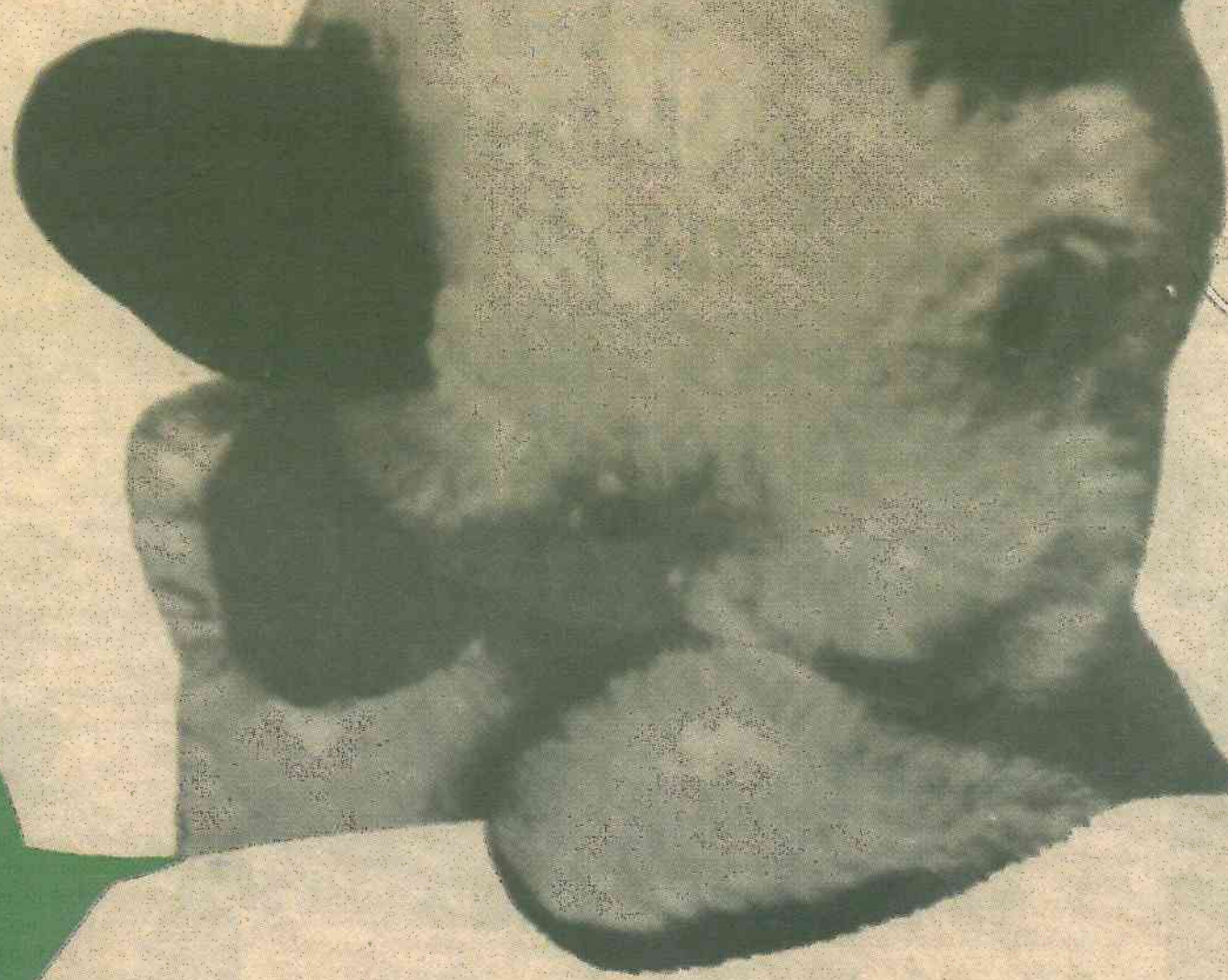


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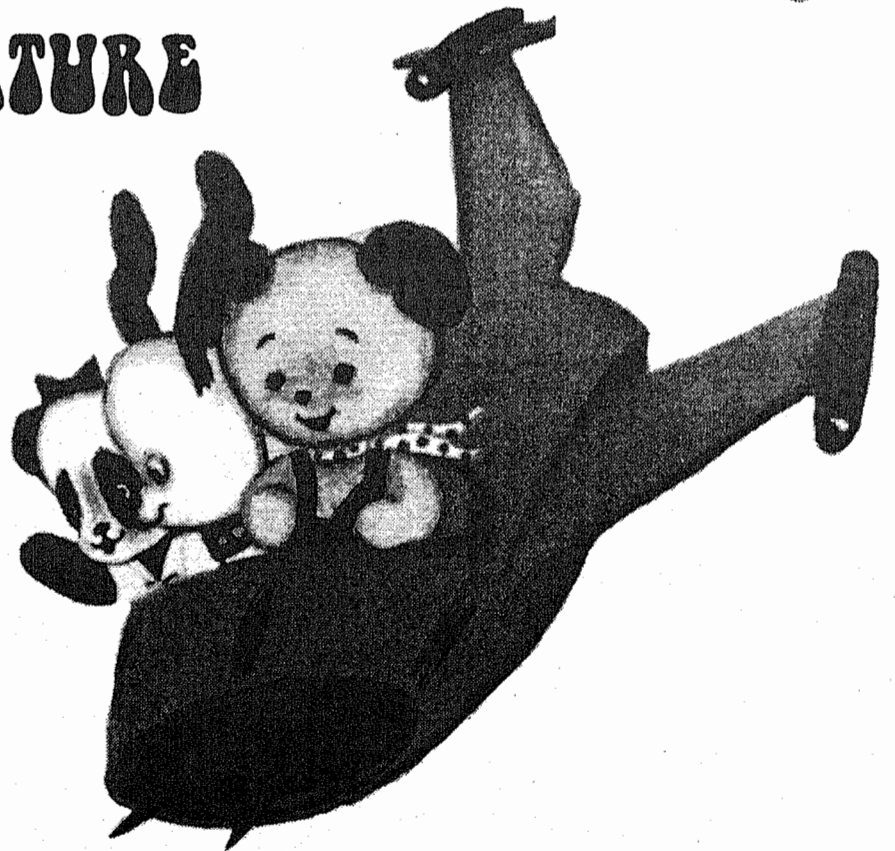
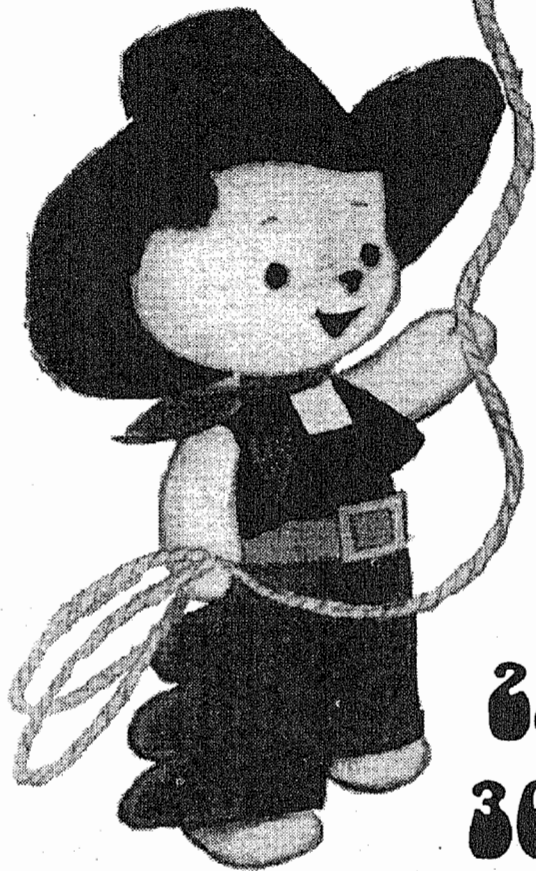
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On Dit

Volume 70 Edition 11 03.06.02

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

Editors

Linda Rust, Jennifer Kallonis & Michael Fyfe

Advertising

Bonnie Cruickshank

Printing

Cadillac

Distribution

Sarah and Connal

Sub-Editors

Wayward: Yak Rozitis **Current Affairs:** Tim Williams, Laura Anderson **Opinion:** Tristan Mahoney, Gemma Clark **Music:** Sara King, Mark Jordan (bye, bye) **Local Music:** Michael Bourlotos **Film:** Daniel Varricchio **Literature:** Melissa Vine **Video/DVD:** James Trevelyn **Internet/Computers:** Karen Roberts **Agony Aunts:** Victoria Hammond, Sam Franzway **Vox Pop:** Joseph Hynes, John Candlish **Bar/Restaurant:** Clementine Ford

About the Cover: Sooty

Wanna Write?

Then why not come down to our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (near the exciting two sets of men's toilets). Our office is easily accessible near the Barr Smith Lawns. For a more pleasant aroma, email us using the address at the bottom of this page.

Next Edition:

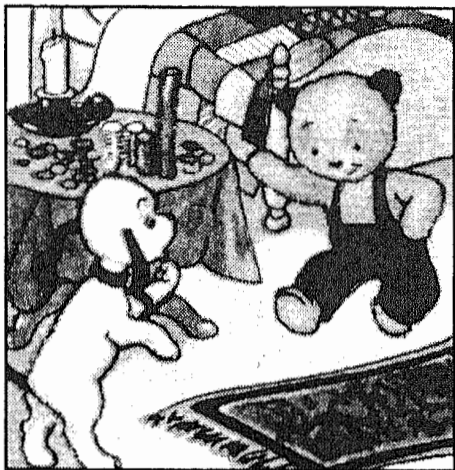
Deadline: July 22
Published: July 29

Don't forget to get your Cover Competition entries in!

Thanks go to:

Mark, who's leaving us (thanks for all the hard work Mark!), Bonnie H.V.B.B. La Pixie Bernstein, Stanli, Yakult, Gemma, Dan J., Mikey B., Clementine, the rugby top guy from Friday night,

Kashmir For Comments



Sooty and Sweep do the happy dance of capitalist superiority.

It had to happen sooner or later and there was good money on it being The Parrot. Editorialising across the electronic ether, Alan Jones recently wrote: "The Indian Prime Minister has met his security advisers in Cashmere yesterday."* Oh dear. The PM can wear what he likes, but is it news? *On Dit* takes up the challenge to contextualise the Kashmir conflict better than 2GB.

Muslim Kashmir was invaded by British-backed Indian Sikhs in 1819, before the imperial power sold the land and its people to a Hindu maharajah called Gulab Singh in 1847. The British remained the sovereign power and a viceroy oversaw the maharajah's autocratic rule as with the other 564 feudal monarchies of India.

After World War II the British tired of direct colonialism. The Muslims had aided the British war effort while the Hindus had resisted, powerful grounds for Muslim leader Mohammed Ali Jinnah to demand provision of an independent Muslim state. The last viceroy, Lord Louis Mountbatten, tried to dump the division of territory firstly onto the UN and then onto the wholly unqualified director of the Ministry of Information, who was given a ridiculous 36 days to redraw the map of the subcontinent. East and West Pakistan were chopped off roughly according to the



Sooty realised that Cashmere becomes clingy and revealing when wet.

location of Muslim majorities. The feudal monarchies had to choose which nation to join - India or Pakistan. Most joined India, sometimes with their hand forced by Indian troops at the direction of Prime Minister Nehru when Muslim leaders looked likely to defy the will of their Hindu populations.

Hari Singh, desendant of Gulab Singh and Hindu maharajah of predominantly Muslim Kashmir and Jammu, could not

make up his mind. New Pakistani President Jinnah, fearing Singh would choose India and that Singh's local Muslim ally Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah would follow suit, fostered the formation of the Azadi (Freedom) Movement from Pashtun Muslims. Its success in blocking supplies forced Singh to make his decision. He chose India, asked for Indian assistance and appointed Abdullah Prime Minister. In the meantime Pakistan had managed to occupy half of Kashmir.

During this violent period of 1947-8, Mountbatten and the UN demanded resolutions involving a plebiscite to confirm the will of the people toward joining either nation. It never happened. Instead, a ceasefire was agreed to at the start of 1949 before the UN Karachi agreement resulted in a cease-fire line giving India two-thirds of Kashmir later

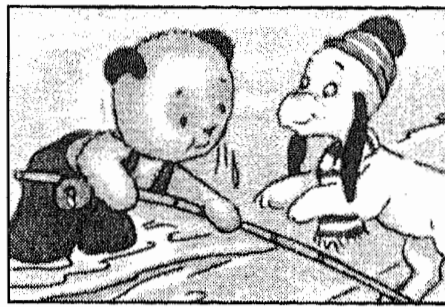


Sweep went undercover to undermine the British occupation of Kashmir.

that year. In 1952 the elected, Abdullah-led and Muslim dominated Constituent Assembly of Jammu and Kashmir voted to confirm accession to India. India decided this was close enough to the UN plebiscite demand and made Kashmir an autonomous Indian state with Abdullah as Prime Minister.

The 1950s and 60s saw all of Asia's heavyweights become involved. Pakistani troops refused to withdraw from the cease fire line, while China began building a highway through the territory India considered its own. India initially kept quiet to avoid a clash with China, but ordered Abdullah's arrest and cut back Kashmir's sovereignty, prompting anti-Indian demonstrations. Not wanting to damage its growing relationship with the Soviet Union, India bided its time until the ideological split between Russia and China at the end of the 1950s before taking military action against the Chinese. The conflict became full-scale war by 1962, with Pakistan and China joining forces as allies in occupation. 1965 saw increased incursions across the cease-fire line until India heavily invaded the Pakistani province of Punjab. India won a decisive victory in 1971, resulting in the formation of Indian-dominated Bangladesh. The Simla Accord of 1972 stopped the fighting and reasserted the old cease-fire line, while significantly putting the question of Kashmir out of international hands through India's declaration that it superceded the UN resolution of 1948 demanding a plebiscite.

Abdullah was reinstated as Prime Minister in the 1970s and succeeded by his son Farooq, until Indira Gandhi



Sooty and Sweep fall in love - and there is hope for Kashmir yet.

dismissed him and took direct control of Kashmir from New Delhi in 1984. Independence cries rang out again and not even martial law could stop them. In 1988 the respective leaders of India and Pakistan, V.P. Singh and Benazir Bhutto, made outlandish statements about their willingness to go to war once more. Now the dispute was complicated by the acquisition of nuclear capacity by both sides. Ten years later they each began nuclear testing. Pakistan backed Muslim guerillas breaching the cease fire line in 1999, resulting in hundreds of deaths and political disaster for Pakistani PM Nawaz Sharif, who fell to a military coup installing General Musharraf.

The recent flaring of tensions that now threatens to reach nuclear proportions began last December with the terrorist attack on the Indian parliament, followed by the Muslim firebombing of a train of Hindus in February in the Indian city of Godhra, killing 57. Hindu nationalists verbally provoked the attack. They were returning from a site where militants aim

to build a Hindu temple on the ruins of a 16th century mosque destroyed by Hindus ten years ago.

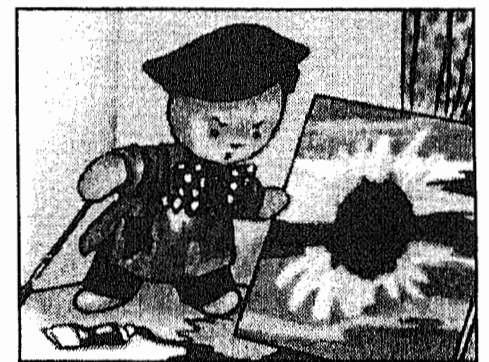
The current standoff must be viewed not in the simplistic terms of an age-old religious or ethnic division, but as the convergence of technological advance and a history perverted (as across the globe) by the disastrous 'solution' arrived at by a withdrawing colonial power hastily washing its hands of responsibility.

There. Let's hope that pulls the cashmere ('fine wool from the goats of the Kashmir region') from Mr Jones' eyes.

This article borrows in arguably illegal proportions from Tkacik, J. Jr., "Kashmir: A 50-Year Controversy", *World and I*, May 2002.

Tim Williams

*The Australian, May



Sooty realised that Sweep had been playing with his crayon yet again.

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What's up with the War on Terror?

"I was out the night before, drinking, and I was running late to work. I saw one of my friends from college walking down the street and stopped to say hello, but all she would say was, "My God, I gotta go." I was thinking, "What did I do? Did I upset her or something?" It sounds weird, but I had no idea what was going on because I went straight from the subway to my office, so I was kind of oblivious. I went up to my office on the 20th floor and as soon as I got there I could see the first plane sticking out of Tower One. I called Richie, but all I got was a busy signal on his direct line. I called my parents and we were almost convinced



Hmmm

Richie wouldn't be there because he didn't come into work early. Usually he went to the gym in the morning and showed up around 9.30am. I'd brought breakfast to work and started to eat it, but when I saw Tower Two collapse out of the window, I immediately threw up into the trash can. You could hear everything come down. Then, 15 minutes later, Tower One collapsed."

