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CIGARROS DE PALHA

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Produto artesanal

**On Dit**

Volume 69 Edition 19 3.9.2001



Ingredientes Básicos:  
Fumo de corda e palha de milho.

- 3. Election Roundup
- 5. Current Affairs
- 6. Centrelink

Os 20 cigarros contidos neste maço fazem menos mal a saúde, pois não contém produtos químicos. Manualmente produzidos com os melhores fumos das Minas Gerais e as palhas cuidadosamente selecionadas, resultam num incomparável sabor leve e suave!



- 8. Election Special!
- 10. The Joys of Renting
- 12. Opinion

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- 17. On Dit Presents: Poetry Corner!
- 18. Letters & SAUA
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  - 22. Consumer Watchdog
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- 28. Video
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Prazo de Validade  
" Indeterminado "

O MINISTÉRIO DA SAÚDE ADVERTE:  
FUMAR É PREJUDICIAL A SAÚDE.



CONTÉM  
20  
CIGARROS



On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 19, 3.9.2001

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

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**About the cover**  
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**Wanna write?**

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

**Next Edition (the last edition this term!):**

Deadline 5th September, Published 10th September

**Thanks to:**

Michael Waite for appointing us as scrutineers, Happy 21st Sammy, all of the student politicians for brightening up our week, Gemma, Bonita Petita, Tristan for bringing the cover art all the way from Brazil, Patrick Clancy, Clementine Ford, Luke 'Apocalypse' Toop, Peter Adams, and Happy Father's Day to all of our male parents.

# Election Roundup

The banners have come down, the kids in brightly coloured t-shirts will be comatose in a drunken stupor for at least a week and election week is over. How sad. But the average student might just be thinking: what came out of the whole week? Well, published below is a list of who have been (provisionally) elected. When the Election Tribunal ratifies the results, it will all be official. For the student politicians, getting elected has been the easy part - the hard part is to spend their year in office doing all those things they promised during election week.

Now that you have voted them in, you need to make sure they do their jobs effectively and work towards a better deal for students. If you think they aren't doing their jobs properly (ie: earn-

ing the wage that students pay for) then get on their case, write a letter to *On Dit* or visit the SAUA and demand to know what they have been doing. They are responsible to you, so make sure that now they are not completely in your face everyday with their bright colours and pieces of paper, they remain out there and working for you.

So, who got what? The top job, SAUA President, went to 'Independent' Bek Cornish who triumphed over United Students' candidate Brad Kitschke. This was a fairly predictable outcome - Bek had the support of the majority of factions during the week - so we'll move on to what was always going to be the most interesting clash of the week, between Education Vice President candidates: Activate's Georgia Heath, US's

Jakin Ravalico and the non-aligned Matt Wenham. While it seemed that the strength of the US campaign would be enough to get Jakin elected, Georgia won the position by a few hundred votes. Matt Wenham put in an excellent showing, outpolling Jakin on several days - an amazing effort for someone running without major factional support.

In fact, far fewer voters this year seemed to be willing to follow, sheep-like, the how-to-vote tickets that were handed out by candidates during the week. Is this an encouraging sign?

Paul Heubl, who ran with the 'Independents', won the position of Activities and Campaigns Vice President over US's Jimmi McIntyre. As with the presidency, there were no real surprises there. United Students did, however, manage to get current Female Sexuality Officer Elise Duffield elected to Women's Officer, beating Action candidate Sine Dellitt by approximately 600 votes. The US Sexuality Officers team, Adrian DiPaolo and Asta Cox, were victorious, Asta running uncontested and Adrian beating out the two other candidates.

Perhaps the biggest shock of the night was the victory of non-aligned Environment Officer candidate Sarah Hanson over the expected victor, Activate's Rory Spreckley. While Rory was on five major tickets, Sarah campaigned with only her own resources and the support of Make A Difference. Despite this disadvantage, Sarah led the polls every day of the week. It is heartening to see that it is possible for a truly non-aligned candidate to triumph on their merits.

'Independent' Sally Reid won the position of Orientation Co-Ordinator with 1026 votes over joke candidate Clementine Ford, who polled 412 votes despite handing out 'don't vote for me' cards, proving that notoriety can go a long way. For the *On Dit* editorship Michael Fyfe, Jenny Kalonis and Linda Rust triumphed against No Candidate. They will form a giant media conglomerate with Tim Clark and Liam Golding, who won the position of Student Radio Directors by just 50 votes against Nick Roach in the closest battle for an Office-Bearer position.

The eight positions for SAUA Council were won by Claudia Oakeshott (Activate), Georgia Phillips (MAD), Patrick Tapping (Activate), Katie Goodenough (MAD), Marisa Batsiokis (Independ-

## Faction Key

**Action:** Liberals,  
**Access:** Democrats,  
**Activate:** Labor Left,  
**Independents:** National student faction,  
**Make A Difference:** Campus student faction,  
**United Students:** Labor Right.

ents), Drew Rudland (Action), Kate Nannes (US) and Peter Malinavskas (US). The lack of a single dominant faction should make for an interesting Council - the dynamics will be fascinating to watch. It is excellent to see such diversity in the OBs and Councillors who make up SAUA Council, the major decision making body of the Students' Association.

The eighteen positions on Union Board were won by Bek Cornish ('Independents'), Rachel Swift (non-aligned), Tomas Radzevicius (US), Susie Young (MAD), Mark Henderson (MAD), Seb Henbest ('Independents'), Siobhan Reed (Activate), Brad Kitschke (US), Lisa Amabili (MAD), Georgia Heath (Activate), Tanisha Hewanpola (Activate), Adelle Neary (Activate), Alexandra Bonner (Action), Matt Murphy (Access), Jakin Ravalico (US), Michael Smirnoff (Action), Husan Ali Seif (Overseas Students) and Mitch Coidan ('Independents'). Once again, a good mix of factions etc etc...

The crossover between SAUA and the Union, with SAUA President Bek Cornish and Education Vice President Georgia Heath both sitting on Union Board, should be interesting, particularly considering that the Union sets the total SAUA budget.

The five student positions on Union Activities have gone to Hawk By (MAD), Sally Kellett (MAD), Drew Rudland (Action), Stephen Mitchell (Access) and Katina Rozaklis ('Independents').

The five NUS Delegate positions were won by Georgia Heath (Activate), Bek Cornish ('Independents'), Tom Radzevicius (US), Seb Henbest ('Independents') and Tanisha Hewanpola (Activate). NUS Delegate positions are much sought after by factional hacks, as they involve a free trip to Ballarat where the cream of the nation's student politicians gather each year.

So there you go kids, these are who you elected. Remember, it's all only provisional until the Election Tribunal ratify the whole thing and everything is happy.

## A Ideal Diverse Unity

### The RO has something to say:

The week is over, the counting is complete and the political campaigners for the SAUA and AUU elections can re-join their normal lives of study and drinking or thereabouts.

During my week of monitoring the election process, I made many observations and distribute (a popular word in any RO's vernacular) the following honours to the various tickets:

- The "Phil Cleary" Award for the Fiercest Independence (a Vic reference... sorry SA people): a tie! between the green shirted independents and the... green shirted independents

- The "Not Chopper Read" Well Behaved Award: clearly to the MAD ticket. Barely a whimper from them all week and certainly no complaints (this is an award that the RO holds in the highest esteem! Other tickets take note!!!)

- The "No Candidate No Candidate" Award: Mary O'Kane gets this one for producing lovely bright orange t-shirts, selling them and not even showing her face!

On a serious note, I make the following recommendations for future Adelaide University Union and Students' Association elections:

- Amend the SAUA and AUU regulations so they are understood, current and reflective of today's student body.
- For the AUU and SAUA elections

to have any environmental credentials, a serious rethink needs to be done on the quantity of broadsheets printed and subsequently wasted. After browsing student pigeonhole areas, it was apparent to me that fewer than 20% of students had even bothered to collect their copy of the broadsheet. Having the broadsheet available in fewer hard copy quantities and more available in an electronic version is suggested.

I thank all of the candidates and campaign workers for their cooperation during the week. Special thanks to all of the polling staff and counting staff for their work during the week and over the long weekend nights. And my parents...

If anyone has any queries about the election, email me at [clancy@gtselections.com](mailto:clancy@gtselections.com). Finally, good luck to the various candidates elected to their respective positions in carrying out their representative duties in 2002.

**Patrick Clancy**  
Returning Officer

Oh, and the title I've assigned to this article may be grammatically incorrect, but its an anagram I discovered of 'Adelaide University' that is appropriate as I reflect on my experience with the SAUA and AUU elections (or perhaps paradoxically appropriate???)



## Thinking about TRANSFERRING to a different academic program?

Students enrolled in an Adelaide degree program who wish to be considered for a different one need to apply through SATAC by 28 September.

For this you'll need to fill in the application form in the 2002 SATAC Guide, available from newsagents.

### Want to talk about it first?

Come to the Student Centre on Tuesday 11 September, 10:00 am - 12:00 noon; 2:00 pm - 4:00 pm, where you can talk to a Career adviser, Student Centre adviser, Counsellor, or Prospective Student adviser about general, career or personal issues affecting your decision.

Or you can go direct to the appropriate Faculty Office where you can get guidance about the changes you are contemplating - any time during office hours before applications close.

**It's your choice -  
but we are here to help you!**

ph: 8303 5208



[student.centre@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:student.centre@adelaide.edu.au)



THE PIZZA HAVEN

# BIG MAMA

Hey people, what's the best way to get over goddamn election week?  
Apply to be in the "BIG MAMA" house!

Applications are **CLOSING** for the great event, the spin off,  
the take the piss out of the real thing -  
that's right, "BIG MAMA" here at Adelaide Uni.

Last chance is this week - are you in or out?

Two days and two nights. Think you can handle it?

Daily tasks and evictions will take place.

And yes, "BIG MAMA" is watching you...

# BIG MAMA

END-OF-TERM SHOW

If you wish to apply...  
CREATE ONE FIVE MINUTE VIDEO or  
FIND A CREATIVE WAY TO GRAB OUR ATTENTION or  
CALL **8303 5401** AND BOOK A TIME TO PERFORM BEFORE THE JUDGING PANEL  
STATE YOUR NAME, AGE, COURSE OF STUDY  
THEN TELL US WHY YOU SHOULD BE IN THE BIG MAMA HOUSE

**PRIZES INCLUDE A PLAY STATION 2,  
BEER, FAME, NOTORIETY,  
YOUR NAME IN ON DIT!! And who could forget -  
eternal happiness!**

Current applications include:

- streakers
- a bad sing-song
- a flipped out CD
- and a petition -

**C'MON, CAN'T YOU DO BETTER THAN THAT?**

APPLICATIONS CLOSE THIS WEEK!

A panel will choose the contestants by Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> September.

\*\*\* The key is to show us how cool/eccentric you are to enter the house

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# Timor: Elections & Refugees

Two years after the bloodshed that surrounded the historic independence ballot, East Timor held its first set of democratic elections last Thursday.

Initial fears that pro-Jakarta West Timorese militias would cause problems on polling day proved to be unfounded as more than 400,000 voters turned out to 190 polling booths scattered around the country. Much of the security was administered by the United Nations and the recently formed East Timorese police force.

The United Nations praised the orderly conduct of the election, which it described as a significant step forward for the former Indonesian province. The fledgling nation is still rebuilding after anti-independence militias lay waste to much of the countryside, provoking the Australian Government to spearhead the UN peacekeeping mission that continues to maintain order in and around Dili.

Most expect former resistance leader Xanana Gusmau to be inaugurated East Timor's first President, while his Fretilin Party should secure a significant majority of the 88-member assembly. Fretilin will probably poll a smaller majority

than it initially expected, but should make a good fist of government, particularly with the likes of Gusmau and Nobel Peace Prize-winner Jose Ramos-Horta.

In 1999, university students from around Australia joined unions, humanitarian organisations and prominent Indonesian exiles in a campaign designed to pressure the Howard Government to send in peace keeping troops to restore order to the ravaged province. Since then, East Timor has been steadily rebuilding infrastructure, reinstating the rudiments of public education, health care, transport and security systems.

Already, several world leaders have formally congratulated the East Timorese on their achievement after more than 25 years of Indonesian occupation. Interestingly, Indonesian President Megawati Sukarnoputri has so far failed to comment on the elections.

In related news, East Timorese offi-



*That's right, we are also wheeling out this picture*

cialists have confirmed that Australian Foreign Affairs Minister Alexander Downer has requested that the 460 predominantly Afghani asylum-seekers aboard the Norwegian freighter Tampa be processed in East Timor.

As this story goes to print, the Tampa continues to maneuver off the coast of Christmas Island, reportedly costing the Norwegian owners of the ship \$25,000 Australian per day.

A spokesman for Downer insisted that Australia was willing to finance the cost of the arrangement, but many have asked why the Australian Government has been so unwilling to process the Tampa's human cargo, in light of the fact that the ship had been in Australian waters for more than two days at the time.

Jose Ramos Horta said that he sympathized with the plight of the refugees, but that they remained the primary re-

sponsibility of Australia and Indonesia. Incumbent East Timorese Prime Minister Mari Alkatiri has so far failed to rule out the possibility of accepting the refugees, despite asking why a wealthy nation such as Australia continues to be so reluctant to process the asylum-seekers.

Tristan

## Refugee Rally

A major rally supporting the human rights of asylum-seekers will be held on Friday Sept 7 (this week) at 12:30 in Victoria Square. There will be a variety of speakers, including human rights lawyer Jeremy Moore, Woomera Doctor Bernice Pfitzner, and former refugee Farhad Noori. Come along and show your support!

## Bomb Canada

George W. Bush a South Park fan? Probably not, one suspects, but he is taking one of the movie's pivotal moments to extremes. The mothers of South Park may have united to 'Blame Canada', but Bush, it seems, is prepared to Bomb Canada. Inadvertantly, at least.

As the U.S. turns the screws on Russia to come to its ABM party, Bush's 'Son of Starwars' missile defence project has suffered another credibility blow with the revelation that intercepted ballistic missiles could 'fall short' on nations including neighbouring Canada. The elaborate plan involves a system to intercept missiles from 'rogue states' just after they are launched, when the boosters are still burning. The thermal energy released by the boosters makes a missile much easier to detect than when the 'cold' warhead is left alone to slip above the atmosphere towards its target. The idea is to take out the boosters prematurely, thereby altering the trajectory of the remaining warhead. All this is fine for Americans, but such an interception of a North Korean missile could cause a warhead to drop on Canada. A present from Iraq could obliterate EuroDisney instead of the original, or wipe out Downing Street instead of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Boosters only burn for 4-6 minutes, so hitting them precisely enough to be sure of directing warheads into the ocean would be extremely difficult. Nevertheless, the U.S. is persisting with this 'Bugger you, I'm All Right, Jack' approach and is considering several 'booster busting' options. One, according to New Scientist, is "a powerful airborne laser mounted inside a modified Boeing 747 that the Air Force is devel-

oping to intercept shorter-range missiles." The laser could burn through a booster skin but not a warhead, as warheads are designed to withstand enormous heat on reentering the atmosphere. This rather begs the question of rogue states wising up and housing boosters in the same stuff as warheads. No doubt the masters of America's conservative think-tanks are breaking pencils over that one.

Destroying the warhead itself, an eminently more sensible idea, would require a bigger, more manoeuvrable interceptor, targeting the warhead perhaps with a stream of shrapnel. Apparently the technology to do this exists, but the Pentagon, in all its wisdom, isn't interested.

Part of the rationale behind the shortfall system is that rogue states probably won't bother to fire missiles they know will likely hit largely uninhabited areas. Surely, however, Saddam and Co. at their most delusionally creative would consider resculpting any part of a Western power some sort of success. Whether Canada, Britain, or Continental Europe want to play the role of middle-man in this kind of intercontinental trade is another matter. George Lucas, err, Lewis, an MIT physics boffin, put it rather abruptly: "If you ask how many people are going to be killed, on average, you're clearly better off having the warhead fall short," he said. "But the people who it's going to land on may have a different view." Ah well. As Satan The Dark Prince, Saddam's love interest in the South Park movie, rejoiced: "When Canada is dead and gone there'll be no more Celine Dion."

Tim Williams



Expecting to Graduate soon?



DECEMBER 2001  
GRADUATION CEREMONIES

Have you applied to Graduate?

Are you aware that the closing date for applications is 24th September 2001?

If you want to check if we have lodged your application please check our website at:

<http://www.adelaide.edu.au/studentadmin/gradinfo.htm>

Contact the Student Centre.

Phone : 8303 5208

Email : [graduations@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:graduations@adelaide.edu.au)



# Wailing at the Bureaucratic Wall (More Adventures with Centrelink)

Earlier this year I wrote an article encouraging students to appeal any Centrelink decision which said they were part-time and therefore ineligible or/and overpaid under Youth Allowance/AUSTUDY.

Well, the good news is that not only half a dozen University of Adelaide "victims" came forward, but that, when we took their cases to appeal at Social Security Appeal Tribunal (SSAT), the students won. A case which had got as far as the Administrative Appeals Tribunal (AAT) was "waived" - that is, the student was given a refund but without a formal hearing or decision on the issues at stake.

What this meant was that the SSATs, who have legally trained members, had thrown professional doubt on the Centrelink interpretation of what was meant by "full-time" in a period of study, and what was that period. Centrelink did not challenge these decisions.

What Centrelink had apparently wanted the legislation to say was that it was no good just being full-time (at least 75% normal workload) over a year of study. You also had to be at least 75% in a semester *within* that year OR 66% if you had a special reason (the legendary "two-thirds concession.")

Yet this "semesterisation" concept had been challenged successfully at Federal Court level back in 1998 as part of the former AUSTUDY legislation. And the recent SSATs agreed that there was no clear basis for this negative interpretation.

(By the way, a pity that the otherwise excellent "National Union of Students Guide to Student Allowance and AUSTUDY" parrots Centrelink's semesterised interpretation.)

As most of the rules to do with students had been "lifted" from the old AUSTUDY legislation across to Social Security legislation when Centrelink and Youth Allowance came into being, you'd think the Federal Court's ruling would still have been relevant.

But when the fertiliser hit the fan over the (probably accidental) omission of the two-thirds concession from Youth Allowance, leaving a whole lot of students full-time over the year but part-time in one semester: (well, according to Centrelink) overpayments were raised as if the Federal Court decision had never been made.

The thinking(?) behind this was that the Federal Court decision was under the Student Assistance Act, while Youth Allowance and AUSTUDY are now under the Social Security Act, so there was no precedent. The fact that the issues and the legislation on this issue were all but identical didn't seem to count for much.

But when we had 3 different SSAT panels come to the same conclusion as the Federal Court judge, and had an AAT "surrender", you'd think Centrelink would have stopped chasing after students on such shaky grounds.

And that pigs would fly. The cases

have continued to arise. Each student, after the cruel shock of being told they've been overpaid by as much as \$5,500, has to go through the same laborious and expensive review process, which takes months, during which time Centrelink's Debtor Section, regardless of any appeal in process, starts to recover the alleged overpayment from the student's ongoing allowance. It's a bit like serving your sentence before you've gone to trial.

If the hardship and stress to the students weren't enough, the waste of administrative time and money is just bemusing. This vexation and waste was pointed out in a letter sent by Student Care to Minister Vanstone as long ago as June. There has been no reply, and the fresh cases continue to roll.

And not just here in SA. Apparently there *had* been no joy at all in the Eastern States with these cases at SSAT level - maybe they weren't aware of the precedent cases, even though the Federal Court case had been in NSW.

But at last, in Victoria, a student, with a lawyer representing, has had a full AAT hearing, and the finding, handed down in June, is again in the student's favour.

The extra importance of this is that Centrelink either has to appeal the decision at the Federal Court or else abide by the precedents in the AAT decision. They haven't done either.

Should Centrelink appeal anyway? When it comes down to it, if a student IS overall full-time in a year of study, why the hell *should* legislation and public servants dictate exactly how the workload is spread? (Centrelink staff do have answers to that question, but none of them hold much water. Air, but no water.)

It is intriguing that the Minister A. Vanstone's Office obviously has time to read *On Dit* because "she" recently wrote a letter to the Editors intimating a pro-Labor bias in a student publication. Yet "she" doesn't answer correspondence regarding hardship to students and the wasting of public service time and effort in pursuing unjust and pointless decisions.

This Minister aside, the situation with these cases is symptomatic of the treatment of students and student assistance by successive Governments and bureaucracy since the mid-80s, culminating in that much-heralded but shambolic Government Chain-Store called Centrelink.

Student support from the 70s to the mid-80s was run by a Department largely dedicated to that purpose - the Commonwealth Department of Education, and countless mutations of that title. But in the era of "super-Departments", it was subsumed by the Department of Employment and Industrial Relations (DEIR), with the CES, as DEET (Employment, Education and Training) and *its* successive nomenclatural variants.)

This initially meant little in terms of actual public service. It just gave the

dominant ex-DEIR management cadre a bigger playground to strut in, more administrative funds to pillage and positions to shuffle at local level.

But there were disturbing signs - increasingly, high-flyers in dark suits, white shirts and bad ties who hadn't been near a member of the public for years, let alone needy students, stalked about the corridors and meeting-rooms of DEET drivelling about "service culture" and "one-stop-shops."

Investigations and compliance units burgeoned on largely hypothetical consultancy opinions that all students were basically dishonest and rorting the (what for lack of a better word I'll call) system.

Allowances became taxable (despite the costs of doing this being far higher than any tax re-coup) so all students were obliged to take out a Tax File Number. A loans option was added as a carrot to the gullible and a potential double whammy with your HECS debt repayments.

Assets tests which hit the struggling rural sector, and "actual income" tests which seemed to rely on confused self-declaration, were thrown in to add another layer of incomprehensibility and fell a few more trees.

Accountants and tax-agents smiled happily and upgraded their BMWs to the latest models.

More importantly, the Department of Social Security, several times

thwarted by DEIR/DEET in successive attempts to grab control of student assistance, was hatching an oblique takeover bid by creating a ghost entity called an *agency*...

And thus finally was born Centrelink, that Kafka-esque conglomerate of disparate clients, ill-matched arcane legislation, polygene staff structures and alien service cultures.

But so much for the unauthorised potted history. What are the lessons in all this?

Well, probably many. But I'd go for

- always get a second opinion on any adverse decision from Centrelink, even if it comes as a 1000-word judgement from a Senior Officer and sounds as if it has the backing of the Law, Holy Scripture and Nostradamus

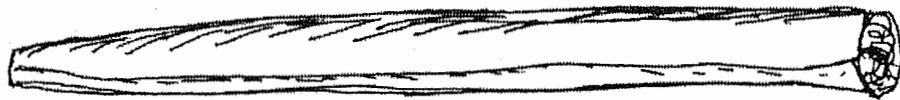
- remember, the people you actually deal with at Centrelink aren't to blame; the folks who could really influence the system you don't get to see, because they are too busy organising their next career move

- don't expect Minister's Offices to answer awkward letters, even in election years.

Chris Gent

(Chris Gent is one of the AUU's Education and Welfare Officers, and had a sanity-defying former life as a public servant)

## The Truth About Joints!



*You probably can't handle the truth, you know...*

As part of a highly innovative awareness campaign, the Church of Scientology has sponsored the production of a booklet entitled *The Truth About Joints!*

The booklet, produced by the church's Drug Free Ambassadors™ prevention programme, claims to make the "full story of marijuana available to teenagers and their families." Much of the booklet emphasises the evils of the "marijuana cigarette - a cigarette that is often a stepping stone into the hell-on-earth world of drugs."

According to the media release, the Drug Free Ambassadors™ program conducted an ambitious survey of over 5,000 "youth", all of whom claimed to want to be drug-free. Programme Coordinator Janice Werneburg provided no other details of the survey in the release, while her Adelaide staff confessed that they were unaware that such a survey had been conducted in the first

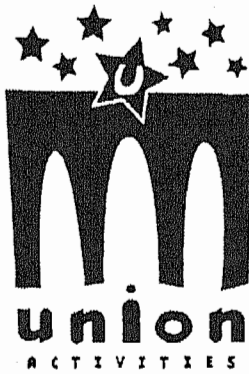
place. Werneburg was herself unavailable for comment.

In the wake of suggestions that either the Church of Scientology or the Drug Free Ambassadors™ programme had fabricated statistics in order to justify a piss weak awareness campaign, the *On Dit* Current Affairs Unit conducted a similar survey, sampling eleven random students on the Barr Smith Lawns. The results were as follows:

- Three respondents said that they wanted to be drug-free.
- Three said they didn't mind either way.
- Two tried selling us jay bags.
- One told us to "sod off".
- One appeared too stoned to respond in a sensible fashion.
- One asked when Lady Symon was going to make her comeback.

Tristan





PRESENTS

# CARNEVALE

END-OF-TERM SHOW

Thursday 13th &  
Friday 14th of September

DAY & NIGHT EVENT

PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY

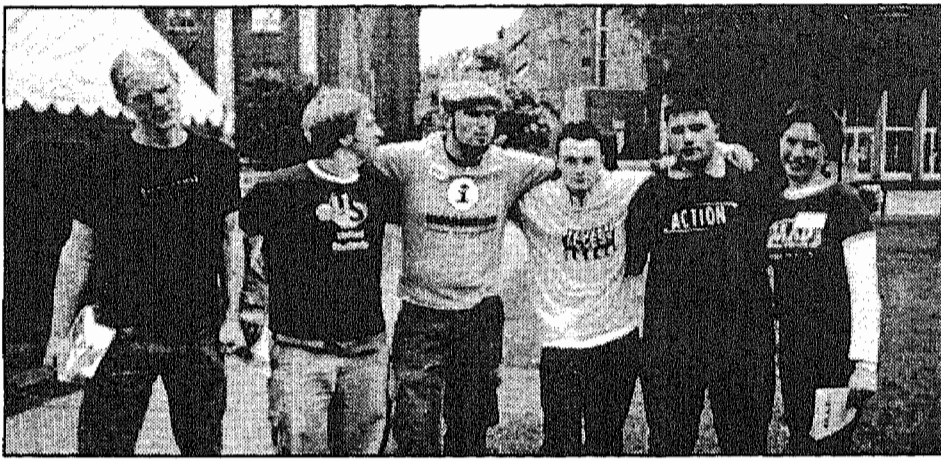


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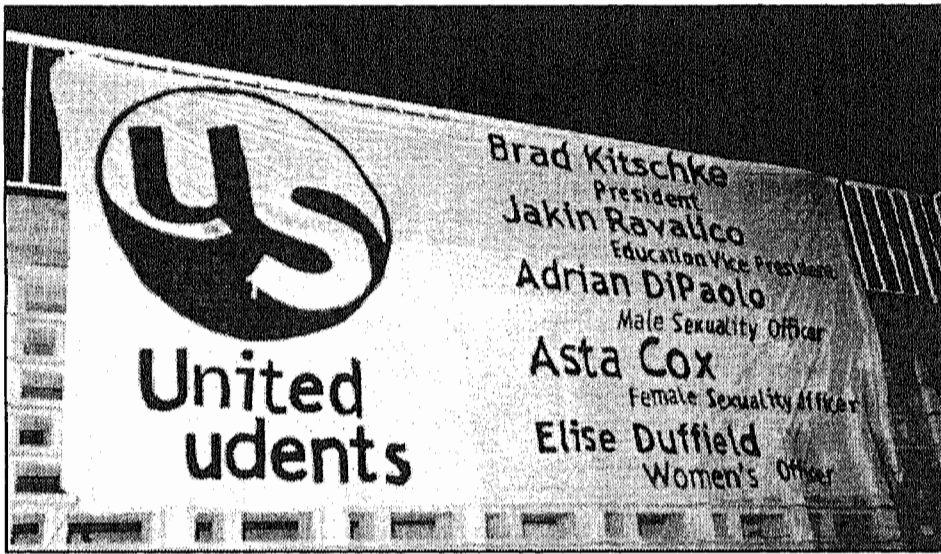




# ELECTION



All the colours of the factional rainbow. Aren't they beautiful?



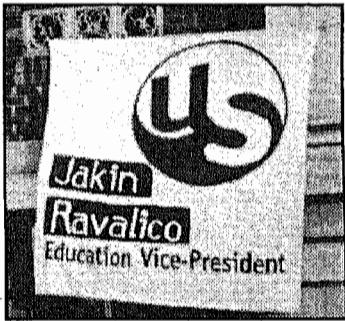
## Banner Errata

Interest was aroused early on Monday morning when United Students' Education VP banners (supporting Jakin Ravalico) turned up with large black patches where a previous candidate's name had once been. On closer inspection, Kate Ninnes' name was found under the patches, suggesting a preselection infight so late in the day that US didn't even have time to paint new banners.

More US banner fun can be seen in the accompanying photograph. Vote 1 United udents!

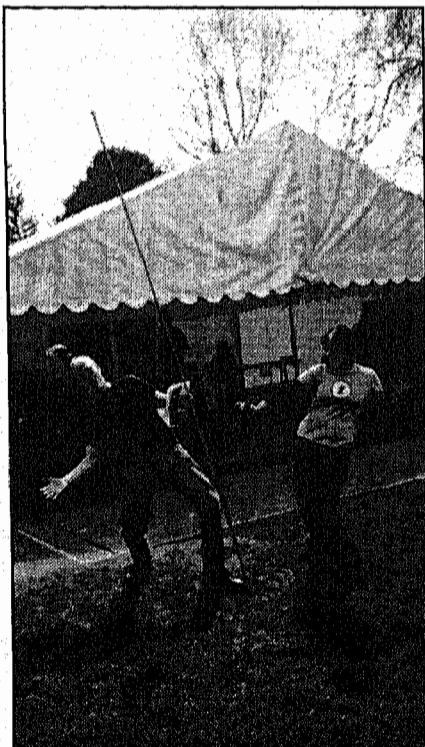
Rather amusingly, the most attractive banners of the week came from liberal-aligned ticket Action, who injected a rather large dose of irony into their campaign by painting all of their banners a gaudy shade of bright socialist red.

And finally, an interesting story from the Flinders elections, occurring this week. At Flinders, tickets have to be registered officially as clubs. This year, the Liberals reportedly registered the name 'United Students' before Student Unity - and after Unity had already painted over twenty banners at no small expense. D'oh!



