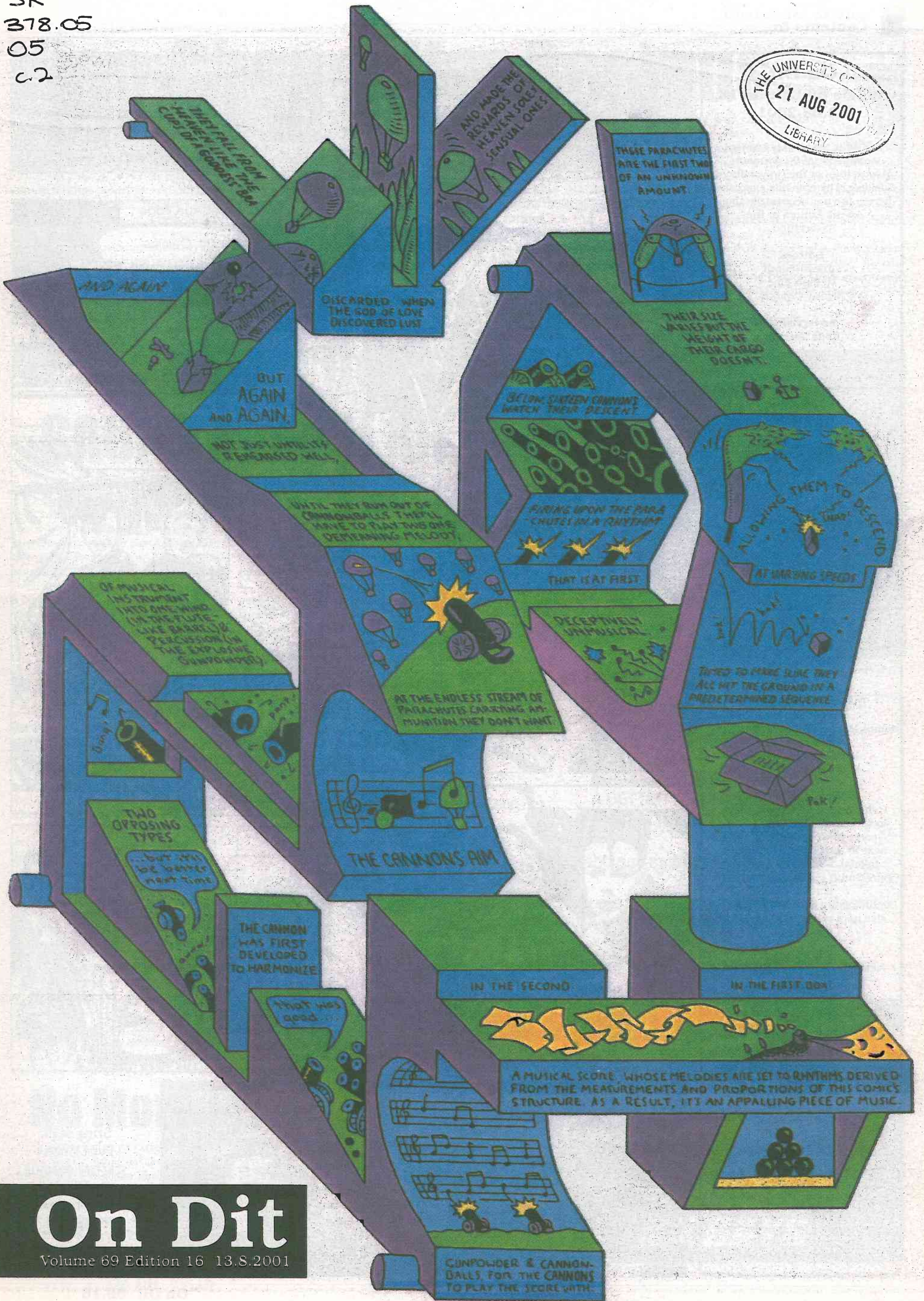


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On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 16 13.8.2001



**On Dit**  
**Volume 69 Edition 16,**  
**13.08.2001**

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

**Editors**

Linley Henzell  
 Melissa Vine  
 Penny Chalke

**Advertising**  
 Alida Parente

**Printing**  
 Cadillac

**Distribution**  
 Peter Adams

**The Press Gang**

**Theatre:** Michael Fyfe  
**Film:** Linda Rust

**Visual Arts:** Jenny Kalionis  
**Current Affairs:** Tristan Mahoney

**Music:** Mark Jordan  
 Mike Paradowski

**Television:** Jayne Lewis

**Video:** James Trevelyan

**Literature:** Emily Heidrich

**Wayward:** Clementine Ford

Sam Franzway

Sarah Möller

**Vox Pop:** David Roberts

Joe Hynes

**Photographers:** Mike Paradowski

David Burgess

**About the cover**

The winner of our cover competition was: James Mackenzie, with this comic about cannons. We don't know what it means either.

**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](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

**Next Edition:**

Deadline 15th August  
 Published 20th August

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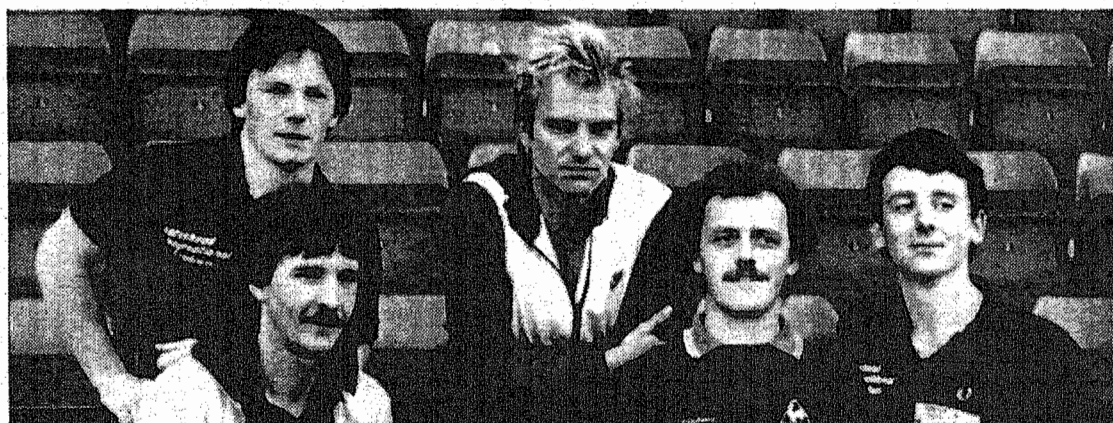
Rachel, Prof and friend (sorry, we forgot your name), Cecilia, Daisy, Luke, Linda & Jenny, Patrick the R.O., Everyone in the Mayo, Mikey, Gemma, whoever invented Frooty Rings, Tristan and his amazing overbite and Stanley's mother for so generously posing for us at the last minute

**No thanks to:**

Whoever is responsible for our email and internet access failing every weekend, just as we need them to get last-minute submissions.

# KISSING TO BE CLEVER

The Story Of Culture Club



Sting says:  
 Ever since I started reading *On Dit*, my career has collapsed.



# Vice-Chancellor Resigns

Professor O'Kane in a recent portrait.



The Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University, Mary O'Kane, announced her resignation from the position last Monday the 6<sup>th</sup> of August. Although her own press release revealed little, Normandy Mining executive and Adelaide University Chancellor Robert Champion de Crespigny cited a lack of support from the University management and differences in management style as reasons for the departure. According to *The Australian*, a confrontation between Professor O'Kane and members of the University's senior management occurred on Friday the 3<sup>rd</sup> and led to the

VC's departure.

It seems that differences over the way that Professor O'Kane had dealt with the problems of 'modernising' an underfunded tertiary institution led to the conflicts which ended up being fatal to her leadership. Among other things, the merging of what had been previously distinct smaller faculties with a degree of independence into huge 'uber-faculties' such as PALACE (Performing Arts, Law, Architecture, Commerce and Economics, apparently merged together due to the catchy acronym) ruffled a few feathers among the

academic staff. Professor O'Kane had also been criticised for dealing with reduced government funding by developing ties with industry, which some felt to be compromising the institution's independence, and transferring money away from the faculties towards central administration.

The running of the University is expected to come under increased scrutiny in the wake of the VC's departure, with *The Advertiser* reporting that State Auditor-General Ken MacPherson attended a recent University Council meeting to "offer independent advice on

the way the university is being run".

In a press release and a speech given to assembled staff and students on Monday afternoon, Professor O'Kane wished the University well and expressed her hope that the process of change which she had initiated during her term as VC would continue.

The VC's duties are currently being carried out by Brian Croser, and the University is commencing an international search for a new person.

Linley Henzell

## So, What Does The SAUA Think Of All This?

The Students' Association has had some concerns about the Governance of the University for some time. Ostensibly, it was the changes introduced to University Council by past Liberal Education Minister and now Independent, Bob Such, known as the 'Balancing Town and Gown' review. The result was a significant reduction in the size of council and a reduction in the categories of membership.

The SAUA has strong views on the fact that the University is not covered by Freedom of Information Laws that cover all publicly funded entities. This has led to some of the problems that would have ultimately contributed to the Vice Chancellor's departure.

The SAUA has pressured the University to open up all committees to student membership. We have been mildly successful, but there were still secret committee structures under review when along came a man named De Crespigny, and it seemed the shutters went up again. This is demonstrable by the Chancellor's Committee being established at his first meeting in the Chair. It may be the way of business, but a university is not a business no matter how they try to make it so. It is a community and that community has a range of views and opinions and those have to be heard. Suppression leads to frustration and ultimately revolt. The collegial way of University decision making was slow but at least it was a process whereby people could have input. When you take something away from people they notice it has gone. If it was still there people would just continue on. By denying the major

stakeholders (students and staff) the opportunity to have their two bob's worth, the scene is immediately set for division. This is evident on the University Council, where the external members of the Council outnumber the internal people.

Our Senate inquiry submission was predominantly about Governance issues and the Association was highly critical of many aspects of the way the University is managed, particularly the Chancellors' Committee. We feel it is unlawful and unethical, but we were rolled at University Council on its establishment by the external numbers. This has further added to tensions amongst the rubber stampers and the oppositionists, as some would describe the student-staff bloc. Interestingly enough, the then Vice-Chancellor Mary O'Kane reiterated the concerns contained within our senate contribution, both privately and publicly, by referring to our submission in her own fronting of the Senate Committee.

Our final solution is to recommend a University ombudsman. It is no secret that some student leaders are close to the ALP. The lobby train is pulling out of the station as many young Laborites across the country are pushing for many reforms to universities by the ALP. Along with fees and income support two new ones have leapt up the charts as they impact on the structural issues now confronting the contemporary student. The establishment of a University ombudsman, State or Federal, and the revisiting of University Governance are in for some political treatment after the State and Federal elections.

To access a copy of the SAUA's Submission to the Senate Inquiry go to the web address:

[www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/eet\\_ctte/public%20uni/sub%20list.htm](http://www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/eet_ctte/public%20uni/sub%20list.htm)

...and look for submission number 276

Tom Radzevicius



Bye, Mary.

## No More Change Jar

Something else you won't be seeing much of any more is the Unibooks change jar. Unibooks used to run an honour system for newspaper purchasing, whereby customers could drop the exact change into a large jar on the counter. This let us skip the 10-person queues regularly congesting the shop's notoriously cramped cash register area.

But it seems that the elementary level of honesty required to pay half price for an *Advertiser* or an *Australian* was too much for some people, who were rorting the system by dropping single 5 or 10 cent coins in the jar to make a sound and walking out (possibly as a protest against News Ltd's business practices). So there's no more change jar.

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# SAUA Roundup Election Special

OK, so maybe our Election Rumours printed last week were a little skewiff, but hey, who was going to tell the media anything about elections? It's all out now, anyway, with the Friday night ballot draw seeing the candidates revealed in a glorious display of student politicking. Oh what fun! The ballot draw is one of the student politicians' favourite events, as it means they get to see exactly who each faction has preselected for the various positions. It is also a great chance to psych out the opposition by making the most noise and thereby proving what a large and powerful faction they belong to. There is also an element of surprise to the night, as there is the occasional shock nomination, and the order in which candidates' names are drawn out of a hat determines the order they will appear on the ballot paper.

It is important to be near the top to capture that vital donkey vote. It is this vital element of chance and surprise which allows the hacks to place a great amount of importance on this one night. The stress that has built up over weeks and weeks of tense negotiations comes to a head on this night and they all go to the UniBar afterwards, drink obscene amounts, and glare at the opposing factions. Especially members of factions which they consider to have screwed them over in the deal-making.

So, who's running?

This year saw a record number of nominations, with huge amounts of them being for Union Activities and SAUA Council. Union Board had the most with 49 people nominating. We guess everyone just wants a piece of that juicy Union pie.

A bunch of Engineering students including Michael Waite have got together to run a ticket apparently called the 'Party Party'. This involves a shitload of them nominating for President and then, we guess, partying all week. They will be running against Bek Cornish (for the Indies), Brad Kitschke (from the loosely Labor Right-affiliated United Students), Nancy White (of Lunatik fame) and Lisa Lines, from Marxist-Leninist group Resistance. There are other names on the list, but we'll have to wait until the Broadsheet comes out to see if they're Party Party or non-aligned.

United Students' Jakin Ravalico must have sufficiently impressed her faction with her little performance at National Education Conference for them to run her for Education Vice President. She will be running against, amongst others, NOLS (Labor Left) candidate Georgia Heath.

Activities and Campaigns Vice President is a two man show with Independent Paul Huebl and US Jimmi McIntyre fighting it out.

Despite rumours that a rival team would run, *On Dit* sub-editors Michael Fyfe, Jenny Kalionis and Linda Rust are running uncontested and hopefully will triumph against No Candidate for the coveted *On Dit* editorship. The Student Radio directorship will be between solo rider Nick Roach and team Tim Clark and Liam Golding.

Despite everyone knowing what a horrible job Orientation Co-Ordinator is, it still managed to attract three applicants: Liberal candidate Nick Cheok, 'Indie' Sally Reid and general prankster Clementine



Friday night in the Wills, and the factions are psyching themselves up for some hardcore cheering action (note the red flag)

Ford. Good luck, guys.

The lack of any MAD candidates for office bearer positions indicates that they may be concentrating their efforts on electing their candidates for Union Board, with an eye on the Presidency.

In fact, the distinct lack of competition between the major factions for Office-Bearer positions indicates that many of the positions are already stitched up - leaving you, the voter, with little choice over who you want to represent you.

Who gets the Sexuality Officers' office next year will be interesting. It looks like two male/female teams will be running; presumably they would all prefer to work with their teams but it all depends on what the students decide.

Bad luck for the Liberals, who turned up at the door to the SAUA a couple of minutes after the deadline clutching around half of their nomination forms, only to be told that they'd missed out. They still had a fair few candidates who did get their nomination forms in on time, most of them running for standing committee positions.

In addition to Lisa Lines for

President, Marxist-Leninist group Resistance has put up a fair few candidates for Office-Bearer positions this year.

The usual amount of first year gimps (mostly recruited through O'Camp) have been wheeled out to campaign their little arses off to win a standing committee spot with MAD seeming to have scored the best out of the gimp lottery, judging by the amount of cheers coming from that side of the room every time a MAD candidate was picked out of the hat.

Now with most of the deals tied up and everyone knowing who they have to hate for the next few weeks, they can all rest easy and concentrate on banner painting until election time.

It is usual practice for the factions within student politics to agree to support the candidates of other factions without knowing who they are. This year, one of Adelaide Uni's newer factions threw a spanner in the works by refusing to endorse candidates for any position until they actually knew who they were going to be - a complete break with tradition which caused a few snarls on Ballot Draw night.

Authorised by the RO. Published by Melissa Vine 992698W. Please Recycle.

## Multicultural Week

The people of South Australia originate from over 150 countries in the world (including Australia), and each country brings a different aspect to the vast cultural landscape of SA. The formulation of the first Multicultural Week was to acknowledge, celebrate and promote the contribution the various cultures had contributed to the community.

From the highly successful South Australia Multicultural Week of 1999, it was decided that it should be repeated in the year 2001. However, this time it is not simply at the state level but on a national scale. Starting on the 9<sup>th</sup> of September and running until the 14<sup>th</sup>, the weeklong festivities will run concurrently with the Western Australian Multicultural Week and other multicultural events in the states and territories.

Proudly co-ordinated and partly sponsored by the NLC (National Liaison Committee for International Students in Australia Inc.) and in partnership with the South Australian

Multicultural and Ethnic Affairs Commission, the South Australian Multicultural Week event has achieved high support from the three Universities' international students organisations (the OSA, FISA and USASA - the UniSA Students' Association), and the three universities themselves. The major sponsors of this event are the City of Adelaide Council, Education Adelaide, The Premier's Office, the three Universities and USASA.

Beginning with cultural performances in Rundle Mall there will be a parade to the opening festivities of SAMW 2001 in Victoria Square. The celebrations will spread across South Australia into the universities where games, music, performances and food will be available to all. The main concept of the festivities is to enjoy the fruits of the vast cultural diversity at all levels in South Australia, and to make it accessible to the whole community. It is seen as a way of opening up part of university life to the public and to strengthen the bonds between the

local community and the universities.

The leading theme of SAMW 2001 is 'United in Diversity'. Even though there can be vast and diverse differences among cultures in South Australia, it should not be seen as an impediment to establishing friendships. In experiencing the differences, it is hoped that there will be a better understanding between people of distinctive cultural backgrounds upon finding common fundamental ground of life and history in one another's cultures and therefore venture to forge new relationships.

There will be a substantial amount of events and activities at the celebration. To name a few:

From Japan, the martial arts of Aikido will be on display.

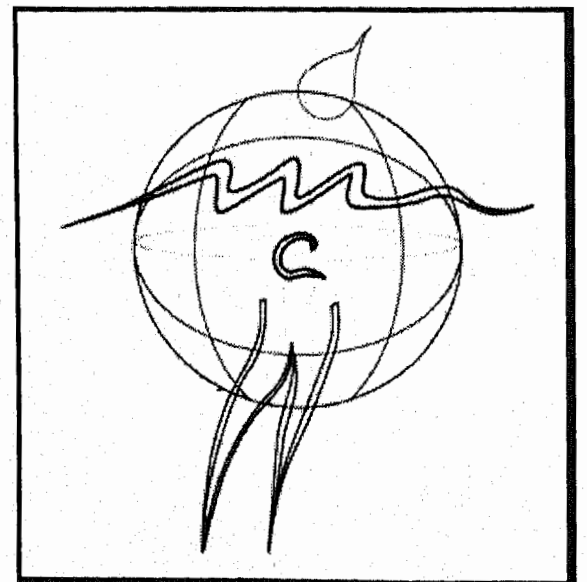
From China, the ancient tradition of dragon boat racing.

From Ireland, India, Europe and Australia, there will be traditional dance performances.

An International Music Night, to feature a symphony orchestra and music from around the world.

The most up-to-date information about the various SAMW activities, the times, the places and the organizations concerned, will be available at our website at <http://www.samw.cjb.net>

See you there!





# The Inside Story: University Internet Charging

There has been a large amount of conjecture surrounding the internet charging scheme which has been introduced this semester for all undergraduate students. The problem has stemmed from the University's desire to run its internet services at a lower cost, through charging.

At the last Student Affairs Committee meeting Dr. Scott Snyder, General Manager of Information Technology Services, the University's IT department, gave a presentation on the impact and rationale behind the internet charging.

Essentially the University, quite understandably, is attempting to cut down on the, as they put it, "inappropriate" use of the internet resources of the University. In other words, MP3s, pornography and casual web-browsing which is unrelated to their course of study.

One of the other major reasons for the introduction of internet charging is to reduce the overall internet bill for the University. To quote Dr. Snyder, "There is essentially no cost recovery against the internet bill, and almost no budget". The total internet bill for 2000 was of the order of \$450K. The University recognises that there is a need for unimpeded internet access at the University, however the statistics that the University presented to the SAC indicate that the impact of the chargeback scheme may not be as insidious as students would have previously thought.

A table was presented in the submis-

sion that outlined the usage patterns across the University as compared to the percentage of the student population. 88.84% of the student population downloaded less than 50Mb of information from outside the University in May last year. May and October are the major months for internet use as they fall at the end of each semester when assignments are due. The amount of allowable download has been doubled by the University as a result of this information, and they are confident that the majority of students will be unaffected by the charge back scheme. For those students who have a real need for accessing large amounts of information for their studies, in particular Computer Science students who have to download Java, the Departments and lecturers will work with the University to download one copy of the software which can then be mirrored to all the students that require it from within the University at no cost to the student.

One interesting statistic that does come out of the University's research is that 0.55% of the total users of the internet at University account for 20.33% of the TOTAL Mb Download. In other words a very, very small proportion of the student community is downloading in excess of 500Mb per month. This is the "inappropriate" use of the resources that the University wishes to cut down on.

So why charge everyone the same flat rate then, I hear you ask? The answer is simple, the University believes,

from their data that most students will not be affected by the introduction of this scheme, and only a very small proportion who are inappropriately using the system will be affected.

How did the University come to charge the proposed 20c per Mb over the allowed 50Mb per semester? This figure was arrived at after the cost of access, about 7 cents per Mb and the infrastructure and staffing maintenance costs were accounted for. The cost savings to the University are expected to be around \$100K per year. This cost saving will be redirected into other University IT services. For example this semester ITS is planning to install 990 dialup lines for student use. Students will be able to browse resources from the three SA universities using dial in lines for the cost of a local phone call only! This is as opposed to the current situation, where students who need to access University resources and the internet from home must join an external Internet Service Provider for a cost of usually \$150+! This means that core teaching resources can be accessed by students from home, who have a computer and modem for the cost of a local phone call and that other, recreational resources can be

accessed for only 20 cents per Mb. From the student perspective this will be a significant cost saving! This will occur simultaneously with the introduction of the chargeback scheme.

In conclusion, it can be said that the internet charging scheme is not as bad as was first thought, however, there are still a number of issues that the Students' Association and students should be concerned with, for example, how easy will it be for students to get extensions to their allowable download amount We will need your input on and direction when it comes to discussing these and other issues which are sure to arise from the implementation of this scheme.

If anyone would like to make suggestions or comments about this issue please email me, for free, on

[tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au)

Tom Radzevicius



HECS, internet charges - soon I'll be sleeping anywhere I can

## No Suite for you! 24-hour computer suite story

As student elections loom closer, it's interesting to reflect on the promises made in elections past. One of the perennial favourites is the 24 hour computer suite. Well, earlier this year the Students' Association managed to convince the University to pay for the installation and maintenance of a large roomfull of computers (around 110) somewhere in the Union Building - preferably the old Food Court room on level 4.

According to a source who asked not to be named, the Union decided that it preferred to use the Food Court for conferences and functions, which earn it a considerable amount of money, and offered the North South Dining Room instead. The University wasn't too happy about this, as the Dining Room is not exactly a prime position (being tucked away behind the now defunct Equinox bistro), and pulled out.

When asked to comment on the situation, Union President Tanisha Hewanpola would say only that "negotiations are ongoing".

Fortunately, students may end up getting a 24-hour suite anyway, with the Science faculty putting its hand up to run the suite in an undisclosed location. The downside is that it will be used by classes from 9 to 5; the upside is that it will be open 24 hours, 7 days a week - the Union's '24-hour' suite was probably going to be more of a 16-hour suite anyway, only opening 24 hours a day during exam periods and other times of peak demand.

Linley Henzell

Next Week: Our analysis of the Union's Annual Report.

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# Megawati names cabinet, Downer gesticulates

After an unprecedented wait, incoming Indonesian President Megawati Sukarnoputri has finally produced her cabinet. After taking over the presidency from the amazingly inept Abdurrahman Wahid, Sukarnoputri took just over 17 days to nominate the 30-member cabinet, which is yet to include an attorney general.

The omission does not bode well for the President's stated aim to restore faith in the Indonesian judicial system. How-



ever, analysts agree that the calibre of Sukarnoputri's other appointees will suit her aims to restore national unity and continue the democratic reforms instigated by former President Suharto. Financial markets and economic commentators were particularly pleased with the appointment of former Indonesian ambassador to Washington Dorodjatun Kuntjoro-Jakti as the head of the President's economics team.

Despite such enthusiasm, political commentators and military officials are murmuring that Sukarnoputri's cabinet took far too long to be produced, particularly in light of both the crucial transition period and the current instability of Indonesian provinces such as Aceh. 'I fully understand how big the challenges

are that will be faced by the cabinet,' said the President at a press conference immediately after the announcements. 'I ask for a spirit of co-operation and support from all political parties in the legislature and the people of Indonesia.'

And the people had better co-operate, with the re-appointment of military strong man Susilo Bambang Yodhoyono to the position of Co-ordinating Minister for Political and Security Affairs (Minister for Riot Control to the rest of us). However, despite his staunch military background, Yodhoyono's attitude towards the role of the armed forces in the Indonesian government is considered to be moderate. Yodhoyono previously demonstrated his ability to make a sensible decision when he recently resigned from the position over a clash with former president Wahid's threat to avoid impeachment by declaring a national state of emergency.

Sukarnoputri's appointment of a competent foreign affairs team is set to keep Jakarta's improving post-Timor relationship with Canberra on track. The team, headed by former United Nations ambassador Hasan Wirjjudha, is expected to work well with Security Affairs Minister Yodhoyono in an effort to rebuild the strained relationship.

In stark contrast, Australian Foreign Affairs Minister Alexander Downer has largely ignored the appointment of the Indonesian Cabinet. Instead, everybody's favourite cross-dressing Minister appears to be far busier making lewd gestures at female Labor MPs. 'During Question Time today the Minister was blowing kisses and using offensive hand movements to me across the Chamber,' said New South Wales MP Julia Irwin. 'I just hope this man stops.'

Speaker Neil Andrew has since stated that he has received a number of similar complaints about Mr Downer's gesticulations. The *On Dit* Current Affairs Unit reminds readers to stay well away from Mr Downer, who can be recognised by his greasy haircut and effeminate drawl.

Tristan

# Christopher Skase: Dead and Stinky\*

That's right, you heard it here first! Failed entrepreneur and Tim Friedman lookalike Christopher Skase died of cancer last Wednesday. He spent his final days on the exclusive island of Majorca, which had been his refuge since the collapse of his \$1.5 billion media and tourism empire more than a decade ago.

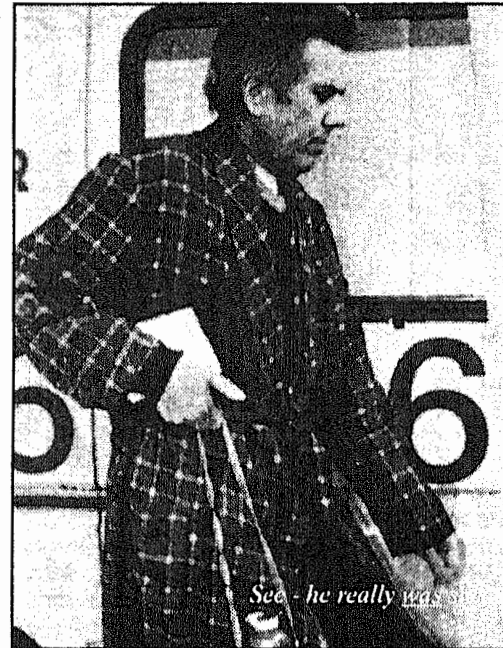
Skase began his working career working as a C-grade reporter for the *Melbourne Sun*, before becoming a corporate journalist for the *Australian Financial Review*. Even at this early stage, it was clear to many of his colleagues that Skase would some day become a bread-head of truly mammoth proportions.

By the end of the eighties Skase had transformed a fairly ordinary mining company into a corporate empire which included the Seven Network and the disturbingly decadent 'Mirages' resort complex, which remains Queensland's biggest holiday resort. However, as interest rates began to soar, Skase's Qintex corporation was looking more than a little shaky, particularly after he failed to negotiate a deal to take over MGM studios.

In 1989 Skase was forced to sell half of his Queensland resorts to Japanese investors for just over half a billion dollars. It became obvious that Skase had overextended himself, even before the

spectacular collapse of Qintex. He was finally arrested and incarcerated overnight in a Southport jail.

The following day, a sympathetic judge allowed him to retrieve his passport such that he could flee to Majorca. Despite the sheer gall of his escape, it took the Federal Government over four years to begin extradition negotiations with the barely co-operative Spanish authorities. Of course, the Skases employed a wide variety of avoidance tactics (including the now infamous courtroom oxygen mask), such that angry creditors and bankruptcy trustees found it impossible to retrieve the millions of dollars that he owed to his former creditors and shareholders.



The Howard Government insists that it will continue to pursue Skase's assets. However, this determination is likely to fade, now that Australians are no longer able to shake their fists and rattle their money belts in the general direction of Majorca.

The fugitive businessman is survived by his two children, trophy wife Pixie and approximately one million angry bread-heads.

Tristan

\*Headline courtesy of a cheerfully inebriated Professor Booty

# Entitlements

Any five year-old should know that you don't touch what isn't yours. The new Federal Government scheme to ensure workers' entitlements sends the message to businesses that it's OK to ignore this principle.

South Australia is the first and only State to finally agree to contribute to Mr Howard's bail-out fund to cover entitlements when companies go belly up. It was a source of embarrassment to the Government that the only Liberal State in the land took over a year to sign on, while the Labor states won't have a bar of it. Under the plan, workers will receive a maximum \$20,000, with the State and the Commonwealth splitting the cost. The decision came as a quick backflip following the recent statement by State Workplace Relations Minister Robert Lawson that taxpayers should not be responsible for company failures.

The fact that there will always be dodgy company directors who will continue to trade with money that should be kept aside for their employees is a good argument in favour of government

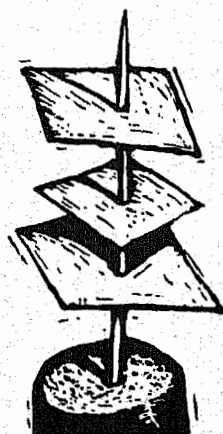
bailouts. Certainly, nobody wants to see workers ousted from their jobs and denied what is rightfully theirs. We should be thankful that the State Government is keen to see this no longer happens. However, taxpayer-funded protection means less disincentive for employers to take gambles they responsibly should not.

The alternative proposal from the Federal Labor Party is to increase the employer superannuation surcharge by 0.1% to provide complete protection for all workers, while bailing out small businesses with 20 or fewer employees. Not being an economist, I don't know how much of an imposition on business the increase would be. At least it puts the responsibility where it belongs. Taxpayers in South Australia already wear the extra costs of submitting ourselves to privatised utilities. We should not have to wear the cost of companies who won't quit when the game's up as well.

Tim Williams

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On the surface, everything seems normal here at Uni in these first happy weeks of second semester. The lawns are perhaps a little too soggy for extended lounging, and I know that the closure of the Equinox has ripped a large hole in all of our hearts (ha!), but apart from these little niggles, the average first year could be forgiven for thinking that the next few weeks are going to trundle along on the same merry track. I say the average first year, because anyone who has been at University for any longer will remember, with a shudder, that sometime soon there will come a week where it will be impossible to travel from a tute room down to the lawns without being assaulted by the pamphlet waving, policy shrieking, brightly coloured, fake smile oozing, scourge of the campus that is the student politician.

I refer, with a resigned sense of doom, to the terrible reality that in three weeks' time, Student Elections will be held, in which the students of Adelaide Uni vote for the members of the Adelaide University Union board, the positions in the Students' Association – President and other office-bearer positions – and the SAUA Standing Committees. We also vote for who will go to the National Union of Students conference in Ballarat – an annual bonkfest where political factions are born and slaughtered. Now, before anything else is written, it must be conceded that student politics is a job which someone has to do. Students need representation, and there is a strong argument that the current structures of our Students' Association and Union cater satisfactorily for the needs and considerations of the average student. If you've got a problem and wish to share it with someone who at least pretends to care, you'll always find a sympathetic ear somewhere in the SAUA, even though the person you really need to talk to will possibly take some hunting down. A significant proportion of our elected representatives take their jobs seriously, and despite allegations that a large amount of backstage party politics pre-determines the outcome of the voting in all those 'in camera' meetings, we all know that as long as O'Week rocks, our polities aren't that bad.

The fact remains, however, that student politicians are a quintessential pain in the bottom. There is no other time which will highlight this more than Election Week, scheduled to take place in three weeks' time. Run for cover.