To this day, warnings of another September 11 have not been warranted. New York may have lost its feeling of 'invincibility', but on a global level, people seem to have moved forward to a life in which terrorism is not at the forefront of their minds. Cautions coming out of the White House this week are being defined by the media as a

precautionary measure, but do we really know if al-Qaeda will strike again?

This month, Vice President Dick Cheney has come forward with the patriotic claim that Americans "will not live at the mercy of terrorists or terror regimes" despite

intelligence that suggests another attack is on the way. In the last month, the Statue of Liberty and Brooklyn Bridge have been highlighted as potential targets, but these threats seem to exist in a world parallel to those of citizens who

carry on their daily lives. Cheney stated that this "new kind of war against a new kind of enemy" requires only one solution - "wherever terrorists operate, we must find them where they dwell, stop them in their planning, and one by one bring them to justice." This all sounds very straight forward, but nine months after the World Trade Center attacks, a partial win over the Taliban has come at the heavy cost of the annihilation of Afghanistan.

The Bush Administration seems strong on perceived threats, but weak on creating global solutions that involve all legitimate nations and war-bodies. In another light, warnings of another attack could be seen as a move to frame Bush as a 'war president' and increase

his approval rating. Keeping war on the agenda places Bush in a strong position as President, a position he is perceived as losing over the last few months. Bush's Secretary of State Colin Powell has admitted that "you need time for an administration to grow", which comes out sounding like excuse making for a President who lacks foreign policy experience and expertise. This unease is not conducive to a strong administration that is releasing al-Qaeda threats frequently.

In a global environment where terrorism is now a real threat, President Bush's lack of knowledge in foreign policy affairs is critical. Critics say Bush has compensated for his inexperience through the appointment of Condoleezza Rice as National Security Advisor and also Colin Powell as Secretary of State. Rice is defined as a diplomat with enormous intellect (as well as charm and political savvy), in contrast to Powell who has a 'battle-planning' history and a strong media repertoire. Could these two cabinet members highlight what Bush is fundamentally lacking? Is Bush capable of being a strong and effective commander-in-chief of the most powerful nation in the world? Rice says yes, defining Bush's expertise as "a set of executive

level skills" that give him the ability to set an agenda, and to "bring people together around that agenda". She characterises Bush as a leader with "excellent judgment, and the ability to make tough decisions".

The latest threats are not being stated softly. Cheney says another September 11 is "almost certain", but this time around with "the deadliest of all weapons" - biological and nuclear weapons. The focus from Bush's team seems to be recognition in American people that what they are experiencing is an "ongoing campaign of terror". He states that US citizens are living in a time of war, even if the situation has recovered on the surface. Another of the latest announcements was from Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld who declared that terrorists are aiming for weapons of mass destruction and "would not hesitate one minute in using them."

We don't know when or if another September 11 will occur; it could be today, next week or even in five years. The real question should be, who has the power to stop it?

Laura Anderson

SAUA WEEK

Anyone down on the lawns last week would have noticed it was SAUA Week, with each of the Departments showing a little of what they have on offer. We have some photos here from the Education Department's debate "That the corporatisation of education is the way to go", and the Environment Department's Food and Information Stall. For anyone who missed out on SAUA Week, head into the SAUA in the Cloisters and pick up some info. The Women's Department has just released a spiffing new Reproductive Health and Freedoms Booklet which is definitely worth a look.

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I Missed the Opening Ceremony



Yep, the build up has been quite lacklustre, but the World Cup is here all the same and hopefully the hosts have done all they can to ensure that the World Cup is not a fizzer. After years of mostly European hosted FIFA events (with the fairly recent exception of USA '94), it feels more than a little strange now that the competition is being hosted by Asian nations, to be watching live telecasts of matches at approximately the same time as they're being played in Japan and Korea.

No more will the diehards spend sleepless hours watching the hoopla that is SBS World Cup television coverage, and to be honest this is a bit of a shame. Gone is the anticipation and adventure of staying up late on a school night watching the events of France '98 unfold. To add insult to injury we are now confronted with the prospect of having to leave home half way through Denmark's 2-1 victory over Uruguay...bummer.

Speaking Of Uruguay, why the fuck are you watching the World Cup anyway?

Yeah okay, Australia didn't make it. This does kinda suck in the sense that as an oceanic country we are confronted with an altogether unfair qualification progression. "Oh okay, first we come first in the Oceania table and then we play off against the team from South America that only just missed out on making it? Yeah, I'm happy with that Mr Blatter."

On the same token Uruguay deserved to be there instead of Australia. The pool of talent alone; Dario Silva, Paolo Montero, Alvaro Recoba; these are players who could take a match by the scruff of the neck. This coupled with the fact that Uruguay was the first ever country to win the World Cup and a country that is only now clawing its way out of the wilderness builds a strong case for their participation in Japan/Korea 2002. Still, it begs the question of how Australia might have progressed playing off against Senegal or Saudi Arabia.

So who are you barracking for?

Well I'm glad you ask, Captain Meat Pie. I'm supporting no one this time around. This doesn't mean I don't have favourites. Portugal, Italy, Argentina and Brazil are going to be very interesting to watch on the basis of talent and flair alone. Players like Portuguese midfielder Figo who has made an impression in Spain for both FC Barcelona and archrival Real Madrid, and Portuguese forward Nuno Gomes who's been strutting his stuff in Italy lately for Fiorentina are going to be a lot of fun to watch. Also keep your eyes on Italian captain Francesco Totti and any Brazilian with a ball at his feet. The Argentinians have a solid team this year too, Hernan Jorge Crespo will have his sights set on the Golden Boot award, so back off Michael Owen. Also look out for Pablo Aimar, Claudio López and Manchester United's Juan Sebastián Verón as they strut their stuff in the middle of the pitch.

So Who Plays Who With the What Now?

Each country has their own unique approach to the Beautiful Game; the Italians have a stylish, glamorous style of play. Elegant but with enough panache to keep the

gathering throngs excited.

The South Americans like to do it to the samba beat...sometimes they even stop doing it long enough to apply these same sexy principles of samba and also Capoeira to their footballing style. Rhythm is the key, if you can get into a groove then you can make miracles happen. The South American fans will undoubtedly be bringing their drums to the stadia.

The Germans have a typically frustrating, efficient, utilitarian approach to the game that seems to stifle the opposition more than it creates goals. It's all the things I hate about the Bauhaus movement. The Germans are quite adept at the counter attack however, using their stifling defensive style to soak up the oppositions attack and then hack through any obvious weaknesses...it's all about divide and conquer, mein freund. Is Poland playing this year?

The Swedes like to play it safe while history shows that the Americans usually do nothing significant but still like to claim they were there. And as for England...poor England. They can't dribble, they can't tackle, so they just cut their losses and keep the ball in the air as much as possible. It actually makes for some exciting football, crosses flighted in from the right wing, players rising like dolphins out of the ocean to try and header the ball past the keeper. Or something like that. Long shots are always a given with England and no doubt Paul Scholes and David Beckham will have some rockets coming in from outside eighteen yards.

So why will this World Cup suck harder than ever before?

Beckham's hair. David Beckham represents everything I hate about the giant advertising campaign that is modern football. From his white boots, to his trendy Mohawk, to Posh Spice, it's all pretty much fucked. He does have a mean right foot though and he's clearly the best thing to happen to English football since Paul Gascoigne...but he's still generally quite pants.

The entire vibe of the World Cup is irritatingly sterile and clean these days too...with a big 'Adidas' logo emblazoned on all and sundry. It is obvious that passion is taking a back seat to the All-mighty Dollar/Euro/Whatever in these days of goal-bonus-football. The World Cup just isn't the same without the endless highlight reels set to the tune of 'Bambolaeio' by the Gipsy Kings or Diego Maradona snorting a line in the dressing room before he goes on to the pitch and royally fucks the English over (excuse the pun).

If we're lucky enough Beckham will get riled up and headbut Diego Simeone or Stefan Effenberg in the heat of a passionate semi-final battle thus injecting some interest back into football, then the fans will really have something to talk about. Otherwise expect a gentlemanly competition free of controversy.

The highlight of this World Cup campaign so far?

Undoubtedly the highlight so far is the new ad featuring Brazilian soccer legend Pelé. The one about erectile dysfunction.

death rock boy is a soccer nerd

The National Union Of Students is calling nominations open for the as yet unfilled positions of:

One male Queer Officer One female Queer Officer

Interested persons can submit nominations by writing to Adrian or Asta in the SAUA (8303 3899), or NUSSA President Rory Spreckley at rory.spreckley@student.adelaide.edu.au

Student Radio needs your help!

MMR!

On the 6th of July there will be a gig at Music House and we want people to know!

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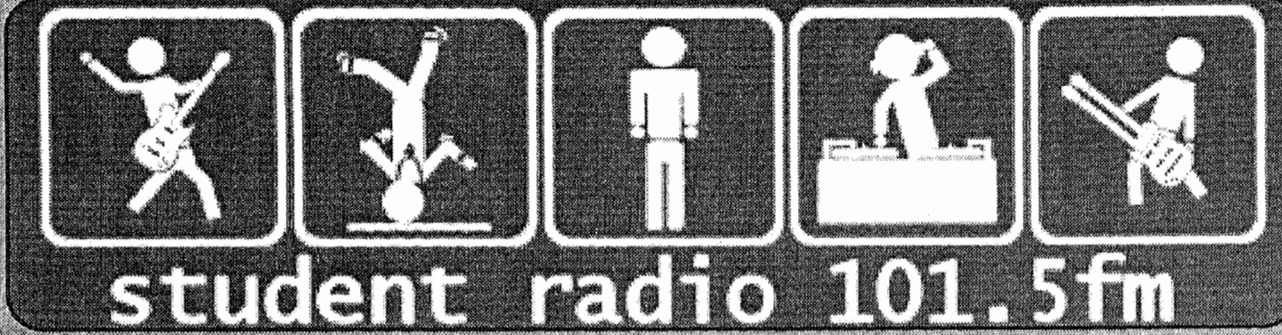
For more info, look at radio.adelaide.edu.au/student

Tim and Liam - SR Directors



student radio 101.5fm

ondit@adelaide.edu.au



SHOW PROFILE

Name of show: The Flux Capacitor
Next show: midnight, sat. June 7
Presenters: the amazing Ben Rosenthal and uncanny Phil Wilson
Style of music: songs from movies, alternative, and wrestling...
Biggest claim to fame: almost succeeded in world domination, twice! Oh, and inventors of the student radio serial DARE!
Describe your show using words that start with the letter I: irrelevant.
 The Flux Capacitor is the only show who is taking a stance against capital letters. It also focuses on the top issues such as movies, wrestling and yelling at old people. did i mention that it features DARE—the serial? and i own a delorian.

Surveys a-hoy, hoy: The entries have been collected, the votes counted and the winner announced! Congratulations to **Caroline Pearce** who has now embiggened her CD collection by \$200! Thanks to the hundreds of people that told us what you thought: it was pretty clear- more music! We've been working on this, and present to you **Mostly Hardcore Monday!** Check out our web page for more info!

Nerds a-hoy, hoy: Speaking of our website, Student Radio now has a fully operational Death Star, I mean webpage! Here's the address: radio.adelaide.edu.au/student. Its got interviews, photos of bands like **Bodyjar** and **MxPx** and heaps more... Log on and tell us what you think!

Get your own show! We may have an opening for a single show next semester – so if you are interested, drop us a line to radioradio@senet.com.au by June 10, and we will give you the low down.
Tim and Liam

MOSTLY HARDCORE MONDAY

9PM
hIP hOP Haven
 Tune in to hIP hOP Haven for a fortnightly installment of Aussie and imported hip hop. Co-hosts Dave and Sime play choice beats, funk lyrics and the occasional old skool track.

10PM
Radio Free El Salvador
 The voice of the people. Those crazed revolutionaries of alternative rock radio, Jesus Alvarez and Hector Lopez, return for another year of their critically acclaimed show, broadcast to over 30 000 homes in South America

11PM
Don't Ask Us, We're Just Girls
 These two lovely ladies debut as Agony Aunts. They also play Tool. How can you not trust their advice?

12PM
Punk Goes The Weasel
 WARNING: This show is not recommended for CARDIAC PATIENTS.

TUESDAY

Local Noise
 You know the drill: live acts, live to air - so contrary to popular requests, there will be no sets from The Doors.

On Dit Radio
 You've read the paper, now listen to the radio show. Let Linda and Jenny guide you through this paper if you are having trouble reading it. It's all about the latest music news and reviews.

Soup
 Our promise to you - We'll put on phony voices, limit toilet jokes to one an hour, and all of our music has been personally approved by either John Farnham or the bass player from Simply Red.

Noisegate
 Luke & pals return for the 23rd year of experimental electronic music. Just relax and let the sound take you away.

SATURDAY

The Women's Show
 Join Elise on an exploration of women's issues and events. But be warned: inside this feminist is a Motorhead fan trying to escape.

The Motown Hour
 Visit Detroit without leaving the comfort of your bedroom. Or car.

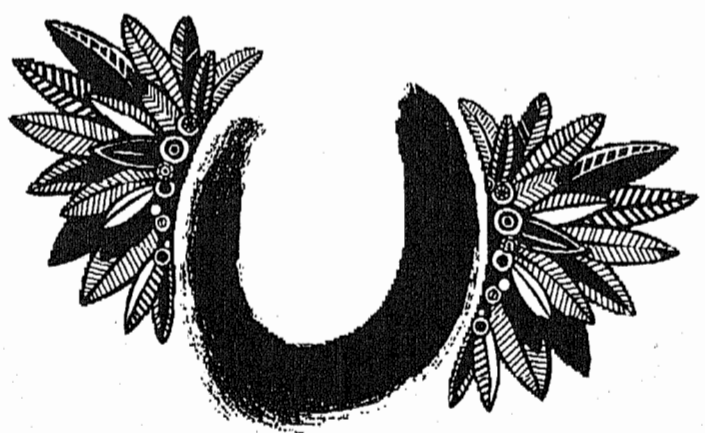
Agitpop
 Why is it that the only way to change the world is through metal? Turn in and find out.

The Flux Capacitor
 If anyone knows more about *Back To The Future* than Ben of Phil, we certainly don't know them. Ben even owns a Delorian.



UNION CALENDAR OF EVENTS JUNE

- 4 **JEWISH STUDENTS FILM SCREENING**
 NORTH DINING ROOM 7PM
 CONTACT EVE 0402 119 695
- 6 **GENERAL STUDENT FORUM TO DISCUSS HOW WE ARE PROPOSING TO MAKE CHANGES TO IMPROVE SERVICE TO OUR STUDENTS**
 UNION CINEMA 12PM
- 7 **VIDEO GAMES 2-8PM UNION CINEMA ALL YEAR**
 CONTACT NEILL PHILLIPS 0421 785 435
- 12 **ALL CLUB DELEGATES AND/OR PRESIDENTS OR CLUB REPS ARE INVITED TO THE NEXT COUNCIL MEETING**
 WP ROGERS ROOM 1PM
 CONTACT VICKI KOHLBERG 8303 3410