## The spear

A small drama on Wednesday when an unidentified student hurled a spear at a group of candidates standing outside the Barr Smith Lawns polling tent before escaping onto Victoria Drive. The spear, a three-metre length of dowelling equipped with a sharp killing tip and apparently coming from a broken banner, failed to strike anyone directly but buried itself in the ground and sideswiped an Indie candidate on the leg. The incident appears to have been the result of one student's dissatisfaction with the electoral process rather than a deliberate assassination attempt.



A re-enactment of the spear attack.

## Count Insanity!

The count this year was fraught with problems, with arguments about methods wasting much time on Friday night.

The Party Party's one promise ('We Demand a Recount') was fulfilled, with discrepancies between the number of votes registered and the number of ballots counted during the SAUA Presidential runoff leading to an irritating recount halfway through. Women's Standing Committee also had to be recounted. Everything seemed to be fixed up by Saturday, though.

## No Poly's

On Thursday, a group of Engineering students held a barbeque on the Maths/ Science Plaza. Festivities included the annual beer/coleslaw skulling race, in which participants sculled a beer, ran 30 metres, sculled a cup of coleslaw, ran 30 metres and sculled another beer. We understand that a certain amount of regurgitation is anticipated, and this year's event was no exception.

To protect themselves from roving bands of student politicians, the Engies drew a large 'No Poly's' (sic) zone in chalk. Any student politician violating the zone's integrity was attacked with water.

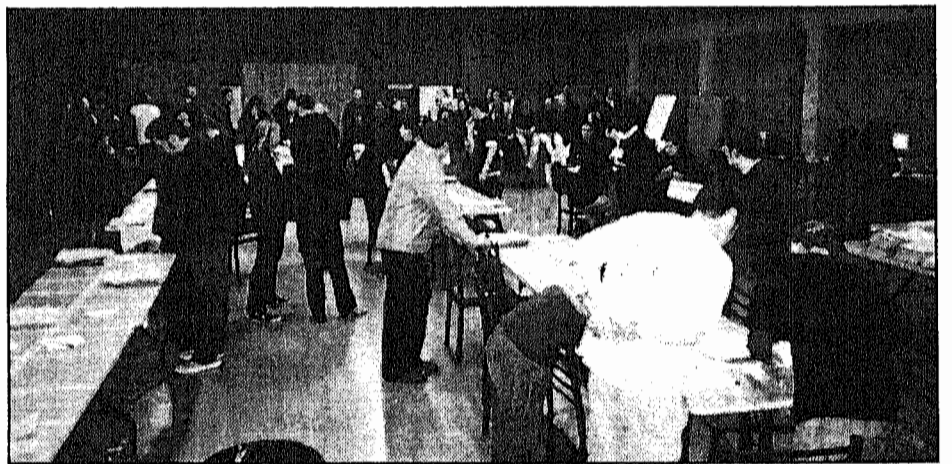
## Goodbye Banners

Sporadic banner-stealing occurred throughout the week, with freezing cold nighttime weather keeping many of the factional guard details (goons assigned the task of staying overnight at Uni and protecting each faction's banners from theft) sheltering inside their nice, warm cars and leaving banners vulnerable.

But the highlight came on Thursday night, when several unidentified persons ran around campus stealing around 15 banners and burning posters. Despite University Security's efforts in chasing them down, the miscreants escaped with almost all of United Students' Barr Smith library banners and several other factions' banners from elsewhere.

## Getting one over the line...

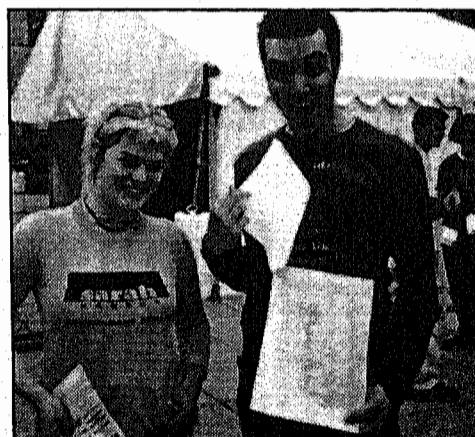
When a campaigner has actually succeeded in getting a voter to stop and talk to them, they will do almost anything to get them from that point to 'over the line' and into the polling booth. The week's most poignant example: when asked if Activate's tickets were edible, Environment Officer candidate Rory Spreckley demonstrated by eating one.



In the counting room.

## T-Shirts

Sarah Moller lightened up the week with a variety of bright orange T-shirts taking the piss out of the whole process. We bought a couple of the 'I'm voting for Mary O'Kane' ones.



Michael Fyfe with his petition to join the Big Mama household.

## Big Mama

In an effort to be admitted to the Big Mama house, part of Union Activities' Carnivale celebration in the last week of term, two candidates from Action (one of either sex) streaked across the Barr Smith Lawns. Unfortunately, *On Dit's* camera was not around to immortalise the moment.

Published by Linley Henzell 962003T  
 Authorised by the RO  
 The opinions expressed above do not reflect the opinions of the RO  
 Please Recycle



# SPECIAL



## Naughty Hacks

Hack: An election veteran for whom student politics is life.

A beautiful variety of shit-sheets (unauthorised, anonymous defamatory material) hit walls and pin-up boards around campus during the week. Apparently, factional hacks were shipped in from Flinders to do the dirty work of posting the sheets, as they are less likely to be recognised and even if they are cannot be disqualified. Naughty.

## Naughtier Hacks

This year saw several candidates engaged in the same old very sketchy behaviour, with accusations of harassment and death threats flying around. Activate have been said to be the worst offenders. There has been talk of legal action should the Election Tribunal not take these matters seriously, so we'll try avoiding liability for contempt of court by saying simply: shame, hacks, shame.

## Factional Logos

Activate surprised nobody by reusing their old clip-art megaphone. The Indies confused the punters by putting a large 'i' on their T-shirts (and, on occasion, their heads), apparently in an attempt to impersonate neutral information providers. United Students reused their 'drowning moose' yin-yang logo for another year.



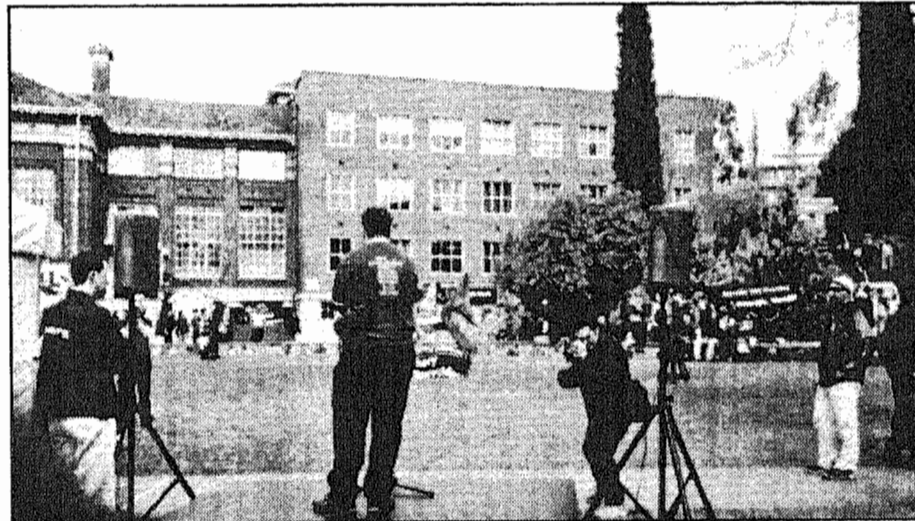
Could you show me the way to the nearest toilet?



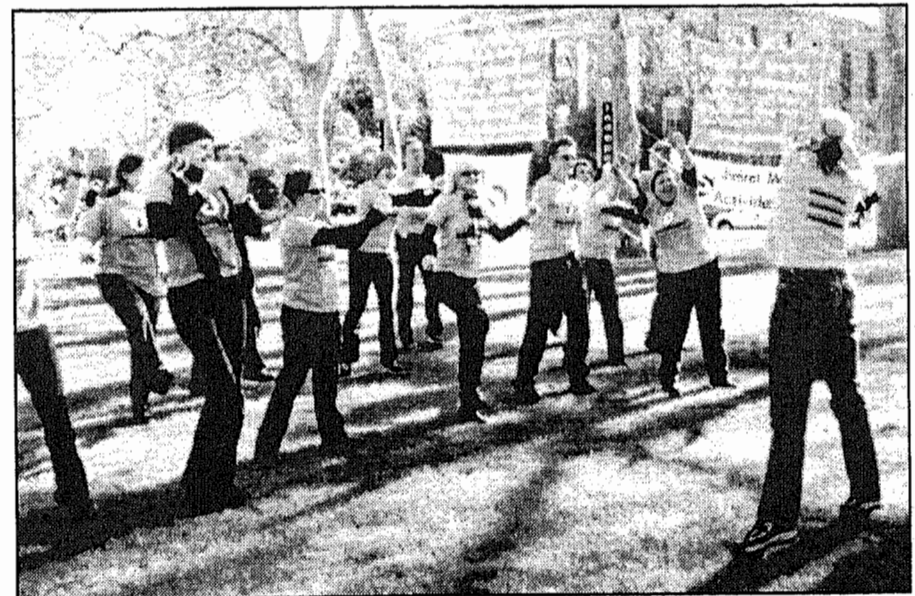
1. U.S. logo.



2. Drowning Moose.



On Tuesday and Wednesday, Office-Bearer candidates gave speeches to teeming throngs of attentive students on the Barr Smith Lawns. Notice the teeming throngs.



Bend, stretch, flex... Bend, stretch, flex... now go and campaign.

## Indyrobics

The famous Indie aerobics routine made a surprise comeback this year, with the green-clad campaigners burning off those extra kilos on the Barr Smith Lawns at 9am last Thursday.

# On Dit Election Week Awards



## Most 'vibrant' campaigner...

...goes to Katina, for the Indies.



## Most long-winded campaigner...

...goes to Tom, for United Students.



## The award for sweetest moment of detente...

...goes to Rory and Sarah (left). Aren't they cute?



Above: What a nice pair of shoes. (enhanced image)



Follow the beer.

## Fashion award

This year's fashion award goes to the Activate ticket, especially Carla for these very fetching Nike sneakers.



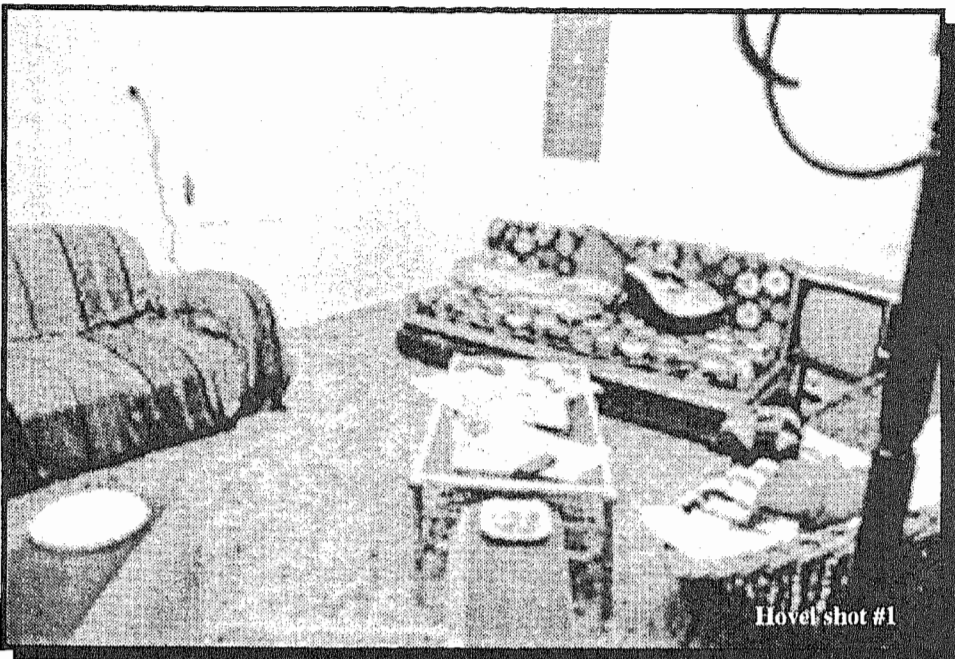
'The Party Party does not advertise.'

## Award for best joke ticket

After last year's almost complete lack of any joke campaigns, this year saw the Party Party win the award for jokiness (not that there was any competition). The Party Party also gets mentions for worst banner and lamest vote-getting technique (using a beer bottle on the end of a piece of string as bait).



# The Trials and Tribulations



Hovel shot #1

This is a straight-to-the-point guide to the hints, tips and facts of finding a place, share flatting and moving in and out, from someone who has actually ridden the roller coaster of emotions that is a part of your renting life. Written from the experience of an Adelaide University student in his prime and over a month long period during which he spent his January helping a mate find a place after receiving an S.O.S phone call at 7:30 on a Sunday morning. Here is his story...

## Getting A Place

### Deciphering the code

It all starts here. The sorting of the weeds from the roses, the boys from the men and so on. The aim is to find the designated ideal place you have set out in your head, or near enough to it. Once you have read the rental accommodation section in the paper for a month and wasted an hour and a quarter tank of fuel going to a place that would cause the most tolerant of people to shudder, you become an expert at understanding the code of accommodation. If the ad states "great for the budget" - it's crap and really rundown, "comfortable" - be prepared to have to go sideways through doors, "close to facilities" - it is probably on a main arterial road with paper for walls and if the unit is higher than number 10, expect the set of *Above The Law: The Sequel* to come every second day for location shots. The location of the street is also a major point as I soon learnt from my mate's theory (which I thought was a hypothesis), as the closer to the city it is, the more likely the place is in an apartment block and the price is way above what it actually deserves. Whilst my mate was looking to rent a 1-2 bedroom unit for no higher than \$150 a week, we found a lot of shockers.

### The Road Trip

Instead of making the boring compulsory drive to inspect after deciphering the code, ring up a friend (one who can read maps), plan a lunch stop (I highly recommend Subway as you don't have the greasy hands or face to put up with), take a couple of hours out of your schedule and turn it into your own

Thelma and Louise/Dumb and Dumber road trip. Of course, due to the cost of fuel and the limited financial situation of a Uni student like my mate, he grouped each place into suburbs then into the navigational area of Adelaide. In two and a half hours my friend and I checked out 20 units and 2 inspections from Campbelltown to Kingswood with a lunch break in between.

When it comes to the inspection of the place, sell yourself and, if satisfied with it, show how much you really want the place. A little bit of sucking up does no harm; too much, however, can lead to the agent thinking you are cracking on to them.

### The Application Form

Once you're satisfied with the place, the next step is the Application Form. Remember, when asking the Agent for the form, dress appropriately - singlets and 3-day-old stubble are out. Believe me, when the agent is going through the hordes of forms they remember what you wore and apparently don't approve of the former fashion statements. Of course, when it comes to actually filling out the form for a Uni student some of the sections will automatically tell the agent you are not the person. Therefore when filling it in the art of slight exaggeration needs to be put into action. For income triple what you actually get. For those who are currently not employed, remember when you helped out Mum and Dad mow the lawn and took control of your own finances? You are actually in fact a casual gardener and bookkeeper. Don't have enough referees or references? Put in a relative with a different surname to yours (tell them in advance, of course) and bingo, your application is kept from the shredder.

### The Big Lie

If one of your referees is a previous landlord/agent the helpful, not to say cunning, act of the 'Big Lie' may need to occur. In my mate's case, his referee was his previous agent and, after applying and being rejected for five places, he became a bit suspicious of his referee. Therefore the very skilful lad asked me to ring his agent pretending to be a prospective landlord checking out his credentials, with accurate street

and suburb name, of course. Try it, you may be surprised as to what is said. Luckily for my mate his referee was genuine, so he stuck with the agent.

## Living With Another Party

### Set the Ground Rules

While many of my peers totally avoid this area for they fear their flatmate will hate them before they have gotten to know them, from my experience it is imperative. Rules consist of who does what each week and being honest with each other. In my case, as a result of not setting ground rules it all blew up in my face. Leaving notes for each other is great to pass on messages, but not to tell your flatmate what you think of them or their friends. As Cat Stevens said, 'the first cut is the deepest'.

### Colonising

When you have found your place and a flatmate do what the British and Roman Empires did. Colonise. In this case this means filling the place with as much of your gear, furniture, kitchenware and manchester as you can. The aim of this is to achieve total control over your flatmate; in turn, they are forced to respect your gear. Unfortunately for myself, the opposite occurred, resulting in the only piece of my gear that was shared - my CD player - being ruined and myself living in fear in case something was out of place or I stained something.

### Meet the Parents

Like the recent movie with the same title, do anything you can to keep on side with your flatmates' parents and, for that matter, their family, especially if their parents are paying the bond or own the place. This involves: if answering the phone and their parents are on the line to have small talk with them; if they are over to let them have full control of the remote even if it means as a guy you are forced to watch *Felicity*; and, when asked whether you like fish and you absolutely can't stand it, you still eat it. Even if you do not get along with your flatmate's siblings, like myself, never tell your flatmate. The consequences can be disastrous.

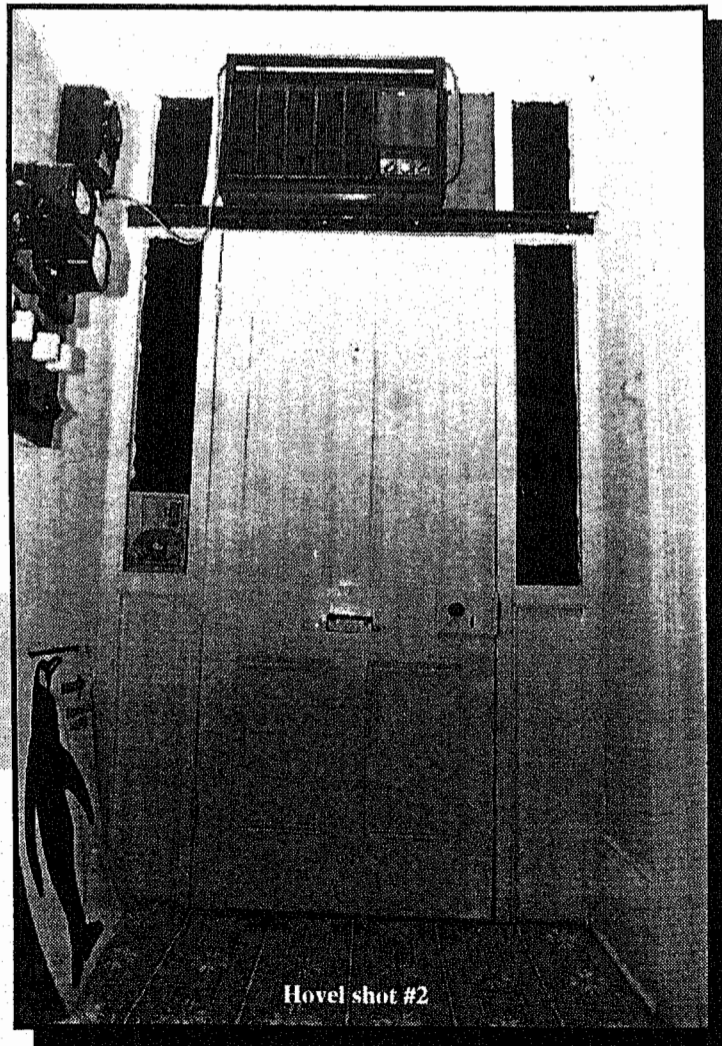
### The Inspection

Once you have settled in to your life of renting, you will realise that every

four months or so your landlord/agent will ring you up for an inspection of the place. Don't fret. By law your landlord/agent must give you two weeks notice to inspect the place, which gives you plenty of time. Plenty of time to scrub the floor, tidy up the yard, do the dishes, take the posters off the wall and make your bed. If, like my mate, you are a normal uni student and are a bit tight on cash, don't worry. If the carpet is stained, just move the furniture to cover it up, likewise with the furniture use a throw-over rug. Don't have Mr Sheen or Febreeze? Open up the entire house on a windy day, turn the fan on and presto! No dust and the smoke smell will slowly decrease. When the inspection day has arrived, pull up all curtains and blinds to make the house look cleaner. Of course, through your establishment of ground rules you and your flatmate will split the cleaning duties for the inspection. If not, use the inspection as a pawn when dealing with your flatmate. A week's worth of takeaway for doing the entire cleaning is a fair deal.

### Diplomacy

Most housemates are already known to each other and thus have the some group of friends or connections. Therefore, diplomacy must be put into action at all times and you must never be off-guard when talking to your friends. Believe me, within an hour your flatmate will know exactly what you said word for word and, if your friends are normal Chinese whisperers, will be taken seriously by your flatmate. Heed the warning. Never fall for the trap set by your flatmate in which they say that your mate said this (purposely exaggerating the story) to which you reply with "no I didn't say it that bad. All I said



Hovel shot #2



# of RENTING...

was..." Just deny everything. Of course, having the same group of friends as your flatmate does come in handy as you find out what your flatmate really does think of you. I found out within the first term and I knew a month and a half before my flatmate told me that they no longer wanted to live with me.

## The Divorce

When the end of your relationship is inevitable and divorce is inevitable, you have two options. The Ivana Trump or the Kerri-Anne Kennerly/Eddie McGuire. If you choose the Ivana Trump 'Don't get mad. Get everything' option, be prepared. While in the short run it is the best route to take, in the long run you will suffer. My flatmate chose this option and I was the one who had to move at the expense of my reputation. Of course, I chose the Kerri-Anne Kennerly (or in my case the Eddie McGuire) option in which publically I showed no emotion and refused to slag them off but in private was spitting chips and plotting my revenge. The one advantage of this latter option is that when Ivana Trump spews the molten lava from their mouth, you always have the last say and can tell family/friends the actual truth, state the facts and highlight Ivana's weakness due to the old Australian tradition of always siding with the underdog and the one who shows no signs of bitterness or revenge. Believe me, in any situation the Kerri-Anne Kennerly/Eddie McGuire option is always the one to take. Of course, with all divorces one must put the interests of the kid first. In this case the kid is your friendship, which publically must be shown to still remain when privately you don't speak to your former flatmate for over 3 months as in my case. If not your friends will take sides and both of your reputations will be tarnished, not to mention your friendships.

## Living Alone

### The Asylum

If you are living alone and you watch *Jack and Jill* each week not to perve on the actors but because you feel connected to the storyline, you need psychiatric help. This stage in flatting is known as the asylum, wherein you do not go out and instead resort to pitiful acts to overcome your boredom and slowly without realising it become depressed. Either with the help of concerned friends or through your own willpower (for smokers it will be the former) you are released from the asylum and brought back into society.

### The Shopping Trip

Having lived with another person(s) and then living on your own, you realise just how great living alone is once you take your second or third shopping trip. The reason for this is for the first shopping trip you have to stock up, thus be prepared for an expensive docket (It is highly recommended that you shop every fortnight as you force yourself to stretch your food over the period, which saves money in the long run). However after the first shop you will find that

your shopping bill is actually less than when you were share flatting, as by yourself you do not go through as much food nor as much toothpaste, milk and cleaning products etc. You also are able to purchase the food you love without having to live in fear of your flatmate's friends eating it. There's nothing worse than coming home from a night out starving and going to the cupboard to find someone has eaten your Arnott's Wafer Bites via a note from your flatmate apologising.

### Social Butterfly

The major advantage of living alone is that you become a social butterfly. The meaning of this is that you are no longer weighed down by feelings of concern for other flatmates when you come home late at night or are not there to do your jobs for the week; thus, you can spread your wings. Another reason for this is that in order to combat being alone you overcompensate socially, which in the long run will reap major benefits for you.

### Packing Up

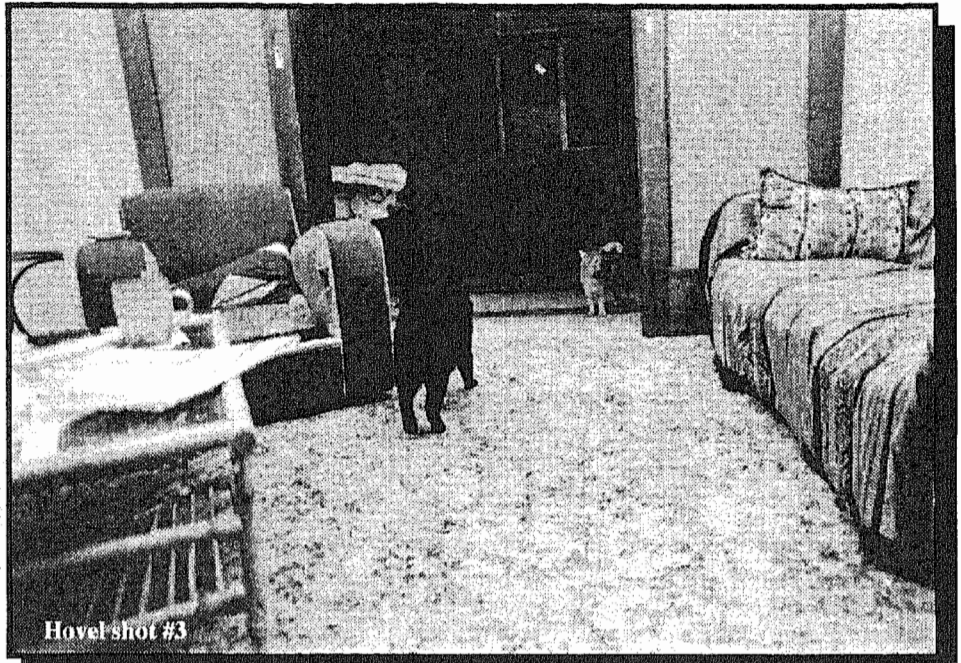
#### The Test of Friendship

My theory of packing up is to test the strengths of your friendships. As you are a normal uni student you may be too strapped for cash to pay for a small removal truck and removalists, who by the way are paid by the hour, so if you help them like my mate did you can cut the expected removal time by a factor of three and save yourself a lot of money despite getting the look of death from the removalist every 10 minutes. The best option is to call on friends or family for help. If you have no immediate family living within the city boundaries, ask friends who have a lot of patience, tolerance and are hard working but when moments get tense exhibit a perfect timing for sarcasm. As the godlike friend does not exist, ask a friend who has a tow bar, a car that will make the four trips from your old place to your new, has no prior engagements on the day (you never know how long it will take) and one that you can handle seeing your personal belongings - objects wrapped in cloth and sticky tape can accidentally come unravelled, you know. Also, photos of you as a kid dressed in your sister's clothes do come back to haunt you.

If it is just you moving out, it is highly recommended that you pack up and leave when your flatmate is not there. This way you both leave on good terms and your friendship walks away from that tunnel of light.

### The Clean Up

As with 'Setting the Ground Rules', when it comes to cleaning up the place, decide before doing it who is to do what. In my mate's case, his flatmate moved out a couple of weeks before he did, so when it came to the crunch and his flatmate came around to help, my mate was not prepared and deservedly spent 8 hours cleaning the house by himself. If it is just you moving out, only and, I repeat, only clean up your things and



do your roster for that week otherwise things that mysteriously disappear from your flatmate's possession will be pinned on you. However, if you know that your flatmate has some of your possessions it is advisable to confront them before you leave. If they lie about it then you still have time to take something of theirs to use as a bargaining tool. Cassette tapes and CDs are perfect examples.

### The Referees/Diplomacy

You know how you hated that landlord or agent? Well, this is where diplo-

macy and a fake smile come into play. Whatever your feelings towards your landlord/agent are, it is imperative to have them on your side, as you need them as referees when looking for another place. They also still hold your bond until they have inspected the place once you have left, so do not tell them they are a parasite of society who preys on the weak until you have your bond in your hand.

Rhys Hunt

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# Hello, I love you, won't you tell me who to vote for? (The year I voted for the first time)

Election week. Hate. Once a year. Hate. Students forgoing their individuality for their choice of a colourful T-shirt. Hate. Independents not so independent. Hate. Putrid politics in my face. Hate. I don't like it and I don't know many who do. To be perfectly honest, it's one of the (few) things I don't know much about, and don't care to be informed about either. So, like most students, I put on my Don't-Fuck-With-Me face or I've-Already-Voted face, and I walk through the plaza, knowing I will be told things I don't want to know anyways (note the extra s).

Walking through the Uni last Wednesday afternoon I had forgotten about wonderful election week, and while enduring one of the worst days in August (the rest of the month was pretty good), I wasn't bouncing full of fruit flavour when I realised what I had walked straight into. Colourful T-shirts polluting my ears and bag. And I was not a happy clam. I had just had a fight with my sister, I was pre-menstrual, the blood test lady tried to gush petrol outta my arm, I drove around for centuries to find a park AND I realised I was in the wrong degree (five years into it), amongst other things. You know, one of those days when you don't even know if the grass is greener on the other side coz you're up to your neck in it you can't even see the other side. Geez, you'd been glad to know there was one.

Anywho, back to the voting thing. I was having a bad day. So, when the colours galore t-shirt brigade came my way, I was anything but nice. In fact, I

was very, very rude. And to their face, no back stabbing thank you, whatever needed to be said, I said it to them. It started when I left the Napier building all the way to the library. I manage to put off everybody from coming anywhere near me all that way. One guy came waving his pamphlet at me with the line "Look! It's got TWO colours inside!" to which I replied, "How stupid do you think I am, that I'm gonna vote for you JUST BECAUSE YOU HAPPEN TO OWN TWO DIFFERENT COLOURED MARKERS?", and to someone else "Why should I vote for you?" Reply "Oh, well..... (long pause)", to which I said, "Alrighty, got no time right now, when you decide, let me know." And when I felt like being nicer "Bug me tomorrow, OK?" or "Not today!" Someone even offered to escort me all the way across so no-one else would bother me. Except for them. I said, no thank you, I seem to be managing by myself just fine. And the thing was, that I was pretty proud of me getting by, while all the suckers behind me (poor first years) had to struggle to say NO.