Election Week itself is an extravaganza which places Adelaide University as one of the most vibrant 'campus cultures' of all the universities in Australia. You will think this is a great statistic until you have actually been through an Election Week; henceforth, you realise it is an experience which makes a degree by correspondence from Swinburne seem an attractive alternative. Parties of potential polities plan weeks in advance for their campaigns – working out colour schemes, the best way to lay out 'the ticket', even devising natty little aerobics sessions to keep their candidates trim (although demonstrations of these routines in previous years have indicated that the desired trimness has not been achieved). Huge portions of preparation time and midnight hours are expended on painting ridiculous numbers of 'Vote for Me!' banners, efforts which generally serve to separate those who are good at colouring-in from the artistically inept. There is always one dickhead who steps

# Politics: You want the truth? You can't handle the truth...

in the paint and proceeds to tramp all over the Women's Officer banner: I assure you this will end in tears. Although a painful experience, the seniors in the party (anyone who has been in politics for more than a year is a senior; those who have been in for any longer are known as 'political hacks') know that banner painting is good for their candidates because it bonds them in a way which little else can. This feeling of comradeship then extends into team piss-ups, in which someone spends the money intended to buy more banner material on a carton of Coopers, and everyone proceeds to get inebriated, sing team-bonding songs and talk about who they hate from the other parties. The only ones who don't engage in this are generally the first years who don't know enough people to bitch about. Never fear: many a beautiful teen romance has blossomed between idealistic first years, as they stare into each others' paint-flecked faces to the dulcet background tones of 'So-and-so would make a shithouse Union Board president: did you hear that he slept with the Orientation co-ordinator after O'Hop in first year while she was going out with the Environment Officer?'

Election Week itself is undoubtedly the most hardcore week of the year. For the candidates, who are already exhausted from extensive banner painting activities in previous weeks, it is a true test of stamina because they have to get up at 4am every election morning to hang their 3 million banners at strategic points around Uni. For the record, I first made my acquaintance with the notorious David Bourne approximately seven metres above the ground and somewhere near the top of the Con, in the dark on the Monday morning of Election Week 1999 at 4am, each of us hanging banners for our respective teams. This is unofficially known as 'gimping' – when party seniors harness the naive enthusiasm of the first years to do the menial Election Week chores while they talk about people they hate. Most gimps only twig on to the exploitation once it's all over. In the meantime, however, they throw their heart and soul into obeying their seniors' orders, whether it's running more pamphlets up to the candidates on the Plaza, lecture bashing Commercial Law in the Flentje, taking sunblock to the potential President on the Barr Smith Steps or canvassing at the gates on North Terrace. At the end of the day, while the seniors take off their colourful shirts and go to the bar for bevs, it is the first years who are left to take down all the banners, lest they get stolen by the opposition in the middle of the night.

This is an example of the messiest part of Election Week: party politics and team rivalry. It goes without saying that you hate your political opponents because if they get more votes than you then your weeks of preparation are washed away in a flood of SAUA effluent, as you get relegated to the 'also ran' bin. At the heart of student politics lies something far darker, however, than a little competi-

tion between wannabe representatives. Although student polities probably won't tell you this when they harrass you for your vote (indeed, some of them probably don't realise it themselves): the motivation behind the general idea of the different parties is that most are linked – some very loosely and some directly – to a senior party faction of 'real life' politics. Hence, running in Election Week will be junior branches of several different factions of the major political parties. Resistance also continues its struggle to stuff up the System through the toilet door medium. Everyone, however, will claim to be independent and in pursuit of putting students first. The harsh reality is, however, that once Election Week's all over and the new SAUA Council and Union Board have commenced their year of gratuitously long meetings where everyone makes boring reports and the *On Dit* editors incite rebellion with the *ith* the Naming Tally, the outcome of all the things that are voted on in the meetings are pretty much pre-planned by 'deals', where, like Parliament, parties vote en bloc. Hence, this year saw several members of one earnestly independent faction running out in tears because what they believed was their genuine chance to make a difference had in fact been pre-decided by the party who held the most votes. As one hack was rumoured to say: 'If you can't do the numbers, don't bother showing

What does all this mean for you, the average student? Basically, come Election Week, you will be savagely attacked by whole battalions of people – some hot, but most pretty ordinary – in brightly coloured shirts who will earnestly outline in two minutes the ways in which they will change the world if you vote for them. You can either tell them to piss off or listen to their tirade. If you are a real sadist you will gather a number of different opponents around you and pit them up against each other, although by the end of the week they begin to see each other as comrades and the average apathetic student as the enemy. There will be some generous promises – eg free parking along Victoria Drive – but most

will a) promise to 'put the interests of students first with *real* representation' or b), run the simple but effective slogan: more beer. 'Where there's a will there's a way'\* is always a winner amongst first year engineers but be warned! This sort of representation can get you into trouble once O'Week concludes.

I am telling you this several weeks in advance because you will begin to notice that acquaintances who previously sailed straight past you are suddenly finding everything you say and do intensely interesting. Don't be fooled into thinking that your work on the ab-roller is finally paying off, and people are starting to notice the 'real' you who is witty and amusing. Oh no! Ten to one your new friend is a potential student politician who is doing some groundwork, as advised by party seniors, to get some definite votes 'over the line' before election week actually starts. A magazine will soon be published and available around Uni known as *The Election Broadsheet*, in which wannabe polities will outline their policies and what they're standing for. Be warned of politician humour: there is always someone who runs for all the Standing Committees on the promise that he or she will provide them with chairs. Similarly, there is always someone who runs as an action hero. The *Broadsheet* can be quite amusing: take the time to familiarise yourself with the candidates and have a go at approaching them before Election Week to actually see if they're all that they promise.

And so we ask ourselves? Is it worth it? Do we really care? Essentially, once you get into the voting tent, you vote for the people you know, the ones with the sexiest photo in the broadsheet, or failing these, the ones with the best names. Case in point is that fortunate Russian, Michael Smirnoff. I confess I occasionally do not vote for friends simply because I would not wish the vicious political life on anybody I like. Politics is a messy game, played by a combination of naïve gimps and seasoned party hacks, all in it for the little bit of glory that comes from getting named at a SAUA meeting. Again, I wonder whether they're doing it for their resumes. Whatever your views, give 'em hell.

### Sarah Moller, Member for the Federal Seat of Cynic

\* a great political campaign of previous years which I believe, perhaps mistakenly, was dreamt up by the legend of Adelaide Uni, Bevan Fletcher. He now works in the Law Library: go and congratulate him.

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# The Census Strikes Back

Filling out the Census form last Tuesday night, millions of Australians must have been reminded of a certain e-mail that went floating around a few months ago imploring us to register our faith as 'Jedi'. The idea was to point the finger at the government in the naughty way for prying into everybody's private affairs.

I must admit to being torn in several directions by this proposition. Firstly, while the preservation of privacy is important, the Census is harmless compared to nasty future prospects like being denied insurance on the basis of compulsory genetic testing or being wrongfully stitched up for murder due to manipulation of DNA databases. Anyway, it's worth telling the government a thing or two so they can do useful things like not build hospitals halfway between Kalgoorlie and Broome.

At the same time, I was utterly fascinated with the concept of the government being forced to recognise Jedi as an official religion. The image of Little Johnny Howard wielding a plastic fluorescent sword and promising tax cuts in return for joining the Dark Side just wouldn't let go.

So I decided to visit the Jedi website and see what I was signing myself up for. Apparently all one has to do to be a Jedi is to identify with the tenets of the Jedi Creed. I seemed to remember something about years of training and dedication and annoying lectures from ugly little dying green creatures, but what with Scientology and pokies putting up some stiff competition for the religious dollar these days, the rules must have been relaxed.



Warning: Deliberately confusing the Australian Bureau of Statistics may bring you closer to the Dark Side.

The Creed starts off nicely with the affirmation that "There is no Supreme Being, though nor is there an antithesis of such" and "One accepts that the notions of good and evil, God and Satan, are but the linguistic avatars of a society in need of spiritual scapegoats." Very French Enlightenment, and refreshingly atheistic for a religion, I thought. However, things go downhill a bit with "The source for all energy, all life and all

wisdom is the Universe" and "The Jedi gains his strength from the Karmic energy of the Universe." Sounds suspiciously like a Supreme Being in disguise while lacking the cool factor of a 'Jawah' or 'Vishnu'. It also seems a tad inconsistent, for if there is no good or evil,

why would Karma bother to exist (except to appear in one smashing John Lennon song)?

Equally worrying is the statement that "The Jedi shall feel guilt only at its own behest. One's mistakes are a matter between oneself and the Universe. Noone shall shame a Jedi for them." This is no less than a denial of the legitimacy of all law and order. A licence to do as one pleases while in the possession of the latest in laser weaponry is a recipe for anarchy. Someone would end up getting hurt.

The more I read, the more it became clear that the Jedi Creed is nothing more than a mishmash of various outdated philosophies. For example, "Every action taken is performed with consideration for the eventual outcome" is so very utilitarian and passe (add accent mentally, as can't find on keyboard). "One shall not place the value of material possessions above the consideration for another individual's existence" carries the stigma of various failed social-

ist experiments, while "One shall act in the interests of equilibrium and harmony" is a directive for what my parents were busy accomplishing stoned thirty years ago.

Worst of all, "The nature of the Jedi's deeds will reflect his personal state, mimicking the law of physics which states that 'for each action, there is an equal and opposite reaction'." Great, so every time Jedi Knight wields sword heroically through swathes of oncoming enemies, will instantly be struck down by forces of evil (Sorry, morally neutral Karma) in the name of Newtonian physics. (Will stop writing in manner of Bridget Jones's Diary. Am going to stop now. Am v. bad).

To add to the disappointment, I noticed that these were not in fact the 'tenets' of 'Jediism' but the 'tenants', not beliefs then but some sort of misspelt rent-dodging mental lodgers. Insidious religious dogma, in other words. I couldn't help feeling, however, that my resistance was somehow irrationally bound to the fact that the cherished light sword I got at the Royal Show at age 5 no longer works. The Force no longer with me, I ticked 'No Religion' on the Census form and went to bed.

Tim Williams

## NEWSFLASH

George Lucas, child-like genius behind the *Star Wars* movies, recently announced the title for the next one in the series. It will be called:

***Star Wars Episode Two: Attack of the Clones***

Isn't that great? Nice to see ol' Georgie boy isn't losing his touch - there must be literally *dozens* of even worse names he could have chosen.

Let's hope it has plenty of Jar-Jar in it, and if we're really lucky we may get to watch Ewoks die painfully.

# Mmmm... Dead Cow.

We eat a lot of beef. Australians, like Americans and the British, eat diets rich in dead cow, leading to the slaughter of millions of the delicious animals each year. We know what happens to the tasty meat parts: they are shipped from the abattoir, chopped up and served to us on plates. The nasty intestines, snouts and entrails are ground down and made into pet food, hamburgers and meat pies. But that still leaves a lot of dead cow laying around being unused. Some of it is made into leather (although a lot of leather comes from animals specially bred for their skins), but what happens to the rest of it?

Enter the Bovine Spongiform Encephalitis outbreaks in Europe. Although the exact means by which BSE is transmitted to humans are unknown,

almost any bovine material is suspect - leading people to take an interest in the multitude of different consumables produced from beef byproducts. Here are just some of the things that are known to be made out of cow:

- Gelatin, as if you didn't know. It's made from hooves and forms the basis of most jellies, jubie lollies and most other nice gelatinous dishes, as well as wine (as a clearing agent) and many, many other foods. If you're a serious vegetarian and you eat gelatin, you are sadly deluded. What you may not know is that cow gelatin is also used in many glues, cosmetics, and in the outer casings of pharmaceutical capsules.

- Many drugs are made from cow. For example, the glycerin in cough medications, the culture nutrients used to grow antibiotics, and collagen used in many surgical procedures.

- Collagen has many other uses, for example in food additives - just because it looks vegan, tastes vegan and has no obvious animal products in the ingredients list doesn't mean that one of those flavours or emulsifiers doesn't come from the slaughterhouse.

- Tallow (fat) extracts, one of which is glycerin, are also used to make soap, toothpaste, plastics, synthetic rubbers, tyres, floor lino, PVC (not an animal-free leather alternative after all), detergents, fabric softener, lubricant, potato chips and wedges etc etc etc.

- A cow liver extract (catalase) is used in contact lens care products.

- A cow tongue extract (pregastric lipase) is used to make cheese.

- Bone is used to make charcoal ash, which is used for a variety of purposes including the refining of sugar.

- Cow pancreas is used to make insulin.

... the list goes on. It's nice to know, as you sit down to eat a big juicy steak, that the rest of the animal which died to put its left haunch on your table is being made use of as well.

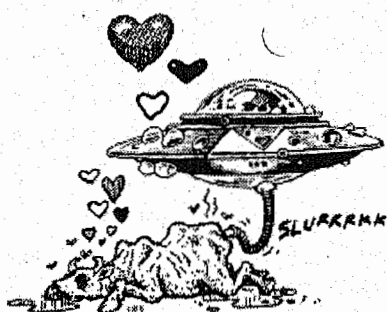
Sources (both with extensive lists of the many uses of cow byproducts)

The UK Government's report into BSE:  
[www.bse.org.uk](http://www.bse.org.uk)  
 Discover Magazine  
[discover.com](http://discover.com)



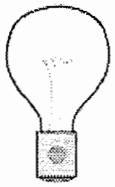
*Chips may be the British Potato Council's chosen food, but they are often made with juicy delicious beef tallow. Mmmm... love that tallow.*

Linley Henzell

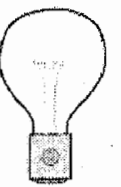


Everybody likes a bit of dead cow.





# stereotypes



I recently came across an article by Aloysius O'Mahoney rating how many students from different schools around Adelaide would be needed to change a light bulb. And while sitting around at Uni the following day, coffee in one hand,

ciggie in the other, staring in awe at the range of students at our fab Uni... we know where this is going. I decided to rate how many students it would take to change the good ol' lightbulb depending on which department they were from. It was not my intention to

be mean (although bitchiness has been known to happen to me once or twice), I merely wanted, as the title suggests, to follow on with the typical stereotypes we have at Uni today. Well, maybe not today, I have to admit to not spending as much time at Uni

as I used to, but I do think I have kept in touch with the trends. And if you disagree, just write in and complain... I'm sure we'll all know which department you'll be from anyway. Better yet, try and guess which is my own...

**Arts People** - Depending on which department within Arts you were from, the answer varies. One thing would be the same for all though: too much talk and not enough doing. Two would wonder about the old light bulb and its new purpose for society, two would go shopping to find the cheapest one, while the rest go up to the Uni bar and drink away, mourning the passing of the old light bulb while trying to come to terms with the fact they have to get used to the new one. Just when they had gotten used to working with the old one.

**Science People** - My friend Lidia, a first class honours genetics buff, seems to think that it's none. They don't change it; instead they try and generate light by experimenting with empty stubbies and take-away scraps. And she should know. She has spent enough time in those labs to notice any lack of light in there. I personally think they wouldn't be too bothered by the lack of light (don't they have Bunsen burners?), like they are not bothered by their lack of judgement in clothes (I've seen them wear their pjs, and not because they are making a fashion statement, but because that's what they had on when they got out of bed), or whether they have brushed their hair or not. But hey, how should I know, I haven't spent my weekends there.

**Med People** - One. They are very, very bright people, you know. They had to get 98% in Year 12 to get into Med school (don't quote me on that, but I know it was something like that). Not to mention an interview. They do not mess about with stuff like that. They need their light. They probably bought one already foreseeing the old one would

go bust, and they didn't even have to waste any of their study time wondering what to do.

**Drama/Music People** - It's not important how many people it would take, what's important is that it won't be them. My musician friend Jason pointed out to me that there were other people for that sort of thing, like light tech people. Consumed by their own creative juices, they have no time to be bothered by conventional matters like light bulbs. They suffer for their art, and would only change them if they were driven by the creative hand to expose light-bulb-changing as a gifted talent.

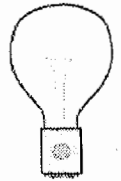
**Commerce People** - One hundred. Seeing they have financial profit as their primary concern rather than artistic value (aesthetics... they ask, what's that?), they would all get together and work out a way they can lease out the rooms while they are not using them and find a way to profit from the use of the old light bulb. Maybe they would sell it to the Drama student performing that play about a light bulb changing tragedy.

**Law People** - "It wasn't me" (Shaggy, 2000). Who was there when the light bulb burst? Why should they have to change it? They weren't the ones in the room when it happened. And so on, and so forth. The guilty would have to be found beyond reasonable doubt. And that would rule Law people out. Why would they want to burst their own light bulb? They didn't have anything against it, it was giving them light. Some poor fellow might be found guilty only because they didn't have an alibi, and the guilty (possibly one of their own) will

continue to live a fruitful and gorgeous life while the other pays for the busted light bulb eternally.

**Engineering People** - Their lack of communication skills might mean that it would take someone from a different department to verbally point it out to them. So none. None from the Engineering department, that is. They might have attempted to let each other know by a way of drawings and designs that something was not right in the room. Then again, when they noticed, in attempting to reach the light bulb, I think they invented a set of horizontal bars fixed between two uprights and used for climbing up and down. Oh, sorry. That's a ladder.

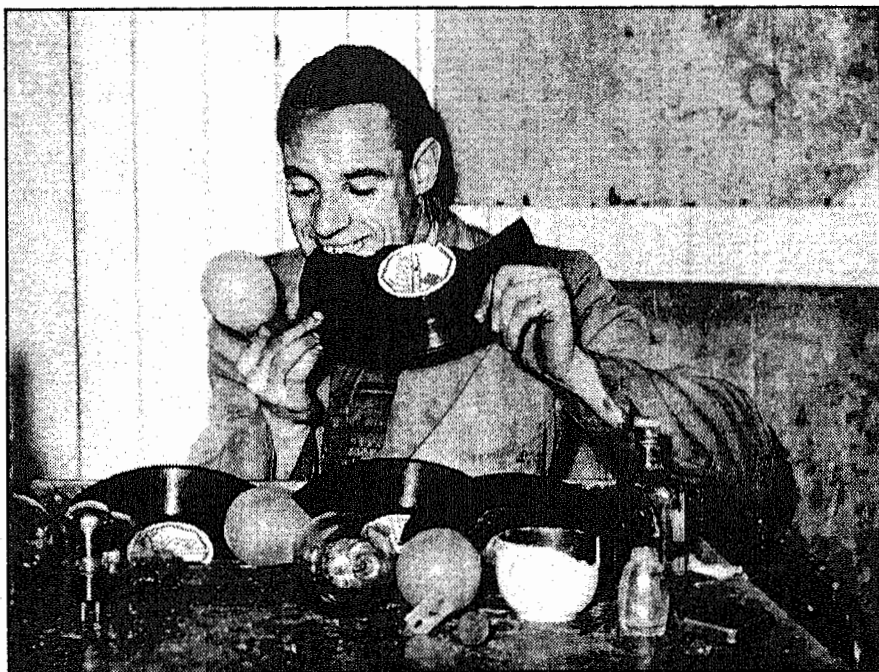
**Architecture People** - Ten. After screwing it upside down, they would realize that the light bulb is not the problem; it's actually the roof. They would all go home and fabricate pretty little models of walls, an old light bulb and no roof. By taking the roof away, they would have natural light and never mind that they cannot do something so simple as to change the bloody thing. They would then paint everything white to give it a sense of space. And maybe hang a mirror, so we might think there are two busted light bulbs instead of one.



There we go. Have I missed anyone? I probably did. And I wish I could apologise, but the person I was when I wrote this might or might not be the person I am today. I refuse to give in to artistic remorse. And if I missed you... well, make yourself more noticeable next time. Just know

there is nothing more I would love to do than to stereotype you. And no, I don't expect you to reciprocate the favour. My light bulb is just fine and dandy, thank you very much. But if you must...bring it on. I take mine on the chin.

Viv Torres-Opazo



Along with LP records, crockery and other glassware, blown light bulbs are a source of many important nutrients.

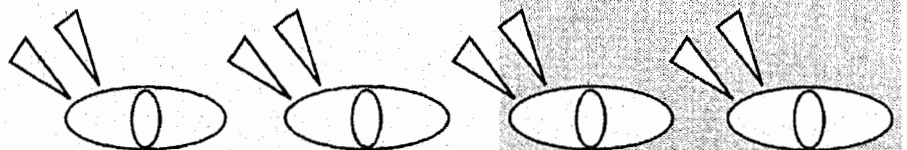
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# Why I Hate Kyle and Jackie O

Before I begin, I would like to give a little bit of background on how I have come to hold this opinion. After all, if I hate these two people and their show so much, how do I know so much about them? My answer: I work in a small chain store every Friday night, located in a side street that is infrequently visited after about 7pm. Aside from dodging the tumbleweeds rolling down the aisles and the occasional run-in with a dodgy-looking guy dashing for the condoms while his near-paralytic lady friend props herself up against our front window, there is little to do aside from listen to (and analyse) the drivel on the radio. That said, I will proceed to go the hack.

Kyle and Jackie O, for those who are fortunate enough to not know, are the co-hosts of the Hot30.com radio show broadcast on SAFM every weeknight. They are eastern seaboard-based but, thanks to the wonder of syndication, their show is broadcast across the nation. A glance at their "profiles" on the Hot30.com website reveals that Kyle is the self-proclaimed "King of Australian Radio", loves Big Mac Meal Deals, and lists Eminem as his favourite celebrity. Jackie O, on the other hand, is an Aquarian who prefers jellybabies to jellybeans, and whose most embarrassing purchase was a motorised cockroach repellent which didn't work! Rivetting stuff. Of course, the duo couldn't weave their on-air magic without a little help from their sponsor: "Drink it - Coca Cola!"

You might remember Jackie O as the slender, blonde judge on *Popstars*, Marks I and II. Which brings me to my first point: since when did Jackie O become a style guru and talent scout? As far as I can tell, she rose to fame as the on-air sidekick and off-air wife of yet another offensive radio "personality", Ugly Phil, and then stayed on the show despite their breakup. Suddenly, she's popping up all over the place, determining young hopefuls' destinies and rating celebrities' Best and Worst Hair in *Who Weekly!* Not to mention the arrogance of adopting the name of one of the twentieth century's style icons, Jackie Onassis (Kennedy), without any form of acknowledgement or respect paid.

The bad boy-good girl formula sets up a combination of insulting gender roles which drives me nuts, too. You don't need to study even one semester of Gender Studies to identify the masculine-feminine binary oppositions at work: Kyle is a boy, so he can be dominant, opinionated, aggressive, obnoxious, tactless, rude and mean. Jackie is a girl, so she is submissive, deferential, diplomatic, compassionate, sweet, placid, and morally superior. As such, Kyle's offensive comments provoke only a "stop it, Kyle! You're so naughty!", or even an "Oh, you!", a la the busty "Do you come with the car?" girl at the motor show in *The Simpsons*. Furthermore, Kyle was the solo judge in *Teenstar*, the "duo's" recent talent scouting exercise. Given that Jackie had already judged two rounds of *Popstars*, wouldn't she have more and relevant experience? It seems not, seeing as she deferred to Kyle once again.

Why is Kyle so offensive then, you ask (aside from public endorsement of two evil multinational corporations)? Where do I start? His comments range from

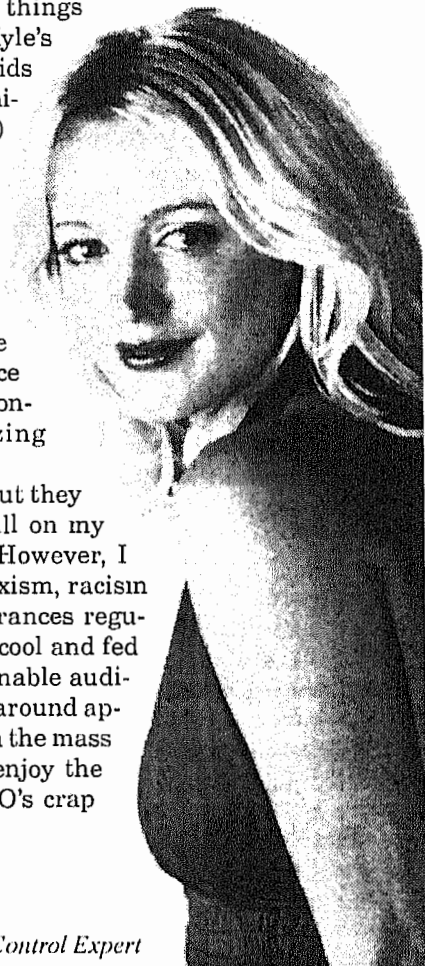
low-grade insults aimed at easy targets to galling cultural insensitivity and regular sexist remarks. I have heard Kyle describe gospel as "fat black chicks singing songs about God". Last week, upon hearing a man had been dressed in size 18 women's underwear, Kyle expressed disgust and disbelief: "SIZE 18??? Are you sure they were women's undies???" Apparently, females who wear underwear size 18 or larger cannot be classed as real women. When the controversy over Eminem's Australian visit broke, Kyle (after an obviously selective editing of vox pop soundbites which overwhelmingly supported the sexist and homophobic rapper) made jokes about slapping women around.

Aside from offensive material, Kyle and Jackie O produce a show full of banality and inaccuracies. A couple of little things which managed to really irritate me were Kyle's assertion that John Howard has "young kids who are in school" (his youngest child is in university) and a (quickly-corrected, admittedly) reference to the Australian President. With regular listening, you'll also notice more and excessive homage to American culture: the Hot30.com promo voiceover is in an (albeit poorly done) American accent, and Kyle's usual term of endearment is "buddy". And then there was the time Kyle rejected a *Teenstar* contestant's song of choice (a Harry Connick Jr number) for not being contemporary enough, but accepted "Amazing Grace" on the same night!

I know some of these gripes seem petty, but they really start to eat away at me when I'm all on my lonesome, hanging around the checkouts. However, I see larger issues at stake here too: when sexism, racism and homophobia (all of which make appearances regularly on the show) are packaged as what is cool and fed to a large, predominantly young, impressionable audience, it doesn't do much to rectify problems around appropriate representation and social justice in the mass media. If only there was a way for me to enjoy the latest killer pop without Kyle and Jackie O's crap sandwiched in between.

Gemma Clark

Jackie O: Cockroach Control Expert



## Beerlines by Tony Jones Southwark Chief Brewer

### MEANWHILE ACROSS THE TASMAN

Having been fortunate enough to have just enjoyed two weeks travelling around New Zealand on holidays, I thought it appropriate to share some of my new found knowledge of Kiwi beers. Beer is not what you would generally think of first in relation to our Kiwi cousins. Perhaps flightless birds, enormous rugby hulks, or maybe even sponging immigrant dole bludgers

might spring more readily to mind. Yet here is a relatively pristine and naturally beautiful country right on our doorstep, which (thanks to the relatively favourable A\$) is cheap and easy to get to, and offers a plethora of beery delights to taste as well.

Yes, as it turns out our near neighbours with the funny accents are extremely passionate about beer, and this has spawned many micro and pub brewers which give the big two (Heineken and Lion Nathan) plenty to think about.

The Kiwis seem drink their beer slightly warmer (at 4-5°C) and flatter than we like it in Oz, but the choice of tap beers is amazing. Fuelled by competition from the boutique brews, Lion Nathan (via Mac's) and Heineken (via Monteith's) have also broadened their range away from the mainstream 4% alcohol beer brands that were once their bread and butter. It's the NZ norm to have 8 to 12 different beers on tap in a hotel, while the more specialty beer pubs and brew pubs may have up to 30 available.

Below is a list of "must sees" for the bustling brewhead. I managed to get a visit to these (and more) in only 10 days,

squeezing them in amongst the standard tourist spots.

1) **Galbraith's Brewpub** in Mt. Eden Road, Auckland. The pick of the bunch - a great pub with cheap and good quality meals plus four of their own brews on tap pulled through hand operated beer pumps. Especially recommended are *Bitter & Twisted*, a 5.3% alcohol bitter ale, and the house *Porter*.

2) **Speight's Brewery** in Dunedin. Well worth venturing this far south for. All their beers are great but the *Distinction Ale*, *Dark Ale* and a recently released draught *Pale Ale* are a must try at the beautifully appointed pub adjoining the brewery. Also take a tour through the brewery heritage centre while you are there.

3) **Cork & Keg Brewpub**, Renwick. A little out of the way, it's near Picton on the top of the South Island, but the dark 5% alcohol offering named the *Hurricane* (after the famous aircraft) is well worth a detour. This is a replica English style pub with microbrewery located alongside. The *Hurricane*, which was originally a 7% brew, attracted great and regular cus-

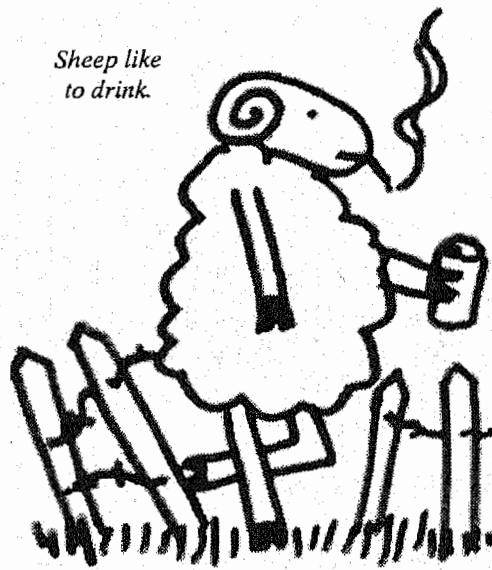
tom from the personnel at the nearby Air Force base. Repeated overindulgence by the aircrews led to a request to weaken the beer. Even so it remains a memorable drop. Unfortunately and coincidentally we discovered that the brewery has been purchased by Grumpy's Brewhouse (Aldgate) and was being dismantled for shipment to Adelaide. Lets hope that Grumpy's have also secured the brew recipe for the Hurricane.

4) **Dux Deluxe Brewpub** in the arts district of Christchurch. Their best is the *SouthWester*, a seasonal strong stout with 6.5% alcohol.

There were also a number of more commercial brewpub chains including the Loaded Hog and Malthouse pubs. But these offered the mere façade of a brewpub with non-active brewing (or in one case recovered dairy vessels) on display, whilst the beers were brewed elsewhere.

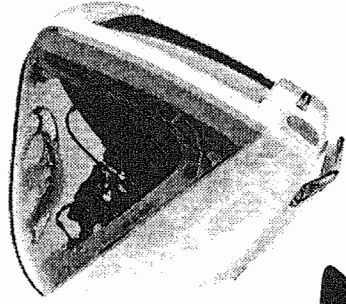
You can't help but wonder how a country the size of New Zealand can support so many small breweries while big brother Australia cannot.

Sheep like to drink.





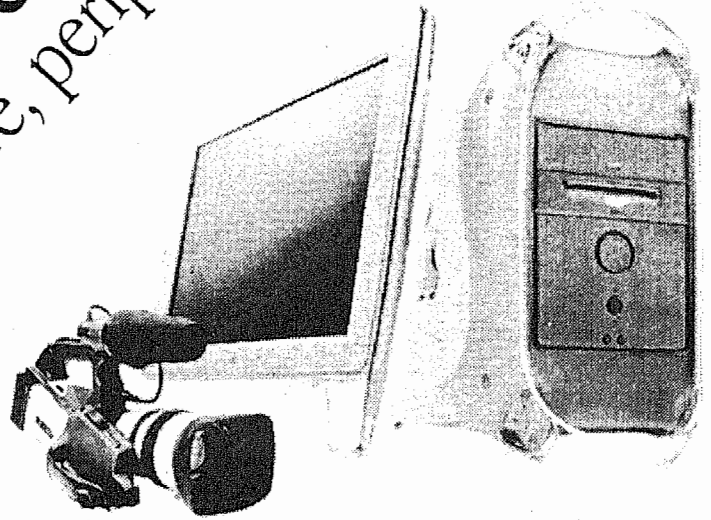
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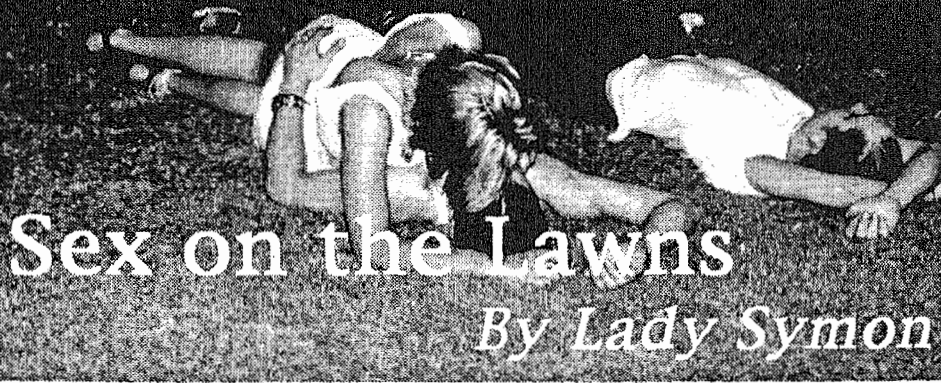
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## Episode 9: Lady Symon's Dictionary



### Sex on the Lawns

By Lady Symon

Boys and girls, all the Skippers and Feistys out there amongst the masses, move in, sidle up close, and take a nice picturesque view of a very dark Bakehouse Theatre where two intoxicated writers are sharing a glass of shiraz in the moonlight style glow of the stage spotlight. Ah, it glistens with the perfection of it all. The play unfolds and dialogue rattles back and forth, it's probably quite brilliant, but Stanley, being an unstoppable sex beast (the strength of his libido only matches the strength of his enormously large asset and all its plundering power), is distracting me incessantly with his whisperings in my ear of horrible things he can do with a block of soft Jahlsberg cheese and a jar of lube.