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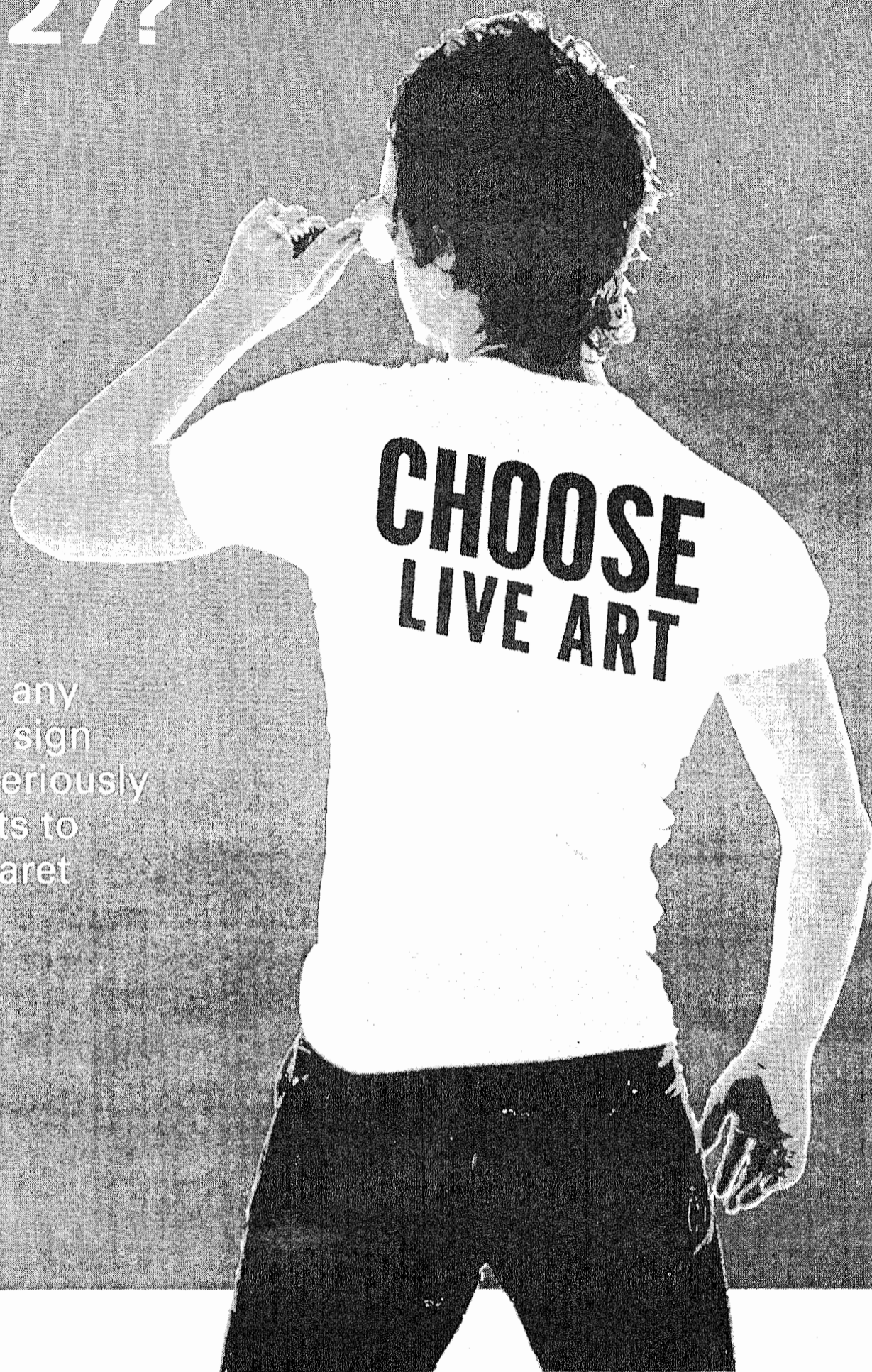
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IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WISH TO INCLUDE IN NEXT MONTH'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION ON 8303 5401 OR VISIT THE WEBSITE AT www.union.adelaide.edu.au

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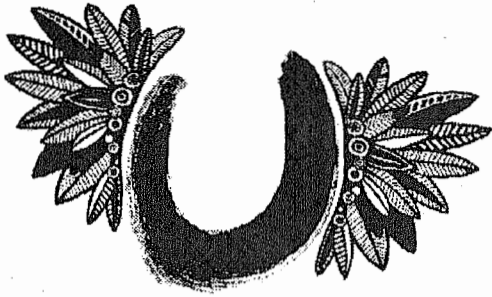
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STUDENT SERVICES FEE - WORKING HARDER FOR YOU!

The Adelaide University Union is now entering Phase 2 of the Strategic Planning Process and we are looking at structures that will make your Student Services Fee work harder for you.

The restructure we are currently considering will result in:

- * maximising student services for your dollar
- * separating politics and operational decision making
- * greater effectiveness of representation
- * improved student activities and facilities

Previous alterations to staffing levels & improvements in commercial areas makes this an ideal time to implement fundamental structural changes. While the proposed restructure doesn't involve any staffing reductions, it does mean we can streamline resources such as copiers, computers and general infrastructure.

No other university in the country has such a complex and fragmented structure, and we have based the proposal on our recognised strengths, and on some of the best models at other universities around the nation.

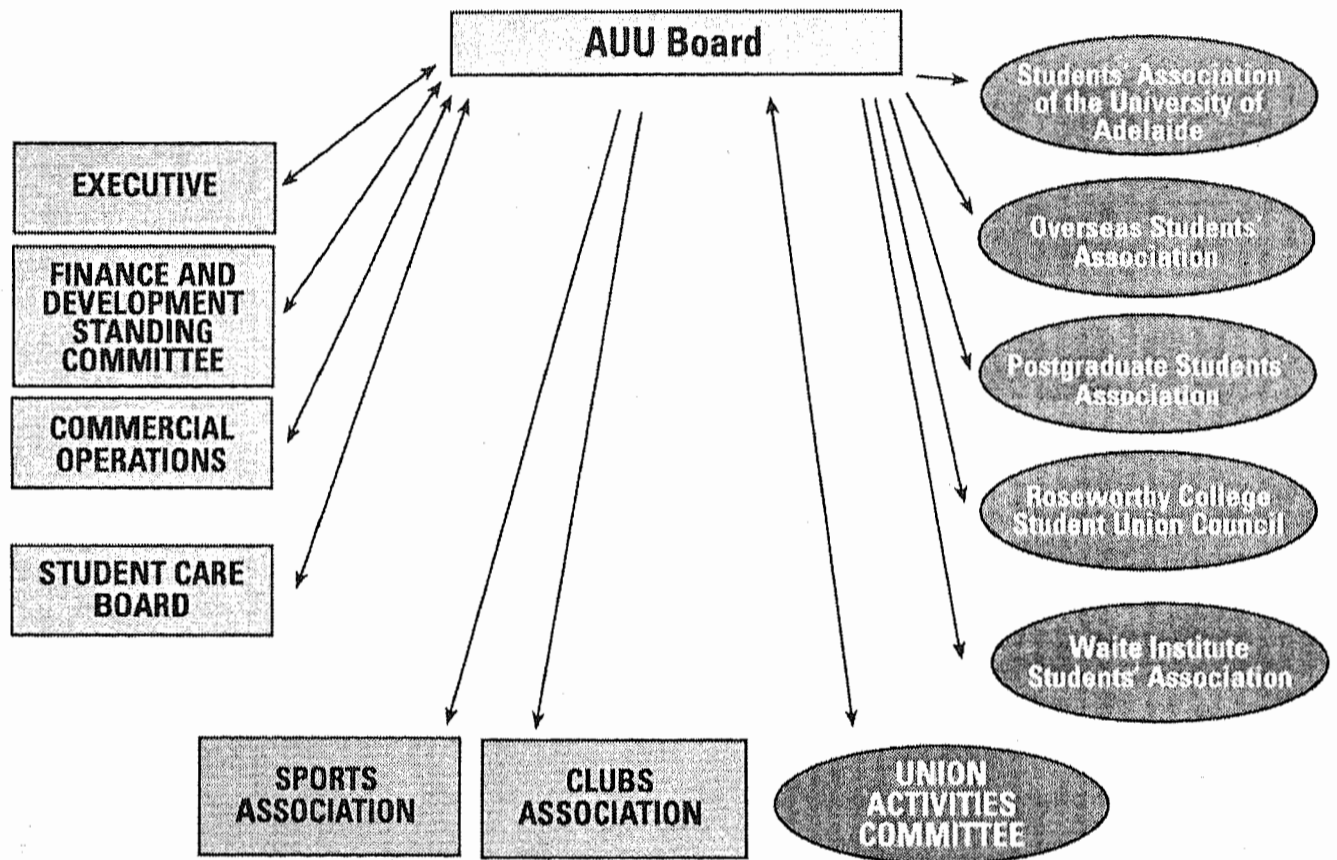
To hear more about the proposed restructure, all students are invited to participate in the General Student Forum being held:

Thursday June 6
12 - 1pm
Union Cinema
 (FREE nibbles and drinks provided)

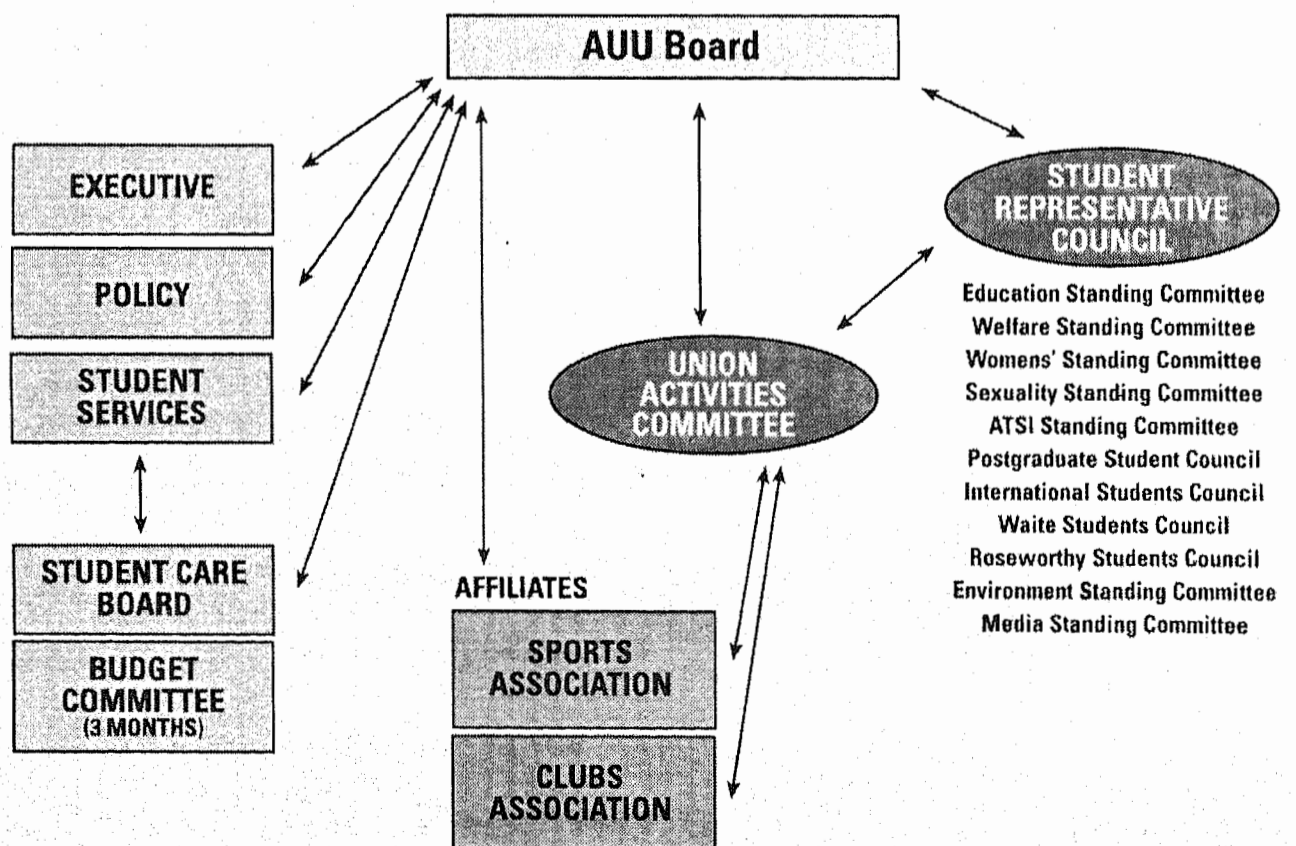
So be a part of the revolution... Hope to see you there.

Susie Young
 AUU President

CURRENT STRUCTURE FOR ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION



PROPOSED STRUCTURE FOR ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION



Letters

Hello and welcome to the letters section. Here you will find letters written by boys and girls from all over campus. If you would like to write a letter too, please bring them to the On Dit Office, basement of the George Murray Building. Or, simply send them to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

The Editors reserve the right not to print any racist, sexist, homophobic or overtly defamatory letters, so keep it out of the gutter, children. Make sure you supply us with your name and student number too. Lastly, the Letters section is NOT a forum for student politicians to take quasi-anonymous swipes at each other.

Yay SAUA

Dear On Dit,

Recently I had problems with my bicycle. It was fairly new so I took it back to the shop where I bought it; Norwood LifeCycles. Despite the manufacturer's insistence that the bike be sent to Melbourne for servicing, they argued my case with the manufacturer and fixed the problem themselves. After a few months, the same problem occurred and this time they sent my bike to Melbourne and replaced it with a superior model without question, along with a bike lock. I was very impressed with the expeditious manner in which the problems were resolved. I would heartily recommend them for anyone needing to buy a new bike. Aside from their excellent customer support, they are great at suggesting bikes to suit your needs without resorting to the hard sell.

Bike Dude.



Careful now Sooty.

Skull Who?

Dear Editors,

I've seen all these posters around for something called 'Skullduggery' and I was wondering if you knew what it was all about. I remember my cousin talking about some event that they used to have about ten years ago that was supposedly the biggest night of the year. He said it used to be some sort of all-you-can-drink fest run by the Med students during O' Week. I think about 20 people ended up in hospital after the last one. Do you know if this thing is the same thing? The fact that the posters say 'It's back' make me think it is. But what kind of person puts up advertising posters without saying what they're advertising? It doesn't say when or where or even what the hell the thing is! That is unless they've been watching too much *Simpsons* and are trying to do the whole GABBO thing which only works if you're yellow and have four fingers!

In short what is all this skullduggery business about?

Yours truly,

Eager Alcoholic

Disgruntled Puppet

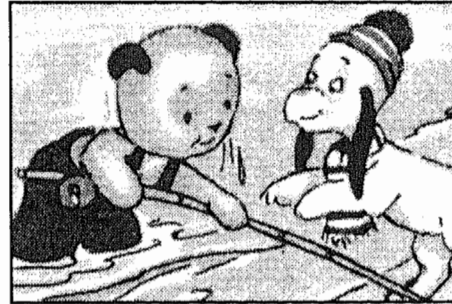
Dear On Dit,

I write to complain about the severe lack of sock puppets in your publication. In fact, your newspaper appears to exhibit a consistent bias against any material even vaguely associated with the majestic world of sock puppetry. Correct me if I'm incorrect, but the commercial media has failed to adequately represent sock puppets for decades now. Surely it is the responsibility of student media to redress this imbalance.

Sock puppets are people too. They have feelings. They have just as much right to be heard as any other group in society, if not more. How would you like to have some dumb fuck shove his hand up your arse all day long? Believe you me, it ain't pleasant.

Just once I would like to read about the plight of other sock puppets. We sock puppets suffer for our art, and are entitled to our fair share of recognition in the media.

Yours in good faith
Ossie Ostrich



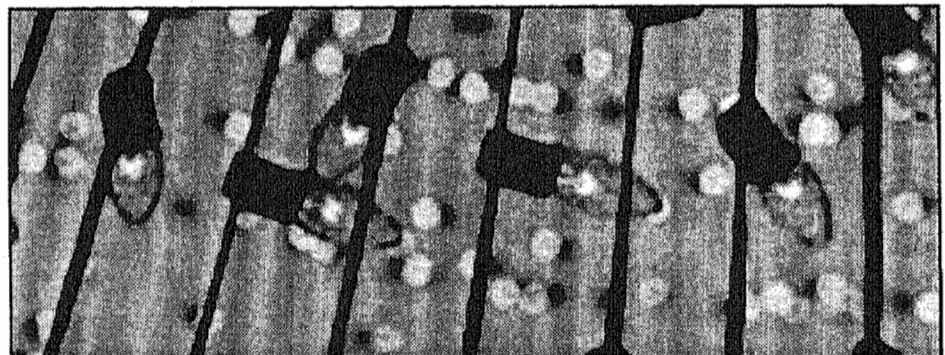
Sooty plays with Sweep's rod.

15 cents a pop

Dear On Dit,

Surely it can't have escaped your attention that there is a greater concentration of sauce to be found around the cloisters than there is in 3 tonnes of Heinz finest hyper-extract. Think about it. A hop skip and a jump and you're in the Mayo. Bain-marie contents notwithstanding, the amount of sauce available behind the counters waiting to serve you mind boggling. Futhermore, just a short shuffle from the Mayo are the *On Dit* offices. Plenty of sauce there, 'nuff said. Can I have some free stuff now? I'll sleep with everyone in the office to get my hands on some loot.

Hornbag



RETURNING OFFICER

Applications are now open for the position of Returning Officer in the upcoming Adelaide University Union and Students' Association of the University of Adelaide annual elections, being held 2-6 September, 2002.

Successful applicants will be responsible for the conduct of all aspects of the election and will be remunerated accordingly. Applications open Monday 27th May, and close 5pm sharp, Friday 7th June. Applications should be submitted to Susie Young, Adelaide University Union President, or Bek Cornish, Students' Association President. Further information may be obtained from:

the Students' Association office, George Murray Building, Telephone 8303 5406 or the AUI Administration Office, Lady Symon Building, Telephone 8303 5401.



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION AND THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE



THE ICE IS MELTING
GLOBAL WARMING TURNS
RAPPER INTO A PUDDLE

THE CAMPUS
ENQUIRER

SEE OUR WOODS
EXPLOSIVE
FESTIVAL

JUNKIE TURNS
SHERIFF
Jason does in his
technicolor neighbors

Falcon vs Commodore

Dear Eds,

In last edition of *On Dit*, the NUS State President, Mr Spreckley was complaining about how there were foul economics in play when the state Liberal government "privatised the profits and socialised the losses" when it sold the TAB for less than its annual revenue.

