938 or 0401 654 803 or email adelaide_un@hotmail.com

Aeronautics

IGM for Royal Aeronautical Society August 15th 1.10pm Margaret Murray Room contact Penny Gibson for further enquiries, 8252 0594 or 0403 028642
penelope.gibson@student.adelaide.edu.au

Gamers

AU Video Gamers Association IGM in the W.P. Rogers Room 1pm - 2pm Friday August 17th 2001. Contact Neil Phillips ph: 82514129 or email (preferred) phillips@webzone.net.au

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY FILM SOCIETY 3RD TERM PROGRAMME

All films are on Thursdays at 7pm, in the Union Cinema, level 5, the Union Building.
Free for members; membership is \$3 at the door.

Week 3, 9th August KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

1949. Directed by Robert Hamer. Starring Alec Guinness, Dennis Price and Joan Greenwood. Louis Mazzini, illegitimate and rejected child of an aristocratic family (entirely played by Alec Guinness), decides to claim his ancestral title by disposing of all possible rivals. A quintessential Ealing Studios black comedy.

Week 4, 16th August Bodysnatching Double: INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

1956. Directed by Don Seigel. Starring Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter. A small-town doctor discovers that humans are being gradually replaced by alien doppelgangers. An effective and sinister sci-fi classic.

THE BODY SNATCHER

1945. Directed by Robert Wise. Starring Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. An atmospheric horror film in which a doctor is exploited by his assistant and a graverobber. Produced by horror-merchant Val Lewton (*Cat People*, *Bedlam*). Week 5, 23rd August

Week 5, 23th August BREAKING THE WAVES

1996. Directed by Lars von Trier. Starring Emily Watson, Katrin Cartlidge and Stellan Skarsgard. A mentally fragile woman from an isolated Scottish fishing village is obsessively in love with her Danish oil-rig worker husband. She is driven to commit extreme acts when he is injured, believing that this will help him recover. Extraordinarily powerful and disturbing.

Week 6, 30th August ROMEO + JULIET

1996. Directed by Baz Luhrmann. Starring Leonardo diCaprio and Claire Danes. Yes, you read right. The hip and happening version from the director of *Strictly Ballroom* and *Moulin Rouge* with the kid from *Titanic*.

Week 7, 6th September REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE

1955. Directed by Nicolas Ray. Starring James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo and Dennis Hopper. Another version of the Romeo and Juliet story illustrates the dislocation and disenchantment felt by the world's first generation of teenagers.

Week 8, 13th September LA BELLE LA BETE (Beauty and the Beast)

1946. Directed by Jean Cocteau. Starring Jean Marais and Josette Day. Poetic and surrealistic version of the fairy story from the same director as last year's *Orpheus*.

Counselling?

DEVELOPING A LIFESTYLE THAT REDUCES STRESS AND WORRY

WHEN: Monday 6 August.
1.10 - 2.00pm
WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building
FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

TIME MANAGEMENT

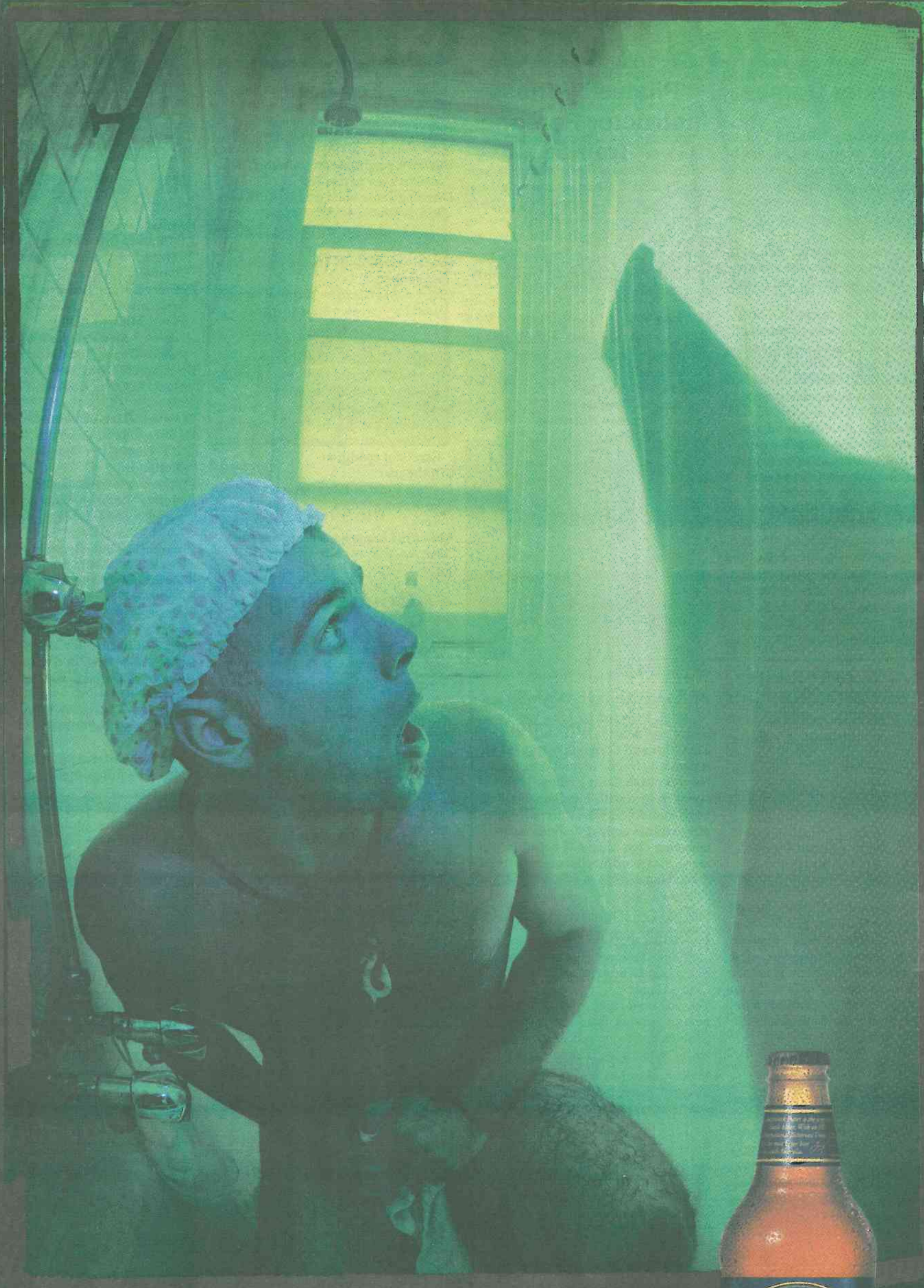
WHEN: Wednesday 8 August.
1.10 - 2.00pm
WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building
FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

PROCRASTINATION

WHEN: Monday 13 August.
1.10 - 2.00pm
WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building
FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

Got Something to Sell? Got Something to Buy? Don't go to the Trading Post, come to us!

Anything that is essentially non-commercial in nature has a place in the *On Dit Classifieds* Section. Bring your copy down to the *On Dit* office or email it to: ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au



Killer Bitter

With 25 IBUs, there's nothing in South Australia as bitter.