Until I got to the library. Some guy walked up to me, and tried to give me their pitch, to which I replied with my standard "I'll do it tomorrow", but, surprise, surprise.... He said "Well, why don't you take it home and read through it later so you'll know by tomorrow?" I said no thank you, that's ok. And then he insisted I listen to him, while taking my crap with a spoon. Needless to say, I was impressed. He listened to me, being a complete bitch, and he stayed. He

cared for my vote. He took the time to turn me around and he didn't hesitate to answer any of my questions. He was articulate and coherent, two things I appreciate on someone else since I don't possess them myself. And he didn't in any way make me feel stupid (unlike others with their: "Hey look, we have pretty colours, vote for me!!" or "We'll tell you who to vote for, just follow the prompts") and he seemed to know what he was talking about. It wasn't anything new, some new strategy I had never heard before, it was the same old stuff everyone has been trying to do for years, like IT access stuff and the number in some tutorial groups going on the increase. But he actually made me believe he wanted to make a difference. I think he actually cares what happens to our beloved University. Why? I'm not sure, I really should have asked. But not every thing has personal gain written all over it, does it? I'm cynical about people and things, but I don't want to be. And while I sit here and write this, I wonder, isn't this what politicians are meant to do? Charm your pants off so you vote for them? And then do, like the rest, nothing? I want to believe he was different because he thinks he's different. Maybe the system hasn't rutted him out, and he can keep the fire going to fight the good fight (not that I'm condoning violence, make sweet love not war, I say). And that's really the reason why I voted for him, he was fresh. I've seen too many familiar faces heading the different coloured t-shirt people for the past five years, and I don't like it.

The same faces, and they haven't done anything exciting, and I haven't voted. Or better yet, they only show their familiar face to wear their respective t-shirt and then you don't see them ever again for the rest of the year. And did I mention the person I voted for would make a really good telemarketer? If he ever decided to change from politics/science to communications/sales. And he remembered my name...!! (I mean Viviana, not Viv, because it's too long people always end up calling me Vivian or Victoria, I don't know which one I hate more) See? I'm not hard to please. So, I voted for him and the lovely and talented people running for *On Dit* editors next year. I know the importance of one vote (I've heard the Hitler story about how he became the leader of his party only because of one vote, blah, blah, blah) I just never cared. Make me care. That's an invitation.

Oh yeah, to end my precious day, I got barred from the library and got a parking ticket too. But I voted, people, I voted.

Viv Torres-Opazo

P.S. Hate is a harsh word, please substitute it for 'strongly dislike' wherever found. I reserve that word for other (more pressing) matters...



Are you interested in  
Women's Issues?

Do you have something to say?

Then maybe it is time for you to get involved in:

Elle Dit

(the Women's edition of *On Dit*)

There will be a meeting of the *Elle Dit* collective at 1pm Thursday in the Women's Room (Lady Symon Building)

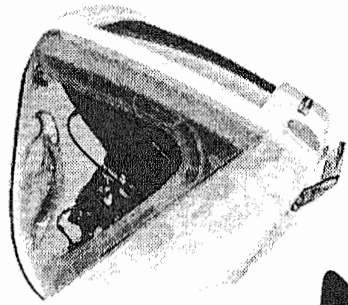
and

Totally Women  
Powered Radio

If you can't make the meeting, but would still like to get involved with *Elle Dit*, Totally Women Powered Radio or the Women's Department then call the SAUA on 83035406 and speak to Anais Chevalier, the Women's Officer, or Elise Duffield, the Women's Officer elect (provisional).



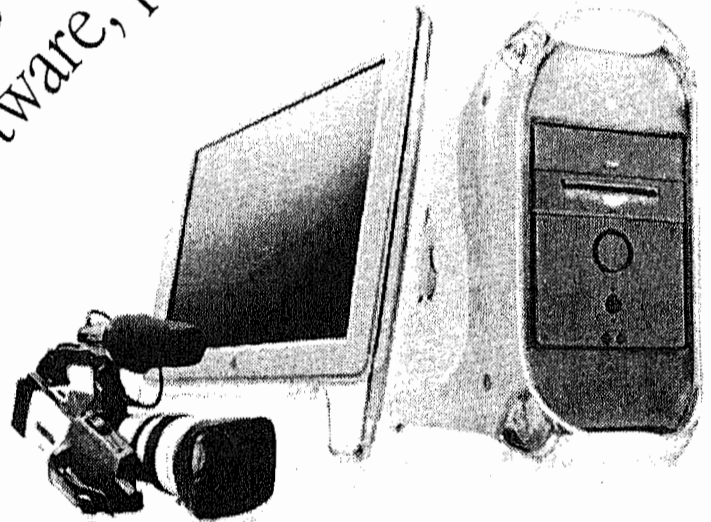
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# Battle of the Sexes

Picture two types of flying bugs, one sort still frantically bashing itself against a porch light, the other already writhing half-dead on the ground. That's the image conjured by recent commentaries on the battle of the sexes: Women bang their heads against the glass ceiling, while men lie beaten in a heap of humiliation.

The feminist ranks of the Mother Country were recently rocked by betrayal from within, when revered author Doris Lessing showed her support for us defenceless blokes: "I find myself increasingly shocked at the unthinking and automatic rubbishing of men which is now so part of our culture that it is hardly even noticed...It is time we began to ask, who are these women who continually rubbish men?" Yes, who are you? Are there any on campus? I haven't been the victim of many arbitrary verbal barrages from mysterious feminine forces myself, but if Doris says so, it must be happening. (It's hard to fight an instinctive trust of anyone called 'Doris', isn't it?).

Lessing claimed boys are made to feel guilty for the crimes of their sex while feminist energies are misdirected toward the humiliation of men: The most stupid, ill-educated and nasty woman can rubbish the nicest, kindest and most intelligent man and nobody protests. Men seem to be so cowed that they can't fight back, and it is time they did. Is this true? Certainly the nasty witches on *Beauty and the Beast* give that nice Stan Zemanek a rough time of it. The 'dumb bloke' and 'silly Daddy'

factors in TV commercials are still very high, while a British academic complained that when working at UCLA his six female colleagues based their teaching on the single premise: 'All men are rapists.' But across the board, are we really held in such contempt by the female population?

Perhaps the blokes of Britain are down for the count, but clearly Doris hasn't been Down Under lately. Men in these parts aren't so resourceless that we can't fight back. For us, it's all very primitive and territorial, so we've targeted the most female-dominated sphere of activity we could think of to take over: Watch out girls - we've gone shopping.

The latest Retail Probe Update showed that men's planned spending for the June quarter outstripped women. So how are we waging war on the retail front? Well, for starters, no heels means a lower rate of attrition. Our forces also have superior range, as we are not handbag-handicapped from the outset (We can't pack mace nearly as inconspicuously, though). Upon entering department stores, men are able to slip under the radar of perfume attendants and hence penetrate the heart of the retail target faster. Men are also advantaged by the lack of disturbance once inside a male department. Compare the one-to-one combat women have to endure buying make-up, say.

Efficiency is paramount to the male cause. Watch a male customer in collusion with a male salesperson. A 'salesman', if you'll excuse the patriarchal



term. A series of grunts and nods is all that is required for an efficient transaction. It's also an ingenious code that women are clearly yet to break.

Women are taking a further psychological beating in the shops through the introduction of size zero clothing. (I read it in the paper. Honestly, I haven't shopped for women's clothes for some time now). According to a psychologist from the University of Sydney, the message this sends to women is: 'To be valued you have to be a nothing.' Live the noughties, wear the noughties, be a noughtie, in other words.

The recent case of one of New Zealand's most senior bureaucrats also brought the question of dress to the fore. The woman concerned was a middle-aged buxom type who liked to show off her legs and cleavage in the office. Apparently some male colleagues were having difficulty keeping their minds on the job and demanded she covered up a bit more. Sexist bastards? Sure, but does it cut both ways? What if a male politician bucked the trend and bothered to get in shape? Would it be acceptable to wear a sleeveless shirt in parliamentary offices for bicep display? When you think about it, to display the attributes of the male anatomy stereotypically thought of as sexy, a man would need to be wearing nothing more up top than a transparent plastic apron. Men in a 'formal' workplace don't have the option of dressing up and dressing sexy simultaneously. Women might find a well-fitting sports jacket alluring, I suppose, but compared to sud-soaked Diet Coke man outside the window?

At any rate, it seems the last thing women want to be doing at work is looking attractive, especially if they're after promotion from male bosses. In her

column in the *Weekend Oz*, Shelley Gare recently quoted a 'competent blonde acquaintance' as saying: "For a start, the women don't like you because they think you're too much competition. And then the men...They get close to you and their little dicks start twitching, but if they know they aren't going to get anywhere with you, they hate you." Looks may open doors, then, but may also be proportional to the thickness of that glass ceiling.

Dress debates aside, a recent International Labour Office report shows that we are nowhere near reaching parity in managerial circles. Only 1.3% of executive positions in Australia are held by women while female managers are paid 12% less than their male counterparts. Men still rule the corporate and political roosts. According to author Rosie Scott, part of the 'Debunk Doris' brigade, this battening down of boardroom hatches is 'something to do with men's fear of women, with contempt.'

The overall picture, then, is nothing but contradictory: Women hold men in contempt, but can't nail the top jobs. The male masses lie in a pool of humiliation, while a ruling elite lords it over ambitious women. It's like the World Swimming Championships, where the U.S. claimed victory on an overall medal basis, while the Aussies claimed the win on the back of a superior gold tally.

Perhaps the male resort to sporting analogy to explain the world is one of our contemptible traits. Or is that sexist comment right there? Whatever the case, I'm off to Venus or Mars or wherever it is I'm supposed to have come from. I hear the shopping's good there.

Tim Williams

## WHAT RIGHTS?

A FORUM ON THE EFFECTS & FUTURE OF ANTI-LESBIAN/GAY/QUEER LEGISLATION

### featuring:

JANE LOMAX-SMITH  
(REPRESENTING THE AUSTRALIAN LABOR PARTY)

MICHAEL PILLING  
(REPRESENTING THE AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRATS)

CATE FAHRMANN  
(REPRESENTING THE SA GREENS)

IAN PURCELL  
(LETS GET EQUAL CAMPAIGN)

GEORGE VALIOTIS  
(AIDS COUNCIL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA)

AN OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR WHAT THE MAJOR PARTIES WILL BE DOING TO COMBAT DISCRIMINATION AGAINST SAME-SEX COUPLES, IN LIGHT OF UPCOMING STATE & FEDERAL ELECTIONS, AS WELL AS A PERSPECTIVE FROM SOCIAL & COMMUNITY QUEER ACTIVISTS.

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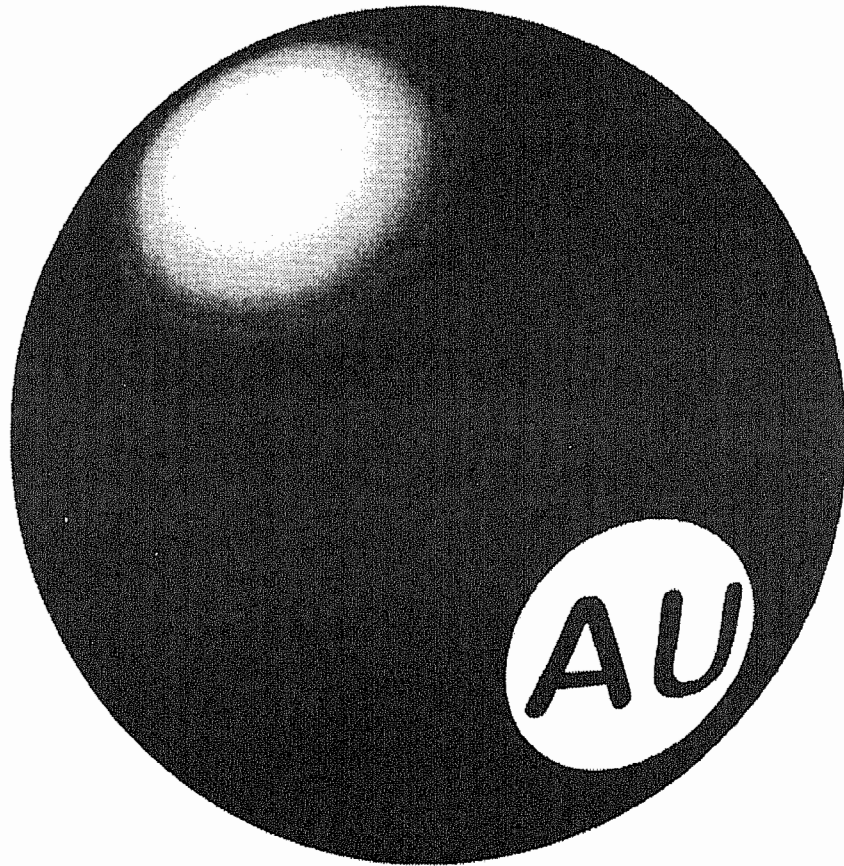
## Agree or Disagree?

We want your opinions for *Elle Dit*, the Women's Edition of *On Dit*, which will be appearing in early October. Bring your submissions down to the office or email to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)



# AU Interfaculty Ball

Sponsored by Spurling Formal Hire



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**Saturday September 8th**

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# What's wrong with Student Politics? and how can we change it?

Students alone don't have the power to change society fundamentally. We are a small minority of the population and hold no direct economic power. Unlike workers, who run the whole economy, when students strike - society does not grind to a halt. However, students do have the potential to wield significant influence. Students have access to information and ideas, are often in large numbers in the one place, can not be sacked and have relatively large amounts of free time. These factors all allow the student body to play an active role in political struggle and form a relatively thorough understanding of society, its injustices and what to do about it.

Historically, students have often formed the most radical section of many popular movements for progressive change. Examples include the heroic struggle of Indonesian students, who led a mass popular uprising that overthrew dictator Suharto in May 1998 and attempted to completely oust the military from politics through repeated mass mobilisations throughout the year.

In France in 1968 the radicalism of French students triggered a more general revolt against French capitalism. This movement at its height saw ten million workers mobilised in a general strike that involved the majority of the

population. Mass rallies and demonstrations, factory and campus occupations gripped most of France. People took them over for use in the struggle to overthrow the French Government. For over six weeks universities became factories of revolutionary ideas. Art departments, for example, were used to produce posters and leaflets exposing French imperialism and exploitation.

## Student Struggle in Australia

Australian students too have a history of radicalism at different times. Student (as well as trade union) radicalism was a key factor in forcing the Fraser Liberal government on the back foot and eventually causing their downfall at the 1983 Federal election. Under the ALP, students resisted the \$250 'HEAC' charge which was an upfront fee for all undergraduate students. In 1987 and 1988 HEAC was defeated primarily through student protest using the powerful weapon of mass rallies. The ALP was successful however in bringing fees through the back door with the introduction of HECS in 1989.

ALP students through this whole period used the positive initiative of trying to set up an national union of students (NUS) as a distraction from the

tasks of building the campaign against the ALP government. They were successful in enticing enough genuine activists into the framework of NUS, which was ALP, dominated, to take the wind out of the wings of the free education campaign and eventually crush it.

Bureaucratic demobilisation and demoralisation of activists through this process paved the way for Howard to cut education funding and increase HECS after the Liberals' election in 1996. The current state of demoralisation of students is partly a legacy of past political defeats. Defeats have occurred not just against students trying to defend free education, but against all people's living and working conditions.

When there is no memory of mass action, or more specifically no concept in most students' minds that it is actually possible to *defeat* regressive government policy - that makes it pretty hard to wage struggle. Additionally, the elected leadership of student organizations such as National Union of Students (NUS) and the Students' Associations both reflect this demoralisation and reinforce it.

## ALP Domination

The ALP dominates the decision-making bodies of student organizations on most campuses around Australia, and Adelaide University is not exception to this. ALP students are only able to maintain this control in the context of little or no student activism. If no real struggle exists, then no new activists are generated and the ALP can win most student elections on an apolitical basis. Their control of student organizations also acts as a block to student activism.

The problem for ALP student politicians is not just that the new movement against corporate globalisation is not controlled by the Labor Party but that it actually challenges ALP policy. For example, the selfless internationalism of the new movement, contained in demands like 'dump third world debt' are irreconcilable with the ALP's function as being a 'responsible' government (when elected). That is - protecting the stability of the current system. No matter that system is environmentally unsustainable, brutally repressive and exploits the majority of the world's people.

## The Anti-Corporate Movement

Conversely, the inspiration for many students that has been brought about by the new, radical, international protest movement against corporate domination of the world has given a new lease of life to activism on campus. In Australia the S11 and M1 protests involved thousands of students, workers, unemployed and high school students and brought together environmental, social justice, trade union activists and thousands of people who had no experience of political action. It has exposed to many people the injustice of the capitalist system and why it needs to be

changed.

The new movement to this day remains a minority movement; it has mobilised tens of thousands of people in Australia but not yet millions. Most people know about the movement and are sympathetic, but we have a long way to go before the movement has the real power of *active* majority support. Only then will it have the potential to win what it is demanding. The question then, for all students who sympathise with the anti-corporate movement, is how we can take it forward. The next big protests must be the most important next step. Two events are shaping up to become the next major events. The Commonwealth Business Forum (CBF) in Melbourne on October 3-5 and the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting (CHOGM) in Brisbane on October 6. Activists will demand a treaty for indigenous Australians, boycott the WTO, cancel third world debt and stop GATS.

Activists involved in this campaign and anybody who cares about the state of the world should also try to challenge the ALP domination of our student organisations. The student elections this year took place in the lead up to these two protests, ie in the peak of building them. The climate of organizing protest action will no doubt have a positive effect on the election campaign. A high level of political activity will have the impact of bringing student politicians out of the closet - like it or not. That is - the incumbents might have a hard time getting elected on the basis of 'putting students first' or 'more beer' if they are blatantly neglecting the real and pressing issues.

## We Need to Challenge the ALP

In short, the new movement has shifted the balance of forces in favour of those wanting to do something about the state of the world and away from those who make a career out of reinforcing the demoralisation. This provides the opportunity for activists to re-invigorate our student organisations and 'take the power back' from the ALP.

This won't happen automatically. In fact, it requires students who are genuine about changing the world to engage in student elections on top of non-election campaigns. To all of you who are disgusted at the careerism and incompetence of the Student's Association we say 'if you let this demoralize you and you don't challenge what is bad, then you allow ALP student politicians to stay in control and nothing changes'. The Students' Association has considerable resources, both financial and the *potential* (not seen for a while) to organise students on a large scale. Unless we challenge the ALP domination then this potential cannot be realised.

Lisa Lines  
Resistance and Socialist Alliance

# Hello from Student Radio Land

Howdy all, I hope that student elections passed without you losing your patience. It's also time to start thinking about what you plan to do with the holidays. My suggestion? Why, thank you for asking. I think you should listen to the radio a lot. And not just any radio, but one tuned to 5UV (531 AM) at a time when Student Radio takes over the airwaves. Adelaide Uni students broadcast on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 9pm to 1am, and you can tape our genius at work for later review. This material will be examinable.

Ha ha. I bet you thought that was a joke. Well, you won't when you get to the Student Radio Quiz night, in the Unibar, October 11. More details next week, but make note in your diary of this event in big, friendly fun letters. I promise less nudity than ever before (if you were there last year, you know why this is a good thing...)

In other news, the most esteemed Mikey Fyfe and Clementine Ford will be appearing on the airwaves every second Saturday from midnight till 1am, in their show, the Taming of the Shoe. We all knew that they wouldn't be able to get away from the clutches of radio... honestly, it's an addiction. Do a radio show and you'll never go back. Speaking of which, Anais is organising Totally Women Powered Radio for October 2-5, so get in touch with her soon to find out about training and scheduling a show of your own for Women's Week! Like I said, you'll be addicted as badly as a junkie, but at least you'll get to meet nicer people.

Luke

Don't forget to tune into StudRad on Monday.  
Tuesday and Saturday Nights on  
5UV - First on the AM Dial



guess what! it's on dit's

# poetry corner

read on for the pick of this year's  
poetical submissions...

## Election

by Gennifer Flowers

Student politicians  
Spill out onto the lawns  
Like a packet of Smarties  
Some regular, some giant  
Running this way, that way  
Bouncing against the walls  
Angry, angry, angry  
Blue, Red, Green, Yellow  
Will their colours wash away with the rain?

## Love petals

by Gennifer Flowers

Soft and light pink  
Its love smells like spring,  
Happiness and strawberry kisses

I long to walk with it  
Along the beach at sunset  
The petals will float on the water

No! Darkness, Black! Death!  
They will come to crush the petals  
And leave them wilted on the carpet

## Fly

by Bill Clinton

Black!  
A fly trapped in a bottle.  
Relentlessly circle.  
The fly screams  
Eeeeeeeeeee!  
Bunny rabbit.

## In my brother's grave

by Gennifer Flowers

Midnight  
Quiet  
Sssssh  
Dig  
Dig  
Dig  
Cool soil  
Mmmmmm  
Quiet  
Fair sibling

## Nine 'til Five

by Joseph of  
Aramathea

Awake.....DRIVE.....work,  
late,boss,yell,punch,boss,  
fired,.....DRIVE.....home,  
wife,leave,drink.....  
DRIVE.....police,stop,  
punch,police,take,gun,  
run.....DRIVE.....boss,  
house,kill,boss.....  
DRIVE.....hotel,wife,  
kill,wife.....DRIVE.....cliff.

## I want to be with you

by Gennifer Flowers

I want to be with you  
We can multiply like the corn.

Now it is spring, we can frolick like the little lambs and enjoy the  
blue skies of forever.

Now it is springtime,  
I will read Yeats in the park,  
I will peel a lime  
Dancing with the midnight lark.

Now it is springtime  
We can declare our love,  
We can waste the time  
Caressing the wings of a dove.

## My Tutor

by Gennifer Flowers

My tutor, is like  
A seductive orange  
His skin is thick and pigmented.

He sits at, the shiny desk  
I know he has many parts  
His flesh must be juicy and bitter-sweet.

Ask Me! Ask Me!  
Will my tutor ask me a question?  
I have done all the readings and I am ready.

My tutor, is like  
A seductive orange  
He is the pick of the University fruitbowl.

## seamist

by genevieve bouvier

elections,  
rejections,  
sands through the great political hourglass  
in the flash of an ionic reonic  
we see glimpses of our souls in the shards of mirror  
crack'd from side to side  
by the political windmill that chops  
chops

and splatters its remains  
on your freshly cleaned carpet.  
we fly, we fly  
on the wings of  
stolen banners  
as they burn in the grass, the smoke encrusts our  
weary lungs  
flip top Marlboro packets  
a puff and a draw  
we see what it means to be free.

## In the afternoon

by Gennifer Flowers

Slinky, next to the coke machine  
I wait for the bitch who stole my boyfriend  
She is skinny like a string bean  
I squish my straw and keenly watch it bend.

## I burnt my bra, and my underpants too.

by Gennifer Flowers

Female stalls  
Graffiti on the walls  
Feel the strength of the thick black pen  
Stolen from those horrible men  
Scribble Scribble Scribble Scribble  
Everyday, waiting to hear  
Soothing words appear  
What are the thoughts of our nation?  
Poor punctuation.

## Twinkle, Twinkle

(a poem in words  
and forms)  
by Che Guava

star  
star  
star

## Untitled

by Sam Franzway (17-6-96)

I was riding my bike to school one day,  
When I passed a barn that was full of hay.  
And as I looked closer, I received a scare,  
for I spied four feet protruding from there!

Human they were, these four pink feet,  
But what they were doing just had me beat!  
Two were facing up, to the tree-tops green,  
but the others were facing down and sat nestled in between!

I stopped my bike and heard the voice of a lady  
muttering muffled words that sounded like "Oh baby!"  
It suddenly dawned what these four feet were doing,  
I had discovered two people in the process of screwing!

"Hey you two!" I called into the barn  
"Is that the sort of thing you should be doing on a farm?"  
"Avast there young laddie! And get back to school!"  
Said a voice over the vibrations of some sexual tool.

I recognised the sound of those gruff, grisly tones,  
By Gods, it's my Biology teacher, Mr Artherton-Smythe-Jones!  
"Who's there?" spoke a voice from deep within the straw,  
Damned if it weren't the maths teacher Mrs Alice McSporn!

"What are you doing in there sir?" was my naïve cry  
"Just doing some research," was the quick as lightning reply  
"What about you miss?" I said to my boots  
"Just brushing up, on the art of square roots."

And with that I rode on in great contemplation,  
I was now giving my future some serious consideration.  
I no longer aspired to be a stockbroker or a preacher,  
Having seen the after hours I wanted to be a teacher!



# Letters

## Music Stars

Dear Eds,

Reading the article about record stores – I often go into Big Star on Rundle St. Sometimes I spend money, sometimes I don't. The staff there have always been friendly and helpful to me and any other customers I observed.

But even if they weren't I'd still shop there because, for me, a music shop is about music, and they have the largest and most diverse range I have found in Adelaide. As well as this, their support of local talent is unrivalled as far as I know.

Eric Kuhlmann

## Why 'he'?

Dear On Dit,

I have several questions regarding Professor Booty. Does the Professor have a PhD? If so, I assume it is in Ghetto Philosophy, however this may be considerably off-target, in which case I apologise. In addition to this, is the professorship honorary, or did he achieve it through recognition of his copious lectures to his Road Dogs and up-and-coming Ghetto Stars on the street corners and basketball courts of Compton? Finally, a question that I am sure is on everyone's mind: is the rumour true that Professor Booty is actually an O.G.? And if so, when did he receive the prestigious title?

Yours Sincerely,  
Gravy Grav  
Public Enema

## We like them too

Dear On Dit,

Hello There!  
I like the people in the coloured T-shirts. They talk to me and make me feel special. When I try to kiss them they run away. I like the people in the coloured T-shirts.

Simon Cough

## Everything's Fucked

Dear On Dit,

I wish to complain about absolutely everything.

Regards,  
Nicholas  
Jankovic

## Retort

Dear "Sandra 3<sup>rd</sup> Year Arts",



No, I didn't sleep with anyone to get free stuff, silly me, I've just been giving it away for free. Now I realize that all the hours of hard work I have put in reviewing films and

interviewing bands that I have never heard of at the last minute were totally unnecessary, I could have just been using my talents and screwing my fellow sub-editors to amass a large number of CDs. Perhaps if you went along and stuck your hand up at the music meetings, then you too would be the proud owner of the latest Geri Halliwell album. I get a lot of CDs because I am prompt and reliable, and I often get film reviews because I am the film sub-editor and I don't actually get paid for doing this. The tickets kind of come with the job. "Sandra", should you wish to receive film tickets or CDs, why not come on down to *On Dit* and introduce yourself, as we are always looking for new talent. Then you could be off on your merry way at 9am to a film screening when perhaps you should be doing other more pertinent things, like working on your thesis.

Linda Rust (Poptart)  
Film sub-editor

PS. On your criticism of the recent consumer watchdog of CD stores, we are not *Choice* magazine. I do believe that their reporters get paid for their exhaustive surveys. Perhaps you could volunteer for a few articles.

## Show us your Feistiness

Dear David Billington,



I understood that you were playing with a stereotype, David, in your last letter (*On Dit* 69.18), and perhaps that if you are the type of guy to bandy such things about, it's little wonder that no feisty girl will look at you twice. You claim it to be poor behaviour for them to label you worthless to spit on, yet you categorise them all the same.

There are little things in your letter I found absurd, such as your insistence that so-called conscientious people like yourself would never stoop to a comment as "show us your tits", however I assure you that most boorish men know how to type. Most.

I have little else, beyond pointing out that you considered my opinionated reply unworthy, yet defend your right to your pig-riddled voice.

I apologise to engineers everywhere, amongst whom include some of my closest friends. Apparently Computer Science has pipped you at the post.

Ads  
3rd Year Psychology

P.S. Don't have a go at the lovely people at *On Dit* for your letter title. If anything it upped the tone.

## Farewell, God Bless



I would like to take this chance on behalf of all those students and staff who have been assisted by KAREN WALKER, EDUCATION AND WELFARE OFFICER, in the past 10 years. Karen was inspirational, a great listener, and campaigner for student and staff rights. She always had time to stand up for us, and her contribution to student representation will be sadly missed.

Karen, great work, we wuv ya, and the opinions of certain student politicians is not a reflection of almost all of us who have had dealings with you. Hope the rest of your life brings as much happiness to you, as knowing you did for Adelaide Uni students. Remember when you vote for student polities they can make a difference to your future options. So if you want to activate people, be independent, and put students first. You would have to be a lunatikit if you questioned these politicians in how they plan to succeed in their ventures. The Union this year, and all those staff who have gone, must make students realise your vote + 99 others gives some politicians lots of power over the employment of our Union staff.

Finally, the Uni got rid of the gardeners and now I have to dodge vegetation dumped by contractors with little concern of understanding for student habits.

Nancy  
PS. Thanks for voting Lunatikit

## Small 'i'

Dear Eds,

So election week is over - PHEW!

I would just like to thank everyone who gave me support... All the candidates on the ground, my friends, and everyone who voted. Thank you to those of you who made me smile, laugh and generally act

a bit silly during the week. It's really comforting to know that you don't have to run with a group to gain support.

Congratulations to all of you who got elected, well done! Those of you who missed out don't take it to heart, think of all the study you can get down now that elections aren't ruling your lives...

Special thanks those you helped me on the ground: Kirsty, Gemma, Matt, Rachel, Selvie, Georgie, Suzie, Caitlin and rest of the MAD kiddies; to those who gave me enthusiasm and drive: Zane, Hanna, Alida, Bek, Paul, Liesl, Gus and my fav *On Dit* editors. I love you all!

Cheers,  
Sarah Hanson xxxxx  
p.s. thanx for the flowers Mel, lavender is my favorite!

## Write a Letter!

Remember, this is your last chance to have your letters printed before the end of term. Wouldn't it be terrible to have all of those unexpressed feelings bottled up inside you for all those weeks? (especially since first week back there's a Monday public holiday, which means no *On Dit*)

Did anyone annoy you during election week? Did you annoy anyone during election week, and want to boast about it? Do you have anything at all to say? Get it into *On Dit* sometime next week (the Wednesday deadline no longer really exists, but the earlier you are, the more chance of being printed) with your full name and student number attached. Email it to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au), or drop it in to the office.