It seems like Mr Spreckley believes that a company has to be worth more than its annual revenue. I am sure a lot of shareholders around the world would wish the same. However, that's not always the case.

An example would be two companies most Australians are familiar with: General Motors, owner of Holden and Ford. Last year they had US\$177 billion and US\$162 billion in revenue and market value of only US\$47 billion and \$30 billion.

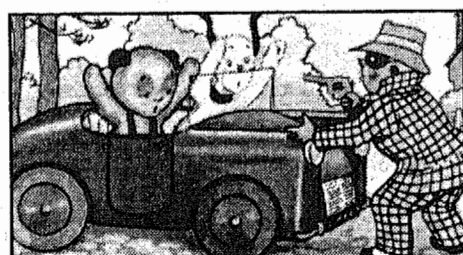
This doesn't fit into Mr Spreckley's logic though... Maybe it wouldn't work like this in his Labor world? By the way, Ford made a US\$5 billion loss. But I'm sure Mr. Spreckley would rather see this company government owned as well, so he could socialise the losses rather than letting someone make a 'profit'?

So Mr Spreckley, you should definitely run for Treasurer in the next election. You seem to understand the concepts of economics really well.

Cheers,

Håkon By

PS: I am an economics student, and thus probably wrong. After all, Labor can't be wrong, can they, Rory?



Attention!

One of our music sub-editors will be leaving us at the end of the semester. This will leave a big ol' hole in the team we must fill. Any interested

parties should either phone (8303 5404) or email ondit@adelaide.edu.au with their details and we will organise an interview time. You should be well organised and interested in music.

Come on, it'll be fun.

Deception & Tobacco

The healthy young woman, the powerful man; these are the images that have long been associated with tobacco use and advertising. Though the advertising of cigarettes has been banned since 1989 young people are still being targeted, only in different ways.

The tobacco industry has a lot to answer for in misleading consumers on the known affects of this addictive habit. Despite evidence showing that smoking was linked to lung cancer and a host of other diseases tobacco companies developed campaigns to keep this fact under wraps since the 1950s - decades of lies and deception.

In 1977 an international meeting of seven of the world's largest tobacco companies was held in the UK. The attendees agreed to muddle public thinking about the health effects of tobacco. The documents that give evidence of all of these occurrences were made publicly available in recent years after successful legal actions against US tobacco companies.

In 1978, Thomas Odene, a Phillip Morris executive wrote "An admission by the industry that excessive cigarette smoking is bad for you is tantamount to an admission of guilt... This could open the door to legal suits in which the industry would have no defence." It was only in recent years when cases against tobacco companies started to be won that the facts about what the tobacco industry and the things they had actually known for years started to be realised by the public.

Despite health and education campaigns in schools, universities and communities and public campaigns on television, print, and a host of other media, the uptake of smoking continues. 70,000 young people take up smoking every year, with an incredible eight out of ten new

smokers being under the age of 18. For tobacco companies, their consumers are literally dying out and they need new smokers to take their place. By targeting the young they are gaining, what they hope to be, lifetime consumers.

Compulsory warnings that cover almost one third of all cigarette and tobacco packaging today were only introduced in 1972. When the warning were first introduced they were small and unnoticeable. In recent years this angle of attack on smoking has gained momentum, but although the facts about how cigarettes affect one's body are important, they often seem irrelevant and removed to a young healthy person about smoke their first cigarette. What should make us sit up and take notice is how the tobacco industry have been lying and deceiving the public for decades.

National Youth Tobacco Free Day on April 10 aims to make young people aware of this history of deception, and educate them as to how they are targets for tobacco companies today. The slogan for this year's campaign is "They hunt in packs". The youth of today are the fresh meat the industry require - their customers are dying. By allowing the free flow of information it gives us empowerment - by being aware of the dangers and of the ways in which we are open to deception maybe we can avoid the traps that those before us fell into. Further information on smoking effects and prevention, and resources regarding tobacco companies and their history of deception can be found at

www.quit.org.au
www.ashaust.org.au
 and their associated sites and links.

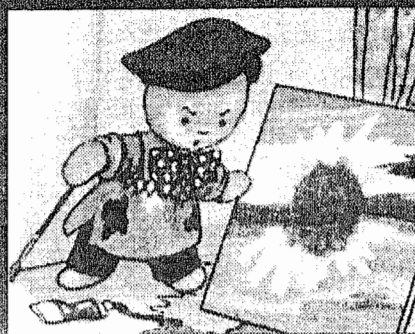


OH OH!

Entries for the *On Dit* cover competition close on Friday June 14.

The winning entry will be published on the first cover of next semester.

Don't miss out. Be part of the dream.



Don't get as angry as Sooty, submit your design soon lest the opportunity be lost forever...



THE ICE IS MELTING
 PUDDLE

THE CAMPUS
 MISSING
 AMBER
 POLTERGEIST



Aussie of the Week Humphrey B. Bear

To commemorate this special Sooty-themed edition of *On Dit*, we here at Aussie of the Week choose to celebrate another fuzzy children's character, Humphrey B. Bear. The Nine Network has been basking in the mini-human ratings bonanza that is Humphrey Bear is a jingle that it would be remiss to say is not installed in the subconscious of every Australian of our generation.

There has been substantive debate as to what the 'B' stands for, and we at Aussie of the Week have some theories on this.

BASTARD:

There is a definite hatred group out there, who work tirelessly to bring about the downfall of Humphrey. These are rumoured to be the same faction that introduced Fat Cat as a direct competitor, and have subsequently blamed Fat Cat's fall from grace on Humphrey, setting him up as a conspirator against the people. Shame.

BALANCE:

There are certain groups (mostly those whom subscribe to the Jedi faith) that believe Humphrey is the 'chosen one' who will bring

balance to the force of Network Tycoons in Australia. Both James Packer and Lachlan Murdoch refused to comment when propositioned with this concept.

BIAS:

There have been rumours that Humphrey is actually no other than Channel Nine's Eddie McGuire. It seems that there is little else for Eddie to do at Nine, so in 2000, Eddie launched a successful bid for the HBB position. I personally agree with Billy Birmingham on this one.

BONG:

Humphrey cannot speak. Either he is too stoned to say anything - which would explain the constant, vague look on his face, or he is suffering from emphysema, caused by years of sitting around the billy. I personally believe this explanation to be the most credible.

Love him or hate him, Humphrey is an Aussie icon, and we here at Aussie of the Week salute him (her?).

Remember, if you want to have any input into the Aussie of the Week process, then email - paul.huebl@student.adelaide.edu.au.



diary cover competition

Design the winning cover for the 2003 Student Diary and you could win a refund of your Student Services Fee.

Any kind of entry is welcome: painting, drawing or computer generated art.

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

Entries close August 12th 2002.



Adelaide University Union

The Stanley George Variety Page

IT OCCURRED TO ME the other day that Adelaide isn't as rat shit a town as most people seem to think. We have a healthy arts industry, a lush system of parklands, a reasonable beach, three universities and more ganja than you can shake a stick at. What more could a man ask for? Okay, so we have a slightly embarrassing skyline, ridiculous opening hours and a disturbing penchant for serial murder. So what? You have to take the good with the bad, right?

I recently found myself in a fantastic gallery in that weird little Indian ghetto just off Gouger Street. I swear there wasn't anything in that store that I didn't want to take home - not least the rather cute girl behind the counter. She told me that the store was dying a slow death because of its obscure location.

Now, I'm well aware that plugging a trinket store in an opinion column is lower than Bert Newton, but this is a thoroughly amazing store, and I believe that it exemplifies everything good about the easygoing cosmopolitan town we are all stuck in. As such, please take note of the advertisement we have placed at the bottom of this page. Take my word for it, buy something pretty and score some karma while you're at it.

IT SEEMS DARKER THAN usual in the Equinox. I am surrounded by mobile phones, boat shoes, beige trousers, braided leather belts and expensive shades nestled into sensible haircuts. That's right, sportsfans. It's a Special General Meeting of the Adelaide University Liberal Club, and it's about to get uglier than a pig's arse.

Why am I here? I'm not entirely sure. There had been rumours about some bizarre constitutional anomaly that had revealed itself after last May's Annual General Meeting. Naturally, this anomaly may or may not have been discovered by a faction within the club that was pissed off about Drew Rudland's apparently successful tilt at the presidency. Whatever. I was just killing time until half-price lasagne at the refectory.

The meeting begins, and the chairperson asks for any apologies. "Senator Amanda Vanstone," says one. "Chris Pyne," says another. Amanda Vanstone? Christopher Pyne? Why would they be sending their apologies? Surely our federal representatives are far too busy to care about student politics - let alone send their apologies to a General Meeting of the Liberal Club. There was something fishy going on here. I fumble about my jacket for a pencil.

As it happened, the main order of business was a suggested declaration that the entire meeting was invalid or informal or unconstitutional, or something. Whatever it was, it was an impressive attempt to render any decisions made that day meaningless. I managed to befriend a kindly spectator named Sue, who whispered that the faction behind the proposition was in-cahoots with the Federal Member for Norwood. *The Stanley George Variety Page* suspects that these attempts had something to do with their candidate (one Kelly Ansell) failing to secure numbers large enough to beat Drew

Rudland. This definitely seems like the kind of move that could have been learnt at the Christopher Pyne School of Shirty Politics.

Veiled insults and ironic suggestions flew back and forth across the meeting as Drew's People squared up against Kelly's. Yes sir, there was some creative politicking going on that day. Some genius even managed to hit upon the idea that the members should vote on whether or not the entire meeting was valid. It may have been too early in the afternoon for me, but I'm sure there's something very paradoxical about a group of people trying to pass a motion allowing motions to be passed.

Confused? I was too. The Liberal Club has a reputation for being far less factional than other political organisations on campus. Many people believe that the Liberals are a hated minority who have to remain solid in the face of overwhelming opposition. The more general wisdom is that conservatives by their nature are united by a belief in the status quo, whereas small-l liberals tend to argue over the nature and extent of social change. However, to my mind, the good people at the Liberal Club are just as factional as their left wing counterparts - they're just better at concealing it under so much metaphorical mascara. But who could possibly be helping the young Liberal fraternity maintain such a false reputation? Who is dastardly enough to make the Liberal Club look like the collective personification of solidarity?

At this point in the meeting, a grey-haired suit begins to weigh in. He looks about 45, with a voice tailor-made for radio sound bites. I later find out he was none other than

Political figures on campus are in very real danger of becoming political sock puppets.

serial pre-selectee and all around Liberal stalwart Hugh Martin.

"Excuse me nothing!" he exclaims when one of Ansell's people tries to interrupt him. "I have every right to say whatever..." I can't hear the rest of what he says over the ruckus that has now consumed the meeting. All the while, Martin is whispering in various ears and giving not-so-subtle directions to key Rudland supporters, who are now polarised opposite Pyne's alleged cronies. With Martin chiming in, Rudland's camp seems to be gaining the upper hand.

Finally, after twenty minutes of sharp debate, the members



Christopher Pyne sends his apologies

vote to convene another AGM straight after the current meeting, allowing the various candidates to be officially nominated. The motion is passed, and Martin's side of the argument breathes a collective sigh of relief. Pyne's mob continue to mutter, vowing to take the matter up with Union Board.

Whatever. The general feeling amongst members seems to be that democracy prevailed, and *The Stanley George Variety Page* is inclined to agree. Regardless of how the result was achieved, Rudland is the popular choice for president. Besides, any further argument will only look even more factional, and we can't have the Liberals looking pettier than the Labor Club, can we?

Nevertheless, we should be worried that so many grown-up politicians are involved in student politics. Powerful conservative interests appear to be behind the scenes of the Liberal Club, and most people I talk to are thoroughly taken aback by the extent of the situation. Less than three months out from elections, the club itself appears to have degenerated into a forum for the likes of Chris Pyne, Amanda Vanstone and Hugh Martin. None of these people are members of the Liberal Club, let alone students at this university, yet they are arguably the most powerful people behind the scenes of the Liberal Club.

Call me crazy, but there is something more than a little nefarious about Cabinet Ministers and Federal Members weighing into the affairs of students.

State and Federal Libs have been advocating a nuclear waste dump in South Australia for quite some time - something that both the Union and the Students' Association have opposed since the beginning. If this phenomenon is left unchecked, it has the potential to have a horrible effect on the virginal world of student politics. Political figures on campus are in very real danger of becoming political sock puppets.

God only knows what horrible barrows the Liberal Party would like to push on campus. They would certainly like to tone-down our opposition to a nuclear waste dump, the mandatory detention of refugees and effective gags on student media. Who knows? Maybe hardcore Liberals are planning to orchestrate a push towards Voluntary Student Unionism.

By the same token, powerful figures from both sides of politics have always influenced student representation. If this wasn't the case, student politics would be duller than a suburban council meeting. I for one rather enjoy watching organisations like the Liberal Club descend into turmoil, then subject themselves to the whims of machiavellian political figures. Such power! Such spectacle! Who knew that a meeting of conservative student hacks could be so intriguing? Not intriguing enough to drag me away from half-price lasagne, mind you.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney.



ARTS: A HECS RIP OFF

The relationship between Engineering and Arts students on campus has long been one of mutual disparagement. Arts students have continuously copped the old "what did the Arts graduate say to the engineer? Would you like fries with that sir" joke. In return Arts students have attempted to belittle engineers generally as a group of beer swilling, unintellectual students of limited vocabulary. I write as someone who has experienced both sides of these two strange, unique worlds and I believe this provides some valuable insight into the ongoing debate of Arts versus Engineering students. Early in my degree I decided to expand beyond the realm of engineering and transferred to an Engineering/Arts double degree. With the promise of expanding my mind beyond maths and science I embarked on my five years of study.

After studying both Arts and Engineering under a full-time load my conclusion from the experience is that Arts students are getting majorly ripped off in both how the Arts degree is structured and how their HECS is charged. A full-time load under an Arts degree is an absolute joke. Arts students are being seriously underworked and as a

result are unnecessarily having to spend an extra year at uni to obtain their degree. I know there are going to be heaps of Arts students who will refute this claim, arguing that they are under enormous pressure to get assessments in on time. I hope that after listening to my argument you will see that the Arts degree is not structured in your best interests.

A Level III single semester Arts subject is worth 6 points. This means that to be doing a full time load in final year Arts you only need to be doing two subjects a semester. Each subject will generally consist of two lectures and one tute per week. That's just six contact hours a week for a final year, full-time Arts student.

So for the grand total of six contact hours per a week Arts students are paying around \$1700 in HECS, or about \$280 per contact hour per week. As a final year Engineering student I currently have fifteen contact hours per a week, costing me \$2390 in HECS, or about \$160 per contact hour per week. This means Arts students are paying 75% more than an Engineering student to sit in a lecture or tute.

So what is the solution? Well, the

problem stems from Arts subjects being allocated a point value that is completely disproportionate to their workload. A final year Engineering subject consisting of two lectures and a tute would usually be a two point subject: in Arts it's a six point subject. The University needs to stop ripping off Arts students, and stop wasting their time, by allocating realistic point values to Arts subjects. In this case a full-time load in Arts will truly be a full-time load and the degree could be completed in two years rather than three for the same HECS bill.

All of this explains why the University wastes money on marketing itself and doesn't invest in teaching. Last year saw a large and expensive campaign by this University to entice more students to enrol, particularly in Arts. Why? Because the University knows that Arts is dirt cheap to run but they still obtain additional funding from the Federal Government for each additional enrolment. By under working Arts students and keeping them around for a 3rd year the University gets the extra year's funding from the Federal Government at minimal outlay. This also explains why tutorials for Arts subjects are now ridiculously large, because the University

makes money on each extra bum it squeezes onto a seat in one of those tiny tute rooms. Arts probably has the greatest capacity to absorb additional numbers without the University having to increase costs through hiring more staff and the University is exploiting this fact.

The whole scenario demonstrates why the move to corporatise universities is stupid. Universities are very different from commercial enterprises and trying to place commercial pressures on unis just undermines the quality of education that they are meant to be providing. HECS is also very stupid. If the government wants us to contribute to the cost of our degrees based on our capacity for increased future earnings (i.e. Law students pay more in HECS) why don't they just tax our actual earnings rather than charging us based on an assumption? That, I'm afraid, is a whole other kettle of fish...