Afterwards we go back to his house (not before a quick stop at the supermarket for some cheese) and film the first of many pornographic home mov-

ies that we hope to screen in the Union Theatre sometime later this year. Once I have been several times plundered to the point of romance novel status, literally left to flop in a silken blouse that bares my breasts and one red velvet garter belt, I remove my legs from around his neck and recline on the lambskin rug.

"Mr George," I say to him. "I am quite upset with these people bashing my column. I have, therefore, decided that to appease everyone I am only ever going to write porn. Pure, unadulterated porn with lots of smutty vocabulary, unusual adjectives and some really titillating verbs. I think that my skill as a columnist has come to an end and that I should focus my efforts on creating a miniature thesaurus for all the parts of the human body and what you can do with them. It will be titled *Lady Symon's Dictionary*."

"Lady Symon, I think this is probably one of the best ideas I have ever heard and since you are admittedly a much better writer than everyone else in the whole, wide world, I think you could do it supreme justice. With your skill and overuse of flowery language *Lady Symon's Dictionary* might one day feature in Oprah's Book Club. Women all over the world will be calling up their husbands and informing them that there's torrential rain on Venus and that only the biggest, toughest purple tipped trident could part the seas and return peace to the land. Your euphemisms will make talking dirty not only publicly acceptable, but outrageous fun for the whole family."

And I can picture it perfectly. As Stan's lava lamp casts a purple iridescent glow on the ceiling I see the thousands of happy couples who will be able to speak smut without shame or fear of rejection. The *Dictionary* will become my ultimate goal, so that every single cuss word in the world may be chronicled and catalogued, from 'abstinence' to 'zygote', and bound the pages with something leather, something hard and red. I will, through extensive research and miles of determination, show to the world that the true intention of language is not to communicate, but to fornicate. We speak not to exchange pleasantries, for these are banal and rarely

cause orgasms. No, little ones, we speak to make each other squirm, to make panties dampen and trouser fronts burst at the seams.

So this week, boys and girls, all the Skippers and the Feistys out there in the masses, I am not writing a column. I am not, in fact, writing anything to help you deal with being small breasted, big breasted, small willied, big willied, lonely to the point of smashing beyond repair or involved in a relationship with some bizarre intrusion like a lesbian ex-lover or a present one you're not supposed to know about.

Stan and I have called it off because his love for Clementine is undying and I similarly quite fancy a boy who, through spending three months working in a dairy, has developed some fantastic nipple twisting skills. We therefore have plenty of time to get together for a Passion Pop Orgy and start writing *Lady Symon's Dictionary*. Even my mum said she'd help out (her new husband runs on Premium Unleaded, let me tell you, if they say they're going to bed early then they're going to bed, but they sure ain't sleeping). In just a few days the rough drafts should be up, a few months and the launch will be under way, and in a few years we can all enrol in Cunnilinguistics 101.

ladysymon@hotmail.com

## Escape From Planet Of The Apes

This is not a film review, this is the shocking true story of one woman's descent into the hell that is commonly referred to as The Planet. I can say with pride that until the age of 24 I had never been so hard up for a night out that I plumbed that depth. For some strange biological reason, after my 24<sup>th</sup> birthday, I succumbed to that voice in my head and actually ventured into teeny bopper territory. Perhaps it was a hankering to regain my lost youth, or it may have been the bottle of vodka. Or a combination of both. This year I have found myself shaking my booty at the Planet on no less than three occasions. Of course I cannot recall anything about the first two times due to excessive drunkenness on my part. My virgin experience at The Planet begun with an argument with the door bitch over why it cost \$13 just to see Sash play, and ended with me waking up in my lounge room on the floor next to the heater, with my vinyl jacket on the verge of melting. Somehow I had managed to escape the experience completely unscathed, due to the fact that I could not remember a damn thing about the whole night. The same goes for my second time, although I have been told we only stayed for a maximum of 20 minutes. Nuff said.

Last Friday was just an ordinary night out on the tiles. We drank at home, walked to Shotz and settled in for a night of mirth, merriment and mayhem. But for some reason it was just crap. Our old faithful had failed us for the first time. There was a complete lack of good looking men there that night (apologies to all those people who were there - personal taste and all that) and it just wasn't doing it for us. So Jen suggested that

perhaps we could pop our heads into the Planet to see what was going down there. She assumed that due to the larger number of people, it was therefore logical that there must be some men in there for us. I went along with the plan mainly because it was close and my feet were hurting. That was my first mistake. Being the kind-hearted housemates that we are we paid for Jane (it was actually a fiendish plot to convince her to come).

As soon as we walked in we were assailed with the haunting sounds of Love Shack. As soon as we came in view of the stage we recoiled in horror, because there were several couples on the podiums, obviously participating in some sort of kiss-off. Five couples were happily lip-locked, bumping and grinding while a couple of twisted wannabe DJ's leered and shouted crude remarks. In particular what I found disturbing was the couple of girls going at it up the front who had very obviously never kissed anyone of the same sex before. They looked exceedingly uncomfortable about it and there were certainly no tongues in action. The DJ's (and I use that term loosely) were going into veritable orgasms over this twosome, dancing around them and making exaggerated pelvic thrusts against them. Of course, this drew appreciative cheers from the crowds and the girls won tickets to see Blair at The Planet.

With the exhausted couples having departed the dance floor, we decided it was time for some stiff drinks, and we took off for a tour around the upstairs area in search of alcohol. Jane bought us a couple of drinks and then we walked in circles trying to find anyone halfway

decent. Unfortunately, it seemed to be schoolies week or something similar because all the kids were out that night. Obviously a more mature person like myself should steer clear of The Planet as a pick-up area, because I personally have an age limit rule on men that cuts off at 20 (although school uniforms can be tasty - but that's another story).

We finally decided that we should just stand back and watch the crowds on the dance-floor. I soon became transfixed by the podium dancers who were grinding away under the spotlights. Now, I don't care how toned your body is, or how small your arse is, because no-one looks good in a pair of tiny pink lycra hotpants and a tube top. It's not even appropriate gym wear, let alone club wear. These life-size Barbies aside, the most horrifying sight was the two buff male dancers (and again I use that term loosely). One wasn't bad as far as buff men go (and I can't stand buffness), but the other one was so huge that I am surprised that he could actually move his arms at all. His breasts were so large that I'm sure he could have done with a bra, and they glistened as the sweat dripped off his head onto them. Thank god that they had eschewed the hotpants in favour of baggy trousers. The dance moves never varied, and they appeared to be incredibly bored.

Perhaps the worst aspect of the live show was the DJ duo, who seemed to believe that the music was lacking that

extra edge. They both donned fake English accents in the belief that it gave them some sort of street cred, and rapped over the top of every song that came on. The worst moment came when they kept inviting the crowd to throw their hands

This is not a film review, this is the shocking true story of one woman's descent into the hell that is commonly referred to as The Planet.

in the air at intervals whenever the vocals stopped. And the sad part is that the crowd responded like a bunch of trained monkeys. Feeling we should at least give it a bit of a

spin on the dance-floor, we descended into the pit. It was like trying to push your way to the front in a mosh pit, as everyone tried their level best not to let us in. Although I recognized a couple of songs by Britney, I was shocked at how far behind the times I have become. Stuck on that dance-floor, sandwiched between sweaty adolescent boys and midriff-baring teenage girls, I finally came to the realization that as someone put it oh-so succinctly the other day, I am just too old for this shit. When some energetic pimply-faced moron threw his beer all over me we finally retreated with our dignity in tatters to the safe haven that is Shotz.

And the moral lesson to be learnt from all this? Well, I have learnt that men with big breasts should not wobble around on stage, that hotpants are especially unattractive in any shade of pink, but most importantly that 24 is old enough to know better.

Poptart

On Dit 69.16



# There's never been a better time to be a TALL POPPY

*I don't think they were entirely confident we could do it. I think they thought this isn't the sort of stuff Australians can do.*

**John Edwards**  
Associate Producer for  
*The Secret Life of Us*

There's this new advertisement playing on television at the moment. It's for the Australian Citizenship Board, or whoever it is that handles that kind of thing. Basically, it's a ploy to try and counteract the amount of immigrants coming to Australia, "stealing the jobs of hard working young Aussies" and other such ignorant bullshit ad infinitum. However, that's a rant for another time. For those of you who've seen it, you'll know that the ad ends with a schmaltzy panning of a bright eyed multicultural hotpot, thrilled at the prospect of really and truly being An Australian Citizen. Amidst jubilation and tears, we hear the poignant sentence float over this happy scene – "There's never been a better time to become an Australian citizen..."

Despite my desperate hopes that this time everything will all be different, the advertisement never fails to reduce me to the point of vomit mode. Honestly – there's *never* been a better time to be an Australian citizen? Where on earth did they get their figures from? Who conducted their research? I can't help but ask myself, why is now a better time than any?

Then again – why isn't it? For the point of this half-arsed article isn't to make a statement about Australia's inherent lack of artistic ingenuity when it comes to ads and the like, but more to do with our own society's seemingly eternal desire to criticise anything and everything that Australia produces, from books to movies and yes, even terrible advertisements. Unfortunately, it seems that the only thing we will indulge in is sport. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that we know we have brilliant sports men and women, and therefore there is nothing wrong with a little indulgence. But we have just as many if not more accomplished artists of various cultural persuasions. Why then are we afraid of giving them the genuine approval and honour that they so rightfully deserve?

It's no secret that a phenomenal level of Tall Poppy Syndrome is present in Australia today. There exists a school of thought that teaches that it is better to downplay your achievements rather than take pride in them. We can't deny that Australia does boast cultural sophistication. We have extremely successful fashion designers, writers, musicians, artists and actors that are recognised not only at a national level, but also internationally. More importantly, these artists - and subsequently Australia - do achieve the respect that

comes with these positions. The problem isn't that we don't exist as a culturally sophisticated nation. The problem is that as a society we seem to think that we should, for some reason or another, feel embarrassed by this.

Australian society still seems intent on projecting the age-old image of the Aussie Battler – the crude, vulgar yet ultimately decent and hardworking Australian pioneer painted in folklore and brandished across Australian advertising the world over. The best example that I can think of is the advertisement for Four and Twenty Meat Pies. Anyone reading this probably knows what I'm talking about, but for those who need a refresher course – ahem... These two guys (stereotypically Australian) are sitting in the cab of their truck eating a meat pie each. Parked outside a fancy restaurant, they observe two men in suits eating a meal and sipping chardonnay. The following (rudimentary) conversation takes place:

Aussie bloke 1: "Do ya reckon they know what they're missin' out on?"

Aussie bloke 2: "Nah. I reckon they wouldn't 'ave a clue."

*[Laughs from Aussie Blokes]*

Voiceover: "Four and Twenty meat pies: the great Australian taste!"

Now, I understand advertising is all about imaging, but personally I find this particular ad extremely offensive. To me, it encapsulates all that is wrong with the attitude of Australian society today. If we won't stand up and be proud of praise for our achievements, then who will?

I had this very discussion in a tutorial last week, and typically a picture was painted of Australian society as being laid back and relaxed, and positioned as not taking itself too seriously. A girl sitting next to me, Chloe, piped up after having been quiet for most of the tute and produced one of the most accurate statements concerning Australian culture that I have ever heard. "It's true," she said, "Australian society doesn't take itself too seriously." Pausing, she looked around the room and finished with, "but we're really, really serious about not taking ourselves seriously."

There's nothing wrong with being relaxed as a nation, but when it gets to the point where you find yourself fighting desperately to maintain an international image of 'the joker nation', then you have to ask yourself what it is that you're trying so hard to do.

**Clementine Ford**

# INVITATION

## PhD Scholarship Opportunities in Computer and Information Science

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**WHEN:**

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rsvp: Mon 20<sup>th</sup> August – email:  
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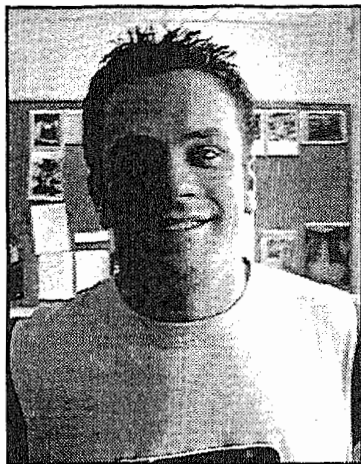


## Tom Radzevicius President

### Vice Chancellor's Resignation

As most of you are no doubt aware, the Vice Chancellor, Professor Mary O'Kane, resigned last week. I thought I would take this opportunity to wish Professor O'Kane all the best in her future career and thank her for her work at Adelaide University. The resignation, unfortunate as it is, I feel has come at an opportune time for the University to appoint some new blood in the upper management to ensure that the goals of the strategic plan the University has worked so hard on in the last year are realised. The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide looks forward to the appointment of the new Vice Chancellor and encourages the University to reassess its practices and governance models to ensure that the new administration is focused on providing the highest quality of education to the most important group within the University, the students.

More immediately, the last few days have been spent attempting to work through the issues that the Students' Association has raised with the University this year and determining which of those issues we will still be able to pursue in the interim before a new Vice Chancellor is appointed.



## Brad Kitschke - EVP

### Internet Charges

For the last three weeks this column has mentioned the Internet charges for students. The SAUA is running a campaign against these charges and wants as many students as possible to be involved. If you think it is unfair that the University will be charging students for Internet use, and are angry that they have not told you this, get involved in the campaign. e-mail [education@saua.asn.au](mailto:education@saua.asn.au) or phone 08 8303 3898

### Student Computing Suite

At the beginning of the year the SAUA successfully lobbied the University to purchase 100 new computers for a 24 hour access student computing suite. The suite was to be located in the Student Union building for access, but it seems that the Student Union thinks that rooms for it to hold functions in are more important than computing access. The SAUA disagrees. We have worked hard to get these computers for students and think the Student Union should value your education more than functions. Send your protests to [tanisha.hewanpola@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:tanisha.hewanpola@adelaide.edu.au) and tell your Union President you want a 24 hour computing suite in the Union building.



## Anais Chevalier Women's Officer

Women in Education Week will be the 2<sup>nd</sup> to the 5<sup>th</sup> of October, the first week back from holidays.

The week's activities and focus will be discussed at the next Women's Standing Committee meeting which will be held on Tuesday the 14<sup>th</sup> of August at 6pm in the Women's Room. The Women's Room is in the basement of the Lady Symon Building (off the Cloisters). All

women students are welcome to attend and children are most welcome.

The NUS (SA) Women's Department will be launching their publication this Monday. The publication is called "**BREAK FREE; a survival guide for women in education**". The booklet will be available from the SAUA and the Women's Room for all to read.

The National Union of Students' Women's Department is interested in gathering information and experiences of women who live in residential colleges. If you are interested in taking part, contact me in the SAUA on 8303 5406 or e-mail me at [anais@arcom.com.au](mailto:anais@arcom.com.au)



## Sam Butler & Elise Duffield - Sexo's

### Campaigns

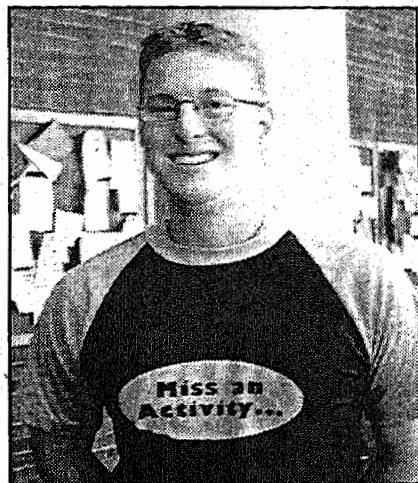
Over the coming weeks we will be bringing you two important campaigns: Know Your Rights and Queer Youth Suicide Awareness. For the first campaign, we hope to feature an open forum from politicians,

activists and student representatives, to discuss what needs to be fixed legally and what parties will commit to specifically in light of upcoming state and federal elections.

### Elections

And speaking of elections: Yes, it's that time that makes many a non-first (and probably a few first years too) year university student cringe: Student elections!! So in the next couple of weeks, when you see those friendly faces in multi-coloured t-shirts heading your way to campaign you, please don't get too pissed off too soon - in fact, you might even take a moment to listen. After all, they'll be telling you how they plan to spend YOUR money next year. You might find that interesting!

## Mark Henderson - ACVP



### SAUA Dance Party

Thank you to everyone who rocked up, I hope you all had a great time - I know that I did.

### ASC

There will be another ASC meeting this week on Wednesday at noon. This meeting will be held in the WP Rogers Room. This room is on level five of the Union Building. I hope that you can all make it.

### AU Ball

Things are swinging into action for this event. It will be held in the Bonython Hall on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September. Tickets are \$35 and it will

be all you can drink with nibbles provided.

### UAC Markets

This Wednesday will be the first UAC Market Fair. It will be in the Cloisters so come along and have a bit of a look.

Just a reminder that you can come and see me in my office any time and I will be more than happy to hear what you think the department should be doing. Or you could email me on [activities@saua.asn.au](mailto:activities@saua.asn.au).

Have a great week.

## Georgie Perks Enviro Officer

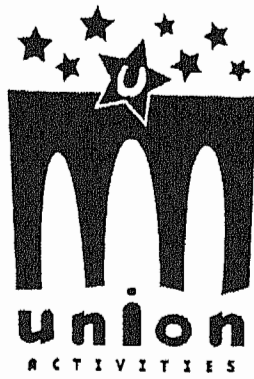


As last week's column was an Environment Week wrap up, I neglected to mention Hiroshima Day which was held on August 6th. This date marked the anniversary of the USA dropping a nuclear bomb on civilians in 1945. A few days later a plutonium bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. Hiroshima Day is a time to remember the horror suffered and the long-term health and psychological impacts experienced by survivors of the blast.

It is an issue directly relevant to South Australians as our state was also used in the nuclear arms race with the testing of nuclear bombs at the Maralinga and Emu Plains nuclear sites in the 1950s. Servicemen were exposed to nuclear radiation and fallout, as were Aboriginal people living near the site. During the period of the tests a radioactive cloud moved eastwards, affecting rural communities and Adelaide.

Now is the time to consider future government policies to do with nuclear weaponry. The Australian Government is presently almost alone in voicing support for the US Missile Defence system, which many countries believe will lead to a new arms race. We need to play a more independent role and construct positive relationships with neighbouring countries.



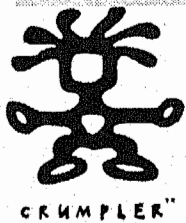


PRESENTS

# CARNEVALE

END-OF-TERM SHOW

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# Stanley George

*I'm coming back to continue the fight to get the financial settlement for shareholders. Ultimately someone is going to give me an apology.*

— Christopher Skase

Skase will be back, you can bet your arse on it.

Of course, he won't be back in any literal sense – overcoming terminal cremation certainly constitutes a fairly impossible effort, even for the stubbornest, fugitive since Ned Kelly. However, the way things are heading at the moment, there is bound to be another maniacal entrepreneur on the Australian horizon.

Christopher Skase started out as a lowly journalist, eventually working his way on to the prestigious pages of the *Australian Financial Review*. 'He was fascinated by the corporate world. It was always pretty obvious he wasn't going to stay a journalist forever,' his old boss once said. 'He was going to have a crack at it himself one of these days. None of us were too surprised when he picked up with a couple of other entrepreneurs and decided to have a go himself.'

And boy-howdy, did he ever have a go. Inside a decade, Skase had managed to turn a dull, under performing mining company into the most ostentatious corporate empire the country had ever seen. Aside from the popular Seven Network, the most garish jewels in Quintex's crown was a string of amazingly prestigious resort complexes up and down the Queensland coast, including the infamously decadent Mirage Sanctuaries for the Criminally Wealthy.

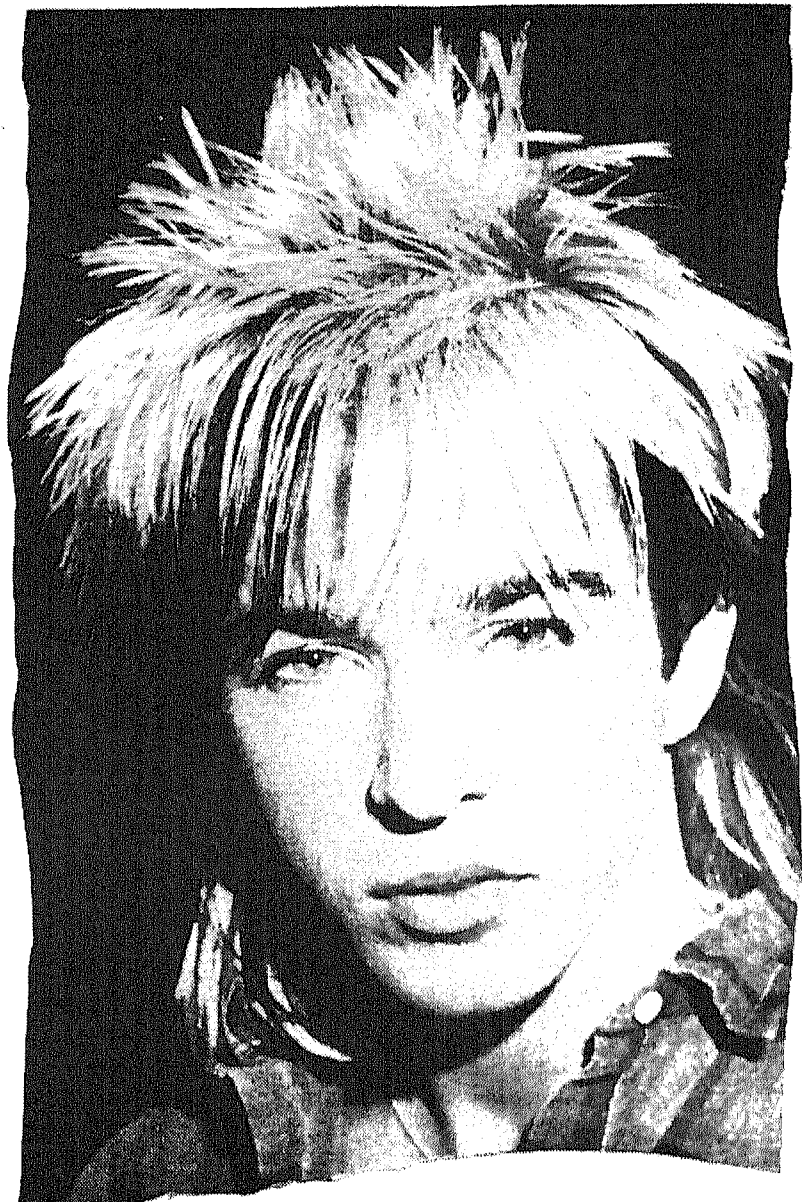
By 1986, Skase was easily the most recognisable corporate head in Australia. His extravagant Christmas parties – to which he invited Prime Ministers, supermodels and gaudy media per-

sonalities – almost always involved guests being liquored up and pushed onto a specifically constructed stage where they were encouraged to lavish the host with praise and courtly tributes. At such events, Skase insisted that even his old journalism buddies refer to him as "Christopher" instead of plain old "Chris" – a name that he once described as unsophisticated and coarse.

At this point, Skase was well beyond filthy rich. He was fast approaching actual money bin wealth – the kind of wealth that stank so much that yuppies and greedheads could smell its saccharine odour wafting across the entire continent. Towards the end of the eighties the stench had already crossed the Pacific, and was seeping underneath the back door of Hollywood's MGM Studios.

Skase was now concentrating all his efforts on his latest bid to break into the Hollywood market. The acquisition of MGM Studios would finally make him the kind of media mogul that history would never forge. His name might finally end up amongst the likes of Ford, Hughes, Turner, Murdoch and that Hungarian guy who got away with three billion dollars worth of other people's pensions. For Skase, MGM would represent the triumphant watershed of his career, everything that he had dared hope for. It was the express elevator to the summit of Mount Olympus – the fast train to corporate deity.

By 1989, Skase's spectacular financial successes had given him a terminal case of overconfidence. He became obsessed with MGM, even while corporate commentators were universally



Stanley George (circa 1985)

taking the piss out of his obsession with the studio. 'Somewhere on the way up he lost horizon,' says his old mentor from the *Financial Review*. 'He started believing things that as a journalist he would have challenged once upon a time.'

In order to raise the kind of equity needed for the takeover, Skase sold half of his Queensland resorts to Japanese investors for a paltry half a billion dollars. Shortly afterwards, the deal with MGM fell apart, and it became obvious that Skase's empire had overextended itself. MGM had become his Waterloo, his Stalingrad, his last sensational defeat. Alone and completely incapable of admitting his own inadequacy, he had finally bitten off more than his sharks could chew.

As the creditors closed in, Christopher Skase was arrested locked up in a Southport jail. The very next day, legend has it that a sympathetic magistrate and former drinking buddy gave him back his passport, allowing him to flee to the Spanish island of Majorca where he had been avoiding the music ever since.

Christopher and Pixie Skase were the inevitable products of a climate of stupendous greed and decadent materialism. Just as the eighties were responsible for the appalling likes of Buck's Fizz and the *Weekend at Burnie's* trilogy, that god-awful period of the twentieth century also fostered the ambitions of the most notorious financial megalomaniac that this country has ever seen.

And it's about to happen all over again, kids.

Popular culture is almost certainly sliding back into the same kind of vacuous pit that it did in the eighties (the recent spate of obnoxious gameshows,

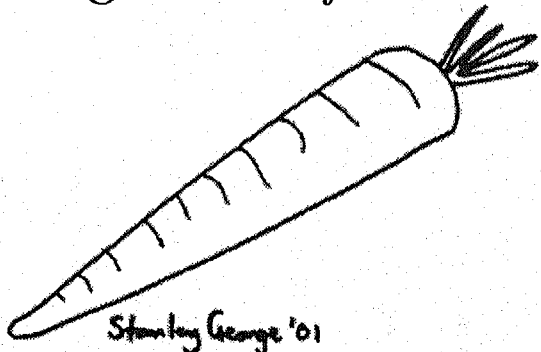
the introduction of cost-effective reality TV, the use of corporate advertising in published literature to name but a few of the indicators). However, even more disturbing is the amount of corporate influence in tertiary education. While arts and humanities dwindle for lack of assistance, those university courses that the corporate and industrial sectors of the economy are most interested in continue to get the lion's share of public and private funding. Universities boast about how their degrees specifically cater to corporate interests in an effort to convince students that they will walk straight into a suit and tie when they graduate. University students Australia-wide are looking more and more like production-line engineers, heartless corporate lawyers and technocratic greed-heads – they are looking more and more like Christopher Skase.

So who will be the next Skase? Will it be you? Do you plan to fake your way through a finance degree, play the property market and eventually purchase a majority share of a soul-crushing mining company?

Maybe I'm the next Skase. He started out in journalism too, didn't he? Maybe I'll get a cadetship with some mindless rag like *The Sunday Mail*, end up writing all two pages of the business section, then make my first billion selling fake share portfolios over the Internet.

Skase wasn't the kind of guy who actively sought out to hurt other people. He was just a stubborn wanker with the kind of ego that would have driven a lesser man insane a whole lot sooner. The greatest people on this earth almost always end up insane. The trick is to use your insanity for good, instead of evil.

## Stanley George's hastily drawn root vegetable of the week



This week's hastily drawn root vegetable is  
~ A CARROT ~

If you have a suggestion for next week's hastily drawn root vegetable, send it in to:

Stanley George  
c/o On Dit Office

Basement of the George Murray Building  
Adelaide University



# America Bashing: The *On Dit* Debate

America (as my Dad pointed out this morning) gives away billions of dollars in foreign aid each year, is never short of a good news day, and provides all of us with delightful television programming to entertain us for hours on end on a Monday night. And I am the first to admit that I love the place in spite of all its blazingly obvious faults - I love its diversity, its more than occasional crassness, the way that nothing is entertaining unless it's excessive, that you can identify half of the country from one TV show or another, and the way Americans think being from Australia is *just so cute* (although that one does make me a little grrr). My point being that I think I like America more than anyone else I know, and yet will not hesitate to laugh uproariously when I hear a good piece of America bashing, and won't even think twice about doing it.

But an incident last week got me to thinking.

It was 11:30 on Sunday night and the next week's *On Dit* was five or six hours away from completion, and a couple of strange things had happened that day. Firstly, we had somehow scared away an American exchange student who had come down to the office to proofread and we couldn't figure out why. She finished reading her stack of papers and ran off rather huffily and we didn't know what we had done wrong, except for maybe crack a few jokes that were perhaps not in the best

of taste and in Mel's case run around the office yelling 'BOOB!'. The second incident had happened at around 11.27, when Mikey discovered that the week's travel article was a pretty outrageous recount of run-ins with American backpackers travelling through Europe that was not exactly flattering. Among the insults, Americans were referred to as 'Stupid Gits', 'Idiots' and 'an infection'.

Thanks to our incredibly lax screening system this article had made it so far along the pipeline that it had already been laid out on the page and was ready to go, and we had nothing to replace it. To make matters worse, the edition (#15) happened to coincide with Multicultural Week. An argument ensued between Melissa, Linley and I and our three devoted proofers as to whether or not the article should be printed, edited or completely removed,

and along the way a debate of sorts began - why were standards we would consider to be racist or culturalist (if that is even a word) when talking about another country were acceptable when it came to America?



Previously we had all been quite apathetic to the fact that we printed a lot of stuff that could have been construed as anti-American. After all, we gave shit to everybody. I doubt we actually ever gave the issue any real thought, but rather made a subconscious conclusion that America was a big strong country that could take it.

This never seemed to be a problem until we were presented by a blatant example of our double standards. Referring to any other nationality, the article would have automatically been removed, but this time it took us an hour of arguing and the room was still firmly divided.

We also realised that our assumption that everyone was laughing as hard at our America bashing as we were was clearly wrong when we finally put two and two together and realised that our exchange student must have proofread the page, come to the conclusion that we were anti-Americanism (and probably communists) and ran away.

But I'll cut to the chase.

The article based its stereotypes on a few poor examples of bad American behaviour, which is unfair at best, so perhaps we shouldn't have printed it. But, it was very late, and unfortunately we didn't have time to remove it. The debate had already eaten up precious precious hours of our dwindling time so we decided to print it, but removed the most offensive parts and added a warning that the article was controversial and above all, opinion. But I genuinely feel a little bad about printing it because I now view the situation differently and see that it's not fair to have one rule for America and another for everyone else. In spite of this, we do try to stand for free speech (as long as we dissociate ourselves far away from really wrong stuff) so maybe it was the right decision. Perhaps if our screening system were more finely tuned, the outcome would have been different.

Americans, some of you *were* bad in the hostels...but don't worry, I still like you.

Penny Chalke

## Censoring Homophobic Opinion - is it wise?

It generally appears on the front page - *On Dit* declares that it wants *all* student opinion, but that it will not publish "homophobic" material, a decree effectively banning any opinion opposing homosexual lifestyles. To many, this policy smacks of 1984 type censorship, a violation of freedom of speech, and considering most surveys show this issue divides Australia, it diminishes the student newspaper's claim as a representative of its people. But silencing gay opponents is more than unprincipled. It is in fact a poor strategy to reduce homophobia. By disengaging gay opponents from the debating process, the opportunities for changing their views may be lost.

Let us first begin with the historical background of this contention. Freedom of speech has always been the foundation of new ideas and increasing tolerance. Thus, suppressing different opinions contravenes gay interests. Consider the plight of women in Europe for example. The partial repeal of censorship laws in the late 17<sup>th</sup> century, such as those that allowed English Bishops to incinerate anyone whose theological position differed to theirs, was the genesis to improvements in conditions for women. Indeed, women's rights find their beginnings during the Age of Enlightenment in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, a period where political philosophers in Europe began to question traditional ideas that based the rights of citizens on their wealth and social status. Feminist Margaret Wollstonecraft contended in "In the Vindication of the Rights of

Women" in this period (1791) that equality in education was necessary for equality in marriage. This led to female education and then suffrage. The parallel between freedom of speech and treatment of women continues today. For example, Iranian leader Ruhollah Khomeini's comments in 1989 on radio that Salman Rushdie "and everybody knowingly concerned with the book's publication... (be) condemned to death" reflected his nation's restrictions on opinion, religion and women during the period.