## In Progressive Unity



Dear Kate,

I write in response to your letter (*On Dit* vol 18) where you state "The reason I label Unity as 'right wing' is because it is not supportive of progressive movements, campaigns or policies". As a member of Student Unity I take exception to this statement and would advise you to do some research into the policies and positions taken by Student Unity before making such broad based and unsubstantiated comments.

To circumvent the entire pointless arguments that would occur should you, heaven forbid actually talk to a 'right-winger' I have compiled the following list of policies and issues that Unity has supported both here and interstate.

1. Student Unity was the only faction at Adelaide University that supported the change of name and description of the SAUA Sexuality Department to a Queer Department, where supposedly more 'progressive' factions did not such as NOLS.

2. Student Unity supported the creation of the Indigenous Students Network at the 2000 National Union of Students Conference.

3. Student Unity supported the creation of the National Queer Department at the 2000 National Union of Students Conference.

4. Student Unity was responsible for the publication "Shafted" which highlighted the issues that the University has been screwing students over with for the last five years.

5. Student Unity has actively fought, and succeeded in ensuring that there are now student representatives present on every single University, departmental, faculty, and central committee.

I could go on with many, many more examples of the progressive nature of Student Unity, but in the interests of keeping this letter brief I will stop there.

On a different note, perhaps you could explain to the students who funded your travel to National Education Conference in July why you voted, on not less than four occasions, to prevent the discussion of a motion relating to the governance of Universities and the ways that students can intervene and get the most out of their involvement on these committees, in favour of motions in solidarity with the people of Aceh and anti CHOGLM motions?

And further that even after I spoke to you about what this motion would do for students, you still insisted on voting it down. I fail to see how the supposed 'strength' that students can gain from the GATS/CHOGLM/Revolution can be achieved when people like yourself actively prohibit any other campaign, policy or position to be held?

Maybe the students of Adelaide University whose Union fees went to subsidizing your travel to this conference would be interested to know why you blocked a progressive campaign and policy that would materially benefit the welfare of the 14,000 Adelaide University students.

So who isn't following a progressive agenda now, Kate?

Yours in Unity,  
**Tom Radzevicius**  
Student Unity.

## Forgotten

Dear Eds



We are writing this letter together as two international students. Both Hawk By and Aleks Gade are members of the Overseas Students Association. In the recent general elections both of us requested that we be placed on the OSA's ticket to run for our respective positions, Union Board and Union Activities. According to the OSA, Hawk was "accidentally" forgotten about after he had already written a letter to the OSA requesting their support. Aleks was only put on the ticket after he wrote a letter to the OSA criticising them for excluding one of their own members. Aleks stated in the letter that it was unconstitutional and shocking to not support international students wanting to represent the OSA at the highest level of the Union or any other representative body. Apparently there had been a misunderstanding in communication. But even after the President of the OSA offered an apology, Aleks struggled to receive any communication from the OSA at all. He in the end got bottom preference all week.

The OSA ticket states: "Activities should cater for more students and should be inclusive of both the locals as well as International students." So why then is the OSA not supporting Hawk, as he is an international student running for an activities position?

In an interesting turn of developments the OSA decided to support and preference non-international students on their ticket, namely those from United Students and Activate. It seems bizarre that the OSA preaches to voters that they are here to represent the international contingent, yet they refuse to offer support to some of those very members, instead believing that a deal to support non-international students is a more effective form of representation for the OSA.

On their election ticket the OSA state proudly "We are here to represent you!" We find that a paradox. What do you think?

We encourage all international students to show up at the OSA annual general meeting on Friday where OSA elections will be held. Then you can decide who deserves to represent YOU!

Regards,  
**Aleks & Hawk**



## Personally, I agree with Harold

Dear Eds,



I refer to the letter appearing in *On Dit* 69.17 which hailed the end of another EU mission week. My thanks go to the author of this letter; I had reservations about the short sleeve tops, and went for the long sleeve option, but I will keep in mind the tip about polar fleece. There are many things you can say about polar fleece, and one of them is that it's warm.

As for the dig about being ineffectual; we try! But perhaps if the word 'ineffectual' didn't spring to mind for you, maybe the words 'harmless' and 'in-offensive' wouldn't either? But regarding the real intellectual content of the letter, how can we agree with Rick when we have not met him, don't know what he'll have to say and don't know if he'll even turn up? Well, you are not alone in asking this question. A number of people within EU declined the offer of a top, because they did not feel confident that they would agree with him. As for the rest of us, are we blindly following where the powers that be in EU lead? No.

The campaign was explained in some detail to the members of EU before they were asked to buy the tops. We were assured, by people who we love and trust, that the mission would be based around presenting the gospel of Jesus Christ as described in the Bible; that he is God, was perfect as a man, died, was resurrected from the dead, and that this has consequences for us. As this is the general aim of EU anyway, anyone who is a member of the group would probably agree with it.

Long before the mission began, there were details of each talk Rick gave, including a brief outline of the content, available for EU members to read so they would know if they agreed with Rick or not. Anyone who wore the top and didn't take up this opportunity to read the details was,

I think, probably asking for exactly the sort of criticism you dish out so well.

As for the random top-wearing person in the lift? Maybe he (or she) was a quiet, gentle soul, not used to such in-your-face questions... but then you didn't say what their reaction was, so we can't really say.

Regards,  
**Tom Cook**  
Third year engineering

## Good Karma

Dear eds,



As I strolled from my media lecture yesterday afternoon and headed for psych, I reached into my bag and searched around for my mobile phone. As all you girls would sympathise, I was waiting for a call. No, not just a call, but the call. This particular call was going to determine whether I was to spend yet another lonely night munching on M&Ms and watching *The Secret Life Of Us* or whether some sweet sweet loving was headed my way. Anyway, the phone, much to my horror, was not there. Somewhere between a Logic test in Horace Lamb, a Media lecture in Napier and Psychology in Flentje, I had managed to misplace my little electronic friend at the most inopportune of times...right when he said he was going to call.

Most of you will recall the feeling that arises when you realize you've locked your keys in the car or learn you've left your wallet on the bus, except for some reason the feeling that grew in the pit of my stomach was different. It was different because the first thought I had once the total despair had passed was that I didn't know his number off by heart. If I was never to see my little electronic friend ever again, how was I to contact this guy? He doesn't go to Adelaide Uni, he hadn't yet earned the right to possess my home phone number and we didn't yet have any mutual friends. Was our relationship doomed to fail before it had even begun?

Amidst all these jumbled thoughts I had already grabbed Lady Symon by the arm and was running back to Napier 102 to search. Me of little faith was sure it would have been snapped up by a fellow classmate and already on the back of some truck ready to be sold for a mere ten bucks minus my simcard that had his number etched into its memory. Lady Symon on the other hand was more confident that someone would have handed it in to the department. Upon searching under the chairs where we had been sitting just minutes before I began to curse at the idea that I would need to fork out for another mobile, but with a glimmer of hope in my eye we headed up to the English department to find that someone had handed it to the lecturer... a huge sigh of relief swept over me at this point.

So I felt this story was worthy of your fantastically entertaining letters section, if for no other reason but to thank the kind person who handed in my phone and contributed to reuniting me with my little electronic friend... Oh and did he call? Surprisingly enough somewhere amid my frantic searching and beating myself up for letting the damn thing fall out of my bag in the first place, sometime between 1:00pm and 1:10pm he did call and I missed it... But Shit Happens and perhaps it was just fate's way of telling me that we weren't right for each other anyway???

Thanking the noble citizens roaming our wonderful campus,  
**Sarzie**



# Vox

**Questions:**

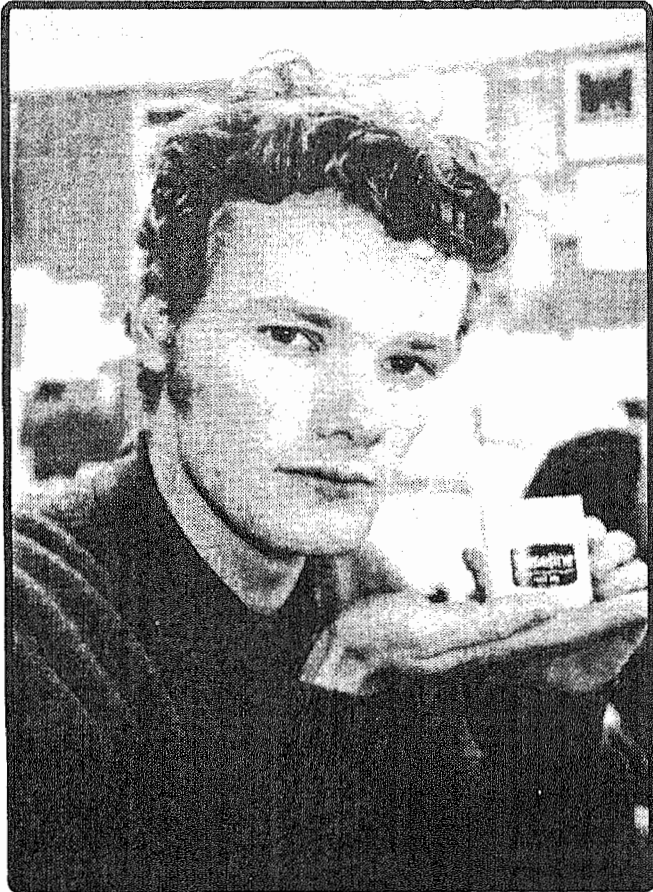
1. What's the best part of being a student?
2. What's the worst thing your sibling has ever done to you?
3. What do you think about those little pretentious scooter thingies?



**Gizelle and Kathryn**

*It makes no difference who you vote for, you'll always get a politician.*

1. G: Learning different stuff.  
K: The friends that you make and break.
2. G: My sister held me down and made me say she was the best 50 times.  
K: My sister poured water on my head when I was campaigning.
3. G: They make it easier to get around.  
K: They look really fun.



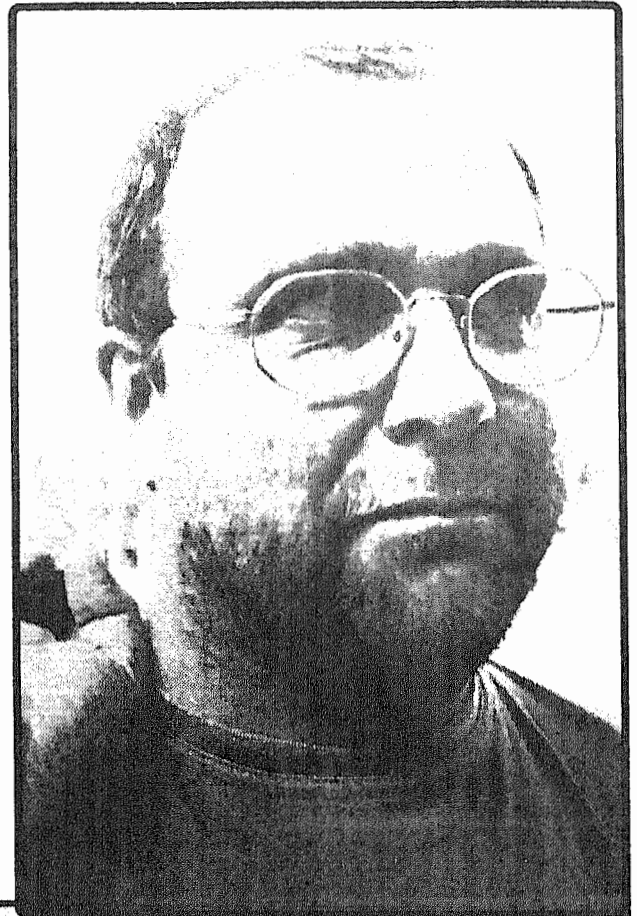
**Stanley George**

*If only I could play baseball outside when it's raining and not get wet.*

1. The opportunity to oppose the dominant patriarchy.
2. They tied me to a goat.
3. I think they're great...damn the goats, I'll never give in, you goats... I'm gonna get ya, bastard, BASTARD, fuck cock, get your hooves offa me you darn dirty goat! Mmmarg.

**BEER WINNER**

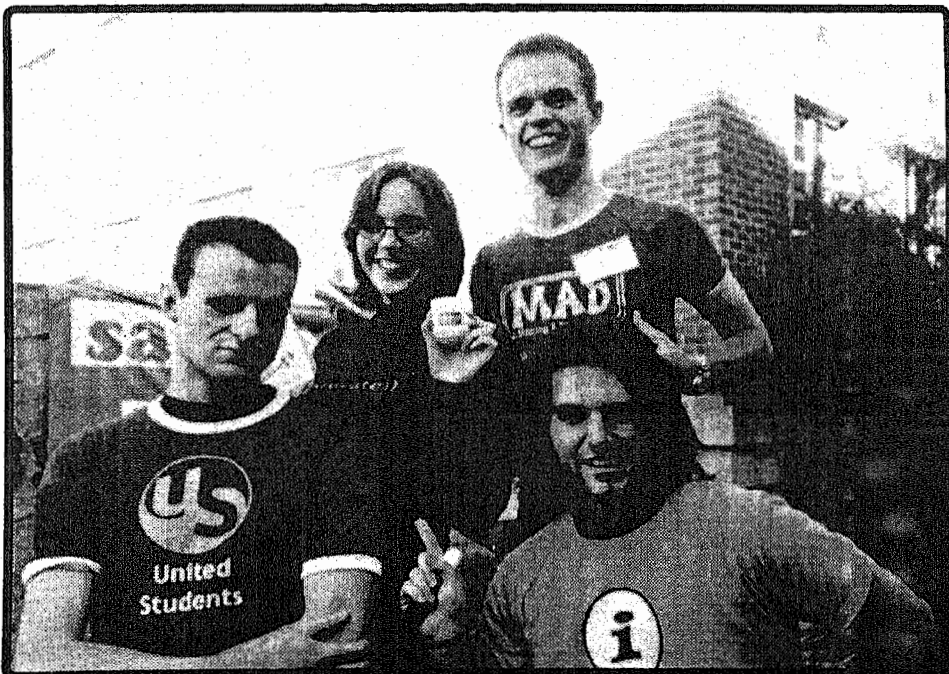
This week's beer winners are Ben and Daniel. Come down to the *On Dit* office to collect your prize, kindly donated by Southwark.



**Eric**

*I regret nothing!*

1. Not having to work.
2. My brother stole my car and drove it off a cliff into the Murray River. The car had my Black Sabbath CD in it.
3. They have no purpose, except for running down brothers.



**Sam, Georgia, Michael and Hawk**

*When the coloured T-shirts go on...the pants get tighter.*

1. S: Sub-standard living allowances.  
G: Discounts on public transport.  
M: 12 hours of contact free hours.  
H: The pepper shaker in the Mayo.
2. S: My brother was coaching yr 5 footy and wouldn't let me play.  
G: My younger sister kicked me out of my own room.  
M: My brother hit me in the face with my own Tonka Truck.  
H: My brother threw me off the verandah.
3. S: I like them. They provide an extra challenge.  
G: They give slack people hope.  
M: Pretentious eastern suburbs kids break their ankles.  
H: They are good. They provide hospitals with patients.



# POP

**Ben & Daniel**

*Because life isn't a rehearsal...*

1. B: Free beer.  
D: Realising that you've spent all day lounging around not having responsibilities.
2. B: My brother strangled me.  
D: My brother threw a home made spear into my nose. It later became infected and I almost died.
3. B: It's just an excuse for not walking.  
D: I don't like 'em. You might as well go the bike.



**The Dre**

*You know what they say, "human see human do."*

1. Women and cheap beer.
2. Locked me out of the house for three hours when I was eight years old and completely naked.
3. They are a great way to get to school.



**Alida**

*Finger lickin' fun*

1. Lounging on the lawns.
2. My sister pinned me down and made me eat an ant.
3. Yeah, they fucken rock.



**Carla**

*I believe in having a fence at the top of a cliff instead of having the best ambulances at the bottom.*

1. Having to pay \$297 union fee at the start of the year.
2. This one time, my brother stood in front of my 90210 poster featuring Jason Priestley. My view was blocked for a full 10 seconds (sigh).
3. No sorry. It's all about image for me.

BREWED WITH WHEAT.  
 NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.



## Consumer Watchdog checks out...

# Late Night Eating Spots

Think back: very late at night (or very early in the morning) on any given weekend. You, having had too much to drink, are feeling a tad seedy. Your friends, if they could communicate with you, would tell you they feel the same. Yet you know that if you had something solid in your stomach, you would feel a lot better. Where could you find such a thing?

Read on...

## Balfour's Piecart

Strategically located in front of the casino, this place has such wonders to offer as the good ol' "Pie Floater". 'What is that?' I hear you ask. Well, plainly put, a pie floating in pea soup with lots and lots of tomato sauce. No, faithful reader, you didn't read wrong, and yes, it tastes fantastic. All that for 4 or 5 bucks (I cannot recall exactly, Saturday night is still a bit blurry). My friends and I had a great chat with the piecart people, Garth and Ben, as we ate one of those wonders (the pie floaters!), and they told us they have been open till 7:30am. Very dedicated people. Funnily enough, they were both Flinder's students, one doing Environmental Science and the other Law. Which goes to show...nothing really, but I thought I would mention it anyway. Go to the piecart and feast away with the rest of Adelaide, apparently Pie Floaters are exclusive to our city. Geez, we do have a good imagination. Who would think to mix a pie with pea soup? Us, people. Only us. And it's great.

Viv

## Palatial Sub

Oh Palatial Sub (part of the West Terrace BP megacomplex), Mecca for the late night reveler. This place has everything (well, everything but more alcohol). The Subway store, combined with the Ice Cream store combined with the greasy fried stuff store and the pie heated up in a pie warmer store all combined in one glorious melting pot of food, carwash and petrol. This place is the King of the Late Night Food Stops. All you can drink post-mix in the Subway part will dilute your blood alcohol level to acceptable amounts.

Mel

## Fast Eddy's

Down in 74 Hindley St, Fast Eddy's has a bit of everything. Burgers, chips, hot-dogs, salads, and great shakes. They also have hot drinks for the West End crowd: coffee, tea, me...? (Sorry, got carried away). And they are also open whenever for whatever. I have spent numerous hours there waiting for my friends to decide it was time to go home. The prices depend on what you are hungry for (doh!), and they are pretty similar to every other restaurant. They do, however, have a couple of aces up their sleeves, like the blue heaven milkshake, and their ranch dressing, which I eat with my fries (even though it is normally used on salads). See? They nicely accommodate to your personal (however weird) tastes. I do think that their food

is a bit heavy for just before going to bed, but if you are actually having breakfast so you can go to work afterwards, it's pretty good. Bacon and eggs fixes you up any day of the week. Especially on a Sunday morning.

Viv

## Café de Villi's

A far as after hours eating venues go, this one is a lot like a 24 hour petrol station, but with much better food. Cabbies and butt-cleft abound, but the pies are always fresh and the schnitzels are always crumbed. The selection of pies and pasties is a definite plus with flavours ranging from the traditional beef and beef lite (WTF?) to rogan josh and bacon and cheese pies. Kranskies, chilli dogs and stuff for vegos as well - everything measures up when it comes to feeding a midnight hunger more animal



No need to peel your own spuds for chips anymore said

than human. You've got your favourite deli desserts there too in the vein of berliners, lamingtons and doughnuts made entirely out of cream and chocolate. Bad bits? Well, the fact that it's on South Road and if you don't drive and don't live near it, you can't go is kind of a downer, but convincing road-worthy friends to go there is half the delight. 8/10

Sam

## San Georgio's

On one of the corners of Frome St and Rundle St, this place is for the sophisticated/fussy drunk. They are open till wee hours in the morning and have a great range of stuff to chose from, pizzas, pasta, wedges, or even a cheese platter. It's a great place to meet up with friends for a bite, coffee and ciggie (you can smoke inside from 10pm). They have this fantastic jukebox with really good music, and if you stay there late enough you might even get to hear your song. The food costs as much as in any other pizzeria down Rundle (wedges \$6.50, pizza from \$7 to \$10), and it tastes great too. It's worth the cash for the food and atmosphere. And did I mention it's open till god-knows-when? I've been in there till 6am. And they didn't kick me out either, I left coz I wanted to. So they tell me...

Viv

## Emerald City

Sometimes when it's late at night and your bloodstream is drenched with alcohol all you feel like it some tasty MSG. This is when you need the dodgy Chinese restaurant. Enter the Emerald City, Gouger Street. Open until 12:30 at night, this place isn't the one to go to if you are after an all nighter. But after a few drinks, a bit of lemon chicken or black bean doesn't go down to badly at all. Staff seem friendly enough (but who really cares this time of night) and their menu would make any seedy suburban Chinese restaurant proud. Go for something deep fried and covered in a fluorescent coloured sauce for a hangover free morning (something to do with all the fat and excess salt, mmm salt).

Mel

you need to go home but you know that Mum will be up when you get there and you NEED to sober up. Drinking litres of strong coffee is always the answer. You can smoke as much as you like, but, no matter how drunk you are, don't let the guy who runs the place con you into moving into the room above the shop.

Mel

## Falafel House

Depending on which side of town you're in, there is a Falafel House in Rundle St and one down Hindley St. Both equally good and yummy. Chicken, lamb, or that vegetarian stuff which looks like meat balls but is not. All for 6 bucks. And whether you call them yiros, souvlaki, or a falafel, who cares? Eat one, with the garlic sauce too. Don't be a wimp. You won't forget to brush your teeth when you wake up. In case you didn't know (which rock have you been living under?) a yiros/souvlaki/falafel is a lebanese bread with meat, salad and garlic sauce. Falafel House makes the best. Down at Rundle St, if you are beautiful (or even plain stupid) they might take a picture of you and stick you on the ceiling (there is no more room on the walls) and you too could become a celebrity, for the really tall people who can see you all the way up there.

Viv

## Coles

This place is often forgotten as a place to fill up after a night out on the town. Opening at 12 midnight and not closing again until about 9pm the next night, it is ideal! Looking for something hot? Why not convince the nice girls behind the deli counter to shove one of the cold chickens into the microwave? Or you could just fill up on ice cream and chips and Coke and Tim Tams and dips and chocolate milk and delicious jars of bottled bolognese sauce. Yummy. The harsh lighting can be a tad jarring to the eyes used to a dark, smokey nightclub, but it is a small price to pay for all the delicious treats that lie within.

Mel

## MacTime/Hungry Jack's/Subway

We know where they are. At the end of Hindley St, on the corner of Pulteney St and Rundle St, and down Rundle St, next to the U-Park. All sandwichy, some more greasy than others. With one of them you could possibly lose weight if you put lots of salads in it, and you lose the mayonnaise. Oh yeah, don't forget to lose the bread too, or it won't work. The other two are more honest about it, and since they know we are too drunk to think straight, they get us in there by giving us a funny/scary red haired clown and the hope of wearing a yellow paper-crown. But only if you're good. Or it's your birthday.

Viv

## Marcellina

This place located at 273 Hindley St is much like San Georgio's in that they have great food and a cool jukebox, and it's open till pretty late. You cannot smoke inside, but they do have tables outside and when the weather is nice, so who cares where you sit? Their pepperoni and cheese pizzas are fantastic (my personal favourite) and they also have all sorts of food to pick on, or a full on meal of you want to as well. My friends and I have had pizzas and garlic bread delivered at different pubs around Adelaide city at wee hours in the morning by Marcellina in town. They have always been delivered promptly. They employ some really nice people for working the dough in there, and they are outstanding cooks. I honestly believe that if some people working there were to become chefs they would do really well...! (Hint, hint, George Sassine).

Viv

## The Coffee Pot

OK, this place is usually too scary in the daytime, but get me liquored up and I get a whole heap of dutch courage and can face the hordes of freaky Goths that live there. This is the place to go for coffee. Say it is early morning and





Coopers



# Eat, Drink and be Merry

## Restaurant of the Week

### Beyond India O'Connell St

When we called Beyond India to make reservations, the place was so noisy that the waitress couldn't even hear us. It's a small, lively restaurant that packs in the crowds on the weekends. The night we came, each party contained at least ten people. Christmas lights adorn the red and peach walls. The waiting staff have a penchant for the *Moulin Rouge* soundtrack. It's not the place for a night of intimate conversation, but a fun place to get some great food.

**Where it is:** 143 O'Connell St, North Adelaide. Look for a big umbrella outside with elephants on it.

**What it serves:** Both North and South Indian cuisine. For the business of this place, the food is served amazingly quickly. The Onion Bhajia entree is crispy and delicious. The butter chicken is sweet and creamy. Chicken korma is mild, nutty and pleasant, a good choice for the first-time Indian food eater. Fish Madras is tender chunks of fish in coconut milk, tamarind and mustard seed. Baigan Patata is a flavorful, gingery dish of tandoori eggplant, potato and capsicum. Alu-Ghobi is also an excellent vegetarian selection of spicy potatoes and cauliflower. One of my more intrepid companions ordered the Beef Vindaloo, although warned by the menu that it was a favourite of hot food lovers. He spent the evening sweating profusely and dousing his meal with yogurt raita.

**What it costs:** Entrees run from \$5.90 to \$9.90 and are large enough to share. Most of the meat main courses are \$12.90 and vegetarian main courses cost \$7.90 to \$9.90. But tack on rice (\$2.20), naan bread (\$2.20) and lassi or wine and your meal can get pretty spendy.

**Any complaints:** Well, although he was a really nice guy, our waiter served us with his shirt unbuttoned halfway down to reveal an extremely manly, hairy chest. But maybe you are into this kind of thing, I don't know.

**Lowdown:** This is a great place to go with a big group of friends. Order a bunch of meals to share and enjoy the busy atmosphere.

Cecilia

## Bar of the Week

### Savvy Waymouth St

**Where it is:** Waymouth St, next to the infamous Stormy's venue. This can provide much amusement when drunk and feeling mischievous. But watch out for antagonising the receptionist too much - she has hidden cameras all over the place, and doesn't take kindly to fucked up drunks giggling into her mouthpiece...

**Atmosphere:** Very, very cool. Savvy is the kind of place you go to when you've had a huge night and all you want to do is curl up on an extremely comfortable couch. Alternatively, it's a place to dance the night away, as the tunes are very funky and toe tapping. The layout of Savvy seems to be well thought out and caters to a range of different people. The first room is just this huge chill out area with all different kinds of couches and tables etc. I cannot stress enough how cool these couches are. Lots and lots of comfortable sinkage to be had by all, and also plenty of couch action to go round. Further into the club you can find all of these cool little rooms. We like to call them secret rooms. They're not really secret, but it's fun pretending especially when you've smoked some monster joints. As an aside, Savvy is an especially excellent place to go when monster stoned, as the little rooms act as your own private adventure course. When we discovered the secret room, we also noticed a door connecting it to the back part of the bar. To ordinary eyes, it would appear to be nothing more than the back of a bar, complete with more couches, a bar and a dancefloor. To us, in our state, it was an entirely different world. I felt like I was in a cave not unlike those found in *Starship Troopers*. We retreated back to the couches when my paranoia regarding large limb eating bugs got the better of me.

**What it serves:** Anything you want. It's a bar for Christ's sake. Actually, I couldn't tell you any specials because I only had a coke. However, I imagine it would serve anything you want. It's one of those upmarket types of places don't you know.

**What it costs:** Usual prices abound here.

**Any complaints:** I wasn't really coherent enough to register any real complaints. The place seemed great to me, and those couches...

**Low Down:** I think this place is fairly new. I would definitely recommend you checking it out though because it's very very chilled out. And the couches! The couches!

oco

Australian Made, Australian Owned.



# Beerlines

by Tony Jones - Southwark Chief Brewer  
**The Squireboys**



Out of the remnants of the original Hahn Brewery in Sydney, a new outfit has risen. After almost being packed up and sold following the shift of the brewing of Hahn Premium to Toohey's at Auburn, Chuck Hahn has managed to re-establish the brewery under the James Squire label. It would truly have been a travesty had the beautiful copper vessels never brewed again, and what a flavourful collection of beers he and his team are again turning out from what is now know as the Malt Shovel Brewery. James Squire of course was the name of Australia's first brewer (in 1794) who was also said to be the first to cultivate hops in the colony of New South Wales, at Kissing Point. As a tribute, the stories of his trials in the fledgling colony are told in six chapters on the labels of JS Amber Ale. This interesting rich, malty ale was the first of-

fering from the *Squireboys* but Chuck and team have since built a varied family comprising a Pils, a Porter and most recently an India Pale Ale.

Over in the West they have two microbrewers (Matilda Bay and Small Creatures), but James Squires is the closest I've seen to the craft/micro breweries that are all the rage in the U.S.

Malt Shovel are well set up with their own website at [www.maltshovel.com.au](http://www.maltshovel.com.au) and a Beer Club complete with a regular newsletter and great beer gear offers. If that's not enough, it appears there is also a splinter group within Malt Shovel who like to challenge our taste buds even further. Calling themselves the "*Mad Brewers*", these guys belt out the occasional more off-beat seasonal delight to complement the more traditional JS family beers. Their first attempt, last summer, was the Great Australian

White, a wheat beer brewed with coriander and orange in the Belgian style. Rumours are leaking out (excuse the pun) that a further brew is on the verge of release.

At this stage the James Squire brand is pretty Sydney-centric, but the *Amber Ale* and *Pils* are fine beers and both are readily available in Adelaide. The newest brews are great versions of the two quite different styles, and will be tasted at the Stein Club meeting in the Uni Bar on Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> September (tickets are available at \$7 for members and \$9 for non-members, but numbers strictly limited).

*JS Porter* is a beer of finesse, very reminiscent of a more delicate version of Southwark Old Stout. It has the same rich roasted characters but of course less alcohol as is the expected relation-

ship between porter and stout. Certainly a more than pleasant winter warmer despite the relatively moderate alcohol content.

The *JS India Pale* is, true to the original style, made for export to the India colony and is a *very* hoppy customer. Brewed from 100% Munich and pale malts, it has a deep golden coppery colour and the body to match the high bitterness (around 50 I.B.U.). IPA is much more challenging than the Australian style pale ales (Southwark & Coopers). You won't be able to knock back a six pack at a sitting, but it's a great beer to enjoy over a meal, particularly with spicy Indian cuisine.

The beer market just keeps on getting more interesting. Let's hope that it continues to do so.

## 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

It's all happening on Friday September 7th from 8:30pm. George is launching a campaign about queers and travel. It's at Lucifers and entry is free before 9:30pm. Free drinks and free food will be provided as well as international music, live theatre and drag shows in different languages. Give George a call on 8362 1611 for more information.