Ned Moorfield
Final Year B.E(Comp Sys) /
B.A(Politics)

THE SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Runs out of chalk

I am a second year physics student and I want to let people know what it is like under the current politico-economic regime (apology to those ten or so of you who are enjoying it). I am currently undertaking six subjects (two each of physics, applied maths and pure maths) and my workload is about two assignments and three tutorials a week. I also do pracs for Physics II. These require little or no extra work or preparation. Why aren't I doing theoretical physics? I hear you clamour. What can I do to get such a small workload? Admittedly you could do some sort of Arts subject (Disclaimer: I personally have done no Arts subjects so don't complain), but that's not the point. The reality is that the departments with which I am involved have very little funding. We were even told at the beginning of the year that only half of each pure maths assignment would be marked, due to lack of funding. Fortunately someone has opted to give up their time and mark the assignments *in toto*. One of my lecturers (Dr Nick B for those who know and love him) celebrated when we got a new blackboard after requesting one for a long time in Maths GO2. Tutors have even taken to carrying their own little boxes of pre-bought chalk with them, as there is no decent chalk in the classrooms.

For those who do chemistry you will know the extent to which your department uses the computer system/PeopleSoft/MyUni. Not one of my subjects is using MyUni (the first topic in physics had notes posted after it was finished). For you budding chemists, your workload has shifted away from requiring staff. Ours has almost vanished for the same reasons - staff cuts in the Faculty of Science (or as it is now called,

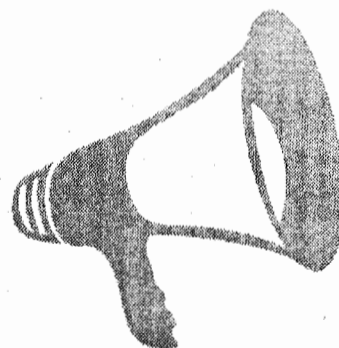
Faculty of Sciences) due to mergers etc. People say "but what you're doing isn't relevant for today - how do you get a job by knowing quantum field theory?" but they forget who made the world of technology as it is today: hardcore scientists. I say down with traditional subjects disguised by person-friendly, applicable-to-industry-and-the-real-world names. These topics are merely lumped together out of bits of traditional topics that go under the same name. Take, for example, the new physics topic 'Physics for the Earth'. While it was taught well considering the circumstances, it was basically classical thermodynamics (study of heat flow and thermal properties) with some atmospheric physics thrown in at random. While I no longer do chemistry, I heard the diabolical scheme in place to make the departments of organic/physical chemistry industry friendly, much like the Santos School of Petroleum Engineering - why can't we have a whole department just for Gender Studies?

On another note, I am on youth allowance, at home, where my divorced mother and younger brother are both on disability pensions. We live on food handouts and in a housing trust house. Can't the general public realise that while Howard's government is good for politicians and their retired chums, it isn't good for the rest of Australia? Even though I sometimes think the American's two-term limit on the President is a little odd, it makes sense when I see what the Libs have done to this country.

David Roberts
is a left of centre, semi-conservative
fundamentalist Christian intellectual



The Science Department is suffering from sustained funding cuts - doesn't that make you want to go on a violent rampage with a chainsaw and a can of gasoline?



NUS Call to Action

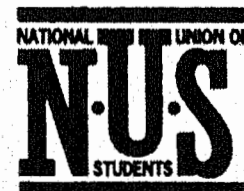
In the April meeting of Academic Board, members resolved to silence student and staff representation by effectively banning their attendance at Academic Board.

At the next meeting this Wednesday the 5th, NUS will be organising an action showing our outrage at this decision by making our presence visible to the members of board and demanding they rescind the decision. All are welcome to attend and help oppose this undemocratic decision.

When: Wednesday 5th June @ 2pm

Where: Council Chamber,
Level 7 Hughes Building
(meet downstairs 1.50pm)

Authorised by Rory Spreckley



echallenge2002

The University of Adelaide Entrepreneurs' Challenge



- Are you interested in winning over \$50 000?
- Do you like new challenges?
- Want to network with industry and potential employers?

THEN THE 2002 ECHALLENGE IS FOR YOU!

The Entrepreneurs' Challenge (echallenge) is a business planning competition that aims to stimulate innovation and entrepreneurship and educates entrants about the process of getting a viable business off the ground.

You can enter a team of up to 6 people in the Concept Round. If you make it to the semi-finals your team will be paired with an experienced mentor and be invited to participate in a workshop programme, to give you a head start in the business world.

**TEAM REGISTRATION IS DUE BY FRIDAY 7 JUNE.
DON'T MISS OUT.**

Go to www.adelaide.edu.au/echallenge for more details.



**Deloitte
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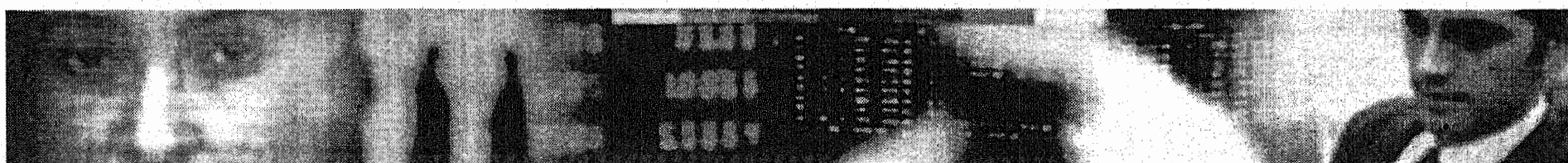


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Fake Dirty Jeans are Pants Veteran Vintage Shopper Gets Shirty

Fashion as a topic of an opinion piece may cause the reader to dismiss it as nothing more than frivolous fluff. However, before you skip forward to another page of "serious news", recall how the personal can turn political and entertain for me the notion that vintage can be a political choice.

In this writer's opinion, far from being frivolous, when fashion is unpacked it has much to reveal about how contemporary society functions and how the individual finds his or her role within. Post-modernity is a funny time to be a proletariat. Once upon a time, things were simple: we provided the labour, the bourgeoisie provided the capital and we all benefitted from the wide range of commodities that resulted for us to circulate to our hearts' content. It may not have been a satisfying world, but at least it made sense, with capitalism assigning us our identities on the basis of our relation to production (we were butchers, bakers, candlestick makers...). Then machines moved in on the whole "labour" racket and it was no longer enough to justify our existence within the system. Consumption is all we are good for now. Capital allows us to continue to work, only so that we can continue to consume all its shiny products. Now that the jobs that defined us have been stripped of meaning, we are left to construct our identities out of the products capital has provided in order to fill the void. Hence, the marketing phenomenon of image was born.

The clothing industry thrives on our need to buy ourselves an identity. The value of its commodities has little to do with their materials or function but more to do with the meanings that culture assigns them. Clothing objects have become visual signs; from these we assemble the image that we present to the world to communicate something that looks like a self. However, in order for the industry to

continue to thrive, we can never be too secure about the identities we've acquired. With its ubiquitous presence in pop culture, the fashion industry has taken marketing to a new level – it embodies our ideals and sells them back to us. To fulfil our ideals we must conform to whatever it positions at the cutting edge. It moves at lightning speed and we scramble to keep up as it dangles a slicker, more desirable identity in front of us, just out of reach. Notice how fashion is always a season ahead, alienating us from our desired identities and creating a void that only a constant inflow of image-related commodities can fill.

Buying vintage clothing may not reject capitalism's model of identity formation, but I argue that it turns it on its head and resists its manipulations. First of all, it is anti-capitalist in that it rejects the presumption that the production of new commodities is necessary at all. Buying second-hand is recycling. The environmental damage associated with textile production is kept quiet in order to justify semi-disposable trendy clothes but its impact is huge. Cotton has been identified as one of the most environmentally damaging crops, requiring equally massive quantities of precious freshwater and frightening pesticides. It is picked by exploited migrant workers (who suffer from disturbing rates of cancer and other illness), processed using a myriad of chemicals and put to use in sweatshops. Synthetic fibres, far from a desirable alternative, are a drain on our dwindling fossil fuel supplies. These costs

With its ubiquitous presence in pop culture, the fashion industry has taken marketing to a new level – it embodies our ideals and sells them back to us.

cannot be justified considering the wealth of pre-owned clothing in the world waiting to fulfill our needs.

Vintage is subversive in that it takes pre-existing objects and authorizes them with fashions' meanings. These objects are the opposite of modern and current, they do not conform; yet they retain the cultural authority of glamour and style. They are anti-fashion objects that partake in its power. And best of all, they are cheap and, in contrast to the high-fashion treadmill, available in the context of now. This is why capital has attempted to neutralise their threat by appropriating vintage and integrating it into fashion. From high end boutiques to fashion outlets, stores these days are filled with faux-vintage, new objects made to appear second-hand, often complete with fake wear and even fake dirt. Not only is this just plain ridiculous but it undermines any political significance that vintage can have.

Under the WTO's new world order, capitalism is our democracy and our dollar is our vote. Therefore, no matter how much we irresponsibly resist the idea, our consumer choices are inherently political. People such as myself buy second hand clothes because we want to make responsible consumer choices. We

wear them in order to communicate resistance, to position ourselves in opposition to fashion and the values it represents. Mass producing vintage drains its signs of individuality and counter-culture meanings. I would ask anyone who wants to partake of the image with which vintage is associated, to be respectful of the values behind it, to bypass the consumerist temple that is the mall, and head to a charity op-shop instead.

Catherine Lee McInnis

Buys all her socks and underpants new

Kerry on Kampus *Adventures in Cross Media Ownership*

Adelaide University is a bit hard up at the moment, we have a bit of a cash flow problem thingy, just like most universities in Australia. Our government doesn't seem to value education, or at least, it is busy buying more votes for next time they are needed with the whopping budget recently given to defence. There seems to be no end to the collecting and stashing of votes by the Howard government.

Not quite as unrelated as it may seem is the pressing issue of cross-media ownership which has almost bloomed on page two in print media just recently. That is before there was an even more pressing issue: Pauline Hanson's 48th birthday celebrations took over page one in print media and nothing more could consume the attention of this nation.

It seems that there is a means of creating cash that this university has overlooked to date. And so I present three uses of cross-media ownership to help improve the fiscal situation of our beloved educational institution.

1. *On Dit* must look at being snapped up for an exorbitant amount of money by those commercial television stations which are more often than not absolutely rolling in that cash-type-stuff which is but rarely sighted in the field of education. I believe Channel Ten is particularly interested in pushing for the cross-media ownership legislation to be passed so that they can become a marvellous and even more pervasive media machine. They probably can't wait to be in the faces of even more Australians, thus revealing their plan for *Big Brother III*, which is to be a national show starring every living Australian. And I am sure Kerry Packer can't wait to get his fingers into a newspaper pie – aaaahhh, that beautiful, beautiful black gold. These days tabloids just sell, sell, sell and people have an insatiable appetite for *Today Tonight* and *ACA*. But I reckon Kerry can do better. Given the consistent quality of our very own newspaper it only makes sense to start fielding offers. *On Dit* must surely be a desirable paper, its target audience is a section of the vulnerable and malleable Australian youth, and even if the government can't realise that the success of Australian business, industry and politics, not to mention health, the arts, history and social inquiry, relies upon a decent and solid education, surely media moguls can recognise this. Television specialises in analysing and targeting audiences. In

purchasing *On Dit*, the lucky station would be being handed a target audience on a platter and they could immediately go forth and manipulate.

2. Another option is that *On Dit* itself diversifies and considers purchasing a television station, say Channel Nine. Wouldn't it be great if this university could pull in Kerry Packer's income? The profits from advertising would certainly be welcome, and given that universities are now becoming commercial institutions this surely wouldn't be a completely foreign idea. The bonus in purchasing a television station will be the shocking programming that already exists. In accordance with the government's implied (but never overtly stated) design, we could force all students to watch really crappy TV shows and we would have a very effective and immediate dumbing down of all Australian students. Just what John Howard and Peter Costello ordered.

3. Student radio must not be over looked; it is a very valuable asset for my third proposal. *On Dit*, student radio and its proposed associated television station form the basis of all educational programmes at Adelaide Uni. All course material could be printed or broadcast in short bursts to cater for the dwindling attention span of the average student. By my calculations an inability to maintain focus and concentration is probably the only negative side effect of this style of teaching. Tutorials could be conducted over the internet, as some already are. This way we would be a very cutting edge and *chic* university. The marketing possibilities would be endless and we would have no problem attracting full fee paying students from overseas because the novelty value would hardly be tarnished by massive media exposure. Hardly anything is ever negatively affected by media exposure, or at least, that is what all media outlets tell us.

At any rate, any one of these options would give marketers a job, and that can only be a good thing. Because if there is one thing we haven't got nearly enough of in this world, it's marketing and advertising.

Anna Day
is a close, personal friend of Kerry Packer

BIASED NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR THE AUSTRALIAN

The Howard Government has proposed a set of radical changes to cross media ownership regulation. These changes will essentially deregulate the entire media industry, opening it up to foreign competition and allowing media magnates to own and have editorial control over both newspapers and television stations.

As it stands, Rupert Murdoch (the illustrious genius behind *The Advertiser* and *The Herald Sun*) is not allowed to have controlling interests in both newspapers and television. The theory is that the media we see, hear and read should not be totally controlled by one or two powerful companies. The legislation is also in place to safeguard Australian content from foreign interests which would otherwise inundate the gormless Australian hordes with hour upon hour of mindless Americana. Wonderful. As far as I'm concerned, the regulation of both foreign and cross media ownership is a very good thing. It protects us all from the kind of homogenised, cost-effective drivel that has already poisoned the rest of western civilisation.

So why on earth is *The Australian* continually positioning itself on the side of the Coalition's proposed changes? Why do their opinion writers use thoroughly passé phrases like 'trade liberalisation' and 'economic rationalism' to argue for changes to the legislation?

The Australian has even sponsored a phoney 'Media Forum' to encourage 'debate' on the issue. The forum was dominated by the top three media Chief Executives, and concluded that the current legislation should be scrapped as soon as possible. What bollocks. Surely *The Australian* (an other wise competent Murdoch paper) has more respect for its readership than this.

Sadly, no. I am convinced that Rupert Murdoch either stacks the editorial staff of the paper in his own favour, or deliberately encourages them to commission articles that promote his corporate interests. At any rate, *The Australian* is by no means the most objective source of information on this issue. Stick to the opinion section of *On Dit* – we'll steer you straight.

Stanley George
secretly wants to write for *The Australian*

Close Encounters: too crap for comfort

By the time this edition is printed and distributed, the city of Adelaide will be finally freed of one of the poxiest promotional stunts in its admittedly dull history of civic life.

As you were likely to notice if you commuted via our main shopping drag, a big Perspex cube clogged up the Rundle Mall-Gawler Place intersection for ten days. This feat of human ingenuity was planted in the heart of the city in the name of Triple M's Close Encounters.

What is Close Encounters, you ask? Think *Big Brother*, but then think smaller, crapper, less attractive and far less entertaining. I realise that for some (and in the light of this second series, possibly a majority of people) the quality of *Big Brother* itself may not withstand even gentle comparisons, but bear with me. According to the Close Encounters tagline, the cube contained (in growly male voiceover) "10 People, 10 Days, \$10,000".

Look, I understand. We live in a capitalist society, and in the interest of enterprise and all that money-making stuff, companies must compete. And they sometimes do this in really annoying ways, in order to get ahead. I understand that Triple M and its respective network has a deal going with Network Ten whereby Triple M broadcasts *Big Brother* 'updates', complete with soundbites from the house. However, that doesn't mean that Triple M must resort to such a shameless attempt at a replica of Ten's winning formula. Australia's

already on the realityTV downturn, and *BB2*, for one (as far as I can tell), is just not cutting the mustard as sharply with this newly cynical audience.

It is typical of 'Australia's Biggest Country Town' to catch on to the craze all too late, and execute it all too crudely.

And while we're on the topic of shameless promotion, it's more insidious than it first seems. You might have noticed it in *Big Brother*, where footage of the housemates unpacking their new bedroom furniture was interrupted by commercials for the Freedom Winter 2002 Catalogue. Close Encounters was not immune to this syndrome, considering its website confirms that the Cube Mates were dressed by Colorado - yes, Colorado, with a store not even a loogie's hoik away from their enclosure on the south-west corner of the canopy. They were also lucky enough to occasionally be granted showers at the very generous Hotel Richmond, two steps eastwards down the Mall. Still, I suppose you can't blame advertisers for taking advantage of a cube full of people in a major city thoroughfare.

Worst of all, Close Encounters didn't just look boring to spectators. The ten, aged between 24 and 41, were held in the transparent enclosure with no furniture other than mats and sleeping bags, and no entertainment other than the 'challenges' they were given. The challenges too tended to suck, and must have from the participants'

perspective too, considering they had to sleep in the area they had just filled with hay (to find a needle, of course) or ice (to chip out prizes from... another sponsor).

My main observations of the competition were snippets on my way to and from work on Gawler Place, and only once did I see something that looked slightly fun to viewer or participant, and even then only fun for the participant: on the first day, all ten sang and swayed to Queen's 'We are the Champions', a la the Village Tavern or Timewarp. Other than that, the Cube reminded me of enclosures at the zoo that are either vacant or inhabited by very anti-social creatures; no matter how much you crane and stare, hoping to see something interesting, it's just not going to happen. It also looked fucking freezing, seeing as the usual attire inside the Cube requires a parka and beanie.