Gays are also the beneficiaries of the "free speech" process and would be unwise to reverse it. In an environment of scientific and intellectual liberty, history indicates that the better theory dominates the poorer. For example, a US study by *Newsweek* in 1987 found that "there are only 700 scientists respectable qualifications (out of 480,000 US earth and life scientists) who give credence to creation science". Such a consensus amongst academics - a realm where debate is comparatively unregulated - has only slowly changed US public opinion, however, because of the public's relative disengagement in the debate. The inherent problems of "public disengagement" resurfaced in the 1999 republican referendum. The approach used by politicians to champion the cause of republicanism, i.e., the dogmatic "we must have a republic" failed. Contrast this to an experiment conducted by *Sixty Minutes*. 100 people were randomly selected to hear arguments from both sides of the debate. The

results unsurprised - engagement worked. The group's support for the republican model rose from 50% to 75% in about *one* hour. It is therefore likely that lack of public involvement in the debate on homosexuality, a natural consequence of censoring dissenting opinions, has slowed the path to tolerance. Indeed, academia has moved faster than public opinion - the two APAs, the American Psychological Association and American Psychiatric Association removed homosexuality from their mental disorder lists in the early 70s while most Americans considered homosexuals incarnations of the devil.

However, Australia is different to America. The dissimilarities make Australia even more suited to candid discussion. Religious fundamentalism is rare here, especially compared to America's deep South and, for good or bad, only 5 percent of us attend church regularly, far fewer than the figure of 40 percent for America. The absence of religious fundamentalism - the usual argumentative defence for opposing gays - suggests a proper debate on the topic would succeed. Holland, a nation where religious fundamentalism is practically dead, exemplifies this. It recently sanctioned same-sex marriage with 77 percent parliamentary approval and 75 percent public support. Moreover, predominantly University students read *On Dit*, a group that should revel in intellectual discourse. Studies indicate a correlation between all forms of tolerance and the level of education achieved. The demonstrative tendency

of the educated to think tolerantly should encourage *On Dit* to engage all of its readers in debate knowing historically that "the better theory dominates the poorer". Liberalised, this debate will compel those appalled by gays to defend their views. Non-fundamentalists will need to prove that their beliefs are more than an irrational prejudice, an innate desire to hate someone, or, as Freudian psychoanalytic theory proposes, a fear of their own repressed sexuality. Christian fundamentalists will be required to defend contradictions in the Bible, the creation story, the view of women and slaves as property, and the belief that the male seed was really a person. Who knows, perhaps some fundamentalists will begin to question whether much of the Bible was influenced by the time of its writing. They may even begin to think the prescription of the death penalty for working on the Sabbath, or for praying to another god (as ordered in Leviticus) was slightly harsh! They may not, of course, but banning them from this debate is certainly less likely to change their views. That is why unregulated debate is more than just a fairer principle; it is the best instrument for change. As an institution of academia, Adelaide University and its newspaper must not disengage people from the debating process, since history shows that intellectual censorship and coercion thwart the process towards tolerance and causes the number of the politically disaffected in our society to rise.

Simon



# Letters

## BDA Badness

Dear Eds,

I am writing this letter in a state of absolute frustration. The Economics Department are showing the true colours of the University Administration. This semester I am studying Business Data Analysis, along with a large number of other students. The 11 o'clock lecture is far more popular than the 1 o'clock, with more students than seats available. For the first couple of lectures the lecturer allowed students to sit on the floor, and was quite flippant that soon numbers would fall and the overpopulation of the lecture would no longer be a problem. This however has not occurred and she has resorted to other military type tactics to reduce the numbers in the lecture.

Step One - everyone who has put their name down to attend the lecture must go to the department office and receive a purple card to be allowed entry into the early lecture.

Result - hired thugs weeding out all trespassers and physically removing them from the lecture. I was absolutely amazed that the lecturer came to class with a group of men who looked like they belonged outside of a nightclub wearing numbers rather than a university lecture. After weeding through the crowd to find all the illegals and removing them, the lecturer finally started (with at least 10 spare seats).

Step Two - if someone speaks during the lecture the lecturer stops and proceeds to abuse.

Result - "this is not a compulsory lecture, you don't have to be here, please leave if you don't want to be here." In the last lecture alone the lecturer stopped three times just to yell at students for opening their mouths.

So are the people in charge of BDA doing anything to correct the situation besides bringing in hired thugs and trying to yell students out of the subject? NO. Instead of trying to find out why students are attending one lecture and not another. Instead of trying to find another larger lecture theatre for the morning lecture. Instead of changing the time of the afternoon lecture to accommodate more of its customers. That's right, we are customers, and the quality of service we are receiving is not good enough. I am paying around \$500 for this subject and we are being dictated to and bullied to comply with the regime.

Instead they are setting up a waiting list to get into the morning lecture. The only valid reason to get on the list is that you have a timetable problem so that you are unable to attend the afternoon lecture. When this was being explained I was in shock. The lecturer stated that having work commitments was not a valid reason to get your name on the waiting list. Once again this University fails to realise that some of

us have to work to enable us to attend uni. To suggest that we can say to our boss, sorry I need an hour off in the middle of the lunch period to go to uni, is just unrealistic.

Waiting lists, membership cards to gain entry, bully-boys at the door, no idea what it means to have work commitments to enable us to survive. It sounds more like a private men-only club, rather than a first year subject. However I would not be surprised to hear that some leaders of this Uni are members of one of these clubs.

It's time the Economics Department pulled its head out of its arse and started trying to help its students rather than sending in the heavies to try and scare us out of Uni. With the current attitude of the people in charge of BDA it is little wonder that the subject has a fail rate of over 30%.

Thanks for having an outlet for students to air concerns.

Signed,

**One pissed off BDA student.**

Please don't print my name as I wish to be one of the lucky ones who passes this subject.

## Skipper Superior

Dear Eds,

It's been very interesting to see the response to the *Sex on the Lawns* 'Feisty Girls' article. First there was Jess, who offered an opinion and took a bit of a swipe at Lady Symon. Then there was the rash of protests at this treatment of an *On Dit* icon - many of which were stooping to the same low level as (or lower than) Jess. Only Nat seemed to offer anything approaching a decent response. And I'd like to thank them for that. Why can't more people just think before descending into vitriol?

If I may offer my own critique of the Feisty Girls article, I'd like to say this:

As a guy I've met my fair share of feisty girls, and if you can grant me the liberty of lumping them together in one great stereotypical statistical slur, I've almost universally found them to be off-putting. Why? Read on...

- Hostility. Your average feisty girl can quite easily turn on more hostility than a mile-wide bull ant nest. I realise that you'd really prefer not to have guys slobbering over you, but often the behavior displayed is simply atrocious.

- Exclusivity. Too many feisty girls will not give you the time of day if you're not with the "in" crowd. Especially if they're out with a group of girlfriends. Even when introduced they're far too inclined to sit and giggle about you than to even make a pretence at conversation. I mean, there's avoiding too much conversation, and then there's making someone feel really small and inferior and worthless. Can any self-proclaimed feisty girl honestly say that they know quite clearly where both sides of this fence are?

- Inconsistency. It's been shown via large amounts of research that the biggest contributing factor in developing a split personality disorder is having parents who were inconsistent in their behavior. This includes being hypocritical, favoring one child over another, and behaving differently from day to day. Feisty girls all too often display an inconsistency which leaves any potential suitor feeling bewildered, confused, and drained of energy. This inconsistency is often seen as rapidly changing preferences (you love the Planet, you hate the Planet, you love the Planet), mood swings, actively participating in behavior (such as wild sex) and then claiming to have never enjoyed it and then claiming to have been lying about the original claim. Being nice to a person's face, yet vicious and retributive behind their back. And so on...

- Childishness. Too many feisty girls I've seen have not grown up. They're still selfish, prone to whine at the drop of a hat, ignore social graces and put people on edge with quickly stated, poorly thought out opinions and comments. A great example of this is the girl who wants a guy at her beck and call, but is not willing to accommodate his requests for time with her. Often a lack of respect is evident in which a feisty girl will happily trash someone in front of their girlfriends, and yet not say a thing to the person concerned.

I could probably go on, but I'm sure anybody bright enough to read *On Dit* has already got my point. The point is that a girl who does not exhibit the attributes as expressed above is clearly a preferable partner to one who does. Though the stereotypical Skipper image promulgated by the article also has flaws these are far less hurtful to any male (or lesbian female). The question should not be "why prefer Skipper?" but rather "who gains anything from feisty girls?" and that includes the feisty girls themselves.

Confidence is great. Self esteem is great. Being beautiful is great if you can manage it. But making someone feel inferior and rubbing their face in it is not.

In Respect,  
**David Billington**

PS. I'm listening to Triple J with their "Connect a Mate Night". Am I the only one who thinks this is a fucking travesty of national airwaves usage? I mean who on Earth wants to hear two friends giggle at each other, answer utterly uninteresting questions from Rosie (who is only marginally less annoying than Caroline Tran) and squeal in pre-pubescent excitement? Not me, but at this time of the night Student Radio's not on yet...

PPS. Jess - did the article touch a raw nerve? I can tell you I'd be pretty pissed off at being labelled as an inferior "Skipper" if I clearly did not see myself as the relentlessly promoted Feisty Girl. If so, I sympathise.

## Stan Weighs In

Dear *On Dit*,

It has come to my attention that the kerfuffle surrounding *On Dit*'s resident sex columnist has been occupying more than a substantial proportion of your

letters section. This, I am afraid to say, is a travesty.

Of course, I am aware of the fact that this letter is contributing to said travesty, so I shall endeavour to keep it brief. Firstly, there are far more facets of everybody's favourite newspaper that deserve the same amount of conjecture. The lacklustre state of the current affairs section, or Stanley George's self-important attempts at avant-garde opinion, to name but a few.

In light of these shortcomings, Lady Symon's prissy opinionation hardly warrants the kind of controversy that it has stirred up. Kindly reserve your letters section for the concerns of those who care about issues pertinent to the discerning student, rather than those who insist upon skipping straight to Vox Pop.

Yours truly,

**Tristan George Mahoney**

Current affairs subeditor, SAUA presidential candidate, defender of the righteous.

## Feast of Feist

There's nothin' like the smell of a shitstorm in the morning.

[Sniff] What's that all too familiar smell that gently emanates from the letters page, caressing my olfactory senses with its aroma of promise, its reek of heady joy? There's a shitstorm a-brewing and I'm damned if I'm not going to jump aboard (deftly switching metaphors all the while) and flog the steeds of this bandwagon into a screaming frenzy.

Lady Symon et al. vs Jess

Let the games begin. So much to say, so little space/time/cheap wine.

I must admit that I'm largely indifferent to the issue, more in the way it has been pursued. But I'm entitled to my two cents worth. I think that the objections raised to Jess's letter were by and large utter drivel. Jess had a difference of opinion to Lady Symon and was entitled to express it in the forum of the letters page. A few observations follow:

It could be just me, but last week's (or the week before's, depending on how promptly I submit this letter) letters page (69.15) smacked distinctly of a concerted effort on Lady Symon's behalf to gather around her a muster of close friends and associates in a rather sad attempt to discredit the criticism of her articles and to reassert their merit by sheer force of numbers. Why isn't Lady Symon herself stepping forward to address the issue personally? I'm sure it's not because she feels such criticism below her and not worthy of consideration because of the references in *On Dit* (69.15) to 'sulking' because of 'hate mail'.

What the fuck is it with Lady Symon's allusions to hate mail? I certainly hope it's more than a reference to Jess's letter. The 'hate' contained in her letter is mild by any standards, especially compared to those of Michael Waite and his cheap and pointless shots. Young Michael has a lot of growing up to do. A tertiary education is wasted on someone who resorts to such crude ploys.

Joe, how does one letter of dissent equate to a 'bitch-fest'?

How very eloquent of Nat, seemingly



Lady Symon's chief spin doctor, to so succinctly and pertinently extol the virtues of our local hack. In truth I was sickened by the gratuitous sycophancy with which the moral superiority of Lady Symon peddling her half-arsed notions was established.

A common thread seems to be the assertion that by virtue of being light hearted fiction, the column should be above criticism. A movie may be utter crud. It's just fiction. It's just meant to be entertainment. That's not to say that critics cannot take exception to the movie's themes or characterisations.

Lady Symon, you poor baby. Do you feel that the world hates you? Oh you poor precocious child! Oh how you suffer for your art! You are but a delicate petal borne aloft on the autumn breeze! I think not so. So someone doesn't like the column. Fucking deal with it. Different strokes for different folks. Don't write then if you can't handle anything except constant approval. It's a big bad world and you're going to suffer a lot of criticism in your life, especially if you insist on carrying on like a brat.

Yours in anticipation of a flurry of self righteous ire from Lady Symon's cronies and hangers-on,

**Yak**

Bring the shit on! (I want to be a horse faced freak too!)

Address all personal insults and character assassinations to [yakk@thevortex.com](mailto:yakk@thevortex.com). I like to think that the majority of *On Dit* readers are far too intelligent to have their time wasted by such pointless tripe and I could do with a good laugh.

## Ouch

Dear Eds,

I think that fuzzy guitars are legitimate, but Jarrod you are right, Jang's reviews really really suck. Go Jorm!

**Annabel**

## Inter-debt

Dear *On Dit*,

The matter of university Internet charges should be of great concern to all students, if only for the lack of official information that has been released. As yet all we know is that there will be a charge to students once a fixed download quota has been reached, but there are many questions that need to be answered.

Firstly, what is the download quota? I have only seen the predicted figures printed in *On Dit* from last semester - 40 to 50 Mb per student per year. Is the quota varied depending on the number or type of subjects a student is studying? Is there a way to check how much of our quota remains?

What is the charge per megabyte? Is the rumoured figure of 20c/Mb correct? Isn't this more than double what the University is charged by its supplier?

There are also more technical, and probably more important questions. The charge only applies to material downloaded from outside the University's network, so what will the University be doing to help minimise such transfers,

and thus minimise costs to students?

For instance, commonly accessed material like the images from HotMail or popular search engines may be stored on the Uni's own proxy cache. When these images are returned from the cache, is this counted as an external download? If not, will the cache system be upgraded to improve efficiency?

Will faculties keep copies of popular or useful files on a local site and direct students there instead of making them access external sites? As an example, for my last semester's computer science subjects I downloaded the Java development kit and documentation (more than 50 Mb), from the [java.sun.com](http://java.sun.com) site in the US. The University could provide a local mirror site allowing CS students to obtain these files without instantly blowing their download quota.

Finally, are those who have made the decisions about Internet charges following the ways of Richard Alston and the Howard government and attempting to regulate a beast they do not understand? If so we are destined, like Australian Internet gambling and censorship, to a confusing, unworkable mess. Can someone please sort it out?

**Patrick Tapping**

PS. If you are concerned about the amount of data you are downloading, try turning off images in Netscape's "Advanced" preferences. Then use the "Images" button to load any pictures you require.

## Not Happy Anais

Dear Eds,

I read the article on Gender and Equity and Adelaide University in your last edition with great interest. It is encouraging that such issues are being addressed at such a high level and that it is being covered by the student media. What bothers me is that it is one of only a few similar articles or reports that we have seen in *On Dit* this year. I have to wonder if the lack of reporting on women's issues is partially due to the lack of commitment of the Women's Officer, Anais Chevalier. Not only did she make no comment on the gender and equity issue in the last edition but has been conspicuous in her absence with regard to reporting on any women's issues at all this year. The lack of informative articles about women's issues is concerning in itself but I do not see how this could be a mere oversight by the person who has been elected to make sure that these issues are addressed. It seems so far that although reports from NOWSA have been submitted to the paper, none of them seem to be from Ms Chevalier, who I would have thought had an obligation to make such a report. Moreover, there hasn't been a report from the Women's Department since last semester. Ms Chevalier's salary comes directly from the student readers of *On Dit*, yet she can't even take the time to justify why we pay her this salary and what her department is (or is not) doing. And as *On Dit* reported last week, the Barr-Smith lawns have been booked by somebody other than the Women's Department for the duration of Women's Week. It has to be asked

what this woman has been doing with her time and our money. As someone who has been heavily involved with the women's department of another university, I am most unimpressed with this performance. Ms Chevalier, I voted for you to keep a Liberal out of your office but I have to say I am sorry you got my vote. Please do something with *Elle Dit* or you might as well just give up now.

**A concerned Adelaide University Feminist.**

## Fascist Replies

Dear Eds

As someone who attended NUS national education conference, I take offence at some of the implications in Kate Wilson's report to *On Dit* on the conference. Firstly calling people like myself members of a "right wing" minority is not only misleading but also downright offensive. To put this in perspective for those of you not familiar with "trot speak", the resistance definition of "right wing" (or a fascist scab as I was called at the conference) is anyone who is at all to the right of Marxist-Leninism. I'm sure that definition fits most of the students at Adelaide Uni and to be frank, if not being a communist makes me right wing then I'm out and proud. In any real political forum - and I use the word real because student politics is the only environment in which the anarchist/socialist/marxistleninist/trotskyites/whatevertheycall-themselvesmakebelievethatletssmashthestateandwaitfortherevolutiontocomeandsaveus have any relevance whatsoever - I am, as are many at this campus, to the left of centre, call me moderate at the very worst.

I also take exception to the insinuation that other attendees from Adelaide Uni did not attend sessions or worse still that the content of these sessions was beyond our comprehension. Of course I attended the plenary on the General Agreement on Trade in Services, better yet I understood it and even agreed with the speaker up until the point where she argues that the only way to defeat GATS is to blockade the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting. No one could argue that GATS could not have dire consequences on the provision of essential public services such as health care and education. However, I don't see how such a complex problem can be solved by such a simple "solution" as a student demonstration in Brisbane. After all, it's hardly the centre of the world stage is it?

I can anticipate those who will argue that blockades do work, violent protest is indeed the answer and pointing to the bygone days of the Vietnam war protests and rallies for free education in the Whitlam era as their shining examples. Unfortunately, things have changed comrades. The complexity and interdependence of the global economic and financial system is such that GATS and other insidious WTO policies can not be defeated by a single domestic government. Even such a powerful and dominant forum as the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting (go Tonga!) cannot make such a decision. I personally wish that this was not the case, I wish that democracy was more

than just a by-word for the corporate domination of all political and social interests. But having a blockade of a relatively unimportant meeting of some backwater heads of government will not change this.

More importantly, regardless of the unquestionably serious nature of issues such as GATS, there are other more immediately tangible issues which can be addressed on campuses. Issues to do with student participation in University Governance structures provide an opportunity for students to alleviate some of the more immediate campus concerns. This is why I found the sessions on organising for CHOGM to be not only a waste of time but also a waste of students' money. Yes, GATS is scary and bad and should be addressed but no, there is no point in wasting resources that could be more useful elsewhere.

Sorry if that makes me a fascist.

**Rowan Roberts**

## Vox Cock

Dear *On Dit*,

Clearly, we still need a Women's Officer if people still believe that for women to be successful they need to "suck heaps of cock" (vox pop #69 Ed 15)

**Stephanie Lambert**

## Bad Aftertaste

Dear *On Dit*,

I would like to complain about the lack of quality condiments in the Mayo and Wills refectories. The other day I sprinkled, what was clearly labelled 'Chicken Salt', onto my medium chips. What should come out? Pepper! Have you ever had chips with pepper? It's just not right. Can you imagine how I felt? In fact I'm getting angry just writing about it...fuck fuck fuck mother fucker fuck! Ahhhhh.

That's better. Pepper is not only unlike salt but is widely regarded as its polar opposite. Could union catering please get their act together before they lose my patronage.

Yours  
**Joseph Hynes**

## Wanna Write?

If you wish to write a letter, please bring it down to the *On Dit* office or alternatively email it to:  
[ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)

**P.S. If your letter concerns the upcoming student elections, it will have to be passed by the Returning Officer and printed with your name and student number attached.**



# VOX

**QUESTIONS**

1. If you could have any super power what would it be?
2. What turns you on?
3. Give us a question for next week's Vox Pop.

**Emma & BB**

*Doth ye see a fairer day, me lord*

1. E: The ability to think quickly in the morning.  
B: The power to change someone's gender.
2. E: Green shoes.  
B: Blue shoes.
3. E: What do a person's shoes tell you about them?  
B: Xerox.



**All G**

*You can't get any more flava!*

1. I'd be able to like, grow da ganja out me earholes, like.
2. When me mates come round and we is watchin 'Shaving Private Ryan', aiiight!
3. When izit alright for a dad to give 'is son 'is first spliff, then innit?



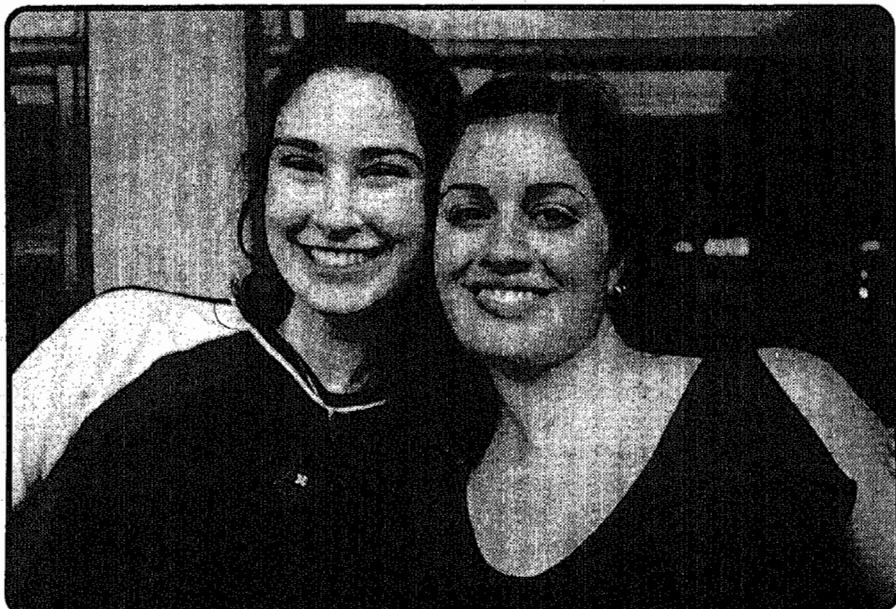
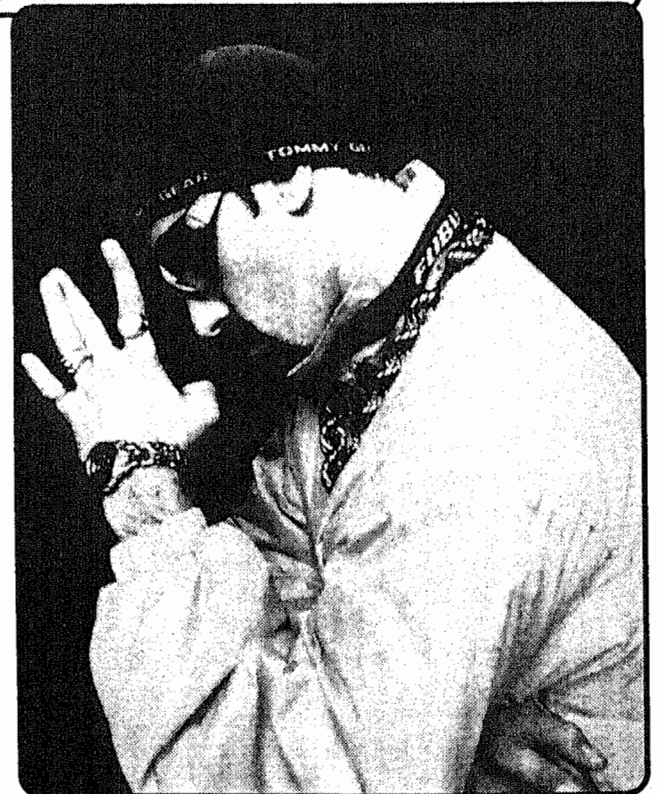
**Dona**

*Do not covet another man's donkey.*

1. The power to destroy the world, hahahahaha.
2. Smiles. Not too toothy.
3. If I were to cut off one of my fingers, would you be my friend?

**BEER WINNER**

This week's beer winners are Emma and BB, mainly because Luke picked the winner and Emma is his sister's name. Come down to the office to collect your prize, donated by Southwark.



**Madeline and Melanie**

*And in the naked light I saw...ten thousand people, maybe more.*

1. Ma: The ability to destroy sexism in one fell swoop.  
Me: Press a button and be at any place in the world.
2. Ma: Sexy guys.  
Me: Sing-alongs around a camp fire.
3. Ma: Who is the sexiest person alive?  
Me: In how many languages can you say hello?

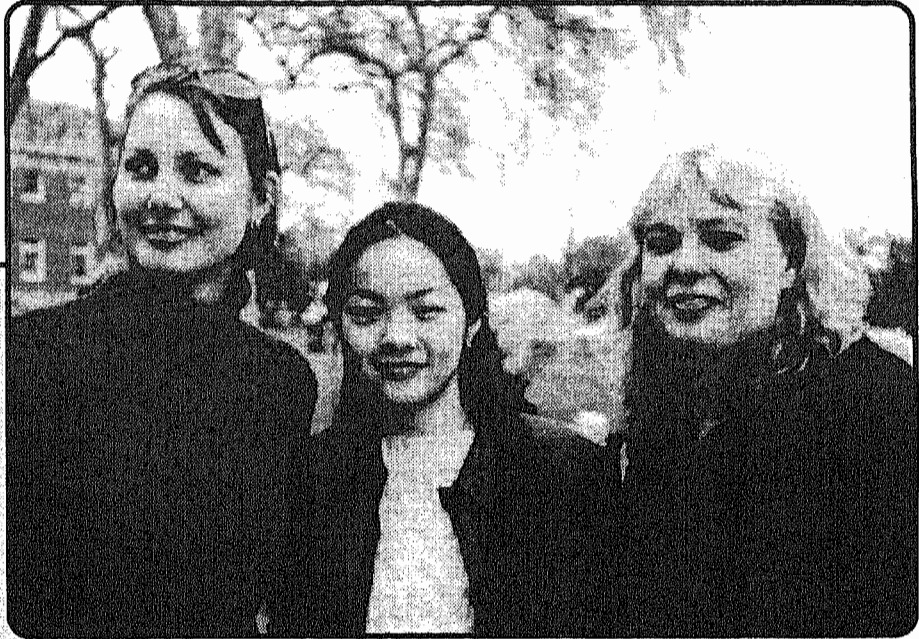


# POP

**Trudy, Evelyn, & Deb**

*Rest now – for in the morn we shall see all*

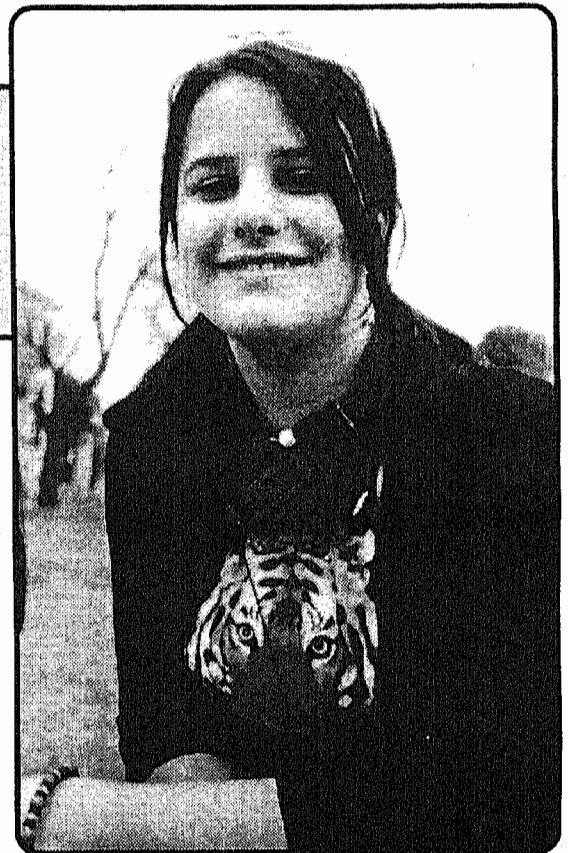
1. T: Invisibility – to be naughty.  
E: To read people's minds.  
D: Super speed – to get things done.
2. T: Whipped cream.  
E: Anything sweet.  
D: Motorbikes, I love those boots.
3. T: Why do you have to take photos for this section?  
E: What's the dumbest pickup line you've gotten?  
D: If you were an alcoholic drink what would you be?



**Tamasa**

*Bring me a cup of sack!*

1. To be invisible and spy on people.
2. Nice smelling boys and Ben Harper.
3. What do you think about genetically modified foods and cloning?



**Stanley George's Mother**

*Sipping coconut milk on a random Brazilian beach*

1. I want to fly like the Luftwaffe.
2. The 1988 East German swimming team, fermented cabbage.
3. Where is Stanley? I still have his favourite pair of lederhosen.



**Nardia**

*If one can not master his rage, his rage will master him.*

1. To be able to fly with rocket shoes.
2. Nice smelling aftershave ie Cool Water.
3. What existing superhero would you like to be?

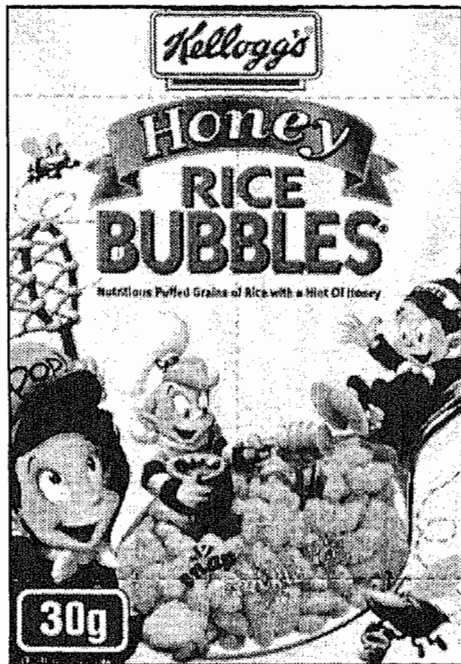


BREWED WITH WHEAT.  
 NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.



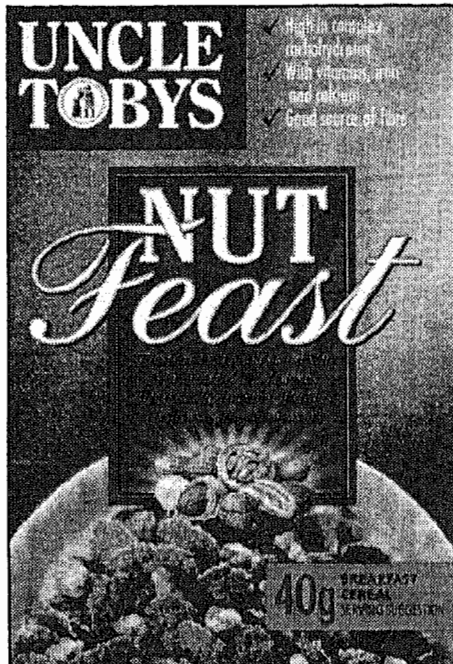
# Consumer Watchdog

This week the Consumer Watchdog reviews a variety of packaged cereals. Of course, none of these are anywhere as delicious as the student staple of a Bloody Mary and a cheeseburger for breakfast, but they are okay.



**Kellogg's Honey Rice Bubbles**  
 Fibre Content per 100g - 1.0g  
 Sugar Content per 100g - 28.7g

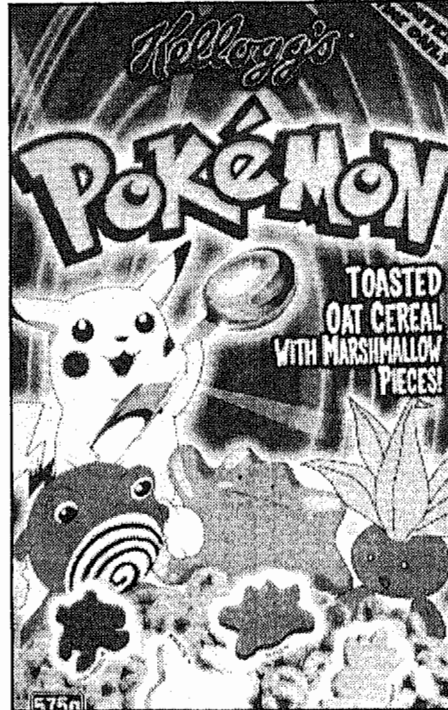
Rice Bubbles are so good. And I love the delicious chocolate variation of the Rice Bubble, the Coco Pop. Yummy. The Honey Rice Bubbles aren't so great. They are basically a plain rice bubble with extra sugar built in, so you don't have to sprinkle quite so much over your bowl in the morning. Convenient, but not handy enough to warrant a glowing review. The 'serving suggestion' picture on the front encourages you to add small elves to the bowl before serving, presumably to provide the protein required as part of a balanced diet.