### Action

There is a petition available at the SAUA through the Sexuality Officers which lobbies for the Same Sex Superannuation Bill. The Bill would address one of the many South Australian laws that discriminate against same sex couples and cause hardship, distress and unfairness to many people.

It is the first and only South Australian Bill to propose legal recognition of lesbian and gay relationships and, if passed, it could pave the way for broader recognition of same sex relationships as has been done in New South Wales and Victoria.

You can sign the petition at the SAUA and get more information on further way to help this Bill along. You can also call Matthew Loader on 0411 224 067 or Frances Bedford's office on 8263 2666 for more details.

## We are killing our young, So why is no-one listening?

Every 68 minutes, around the clock, someone dies from injury in Australia. 21 people every day. That's the whole AFL competition every 16 days, or a whole educational generation from Reception to Tertiary every 20 days.

Victims of injury are likely to be between 1 and 44 years of age. They are MOST likely to be between the age of 15 and 24 years of age.

Years of Potential Life Lost - YPLL, for those familiar with the health jargon - from injury is three fold that of cancer and six fold that of ischaemic heart disease. YPLL from injury is 31 years, from cancer 9 years and from ischaemic heart disease 5 years.

Injury is no doubt a young person's "disease".

The benchmark is that 90% of all serious injury is preventable, yet why is so little invested in prevention?

The picture in South Australia is particularly grim with recent decisions to make major cut backs to the State's injury prevention department as well as totally de-fund the little that went to this State's lead NGO agency. Imagine de-funding Anti-cancer or the Heart Foundations.

So how could this be?

Victim blaming, misunderstanding about the causes and prevention, a history of miss-naming injuries as "accidents" which is imbued with myths about fate, acts of God, inevitability - anything but preventable. Even the tradition of "disease based" health has had a role to play in the lack of commitment to preventing injury.

How many times has a broken arm or leg been seen, without question, as "normal" for kids?

The effect of injury struggles for recognition. Recognition that injury has devastated the lives of thousands of people every year. Recognition that the affects are far reaching and that it is not just physical hurt but that there is emotional and social pain, which is debilitating our community.

Recognition that we need better care, understanding and prevention if we are ever going to save the lives of our future generations.

For these reasons, a special **Service of Remembrance** for those in our community affected by injury has been organised. While it is only a small step, we believe that is a first step of many.

This year's service was held last week, but make sure you look out for next year's service.

If you would like to know more, drop us a line on [ipsa@picknowl.com.au](mailto:ipsa@picknowl.com.au) or ring Elizabeth or Kynan on 8331 1824.

**Remembrance Service 2001**  
for all those in our community affected by injury

INJURY  
affects you, me, us.

help promote better care, understanding and prevention

INJURY  
PREVENTION SA INC

WE REMEMBER



# More of Sam's Crazy Adventures: New Year's in London

Apologies to all four fans of Wayward for this article (hi mum!). I am rushing it out at the last minute because I promised Melissa and Penny that I would write one and send it in by Saturday and already my West-facing window is darkening. The pyramid of empty Lift Plus cans is not providing the inspiration it does for my 3am essay stints, so I am turning to my travel diaries for ideas.

Curses. No ideas and there are now Lift cans clattering around on the floor and scaring the cat. I am just going to copy out one of the entries and send that in instead. Apologies again. The scene is Molly's cousin Miriam's apartment on The Morning After.

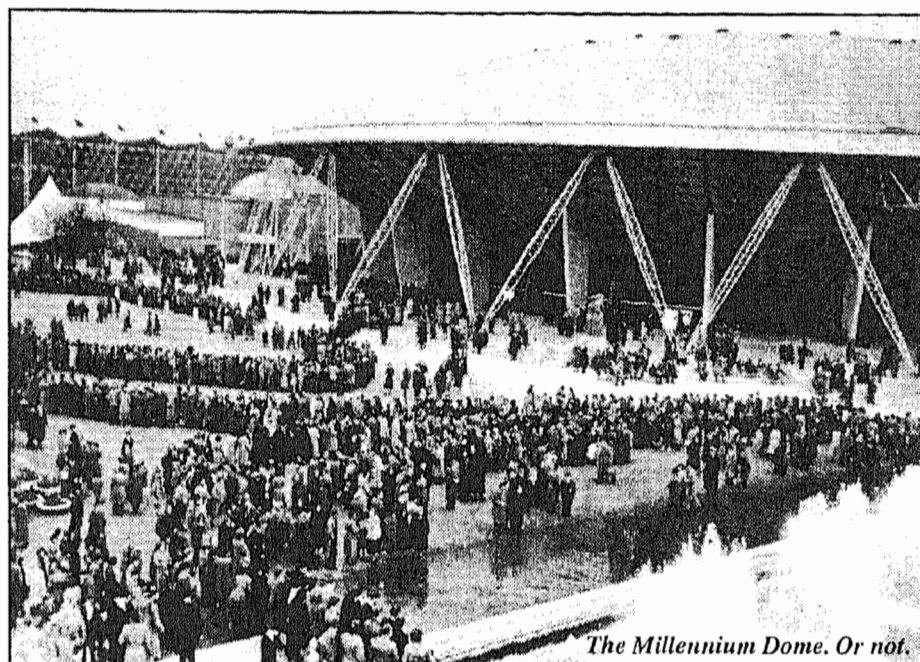
## London Jan 1st 2000

Ouch. I ache - everything kills. What a night, what a long, weird, unexpected night. Ok - must get everything straight. Tegan and The Chief came over at about 5pm and brought a shitload of duty free vodka with them. It was great to see someone from home and hear an accent that we could understand. We spent most of the evening watching the rest of the world celebrate the tickover. When Adelaide came on, we cheered for about five seconds and then realised that London was probably a cooler place to be considering previous Adelaide efforts and just laughed instead. The "Millenium Bug Updates" were fun to watch because the only thing they could come up with throughout the entire world was some powerplant in Italy that went on the blink for about twenty minutes at seven-thirty. The announcer kept getting all excited and throwing back to the

main presenter with "More updates as the catastrophe unfolds!". It turned out about an hour later that the malfunction was caused by a cat getting caught and fried in some wires somewhere. We

raided Miriam's frozen meat compartment and microwaved the hell out of the most recently dead stuff and decided against Millenium steaks in favour of curry number 76 for this nine month trip. (I never thought counting curries would go this far). While The Chief and I argued in the kitchen over when to add the herbs, the girls

(quite intelligently really) stayed in the lounge room and mixed a cocktail that they wanted to call The Molly and Tegan Millenium Super Mix. Vodka, Bundy, Cointreau and squash. I'd like to call it "Hey Boys, Where The Fuck's The Curry, We're Starving". After we finally managed to get them to wait an hour for the curry to cook, we played a few drinking games. During Never Never we found out that Tegan ---- and The Chief -----!!! [Diary entry yes, litigation proof no. S.] Even the time Molly and I ----- doesn't compare to that sort of -----. After we had finished off the best part of most of the bottles we left for the tube station. The place was packed and the ticket lines were something else. The train was so damn full on our way to



The Millennium Dome. Or not.

Big Ben that for most of the last few stops, people couldn't get on! They just stood there staring at us pressed up against the glass like we were being bastards for not folding our ribs in further to accomodate them - fuckers. We actually had to get off about three stops out because they'd closed all of the tube stations right around Big Ben. The crowds were something else when we finally made it out into the open air. A mosh pit with no music and no mini-skirted fifteen year olds being passed overhead. It went for miles, with people packed from one side of the street to the other. I reckon it must have been at least zero degrees,

but in that crowd we were just boiling. We started off trying to walk in a group, but when that didn't work, we all linked hands and tried to snake our way through with The Chief, being tallest,

jump around like drunken maniacs. After all the fireworks had finished, we started walking to try to find a train station. Bacardi Breezers had promised free public transport after midnight and

that was cool with us, but what wasn't cool and ended becoming a rather large feature of the evening was the fact that two million people all trying to leave the centre of London via tube constituted a fairly large safety hazard. So what did they do? They closed every tube station in the area. No problem, we'll just keep walking to the next one we said, along with two million other jolly individuals. Not surprisingly the next ring of tube stations were also closed. And the

next lot. And the next. In fact we ended up walking a fair way last night. I'm not sure how far, but by the time we finally found a bus that was going to Canada Water in what seemed like the London equivalent of Elizabeth, it was five am. Thank Christ we had that last flask of Bundy or things might have gotten mighty depressive. The amazing thing was, that even though we had pretty much been walking in a straight line, the crowds didn't thin out at all. It seems likely that at least some of the people walking around us might have lived at some of the places we passed. Weird.

When we finally rocked up home at six, The Chief's hand encrusted with congealed fat from the world's dodgiest Doner Kebab and the last of the Bundy long ago knocked down on the bus, we were sober as judges. The Chief and Tegan wanted to stay up and watch the first sunrise and that idea seemed good for about thirty seconds until we all fell into a coma.

As I write this, I'm still in pain. My head is fine, but my legs are hungover!

As I write this, I'm still in pain. My head is fine, but my legs are hungover!

Sam Franzway



London cops with funny hats.

Been  
Anywhere?  
Seen Anything?

Then send it in to the *On Dit* travel section. Just bring your story down to the office or email it to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)



# C.A.P.S.I.C.O.M.\*

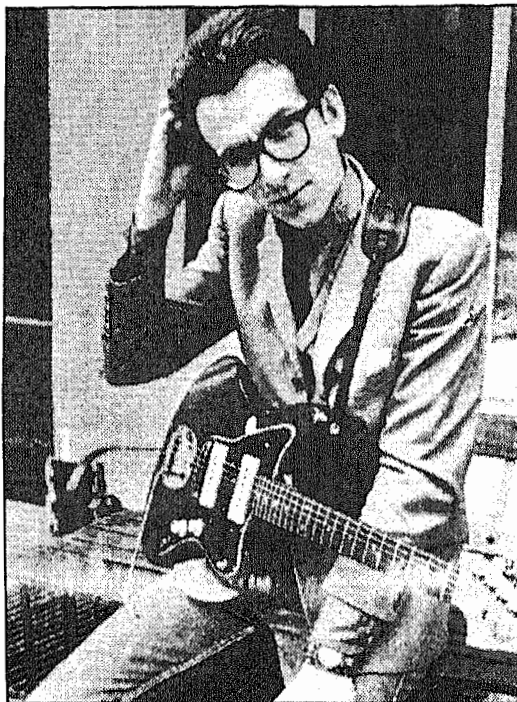
Space World 2001 is Nintendo's last chance to impress everyone before they ship their new GAMECUBE system in Japan on September 14. Japan will almost certainly welcome GAMECUBE with open arms and make it a great success but outside of Japan, anything could happen. Nintendo have announced a delay for their US launch, pushing the date from November 5 to November 18. Although not a major delay, one cannot help but remember the constant delays the N64 received at its launch way back when and the number of disgruntled gamers who got sick of waiting and bought another console instead.

The executive vice president of sales and marketing at Nintendo of America explained the delay away by stating "Our industry has learned the dangers of arriving at a launch party without enough gifts", almost certainly referring to the US public's frustration at not having enough PS2s at launch to go around, and Sony's subsequent inability to maximise their profits. The fact that GAMECUBE will be the cheapest of the three next gen consoles might help its sales but, unlike the PS2 or the X-BOX, the GC will not be able to play DVD at all making the other two consoles more attractive to customers seeking value for their dollar. There will only be 5 games at launch and only 17 by the end of the year, so even if the launch delay in the US means there will be enough GAMECUBES to go around, whether there will be enough games (or "gifts") to impress the gaming public is another story.

The fact that none of these titles can really be described as adult-oriented will not help sales either. It might sound strange, but it is adults and not children who are the future of the games industry; growth in the sales of consoles only happened because adults started to take notice of them. Children make a relatively small amount of the gaming public nowadays and they sure do not have as much disposable income as adults do. Nintendo, though, do not seem to have learned from their past mistakes and seem to be persisting in their child-centric marketing angle. Nintendo are obviously trying to avoid taking Sony head on and instead want to retain their kiddie image and therefore appeal to a different type of market, believing that they can survive despite Sony's success in the mature games market.

The games Nintendo displayed at Space World only concreted this child-oriented image. Despite a few mature

offerings such as **Soul Calibur 2** and **Metroid Prime** (eagerly awaited sequel to **Metroid** on the SNES), everything else was aimed at a more general audience. There is no doubt that the games on offer were hugely original and



Yeah, we don't get it either

entertaining, but the cutesy graphics used and the simple sounding gameplay will mean that most regular people will pass on Nintendo and opt for more complex gameplay and storylines with either Sony, Microsoft or on a PC. Let's face it, most adults want to mash somebody's face into the concrete or to blow people up into a bunch of meaty bloody chunks when they play games, not jump around collecting stars and jumping on people's heads no matter how fun the gameplay is - sad but (I wish it was not) true.

One of the more original titles to come out of Space World was **Kirby's Tilt and Tumble**, which stars one of Nintendo's less famous characters - Kirby the little pink ball thingy. The aim of the game is to collect a whole bunch of stars (sounds really original so far, but wait, it gets better), the defining characteristic of the game being that you control the pink ball by hooking up your Gameboy Advance to the GAMECUBE and use a tilt sensor in a special cartridge for the GBA to guide Kirby around the 3D world. It is sort of like a pinball game crossed with a platform game crossed with the ancient game **Marble Madness**. In any case, I am sure heaps of you will go out and get the GC on the basis of this game, won't you? What? You'd rather put a bullet into someone's crotch or drive in a Grand Prix car or blow lots of shit up? For shame! Well, Nintendo are betting that lots of people would rather guide a pink beachball around by tilting their GBAs all over the place.

**Sonic Adventure 2** was demoed at the show, and it sounds as if it will be a pretty direct translation of the Dreamcast game. This was interesting just for the fact that it is weird to think of a Sonic game with a Sega development team on a Nintendo console. Oh how the world has changed.

The GAMECUBE's first **Zelda** title will come out next year in Japan, and it has a completely different graphic look. On the N64 **Zelda** was a relatively realistic looking kid, but on the GC the whole game is presented in a cartoon style. This change of style has produced a typically comic reaction from the Nintendo hardcore as they threaten to buy a PS2 because of their disgust at

the change. Some people take games way too seriously. (Not me though, I just spend hours writing an article about them every week and neglect assignments which will probably make me fail my course - totally understandable, right?)

Similar threats resulted from another of Nintendo's games, **Luigi's Mansion** (a launch title). The gameplay sounds original enough; for a change, the game focuses on Luigi instead of his more famous brother Mario, and revolves around his journey through a haunted house where he has to suck up ghosts with a vacuum cleaner. Even the Nintendo faithful did not like the sound of the game and, barring a few exceptions, trashed the idea and Nintendo. The game looks original and fun and Nintendo have a way of making something that sounds lame into a great game but most people do not even want to give this game a chance so who knows how well it will sell.

I think there are some great Nintendo titles out there and a lot of the stuff demonstrated at Space World was full of innovation, but very few mature gamers seem to care about GAMECUBE. Nintendo demonstrated its ability to program for adults with titles like **Goldeneye**. The last minute release for the N64 of **Conker's Bad Fur Day** (which can best be described as a **Leisure Suit Larry** platformer for Nintendo) was a real gamble for Nintendo which many thought was a deliberate message to the public that things would be different in the future, that Nintendo was beginning to grow up. Space World's G rated focus does not seem to confirm this belief. Although the titles sound quite original and the gameplay will probably be spot on, I cannot see many adults sitting down with a GAMECUBE to guide a little pink blob around a screen to collect stars (except me of course, but I could hardly be considered an adult).

GAMECUBE launch day titles in the US -

**Luigi's Mansion**, **Wave Rave**, **Pikmin** (crazy strategy/resource game), **Super Smash Bros Melee**, **Eternal Darkness** (RPG)

Towards the end of the year:

**All Star Baseball**, **Dave Mirra Freestyle BMX 2**, **Extreme G3**, **NFL Quarterback Club 2002**, **Crazi taxi**, **Fifa soccer 2002**, **Madden NFL 2002**, **SSX Tricky**, **Star Wars Rogue Squadron 2**, **NFL Blitz**, **NHL Hitz**, **Super Monkey Ball** (crazy ball guiding game)

GAMECUBE should be in Australia and Europe early 2002, right after the lucrative holiday season, another smart Nintendo move.

M.P.

\* The Editors don't quite know what this title means, but it is the preferred title of the writer. Whatever. If anyone can come down to the office and give us a decent explanation then maybe we will give you a prize or something, possibly an authentic Nintendo Gamecube. Maybe.

## SAUA Office-Bearer Reports

Most of the SAUA O-Bs were on leave last week to take part in various election campaigns.



## Anais Chevalier Women's Officer

### Totally Women Powered Radio

Fancy yourself as a bit of a radio-star? As part of Women in Education Week, 5UV will be going Totally Women Powered! If you are interested in having a go, let me know so that we can train you for the start of your glittering media career!

### Women's Edition of On Dit

The next meeting for the Women's Edition of *On Dit* will be at 1pm on Thursday in the Women's Room, so come along and join in.

### Women in Residential Colleges

The NUS Women's Department is conducting a survey of women students that currently are or that previously have, lived in residential colleges. You can get surveys either from the SAUA or you can fill it in at [www.unistudent.com.au/womenincolleges](http://www.unistudent.com.au/womenincolleges)

Phone: 8303 5406

email: [anais@arcom.com.au](mailto:anais@arcom.com.au)

### Women's Standing Committee

The next Women's Standing Committee meeting will be held on Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> September, 6:30pm in the Women's Room.

### Women in Education Week

Women in Education Week is fast approaching (2nd - 5th of October, to be precise!) and there are heaps of ways that you could get involved. Either contact me in the SAUA or via email, or just turn up to the next Women's Standing Committee meeting.



# GENERATION TEEVE

## I Did But Look Through My TV Guide, But I Shall Love Teeve Till I Die...

So, by the time of publication The House will be mere days away from having cable. This is not a decision we made lightly - with cable comes responsibility. I'm not talking about the monthly bill, which is remarkably affordable amongst three dedicated viewers. No siree - I'm talking about watching teeve. With all these new and wonderful channels (three, count 'em, THREE fucking movie channels) comes the responsibility to watch them. After all, we're paying something like \$76 per month, added to which the fact that the CBD doesn't actually *have* cable laid - which means we have to hook up a satellite dish (what fun). Basically, we wanna make sure we get some quality watching done. Our lazy Sundays are never going to be the same again. Sleeping right through *Rage* and *Video Hits* will no longer be a problem; with Channel V I'll always have film clips to stare seedily at. The afternoon choice will be much wider than sport, lifestyle, or a Doris Day movie (last weekend's fare).

But I was kidding. It *was* a decision we made lightly. In fact, after discussing it when we first moved in a little over a month ago, yesterday I turned to my Homie and said something to the effect of: 'dude, let's get cable today'. And so we made the call.

My first experience with cable was a strange mixture of Salisbury, a boyfriend and house sitting. Cable was new back then, and there weren't that many channels to choose from. The guide rotated movies twice a day, every day, for two weeks. I resolved to never get cable. So what changed my mind? Constant film clips for those seedy afternoons; two documentary channels; three movie channels (including the all-important World Movies (yay)); the Comedy Channel; cartoon channels; and channels that provide splendid weekend entertainment such as the *Slayer Feast* (a long weekend of non-stop *Buffy*), *D-Day* (two series of *Dilbert*, all one after the other), and the *Simpsons Fanfest* (you guessed it: non-stop *Simpsons* ac-

tion). Spasmodically, yes - but they *do* crop up. I'm just hoping that *Futurama* is in the mix somewhere.

Will I continue to be a poster child for Foxtel? I dunno. It depends on how long it takes for the novelty to wear off. I give it a month and we'll be hitting the remote as fast as a fast money contestant on *Sale of the Century*, declaring disdainfully that there's nothing on. Hey, next month I could be totally bagging cable. Of course, on the big plus side, with a four hour tape and a triple-long-play VCR the possibilities are endless come next *Slayer Feast* (twelve glorious hours of *Buffy* on the one tape).

### And Last Week

#### I Got Around To Watching...

*Long Way To The Top* is a fantastic documentary on the history of Australian rock 'n' roll. The series began by examining the 1950s, and has been working its way steadily onward week by week. I missed the late 60s/early 70s episode last week, unfortunately, and wonder how easy it'll be to pick up. Because it's chronological, you can see how music has evolved over time, and where later artists' influences come from. You can also recognise the music which really broke new boundaries and was innovative and different. The series is a must-see for music enthusiasts, and even the early stuff is really fascinating to learn about.

The interesting thing is that the ageing rockers interviewed reminisce about (and news articles dug up from the archives incite moral panic about) this new music and the youth culture which sprung up around it. To modern ears raised on the likes of Nine Inch Nails, Marilyn Manson, Hole, Rage Against The Machine and the like, the music of the 50s and 60s sounds positively bubblegum and inane in comparison. But these ex-Mods and Rockers who got in street brawls and (apparently) ripped up seats in theatres and were such a threat to polite society are now the middle-class fucknuckles inciting a moral panic about the likes of Eminem,

Marilyn Manson, and punk or rap or whatever the hell they're pissy about at the moment - as if their media-savvy children are the mindless, sexually-repressed clones they themselves once were, who allow themselves to buy into and be influenced by images and icons who are media constructions - instead of recognising (like their much-smarter children) that what John Birmingham refers to as the 'publicity hamster wheel' is actually a self-perpetuating motion machine that creates its own energy and then feeds off itself to create yet more hype.

Good to see that I remember *something* from that cultural studies degree I just graduated from.

My point is that, as someone born after 1959 (waaaaaaay after), I find it really difficult to understand these violent, screaming teenagers and their enthusiasm and fainting and whatnot. In truth, I also feel jealous. That generation felt it was *part* of something: something great, something 'happening', something big and important and life-changing. *My* generation doesn't feel like it's a part of anything. We're apathetic. It's all been done before. Nothing's new and cutting edge anymore. I envy that feeling. The other thing is that previous generations laboured under far more repressive sexual attitudes, and there were very few outlets. For men it was most likely violence, sport, and the new music. For the girls it was likely that the music was the only option for releasing the pent-up passions stirring in their loins. You could make out in the back of cars, but nice girls didn't go 'all the way' (ooh, how frustrating) - so they had hysteric fits and screamed and fainted at rock stars. These people are now parents who remember their urges to rip seats out of theatres and spontaneously orgasm to Col Joye and the Joy Boys, and project that onto their far more sexually-together children and react by trying to ban Eminem.

But check out the series on the ABC,

Wednesday nights at 8:30pm. It's totally cool.

*The Weber Show* is, and I can't believe I'm going to say it, even *worse* than *Everybody Loves Raymond*. It's less funny, less well written (which means it traverses the boggy wastelands of 'The Place Beyond Crap'), and the people are uglier and deliver their lines with even less skill and aplomb. I blow my nose in its general direction.

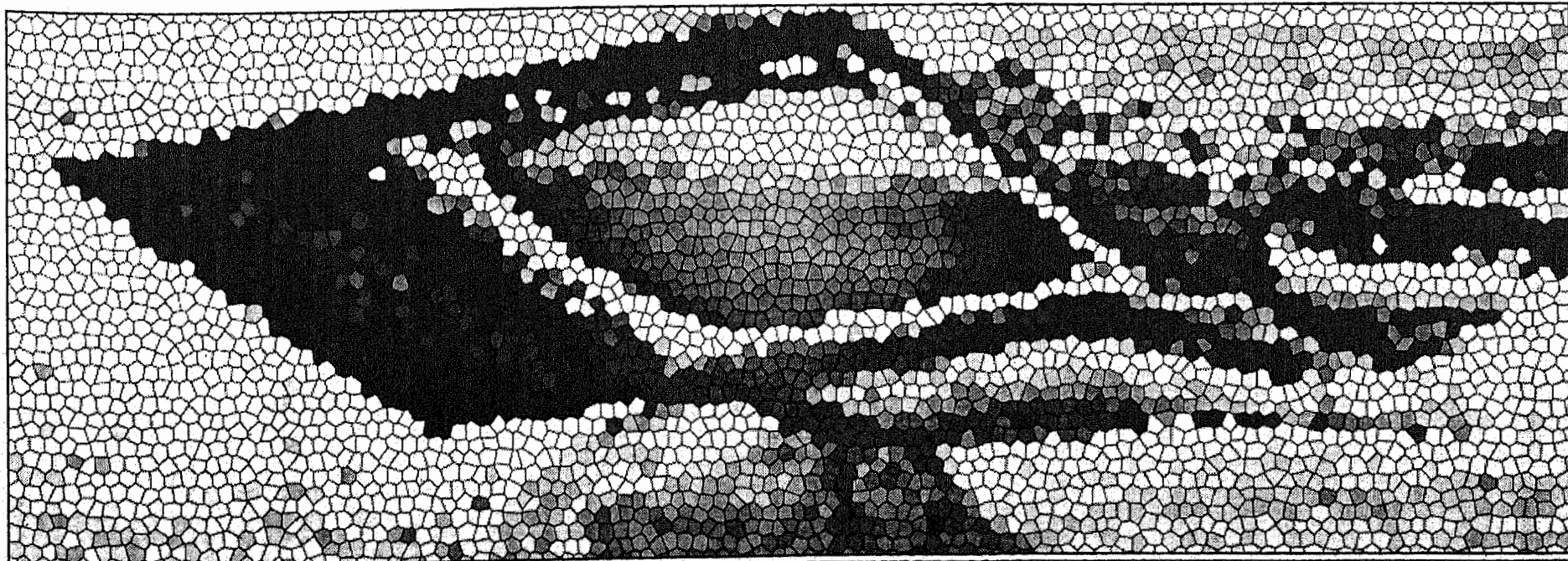
I steal my lines from Monty Python.

Avoid it. Avoid it like you would a drooling psychopath wielding a hatchet. Avoid it like you would the fifth Greenpeace lackey on as many blocks for the day. Avoid it like you would pamphlet-wielding student politicians during election week or pamphlet wielding Christians on the Target corner.

In somewhat related news, as I was jogging with my housemate today we actually saw a guy on East Tce, in a ute, sporting a bumper sticker which read: 'Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve'. Yes. We must stop those filthy homosexuals, I thought to myself, but *it's okay when cousins fuck*. Sometimes I forget what a lovely, insular, and tolerant world I cocoon myself in. And then I'm reminded by homophobic fucknuckles in utes on East Tce, or docos in the background as I write this called *Going Straight* (Wednesday, ABC, 11pm). It's about a Christian programme which attempts to show gay men the 'true', 'Christian' way. Sometimes teeve is so depressing. I know that documentaries are supposed to be non-judgemental, but I wish to fuck that this one would come out (ha ha) and say 'This is some fucked up shit'.

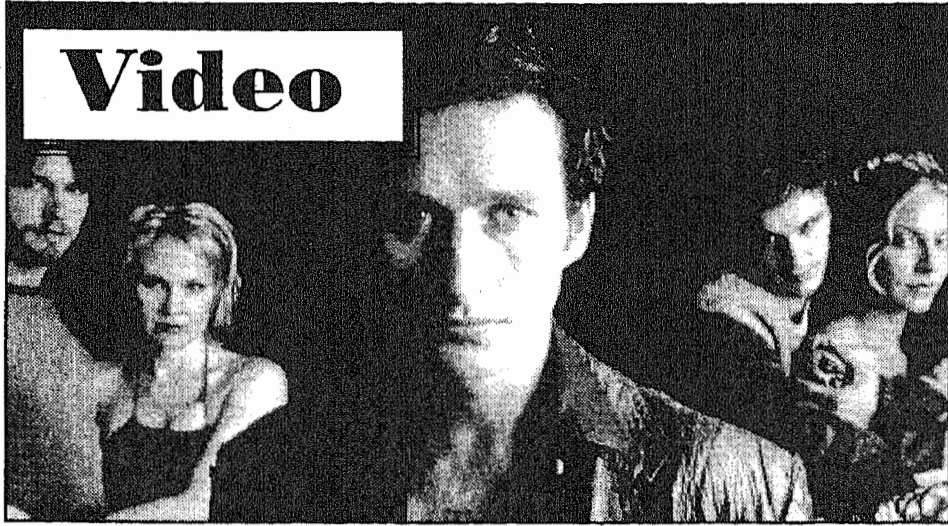
While I'm ranting: *how* dumbed down were the questions on the *Big Brother* version of *The Weakest Link?* Jeez. If they're not that bright, don't invite them onto a quiz show.

Jayne Lewis





## Video

*At Any Cost*

2000 D: Charles Winkler  
Eddie Mills, Glenn Quinn,  
James Franco, Maureen Flannigan  
Paramount

Take the constant tragedy of *Party of Five*, throw in some wannabe beautiful yet flawed characters a la *Dawson's Creek*, give them all guitars and dreams of being rock stars, throw in some 'greed is bad' clichés straight from, well anything, and you get *At Any Cost*. However, where *Dawson's* at least provides some semi-intellectual discourse on occasion, *At Any Cost* leaves one with a cliché-ridden hodge-podge of ideas that will leave even the most die-hard soap fan sticking two fingers down their throat.

The film's script is so dull and formulaic you'd think it was written by a scientist on his/her tea break from testing the response times of a hitherto unknown species of sloth. There is barely any development of themes or characters to speak of, rather an unrealistically paced jumble of everything. An example of the film's dubious whiplash momentum: after ten minutes our band of hopefuls move to L.A. to find fame and fortune, and lead guitarist Mike is already mainlining heroin! Within fifteen minutes, we are looking at a band supposedly on the edge of collapse. Now, there are a few fundamental things that any drama requires, namely credibility and realism. It's all well and good for the filmmakers to flip a car with our hero's young child inside to pull on the heart-strings, but if the audience can see the blatant workings of the script, they won't believe what is happening and they won't empathise with the characters.

The performances from the cast of largely unknowns are thus sabotaged by the sheer corniness (for want of a better term) of the dire script. At a laundromat, a character offers the advice 'life keeps on turning' (or some such nonsense) as the camera pans slowly to the oh so symbolic revolutions of a tumble dryer. *Cringe*. And another thing: there are very few bands that can execute the 'two people singing into one mike' routine, and make it look cool. The Beatles were one. The band in this film, Beyond Gravity (!), are definitely *not* one.