Which brings us to the matter of the Cube Mates themselves: five men, five women (four of them blonde), almost all white Anglo types, and representing a comprehensive array of northern suburbs. One fellow cited his "craziest moment" as being the time he took over the stage at the Crazy Horse. To put it bluntly, they filled the Cube with bogans. I would have liked to have seen a nice, speckled mix of people to stir up in their claustrophobic confinement. Chuck a QC in there, maybe with Stormy Summers. How about some representatives from groups under-represented in the media: queer

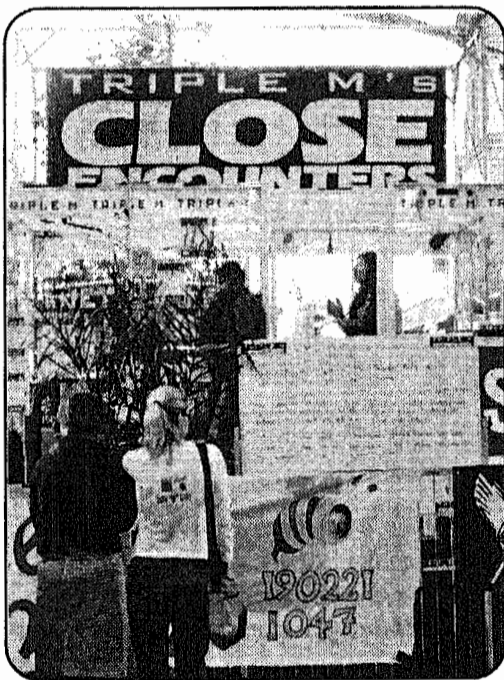
people, people with a disability, indigenous people? The Triple M demographic might have discovered that there is more to life than Pink Floyd and Jim Beam.

At the time of this article's deadline, the Close Encounters winner is yet to be announced. Another depressing aspect of this competition is the likelihood of a male winner. Reality TV has a very dodgy track record when it comes to women winning its contests: only three *Big Brother* shows worldwide have been won by members of the female species. Although as I write two out of the three remaining Cube Mates are women, the man, Paul Kane, is leading the opinion polls. However, I am pleased to note that the oldest contestant, Robyn Sparrow, is still in, despite our culture's inclination to ignore and devalue older (35+) women.

I suppose it wasn't all bad. It did bring some life to an otherwise tame city centre, and something to gawk at on the way to work. But if so much money and effort is being poured into this kind of socially cohesive spectacle, why not make it useful? Use it for social research, or to pioneer some kind of group therapy. Lose this 'tolerance' bullshit and work on acceptance: could this be the future of reconciliation or multiculturalism? I suppose it depends on who holds the power to evict.

Gemma Clark
will openly admit she watches *Big Brother*.

The Triple M demographic might have discovered that there is more to life than Pink Floyd and Jim Beam.



Close encounters of the cruddy kind: The Triple M Close Encounters cube under the Gawler Place canopy (left). Below: supporters of remaining Cube Mates run publicity campaigns from the enclosure.



Photos: Jenny "Herb Ritz" Kalionis

GADZOOKS!! It's the Official On Dit Opinion Questionnaire!

So what's your opinion on Opinion? Fill out this quick questionnaire and drop it down at the office. We'll thank you with a fantastic mystery prize!

What is the best aspect of the Opinion section? _____

What is the worst aspect of the Opinion section? _____

What kind of subject matter floats your boat? (Please circle)

- global politics
- general gripes
- civic concerns
- national politics
- funny stuff
- student issues
- pop culture
- other _____

What would you like to see more of? _____

Any other improvements? _____

Any favourite contributors? _____

Carefully study this inkblot. What do you see?



Who is better looking, Gemma or Stan?

Proudly brought to you by a rather guilty Quality Control Department



Dr
Yak's



Exam time's fast approaching. Now I'm sure that the average witless cretin needs all manner of colourful distractions to take their mind off their impending demise and aid somewhat in procrastinatory activities. With this intention, On Dit has put its finest minds in the field of fart-arseing on the case. Wayward, together with The Stanely George Variety Page, bring you all manner of distraction and aimless time-wasting. Enjoy!

Beelzebub's Spasms

Here's a novel way to pass the time which won't cost you a cent! Let me warn you straight off, this idea is great and came to me in a particularly poignant moment of bored brilliance. It's a game I like to call Beelzebub's Spasms and is an interesting study of how a simple harmonic system can be slightly modified to become utterly chaotic. It has everything; fractal nature (self similarity, scaling and recursiveness), strange attractors, short term predictability and long term uncertainty and all the other things which make things great. You see, on some level, your brain is able to intuitively appreciate the underlying structure of a system while your conscious mind is unable to fathom any sort of order at all which explains to a small degree our attraction to 'trippy' music or art. The more 'trippy' something is, the more seemingly complex it is but the greater the extent to which the brain is able to subconsciously find order in it. Enough! On with the show:

Step one

Take one ceiling fan. If you don't have one then you'll have to resort to Plan B.

Step two

To this fan, tie two lengths of rope. Use anything you have, ties, electrical cable - weave a hawser out of toilet paper if you must. Generally, the more rigid the rope, the less chaotic the system will tend to be. Experiment if you wish.

Step three

Get two coat hangers. (everyone has coat hangers -if not, what's wrong with you, freak? I have plenty, you may borrow some of mine).

Step four

Tie four more pieces of rope to each end of each coat hanger. You see a pattern? Essentially you're after a mobile effect.

Step five

Make as many levels as you like. In practise, two levels work the best (level one = fan, level two = 1st coathanger level) although if you use shorter pieces of rope or one fucking powerful fan, you may just get it to work.

Step six

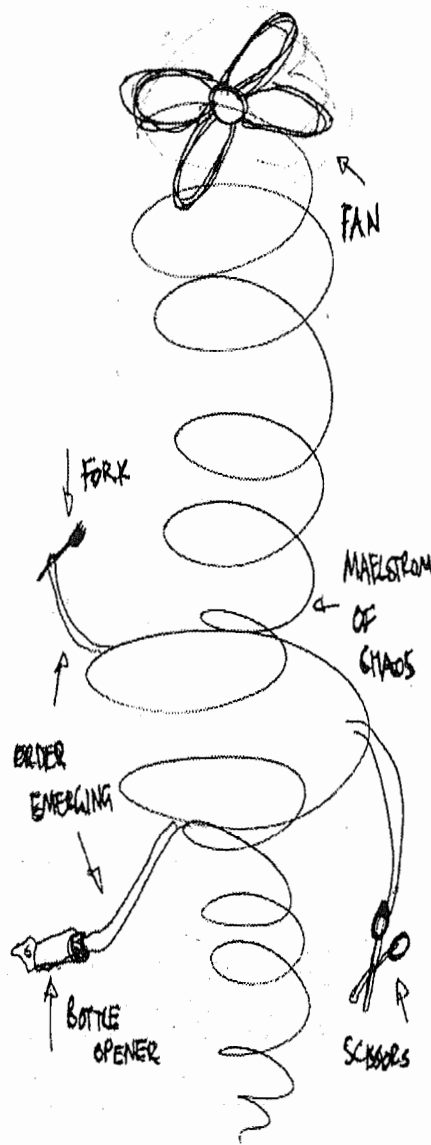
Finish off by tying weights to the ends of the rope. Be creative. Use bottle openers, random stationary equipment or cutlery. You are limited by your imagination.

Step seven

Sit back in a comfortable chair and turn the fan on.

Wow! You could watch it for days! It's better than telly because there's no canned laughter! Invite your friends around. Hopefully one of them will bring something to eat, drink, smoke.

If you're particularly clever I suppose you could tie textas on the ends and dangle them over a broad sheet of butchers paper. That'd be trippy if you could make it work.



MOULD WARS!

With this next activity you can have all of the blood lust and excitement of gladiatorial contest in your very kitchen!

Step one

Find two foodstuffs that are unlike in texture but with similar propensity for spoiling. As an example, you could have a slice of bread and half an onion or a saucer of fruit juice and a hunk of cheese.

Step two

Place both said items into their own jars and find a really warm part of the house,

Step three

This is the nuturing phase. Leave the jars in as much warmth with as little disturbance as possible for anywhere from two days to two weeks.

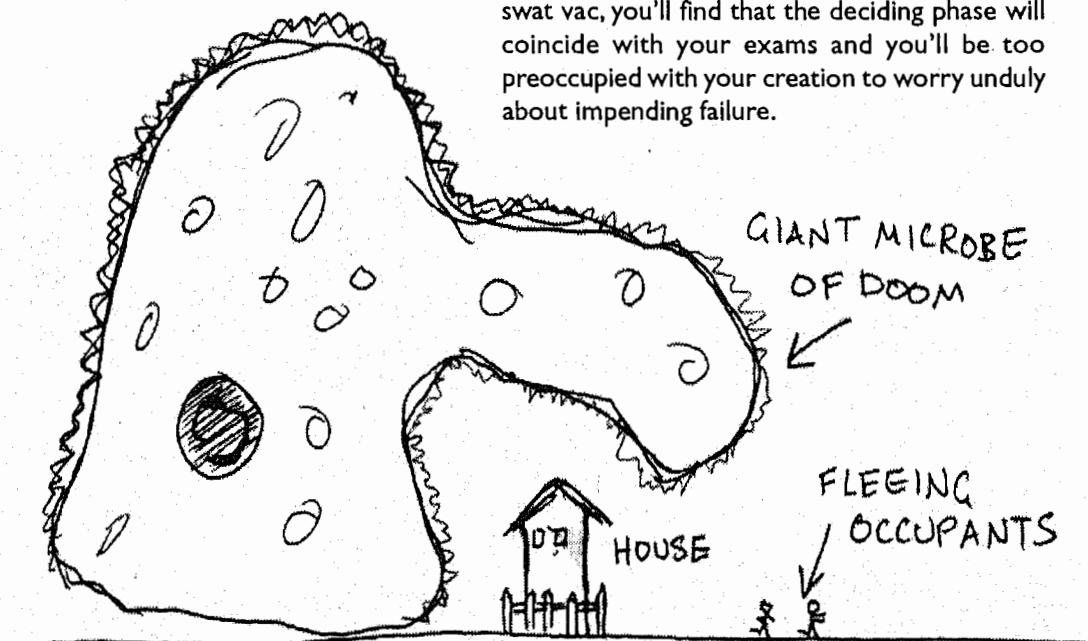
Step four

Now for the exciting bit. Once both jars have developed sufficiently robust character, take careful note of the nature of the colonies developed. Name them if you like, appropriate to their appearance.

Step five

Combine contents of both jars, place your bets and leave for another few weeks.

Hopefully, one of your 'children' will clearly dominate over the other. At this point, the foe has been vanquished. Collect your payout or divvy up, depending on the outcome naturally. There you have it. If you can nurture your spawn during swat vac, you'll find that the deciding phase will coincide with your exams and you'll be too preoccupied with your creation to worry unduly about impending failure.



On Dit's Ox Tongue Orgasmatron™

Here's a novel way to wile away those cold winter nights.

Step one

Simply purchase a medium-sized ox tongue from your local butcher (fresh is best). Ideally, the tongue should have lots of lovely bumps and craters in it for extra friction.

Step two

Place the tongue in hot (not boiling) water for approximately ten minutes, or until pleasantly warm.

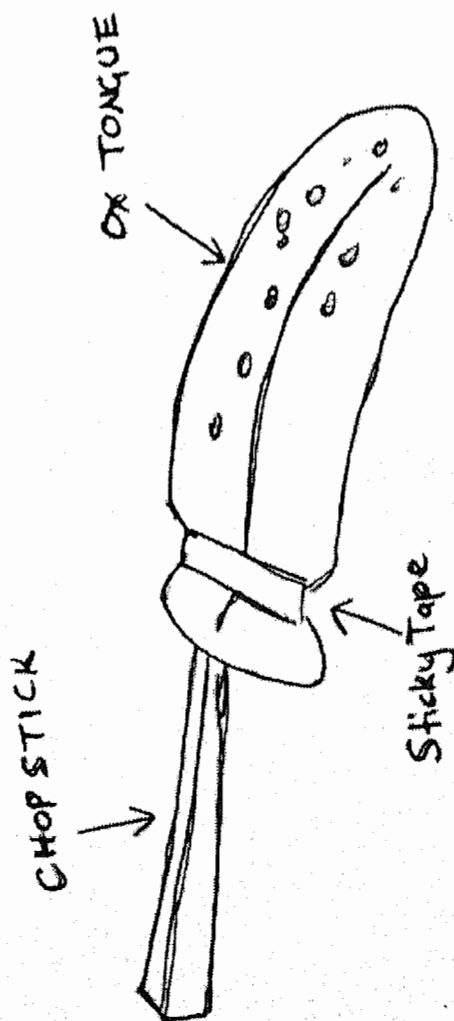
Step three

Insert a chopstick up the backside of the tongue and secure it with a small amount of gaffer tape. Your tongue is now ready for action!

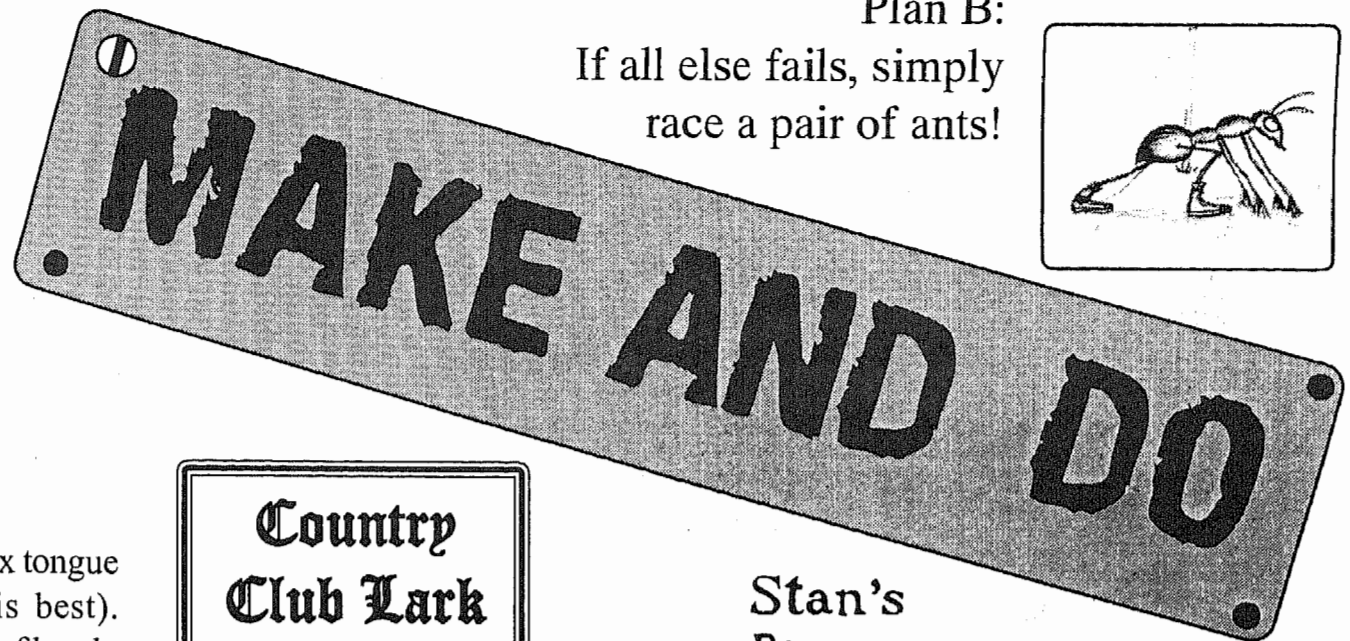
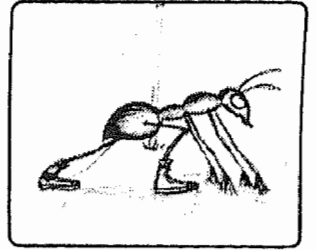
Step four

You do the maths. Makes for disturbingly accurate substitute for a human tongue - so long as you close your eyes or turn out the lights. Oooh yeah.

For best results, try replacing the chopstick with a suitably thin vibrator or similar auto-erotic device.



Plan B:
If all else fails, simply
race a pair of ants!



Country Club Lark

Here's a game you and a friend can play to settle arguments, win bets, and generally wile away the dark, dark time that is swot vac. It's a game I like to call 'What a Lark at the Country Club that was!' Here's how it goes.

Step one

Get a friend to join you.

Step two

Decide by some arbitrary means between yourself, "Burnside or Norwood?" Trust me, it matters not a dram.

Step three

With the aid of some sort of recording device, each count the number of four-wheel drives at the locations of either The Parade car-park or Burnside Village car-park. There are only three qualifiers: The four wheel drives are not allowed to be a) sedans b) pre 1992 c) with any trace of grime or mud on them whatsoever. If any of the above apply, it DOESN'T COUNT.