**Uncle Tobys Nut Feast**  
 Fibre Content per 100g - 9.7g  
 Sugar Content per 100g - 21.9g

The first problem with the Nut Feast is that it describes itself to be a 'Feast' which it clearly is not as it comes in a 40g pack. Misleading. If you can get past this piece of elementary deception (or if you buy it in a larger packet), you will find what appear to be unusually thick, luxurious cornflakes.

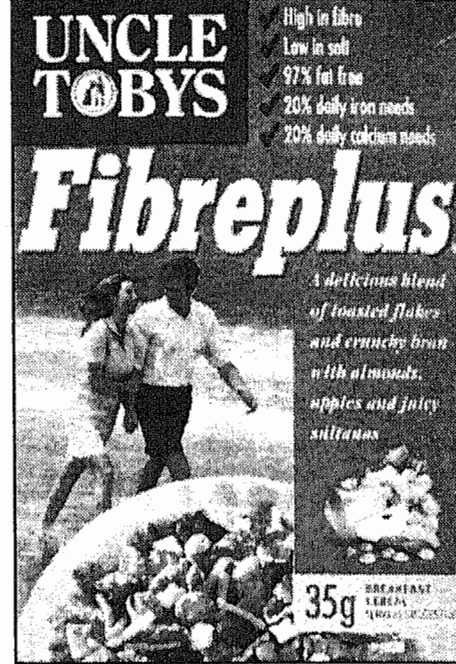
There are also plenty of little 'nut clusters', apparently made up of rice bubbles, peanuts and, you guessed it, lots of the breakfast-cereal-maker's best friend: sugar. Delicious.



**Kellogg's Pokemon Toasted Oat Cereal with Marshmallow Pieces**

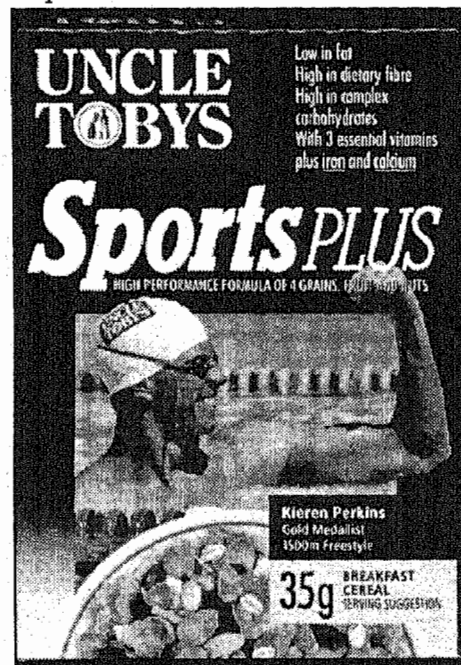
Fibre Content per 100g - 5.5g  
 Sugar Content per 100g - 46.4g  
 Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! That's right, Pokemon cereal is almost half sugar. This is partly because of the sugar glazing on the 'toasted oat cereal', but mostly because of the horrid little artificially flavoured marshmallow pieces in the shape of Pokemon characters. It's not even real marshmallow, just some kind of hardened plastic-like candy.

Give this to your child and its teeth will be dropping out by the age of 9.



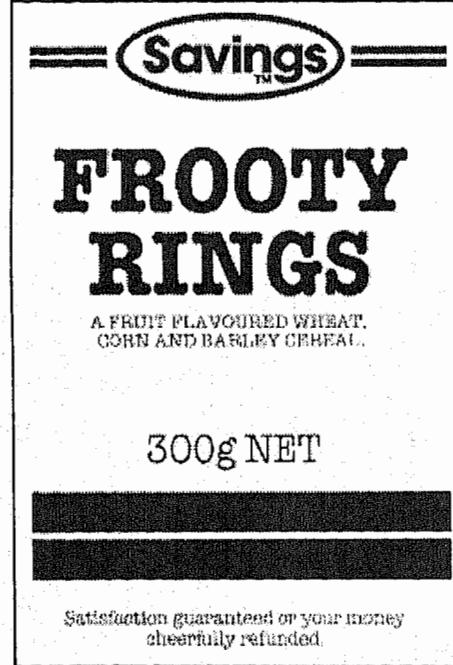
**Uncle Tobys FibrePlus**  
 Fibre Content per 100g - 15.2g  
 Sugar Content per 100g - 27.9g

Mmmm... Fibre! Despite the fact that this is meant to be chock-a-block full of fibre it has the nearly the same amount as the Sultanas'n'Wheat Bran. Oh well. That healthy looking couple on the front just makes me want to buy buy buy. It seems fairly obvious that the high sugar content is there to disguise the taste of way too much fibre. There is an interesting blend of almonds, dried apple and sultanas, but the little 'bran' bits that look like rabbit droppings are slightly disconcerting early in the morning.



**Uncle Tobys Sports Plus**  
 Fibre Content per 100g - 8.8g  
 Sugar Content per 100g - 23.5g

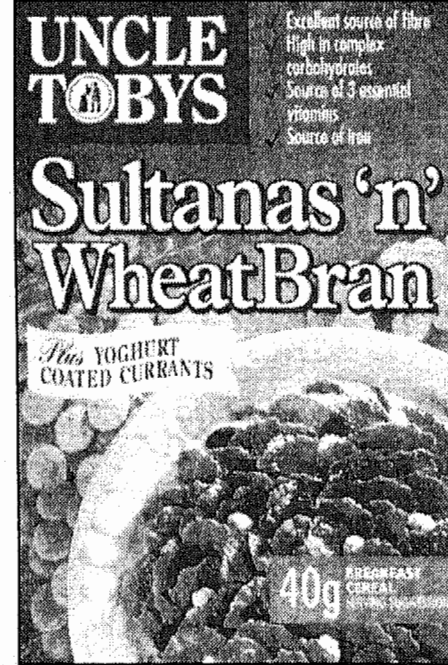
Sports plus is apparently a 'High performance formula of 4 grains, fruits and nuts' and seeing that everyone's favourite 2000 silver medallist Kieren Perkins eats it (presumably, seeing his picture is on the front), (it may or may not work. A disclaimer on the side of the box tells us that 'some dried fruit components may contain sulphur dioxide to maintain natural colour and shelf life' which is somewhat worrying, especially since the sultanas, apples and currants contained inside were as far from their natural state as they could possibly be. But, Kieren Perkins endorses it so it must be good for you.



**Savings Brand Frooty Rings**  
 Apparently Savings Brand doesn't participate in any of that dodgy food labelling business, so we have no idea how much fibre or sugar there is in Frooty Rings (although 'sugar' is first in the ingredients list). Which is probably a good thing.

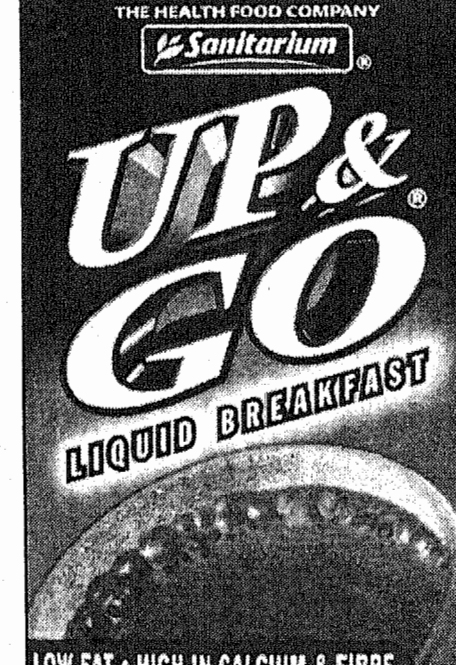
Basically, these are Froot Loops. This means lots of sugar and lots of food colouring.

The spelling of 'Frooty' is apparently a trick to avoid liability under the Trade Practices Act, as there seems to be no actual fruit in this product. Frooty Rings also present a puzzle - trying to work out whether the different coloured Rooty Rings (sorry, Frooty Rings) taste differently. I don't think so, but I'm not sure.



**Uncle Tobys Sultanas 'n' Wheat Bran**  
 Fibre Content per 100g - 15.1g  
 Sugar Content per 100g - 33.0g

Yoghurt Coated Currants...what a novelty! I have never seen that in a breakfast cereal before. I'm not sure how much I trust dried yoghurt with a solid consistency, but seeing that there were only six, yes SIX, of those little nuggets of joy in the whole box I'm sure any dodgy preparation methods involved would not have too many adverse effects on your health. That said, apart from the fruit bits, the rest of this cereal is not very interesting at all. Despite the high sugar content, the flakes are surprisingly bland. Try them covered in iced coffee a la Luke Toop.



**Up & Go Liquid Breakfast**  
 Fibre Content per 100ml - 1.4g  
 Sugar Content per 100ml - 6.1g

It isn't really fair to judge Up & Go on its fibre and sugar contents, as it comes with fluid pre-added. This is not necessarily a good thing - we found it to have an unpleasantly phlegm-like texture, apparently because it contains churned-up Weet-Bix. But then, if you like Thickshakes and things like that, you'll probably like Up & Go - and, unlike many commercially available Thickshakes, it doesn't contain pig fat. Or much other fat, for that matter. It tastes okay, if a little over-sweet



# Coopers

## Eat, Drink and be Merry

### Restaurant of the Week

#### Mamma Carmela

##### Unley

Looking for a wild night out on the town, full of mystery and intrigue? Well, look somewhere else. What follows is a fairly bad-quality review of quite a decent pizza place I went to last week.

**Where it is:** 169 Unley Road. It's opposite Unley shopping centre, near Unley library. But there are also Mamma Carmela restaurants in Glenelg and Norwood, which serve exactly the same menu.

**Atmosphere:** The TVs in each corner combined with yelling children and screaming babies makes it an ideal home away from home for the stressed-out housewife. To put it another way, this is definitely a family-oriented restaurant.

**What it serves:** The usual blend of pasta, pizza, steak, veal and even some seafood. I had the Scallopina Al Funghi, which is veal panfried with mushrooms and white wine sauce. It was very large, with no frills. Had a pile of potatoes, a pile of carrot and a massive piece of veal. The Parmigiana is presented in the same way. These main meals are comparable to what you'd expect in a counter-meal. The pasta and pizza are not as good as at Bravo, but probably better than at Buongiorno. It also offers a fairly good range of beers and cheap wine to help liven up your meal.

**What it costs:** An entrée size pasta dish costs around \$8, while pizzas will set you back about \$9 for a small, \$14 for medium and \$20 for family size. Parmigiana costs \$11.90 and a steak costs about \$15.00.

**Any complaints:** I found it difficult to talk to my companions with the temptation of Neighbours on in the background (especially when Dee found out that Darcy and Tess have been getting it on behind her back).

**Low-down:** All things considered, it was pretty good for what you pay.

Sarah S.

##### Recipe of the Week

### Chocolate Bananas

**To make delicious chocolate bananas:**

First, get a banana and cut into it along its length. Then place some chocolate into the banana. Microwave it for a few minutes, after poking some holes in it to make sure it doesn't explode. Take it out and eat it!

**Variants:** Add marshmallows before microwaving. Frooty Rings are also good, either inside the banana or on the side.

Che Guava

### Pub of the Week

#### The Talbot

Ah, The Talbot, glorious Talbot. A pub as at home on Gouger St as it would be on the main street of any country town in Australia large enough to produce problem gamblers. The Talbot has the remarkable advantage of being about a hundred metres down the road from a number of cheap restaurants, such as Ky Chow and its other family members. This makes it a perfect venue for beginning an after-dinner drinking binge. With The Talbot to help, no student drinker need make the trek from a Gouger Street gut-stuffing without a little drinky-poops or two under their belts.

The building itself consists of a front bar with a little lounge area that appears never to be occupied by its gnarled and mostly male patrons, a functions room that is not too hard to sneak into when you happen to be lucky enough to share The Talbot with a 21<sup>st</sup> and a large, depressing gaming lounge out the back that is not unlike the casino. The drinks are cheap, the bar staff are puzzled by your youthful presence and so are friendly in a bemused kind of way and the music is strange in the way that it seems to always be selected by someone with very classical Triple J tastes. For example, on just our last visit, the blokes with flannies, Clementine Ford and I were treated to some pre-Odyssey No. 5 Powderfinger and the entire Nirvana Unplugged album. It seems like a Cold Chisel kind of place, but You Am I and Kurt Cobain are their atmosphere providers. But beware, this is not a place to dance or to meet new and exciting and stimulating people your own age (if you're under 25). Bring your good friends here, have a cheap pint or three and enjoy the irony of the situation and the comfy TAB-style couches, but please, move on or your friends will think you have little taste and imagination and start making excuses next time you try to plan an evening out.

Sam Franzway

# Australian Made, Australian Owned



# Wayward Travel

## Adventures in the Apple Isle

# Strahan

We have arrived in Strahan; not bad facilities in the caravan park, picturesque, expensive. The tent is up, the barbecue lit and it hasn't rained. The place fills up but it's very quiet for a New Year's Eve. The fire draws the like minded. Most people are waiting to go on a cruise up the famous Gordon and Franklin Rivers. It starts raining soon after dark and we resort to our wet weather gear. There are some yuppies slumming it by staying in a cabin, they pretend we don't exist. Why do they feel their designer clothes and labelled accessories, their nifty tin cans and video cameras make them better than anyone else?

Of course, they are not all like this, but most of them are and so are their uppity arrogant children.

They are everywhere. Hurtling along in their cars, going off on tours and cruises by the boat and plane load, then hurtling on to the next spot.

It is still raining in the morning but clears as the cruise boat leaves the wharf.

Off we go to Sarah Island, an infamous penal colony, to look at the settlement. Once the island was covered by buildings, it isn't anymore. Mounds of bricks bear little resemblance to 'Blacksmiths Forge', 'Penitentiary', 'Hospital' and 'Commandant's Cottage'. It's wet and cold with all the bushes inhabited by lots of LARGE tiger leeches. Not many of us attempted to lurk under the constantly dripping bushes after discovering this.

Everyone has completed a hasty tour and are back on board long before the

departure whistle blows. Two Danes on a yacht tour are dropped off on the island. They take advantage of the lunch service on the ferry and disappear into the bushes clutching two plates of pumpkin soup. Perhaps we should have warned them about the leeches. The yuppies down below have long finished their large helpings of Devonshire tea at eleven and are now tucking into soup, crayfish and expensive wines whilst enjoying a very scenic cruise.

The Captain tells us the reason why there aren't any buildings left on Sarah Island is because they were all dynamited and the remaining bricks were recycled by the locals into more recent building projects, like Strahan itself.

We reach Heritage Landing, dutifully trooping round the boardwalk to see a Huon pine. I must admit apart from a few small specimens, the most I have seen of these trees are a lot of very big stumps spread throughout the whole southwest. No, this grand old dame we are standing in front of and touching is



A yuppie scoffing a Devonshire tea

OLD. More than two thousand years old, older than Christianity even, certainly the oldest thing we've ever seen, apart from some Egyptian mummies, that is. The difference is that this is still alive and very atmospheric with all that moss and mist everywhere.

Suitably awed, I linger and pluck a bit of moss and bark for my diary.

Time to head back to the ferry.

Back on board, heading back to the harbour, it's a wee bit rougher than it was going

the other way and we are virtually alone on the top deck, ie: there are no other adults. Obviously the perfect time and place for the picnic and bottle of wine. No sooner said than done. Voila.

As we finish, it starts to rain harder, the seas get rougher, it's quite exciting on the top deck, rolling and tumbling in the waves. The Captain invites us inside, as it's getting too dangerous, we thought it was just getting good.

Downstairs, the crayfish and wine lunches are being regurgitated at an awesome rate. The queues for toilets are so long, there is a stream of Devonshire teas floating back up river behind us. A bit of colour difference to the toxic mining wastes from Queenstown which are pumped into the King River and down into the harbour, in this type of swell it's hard to see the colour change that was obvious on the way out.

Scones float even if half digested; at least that garbage is biodegradable.

A flare off to the right requires investigation and a rescue mission ensues. Most of the yuppies are prostrate by this time and oh, it's too disgusting. Meanwhile up front there is excitement on the high seas. 'The waves are not as high as in Bass Strait' we are informed by one in the know Victorian youngster.

It was totally flat when we came over, flattest ride in years, we were told by the purser on the last trip of the old ferry.

A catamaran is rescued and towed back behind us, the inhabitants look very, very relieved.

The seas are still high and it's slow going. We are still up front with Captain and he fills us with stories and information to whittle away the time. It is sunset and clear as we get back to port an hour late.

Jennie Radcliffe

## Queer Action and Adventure

### with George and Rachel

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

### Adventure

Inside Out is running a Hyde Out Lite, on Wednesday from 6pm, which is a drop in for guys under 25 who have not been involved in any other gay groups before. Its an easy way to get involved and meet new people. For more information call Phillip on 8232 0233.

### Action

In a small city like Adelaide we don't have the ability to have many gay businesses. Queer bookstores have come and gone as have queer cafes, pubs and clubs. Some stores are exclusively queer and others are run by queers or are of particular interest to queer people.

If you know of a queer business or one that is run by queer or especially for queer people make an effort to support it. Support people who advertise in the queer press and support those who support us. That's not to say that you should go and give your money to anyone who's after the pink dollar but be conscious of organisations that have legitimately supported queer people and events and show them the same respect.

# Counter Calendar

The Counter Calendar is the alternative subject guide for students at Adelaide University produced annually by your Students' Association in an effort to better inform you of your options for your next year of study. Whereas the University Calendar is produced to tell you the academic aims of each subject, the Counter Calendar is here to tell you what it's really like to study each subject from the perspective of students who have already studied it. This information is obtained via surveys. You can pick up a hard copy of the survey from the SAUA office (George Murray Building) and drop it off at any of the boxes around the University. Or you could go to our website at:

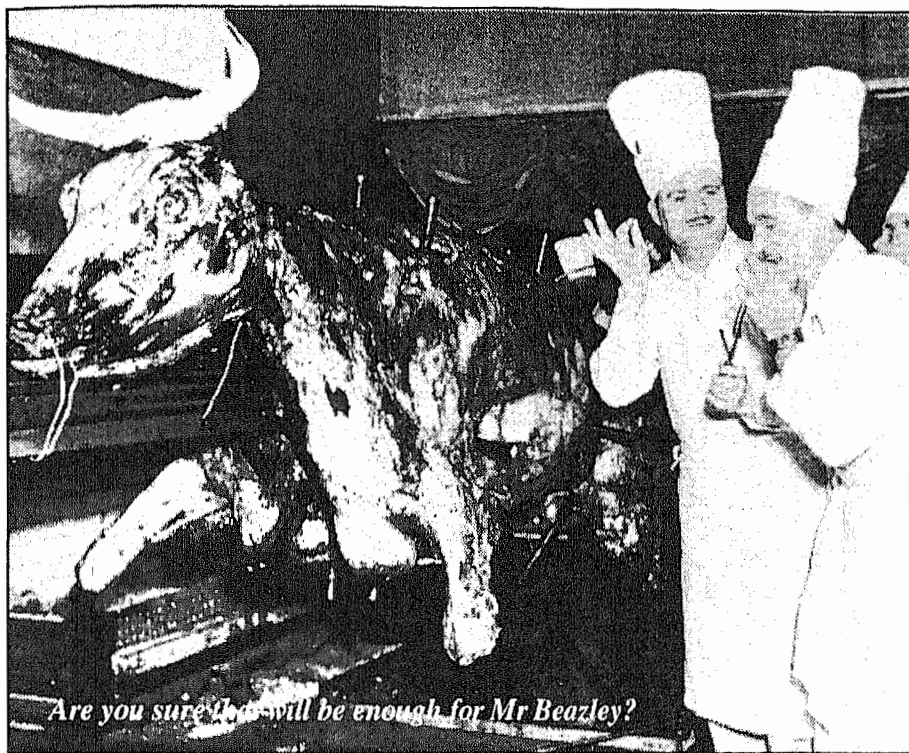
[www.countercalendar.net](http://www.countercalendar.net)

Here you can fill in a survey, view other people's responses and have a variety of other fun!



# I like to sling steak onto a

# bar-be-cue



And it somehow came to pass that I got a job washing dishes at a steak restaurant renowned for its classy name and mulleted clientele who like nothing more than value for money. After an age pigging around the pots and pans, it happened that promotion fell nigh upon my head, and as I became more deft with yon knife and deep fryer, the promotions rained down in more and more abundance, until, one fateful day, I found myself actually standing on the hallowed turf of chefdom.

Despite being the only female in a kitchen of eight egotistic males, despite the delightful odour of the grease trap and the exciting perfume of chop and oil which so attractively clings to my hair, I enjoy my job. Firstly, there are no customers involved. If you have ever been a waitress, you will know how much better the world is without customers. Each new shift brings a new way of wasting time: if we are not concocting new combinations of food or conducting experiments with the deep fryer, then the order of the day is armed combat. Carrots, fries, ice, peas, containers, whipped cream - all are worthy missiles. There is always someone to ambush with a bucket of cold water; last week a front-counter alliance ganged up on the head and second chefs, barricading them in the cold room for half an hour before we relented and let them out for a smoke. If we wish to hone our aim, cricket with avocado pips and juggling with baked potatoes is an option, or else there is that game of great skill where we stand the dishpig at one end of the kitchen and try to throw fries into his back pocket from the other end. When the troops get hungry we deem something unworthy for customer consumption and eat it ourselves - the apprentice reckons he consumes at least \$200 worth of food a week - and, when all else fails, we order the waitresses to bring us the syrupy delights of post-mix.

It is the bogans I work with, however, that entertain the most. Now, it may well be that the most contact that you have had with the kitchens of a restaurant has been finding a hair in your

garlic bread. Perhaps it is not just bizarre coincidence then that, after two years of dedicated research into the dodge-factor of kitchen personalities, a pattern has emerged whereby the dodginess of the kitchen employee can be directly correlated to the type of hair he or she cultivates. I expand below:

There are three things that chefs take pride in: the sharpness of their knives, the amount of illegal drugs they can consume in one shift without impeding their performance, and the length of their hair. In fact, of the four head chefs I have worked under in my time, three of them have had long hair. The first of these got into a fight with his girlfriend recently, whereby she pushed him off a balcony to the effect that, as the balcony was on a cliff, he is now in a wheelchair. Both worked in the kitchen with me and both had long hair. The second has gone down in history as the only head chef to actually throw a hot pot at the dishpig. He has since had counselling and now only occasionally flings plates or tongs about when he is under pressure, along with volleys of verbal assault on the sexuality of anyone who orders avocado. Not only did he have hair that went below his backside, but his best friend was also a chef and got done for serving bacon à la maggot. The third has since gone short, but back in the heady days of his long tresses, he would think nothing of curling up under the heat lamps on the main bench, boots and all, for a quick hangover snooze before the start of service. Ah dodginess, thy name is ponytail!

Don't, however, be fooled into thinking that the dodginess-hair correlation stops at head chefs with long hair! No no - our current *second* chef is short and fat, listens to Tool and is a tool, and takes great pride in telling us how much money he spends each month bleaching his long golden locks which, before service, he painstakingly coils around his head like some vertically challenged, overfed male version of Princess Leia. Contrastingly, our current head chef has had a shaved head since Year Nine - he is now 25 - and firmly believes that if

he grows his hair it will be permanently affected by the angle at which he sleeps on it. I solemnly swear that not one word of this is fictional: these characters actually exist and (somehow!) hold down real life jobs.

One of the waitresses and I recently compiled an award list for the staff at our esteemed establishment. While we walked away with 'Most Vodka Consumed in One Shift' and 'General Insanity' prizes respectively, we could not go past giving Dave\*, one of our Filipino kitchenhands - again with long hair - the 'Hot Tip for Future Transgender Operation' award, perhaps purely due to his fabulous hip movement during any given Backstreet Boys number. To give him credit, Dave also took out the 'Random Employee' award thanks to his penchant for, mid-service with three tables of seventy waiting for meals, whipping out the chopping boards to arbitrarily slice some onions. Similarly, no one is exactly sure why he always includes lemon wedges in the lettuce or indeed why he obsesses over the moisture levels of the chives. Personally, I blame his chosen hairstyle. However, my theory falls down when it comes to explaining Dave's friend Harry\*\*, who recently, on one of our busiest nights, rather mysteriously did not show up for work. The 'why' came out two days later, when Harry was released from custody: a guy had side-swiped him as he was driving to work that Saturday night, and naturally, it had seemed completely appropriate that Harry should punch him out, leaving him in a cell overnight. Apparently further complications arose when it became apparent that Harry already has a criminal record for previ-

ous dodgy activity (author's note: possibly related to the fact that Harry curiously resembles a peanut - work that one out) a record which I am sure ties in with the generous offers of free bud which spring forth from Harry on a regular basis.

At the other end of the extreme there's Jock\*\*\*, another chef who slept with both the waitress' best friend and her friend because the friend of the friend was a hairdresser and Jock needed a cheap haircut. Needless to say, the character who plays Jock is stingy to the point that, when his mother goes away on business trips, Jock's sole place of nourishment is work, where he can indulge in the bountiful supply of free garlic bread and pineapple rings consumed in the dark privacy of the cool room.

I will not even begin to tell you about 'Butt Crack Aaron', except to point out that Aaron and Jay are ridiculously popular chef's names, although we did once have an Arthur. All in all, it's a great job.

\* For the purposes of authenticity and in complete disregard for Dave's privacy, Dave's name has not been changed at all.

\*\* Again, Harry's name has not been changed. This is only because I am pretty sure that Harry is not his real name anyway.

\*\*\* Out of respect for Jock's identity, and because I would not like to meet Jock in a dark alley at any time, Jock is a pseudonym.

Sam O'Harrell

## Scam of the Week

Scam of the week this week has to go to a certain pub notorious for its laxity in checking id and its ingenious way to scam innocents in search of a free drink. Being in the high powered position of *On Dit* Editors, at the beginning of the year we were sent a huge stack of complimentary drink vouchers to be used on Thursday nights. Obviously our presence at venues is much sought after to raise the tone (and believe me, the tone of this particular pub definitely needs raising). Anyway, we gathered a few of our girlfriends together for a great night out. Our aim: to drown any sorrows we may be harbouring and to not pay for a drink all night. So off we tottle down to this pub with a stack of these vouchers high enough to get very very shabby. We sauntered in and slapped four of the vouchers down onto the bar and demanded some champagne and raspberries (our own tribute to Lady Symon). No problem so far but, so the cheery anorexic bargirl asked us, did we want to partake in an even better deal that was being offered? Because we were part of the first 100 through the door we were entitled to an ugly wristband and cheap beer, spirits and champagne all night. OK, we thought, we could get a wristband and when our vouchers ran out we could get cheap drinks. Sounded like a plan. Or so we thought. After the anorexic barmaid fastened the wristbands, we asked for our drinks. She then proceeded to tell us that since we now had wristbands we couldn't use our vouchers and we would have to buy our drinks! She told us this AFTER we had said yes to the wristbands and she refused to take the wristbands back so we could use our vouchers. Dodgy. So we left, and immediately got ambushed by a guy with free drinks vouchers for PJ O'Briens. But this is a scam for another week.

Penny & Melissa



# Waste some time

with the *On Dit* computer games section

(aka C.A.P.S.I.C.O.M.)

## NEXT GEN ROUND 'EM UP MOVE 'EM OUT

The next generation of gaming machines has not been fully established yet, the old machines are dying a slow death and, with the lack of any stable gaming environment, the gaming public has no idea what to do with all the spare time that has suddenly come into their lives. It would be easy to just give up and become a productive member of society again, but please stop and think before doing such a drastic thing. It won't be long before Nintendo and Microsoft join Sony and Sega with their machines and enter the fray and you can again waste all your free and not so free time in the pursuit of a completely frivolous, useless activity - gaming.

### DREAMCAST

The Dreamcast was officially canned some time ago and it is really hard finding software for it in the big retail stores. Its time has been very short but also very sweet with some great games making their debut on the system - when I think of the Dreamcast I feel like breaking out in a rendition of 'Like a Candle in the Wind' by Elton John, but I think the other people in the computer lab might not be so appreciative, so I won't, oh well...sigh. Some of the more original titles, which probably (certainly) won't see the light of day in Australia, include: **Sega Gaga** - you are the president of a games company and have to run it successfully (it seems just a tad ironic that this game came out on the Dreamcast); **Videocaptor: Tomoyo's Video Taisen** - a dodgy but original game where you have to take still pictures and video tape certain scenes and get graded on your performance (based on a very dodgy Japanese cartoon pokémon ripoff); **Blue Submarine No 6** - based on an Anime title the aim is to explore the ocean in a blue sub, and; **Samba De Amigo** - one of the most well received critically acclaimed titles to come out on Sega's machine where you

had to shake the specially made maraca controllers in time with the music. There are a bunch of other original titles on the system (naming them all would easily fill the rest of this article and more) that although breaking the mould in terms of creativity did not inspire much in the way of sales. It really sucks that Sega decided to get out of the hardware business, but fortunately they are staying in the software business and will be making original titles well on into the future (we hope).

### PS2

The Playstation 2 has been doing okay but not brilliantly - the PSONE was outselling its bigger brother and still is (I think it still is but don't quote me). The lack of originality in the PS2's titles directly contrasts the Dreamcast, yet the PS2 still remains standing, a testament to both the savvy of Sony's marketing team and what the majority of the gaming public want. How the PS2 fares against the bigger guns of Nintendo and the gargantuan presence of Microsoft is another matter.

### GAMECUBE

Nintendo has been recognised throughout its history as being devoted to producing games that are genuinely fun rather than sensational or gimmicky. This has given it a kiddy image and the release of **Conker's Bad Fur Day** and other more "adult" (violent) titles released towards the end of the N64's life has sent a clear message that it is trying to shake a little bit of this cutesy image so that it can reap some of the great masses of money that Sony has been making by marketing to the older gamer. The Gamecube is still a largely unknown quantity. Nintendo mainstay Shigeru Miyamoto (the gaming genius behind all of Nintendo's big Japanese titles) continues to develop for the Gamecube, which can only be a good thing, and the change from cartridge to DVD can only improve the console's chances. But will Nintendo really ap-

peal to the adult audience? **Pikmin**, a title in development for the Gamecube, seems to reject such a notion with cute characters and cute gameplay more reminiscent of **Pokémon** than anything else.

### X-BOX

Microsoft's X-Box. Atari was the only other successful games console to come from a country other than Japan. Will the X-Box be able to repeat the Atari's success? I am betting...maybe. Having the power of Microsoft behind you (a billion Australian dollars have already been poured into the X-Box's marketing budget) has definite advantages, but the power of Microsoft alone won't be enough to make X-Box successful. It is one powerful mother of a console; it's got so much in it that it dwarfs the PS2 and Gamecube both in size and power (it is roughly the size of a VCR, and maybe even a bit bigger!). It comes with broadband net access, a hard drive and heavy duty processing power. But so far very little software support, from Japan, anyway. All the games in development so far are as boring as Bill Gates himself. Japan is the centre of the gaming world, and if X-Box does not do well there or gets poor support from Japanese game development teams then it will probably fizzle out. But it all really depends on how much Bill Gates is willing to put into it. No matter how much of a flop the product is, if he is willing to pump in enough money, then X-Box will eventually become successful pretty much no matter what (remember Windows anyone?).

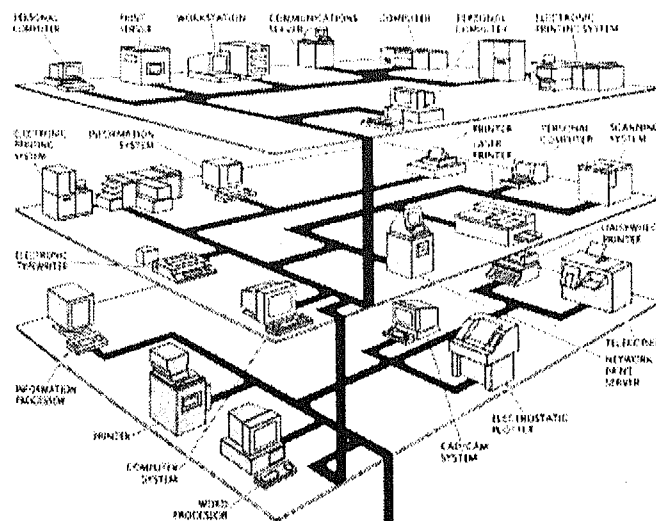
So what the hell are we supposed to do in the meantime while

we wait for all these machines to come out and then wait some more while everyone sorts out which one is "cool" and which one is "uncool"? You could watch a bunch of video clips on Video Hits and see which console is featured the most (so far PSONE is in the lead by a long shot, Dreamcast is second, N64 third) but that would be just too painful. I suppose you could go outside and go for a walk (bleuck!) or do an assignment (bleuck, bleuck!) or talk to your fellow woman/man (you guessed it bleuck x3) I recommend playing through old games over and over again, so as to waste even more of your life than you did the first time round and to really annoy the people around you who aren't into games.