If you want to see a decent film that deals with the trials and tribulations of band life, there are much better options out there. *Hard Core Logo*, *Josie and the Pussycats*, *Spinal Tap*... Hell, even Bill and Ted with their lame Wyld Stallions are more worthy of your time than this tripe. The title *At Any Cost* feels like a patronising reference to the fact that, no matter how little you pay for the privilege of viewing this video, you'll feel like 89 minutes of your life have gone by that you can never get back. And what are we to make of the ludicrous band name, Beyond Gravity? This reviewer is saddened to say that, like the band, this film kept sinking to new lows with every passing minute.

dan V

## Film

*Jurassic Park 3*  
Now Showing  
Selected Cinemas (mostly the  
Megaplex type)

Sam Neill is back for *Jurassic Park 3*; his last battle with the dinosaurs was in Steven Spielberg's original in 1993. His character, Dr Alan Grant, did not appear in the 1997 sequel. Obviously able to get over his experience in the original, Dr Grant continues to study dinosaurs. He is in desperate need for funds to carry out research involving raptor intelligence and agrees to accompany the wealthy Kirbys (William H Macy and Tea Leoni) as their guide on an aerial tour of the Isla Sorna (seen in the sequel). Of course, the plane crashes on the island, and Grant discovers he has been deceived. The Kirby's son has been missing on the

island for 8 weeks and Grant's expert knowledge is needed to help locate him and get off the island alive.

All of the dinosaurs that terrified us in Spielberg's first two movies are back with a few new ones, under the direction of Joe Johnston. This time round, winged pterosaurs haunt the skies while T-Rex, the king of dinosaurs, makes a cameo appearance for an awesome battle with a Spinosaurus, a fearsome carnivorous giant that takes great pleasure in tormenting the resident humans. The raptors are back with a new look due to a recent discovery that they may have had feathers. They also show more intelligence, communicating with each other in an almost human manner.

In the tradition of *Jurassic Park* flicks, there is plenty of running and screaming, ravenous dinos and eye-popping special effects, making it another entertaining action flick. If you enjoyed the first two in the saga then chances are the third will prove just as entertaining.

Mara Jade

*The Sopranos Volumes One and Two*

2000 D: David Chase  
James Gandolfini, Lorraine Bracco

Confessions first. I'm a ring-in, this review is late and hurried, and I can only begin from the viewpoint of an avid fan (my flatmate, who once tried to convince me to forgo my Monday night pleasure to watch something else!). *The Sopranos* led to my lateness at a large percentage of Tuesday morning seminars. Now it's gone and I have withdrawals. It's that good - thank god for video. Complaints about the show have focused on the amount of violence (of which there is a lot) and the degradation of women, such as the wives forced to endure their husband's infidelities and the bar dancers forced into sex with their bosses. While the violence and exploitation is confronting (it's a show about organised crime, people, what exactly did you expect?), the flip-side to this acceptance of violence is provided in the scenes showing Tony Soprano's sessions with his psychologist, attempting to find the reason behind recent anxiety attacks. Hard nut Tony is a difficult patient to say the least (it could be *Analyze This!* only it's not a comedy, and it's not crap) but each begrudging revelation builds up a picture of the devastating emotional damage growing up mob has wrought underneath Tony's tough-guy exterior. Family (in every sense of the word) is an important element of the show, a recent storyline providing food for thought setting Tony's wife Carmela's decision to separate herself from the corruption of blood money against the temptation faced by Tony's psychologist, fighting to stay outside the circle of corruption while her son at college calls about textbook money (hmmmmnn, there's an idea). And if all of this sounds too convoluted, watch it for the funky soundtrack.

Chels

*The Truth About Demons*

2000 D: Glenn Standring  
Karl Urban, Katie Wolfe,  
Johnathon Hendry, Sally Stockwell  
21<sup>st</sup> Century Pictures

This film is a recent release to video by the New Zealand film industry, and it makes me wonder what on earth passes for a plotline over in the land of the kiwis.

The idea of the film is that Harry Ballard, a lecturer of anthropology at a university who also just happens to moonlight part-time as a 'revealer of demonic cults', disses a cultist group that becomes a little unhappy at his review. Naturally enough the cult feels the need to reveal to the pessimistic lecturer that demons do exist and set about summoning a few to kill all his friends and such. Yawn.

Why does Harry feel the need to 'reveal' demonic cults when he has a perfectly cushy job as an anthropology lecturer? 'Because they took my brother'! Someone hand me a bucket!

What makes the film even more irritating is that throughout the story the director thought that if he killed various characters at annoying moments it would add some intensity to an otherwise dull film. This just serves to make an otherwise thin plotline frustratingly easy to see through, and kills off any characters who might have added some depth. Yawn, yawn.

Normally with films like this you are saved from boredom because of the special effects, but unfortunately this film once again lets you down. The demons look like extras from a *Gumby* script and when the actors run away from them it just looks funny and pathetic, not very scary at all.

Like any good demonic cult, if you see this video on the shelves leave it alone.

Justin Hanson

## Giveaways!

That's right, we have  
MORE giveaways!

This week we have two double  
passes for *The Straight Story* by  
David Lynch showing at the Mercury  
7pm on Wednesday night.  
Come on down to the *On Dit* Office at  
1pm Tuesday to pick them up.  
First in first serve.



# THE BANK: DIE CORPORATE SCUM!

## AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT CONNOLLY AND SYBILLA BUD FROM *THE BANK*



Bringing the David and Goliath legend into the corporate world, *The Bank* is the story of the little person versus the greedy banks. In town to promote this release, I recently had the opportunity to chat with Robert Connolly, the writer/director, and Sybilla Bud, who plays Michelle in the film. Following the preview screening of the movie, we sat down to talk about the response to the film, Leonardo Di Caprio and the Australian film industry.

The preview screening of the film was apparently a huge success, with people being turned away, and the audience breaking into applause at the end. The issues in question in the film are such an integral part of the national consciousness that people respond almost unthinkingly. Robert drew inspiration for the script from his friend Brian Price, who's a futures trader. "He had given me a bit of money to develop *The Boys* as a film, which I produced,

and he just came to me one day with the idea about four years ago." David Wenham was involved in the project from the outset, and Sybilla became involved when "Robert got to the stage when he was sick of hearing the computer read the script out to him, and he wanted to hear it for real. Most of the others were already pre cast, and then my agent asked me to just go in and read for them. I did it and absolutely loved the role. I did the screen test the next day and something went right because I got the part." This is Sybilla's first movie role, although she is currently starring in *The Secret Life Of Us* and also appeared in the mini-series *The Farm*, which was also anti-banks. Robert jokes that "It's ruined the chance of us ever getting a bank loan. I'm looking for a home loan at the moment but I don't think it's a good time to be doing it."

In order to write on such an obscure

area of mathematics as chaos theory (you may have heard of it before as it featured briefly in the movie *Jurassic Park*), Robert did a large amount of research into the advances in mathematics that have been applied to the stockmarket. "A huge amount of work has been done in that area. I simplified it for an audience, so that they could understand, I mean there is a graph of a crash, and all you have to understand is that he is trying to follow it. And of course fractals look very pretty. But there is a huge amount of research sitting in there, and some mathematicians that have seen it really love it. A great one is Adam Spencer who manages to mention it every day, making jokes about a sexy film about mathematics, and mathematicians being the new sex



symbols. Perhaps that's what he would like to see."

Anthony LaPaglia leapt on board the project as soon as he read the script. His portrayal of the character of Simon is incredible, Robert cannot imagine anyone else playing that role now. "You need an actor who can play that big kind of corporate leader, and you need that charismatic muscular performance style. He has made a lot of money working in America, but he does continue to commit to doing films in Australia." Everyone had a great time on the set together, helped out by the fact that many of them had worked together before on the set of *The Boys*. "You can't take for granted the privilege of working on a film....I just can't believe my luck. And also you want this process to have a bit of mischief and adventure about it, or the film itself will end up being stale. Even a tough film like *The Boys* was a very playful experience." Robert says that when he was making *The Boys*, the director Rowan Woods, David Wenham and himself made a pact "that we would make three films, and direct one each, and star in them. So David has got to direct one with me. He keeps saying that he is going to, and I just tell him not to worry, he doesn't have to put me in it. I've got that out of my system. The highlight of my career was a nude commercial for Fuji film. I

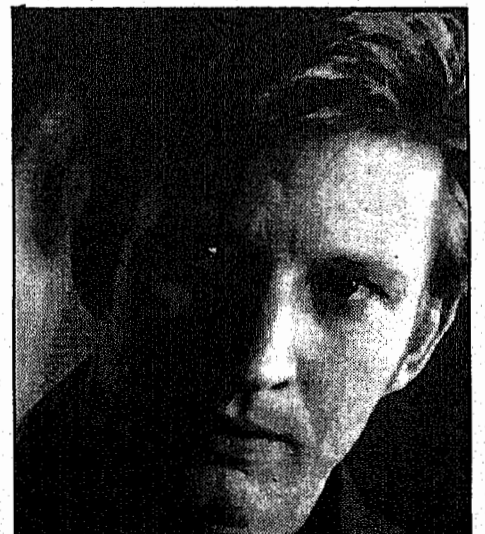
found the pay-slip for that the other day and it had written on it 'nude loading'."

Robert and Sybilla are both prepared to work overseas if the right projects come along. Sybilla finds that "If it's a story that I want to be part of the telling of, and the character challenges me, then I don't care where it is." Robert agrees that he will go wherever the interesting ideas lie, but "I have an aversion to authority that would make it very hard for me to work within the studio system without getting fired at any moment, but I don't imagine that I will always make films that are set in Australia. It's a scary time for the Australian film industry, because you have to fight all the time with the Hollywood studios for the market share. I think the Australian industry has to be really smart and tell stories that are relevant to Australians." The story portrayed by *The Bank*, is relevant to Australian audiences, and both Robert and Sybilla really have an aversion to banks. Robert feels that "they have abandoned their social obligations. For corporations that are secured with a license by the government, they do have social obligations that they should have had in their corporate philosophy. I think Anthony's character says at one point 'the shareholders are our people, the public can take care of themselves', and it is that attitude that our research says is so prevalent. We have certainly been seeking to cause a little trouble with the film."

While Robert and Sybilla have no immediate projects on the horizon, when asked who they would most like to work with, they both have definite ideas about what interested them. Sybilla would love to work with Mike Leigh, and Robert would like to be a fly on the wall of the set of Martin Scorsese's latest film (which stars Leonardo). Of course it isn't just to observe how he works with actors, but also to see how he gets a good performance out of Leo.

*The Bank* is out in cinemas this week, and is well worth checking out. Go along and cheer for the underdogs (or the corporate scum if you are that way inclined).

### Poptart



**The Bank**  
Opens 6<sup>th</sup> September  
Palace/Nova Cinemas

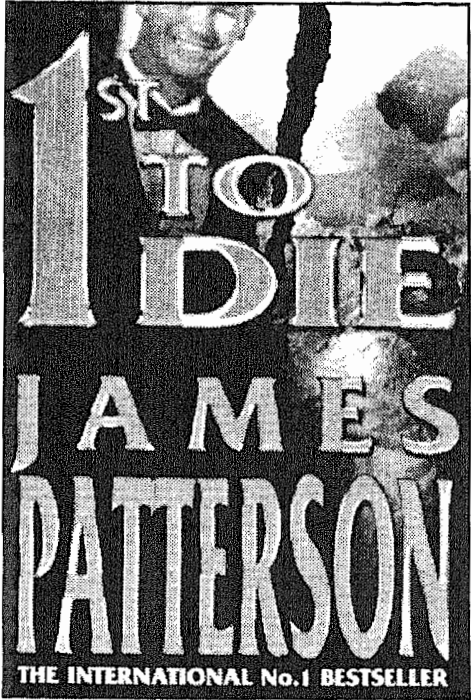
Bringing down the bank is a dream for a lot of us, and this film is the realization of all of our fantasies. Jim Doyle (David Wenham, the thinking woman's crumpet according to my mother) is a brilliant mathematician who has devised a computer program based on chaos theory that may be able to predict the stockmarket. Enter Simon (Anthony LaPaglia), the epitome of corporate greed, who hires Jim to implement the program for Centabank. Thrust into a world where greed is a god Jim meets Michelle, a teller who may not be all that she appears to be. Juxtaposed with this is the tale of a young couple, Wayne and Diane, who are about to be evicted from their houseboat rental business. After a tragedy that is precipitated by the bank, they try to battle the bank over their shady dealings in their foreign currency loan. As the bank places all of its resources into Jim's program, the two threads of the story spiral together and come to a thrilling conclusion.

This David and Goliath tale is an absorbing ride from the beginning to the end. Wenham is brilliant as always, in a rather complex role, as he internalizes a lot of what he is feeling. Sybilla Bud is perfect as Michelle in her debut role, although you may recognize her from the successful television show *The Secret Life Of Us*. It is refreshing to see such a strong female character in what is essentially a man's world. The spirit of the city of Melbourne is evocatively captured in this movie, with Anthony LaPaglia putting in an amazing performance as Simon, managing to outdo the character of Gordon Gecko from *Wall Street*. The dialogue is very clever, with the best line being Simon's "I'm God with a better suit." You will find yourself cheering for the down trodden and booing the corporate scum, with preview audiences actually cheering and clapping at points. Everyone has their own story to tell about the evil that banks do, and this is the film that crystallizes it and gives it a voice.

Poptart



# Literature-Mystery and



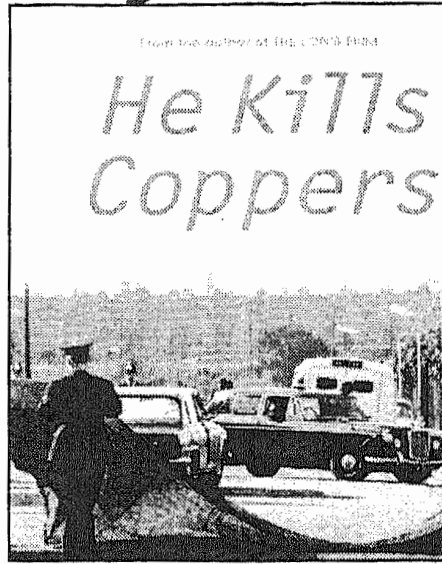
1st To Die  
James Patterson

James Patterson is perhaps best known for his novel *Kiss The Girls*, which was made into a film starring Morgan Freeman. Another of his novels, *Along Came A Spider*, is also coming out at cinemas soon. *1st To Die* is the first in a new series of novels that Patterson has planned featuring Lindsay Boxer, a homicide detective

who has just found out that she is suffering a life threatening disease. She is confronted with the most horrifying of crimes - the death of a bride and groom on their wedding night. It is only the first strike of the Newlywed Killer, and he quickly kills again. Lindsay reaches out to her friends for support and forms The Women's Murder Club - Claire the coroner, Cindy the journalist and Jill the attorney. Together they represent all of the facets of the investigation. But will they be able to halt the killer's destructive path? And will they ever truly know who the killer is?

While this novel could never be really described as truly innovative, it is still entertaining and absorbing reading. I have to say that I was totally unable to predict the ending, but then I am not the most perceptive of people late at night. It is strictly a novel for mystery freaks, but it is a really good example of what can go right. While not as classy as his previous novels, it is a really good read. James Patterson knows how to keep the reader intrigued, but his main weakness is lack of sympathy for the characters. As a reader you are really not drawn into the novel, enough to care about what happens to Lindsay and her friends. And that's a shame because it could have been so good.

Poptart



He Kills Coppers  
Jake Arnott  
Sceptre

I loved this book... and it has restored my faith in books in that 'recent releases' section of book shops, of which I have generally not been that impressed lately.

*He Kills Coppers* clearly fits into the crime genre, yet has a really narrative style. Arnott takes us across a couple of decades in London by skipping around ten years or so once or twice. This is certainly not one of those boring epics, with every detail of a thirty year story. Maybe it's just me, but every now and then I felt like the moral of the story was about to be revealed, or that Arnott was about to send us a message. But that didn't happen. Although I do have to say there is a bit of a tingling ending, just making you think a bit about the story's connection to reality - but I'm not about to give that away.

Each chapter of *He Kills Coppers* is written in three parts, from the point of view of three different characters - the cop, the journalist and the, well, jobless Billy Porter. What could have been a confusing mess works really well as the characters' lives come together and move apart.

All over this is definitely a recommended read... sorry, but I'm off now to find Jake Arnott's first novel, the much praised *The Long Firm*.

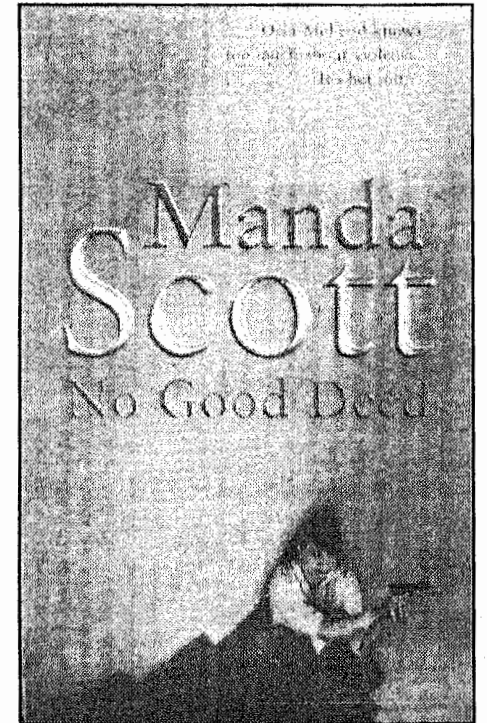
Cheryl

Tom, Dick and Debbie Harry  
Jessica Adams  
Pan MacMillan

I started reading this novel because I had read her previous effort *Single White Email*. This novel just didn't really connect with me. It is the story of two brothers, Harry and Richard, and their friend Tom. Harry is a frustrated singer who lives in the cabin at the foot of his parents' garden. He spends much of his time either listening to Blondie or writing letters to Debbie Harry. His elder brother has just married the very English Sarah, who has a secret obsession with his friend Tom, who is living with an older woman called Annie. The novel opens with Richard and Sarah's wedding day, during which the bride goes AWOL and is found locked in a portaloos. The whole thing is set in Tasmania, so it has a peculiar flavour to it.

I actually lost interest in this book about halfway through and really had to struggle to make it through. The problem is that none of the characters are sympathetic or even vaguely interesting with the exception of Harry. The novel also jumps around a lot, and comes to a completely unsatisfying conclusion. If you really like frothy Cosmo-styled novels then you will probably enjoy this but I would otherwise steer clear of this turkey.

Poptart



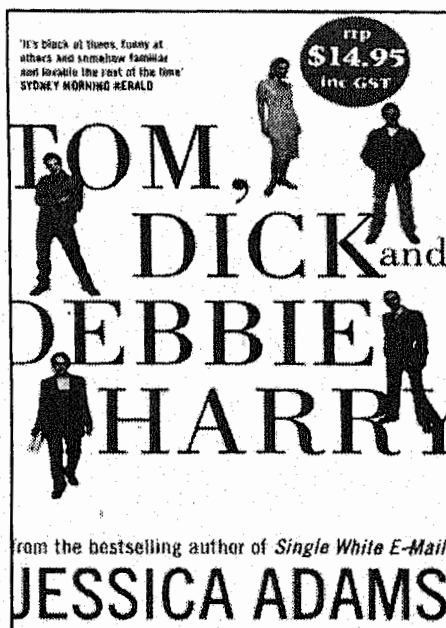
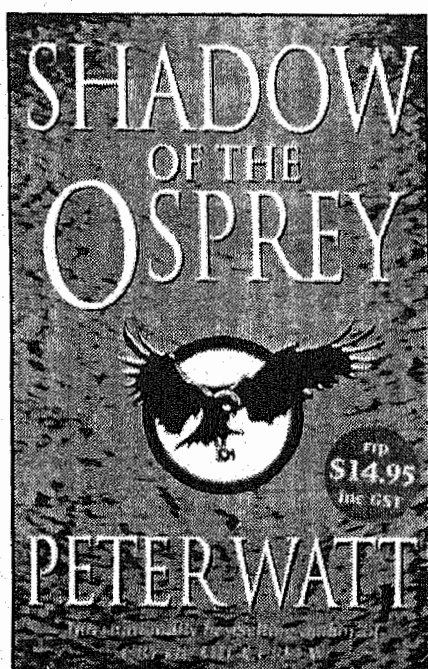
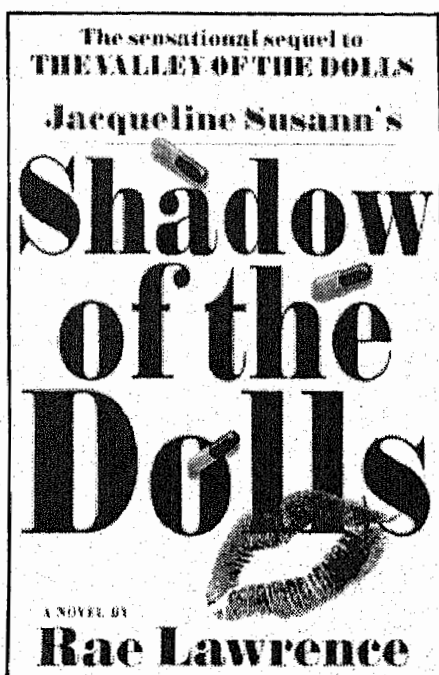
No Good Deed  
Manda Scott

Confusing and incredibly detailed, *No Good Deed* is a jumbled thriller that is hamstrung by its lack of focus. The protagonist Orla McLeod begins the novel as another person, a prostitute with golden tiger eyes who is tied up and high on heroin when we first meet her. It takes a young boy, Jamie, to rescue her. This leads to an incredibly confusing shoot out which ends up with everyone else dead. Orla discovers that the partner she has been working undercover with is dead and that her cover is blown. Someone has leaked informa-

## Giveaways

Are you a mystery book fan? We have four mystery novels in the *On Dit* office to give away, so come and visit us sometime. They are:

- *Special Agent* by Candice DeLong (Headline)
- *Shadow of the Dolls* by Rae Lawrence (HarperCollins)
- *Shadow of the Osprey* by Peter Watt (Pan Macmillan)
- *Area 7* by Matthew Reilly (Pan Macmillan)



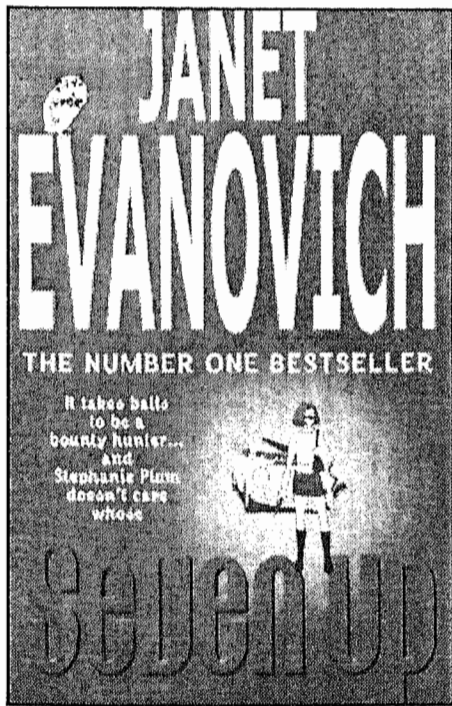


# Thriller Novel Special!

tion from within – but who would do that? Things get even messier when Orla takes Jamie away with her to her childhood home in Scotland, only to find out that it is all not over yet. The savage Tord Svensen is after them, and it's only with the help of her new partner Murdo that Orla and Jamie have any chance of survival.

I really felt that I started behind the eight ball with this book. I couldn't tell who was doing what to whom at the beginning, and it took me a while to catch up so that I could actually follow this. While I did enjoy this book, I found it too confusing and involved to be really thrilling. It's hard to be on the edge of your seat when in reality you are scratching your head. I also found it hard to believe that Orla is so dedicated to her job in the CID that she is willing to actually work as a prostitute to gain information. Maybe that actually happens in the police force and I'm just being naïve, but I really don't think so. The ending did surprise me, though, and from about the middle onwards I really began to understand the plot and care for the characters, but it was perhaps a little just that bit too late.

## Poptart



Seven Up  
Janet Evanovich  
Headline

This is the latest book from Janet Evanovich and her heroine Stephanie Plum, and I must admit that I haven't read any of her previous novels, but I'm sure that this one follows on in a similar vein to its predecessors.

Stephanie Plum is a bounty hunter for her cousin Vinnie and is sent to collect retired mob member and senior citizen Eddie DeCooch. This is the beginning of a crazy adventure for Plum, during which her grandmother is kidnapped, her perfect sister returns home after splitting with her husband, and she gets dragged into a mud wrestle at a club. Not only this but DeCooch continues to escape her grasp and she has to choose between the two men in her life, cop Joe Morelli and fellow bounty hunter Ranger.

Sound bizarre, complicated and incredibly funny? Well, it is. In her novel, Evanovich creates an exciting and fast paced mystery, full of unusual and hilarious events, all lead by the charming Plum. This book is great because, although at times it appears a little far fetched, it is the reality of Plum and her fellow characters that makes it believable, for they like everyone else make mistakes. This is an entertaining, interesting and funny crime novel. Go get it.

## Rosie



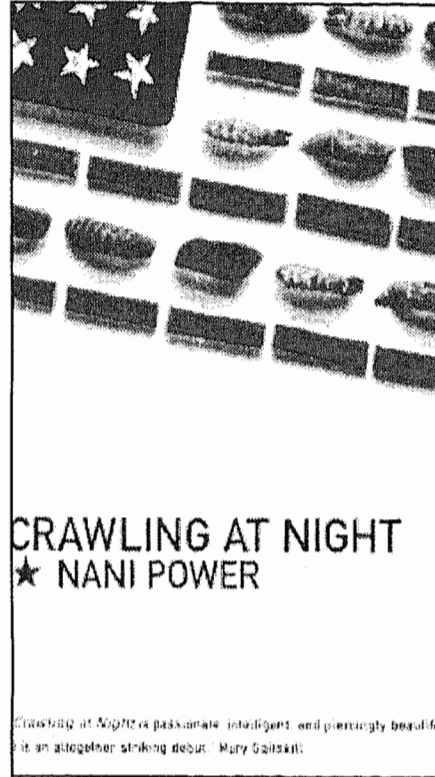
Tell No One  
Harlan Coben  
Allen & Unwin

This novel is set to thrill from the outset, with main character David Beck reliving his wife Elizabeth's death on the shores of Lake Charmaine. The plot then resumes eight years later, with Dr Beck still in mourning for the life that could have been, barely coping with daily existence by immersing himself in his medical practice. Then comes the email that changes his entire life and sheds doubt on the past. Could Elizabeth be alive? And who is searching for her? The FBI certainly believe that she is dead - they want to pin the murder on David. It is up to David to evade the police and discover the truth before it is too late.

Along the way David has to enlist the help of some unlikely allies, like the drug dealer Tyrese and his sister's partner Linda. It's these peripheral characters that really enhance the action and keep up the suspense as David searches for the truth about his wife. As far as mystery novels go, this one is a really good example of what can go right when you use the time-honoured conventions and inject some interesting characterisations. The character of David Beck is an exceptional choice for the protagonist, as he is interestingly flawed. I also really enjoyed the fact that he was not the usual cop or detective that is so often the focus of the mystery novel. After all, bad things also happen to ordinary people, and it is interesting to see how an everyday individual copes with an unusual and dangerous situation. It

makes me wonder what I would do if it happened to me. I'm sure that I wouldn't do half as well! All in all, it's a very good example of this genre, and definitely a great bedtime read.

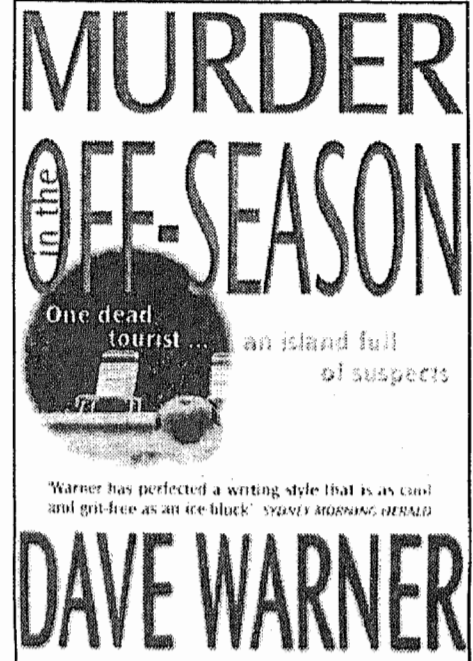
## Poptart



Crawling At Night  
Nani Power  
Random House

*Crawling At Night* is the brilliant debut novel by young American writer Nani Power. In this poetic and sensual novel, Power explores pain, loss, desire, and isolation. Set amongst the alleyways, dingy clubs and darkened apartments of Manhattan, *Crawling At Night* revolves around two central characters working in a sushi bar: Ito the sushi chef recently arrived from Japan, and Mariane, a waitress longing for her abandoned baby girl. These central characters are supported by a multi-racial cast of Vietnamese, Indian, Chinese, Hispanic and white Americans, all drinking to forget, fucking to feel love and doing whatever else they can to avoid facing the screaming reality of their pained lives. Power's unique novel takes its readers into the world of those you might otherwise only see as stereotypes on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, and brings their struggles to life with such devastating accuracy that as a reader you cannot help but believe in the characters and pity their plight. Power writes with empathy, giving voice to individuals lacking the language skills, the intelligence or the sobriety to tell their own stories. *Crawling at Night* is an extremely engaging novel that I found very hard to put down. The novel is grimy, sensual, dark and passionate and far too honest a portrayal of life to offer the reader any hope of a comfortable resolution, however, despite the novels bleak outlook, it still manages to above all celebrate the reality of the human condition in all its naked and flawed glory.