Step four

Tally each count after an agreed time period.

Step five

The winner is the person who's counted the most in the agreed period.

Step six

The loser pays to the winner an aforementioned penalty in the form of cash, food, drink, drugs or humiliating sexual acts.

Probably, given the promise of free money, food, sex or drugs, and given student nature, you'd end up with all sorts of unsubstantiated figures like 12,053,812 and 56,435,763. Thus it'd make sense to employ the aid of two extra impartial witnesses to verify each count. They could be reimbursed by a cut of the loot. Really, in this situation, everyone wins except for the loser. That's what you get for being a loser I suppose.

Stan's Bizarre Wax Sculptures

Step one (optional)

Smoke a medium quantity of marijuana.

Step two

Fill a laundry basin with cold water.

Step three

Melt one or two candles in a frying pan, removing the wicks. Carefully pour the molten wax into a saucer or smallish bread and butter plate.

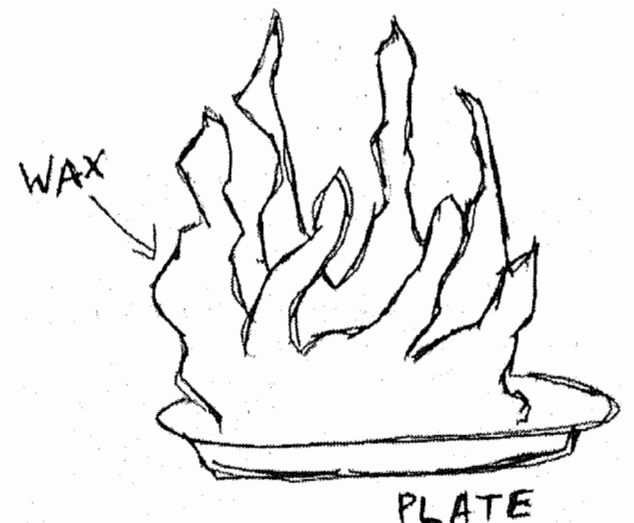
Step four

Allow the wax to cool for approximately seven seconds. Plunge the plate into the laundry basin such that the wax flooshes upwards and solidifies into the shape of a withered hand or satanic throne.

Step five

Repeat step one until you feel the urge to repeat steps two through four.

Display finished sculptures atop your television or bookshelf. Try experimenting with different coloured candles - we find that evil shades of red or green suit the disturbing shape. Be sure to tell guests that each piece was carefully crafted by hand.



Words and Pictures by a variety of disturbed individuals



Centrelink Form Fax Service

The SAUA will now fax your fortnightly Youth Allowance form to Centrelink for you.

Just bring your form into the Students' Association Office before 4pm on the day that they are due, and pick up the hard copy the next day. Please note that the SAUA will not take responsibility

for any forms that fail to be processed. This is a service provided by the SAUA Education Department. For more information contact Georgia Heath, Education Vice President on 8303 3898



STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION
UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

VOX pop

These questions three:

1. If you were a religious figure which one would you be?
2. If your life was a movie, which actor would you like to play you?
3. If you were a sock puppet what would be your name?



Simon
Malleus Maleficarium

1. I would be a Medieval Pope so I could rule Christendom before the schism.
2. Elijah Wood, he's a good actor, he'd need to be.
3. Reactivate the *low* class battleships.

Gabby & Vari
Got any water man?

1. G: What's the question again?
V: Who's the Shinto guy?
2. G: I'd like Angelina Jolie because she was cute in *Tomb Raider*.
V: Minnie Driver, she stole my perm.
3. G: George the Fighting Mouse.
V: Nibbles.

Matt and Abby

I don't want to do the dishes!

1. M: Mother Teresa because she wore tea towels.
A: The Pope because everyone would work for me.
2. M: Al Pacino, I'd like people to think I was a hard-ass.
A: Courtney Love, she'd make me look cool.
3. M: Concita.
A: Bugger the Nut.

Andrew, Jacqui & Matthew

You don't have to be beautiful...

1. A: Hare Krishna.
J: Dalai Lama.
M: Tom?
2. A: Guy Pearce, Andrew.
J: Lisa Murkowski.
M: Jack Nicholson.
3. A: Allison Janney.
J: Tyrone.
M: Patchy.

Susan, John & Carolyn

Did you call me Simon?

1. S: Dalai Lama.
J: All G (All).
C: Does God count?
2. S: I would.
J: Adam Sandler.
C: Angelina Jolie because she is cute.
3. S: Ed the Sock.
J: The Claw.
C: Jemima.

Nathan

Philology taught by a sock puppet

1. The Archbishop of Canterbury.
2. Christian Bale from *American Psycho*.
3. Sockrates.

Will & Naomi

Is it Ill or Will?

1. W: The Pope.
N: Gandhi.
2. W: Ethan Hawke 'cause he's a good actor.
N: Samuel L. Jackson.
3. N: Nom fights like Zorro.
W: Milko.

Tim & Ping
Martial Arts Superstar

1. T: Bin Laden.
P: Buddha.
2. T: Jet Li!!!
P: Ekin Cheng from *Young and Dangerous*.
3. T: Patchino.
P: Weee.

Next term, *On Dit* will be running the Borders Literature Competition. Most excellent prizes in the way of vouchers will be available for the best entries. Submissions can be in the form of short stories, poems or essays (but not anything you've submitted in class mind.) A fine example is presented for you below. The entries will be published throughout next term, with the winner announced at the end. We can't give you exact prize details at the moment, we just want to kickstart your efforts. Good luck!

Bronwyn felt like she'd been driving home for years. The rain sluicing onto her car had stopped making that comforting drumming sound and was now a continuous rumble pounding onto the roof and bonnet of her little white hatchback. She checked her watch: 5:15pm. Digital with a green back light, it had been given to her as a present five years ago and was the most reliable thing in the car, including her scratched mobile phone. She kept her purple woollen gloves on, even though it made steering slippery, and used her left hand to wipe the grey condensation away from her windscreen. The greasy smear she left wasn't much better, but at least she could just follow the brake lights of the car in front of her and hope that the rest of the drivers weren't as blind as she was. Their demisters might actually demist the entire windshield, not just a few ghostly blobs floating at the bottom.

Work that day had been tough and boring. She hadn't been looking busy enough and that peeved Anton. A non-busy façade made him fidgety to the point where he'd stand next to her while she was performing some task in her relaxed, efficient way, Armani arms crossed and tapping his fingers on his elbow. Eventually the unstressed manner would get to him and he would raise his shaking hands at her and cry in her ear, "Shit- just do something!". This happened to her at least once a day.

He ran a successful café and drove around in a car that reminded her of a shark, the way it cruised around, growling so low to the ground. He never did any actual work, as far as she could see, he mostly just sat at a table, ordering coffees for himself and his slick-haired friends who would all drop by to compare goaties. He was always hovering though; watching, telling them all to work faster and cleaner because it cost him money every time they paused or dropped something. Bronwyn didn't like working under pressure, if she was rushed, she would blink too much and her elbows would catch onto things. Normally it was just a sugar bowl or a cordial bottle, but today as she was piling heavy plates of pasta and caesar salad onto her arms, Anton had clapped at her in the way trainers gee up their horses and she had turned quickly, straight into a corner. The third plate had fallen from her small palm and landed upside down on the floor. It didn't break, instead making a funny 'squish' sound as the mound of pasta cushioned it from underneath. Without being able to stop herself, Bronwyn had giggled and Anton's black, pointed goatie almost caught on fire.

"Fuck Bronnie! This isn't a fucking schoolyard! Go serve those customers and tell them why their pasta's gonna be late! And clean this shit up!"

Bronwyn sniffed and switched on the little portable radio that sat on the passenger seat. The speakers in the hatchback didn't work, so she had bought some batteries for her Dad's old paint-spotted work radio and listened to that as a substitute. It was so old that it took a little while to warm up. Bronwyn glanced at her watch: five twenty. Still another twenty-five minutes before she would be at home, arguing over the TV with her brother. A familiar song played and then the musical intro for the news began playing.

"Good afternoon Adelaide, this is your local and national news update. The time is five o'clock. The Prime Minister today responded to allegations..."

Bronwyn glanced down at the radio and frowned and checked her watch: five twenty-five.

"It's five twenty-five silly," she said to the little black radio next to her.

It continued blurring on as though it hadn't just gotten the time wrong by almost half an hour.

"... and on to local news, applications for the..." the radio's volume dipped down as the 'batt. low' light brightened.

"Come on!" Bronwyn slapped the speaker like someone reviving a dying patient. "I just bought those yesterday! You're not dead yet!"

The 'batt. low' light dimmed out and the announcer's voice faded back into the foggy car.

"... closed at five pm today, so if you didn't get them in by about two minutes ago, you've missed out for another year..."

"You stupid man," Bronwyn scolded "It's five thirty. Get your time right."

She checked her watch again- it was definitely twenty-seven past five.

"...and, finally, this has just come in - a warning to motorists driving north along Portrush Rd..."

Bronwyn pricked her ears up, she was on Portrush.

"...off Greenhill Rd..."

"Oh," just near work, she'd passed that twenty minutes ago.

"There has been an accident involving a white hatchback and a petrol tanker. The

driver of the Civic apparently did not see the truck and swerved underneath it. Police and Rescue Crews are at the scene, but the young woman driving was killed. The driver of the truck was unharmed. Traffic has now slowed to one lane each way. This brings the state road toll to 27, three less than this time last year. And now back to you in the studios Keith..."

Bronwyn switched off the radio. She checked her watch again. Five-thirty exactly. She poked around in her handbag on the floor, searching for her mobile and keeping an eye on the brake-lights in front of her. She found it and checked the little clock in the corner

the floor because you were pissing around with your apron, so you owe me two. Go and empty the coffee grounds bucket and then you can go." After that she had sat in her car for three or four minutes, waiting for it warm up, before nudging into the traffic and edging forward, a couple of meters at a time away up Portrush Road. Had she had an epileptic fit? The kind where you lose all track of time? But her watch too? And her phone? She picked up the phone again and thumped the auto dial button for home. Her mother would be home, she was always home at this time of the evening. The answering machine picked up and the sound of her own voice droned at her down the telephone line. It

was a message she'd recorded a few years ago after her parents had found out that she'd done one with background music. It sounded just as depressed as a teenage girl should after being told that she can't sing into an answering machine. She hung up without leaving a message. Still holding the phone in her left hand, she nudged the gear lever down into second and shuddered forward to follow the same cat-eye-shaped brake lights she'd been behind since she left. They

belonged to a car who had looked about to let her in, and had then accelerated forward, determined not to give up that vital space, that extra few meters closer to home. The cat-eyes shone out red and Bronwyn stabbed the clutch for the millionth time and put her foot on the brakes. Still the rain came down.

She picked up her phone again and dialled her mother's mobile. She never used it, but had bought it "just for emergencies". It generally just sat in her car's glove box, bleeping every week or so when its batteries had drained out and needed charging.

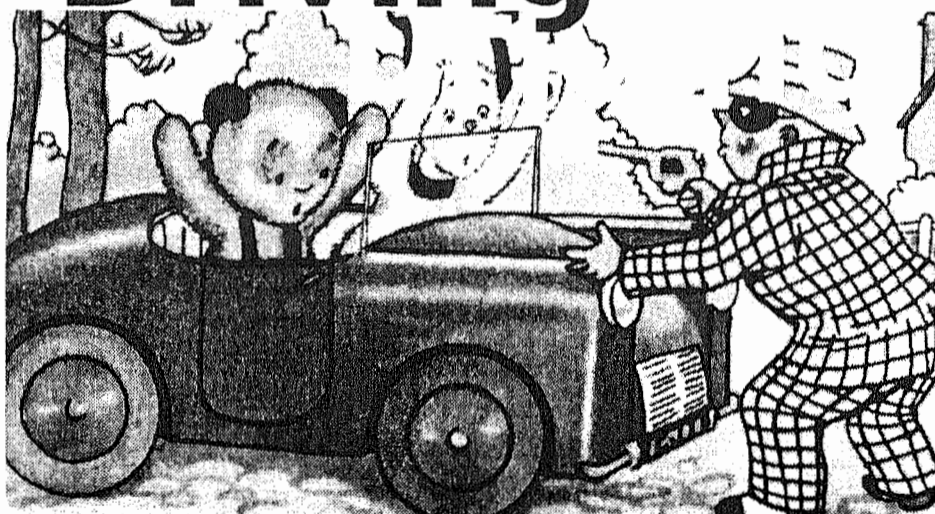
After two rings it was answered. Her mother's voice sounded strange, deeper.

"Hello?" silence.

"Hi Mum, it's me" Bronwyn tried to sound cheery, but her worry carried through.

More silence. Bronwyn thought that it might have been a bad connection and looked at the screen- four bars, it should have been clear as a bell. More silence, then a kind of squeaking in the distance that Bronwyn

Driving



of the depressing green screen. It said five thirty as well. On an impulse, with her slippery woollen thumb, she pressed 1194 and held the phone to her ear, turning the volume up to hear over the still pounding rain. Her left thigh ached from pressing the clutch in and out so often over the past half hour.

"and forty seconds... dop dop dop... At the third stroke it will be five four and fifty seconds... dop dop dop... At the third stroke it will be five six and"

Bronwyn hung up quickly and put the phone in her lap. She rubbed her jacket sleeve against the cloudy side window. All she could see on either side were cars bigger and shinier than hers, the driver's faces hidden by the rain and the mist. She had left work at five. She knew she had because Anton would never let anyone leave a second earlier in case he lost money.

"Shouldn't this be 11:02?" he had asked when she'd given him her timesheet to sign. "You were two minutes late getting out on

suddenly recognised as her mother's sobbing.

"Mum? Hello? Are you ok? Where are you?" Bronwyn reached over quickly with her right hand to change back into first while keeping the steering wheel steady with her knee. Her mother began screaming down the telephone.

"What? Who is this? This isn't *funny!* She's dead! She's *dead!* Oh *God...*" the volume of the screams vibrated Bronwyn's eardrums. She had never heard her mother screech like that before and then the too loud blooping sound of the disconnected signal rang through. Bronwyn kept an eye on the brake lights ahead and checked the number she had just dialled on the mobile's screen. It was definitely her mother's. The rain continued thundering. She thumbed the redial button.

It rang again, this time only once before it clicked through. Her mother's voice sounded stronger, angrier. Bronwyn could hear the rain drumming in the background.

"Mum. I'm ok. I'm driving home..."

"Listen, I've just seen my only daughter's body pulled out of her car you fuck, how *dare* you mock me like this..."

"Mum, it's me! I'm still..."

"Bronnie was so sweet and beautiful and oh *god...* Leave me alone! Go to hell!" The phone hung up again. Tears began scratching at Bronwyn's eyes and she pressed her aching leg down onto the clutch again as she hit redial one more time. This time it went straight through to her mother's message bank. A sterile phone company voice announcing that she had reached the message bank of, and then her mother's recorded monotone voice saying her own name, and the phone voice again saying that she should leave a message. Bronwyn's phone began bleeping at her, telling her the battery was low as she waited for the tone. The tone eventually came through like a siren and Bronwyn began breathlessly talking, her eyelids banging nervously up and down as she did.

"Mum- it's *me.* Look I'm *fine-* I haven't been in an accident, they got the time wrong, I'm still on my way home, I'll be there soon..." and her phone bleeped its last and went dead. She tossed it onto the passenger seat and checked her watch. Nearly six o'clock. Had all that taken half an hour? She flicked her lights on, but all they did was make a murky yellow haze underneath the red cat-eyes that floated in front of her. She fumbled at the radio switch and it began warming up, but the 'batt. low' light blinked on first and before any noise could get through, the radio blinked out. She slapped it again, but nothing happened. The only noise now was the thunder of the rain on the roof that drowned out Bronwyn's squeaks. She wiped her eyes with her woollen gloves and tried wiping the windshield again, but she could see nothing further than a fire-red pair of cat's eyes gleaming out from the grey.

"I'll be home soon Mum," she promised
 "I'll be home soon..."

Sam Franzway



Beauty and Simplicity: The 2-MNS

When a male lives by himself, he often evolves all manner of shortcuts in daily routine so that he may live with minimal effort. I have evolved truckloads. If necessity is the mother of invention, perhaps I am one of its many fathers.

With that mystery invoking phrase lingering in your minds, allow me to give you some background information into my life at home. I live by myself, and I must confess that I am appalling to live with. My cleaning skills are non-existent. I think the kitchen was once vacuumed back in '88. I have never replaced a light bulb. My room looks like an overstocked garage sale minus anything of value and most of my furniture is broken in some way. But this all fits together warmly and in the end my flat is more homely and definitely reflects my character.