### Fantastic fact of the day:

While Sony lost money in this year's first financial quarter (500 million A\$), blaming the high cost of manufacturing the PS2, Nintendo recorded a 72% rise in profits in the same quarter (about a billion A\$), supposedly explained by the weakness of the yen and the following gains from overseas investments. (Pokémon would not have hurt its profits, either!)

MP



Hey there music fiends, have we got a lot of stuff for you this week...

As ever, Adelaide Uni Student Radio will be dominating the airwaves on Monday and Tuesday. This Monday sees such favourites as **Well Powdered**, **Heresy**, **Dork in a Cup** and **Eye and Ear Control**. On Tuesday you may enjoy the fine tunes of **Local Noise**, the **Newsroom**, **I Took My Prozac** and the **Biscuit Power Flower Hour** (now there's an obscure Simpsons reference).

And then, instead of your usual hibernation until life becomes worthwhile again with AUSR Saturday nights, you'll be able to partake of the Battle of the Bands at the UniBar on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday night! My tip is the John Watson Side-show Mind Explosion, Wednesday at 10pm...

If you want to do something a bit different on Thursday night, of course, you should check out 'New School vs Old School', arranged by Denni from Local Noise -- This week the Crown and Sceptre will be displaying the talents of Veiled Glade and Brillig for only \$3! Doors open at 9pm, but I'm sure you knew that already...

And then you can round the week out by listening to **Urban Legends**, **Logos**, **None the Wiser** and **Noisegate** on Saturday night. Doesn't it feel great to have an entire week's worth of entertainment arranged so early!

Luke

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# generation teevee

## In Which Our Correspondent Peeks Seemingly At Random Through The Teevee Guide For Inspiration

What's that stench in the air? Ahhhhhhhh...I just lurve the smell of cross-promotion in the evening. Last night I happened across *A Current Affair* accidentally (get it off me; out damned spot; get out I need the shower now) and what are my delicate senses assaulted with? A 'story' on the new series *McLeod's Daughters*. Lemme think. Now, what channel is ACA on...? That's right: 9. And what channel is *McLeod's Daughters* airing on...? Oh, lookie here: 9. Hm.

Okay, sure, I understand that 9 is all very excited about the series, especially on a local level, what with it being shot in Gawler and all. But c'morn. Do you people really think the punters are too Thicky McThick to notice a current affairs programme plugging the other programmes on the same network? If this was an isolated incident I could let it slide. But this is the same network who shamelessly indulge in cross-programme back scratching on a weekly basis with *Location, Location; Money; Our House; Getaway; and Hot Property*. For all I know you do it with *Look Who's Coming to Dinner; Ground Force; and Burke's Backyard* as well, 'cept I can't bring myself to watch any of them to check. Oh, and of course: don't forget to buy the monthly magazine, available at all good newsagents who sell publications owned by that nice Packer family who also happen to own 9. In the immortal words of the evil Dr Claw: 'I'll get you next time'.

And before you get all smarmy and smug about it Channel 10—I still haven't forgotten the symbiotic relationship between *Big Brother* and *Rove Live*. The only thing I can't work out is which one is the hippopotamus, and which one is the little birdie that sits on his bum.

That said and done, it airs Wednesdays, 7:30, Channel 9: I'll be sure to check it out anyway because I like Jess Napier.

Saw a really weird thing recently. The first part of a nice little documentary series it was, called *The Human Body* (Mondays, 7:30, Channel 10). Strange thing about it was that it was presented by Sandra Sully, yet it bore an uncanny resemblance to a doco by the same name which was on the ABC a few years back. But it's 'presented' by a Channel 10 news reader, so that can't be the case now, can it?

At this point the can it should be dripping with sarcasm to the extent of forming a little puddle around your feet.

Hmmmm...sarcasmalicious.

Still, if you missed it on Aunty, check it out: it's an *amazing* doco, with the only presenter I've ever seen who is worthy to so much as breathe in the same air as David Attenborough.

And while I'm bitching, how the hell did *Airport* get another series? How long can you stretch it, really?

I haven't just been yelling obscenities at the teevee lately, though. It's not all pain and anguish on the set. There

thing about *Buffy*.

If you've never watched it's not too late because there's only been 3 or 4 episodes. It's not a challenge to pick up: the new chick star is trying to make friends with the insecure chick star who is dominated by the bitchy chick star. The hot bloke star is trying to boink the new chick star, whilst he is being a prick to his old friend, who is just a stand-in and not a star, and who likes the insecure chick star, who loves the hot bloke



are some good things. Like *Grosse Pointe* (Thursdays, 7:30, Channel 10). *Grosse Pointe* is good. It is funny. It is really funny. I'm not sure just how long they'll be able to stretch it out - I mean, how many plot lines, that is, decent and plausible plot lines, can they *possibly* cover over the length of the series, let alone into a second, third, or even fourth series? Then again, I once said the same

star.

Simple. Oh, and the whole thing is a 'behind-the-scenes' thingy about a bunch of folk who work on a prime-time teen drama series. And funny. Did I mention funny? The whole thing's got just the faintest tinge of irony about it, which I like. For instance: "Can you believe this call time? 6am, because we have to do stunts! This is all Sarah

Michelle Gellar's fault."

Which reminds me somewhat: excuse me whilst I go and put 'post-existentialist nihilist' on my census form, where it says 'What is the person's religion?'

Still on the subject of funny: have a little peekaboo at *All Aussie Adventures*. A rib-ticklingly funny take on the 'bush adventure' genre of teevee. Presented by the inept Russell Coight (played with incredibly campy seriousness by the cack-funny Glenn Robbins), *All Aussie Adventures* had us giggling on the couch like schoolgirls. It's nice to see that satire is still alive and well in this country - thanks to the Working Dog team involved in such laffs as *The Late Show; Frontline; and The Panel*. Marry me, Santo.

What else is good? *Lock, Stock*. Based on the fillum *Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels*, the series (a 7-parter) is really similar. A bunch of lads get into trouble with a bunch of different gangsters, but it all works out by the end of the episode. I doubt that they can really take it far beyond the film, but then again, I said the same thing about *Buffy*.

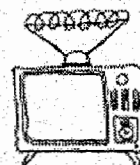
And yes, *Buffy* is the yardstick for all things.

Still, *Lock, Stock* is charming and funny, and the camera work is really groovy. I look forward to next week.

Fuck I hate lifestyle programming. Yet it's quite hypnotic at times, and you become convinced, just for a second, that you too can make that towel rack, herb planter, or genetically-enhanced ultimate warrior from scratch. But I just love the blokes and their ocker-ness. I love that whole 'hey, I may be in the kitchen, or choosing a curtain fabric, but I ain't no bleedin' doughnut-puncher' thing they seem to be trying to convey. The worst offenders are Shirl from *Our House*, and Aaron from *Surprise Chef*. Ahh...reaching out to men in a manly, non-gay way. That said, there's a guy on either *Location, Location* or *Hot Property* (can't remember which) who gets quite excited about interior colours and cushion fabric. So there are exceptions.

Oh, and sorry I forgot *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush* last week.

Jayne Lewis



# generation teevee



# U I D E O

**Frank Herbert's Dune (2000)**  
William Hurt, Alec Newman  
Giancarlo Giannini

*Frank Herbert's Dune* is a sci-fi miniseries adapted from the books compiled by Brian Herbert and Kevin Anderson. The films have it all – sex, political intrigue, religion, violence and magic. But, unfortunately, all this is not enough to save this somewhat long-winded miniseries. At almost five hours



long, it is a bit of a chore to get through, and a lot of not-so-special special effects don't make it any easier.

The story is also a bit thin, centred around the control of a desert planet which has some freaky stuff on it named Spice. This much-coveted possession makes people's eyes bright blue. Everybody wants it but we don't really know why it's important.

The first of the three parts is the most slow-paced, which may act as a deterrent to some to continue watching the second and third parts. However, if you do make it to the third part, it is far more rewarding than the start... and that is not just because you are finally reaching the end! It is faster-paced with more action and all the key players do their bit to try to ensure that the fate of the Spice planet unfolds the way they want.

Basically, you'd probably be better off reading the book. Perhaps, had the budget been bigger, it would've been more convincing. But sadly, it just wasn't.

### Dylan and Nat



*Dune: the Miniseries*  
As long as it makes more sense than the film, that's okay by me.

**The Thin Blue Line**  
Rob Marow, Randy Quaid  
Cynthia Preston, Frank Risol  
Paramount

Have something against America's crime or justice system? Then let me tell you, this is the movie for you! *The Thin Blue Line* is a non-original story about the bad cops in America; however, it is a true story. It follows the rise of investigative reporter John Newman in the 1970s, who won Pulitzer Prizes for exposing the crime and filth of the Philadelphia police department.

Rob Marow plays John Newman who unhappily gets shipped into courtroom journalism after not being a team player in the newsroom. However, he soon learns to become a team player when he tries to shack up with fellow reporter Kate Johnson (played by Cynthia Preston). Newman quickly discovers dodgy business happening in the town, with police bashing 'lower class people' to get supposed confessions. Kate doesn't like being a part of such a story, being in a small town, and drops the story. Newman is left dangerously investigating by himself, with the scary cops on his tail. When good guy Phil Chadway (played by Randy Quaid) realizes that Newman is on to something, they team up and gradually reveal the truth. Behind all of the deception is the pathetic mayor and ex-chief of police Frank Risol (Paul Sorvino).

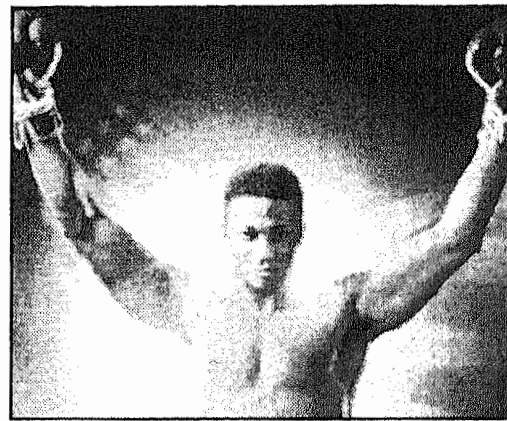
My first impression of *The Thin Blue Line* is that it is a very low-budget flick. However, I realized that the bad lighting and filming was deliberately used to make it seem scary. Didn't work. However, the storyline isn't too bad. It's the typical good-guys-beat-the-bad-guys story, with the main character scoring the chick. Personally, I prefer something a bit more original. Then again, you can only be so original with a true story. Like I said, if you aren't a big fan of America, then you'll love this one. It shows that America isn't the kick-ass country that everyone thinks it is. It is worth hiring just to get a bit of history about the American police force. However, in my opinion it just lacks a bit too much.

### Karina Carslake



**Ali: An American Hero (2000)**  
D: Leon Ichaso  
David Ramsey, Vondie Curtis-Hall  
Joe Morton, Khalil Kain  
Twentieth Century Fox Home  
Entertainment

I confess: I hate boxing and Muhammad Ali has never been on my top ten list of heroes (he probably languishes just below John Howard, Rolf Harris and Rick Astley). So I accepted the offer to write about this video with an inward groan, thinking, *That's just fine and dandy. I'm going to be watching a video about some dude who thought he could scratch like a kitten and sting like a bee, or whatever, and he'll be surrounded by girls in ra-ra skirts spelling out 'America rules the world' with their bodies, and soldiers as they salute the Star-spangled Banner.*



Like the excellent sport that I am, I decided to give the movie a red-hot go anyway and hunker down with my popcorn to snicker at the show. It began just as I expected, similar to many other sporting hero movies (see *Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story* as a case in point), with a small boy with a dream - sniffle - who has to overcome familial problems, racial and/or socio-economic prejudice, and the death of a friend or family member in order to become a champion. Sprinkle with romance and serve with a side order of schmaltz.

The story, unlike many others, is set in the context of a myriad of pivotal political events – the rise and subsequent assassination of Malcolm X, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy and the Vietnam War. The film deals

with Ali's conversion to the Muslim faith in a dubiously sympathetic manner, comparing it with the Christian views of Ali's father. There is also conflict from Ali's religious views when his wife refuses to act like a 'good Muslim woman'. I got really interested in this plot development and then it was just swept under the carpet. Hmmp.

As a hero, Muhammad Ali is celebrated in this film for the way his fame changed the views of the American people, both black and white. His sporting and personal triumph, however, is pinpointed as his boxing comeback follow-

ing his refusal to be inducted into the army and losing his first two fights following this controversy. The predictable ending ensues with dramatic music and Ali holding his hands up in victory. However, I was surprised to find that after the

credits had rolled this film did provoke me to think (always dangerous) and lead me to wonder to what extent the film was faithful to Ali's life.

This film is not a five-star must-see (there was too much of a made-for-TV whiff about it, with its hackneyed genre and no-name cast). However, if some friend of yours is a fan and insists upon renting this movie when you really want to see *Pretty Woman* one more time, don't give up the evening up for a total loss. Oh, and by the way, I couldn't resist pointing out that if you are interested in watching another priceless video record of a true American icon, check out *Bugs Bunny: All-American Hero* (1981). I'm sure Bugs has been just as inspirational to the American people.

Rebecca Doyle

## JAMES' VIDEO QUIZ!

1. How many *Die Hard* sequels have there been?
2. Alice Cooper stars in *Monster Dog*. What is his real name?
3. Who directed *Hannibal*?
4. Name the theme song from *Beverly Hills Cop*.
5. True or false: Trent Reznor, of Nine Inch Nails, has a small role in *Light of Day*.
6. Who wrote the novel *The Virgin Suicides*?
7. What do *Dog Day Afternoon*, *The Godfather* and *The Devil's Advocate* (1997) have in common?
8. What is the title of the latest James Bond film?
9. Name one of the stars of *The Towering Inferno*.
10. True or false: Kathleen Turner appears unbilled in *The Truth About Demons*.

Answers (which are upside down to help you resist the temptation to cheat)

1. Two, 2. Vincent Frontier, 3. Ridley Scott, 4. The Heat is On, 5. True, 6. Jeffrey Eugenides, 7. They all star Al Pacino, 8. The World is Not Enough, 9. Steve McQueen, 10. False.



# F I L M



## Nurse Betty Palace/Nova cinemas Opens 23<sup>rd</sup> August

If you are expecting something along the lines of *Bridget Jones' Diary* you may be highly confused by this dark and unusual film. Starring Renee Zellweger as Betty, it is the story of a small-town woman who is working in a diner and married to a complete pig called Del (who has the best mullet I've ever seen). Her dreams of becoming a nurse have fallen along the wayside and she spends much of her life watching the daytime soapie *A*

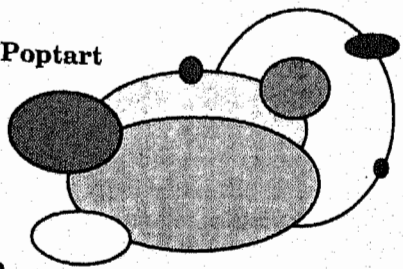


Nurse Betty

*Reason To Love* which stars the strong-jawed Dr David Ravell (Greg Kinnear). On her birthday which her husband has forgotten she huddles on the couch watching Dr Ravell staring at the moon and declaring that there is someone special out there for him. When Betty witnesses her husband being violently murdered by two hit-men, she enters a strange state of altered reality where she believes that she is really a nurse and the fiancée of David Ravell. Stealing one of her husband's cars she hits the road for LA, followed closely by Charlie (Morgan Freeman) and Wesley (Chris Rock).

This film has such an original script which is such a refreshing change to the usual Hollywood claptrap. Zellweger is a strange yet inspired choice to play Betty as she has the right air of innocence and nicety. Morgan Freeman is also outstanding as usual as the chivalrous hitman Charlie, who is half in love with his prey. Greg Kinnear certainly looks like he has stepped straight off the set of *General Hospital*, but I hope that one day he will play a different character because he always plays such schmucks. There is a scene in here that was so violent that I had to turn away, but it is really on the whole a hysterically funny film. Watch out for that creepy thin man from *Charlie's Angels* actually playing a nice guy in a small role. He still manages to give me the creeps because I kept expecting him to start sniffing everyone's hair. Watch this and marvel at the sheer ingenuity of it all.

Poptart



SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF PAYING THE RENT...

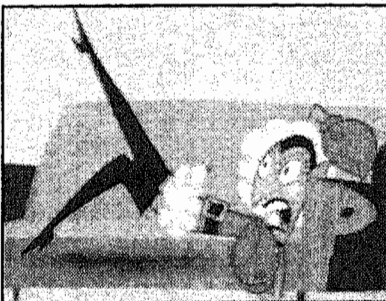


## Felafel Giveaways!

The nice folk at Roadshow have given us 6 double passes to a sneak preview of *He Died With A Felafel In His Hand*, screening on Monday the 20<sup>th</sup> of August. To get your hands on this piece of rolled Aussie gold, get on down to the *On Dit* office at 2:15pm Wednesday and be prepared to compete to see this fantastic film. By far the best Aussie film of the year so far. (Stay tuned for more fabulous felafel giveaways next week.)

# movie event of the year!

There is exciting news just out that there is a Powerpuff Girls movie on the way, so I thought I'd do a bit of band wagon jumping and cast the live action adult version.



**Blossom** - The headstrong leader of the group, so my vote goes for Sarah Michelle Gellar, as long as she dyes her hair red again.



After all, Buffy sure can kick some butt.

**Bubbles** - The joy and the laughter of the group has to be the ever gorgeous Reese Witherspoon.

**Buttercup** - The toughest fighter of course has to be the feisty Christina Ricci.

**Mojo jojo** - Bad monkey, no biscuit for you! Has to be the ever-versatile Gary Oldman.

**Him** - Gross! A transvestite devil with a passion for leg warmers and aerobics has to be the camp favourite Tim Curry.

**Professor Utonium** - square jawed Mr Nice. Perhaps Mr Charlie Sheen has a big enough jaw to take on the role.

**Mayor** - Bumbling, ineffectual and remarkably stupid. Leslie Nielsen springs to mind.

**Miss Bellum** - Only ever seen from the breasts down, yet easily the most intelligent character on the show. I'm thinking Sigourney Weaver.

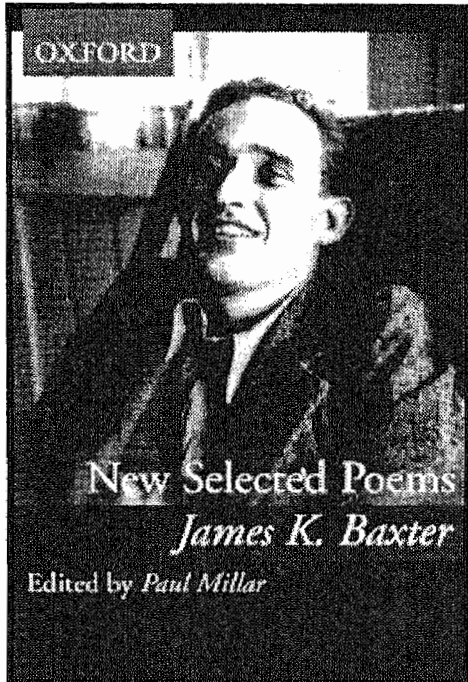
**Seduca** - Slinky burglar-type who can seduce any man - Angelina Jolie has to be it.

Poptart





# Literature Special Travel Section



*New Selected Poems*  
James K. Baxter  
Oxford

In Paul Millar's introduction to this collection of James Baxter's work, he refers to a current critical habit of regarding the poet as 'a writer of great lines or phrases, rather than a writer of great poems'. I certainly enjoyed many of Baxter's lines; for example 'I do not like this chariot. It gives me/Faustian dreams'; and "This fraulein has no tits; her skull mask grins -/Is death venereal?" Other than these few quotable gems, though, I found little to impress me in the writings of this New Zealand poet.

Many of his poems are ruined by an adherence to archaic forms and a love of rhyme ill-suited to his subject matter. In 'Charm for Hilary', for example, his rhyming pattern reminds me of my own primary school poetry efforts: 'May the Pleiads seven/And the powers of Heaven/Keep thee night and day/From harm and disarray'. Similarly, 'Lament for Barney Flanagan' suffers from Baxter's attempt to emulate the rollicking rhythms and rhymes of a bush ballad: 'Barney Flanagan, sprung like a frog/From a wet root in an Irish bog -/May his soul escape from the tooth of the dog!/God have mercy on Flanagan'. There are ample examples of such corn ('You think you're pretty smart,/But a cat has nine lives./The barman's fart/Smelt of onion and chives'.), but I won't go on.

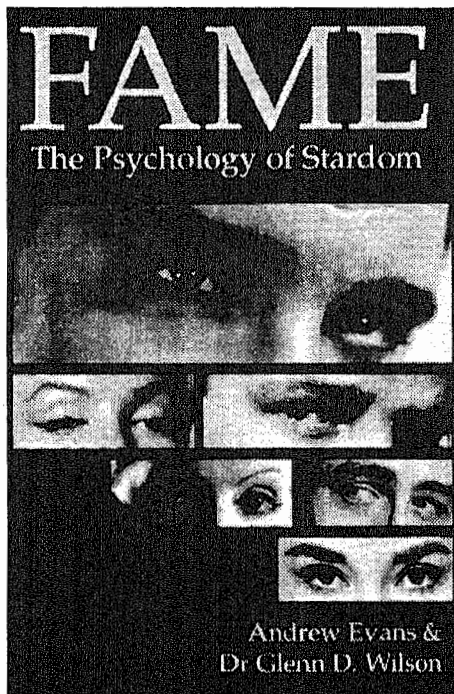
If Baxter's frustrating use of language doesn't cause you to use his poems as wallpaper in the garage, then his views and values may well do so. He is a misogynist of the worst kind, and anyone who can handle lines like the following bewilders me: 'Love is a word that poets rhyme with/and idle children pass the time with;/a woman's wit can never fail,/her intellect is in her tail'. This distressing combination of kindergarten verse and patriarchal jocularly should ensure that this book (whose cover is pink and purple) remains on the shelves of the bookstore.

Fortunately, Baxter's work seems to improve as he ages, finally breaking free from the rules of form and rhyme that dogged his early poems. Poems like 'In Fires of No Return' and 'Elephanta' reveal a new voice for the poet, with some

beautiful imagery used in calm explorations of the New Zealand landscape. Baxter's late conversion to Roman Catholicism also provides some pleasing inspiration for his poems, resulting in some of his most successful metaphors: 'Christ is the winter sea whitened by whirlwinds. He is also the albatross floating at the centre of endless calm'. By 1972, when he composes 'Autumn Testament', Baxter had found a poetical voice capable of succinctly encapsulating his ideas, and the simplicity and honesty of this work is moving: 'I have seen at evening/Two ducks fly down/To a pond together./The whirring of their wings/Reminded me of you'.

But it is too little too late. This three-hundred-page volume provides too generously a sampling of Baxter's immature early work, and fails to compensate for this with any extended examination of his later poems. And - as if to hammer the final nail into the coffin containing any thought of purchasing this collection - pages eighteen, nineteen, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-seven and thirty are completely blank.

Philip Thiel



*Fame: The Psychology of Stardom*  
Andrew Evans &  
Dr Glenn D. Wilson  
Vision Paperbacks

When I was little I remember asking my mother if she ever wanted to be famous and when she replied "no - just happy", I was incredulous. As an adult I can see that was an informed opinion, and understandably so - if *The Psychology of Fame* is anything to build your perceptions of fame on, it will probably deter any "fame wannabes" for life. Although it has all the makings of an academic textbook the research lacks any real or lived experiences of fame and tends to be based more on the authors' opinions. The book reads more like a 'pop psychology' self-help guide to coping with the absolutely horrendous pressures of being recognised and having far too much money. Littered with utterly passe comments such as "[w]omen, on the other hand, who compete in male dominated

fields such as business and politics have higher testosterone levels than those who maintain a domestic lifestyle..." (56), this book has passed its use by date in not only the gender debates, but in any popular psychology genre.

If we unpack the word 'fame', in its simplest terms it means "grand, excellent, and known to very many people". This definition is the basis for what editors of magazines such as *New Weekly* and *Who* use when deciding who should or shouldn't make it onto their pages, it should not be the basis for an academic research project. This book could offer a more complex and involved analysis of fame positing new and challenging directions of thought but alas it does not. Is *Fame: The Psychology of Stardom* an apt title for this book? I think not - this book should be called 'How to be Famous and Survive: A Self-Help Guide to Hollywood'!

Karen Turner



*They're only human*  
James Grieve  
Allen & Unwin

*They're only human* was one of the most surprising reads I've had in a while. No, this is not because it was filled with sneaky twists and turns at every page. In fact, on the contrary, it was shockingly predictable; merely a quarter of the way through, it was easy to see how all the story threads would wind together at the end.

Where this book caught me offguard was not with its story line but with its strangely inconsistent style. From the ridiculous cover and the droll blurb, I was expecting a light-hearted foray into the politics of animal rights. The first couple of chapters seem to deliver this, but from then onwards the novel plunges into a wet pile of teenage angst and drama. To be fair, the author does do one of the best jobs I've seen at portraying the sometimes utter irrationality of hormonal adolescents, but unfortunately this realism only serves to make the protagonist even more unlikeable.

"Bloody hell, how did I manage to get stuck with this 'Young Adults' crap?!" I was wondering at this point. Imagine my surprise when the story took another U-turn, this time into a dark world of youth

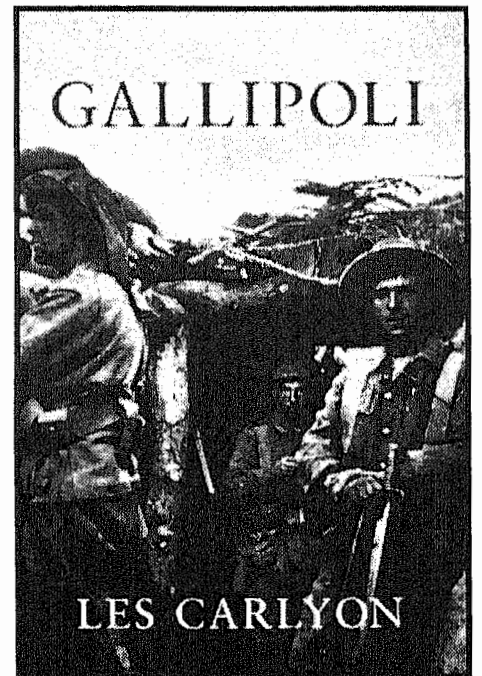
suicide and child molestation. This transition might have redeemed the novel somewhat by finally creating some emotional resonance with the characters, but by this point I found it impossible to star caring.

Certainly the author has managed to avoid the clichés, but it's not enough to be original - it also has to be good, and this odd kiltering from one genre to the next just doesn't balance. Ultimately the problem lies within the fact that there isn't a character in sight you can feel anything but contempt for.

Also, I object to a book being marketed as a bit of fun, and then without warning turning disturbingly serious on you. Kids could pick up this harmless looking paperback and wind up seriously traumatised.

After all that negativity you'll probably be surprised to hear that I actually didn't mind reading this book too much. At the very least it was never boring, which I believe is the worst of crimes. However, I'm sure you could easily find something more satisfying, so I suggest you give this one a miss.

Justin Ghan



*Gallipoli*  
Les Carolyn  
Pan Macmillan

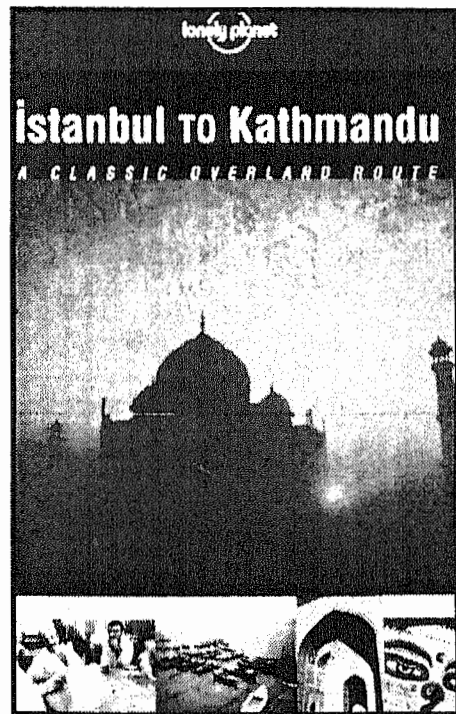
I am one of the first people to admit that I know nothing about my country's history, military history included. So I guess I saw this book as an opportunity to learn something about one particular episode in Australia's history which seems to have affected how we saw ourselves during the First World War and ever since. Gallipoli is written in a fairly novel-like form, so I reckoned that, even though I wasn't a history student, I would be able to have an enjoyable read and learn a bit along the way. Carlyon begins his book with quite a philosophical musing as he visits the Gallipoli peninsula today. He writes of the tourists, the locals, the remnants of war and the annual dawn service with clarity and honesty. It was clear that Carlyon wasn't going to shy away from telling things as he saw them. He wasn't afraid to be critical of the tourists' brief interest in history or about his failure to



understand what Gallipoli means to Australians.

Gallipoli continues with an in depth analysis of a lot of the First World War, details of Churchill, Kitchener, and many other individuals whose names are not as famous, have their characters, personal histories and motivations examined by Carlyon. The long build-up to the fatal beach landing is documented, the detail is extensive and thorough research is evident. Unfortunately for my tastes there was simply too much description of the minutiae of war. I wasn't interested in every change in opinion by those in charge, every ship's position or details of the ridges on the peninsula itself, although to read of the mistakes that contributed to the huge number of casualties was intriguing. Nearly ninety years have passed since these events took place and I have a real difficulty understanding the ideology of the people Carlyon describes. Maybe this huge culture gap was why this description of war merely left me feeling a bit baffled and entirely overwhelmed by information.

Cheryl

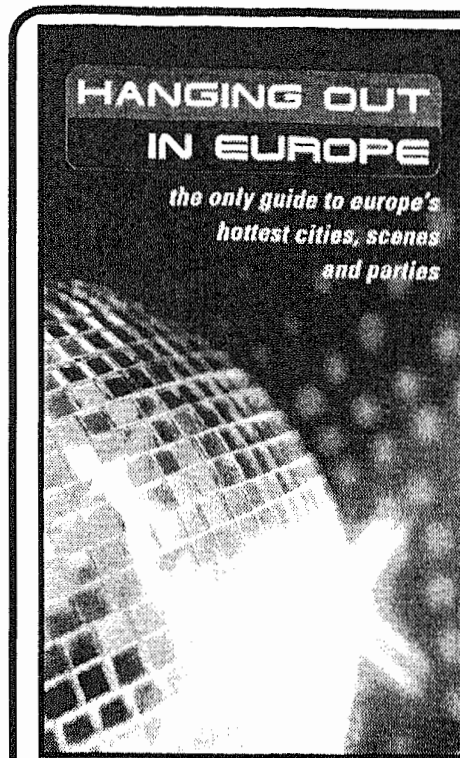


*Istanbul to Kathmandu: A Classic Overland Route*  
Paul Harding & Simon Richmond  
Lonely Planet

Lonely Planet guidebooks are famous for the careful way in which they balance the practical and poetic elements of global travel. Alongside gritty tips about health and accommodation are enthusiastic descriptions of cultural and environmental realities, which make their publications interesting for the nomadic wanderer and grounded suburbanite alike.

This particular book takes a different approach to most other guide books in its focus on an overland route, the 10,000 kilometre stretch eastwards from Istanbul to Kathmandu, instead of an exploration of one particular nation or region. This clear focus on the set route may seem restrictive for independent travellers, but the co-authors of the book make sure that a range of alternatives and possible side tracks are offered to make each journey idiosyncratic.

It is a reference book, and reading the entire tome would be foolish. Luck-



and getting around advice, *Hanging Out* guides have a few sections not usually seen in travel books. First, each region covered in the guides has a 'Wired' section, which profiles useful websites and places to access the internet from. The guides also have sections called 'Five Things To Talk to a Local About' which would be useful in both getting to know the locals, and avoid offending them!

If you're looking for a guidebook that's a bit different from the norm, give the *Hanging Out* series a go.

ily, clear headings and well-considered section breaks allow for quick accessing of relevant information. I, for want of a better example, was able to skip the 'Travel with Children', 'Organised Tours' and 'Motorcycle' sections, but found 'History', 'Religion' and 'Toilets' dynamic and engaging. The 'History' section is surprisingly readable, with a focus on Alexander the Great's journey through the region as well as the important presence of Islam and the period of British colonisation. Alexander's epic journey is of central importance to the region, and many of the sites of interest along the route relate to his experiences.