Alex Winwood



Murder in the Off-Season  
Dave Warner  
Pan Macmillan Australia

This book is a light murder mystery - where you know the bad guy will end up behind bars. From the blurb I found out that Warner had placed his mystery on a remote island resort – hardly original but useful for limiting suspects. I began expecting an Agatha Christie decline of characters... *And Then There Were None* style. While it is a hard comparison, Warner has neither the intelligence nor the punch of Christie. There are a couple of surprises along the way, some lies to uncover, a bit of cleavage revealed (though a surprising lack of sex), but plenty of alcoholic beverages are consumed and there a fair quantity of gorgeous guys hanging around without shirts on.

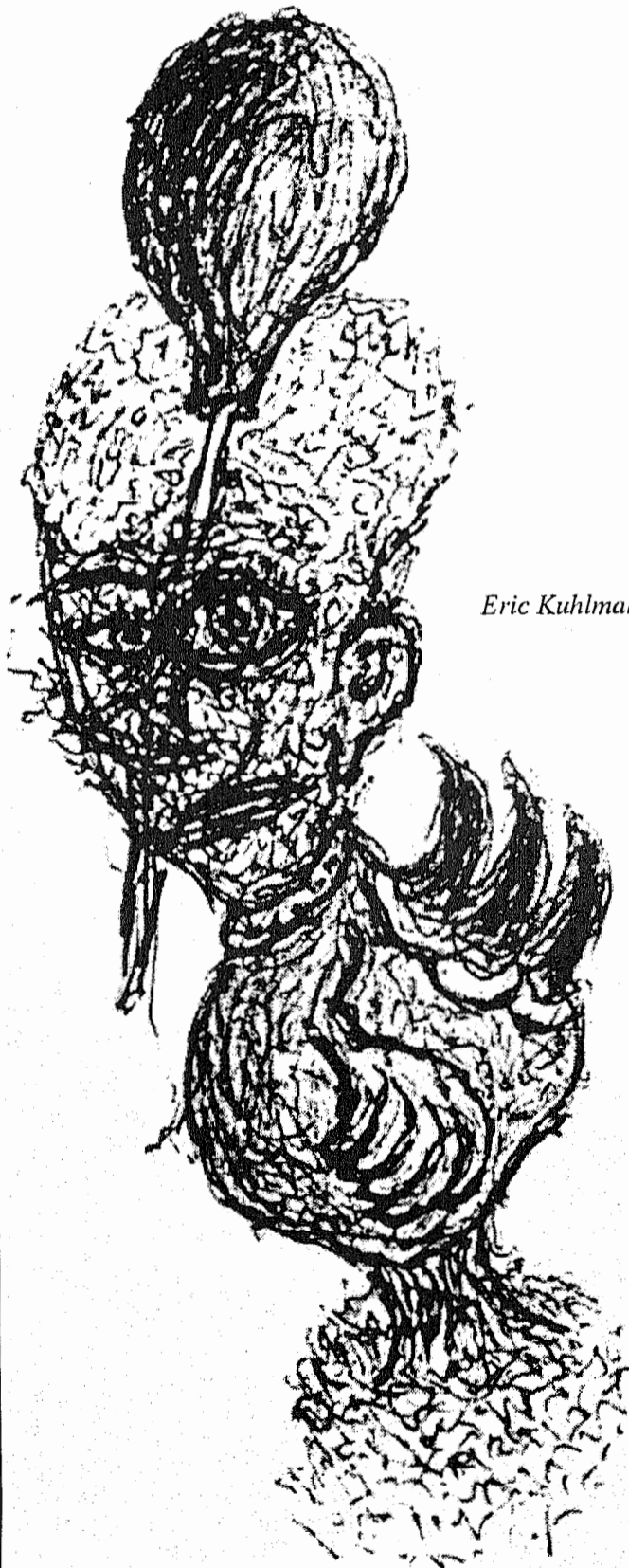
Warner has a number of colourful characters, with the type of stereotyped personality you expect in a mystery novel. Among the best are his leads, rock star turned private-eye Andrew 'The Lizard' Zirk and his housekeeper-chaffeuse Fleur, who provide the necessary sexual tension very well. The not-so-good include the womanising soccer pro Greg Tudor, the mysterious German couple (are they really there to photograph the island's wildlife?) and the Dutch doctor and his wife (surely Warner didn't add these characters for their pleasant conversation?). This novel is clearly meant to entertain and these characters achieve that, though little more.

As in any good murder mystery there are clues to be sorted through, by the reader and by the able detective. Footprints, alibis and motives are used by Warner in a very run-of-the-mill way and failed to intrigue me. Maybe I have just watched too many modern films that use complicated forensic techniques to pick up remote traces of DNA left by the killer or track back the petrol can to it's current owner on a computer database with just a couple of clicks... Or maybe others will value more highly Warner's light tickling of a murder for what it is - an enjoyable page-turner.

Cheryl



# Doodles of the Week



Eric Kuhlmann



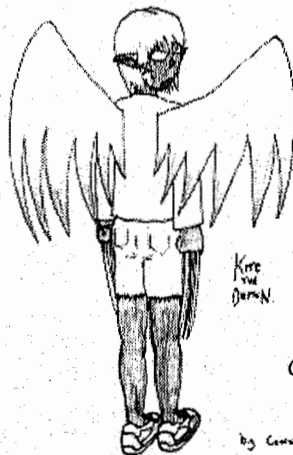
**ALWAYS... PATSY CLINE  
FROM 6<sup>TH</sup> SEPTEMBER, 2001  
12 PERFORMANCES ONLY**

*Always... Patsy Cline* is based on the life of Patsy Cline, the woman who epitomised country music in the late '50s and '60s. It's a song-filled evening of ballads, honky-tonk rave-ups and a look at one of country music's greatest performers. The show focuses on the unusual friendship Patsy (played by Deborah Conway) shared with star-struck housewife Louise Seger (Julie McGregor, forever to be known (much to her ire I imagine) as Betty from *Hey Dad!*). Seger followed Cline's career via radio and television and by chance met her idol at a Houston concert in 1961. The two became instant friends and pen-pals and wrote to each other weekly until the plane crash that claimed Cline's life in 1963.

The musical comedy (and you can bet the laughs will be coming on thick and fast with Betty at the helm) will be supported by vocalists and a six piece band ensemble. Deborah and Julie perform over 25 of Patsy Cline's all time hits, including *Walking After Midnight*, *Crazy*, *I Fall to Pieces* and *She's Got You*. *Always... Patsy Cline* has played in over 100 US cities and has been on Broadway twice, recently finishing its first sell-out tour of Britain.

## GIVEAWAY #1!

*On Dit* is proud as punch to be offering a double pass to see *Always... Patsy Cline* for this Friday September 7<sup>th</sup>, at 8:00pm. They're dress circle tickets people, they're pure gold! Just come down to the *On Dit* office this Wednesday at 12:30, and be prepared to sing us a Patsy Cline song.



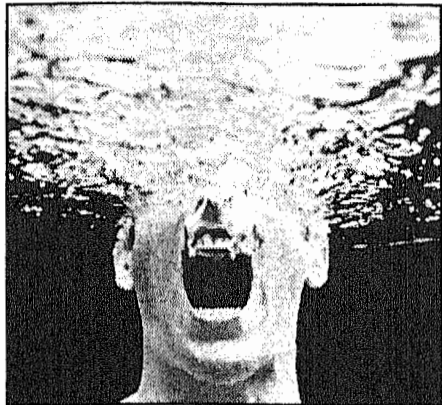
Connell Wood



Che Guava



**HYDRA**  
**11-15TH SEPTEMBER**  
**THE PLAYHOUSE,**  
**ADELAIDE FESTIVAL CENTRE**



ture through agriculture, but it can't be controlled." At the centre of the work are three sirens, who lure unwary lovers into relationships akin to drowning.

Hydra is performed in and around a huge tank that covers a stage area with more than a tonne of water, 45 centimetres deep. Like a huge transformer toy, the tank framework is manipulated by dancers into interlocking configurations. During two acts of high-adrenalin action, the dancers must do the heavy work of dismantling and reconfiguring their constantly mutating environment. They erect walls out of floors then turn them back into pools; into hiding places and cave-like spaces.

The accompanying score has no regular tempo. Abstract and dreamlike, it shocks and then lulls the audience into a semi-trance where the swishing of water is the main accompaniment. This provides an extra challenge to the dancers when negotiating their cues. Composed by Darrin Verhagen, the first act presents an electrifying mix of machine noise and internal body rumblings. The music of the second act, by James Gordon-Anderson, reaches a sweet resolution.

Hydra is more challenging than the funky, feel-good Chunky Move productions of the past. There is no clear-cut narrative thread and no outrageous pop-hooks. This is more like meditation; audiences may simply succumb to the darkness and the water; may "let go" and float along with the characters onstage.

### GIVEAWAY #2!

*On Dit* has five fantastic double passes for Hydra for 8:00pm on the 11th September which we're just itching to give away. Come down to the office on Wednesday at 12:10 and be prepared to do a little dance of your own design.

was particularly convincing.

If I have any quibbles, they would be about certain "modern" elements of the production's design, such as the conspicuously snazzy leather costumes and the slight awkward sound effects, which could be heard at crucial moments in the play. I'll let you decide on the handling of the chorus members, who were seen to control the action of the play via three laptop computers atop pedestals that were intermittently bathed in lime green light.

In all, the Bakehouse Theatre Company's innovative interpretation of the classic play is well worth the price of the ticket, particularly for fans of a well-performed tragedy.

**Tristan**

# CREEPER

## INTERVIEW WITH FIONA SPROTT

Southern Youth Theatre Ensemble's (SYTE) latest production is the dark *Creeper*, written by internationally renowned South Australian playwright Fiona Sprott (*Often I Find That I Am Naked*). *On Dit* recently had the pleasure of speaking to Fiona about the play.

Although Sprott is credited as the author, she sees the play as being much more co-written, "by having the performers help me build their characters."

SYTE often deals with pertinent youth issues, but this time around Fiona wanted to do something different, "we wanted to get lost in something fantasy based, where we want to go. When we first did it, we looked at vampiric bits and pieces, but rather than looking at the supernatural aspect, we based it on some of the stuff I found online: communities of human living vampires who in engaged in this whole identity, and were living out their lives. It was a little bit frightening actually, the more research I did, but I didn't want to go too far into that, because that's quite an immersive community working online. I thought it would be interesting to develop a piece about delusion. We've gotten rid of the vampiric stuff altogether, that instead of them all coming from one cultural or sub-cultural group, to bring together a group of rich, diverse individuals who create their identities via a number of sources, say mythical or literature based, song, metaphor. Slayer, for example, the lead character is based upon the Shakespearean tragic King crossed with Charles Manson. The space they've set up is the Kingdom COME, a kind of parallel world that accepts them, they understand they don't think the same way as the rest of society. They're rebelling, but not in the same drinking or drugs way. They've constructed a very intense ritualistic game they played out. I became fascinated with friends who

have these lock-in internet or gaming sessions, role-playing, who would get off on "yeah, we destroyed this", and it's really safe, but I thought what if you did that in a much more real sense, in this other world and nominated one person to be a victim for tonight, an effigy, representing say a teacher, parent or someone we don't like and here's what we're going to do to maintain our power over that person. They've been playing this game for a while and taking this game further and further, and the audience comes in on the night

when they're heading into new territory. They're falling into that delusional space of saying "It's OK cause it's not real, but it is real, and the game turns in on itself. In a way what we wanted to look at is the way history repeats itself: we thought we had a society, we constructed it in a way we thought would work, but we've collapsed in on ourselves." Hmm, couldn't have said it better myself.

The play looks at these young people who are "beautiful and tragic at the same time". The world rejects them, they're looking for redemption but it's not forthcoming. Deliberately intelligent, Sprott dedicates it to all those young overthinkers, "who have a level of intelligence they haven't quite come to terms with. I was weird as a kid. It was about 'Nothing can be wrong, you're intelligent'. We expect people to just know how to deal with stuff, or we don't want to take the time out to listen, or to find the beauty of what's going on there."

Interestingly, Fiona has not yet seen the finished production come together, preferring to engage in the unknown surprise with the audience on opening night. "I don't like to see the finished product until it opens. What I love is being surprised on the night, so it's all fresh and alive. I see all that stuff I couldn't conceive of".

**Michael Fyfe**

### GIVEAWAY #3!

*On Dit* is lucky enough to provide readers with some special giveaway tickets for the late night 11:00pm session on the 7th September. Come down to the office at 12:45pm this Wednesday and be prepared to say "I want some free tickets please."



**OEDIPUS REX**  
**BAKEHOUSE THEATRE**  
**WEDNESDAY 29TH AUGUST – SATURDAY**  
**15TH SEPTEMBER**  
**TICKETS \$16.50/\$11.00 CONCESSION**

Sophocles' challenging and intense *Oedipus Rex* is undeniably one of the most famous works of ancient theatre. The mythical story of the King of Thebes and his doomed struggle to outmanoeuvre fate has influenced writers and thinkers from Shakespeare to Freud, and is a must see for anybody interested in the history of the theatrical arts.

Director Erin Green's careful interpretation of the dialogue ensured that the play was both understandable and true to the intensity of the original translation.

The five actors provided excellent performances, with Michael Allen (*Death of a Salesman, Hamlet*) standing out in the cathartic lead role. Petra Schulenburg's (*The Dreamed Life*) soulful portrayal of Oedipus' wife Jocasta



# David Gray's unfinished journey

David Gray is a Londoner, late of Liverpool, of Welsh heritage. This is as good an introduction to the man's music as any. That is, short of listening to it, consecutively, in chronological order, from the beginning, which would be a very good introduction indeed.

David Gray moved to London from Liverpool at the start of the last decade. In 1992 he released his first EP. With the following year came *A Century Ends*, a sparse, airy set with a very young-looking Gray on the cover, clothed in an open-neck shirt and all the naiveté that Morrissey always tried too hard to project.

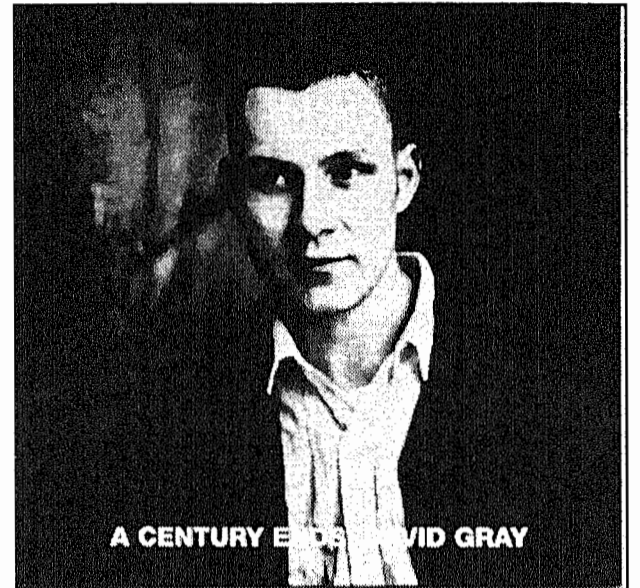
1994 saw *Flesh*, an angrier, more potent Gray than the one some folks had stumbled over in previous years. On *Flesh* you can hear Gray stretching himself, looking for his limits, musically and lyrically. I have to admit, it's not my favourite album, but neither is *Revolver* - it doesn't mean it's not damn good.

If Gray was looking for his own limits on *Flesh* then *Sell Sell Sell* (1996) found him in a more explorative mood, trying out new things in the studio. A lot of musicians make the mistake of over-producing their second album (hence the unfortunate frequency of the prefixing 'difficult'). Gray eased himself into it. His trust has always been first in the music, the rest is window-dressing. On *Sell Sell Sell* he began to notice the windows could use a fresh coat of paint and some curtains. The keyboards and backing vocals not so much thicken-up as warm up the mix, like an extra blanket on a cold night.

Four years after *Sell Sell Sell* and nearly ten since first arriving in the Big Town, *White Ladder* (2000) finally achieved the level of attention his first three albums warranted. Frank Sinatra said that it takes ten years of hard work to make an overnight success. David Gray is living proof of this.

\*  
Four albums in ten years is by no means a considerable effort. Four albums the calibre of David Gray's oeuvre in ten years is startling. Even so, some songs still managed to slip through the cracks. *Lost Songs: 95-98* is Gray's modest effort to redress this oversight. The lost songs in question were written during Gray's time in the wilderness, before going into the studio to record *White Ladder*. While the set doesn't possess the cohesion of any one of his albums, *Lost Songs* is nonetheless a fine album, a document of doubt and reflection, and a touching coda to *White Ladder*. It would have been a shame had they not seen the light of day.

Gray has made himself a part of a grand tradition of singer/songwriters who refuse to go gently into that convenient pigeon-hole. The consensus among reviewers seems to be



A CENTURY ENDS DAVID GRAY

that most amorphous of labels - 'folk/rock'. Some try to justify this caricature by adding a reference to Van Morrison or mid-career Dylan. Dylan and Morrison come to mind because Gray is another artist whose songs don't fit easily into record-store classifications.

I'm supposed to be writing a review here, and I'm reluctant to try to nail this particular jelly to the wall. If pressed I would say that Gray has the lyric sensibility of a Suzanne Vega or Neil Finn, with the ear for a melody of a Josh

Rouse or James Iha, but even this is kind of restricting, though I'm sure David would flush with an embarrassed modesty at the comparisons.

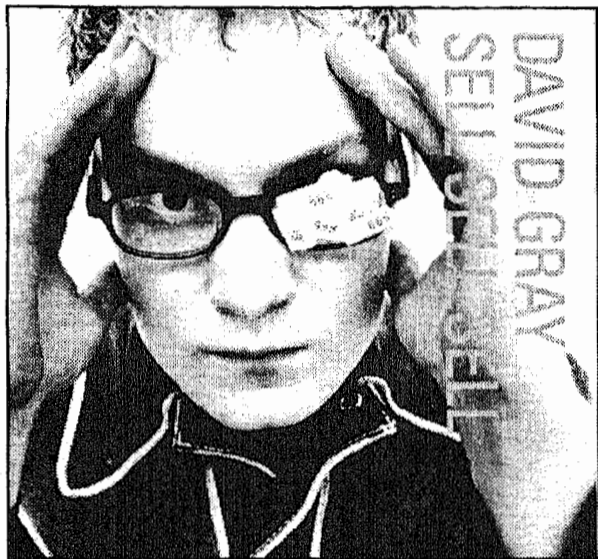
\*

Now I've come to the end of my thoughts. Through all of this I've been trying to work out what it is I like about David Gray's music. A good voice and some clever melodies will make you memorable, but

not necessarily worthwhile.

I think that what sets Gray apart from other, equally talented songsters is his simple honesty: the man sings what he sings because that just happens to be exactly what he was thinking, exactly what he was feeling at the moment he wrote it. That's why it rings true, whether he's singing about Christmas commercialism or the end of a relationship. That's what makes his songs slip so easily into your thoughts. That's what makes it so hard to shake them.

Jonathon Dyer

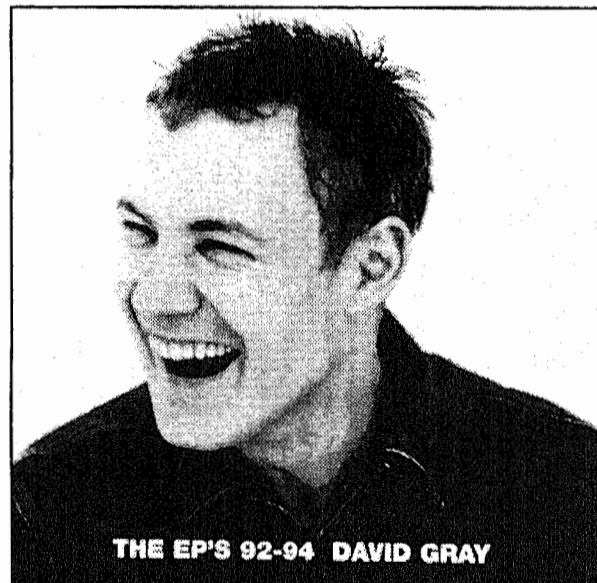
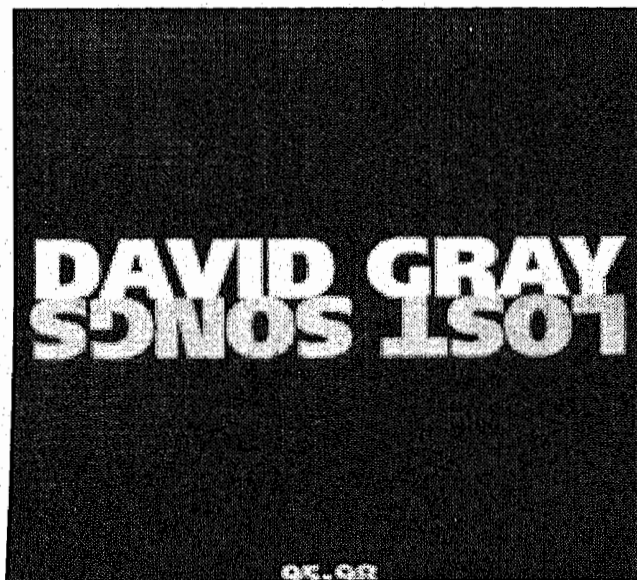


Those of us who have come late to this particular story will never get the chance to relish such a singular pleasure. And that would be most of us. I heard *White Ladder* playing in a friend's store one day, probably four or five months ago. I liked what I heard, but I didn't grab the album straight away. Two weeks later I still had a fragment of a melody running slow circles through my head. It was something I would come back to, or rather it would come back to me, like the memory of an old girlfriend's perfume.

That's how Gray's songs work. They slip in under the wire and set up shop in your psyche. Standing at the counter between customers, doing the washing up, reading a magazine, I'd catch myself humming the same piece-of-a-song, feel my foot trying to jar the rhythm out onto the floor.

I bought *White Ladder* the following payday.

\*



THE EP'S 92-94 DAVID GRAY



# And I Am Kloot too

## - interview with Andy Hargreaves

*I Am Kloot* are being heralded as the newest things out of the musical epicentre of Manchester to impact on the rest of the world. I'm not sure if that's just them playing with the minds of the media and drumming up their own hype. Regardless, *I Am Kloot* are charactered beyond their years together, and do perhaps have more behind them than they jokingly hype. So, here's the story of three modest blokes from Manchester who play music together...well, much as I could fathom from talking to drummer, Andy Hargreaves.

Once upon a time John Bramwell and Pete Jobson were working in the Night & Day Café booking bands, when John's mate Andy came down and they started talking...(daydream transition) "We basically thought 'let's have a go'. We just got together in the cellar and we were quite excited from the first little rehearsal. It did seem like we were on to something the first time."

And it seems that some influential flies were on the wall from that first moment as well, because as soon as *I Am Kloot* started finding their publics the publics started responding very well. "Originally we put out two limited edition singles. Fortunately they were very well received, which set us up nicely to get involved at Wall Of Sound (record company)."..."A friend of mine was translating some Dutch press at the weekend and that was just balmy what they were saying; "Record of the decade". That's just getting ridiculous I think, completely bonkers, but it's nice."

So once happily signed they gigged all over Europe bringing musical gifts

to anybody who would listen."...being with a smallish record company it's not rammed down every bodies throats. Which is quite nice in a way because when people do find it, it's like they found it for themselves. But consequently not many people get to hear of you unless you play a lot. That's what we're trying to achieve by just playing loads. It's the only way we can reach people."

And when they had found their audience and made some more songs they produced their first album *Natural History*. This was a collection of quiet melodic pop with passion, and a real banger of a hidden track. "Some of the tracks were recorded at a disused old peoples home. Whenever we got the opportunity to get into a nice big sounding room we'd just set up and play. We went to a church on an isle just off the top of Scotland, just to get away from Manchester for a while, have a bit of fun and also concentrate and do this record. That was one night when we had a few drinks and we just made a racket." "It is a bit rude isn't it after you sit there listening to 'Because' and you're thinking, "ahh, it's all over. It's nice, I might put it back on", and then this racket comes out. It's just going to show there's another side of Kloot I guess."

And happy with their efforts in the musical world, they sat back in their Mancunian abode practicing their songs and talking in thick Mancunian accents, waiting with excitement for their Australian visas to be processed.

Prof. Booty

# Pollyanna/BlueBottle Kiss/Hummel

## HoldFast Hotel

### Friday 31st August

Arriving a little late, I was a little disappointed to have missed the first band, who were listed outside to be Gersey. However, I was quickly informed that it was in fact local group Hummel who had graced the stage. Although it was a short set, apparently they did nothing to harm the buzz building around them, following their recent releases *Downtown* and *Squish City* (produced, incidentally, by Pollyanna's Matt Handley).

BlueBottle Kiss were up next and, on the strength of their previous live shows, this promised to be something a little special. Jamie Hutchings always seems to have the ability to be open and honest in his lyrics, whilst writing some of the most refreshing and inspiring music around. A three-piece until recently, when bass player Ben Fletcher switched to guitar duties and a second Ben was recruited to take over the bass, these changes certainly gave the band something extra in the live arena, with the fuller sound complementing the songs perfectly. Playing material from their new E.P. *Gangsterland*, as well as old favourites like 'Generic Teen', 'Re-

turn To the City of Folded Arms' and 'Running Around The White Picket Fence' and my personal highlight, 'Tap Dancing On The Titanic', Bluebottle Kiss were in excellent form.

Pollyanna have had their fair share of changes lately. With drummer Glenn Maynard departing after the *Delta City Skies* tour, it was left to singer/guitarist Matt Handley to take over drum duties for the recording of the new record, *Didn't Feel A Thing*. With bassist Rayke moving recently to America, and returning here for the tour, it was going to be interesting to see if there were significant changes to the stage dynamic of the group. It was soon clear, after opening with a track from the new record ('Effervescence' followed), that Pollyanna still had it. Playing a great range of material, from new tracks like 'Anchored' and the current single 'Particular People' to old favourites like 'Brittle Then Broken', 'Cinnamon Lip' and 'Hermit Inertia', Pollyanna put in a fine attempt to try to take band of the night honours from the Bluebottle Kiss boys. The highlight for me was the encore, where the band played two tracks

# Battle of the Bands

Adelaide Unibar  
Friday 31st August

Booster Suction Inlets



This year's Battle of the Bands Adelaide Uni final was held last Friday from 6pm in the Unibar, a perfect time and place to allow all the student politicians to wander from the counting room to the Battle whenever they got bored of one. 8th Degree walked away as the winners, and will go on to the finals, but other highlights of the night included some very smooth grooves from Sukatash and an entertainingly offensive half-time interlude from Booster Suction Inlets - demonstrating again just what can be achieved with a glockenspiel and a ukelele.



Sukatash

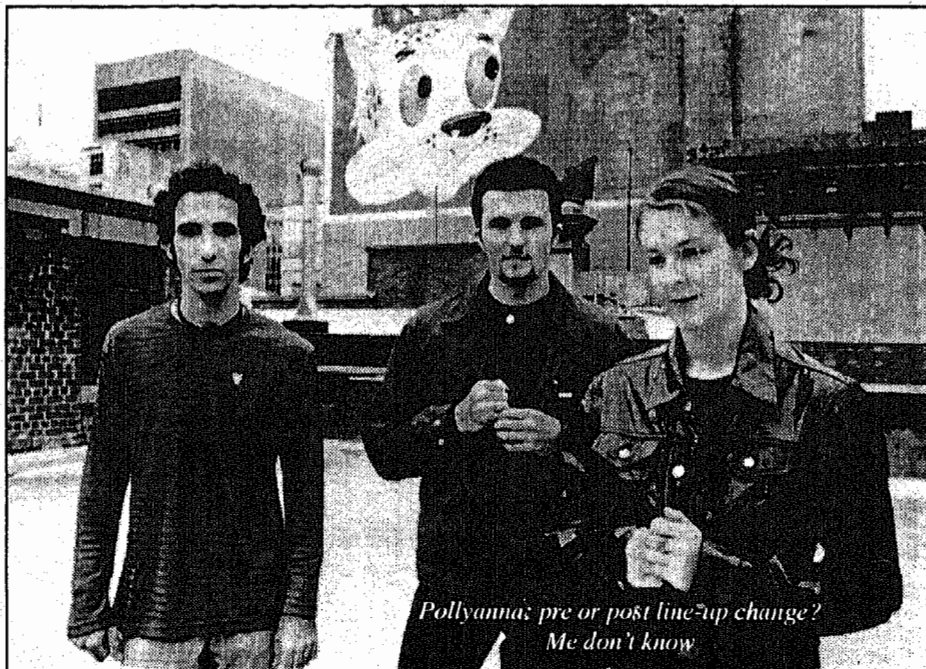
More Booster Suction Inlets

of the fantastic *Long Player* record, '16 and Counting' and the awesome 'Piston' (with that great ending-Beefcake!).

Although they put in a big effort, I would say that I have seen Pollyanna in finer form on previous occasions, and that Bluebottle Kiss stole the show to-

night. An excellent show all round, I would seriously recommend that you catch these bands next time around, especially if you're yet to witness a Bluebottle Kiss live show.

Church

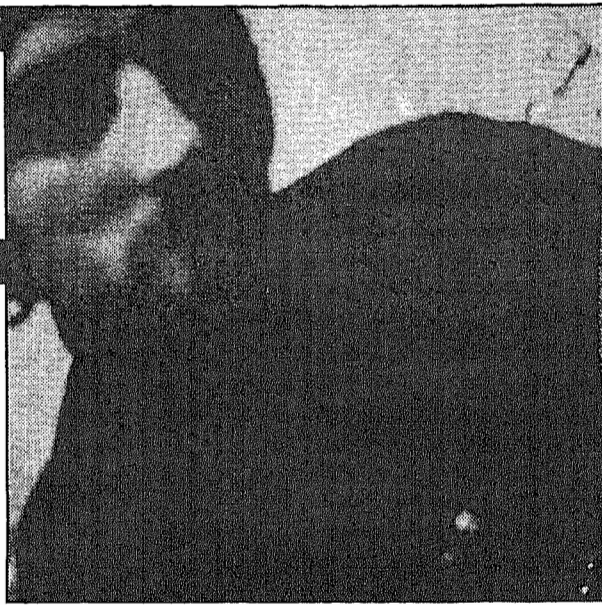


Pollyanna: pre or post line-up change?  
Me don't know



# frost

On Dit recently caught up with one of Adelaide's freshest and most innovative new talents, electronic 'composer' Frost. Combining state of the art technology with recycled and improvised gear, Frost takes a holistic approach to creating music that has something different to say to everyone. Read on if you want to gain an insight into where music is heading in this wacky world of miniature bull sculptures...



## Can you describe what it is that you do?

For a start, I don't use keyboard, which intrigues a lot of people. A lot of the sounds I use sound like synths but I've never touched a synth in my life.

I do a lot of field recordings - actually going out and putting microphones to things.

## Field Recordings?

There's a track on the EP called 'Hiding In The Ether'. I was sitting there making the tune and I had the basic sort of structure there. I was sitting in the studio and the window was open and there's a kindergarten across the road from my house. These little kids were just running around and just playing and it sounded so beautiful and it sort of melded really, really well with the tune. It gave a real reflective quality to it. So I went across the road and at the risk of looking like some sick twisted paedophile, I've sort of pointed a microphone through the fence at these kids and then put it in the song.

To me that's what it's about. I go out and record just noises. I've got a lot of friends that'll just give me a call and tell me about some weird-ass factory that's making all these noises, I'll go up there at like 2 in the morning and point a microphone at it, come back and make some beats out of it or whatever.

## When you play live, it's not just you and a computer on stage, is it?

No. Basically I have my computer - I often have computers - on stage with a bunch of samples, a sort of sound bank that I manipulate live and place in a sequence that...makes sense I guess. I have some really dodgy low-fi guitar effects pedals, ones that you'd normally put on the floor, I just have them up so I use my hands with them. I have some tape machines on which I play cassettes, I then sort of get a pen and

jam it into the machine to slow the tape down manually and get some interesting effects, it's all pretty low-fi.

I use a lot of radio signals in my shows as well - I have AM radios on stage with me and I'll just tune in to different stations. It's really interesting, it never ceases to astonish me how often you'll just tune into some conversation on talkback radio on AM that just sits so perfectly with the track. There's so many beautiful textures out there that people just ignore.

The live show has a visual element now - I work with a girl called Jane Simon. She does slide projections and other visuals - it's the visual equivalent of what I do - it's basically just collage. Words with textures.

I try to keep it as live as possible 'cos yeah, I'm not into this sort of 'just press play and that's it' - I'm not a DJ.

## What are your thoughts on this new EP of yours 'Music For Sad Children'? The title seems quite appropriate.

The EP you've heard is probably the closest that I've got to what it is here in my head. They're basically soundtracks for music in my head. For me it's not so much about chorus verse chorus but 'how does this make you feel?' People describe it as sad - that's okay. At first I didn't like that because I don't want to depress people. Now I've come to appreciate that because it's a really hard thing, to affect somebody's emotional state, and the fact that people feel something when they listen to it is pretty amazing.

Michael Paradowski

## Frost Music For Sad Children Independent

Ben Frost takes the listener on a moody and contemplative yet pleasant journey with this excellent 6-track release. The amazing polarity, fashioned through distortion and noise on the one hand and piano melodies on the other, makes for a fascinating and almost haunting experience. Layers upon subtle layers of bass tones, soothing hiss, and samples of our everyday world give each track a multi-dimensionality that makes every listen unique.



## LOCAL NOISE

The results are in and it seems that TENDAHOOK have been voted in as Local Noise in-house band for this week. Tune in to ensure that they fulfill their pre-election promise of providing the students of Adelaide University with more rock for their union dollar. They will also be campaigning for people to come to their CD launch and purchase their brand new musical recording.

There will be a recount later in the week at the Crown and Sceptre Hotel. The preferences will be distributed at 9PM on Thursday night to decide whether the experience of goth-poppers SCISSOR PRETTY can edge out the youthful energy of post-punk pop-rockers THE ARMOPODS. Scrutineers are required for this event and drinks and food will be readily available for purchase. To enter this candidate-free zone, all you need is a measly \$3 and we promise that the polities won't be able to spread their propaganda within.

And don't forget kids, you can call the station at any time on 8303 5000 to cast your vote for a local band to come and play on the show. Just be sure that it is authorised by the returning officer first.

I really shouldn't have worked so many hours in the election.

denni d.

## SURROUNDED BY SOUND

Only a couple of weeks left of term - here's a few ideas on how to get away from the books on the weekend (as if you need any more).

On Friday night, **Thinktank** can be heard at the **Tivoli** in support of **Lash** and **Motorace**.

**Career Girls**, **Fear Of Flying** and **Mescaline** play the **Enigma Bar**.

Saturday night promises to be rather entertaining if you head back over to the intimate live surrounds of the **Enigma Bar**. There you'll find **Tendahook** launching their album 'Transition' with support from another two great Adelaide bands **Yakspit** and **Kaleidoscope**.

Sunday night sees the return to the stage of local outfit-made-big-time **The Superjesus**. Get over to Heaven if you want to see what they've been up to.

# Album of the Week



## Africanism Super Special Warner

This CD still has me pleasantly bewildered! The artwork is very tacky - almost purposefully so - and it took me ages to figure out what the album was actually called and what the band name was. It looked intriguing, so I gave it a spin and have been mesmerised and in awe since. The Africanism Allstars (as they refer to themselves in one instance) have devised an African-drumbeat-led fusion of latin sounding, jazzy house music with a LOT of rhythm! This is a musical hybrid that stinks of originality if not unparalleled genius. Oh - and they're French. The track

titles, which give an indication of the musical ground covered, include 'Zulus', 'Call It Jungle Jazz', 'My Dub' and 'The Dragon'. Number six, 'Love Is The Answer', freaked me out completely, it's so addictive! For days I was compelled to get a regular 'fix' of this song - despite it being on the verge of a sort of corny/happy/commercial house music that I hate so much. My mouth is gaping wide open yet again as I listen to this song and wonder 'What the fuck is it that these guys are doing to me?!?!' The only thing I can remotely compare this album to is the Avalanches' latest - *Since I Left You*. Check this out if you can...but good luck finding it!

MParadowski



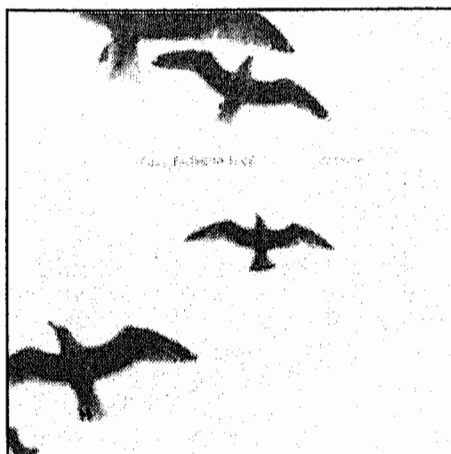


**Sugar Ray**  
**Sugar Ray**  
**Warner**

On their fourth album, Sugar Ray continue the mellow, warm, sunny Sunday feel shown on of 14:59. The first single, *When It's Over*, showcases the soft, guitar pop and gentle beats that Sugar Ray are so good at. The album is full of similar guitar-based pop with the occasional interlude from DJ Homicide. The style does vary slightly from Mark McGrath's vocals over heavily synthesised tones on *Ours* to the more pop-rock sounds of *Sorry Now*. *Sugar Ray's* sound is more slickly produced than their previous albums, bringing it further into the mainstream and losing any remaining 'alternative' credibility. That said, this isn't a bad album - the tunes are catchy and very hummable and will suit those with pop tastes. The inclusion of a Brady Bunch style pic of the group's dogs in the liner notes is a cute added extra!

A warm and fuzzy album to make you wish for sunshine and summer holidays - if you're not wishing for them already.

**Bubbles**

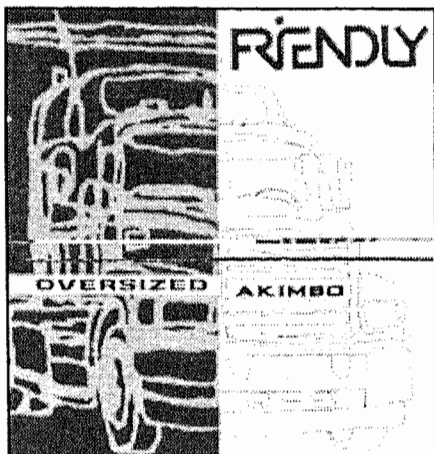


**Full Fathom Five**  
**07 Seven**  
**Warner Music**

One of the styles of music, which I love listening to, is one that cannot be stereotyped. Seven is that kind of music. There are no fuzzy guitars here, with *Full Fathom Five* mixing live drums which sly, sexy melodies, funky rhythms, some smooth synth action and a fine mix of other instruments; it makes for some quality listening. A couple of standout tracks which caught my ear were '...' (Yes that's what it's called) with a style reminiscent of a Quench track, and their track which has had some airplay on Triple J, 'Who's your

Daddy?' which will be stuck in the little jukebox inside your head for days. The only thing that disappointed me about this album is that it doesn't quite seem finished off properly. I was left with the feeling with "ok, now what?" Apart from that, if you like your dance with a touch of relaxed funk, I recommend this.

**Jester.**



**Friendly**  
**Oversized Akimbo**  
**Zomba records**

This is the repackaged tour edition of Friendly's debut album, which contains an added remix CD. Yes, I know he isn't touring here, but it is not just a trick, it's just that he decided to only tour the Eastern states. Bah humbug. *Oversized Akimbo* is worth buying for the remix CD alone. The first track is 'Zoo Is Friendly?' by the ever-energetic Zoobombs, who manage to make the song sound completely different. Perhaps the best by far is Friendly's interesting mix of the Gurge's 'I Like Repetitive Music', which it must be admitted was already a brilliant song to begin with. Machine Gun Fellatio also pop their heads in to add a harder rock edge to 'I Wanna B U'. There are also some live tracks that manage to capture the mood of the Big Day Out quite well. The original album, *Akimbo*, really needs no review, as I am sure by now that unless you have had your head under a rock, you will have heard many of the songs. If you haven't already bought this album, get this tour edition.

**Poptart**

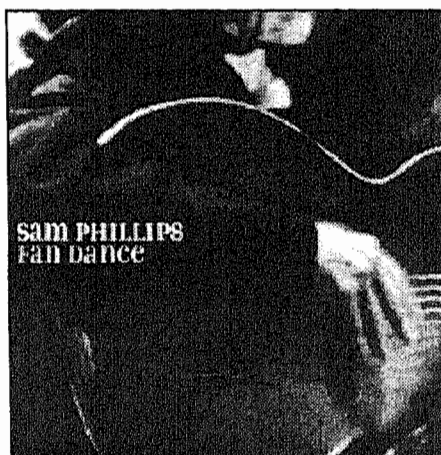


**Echo And The Bunnymen**  
**Flowers**  
**Universal**

While I have not been a rabid fan for many years like some people I know, I really love this album. I ab-

solutely adore vocalist Ian McCulloch's voice, as he manages to capture a particular feeling of darkness as precisely as Morrissey. In fact, the mood of this album reminds me a lot of The Smiths; an oxymoronic blend of melancholy and happiness. The first track that I ever heard off this album, 'It's Alright' really grabbed my attention, and it remains for me the standout song (and no, it has nothing to do with the East 17 track). The other songs on *Flowers* are all up to the same standard, particularly the wonderful 'Hide And Seek' and 'SuperMellowMan'. Sadly, I missed out on their concert as I had to work, but I heard that it was an incredible performance. It is amazing that a band has survived break-ups and the eighties and still managed to produce an album of this calibre, but the Bunnymen have achieved it. Don't miss out on this incredible release.

**Poptart**



**Sam Phillips**  
**Fan Dance**  
**Nonesuch/Warner**

I first came across T-Bone Burnett when he was a relative unknown - singer/songwriter/producer whose biggest claim to fame was touring with Elvis Costello on his 'One-Man Band' tour (this would be around '83, maybe '84). The meeting was fruitful in an unexpected way. Now fifteen-or-so years down the track, T-Bone Burnett is almost a household name (mentioned in the same breath as Daniel Lanois and Steve Albini, and having produced the soundtrack for the Coen's *Oh, Brother, Where Art Thou*).

You may be asking yourself what this has to do with Sam Phillips. There is a connection. Phillips is, well, Mrs Burnett. I've been a fan of Sam Phillips for a few years now. I had no idea; it came completely out of left field for me. Imagine my surprise.

Listening to Phillips's mature, Emmylou-ified voice on the Appalachian-inflected *Fan Dance* is like running into an old friend who you haven't seen in too long; the face may be a little furrowed, but the eyes still display the same generosity of spirit. A brief, laconic set (clocking in at just thirty-three minutes and some), *Fan Dance* is still perhaps the best country/folk album I've heard since Lyle Lovett's *Joshua Judges Ruth*, and it's every bit as much of a journey.

**Rusty Springfield**

# Singles

**Lil' Kim feat. Phil Collins**  
**In the Air Tonite**  
**Warner**

Ah...the haunting strains of Phil Collins' 'In the Air Tonight' combined with formulaic ghetto-ganster rap - somehow it manages to be even worse than you might think. Apparently it is from an album called *Urban Renewal* which features "The Songs of Phil Collins". I'm hanging out for a Cypress Hill version of 'I Can't Dance'.

**Che Guava**

**Paul Kelly**  
**Somewhere in the City**  
**EMI**

This is the latest and greatest single from Paul Kelly, which is backed by four fantabulous b-sides. Although Mr Kelly is a great songwriter and this single is testament to that, I can't help but notice that he's been doing this acoustic singer/songwriter type gig for quite a while and maybe a change is in order. Having said that, I still think this single is really good.

**Jang Luu**

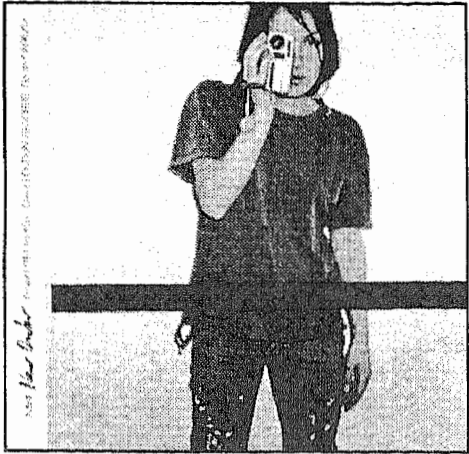


**Gota Cola**  
**Guaranteed Rustless**  
**Valve/Eastwest/Warner**

This is the debut album for three, but used to be four, piece Brisbane band Gota Cola. They've been around for five years and have released a handful of eps. They're a girl band, except for the drummer, but he doesn't sing. Their music is kind of slowcore and experimentally weird at the same time. A lot of the tracks use sampling and on one track there is no singing, but talking. The average song length is over five minutes, so you won't find any catchy pop songs here (which is the kind of gear I'm into). Instead, you'd find slow chill-outish kind of tracks. The songs just don't have the driving rhythm from the bass and drums and that saps all the rockness from the music. 'Red Red Moon' which is the first track is the only exception to this and that's why it's my fave. They're pretty popular in Brisbane and Richard Kingsmill from Triple J likes them, but I just can't get into them.

**Jang Luu**



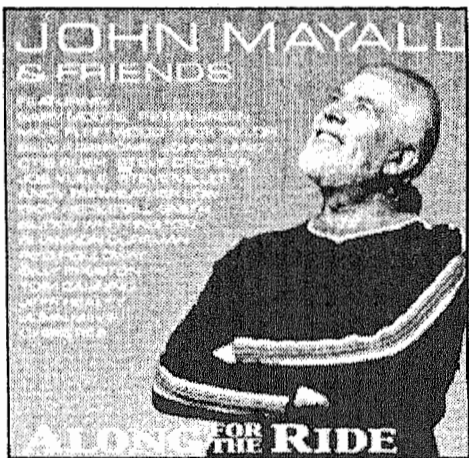


**New Order  
Get Ready  
Warner**

It's been 8 long years since New Order released their last LP, 1993's hugely successful *Republic*. Since then the band has played huge shows at the Redding Festival, Manchester and London and released 'Best Of' and 'Rest Of' albums.

The band that gave us *Blue Monday* way back in '83 (which sold \$12 million copies around the world!) have made it back into our lounge rooms and dance floors after all these years. *Get Ready* opens with the single 'Crystal', anyone having heard this song would agree that it has New Order written all over it - the characteristic, playful, yet fatalistic vocals, the dominant bass rumble, and shining, layered synth sounds. The album boasts 10 industrial/pop tunes that you can dance to or, (and such is 'New Order's ambivalent nature), punch the walls to. They have maintained a sound that is very much unique, quite impressive given the length of time between recordings and the number of side projects. A quality album that has perhaps one or two weak songs. What impresses me about *Get Ready* is that New Order are doing what they do best, yet in a contemporary way.

**Michael P**

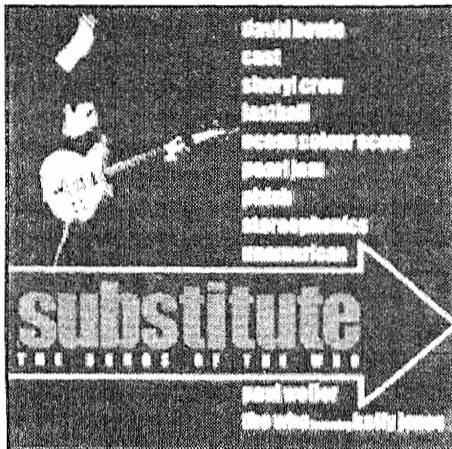


**John Mayall & Friends  
Along for the Ride  
Eagle Records/Warner**

To be honest, I thought John Mayall was dead. He wasn't a particularly young man back in the early sixties when he almost single-handedly introduced a generation of British teenagers and twenty-somethings to the blues. The subsequent popularity of Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, the Rolling Stones, and a roll call of other significant bands and musicians - at least in part - comes down to the bedrock of blues indocrination Mayall had laid down with his raspy vocals, wicked harp-playing and consecrated devotion to the music of the Mississippi, Kansas and Chicago.

*Along for the Ride* has all the hallmarks of a great blues album. For all his years Mayall can still mix it up with the young ones. The songs on the album, generally minor classics, are given a new life through the tender ministrations of Mayall and the entourage of musicians who showed up to show their gratitude to the great man. Overall the set is a little too slick, too tight. Too House of Blues for my liking. Still, the chance to hear a living legend doesn't come along every day.

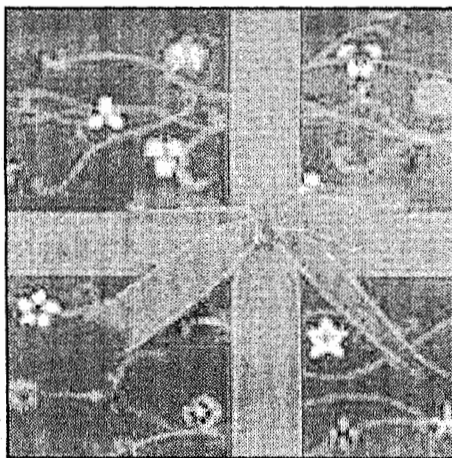
**Blind Dog Vishnu**



**Various Artists  
Substitute: The Songs Of  
The Who  
Shock**

Although most people think of the Beatles as being the premier 60s British rock group, it is The Who that really stand out for me. This album is a collection of diverse covers ranging from Pearl Jam to David Bowie. Arguably the best track on this album is 'Pictures Of Lily', which is a very different version to the original done in typical Bowie style. Cast and Paul Weller both produce versions which are fairly faithful to the originals, while Pearl Jam's take on 'The Kids Are Alright' is a slightly messy one. While all of these covers are quite good, nothing is ever going to beat the original. Buy this by all means but make sure that you also invest in a few by The Who as well. Better yet, get it all on vinyl.

**Poptart**



**John Zorn  
The Gift  
Tzadik Records**

Firstly, releases on this label are often best introduced by announcing the quality of the artists collaborating with the master of all that is downtown Avant-garde, John Zorn. This album, which is part 3 of his "Music-Romance" series, features the likes of Marc Ribot, Dave Douglas, Bill Frisell, Joey Baron and Mike

Patton. *The Gift* is best described as Zorn's attempt at easy listening, which is in stark contrast to the *uneasy* nature of some of his work with the likes of Naked City and Painkiller! Zorn makes his attempt with the use of subtle Middle Eastern influences, surf guitar hooks, and hypnotic resonant sounds and more than a hint of playfulness, which combine to leave the listener relaxed and in a pleasant state of mind. Zorn's only comment on this album was that it was "only for lovers", this simply isn't true, for this is an album that anyone, even grandma would likely enjoy from beginning to end.

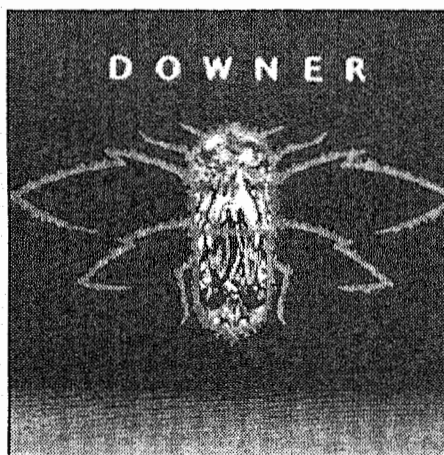
**Case C. Sinclair**



**American Hi-Fi  
American Hi-Fi  
Island/Universal**

Upon looking at the cover of the CD, one word sprung to my mind: rock. After listening to the disc, my suspicions were confirmed. This album has thirteen tracks, all of them very rock. *American Hi-Fi* is Stacy Jones's first time playing guitar, singing and writing songs. He used to be the drummer for Veruca Salt and Boston's very own Aimee Mann. He also played some drums on one of my favorite albums, Fuzzy's *Hooray For Everything*. But he's decided to go the way of Phil Collins, Dave Grohl, J Mascis and Evan Dando and switch from drummer to frontman. Although the album is way too rock for me, one track I did like is 'I'm A Fool'. It's got this really cool riff and it goes 'I can't sleep at night, just thinking about you girl... I'm a fool for you'. If you like rock, like Veruca Salt's second album, you'd like this album. But if you don't then you'd probably find it pretty sucky.

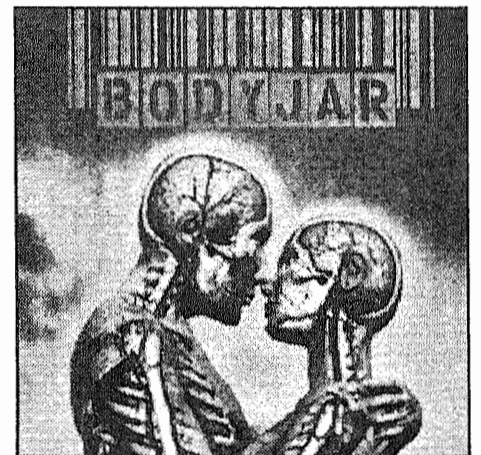
**Jang Luu**



**Downer  
Downer  
Roadrunner**

Much more astute CD reviewers than me (and I'm pretty thick) have likened

Downer to their American metal counterparts Tool. As much as I wanted to disagree because I'm a disagreeable type of person, I can't. There are indeed several similarities with Tool. Firstly the overall sound is distinctly that of a popular American metal band, no legitimately fuzzy guitars here just simple chunky riffs. Secondly, like in many Tool songs, these heavy riffs are frequently broken up by periods of simple bass driven rhythms. These sections of the songs are often complemented by a focus on the singer. Again like Tool the vocals are highly prominent in the mix although the singer is no Maynard. This all bodes well but for me Downer just don't quite have it in this release. In following the stylings of Tool, and I'm not suggesting this was intentional, hell, they might not ever have heard of Tool, Downer's songs on this album seem much too formulaic. I personally would prefer something a tiny bit more intelligent to stimulate my Neanderthal urges. Having said this though, Downer would appeal to many, at their heaviest they are heavier than Tool, although the production of the heavier parts seemed to be lacking a bit in sharpness (but I was tired and my CD player lacking). For all those trying to progress from the clutches of Limp Biskitesque nu-metal Downer might be the perfect transition CD. For all those already loving their metal but still interested, I'd check the second hand racks.



**Bodyjar  
How It Works  
(with Bonus 9 track live disc)  
EMI**

Bodyjar's *How It Works* CD has gone a long way to being one of my all-time favourites. It might not quite live up to the standard of *No Touch Red*, but that was always going to be difficult. The 'Jar have found more mainstream acceptance with this release, using more pop sounds to add to their distinct style in popular singles like 'Fall To The Ground', '5 Minutes Away' and 'Not The Same' (with its Popstars-mocking film clip). They've managed to keep long-time fans happy with darker tracks like 'Feed It' and shown maturity with more mellow tracks like 'Ordinary Lives'. The fact they've shown such quality and variation without accusation of being Australia's answers to blink-182 (i.e. sell outs) speaks for itself. This edition of the CD features a 9-track live CD, featuring great renditions of 'Halfway Around The World' and 'Self Influence' and popular favourites 'Hazy Shade Of Winter' and 'You Say'. If you don't already have this CD, go out and buy it, for guaranteed hours of musical pleasure.

**Massiv Micky D**

**On Dit 69.19**



# Singles

**Boris Dlugosch feat. Roisin Murphy**  
*Never Enough*  
Positiva Records

This is a tidy little house track. Boppy, almost pop in nature, it features some nice vocals from Roisin Murphy, whom reminds me of the lead singer of Moloko. (I think she might be the very same?!) The two remixes (Club Mix & Chocolate Puma Remix) are nothing different either. This is the kind of song I expect will get airtime on commercial radio for awhile, and then die away into insignificance.

Jester.

**Da Muttz**  
*Could You Be The One*  
(Thank God It's Friday)  
Warner Music

Da Muttz have put out another single. Hurrah. 'Could You Be The One' is likely to be a club hit, it has a Modjish style but has nothing particularly unique that elevates it above any other club track. The single also contains 'Wassuup!', the most irritating song of the year, probably in a misguided effort to boost sales.

Massiv Micky D

**Toploader**  
*Dancing In The Moonlight*  
Sony

This first single released by Toploader is good but no where near as good as some of the other tracks on the new album. My advice is to avoid this single which contains re-hashes of the track, a relatively uninteresting live version and some J-LO stickers and go purchase the cracking new album *Onka's Big Moka*.

Trev.

**Danielle Spencer**  
*Forgive Me*  
EMI

This is the third single from Sydney actor turn singer/songwriter Danielle Spencer's debut album *White Monkey*. You might have heard the 'Jonathan White' song that got a bit of airplay on JJJ. 'Forgive Me' is really soft and a real emphasis is put on her voice with only piano and a drum machine, which is okay. But if I was her, I'd use a real drummer and rock it up with some overdriven guitar and driving basslines. There's also a cover of David Bowie's 'Ashes To Ashes' and a remix of a previous single 'Blast Off' as the b-sides.

Jang Luu

# Clubs and Classifieds

## Play Softball the Summer

Slowpitch, Fastpitch, Mixed, Men and Women's Teams.

Fastpitch season begins 20th October, 2001.

Training on Sundays 11am onwards Waite Oval (cnr Fullarton Road and Claremont Avenue) from the 23rd September.

For further details contact Georgina Bradbury on email:

GABBA9522@hotmail.com or phone: 8379 2445

## International Goodwill Games

2001 CISSA Cup Soccer Tournament 9-A-Side

Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> September 2001

Prizes!

BBQ Lunch!

Starts at 8:45am

Round Robin, Maximum of 10 teams

Cost \$55 per term (9 players, 2 reserves)

Payment and registration to CISSA by 3<sup>rd</sup> September 2001

Flinders University Sports Field

Contact Prof. David Boyd for entry forms on email: [profboyd@mira.net](mailto:profboyd@mira.net)

Fax: 8331 8497

## Cricket Club

The Adelaide University Cricket club needs Grade Cricket Scorers.

These are paid positions. For further information contact David Penn, Secretary 8351 1613 (H), Email: [penn.david@saugov.sa.gov.au](mailto:penn.david@saugov.sa.gov.au)

Thanks, Vicki

## Women's Night

The Clubs Assoc are very keen to bring the Women's night back as one of its events. After much discussion the committee feels that a night devoted to discussion, debate and demonstrations about keeping women active in clubs would be far more beneficial than the usual cocktail or movie nights.

At the moment this night is planned to go ahead on October 4th at 7.00pm. If anyone has ideas, comments or would like to help in any way, please get in contact with Vicki or myself. I would especially like to hear from clubs who have had disproportionate numbers of male or female members. We feel that this night should be about men and women together addressing the issues of inequality and also having a good night and not about exclusionary tactics to gain power.

Please email me at: [sarah.lendrum@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:sarah.lendrum@student.adelaide.edu.au) or phone 0402 318 489

## Lost

Approx 15 blue and white banners. May be slightly charred. If have any info, contact 8303 5406

## Adelaide University Hockey Club Results for 26<sup>th</sup>, and 27<sup>th</sup> of August:

Premier League defeated Burnside 2-1, Goals to Andrew Thomas, Nick Pannell

Premier League Reserve Men defeated Burnside 2-1, Goals to Sam Verco, Michael Bishop

Division 3 Men lost to UniSA 1-2 Goal to Craig Errington

Division 4 Men defeated Westminster 4-2 Goals to Erik Dunlop (2), Lex Williams

Division 5 Men defeated PAC 15-0

Division 6 Men lost to Pulteney

Veterans A Men played Port Adelaide

Premier League Women defeated Forrestville 3-0, Goals to Amber Lang, Alison Perkins, Anita Hagger

Premier League Reserve Women defeated Blackwood 2-0

Division 3 Women lost to Adelaide 1-0 (Elimination Final)

Division 4 Women Season finished (finished the season in 6<sup>th</sup> position)

Division 5 Women lost to North East 2-1

Division 6 Women Black defeated Murrumbidgee 3-0

Division 6 Women White lost to UniSA

U13B Boys played Woodville

U11 Mixed lost to Seacliff 0-5

U9 Mixed drew 1-1 with Grange

## Bonds Sale

All long sleeve T shirts on sale now

Union Studio

Level 4

Union House

Western End -

Or Ph: 8303 5857



And so the banners are taken down,  
With sighs of relief for all to hear,  
But don't think that the craziness is over -  
It will all be back same time next year!

(Bye bye! See you next time!!)





# Killer Bitter

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