Many of the tips in the introduction are invaluable lessons from travellers who know what fellow travellers need in the way of information. The sections on the etiquette of visiting sites of religious worship and tips on utilising the Iranian black market are especially useful. Also valuable are suggested techniques for avoiding 'The Colossal Commission Rip-off', 'The Turkish Taxi Sting' and 'Other Scams'. The most comprehensive section of all relates to health, outlining the dangers of travel in the region and suggesting programmes of preventative immunisation.

Occasionally the narrative's tone can become a little paternalistic: do readers really need reminding that eating sufficient amounts of food is a requirement when travelling vast distances? Another weakness is the utter insufficiency of the tokenistic language guide and regional maps if an actual visit to the region is being contemplated.

Overall, though, this unique new approach from Lonely Planet is a good one. The large sections on each of the five nations, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India and Nepal, are comprehensive and informative, and the fact that these five nations are explored in a single volume makes this publication very good value for your guide book dollar. The trip sounds like a good one, too.

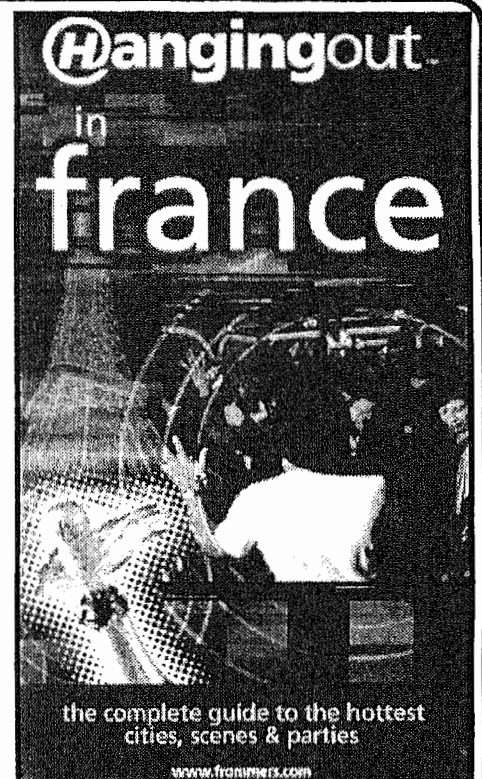
Philippe Thiele

## Hanging Out in Europe Hanging Out in France Hungry Minds

These are just two books in the new *Hanging Out* series, published by Hungry Minds. Other titles cover Ireland, England and Spain.

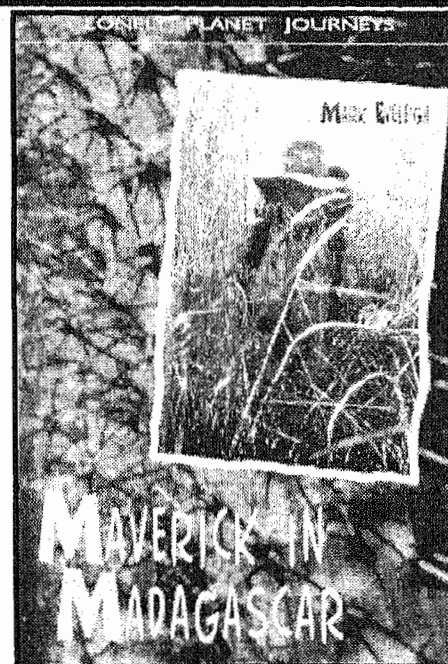
The youth focus of the *Hanging Out* guidebooks sets them apart from other travel books. Both *Hanging Out in Europe* and *Hanging Out in France* put effort into finding places to visit that are either less well-known, cheap, or that are aimed at young people. Needless to say, the guides place particular emphasis on reviewing night life.

However, if you're not really interested in putting pubs and clubs on your travel itinerary, these guides are still worth a read. In addition to all the usual guidebook stuff, including maps, recommended accommo-



## GIVEAWAYS!

We have a copy of each of these babies to give away. Come down to the office on Wednesday at 4:55pm and give us your best handstand if you want to win one.



*Maverick in Madagascar*  
Mark Eveleigh  
Lonely Planet Publications

"This is not my own lie. This is a lie that the ancestors told me."

Interesting way to pull a reader in isn't it? Well, it worked for me at any rate. This book, although it doesn't look like a very good read, is actually quite interesting.

In contrast to the famous Lonely Planet guide, this book discusses more about the cultures, stories and history of the place, rather than where to find a cheap meal or room. It doesn't exactly read like a novel, but more like a personalised diary entry perhaps, recounting the author's adventures and mishaps as he travels the country.

It also has a certain kind of charm to it, owing to the fact that it is quite amusing, written not by an esteemed writer, but an avid traveller.

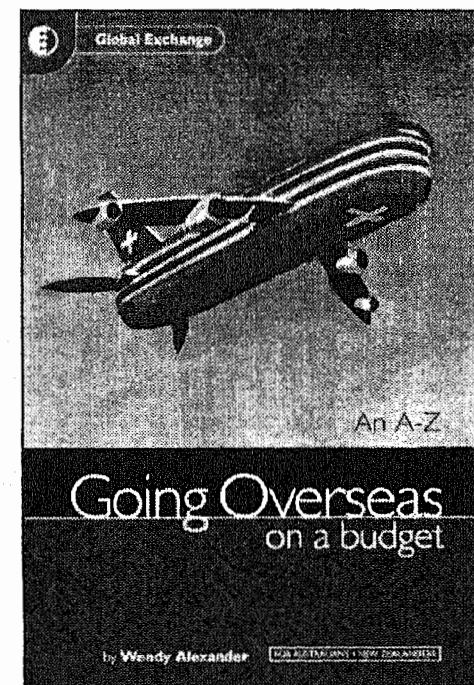
He includes interesting descriptions too, of the area, the animals. Well, perhaps they're interesting comparisons:

"I saw a large white snake disappear into the undergrowth. It had been sloughing and left the crinkly ribbon of its skin

behind on the track, like a neatly rolled-off condom..."

You don't need to be planning to go to Madagascar to read this book. Give it a try. It will give you something fun to do in your spare time.

Hoa Hua



*Going Overseas on a budget*  
Wendy Alexander  
Global Exchange

This is a very general travel guide book. Set out under alphabetical headings, the contents of *Going Overseas* is quite basic. Alexander introduces ideas such as customs, currency, and accommodation. This would be interesting reading for first-timers, but probably nothing new for seasoned travellers. Alexander does give some useful advice for those on a budget, such as cheap accommodation and transport options. If you're going overseas for the first time, or want to brush up on a few travel tips, then this book could be for you.

Emily



# I don't know much about art, but I know what I like

## SALA Week Highlight

### Howard Hinton Collection Carrick Hill

My arrival at Carrick was marked with uncertainty. How does one review an exhibition that from prior indications boasts paintings of flowers, gardens and scenery by a smattering of mostly unfamiliar artists? I was armed, however, with the familiar disclaimer 'I don't know much, but I know what I like'. My reservations were misplaced, though, and I was pleasantly surprised.

The exhibition (of sixty or so oils, watercolours, woodcuts etc) is a selection from the Howard Hinton collection, focussing on the theme of gardens. Thus, flowers are quite prominent. A large proportion of the exhibition is still-lives (think paintings of flowers in vases). I anticipated this and was sceptical. My scepticism (naturally) proved groundless. Much of the brilliance of the exhibition ultimately rests on its exploitation of this theme.

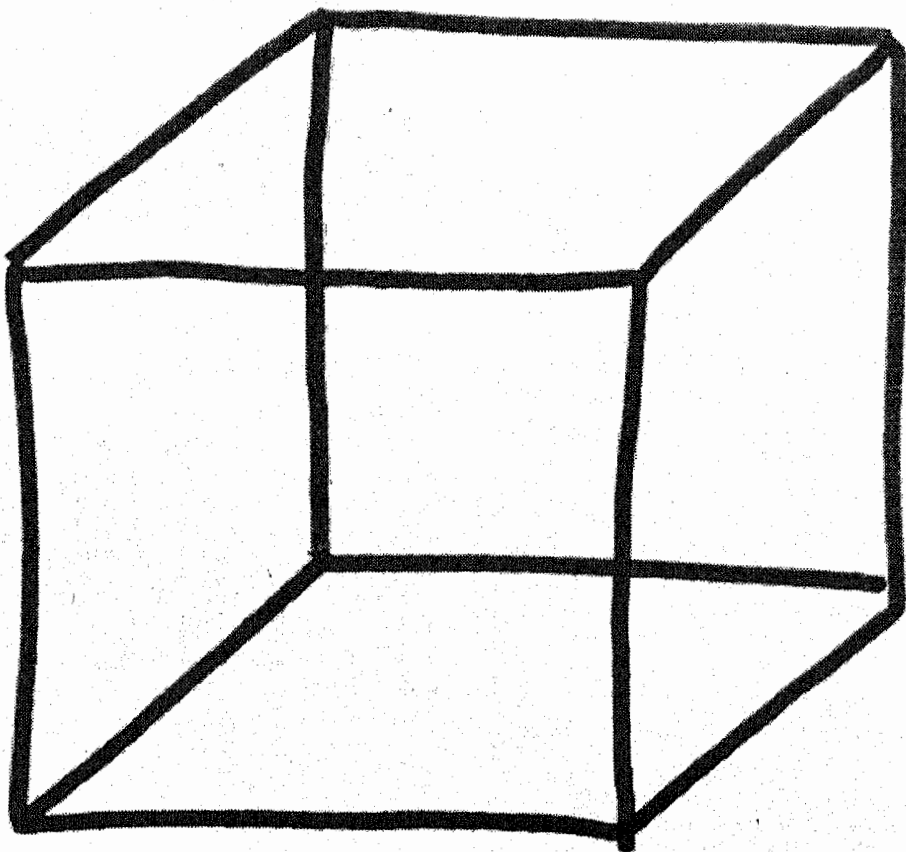
The setting is also well suited. The scenery of the Carrick Hill grounds also complements the paintings. The windows frame the gardens in such a way that these too seem additional pieces of artistry.

The exhibition itself is not large (and, while it is free, entry to Carrick Hill does cost) so I recommend spending an afternoon and, more than just taking in the exhibition, strolling around the Gatsby-esque mansion and its grounds. The artwork elsewhere in the house is worth inspection in itself. And, should you be the last to leave (as I invariably was), you may be treated to a fascinating lesson in local history by the more-than-accommodating staff.

With Spring only weeks away, this is just the place to be. And take your mother along too. She'll love it. Mine did.

Tom Sullivan

## anti-doodle of the week



## Pavement Art

Over the past few years of pedestrian travel I've noticed the emergence of small time art on the street fixtures of the city. As I wander from place to place seeing stickers and street stencils the mystery behind this human addition to the grey industrial poles and pavements makes me ponder: who does it? Who are these creative fairies that spend their precious time providing the alert walker with visual stimulation? When do they purposefully get around town plastering the place with their work? What's their motive?

For example, those postcard-sized stickers with slick shadows of the human face occasionally emblazoned with the word 'sex'. Are they just meant to incite questions?

Strictly found on the pavement is the 'The Professor knows the answers' with a large bald, bulbous 'professor' head. Now here, I, being Prof., must claim not to know the answers at all, or to have an apparently obligatory, large bald, bulbous head for that matter.

So who are you? You'd better be prepared, because one day I'll find you on the street doing your little art environment thing and you'll get twenty questions about why you're so delightful as to make the street more appealing to travel along. Thank you, young pavement artists!

Prof. Booty

## CONGRATULATIONS

### James Mackenzie

James is the winner of the *On Dit* Cover Art Competition. His design appears on the cover of this edition. If you forgot to enter, look out for next year's Cover Competition.

## Theatre Corner

### *The Doll's House*

Bakehouse Theatre Company

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> August to Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> August

The Bakehouse Theatre

Henrik Ibsen's relevant tale of a nineteenth century woman's retreat from a traditional marriage is well interpreted by director Andrew Jefferis and a competent cast from the Bakehouse Theatre Company.

The play centres around a childish and cunning wife who deceives her patronising husband until she is eventually forced to confront the real world outside. When Ibsen first unveiled the play before the Scandinavian public the controversial issues that it dealt with were greeted with a mixture of praise and indignation. It has since been hailed as among the most confident works of early feminist theatre.

Helen Geoffreys' exceptional performance as the seemingly frivolous Nora Helmer stands out for much of the play. Geoffreys also works well with American expatriate Rob MacPherson, who was confident in his portrayal of Nora's condescending husband. (I'm sure MacPherson is tired of reviewers pointing out the fact that he bears more than a passing resemblance to Henry Winkler, so I shan't mention it any further.)

Stand-out performances also came from Catharine Campbell as Kristine Linde (Nora's unassuming confidant) and former SBS announcer Roger Newcombe, who added his own charming brand of humour to the bitter-sweet character of Dr Rank.

The "nursery" set, which largely remained the same throughout, was reminiscent of Carl Larsson's illustrations of Swedish domestic bliss. Jefferis originally thought that setting the action in a nursery would make Nora's decision all the more complex, but later discovered during rehearsals that it became more like a playroom for the ironically childish and aristocratic wife.

"Rehearsing the play has been a process of unwrapping layers of intention and intrigue," said Jefferis. "As an acting ensemble we have had enormous pleasure working with the delicacy and incisiveness of Ibsen's dialogue."

Tristan



# Ministry Of Sound Club Nation Tour

Heaven Nightclub July 27<sup>th</sup>, 2001.

It seems to be the case that most good events only come once a year: Christmas, your birthday, and the Ministry of Sound (MOS) Club Nation Tour. This tour, which headlined some of the best house DJs from interstate and overseas, also included live act Infusion, and a list of who's who in the local DJ scene. Now, being a bit of a MOS fan, I grabbed my glow sticks, donned the clubbing gear and headed out for eight hours of clubbing enjoyment. This event was spread over two rooms, and since my cloning vat broke last week, I mainly concentrated on the main room, and the big acts. In the smaller of the two rooms, a range of local DJs who ranged from Heaven residents DJ Kontrol through to the likes of DJ Odyssey and Relax also played some fantastic sets from all accounts. In the main room, local DJ Brendon kicked the night off, playing a brilliant set of commercial house, using some of the tracks off the Ministry of Sound compilation *Club Nation 2001*, which has been released in conjunction with this tour. Following on with the commercial house theme was Declan Lee, a renowned DJ from Sydney, who co-mixed the previously mentioned compilation. His set started where Brendon's left off, and then raised the bar, steering

away from the commercial sounds, and adding more of a hard house and progressive feel to his mix. Following Declan was the beautiful and very skilled DJ Lottie, who travelled from the UK to please the crowd with some hard-hitting house. Then came Dan Kahuna who absolutely blew me away with his hard house set, beginning with an old school feel, then with his mixing of Faithless's 'We Come 1', which he mixed with for over fifteen minutes. Then came Infusion, who was playing in Adelaide for the first time, and their live electronic act has to be seen to be believed. With two samplers, and vocals, these guys were a major highlight of the night. A must see when they come back this way again. To wrap up, Mark Dynamix, the other co-mixer of the MOS Club Nation compilation, fired off an hour set of hard house. However, at 4am, most people were beginning to lose interest, which is a shame, as Mark is one quality house DJ. In conclusion, there was more house there that night than a real estate agent would know what to do with. The combination of live electronica and DJs was great, and for the most part it was one brilliant event.

Jester (a.k.a. Podium Boy)

**Ministry of Sound:**  
Dance Nation mixed by Pee Wee & GT  
Various Artists  
Ministry of Sound  
Recordings

The Ministry of Sound does pump out many quality compilations through the year, but this one would have to tout two of the heaviest hitters in commercial/house music in Australia. Pee Wee Ferris is renowned as being one of Australia's most popular club DJs, regularly pleasing audiences all over the country, and GT (Groove Terminator - originally from Adelaide) is renowned for playing some of the best house and commercial sets ever heard around town. So what happens when you get these guys to mix a CD each of the year's most popular house music? Quality, that's what. Pee Wee's mix (CD 1) fires out of the starting blocks with 'How Do U Like Bass' by Norman Bass, then torpedoes into 'Blood is Pumpin' by Voodoo & Serano, which samples 'Higher State of Consciousness' by Josh Winx, a legendary track. This quality and style passes through the whole of Pee Wee's mix. GT's mix (which I personally enjoyed) begins with the smooth Jakatta track 'American Dream' and follows with favourites such as 'All I Do' by Cleptomaniacs feat. Bryan Chambers and 'Spaced Invader' by Hatrias feat. Slarta John. In summing, this is a thumping twin disc set...thanks, lads.

Jester

**Ministry of Sound:**  
Club Nation 2001  
Mixed by Mark Dynamix and Declan Lee  
Various Artists  
Ministry of Sound  
Recordings

This album coincides with the coming of the Ministry of Sound Club Nation Tour, which played at Heaven nightclub on July 27<sup>th</sup>. Or the tour coincides with this album, I can't tell which! Anyway, this twin compilation, as the name suggests, has a club style to it, with both DJs playing mixes which sound like they are straight out of a good night clubbing. The Declan Lee mix (disc 1), which is the better of the two discs, I think, has a commercial feel to it, as he uses tracks such as 'The Bass Has Got Me Movin' by [Love] Tattoo, and one of my present favourites 'American Dream' by Jakatta. The Mark Dynamix mix includes some of the acts which appeared on the tour, such as 'Starwater, It's Alright' by Infusion and 'Welcome' by Nubreed, both of which are quality Australian acts, which is good to see. Dynamix's mix is a little more house orientated, and probably just a bit better mixed than disc 1. All in all, if you went to the *Club Nation 2001* tour event at Heaven, this is a good reminder of how good the night was. Not a bad twin disk set, but I'm hanging out for the next Ministry of Sound Annual!

Jester

# Battle of the Bands

## Starts Wednesday!



Want to see some of South Australia's finest up-and-coming bands compete for the right to head to Tasmania for the national finals?

See quality and hilarity collide as serious and joke bands meet head-to-head.

Heats will be held in the evenings  
Unibar Level 5, Union Building

This week: Wednesday 15th, Thursday 16th, and Friday 17th  
Next week: Wednesday 22nd, Thursday 23rd and Friday 24th  
of August.

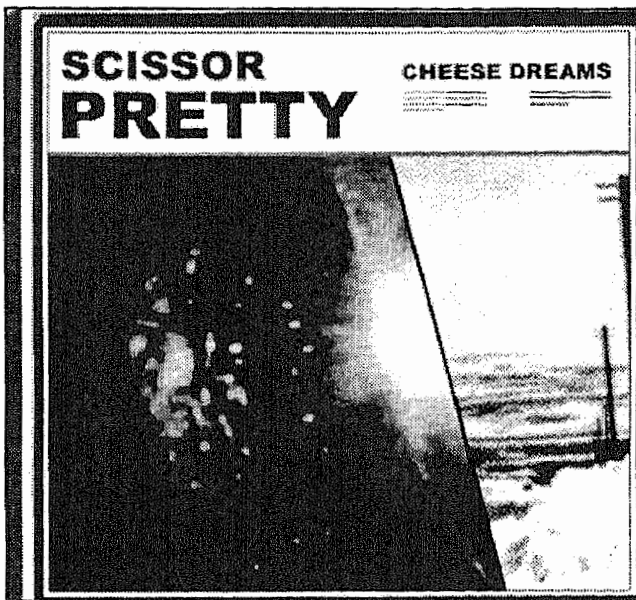
The Final will be held 31st of August.

Proudly brought to you by UNION ACTIVITIES





# Scissor Pretty



Adelaide's "Goth" scene. The band's first release 'are you home?' did quite well, receiving a great deal of play on community radio station 3D (93.7 fm), which allowed the band to reach a much wider audience than would have otherwise been possible. (support 3D radio, it is very very good!). With their latest release, funded in part by the wonderful Arts S.A., Scissor Pretty have shed their black attire and eye make-up, and more importantly have decided to move

Scissor Pretty's latest single/ E.P. release provides five tracks of keyboard driven and at times psychedelic pop/rock. The especially "cheesy" title track acts as a very accessible opener, but it is definitely the later tracks which display the band's talents. With a firm, intriguing and well-crafted style this is a strong release. M.C. discoballs

"ba-ba ba-ba ba-na-na-na ba-ba BA-BA BA-NA-NA-NA-NA!". On Lazaro's Dog's first E.P., Home Entertainment System, tracks tend to begin with a very soft sample, then kick in with forceful funk/punk guitars. Unlike many bands, L.D. have created a debut which displays a great deal of songwriting ability, but also captures the live energy for which the band has become renown. Beyond the title track stand outs include 'Globe Derby' and the instrumental 'Velvet Motor'. M.C. discoballs

Scissor Pretty : a "juxtaposition of forms", relating the dangers of humanity and our limitations as a race of physical co-culprits. OK, so I made that last part up, but the band's name, just like it's music is very open to interpretation. Founded several years ago by students at Adelaide University, local band Scissor Pretty, have matured a great deal since their inception. The four piece initially began creating quite atmospheric music which appealed to many involved with

away from the Gothic style which their fans had so readily latched on to. The most notable divergence from previous material comes in the title track 'Cheese Dreams', which clearly, and purposefully, displays a very "cheesy" and tongue in cheek side to the band. What really comes across in recording, however, is a love of 80's English music, formed mainly due to the keyboard driven approach of the band. Of course there are many styles and groups that have influence upon members of the band, and all of these find a way in through the very collaborative way in which the band creates it's material. Finding a "meeting ground" somewhere between Bowie, The Smiths, Air, Steriolab, Radiohead and recently Patsie Kline Scissor Pretty have created a fine release indeed. Those interested in seeing Scissor Pretty can usually do so at one of their regular shows at the infamous Supermild about every 3 months. The band with also be playing live to air on 5UV, on the 28th of August at about 9.00pm, but can be seen in the flesh on the 30th of Aug at The Crown and Sceptre, or at a fund raising gig for Amnesty International on the 1st of Sept. For more details check out the band's web site at [www.scissorpretty.com](http://www.scissorpretty.com).

M.C. discoballs



# Surrounded by Sound

Why not start your weekend early this week and check out the 5UV Sessions at the Crown & Sceptre on Thursday night with Veiled Glade and Brillig - while supporting your fun-loving and oh-so-altruistic Student Radio!

Saturday night sees Fear of Flying (formerly Timothy) launch their album 'Park For May' at Music House (cnr. Morphett and Nth. Tce.) with Hummel and The Bar Wenches. Those into groovy beats and hip-hop can check out The Hilltop Hoods along with special guests and DJ's galore at St. Pauls!

Yet another CD launch on Saturday night at the Holdfast Hotel (rumoured to be ceasing live enter-

tainment soon so go show your support!) as punk outfit Lazaro's Dog skank it up with The Packets.

The Enigma Bar down the West End of Hindley St. also has a great Saturday night in store with a lineup that boasts up-and-coming electro-artist Frost as well Speed, Cooperblack and Shimmertek.

For an interesting yet laid-back Sunday night head back to the comfy atmosphere of the Crown & Sceptre when Sydney's Sea Life Park are supported by Frost and Radar-B.

Treat your eardrums to the best in town - get surrounded by sound!

Michael Paradowski

# Local Noise

Well its another 'Local Noise Live' week upon us already and it would be great to see a few of you readers at the Crown and Sceptre Hotel this Thursday night the 16th in support of some good local music. This weeks battle is between old school rockers VEILED GLADE, and new school electro-poppers BRILLIG. VEILED GLADE rely on the traditional instrumentation of big guitars to create their atmospheric sound, and have finally completed their long awaited EP for you to check out. BRILLIG haven't been on the scene too long, but already have a fantastic album, 'Untangled' out which has recieved much acclaim Australia-wide. Their haunting sound is created through a marriage of guitar, bass, cello and plenty of fancy drum loops and samples. Fur-

thermore, their live show incorporates a bit of cinematography with various films being shown during their performance to enhance the experience. Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. And don't pay any more than \$3 or you are getting ripped off!

Get there early for a few drinks as the action begins at 9.

If you are still not sure whether it is worth the effort to get out of the house on thursday night, get a sneak preview of what BRILLIG are all about as they appear on Local Noise this week also. Just tune that wireless into 531 on the old school dial at 9pm Tuesday night. Easy. It may be the best thing you decide to do all week. It couldn't be easier.

denni d.

# Dial · The Seen

Live - Tivoli - 11.08.2001

Boy were we bollocksed, much to the door bitch's amusement. In fact, we really don't remember much of the night, which is a pity. As always, we were fashionably late—what, with all the drinking and stuff, so we managed to miss the first band entirely. We're sure they were nice young fellows.

By the time we arrived, The Seen were already in full skanking swing—unlike the dance-floor. C'morn people, music is for moving your collective bottoms to. We proceeded to the so-called "VIP Area", only to find that not only was it empty, but it was devoid of any kind of alcohol—or VIPs for that matter. Poor form. Thoroughly disappointed we decided to join the masses on the dance-floor (and we use the term 'masses' loosely). To the war-cry of 'skank on, my pretties', we proceeded to in fine style.

We have yet to mention the music. Not that it was lacking in any way. Quite

the opposite: The Seen were both loud and large, big and clever. Raf bounced around the stage like the bounciest bouncy thing in the world on the bounciest day of its life. We like skank as much as the next folks, and this was top-quality skank.

Poptart went on an exciting, if drunken odyssey backstage to taste of the heady rock 'n' roll lifestyle. There was an esky with a half-drunk bottle of vodka floating in a lonely manner, desolate, dejected...yet enticing nonetheless. In short, backstage was boring (but a big thankyou to Joe for the tour).

Regrouping by the bar we were in time to witness Dial's first (and for us, only) number. They were the best kind of pleasant punk-rock, but we were just not in the mood. We were there for The Seen, and The Seen we saw.

Jasmine and Poptart (we live together now)



# Interview with Pound System

The only thing worse than an interview that sucks is an interview that rocked, but of which you only have the first 5 minutes (out of 40) captured on tape. Curse you, shoddy *On Dit* equipment. Forgive this humble author, then, for what may turn out to be a somewhat radical interpretation of events. Oh fallible memory.

Pound System are a couple of larrikins by the name of Woody and The Reverend. I say 'larrikins' because the Rev (sporting a delightful UK accent) peppered our conversation with references to pubs and pints. Ahhh, pubs. Ahhhh, pints.

Hailing from the UK originally, Woody and the Rev met in Australia and discovered they had a lot in common: they came from the same area originally, and share a love of electronic music.

The lads have been working quite hard of late. So hard, in fact, that the Rev is actually enjoying his hectic, new-album-plugging interview schedule (ours was the 13th that day) because it was nice, for once, to just sit down and have an 'amiable chat'.

The new album, *You Know It Makes Sense*, is markedly different to the stuff they were cranking out at the 2000 Big Day Out. According to the Rev, the tracks are a mixture of stuff written in just the last 5 months or so, and old tracks that keep evolving. All up, they had around 40 tracks to choose from, so their live gigs, he says, generally include little material from the albums.

Due to record company restructuring and whatnot, it took much longer than expected for *You Know It Makes Sense* to be released. Consequently, it's undergone quite a few changes, with the Rev claiming it's been about three different albums so far, and that the finished product is completely different to what the finished product would have been if released on schedule (originally shortly after the 2000 Big Day Out tour and release of the EP *Get Amongst It*).

I commented on the difference

between *You Know It Makes Sense* and the grittier, more industrially-tinged live BDO set. According to the Rev, their live gigs are always going to sound less polished, so they tend to 'rock' more. They also tend to make stuff up, and just go with the flow of the gig.

The best thing about these guys is their total lack of pretension - and quite frankly that's why I like them so much. They're not in it for the money; in fact at this point Pound System have no plans to even release a single from the album. I suggested that 'Know Who You Are' (featuring vocals by Kate Noonan from George) would make a fine hit. But they're not in it for the fame. They actually *have* made a film clip for that song—featuring Woody and the Rev for all of 2 seconds, drinking pints in a bar, apparently. Just a couple of random blokes in a pub.

In fact, they're not even really doin' it for the punters. They please themselves entirely and if folks show up at the gigs or fork out for the albums, that's even better.

When writing tracks for the album, and especially in live performances, Woody and the Rev tend to just muck about and have a great time—and see what comes out. According to the Rev it usually sounds pretty damn good. He cites the whole Big Day Out tour as a high point, and a whole lotta fun. The Moby tour gave them a different perspective, he says, but they're all "pretty insane" - except that, unless he records them, he completely forgets what they were like, so caught up in the moment do they get.

Over the last couple of years Pound System have become the quite the boys-about-town, remixing acts as diverse as Renee Geyer, Kylie Minogue, 28 Days, Regurgitator, Spiderbait, and Josh Abraham, and collaborating with Sobriquet, Sarah McLeod from Superjesus, Kate Noonan from George, and 28 Days.

Most of their collaborations came about over a few pints—the lads get tipsy,

chatty, and convince fellow-performers that it'll be a great idea. The collaboration with Noonan, for instance, happened after a few beers at a Melbourne Uni O'Ball. Never claim that beer and work don't mix.

On the subject of MP3s the Rev is quite enthusiastic. There's a kind of 'moral panic', he says, every time a new technology is developed. Sometimes it's warranted, and sometimes it isn't. The way he sees it, MP3s aren't much different to people taping things off the radio; no-one really has a problem with *that*, and radio stations pay a licensing fee—why can't Napster and other such folk?

Or, he says, is that just too simple a solution?

Personally, Woody and the Rev are happy to get any extra exposure, and aren't much fussed if unauthorised music of theirs is making the rounds. A bootleg track of 'Never Come Down' was being circulated and played in clubs in the UK months before the album was released, and the lads couldn't be happier—saying that the industry (as in the club/DJ industry) is usually quite slow to pick new stuff up...and here are these well-known DJs playing their tracks before the album is even released. It gives Pound System a wider audience—as would MP3s.

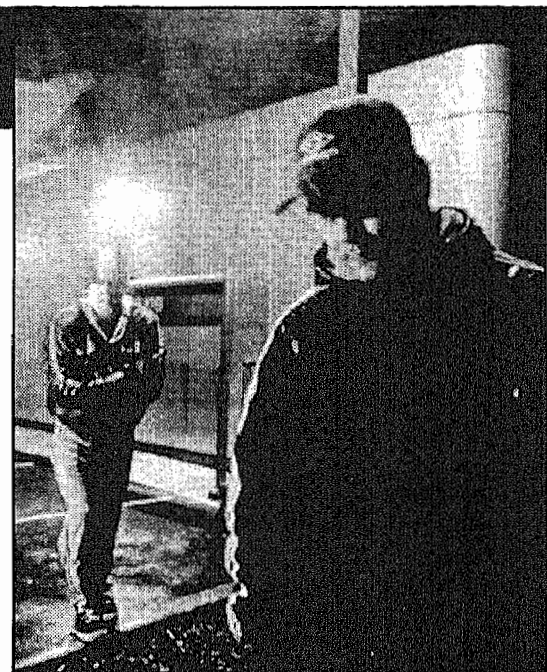
And to the plugging: the new album is called *You Know It Makes Sense*, and it's out through ...actually I don't know who it's out through because the cheap bastards only sent me a pirated (arrrrrrrrrr...here be treasure) version. Pound System also promised they'd be touring around late July or sometime in August, so watch out for them and get along if you like textured and layered dance music with a gritty edge.

Hmmmm...grit.

Jayne Lewis

took their time with the record, ensuring that they wrote the songs that they wanted to write, not what other people would have expected them to write. Tantric formed within a few weeks of the break-up of Days Of The New, but Hugo explained that he had been friends with the band, especially Todd Whitener (guitarist) while they were together, having toured together. While admitting to initially being a big fan of the Days Of The New record, he said that the record soon lost its appeal when he discovered Meeks' personality and the crap that the rest of the band had to deal with.

On a personal level, when I asked Ferreira about where he got the inspiration for his personal and introspective lyrics, he said that in his view, if someone couldn't find enough inspiration in everyday life, then that person wasn't really opening their eyes. He explained that for him, writing the lyrics on this record was a very therapeutic experience, and that it helped him to gain closure on issues and problems that he was trying to deal with. When I asked him about the music that inspires the band these days, he said that the band drew on a wide range of influ-



Pound System  
*You Know It Makes Sense*

I don't know much about dance music, but I know what I like: and I like Pound System. I won't wank on using phat industry buzz-words like acid dub, or chemical house, or dirty jungle breakdown bass—because quite frankly I wouldn't even know what the fucking fuck I was on about.

Instead I will state for the sceptics that Pound System are no acne-covered punks knuckling home-made eccys and making music that goes 'doof doof doof' in their parents' living room with the help of a computer programme marked down to \$14.95 in K-Mart that Gran got them for Christmas. No Siree. Pound System like beer, they like bands, and yes, they probably like barbecues as well—and it shows in the way they rip the proverbial flesh off the side of beef that is their album and toss the used carcass over their shoulders. No diet of speed and bottled water for these beauty queens: expect a little flesh.

Apologies for any vegetarians reading this review.

Whilst not as deliciously gritty and industrially-tinged as their EP, *Get Amongst It*, or their live set on the 2000 Big Day Out tour, Pound System's new album, *You Know It Makes Sense* is still a delightfully varied exercise in complex and multi-layered electronica. From strobe and laser-lit crunch boogie to whimsical melody—it's all there and it's *all* good. Wiggle your bottoms just a little, go'rn, dare ya.

Jayne Lewis

ences, ranging from rap through to old school rock and roll. The bands that he liked most at the moment included the Tea Party, A Perfect Circle and Incubus.

Now, if you're like me, you probably haven't heard much Tantric on the radio, so I asked Ferreira to describe the sound of the band as he sees it. He said that the songs were mainly "arpeggiated rock with acoustic and electric guitars and vocal harmonies". I finished up asking him about the Tantric live show, which he described as being very similar to the record, but with extra twists and turns. He said that the band was hoping to make it to Australia soon, but that there was nothing in concrete at this point.

Church



Hugo Ferreira  
from Tantric

When Days of The New imploded as a band a while back, and that band's vocalist Travis Meeks decided to continue as a solo artist, instead of going their separate ways, the remaining three members decided to form a new group. With new vocalist, Hugo Ferreira, they formed Tantric, and as a group they recently recorded their debut, self-titled record. Recently I had the chance to discuss all things Tantric with Hugo Ferreira, and to discuss how

the Days of The New legacy affected the group and their sound.

The pressure of such comparisons did not influence the making of this record, as Ferreira was keen to point out. He said that while it was inevitable that some of the core elements from Days Of The New would be retained (the acoustic rock sound, for example), the songwriting process in Tantric is a far more collaborative effort amongst all group members. He explained that they



# Interview with Invertigo

Chatting with Invertigo's lead singer, Christian Argenti, I notice he's a very talkative and chirpy kinda guy. He's been doing lots of talking on this particular day - the usual pop star thing of media commitments and interviews, but he's more than happy to keep on talking. We chat about Invertigo's debut album *Forum*, and its making.

"There's a lot more that has gone into it than the whole oh, you know, 'we've been in the studio for three months' and all that sort of stuff. It was all born out of when I finally joined the three brothers [James, Vincent and Gerry Leigh] in late '98, and basically the four of us kinda said, 'right we're a band, but there's not very much else going for us at the moment,'" he says with a laugh. The project of a release was initially accepted but later dropped by an unknown interested party, following which, the proposal of an album from the group was met at best with a polite but firm 'no thank you'.

"Having to lock ourselves away in a room and go through the lonely task of somehow writing songs that were somehow going to turn the industry around into being interested again was a challenge that we were confident in being able to overcome, but, I tell you what, it was pretty scary for a while, because effectively, your career's just about over. So when Vince, after a couple of months, to one day come out of this room with some very, very, rough demos of what's now become *Desensitized* and *Chances Are*, you were sort of almost looking at four little boys whose eyes lit up and realised 'well, maybe are lives are going to be okay, and maybe this band's going to get another sniff,'" Argenti continues.

And that they did, with their debut album having been released on 16 July by Festival/Mushroom Records.

Ann Marie Sosnowski

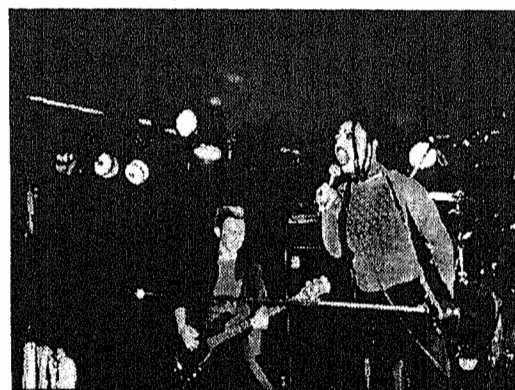


## Live - Primary at The Tivoli - 9th July 2001

I beg tell me of another Australian female who is as enigmatic and as enthralling a performer as Connie Mitchell of Primary. She is the star of the show. Her voice was all encompassing as it echoed around the Tiv captivating everyone in its vicinity. Sorry to ignore the talents of the rest of the band,

who complement her flawless vocal and hedonistic persona brilliantly. This band is very alive and very professional. Playing plenty of tracks of their last LP *This Is The Sound* and some unknowns, hopefully tracks from a prospective new album. The small but lively crowd was well entertained and energetically pro-

voked by Connie, who got the girlie mass dancing away in front of the stage. Not to mention some older regulars to the rear of the room, who proceeded to mock strip tease. Highlight of the evening had to be the final song of their first set, 'Love Is A Fool'; I'm still enveloped in the power of Connie's haunting voice at the end of that song.



Prof. Booty

# Album of the Week

Cake  
Comfort Eagle  
Sony

Another great album by a band who cannot be defined. Strong driving basslines, melodic trumpet, rhythmic guitar and meaningless but killer lyrics make this album incredibly easy to listen to. Except for a few sequenced drum beats, a few bongos and some synth counter-melodies there hasn't been much of a progression from their last album (*Prolonging the Magic*), but it's so damn catchy that it really doesn't make a difference.

The standout was definitely the single 'Short Skirt/Long Jacket' but I also loved 'Meanwhile', 'Rick James...', 'Love You Madly' and 'Comfort Eagle'.

If you love Cake you should pick this one up, if you don't know Cake you should have a listen and if you don't like Cake you don't matter anyway.

*Comfort Eagle* is an album that you won't be able to stop yourself singing along to no matter whether you like it or not. A big thumbs up for the Cake boys.

ArtFool

CAKE



Comfort Eagle

## Giveaway MADNESS

Two biggies this week.....

First, Monique from Sony has given us a few copies of Cake's *Comfort Eagle* (which is also *On Dit's* Album of the Week this week) to giveaway. Come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 2:15pm. Twister will decide the winners (hey, it's becoming an institution).

Secondly, we have two Fantomas tickets for their gig on 23<sup>rd</sup> August at the Governor Hindmarsh. Special thanks to Peter Darwin Presents for these. Due to the expected rush - this one is a phone in. Call the office (don't even think about coming down for these!) on 8303 6490 at 11:30am on Tuesday. We will judge the best Fantomas impersonation. Be prepared!





Vanessa Mae  
\*subject to change  
EMI

While I can safely say that this is not my bag baby, there are an awful lot of people out there who are going to love this latest offering from Vanessa Mae. She is an incredibly talented violinist who is responsible for bringing classical music into the present. She blends the sounds of the violin with beats and ethereal vocals to create a unique meld of past and present. She even brings in Latin type beats in a couple of tracks which is unusual to say the least. This is really atmospheric music that would go well at a dinner party or as background music for reading or relaxing. It's something that your mother would approve of, and is that always such a bad thing? And check out the completely transparent violin that she is playing on the cover - amazing.

Poptart

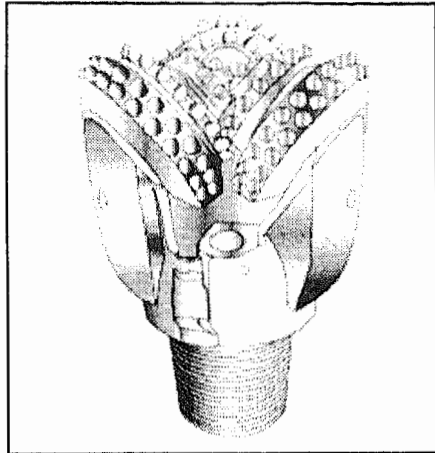


Arkarna  
The Family Album  
Warner

I cannot find a suitable expression of pleasant surprise to describe what I think about this album. In light of this, I will attempt to explain it in a few more words. Arkarna cannot be put into a definite genre because their music is somehow different to every style. Fourteen tracks of absolute enjoyment fill this album which is way, way better than their other album (*Fresh Meat*) which had only one good song ('Eat Me', which I hope everyone remembers). The album starts off with Arkarna's newest single 'Skin' and just gets better. Some of the songs can get slightly annoying, mainly because the singer has bit of a whiny voice, but it's not too bad. This is very apparent in 'Life Is Free'. There is a song called 'Stoned', the title of which is pretty self-explanatory, which

sounds like one of those songs you might get your lighter out for...to wave around I mean. It's hard to pick standout tracks on such an absolutely wonderful album, but there is one song which is unsurpassable. It's called 'Frontal Lobotomy', and if you want to hear what I mean you'll just have to buy the album. Come on, you know you want to.

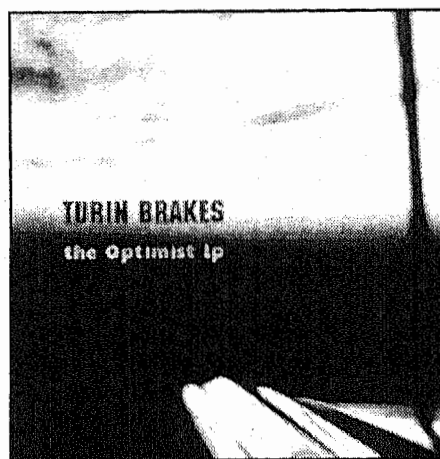
Janko Miskovich



Moloko  
All Back To The Mine  
Festival Mushroom Records

This is a double CD; a collection of Moloko's greatest hits that have been given the remix treatment by a number of famous DJs. Just about every favourite track is there from their last three albums, including the irresistible 'Sing It Back' and 'The Time Is Now'. These tunes are given a new spin by everyone from Mousse T to Robbie Riviera. The mixes are often completely unrecognisable from the originals, but all still retain that distinctive Moloko feeling. While I must say that I will always prefer the original to the remix, these tracks are great for parties and for just dancing around the house. Just play them really loud so that the lounge room walls vibrate and it wakes up the neighbours.

Poptart



Turin Brakes  
The Optimist Lp  
Source

A guitar based acoustic ballad band, Turin Brakes have produced a friendly and emotional album with the purposefully titled *Optimist Lp*. The album is set in an introspective and melancholic mood, in which allows Olly Knight and Gale Paridjanian's voices to speak to you in their slightly twangy, possibly mid-western American voices. One difficulty this album may have is that until the spring-heeled track 8 'Slack', the album is rather mopey and self-indul-

gent. This is a quality album of well executed and thought provoking recordings, however it is more or less destined to fall in the shadows of today's tinny pop.

Case C. Sinclair



Blow  
Various/Soundtrack  
Virgin/EMI

This is one of the best soundtracks released this year. The film, 'Blow' is a 70s period piece and the soundtrack is fittingly packed with fantastic 70s sounds. Highlights include the Rolling Stones 'Can't You Hear Me Knocking', Ram Jam 'Black Betty', Cream 'Strange Brew' and tracks by Lynyrd Skynyrd, KC and The Sunshine Band and the J Girls. The 'Blow' Soundtrack is a diverse mix of tunes which features several classic rock hits and a couple of new songs, including 'Push & Pull' by Nikka Costa. A fantastic album full of great driving music, and an interesting crotch shot on the inside cover. Nice.

Jen



The Crystal Method  
Tweekend  
Universal

The Crystal Method's long awaited album *Tweekend* is an abundant serve of growling bass and twisted treble. Sometimes dark but always stimulating, the band has incorporated a new century sound of spasmodic beats and innovation. It is similar to the bands previous and debut album *Vegas*, with the same feeling, but incorporates disco samples and a raw industrial charm. Indeed it is a breakthrough album for the LA based Crystal Method, and although not for the mainstream dance crowd, it is a must for the underground connoisseurs. An irresistible palate of rich sounds culminating in an album that should cast out any lesser dance flavours that have for so long wrecked the society of pure beats and slammin' bass. The Crystal Method proves

through this album that they are back, bold and brilliant. Without a doubt *Tweekend* will find success around the globe and like *Vegas* be prominent years after being released. Highly absorbing, eclectic and rare.

The Llama



EMF  
The Best Of EMF  
EMI

How on earth can there be a best of EMF I hear you say. That was exactly my thought when I asked to review this CD. Having only heard the quintessential nineties tune, "Unbelievable", I was surprised to find that they weren't just a one hit wonder. The only problem is, that all of their songs sound amazingly similar. The one standout track of note is 'I'm A Believer', on which they are joined by Reeves and Mortimer. I also found it rather ironic that 'Unbelievable' is followed by a track called 'I Believe'. The second CD of this set is actually remixes of their hits, but none of them particularly stand out. It's worth purchasing if 'Unbelievable' brings back fond memories, but this one is for the fans only. And for a having a laugh at the interesting hair that the band members are sporting on the cover.

Poptart

SINGLES

Dirty Vegas  
Days Go By  
EMI

This is pretty average as far as techno tracks go, with the usual distorted vocals over the top of a backbeat. It is good background music for a party that is beginning to wind down, but I wouldn't put it on just to listen to. The cover has rather cute pictures of cats on it though.

Poptart

You Am I  
Kick A Hole In The Sky  
BMG

'Kick A Hole In The Sky' is You Am I's latest single off their *Dress Me Slowly* album. It grows catchier with every listen and is a typical You Am I song (i.e. good), using Rogers' exceptional vocal talents well. The other tracks on the single are solid if not spectacular so the single's definitely worth a listen.

Massiv Micky D





**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 the hit retrospective album, *The Sneak Attack* showcases KRS-ONE's trademark hardcore, 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 Rapture', 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**

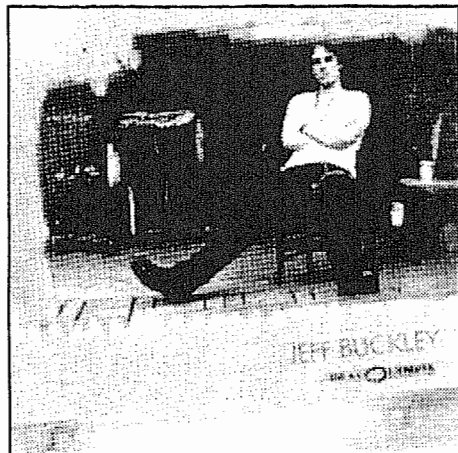


**Nikka Costa**  
*Everybody Got Their Something*  
Cheeba Sound, Virgin, EMI

This time she has a new image and a slightly more catchy sound. Kicking off with the unbelievably catchy love-it-or-hate-it 'Like A Feather' Nikka's second release has enough funk/soul/R&B/pop to keep any fan of this genre satisfied. Likened in style to a female Lenny Kravitz, Nikka has honed in to a sexy/funk style that has enough 'pop' sensibilities to ensure chart success. Songs like 'Some Kind Of Beautiful' and the title track are so bloody catchy and.....well....damn funky...that even someone like me (who isn't known for their like of this sort of music) is impressed. The only questionable mo-

ments on this album are the mini-tracks 'Nikka What?' and 'Nikka Who?' providing instrumental filler. There are also more introspective moments present. Songs like 'So Have I For You' and 'Nothing' are soulful ballads and sit well next to the upbeat stylings of the rest of the album.

**Noiseworks Fan**



**Jeff Buckley**  
*Live A L'Olympia*  
Columbia/Sony

This is the third posthumous release from one of the most praised musicians of our time, Jeff Buckley. *Live A L'Olympia* offers a different sample of Buckley magic from that achieved by its predecessor, *Mystery White Boy*. Capturing what Jeff claimed to be the high point of his career, his performance at the legendary Olympia in Paris in June 1995, this album provides fans with the full concert experience which *Mystery White Boy* could not provide. Featuring his classic tracks, including 'Dream Brother' and 'Grace', this album will only be released in Australia and France - where Buckley's largest fan bases are. Fans will be pleased with the highlights featured on the disc, including a parody of Led Zeppelin's 'Kashmir' and a duet with Alim Qasimov. Beautifully presented disc, with an interactive element.

**Jen**

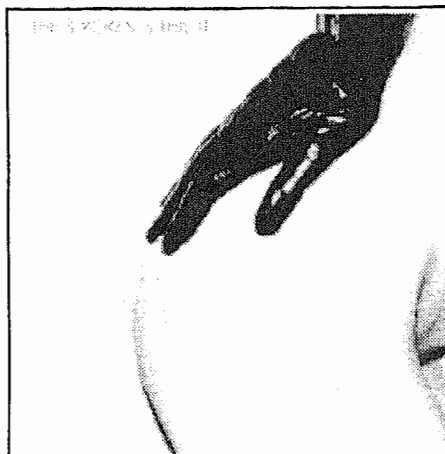


**Geri Halliwell**  
*Scream If You Wanna Go Faster*  
EMI

It is really unfortunate, but it seems that Geri's talent must have been shed along with those kilos that she lost. I have been a fan since her beginnings as a Spice Girl, to her transformation into a solo artist, but her latest album is a particularly bland offering. It's the sort of mindless bubblegum pop that fans of Video Hits will rush out to buy. It's a pity as Geri actually has a decent voice, and her previous efforts were

quite good. Perhaps it is the lack of food that has drained her songs of any kind of energy. She also tries to blend a mismatch of styles, ranging from an appalling attempt at R&B to the usual disco numbers. Her version of "It's Raining Men" is not too bad, and some of her ballads are passable, but there is absolutely no heart behind them at all. One for the fans only.

**Poptart**



**The Strokes**  
*Is This It?*  
BMG/RCA

Oh the distorted voice of youthful love and disappointment! The Strokes are being heralded as the 'next big things' in pop-punk in the holy land of punk, the UK. A rare compliment, which also means they're not Blink 182 (phew!). These guys really know how to pump it out. They come across as a mix of The Velvet Underground, The Stooges and The Clash. There is more rock and roll to this group which I think gives them an edge on others. They love Australia, releasing their album early, and touring with You Am I (here July 21<sup>st</sup>).

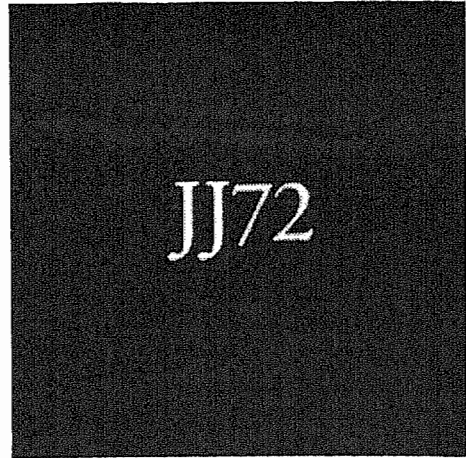
**Prof. Booty**



**Ministry of Sound**  
*The Chillout Session 2*  
EMI

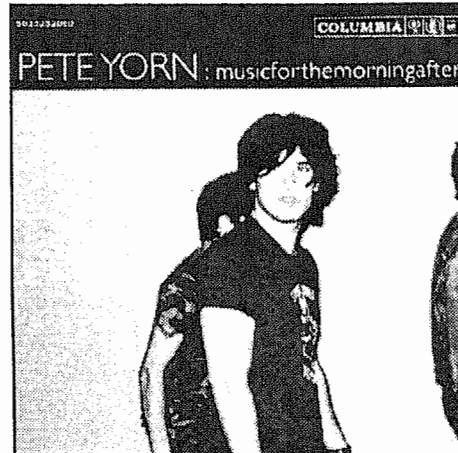
The latest from the Ministry of Sound. Comprised of two discs, 'Blissful Beats' and 'Chilled-out House', this is the perfect soundtrack to a lazy winter afternoon. Of the two discs, 'Blissful Beats' is the most accessible. It features Jakatta with 'American Dream', The Avalanches, Kinobe, Radiohead and Moby to name a few. Other notable acts include Dirty Vegas and St. Germain. The whole album is mixed very well, and has a watery, relaxed feel to it. Smoke City's 'Underwater Love' is a stand-out track. True to its title, this is a very relaxing album.

**Jen**



**JJ72**  
*JJ72*  
Lakota-Warner

JJ72 whine their way through this album, mixing so called alt-rock with rehashed 80's sounds and a extremely irritating nasal singer. The album centres around the usual depressing subjects of love lost, and love unfound, with more than a faint tip of the hat to Placebo. It is hard to know exactly why artists such as JJ72 must insist to their listeners that "all is not well". While it would be bearable for 2 tracks, a whole album filled with mediocre absurdum is just another CD which needs to be left on the shelf. The rehashing of the 80's sounds appears a last effort by production assistants to give the album some reference point. However this fails, only giving the album a ridiculous and annoying sound.



**Pete Yorn**  
*musicforthemorningafter*  
Columbia Records

The debut record for this young U.S. singer/songwriter, *musicforthemorningafter* has gathered Pete Yorn much critical acclaim, widely being lauded as one of the best new acts of 2001. His songwriting style seems to revolve around catchy pop melodies, with his lazy delivery of insightful and sometimes dark lyrics fitting over the top. Although I can't give it the 'debut record of the year' honours yet, this is going to be one of those records that will really grow on me. There really are some fantastic songs here, and at times, Yorn's soulful delivery sounds strikingly like Eddie Vedder ('Strange Condition'). Playing many of the instruments on the record, ranging from guitars through to drums and piano, it is clear that Pete Yorn is a talented musician and songwriter. For me, the highlight tracks were 'Black', 'On Your Side' and the 'Ez'. A quality debut record that will probably only get better.

**Church**



## SINGLES

Dave Navarro  
Rexall

After being in a number of huge acts such as the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Dave Navarro's new single is a real piece of work. With heavy guitar and distorted vocals, this single is sure to be popular among alternative circles. With tuneful singing and a catchy chorus, this song is an excellent offering.

Jamiroquai  
Little L  
Columbia

Jamiroquai's first single off his long-awaited album is a funky, laid-back tune reminiscent of older beats from *Synkronised* and *Travelling Without Moving* but it is clearly new work. It's not the slow, almost-poppy sounds of 'Virtual Insanity' or a danceable track like 'Canned Heat', but 'Little L' definitely strikes the right note in a happy medium between the two. Worth a listen.

Massiv Micky D

Oblivia  
Stupid/Apparition

A double A-side release from the band that brought us 'My Friend' & 'Mindbomb'. Big guitars and catchy riffs are the name of the game here, as Oblivia deliver two gems. 'Stupid' is the pick of the two tracks, with a standout performance from vocalist Josh Orange.

Jase

Pnau  
Follow Me

I'm a huge fan of the Pnau boys so anything I say will be incredibly biased, but I really love this single. It's just a taste of what is (hopefully) to come on the remixed Sambanova re-release. 'Follow Me' is a mix of 70's-early 80's funk and electronica, with bongo drums and a suitably low level of effects to keep it clean and crisp. The album contains a radio edit and longer album version of the song, as well as a little more chilled out track called 'The Red Tapes'. Very, very nice.

Mikey

Something For Kate  
Three Dimensions  
Murmur

The second single from *Echolia* is another fantastic song that, like 'Monsters', demonstrates why Something For Kate is many peoples' band of the moment. With excellent guitars and interesting lyrics, this is a great release. Of the three B-sides, the pick is probably the live, acoustic version of 'Beautiful Sharks'.

Church

## Clubs and Classifieds

Gaelic Football - SA  
Summer Night Comp.

Gaelic Football, the most popular sport of Ireland, has been played in SA since 1967. However, with fewer Irish migrating to Australia since Ireland's economic boom, the local Gaelic Association almost folded a few years ago. But a shift to a summer night competition 3 years ago has led to a vibrant expanding competition with 10 men's and 5 women's 11-a-side teams competing last season.

The shift to summer allowed many footy, soccer and Rugby players to take up Gaelic, giving them the opportunity for continued match fitness over the summer months in a fast exciting sport.

Gaelic football has a similar pattern of play to soccer and Australian football, being mainly a kicking game but with catching and Aussie-rules like hand-passing. Marks however are not awarded and there is no tackling, so it is a free flowing game with few, if any, ball-ups. Shoulder to shoulder bumping makes the game slightly more physical than soccer.

This coming season (end September 2001 to early March 2002) 13-a-side and 9-a-side competitions are planned in both Men's and Women's football. The association will have use of a full sized Gaelic football pitch at St Mary's Park, Laura Street, St Mary's.

Prospective players from Adelaide University can join existing teams in their own areas (see the GFHA of SA website: <http://www.geocities.com/Colosseum/Gym/4608/index.html>) or come out with the Irish Australians' GFC. Currently our pre-season training is at the soccer pitches adjacent to the Adelaide Aquatic Centre, North Adelaide on Sundays at 11:30am. Be part of a welcoming club with both Men's and Women's teams, however if there are enough Uni players we will be happy to assist the formation of an AUGFC.

The sport also provides opportunities for state representation at annual national championships and national representation at the biennial International Gaelic games championship in Dublin in both Men's and Women's divisions.

Contact Eddie Howlett on ph: 8322 7486 or [eddiehowlett@hotmail.com](mailto:eddiehowlett@hotmail.com), or Peter Parry at [parryp@wch.sa.gov.au](mailto:parryp@wch.sa.gov.au). On occasion training is at St Mary's, so phone to check venue.

## Computer For Sale

Need help with your study? Buy a computer! Pentium 100, 24 Meg RAM, CD ROM, sound card, 2 Gig hard drive. With monitor, mouse and keyboard. Comes with Win 95. Perfect for student! \$375 ono. Call Nicole 8165 2143

## Academic Athlectisim

WHEN: Monday 20 August. 1.10 - 2.00pm

WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building

FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

Adelaide University  
Hockey Club

Results for 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> of August:

Premier League drew Seacliffe 1-1, Goal to Ross Fitzgerald

Premier League Reserve Men lost to Seacliffe 2-5, Goal to Daniel Pang  
Division 3 Men defeated PAC 3-0 Goals to Micheal Pugsley, Todd Murfitt, Martin Pudney

Division 4 Men lost to Burnside 0-5  
Division 5 Men defeated Uni of SA 10-1, Goals to Kurao Shibata (4), Clayton Warner(2), Martin Kew(2), Nick Canning, Rex Mooney

Division 6 Men lost to Adelaide 1-3, Goals to James Low

Veterans A Men defeated Port Adelaide 2-1

Premier League Women lost to Seacliffe 2-4, Goals to Ange Harris, Amber Lange  
Premier League Reserve Women defeated Seacliffe 4-0

Division 3 Women drew Grange 2-2, Goals to Helen Baker and Hayley Gobell.

Division 4 Women defeated Woodville 4-1 Goals to Coralie Winn (2), Bronte Fried, Kerry Arney

Division 5 Women defeated Forrestville 6-0 Goals to Sarah Flavel (2), Fiona Hay, Sarah Elding, Susan Hinze, and Frederike Maats

Division 6 Women Black defeated Adelaide Uni White 2-0 Goals to Sarah Harvey and Alex Jolly

Division 6 Women White lost to Adelaide Uni Black 0-2

U15B Boys played Adelaide

U13B Boys played Adelaide

U11 Mixed lost to Grange 0-2.

U9 Mixed had a bye.

## Want a job?

Do you want to work in Arts and Entertainment? Positions are vacant for Customer Service Representatives in Front of House at the Adelaide Festival Centre. Essential requirements are: availability on Wednesdays (during the day, evenings, weekend and public holidays, strong cash handling skills, customer service background, understanding and interest in the arts/entertainment environment, some cleaning duties. Desirable requirements: front of house/theatre etiquette experience. Please forward your resume to: Patron Services, Adelaide Festival Centre, GPO Box 1269, Adelaide SA, 5000. Email [achapman@afct.org.au](mailto:achapman@afct.org.au) or Fax 8216 8944. Applications close 14th August 2001 at 5pm.

AU Video Gamers  
Association

Inaugural General Meeting in WP Rogers room, 1pm Friday August 17. Contact Neil Phillips 8251 1428  
email: [phillips@webzone.net.au](mailto:phillips@webzone.net.au)

## Housemate Wanted

Share with three 19 year olds. 4 bedroom, Torrens Park, close transport to uni. \$60 per week, ph 8276 1234.

## For Sale

- Dog house for small ankle biter \$50
  - 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
  - Dianna 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
- No delivery available, collect goods yourself.  
Contact Vicki in Lady Symon building Sports Assoc office or call 8303 3410, work, or 8262 5134, home.

Royal Aeronautical  
Society

IGM for Royal Aeronautical Society August 15th 1.10pm Margaret Murray Room contact Penny Gibson for further enquiries, 8252 0594, 0403 028 642 or [penelope.gibson@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:penelope.gibson@student.adelaide.edu.au)

## Seminar

Due to unforeseen circumstances, Rachael Mead's seminar on 'Negative Constructions of Dingoes in Australia' has been cancelled. However, Sarah Goodall's seminar, "It's not because the grass is greener" Sedentarisation: Change and Adaption among the Nomadic Communities in Ladakh, Indian Himalaya' will go ahead on Wednesday, 15th of August at 5.00 pm Margaret Murray Room. Level 5, Union Building, University of Adelaide

All are welcome.

## 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.

Amnesty  
International

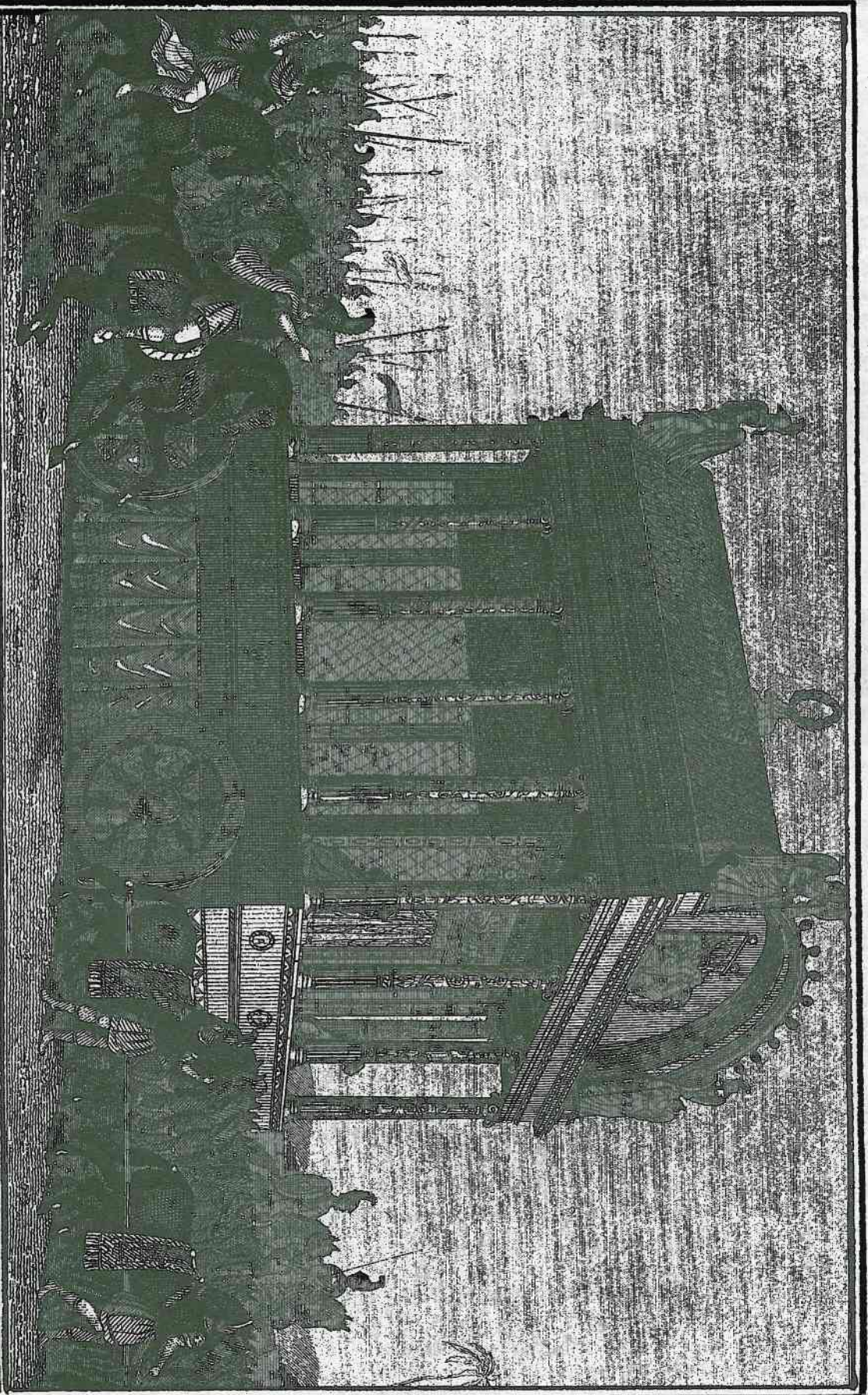
Annual General Meeting for Amnesty International on 27th August, at Noon in the WP Rogers room, contact Brian Townley for further information 8346 3168, 0405 100 669.

## Position Vacant

Sandstone University seeks keen, well-presented team player for Vice Chancellor position. Business background preferred.

Send applications to the Chancellor c/o Normandy Mining.





Although somewhat ostentatious, Claudius felt his new Esky entirely appropriate  
for his new beer.



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.