My life is usually busy, and I am lazy. Unlike some, I find grocery shopping tedious and boring. A result of this is that my fridge contains all sorts of bizarre things like ancient marmalade, wrinkly brown carrots and empty cans of Coke. On special occasions I have been known to buy bread.... and this exciting fact is the basis for one of my secret recipes which I will share with you all today (enter Star Wars musical score).

When I do happen to buy bread, I use it to make what I like to call Lees' 2-Minute Noodle Sandwich. My pet name for it is the 2-MNS. Its fame in my household has spread far and wide. This is a new and improved version of my prototype sandwich, the Cup-a-Soup Sandwich that didn't quite make it to the menu, due to some fundamental errors found in the construction stage.

So anyway here is my secret recipe for the 2-MNS, which I will gladly reveal in return for some small donations:

Basically the 2-MNS consists of some usually overcooked 2-minute noodles hugged by two pieces of bread. Here are the steps a misguided individual must follow:

1) First you must cook the noodles. Personally, I never follow the packet instructions as they are too elaborate for an uneducated peasant such as myself to adhere to. Drop the noodles into cold water in a saucepan, breaking them once only right down the centre. My superstitious belief is that if the noodles form more than two pieces when breaking them in half, it is bad luck. Your resultant sandwich may end up with a bad aura. I am tempted to start a cult following based on this belief.

2) The flavouring is then added, along with miscellaneous random ingredients from the fridge such as a teaspoon of ancient marmalade if you have any handy. This ensures that each 2-MNS is unique in its own special way. Feel free to be creative at this step, as from my years of expertise I

have learnt: you only get out of cooking what you put into it.

3) The noodles need to boil now. Patience is needed at this point, or distraction. Waiting for noodles to cook has been known to bore many a fidgety teenage boy so I usually end up somewhere in the lounge during this step. One can also do homework at this stage to pass the time. You may think that leaving the noodles unattended may be a bad idea. Aha. This is not necessarily the case. As the noodles approach readiness, an ingenious alarm timer that was built into them activates. The alarm sounds by the boiling broth overflowing onto the stoves' heating element causing a loud splashing and hissing sound. The result is that a panicked chef is promptly brought back to his task.

4) Remove noodles from stove. Strain. Burn fingers somehow (optional).

5) Add a generous amount of the cooked noodles to a piece of bread.

6) Cover it with another piece.

You are now ready to eat. Beauty and simplicity rarely merge so cheaply.

This is a quick, cheap and easy meal and it doesn't taste as bad as you might think. Then again my standards are low and I'm not sure what the rest of you Burnside barons and princesses usually feed on.

Don't worry too much about cleaning the stove afterwards, as the superimposed stains left behind bear a striking similarity to the age rings found in a cross section of tree trunk. By counting the number of rings, you can keep track of how many sandwiches you have satisfyingly consumed.

A 'friend' recently criticised this dish based on its lack of nutritional content. Nutrition yourself. If that worries you then go and eat some grass afterwards.

Please do not overlook the many benefits of this dish such as:

- 1) Cheap
- 2) (relatively) Easy



Sooty and Sweep try one of TADFroK's dishes, on the one hand for a tasty treat, and on the other to test their gag reflex.

3) ...and many more

Once I had forgotten that I had noodles cooking and I was outside so I couldn't hear the in-built alarm. The result was that an alternative style of sandwich was born, the Crunchy Black 2-MNS (CB 2-MNS). Sadly this was not popular with my household nor my guests. There exist other successful variations however. The cheese 2-MNS, the baked beans 2-MNS and of course the breadless sandwich, the 2-MN.

However I think that the true beauty of the 2-MNS lies in the fact that its recipe is so conveniently located in its' name. This is useful for people like me who have a habit of forgetting such things.

So fellow readers go forth and indulge. But in your haste do not neglect to pass this knowledge onto the younger generation, so that for decades to come people may feed cheaply and inadequately...

The Amazing Dude From Kilburn (TADFroK)

P.S. feel free to ask me about my egg-nog floater



The SAUA is currently overstocked with cheap movie tickets. Due to this, we are offering staff and students the following fantastic deals:

- All Nova, Palace, Greater Union, Hoyts: **\$10.50 each** (GU and H cannot be used after 5pm Saturdays)
- Wallis adult: **\$10.00 each** Wallis concession: **\$8.00 each** (no restrictions)

Be quick! Cash sales only, EFTPOS facilities not available.

STUDENTS ASSOCIATION - GROUND FLOOR GEORGE MURRAY BUILDING tel. B303 5406

OFFice Bears

President:
BeK CORNiSH



The SAUA has always participated in community charity events. A couple of weeks ago we were able to raise just under \$200 during the Biggest Morning Tea for cancer research so thank you to all the people who donated their money and enjoyed a cup of tea and a muffin, or even just donated money for the cause.

SAUA WEEK

Last week was SAUA Week in which we celebrated student control of student affairs by having each department of the Students' Association hosting a day on the lawns. The days were filled with information stalls, food stalls, debates and music. Thanks to all the SAUA people who came out and gave a hand during the days, and more importantly, thanks to the students who supported the Students' Association by taking info to read and partaking in the fantastic food prepared by the SAUA.

All Hours Access Computing Suite

On other issues, the All Hours Access Computing Suite that I talked about in previous columns is still on the agenda and in negotiations with the University and IT Management types, so I will provide you with an update from the Division of Student and Staff Services when it comes through. We are being told that a quota of free photocopying for students upon enrolment is not possible from the University at this stage due to budgetary restrictions, but we in the SAUA feel this is unacceptable and will continue to fight for this very useful service.

If you would like to get involved with the SAUA, or have any questions, come and see us in the north-east corner of the Cloisters or call on 8303 5406. Alternatively you can contact me via email on bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au.

Academic rights

With end of semester assessment and exams coming up it is really important that you are aware of your academic rights. If you feel that you have been treated unfairly there are a number of things you can do.

Firstly, you should speak to the person who is directly responsible for your learning in the particular area. This may be a tutor, lecturer or subject co-ordinator. The University prefers that all complaints are resolved at the local level and most are finalised at this point, with no further action needing to be taken. There are many things that can be easily done at this level and your rights are spelt out in the University's procedures for student complaint resolution. You can access this on the web by following the links from www.adelaide.edu.au.

You have the right to ask for a re-mark from an independent assessor for any piece of written work. To get a re-mark simply approach your course co-ordinator or dean.

If your complaint is still not resolved at this level it is advisable that you consult one of the many representational advocates that are available on campus. There are many avenues for you to take, but advice is recommended. You have the right to seek independent advocacy at all times.

This may be the Union's Education and Welfare officers, the Disability Liaison officer, myself or any other person you trust. Once you have sought advice it is suggested that you stay with that particular advocate for the remainder of your grievance.

Discrimination

If you feel that you have been discriminated against on the grounds of race, gender or (dis)ability it is especially important that you contact someone for advice with your grievance. These issues of discrimination have legal ramifications and it is essential that the appropriate course be taken.

Plagiarism

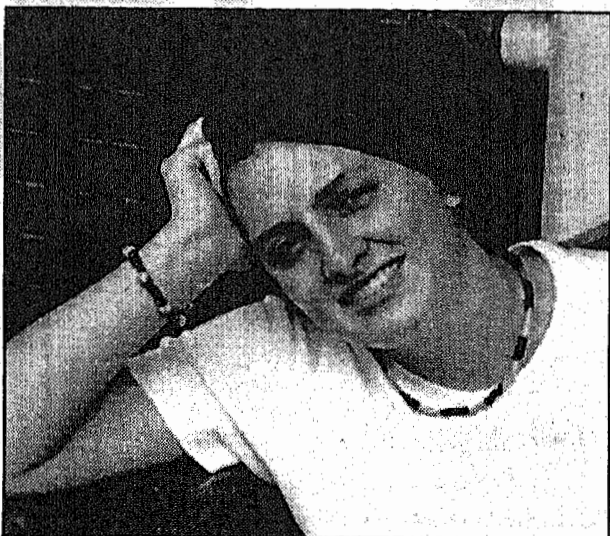
The University takes a very strong stance on the issue of plagiarism. Do not, under any circumstances think that you will be able to 'copy' a friend's assignment and the University will not notice. Lecturers and tutors are not dumb and students caught on a plagiarism charge run the risk of being removed from the University.

If you need any more advice, don't hesitate to give me a call on 8303 3898 or e-mail georgia.heath@student.adelaide.edu.au.



Education Vice-
President:
Georgia Heath

Women's Officer:
Elise DUFFIELD



Wicked Womyn of the Week: Ananda Lewis, for telling Katie Ford (of Ford's Modelling Agency) that 'plus sized' models were ridiculous because they were all normal women.

Misogynist of the Week: Trish Worth for banning *Baise Moi*, a movie about two prostitutes wreaking their revenge on the men who have destroyed their lives.

Reproductive Health and Freedoms Booklet

The booklet is now available for students. It is great, so pick yourself up a copy from the SAUA or the Women's Room. Look out for a professionally reprinted version in the future. Where are your articles? Last chance.

Women's Room Update

The women's room will soon look really, really cool and be extra comfortable. I am in the process of meeting with various women to discuss the improvements that will occur.

A launch of both the Reproductive Health and Freedoms Booklet and the new Women's Room will occur in the next month or two, so look forward to checking out your improved women's autonomous space whilst meeting other women and eating nibbles.

Meetings

The Women's Department has regular meetings every second Monday at 1pm in the Gallery Coffee Shop. The next is on June 17. All women are welcome to attend. If you would like more information about the department, its campaigns or you have a grievance or issue you would like to discuss, don't hesitate to contact me on 8303 6481 or 0421 743 610 or e-mail womens@saua.asn.au.

Don't forget, you can join the Women's Collective e-group. You will get notice of meetings and you can post to the group about any women's issues or events. auwomenscollective-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Fairwear Campaign

The Women's Department will soon be running a Fairwear campaign. If you would like to know more about the campaign, there is a training workshop happening at the Dale Street Women's Health Centre in Port Adelaide at 1pm this Thursday, June 6. If you would like to go, give me a hoiy.

and SOCK PUPPETS

ENVIRONMENT OFFICER: SARAH HANSON



This Wednesday June 5 is World Environment Day.

Sadly, this annual event has been dominated by companies that claim to be 'environmentally friendly' for the sole purpose of raising profits. Commonly known as 'green washing', this tactic covers up the degradation, manipulation and exploitation of the earth and many of the world's poor. Many of the World Environment Day green advertising campaigns undermine the hard work of environmental organisations in exposing dodgy environmental practices. 'Green washing' makes it hard for consumers like you and me to access information about products when choosing what we buy. To help you out, this week the Environment Department will be releasing its own Ethical Buying Guide for students. This guide is a simple but important wallet-sized card that will help you make informed choices about products and services. The guide includes both companies who are achieving positive results and those who should re-evaluate their environmental and trade practices. To celebrate World Environment Day, there is a benefit gig for The Wilderness Society at the Governor Hindmarsh featuring Ungkas, Lord Stompy and the Flower Sluts, No See Dolly and

Redrabbit. Entry is \$10 and tickets are available at Bass or the door.

The next Save the Forest Funk is on Thursday June 13 at The Rhino Room. It promises to be a fun night out before exams. Look out for the posters and fliers around campus.

National Day of Action for Refugee Rights is on Sunday June 23. The march starts at 12pm from Hindmarsh Square and will be followed by an afternoon of activities, bands and informative speakers. If you would like to get involved please contact me.

Remember that my office is always open to all students. If you would like to know more about campaigns, please feel free to contact me on 8303 5182 or at greengirl@sarah-coral.com.

I hope everyone has a great mid-year break and that exams go well.

Lots of love, Sarah Hanson.



PAUL HEUBL IS ON LEAVE

Political SOCK
Puppet: Sooty

SAUA Week:

"...."

The Nelson Report:

"....."

The Lowdown on

Matthew:

"....."

"....."

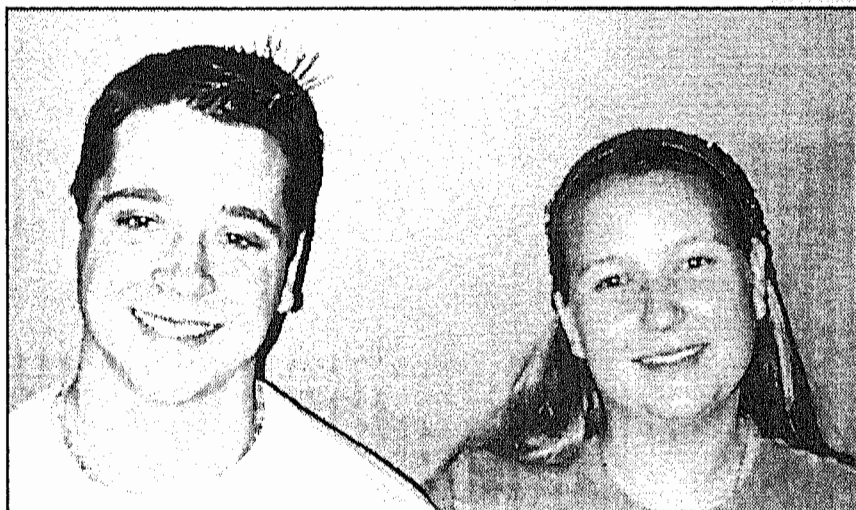
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xxx



SEXUALITY OFFICERS: ASTA COX & ADRIAN DIPAOLO

Queer Youth Suicide Prevention Campaign

For those of you frequenting the campus last Wednesday, you would have noticed the posters regarding queer youth suicide placed throughout the campus, and more importantly, the large pink closet situated in the Barr Smith Circle. Queer youth suicide is a subject not focussed on sufficiently in regards to the many anti-youth suicide programs that are operational. We hope we got our message across, as this is a serious issue that we all need to be aware of.

Queer Collaborations

Queer Collaborations will run from July 14 to 19, and we will both be attending, as well as a couple of general students. You will hear our report from this in the new semester. The conference this year is held in Canberra, and we are not looking forward to the inescapable cold weather.

Coming Out Being Out Booklet

For those of you who are aware of the booklet that we launched during Sexuality Week, after being approached by different sexuality support services in South Australia, we could be able to rally enough funds to reprint it. The booklet was really well received, and the fact that reprints are in demand makes us feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

That's it from us this week. If you need to get in touch with us, in regard to campaigns that you would like to see us run, or give us input on some of the ones that we have done already, we'd love to hear from you.

Phone (08) 8303 5406 or (08) 8303 3899

E-mail Adrian: boysexo@saua.asn.au or Asta: girlsexo@saua.asn.au

IT'S ON AGAIN...

The National Campus Band Competition has returned with even more fantastic prizes on offer. Last year the competition attracted over 30 bands and this year it will be even BIGGER!

Collect your entry forms NOW from the Union Reception area (1st Floor Lady Symon Building), or the SAUA Reception area (Ground Floor, George Murray Building). But remember, the band must have at least one Adelaide University Student Member!

Heats are starting early August so entry forms must be returned by July 5th to:

Natalie Teakle
UAC Staff Representative
Adelaide University Union
1st Floor Lady Symon Building
Adelaide SA 5005

Presented by the Union Activities Committee
and the Students Association of the University of Adelaide





I have a secret guilty pleasure. Late at night when my flat-mates have gone to bed, I love to watch home improvement shows. You know the ones -

Changing Rooms, Real Rooms, Debbie Travers' Painted House. In fact, anything on the Lifestyle channel is fair game. There is no real reason that I watch these shows - my thumb is not green, I was incredibly bad at Tech Studies at school. In Woodwork, I was the lone soul who invariably managed to hammer the nail through the side of the pencil box and into the bench I was working on. So it's not likely that anytime soon I will be making my very own hat-stand. Perhaps it is the reactions of the poor people whose rooms are changed beyond recognition that I enjoy. Or maybe it is their MacGyver attitude that results in a toothpick and some toilet paper becoming a handy bedside table. Or it could just be the gorgeous *Real Rooms* guy with the sexiest sideburns I've ever seen.

The concept of *Real Rooms* seems to be that people request to have their room made over by the team for a certain amount of cash (which is always approx \$1200

Australian). The family then has to vacate their house for a few days and the team move in. The room is sealed with a black plastic curtain just in case the owners try to take a peek, and the renovators get to work. As is usual in these shows, it appears to always be the women who do the sewing and the painting, and the men who do the woodwork and heavy stuff. They actually ask the owners what they want the room to look like, which in most cases is suitably vague, although in one show I watched, the owner had actually already gathered paint charts and pictures of exactly what she wanted (which kind of spoiled the fun).

Of course, the real fun comes in the interpretation. The show I watched last night was a makeover of a teenage boy's bedroom. His wish was for a gothic room, and his only criteria was that it would be black and 'heavy metal-like'. It seems that they didn't really listen to his wish at all because they painted the room white (what part of black do they not understand!) and gave it a cathedral feel. Sure, it looked good - but I am pretty sure that he was envisaging a dank dungeon, not a church.

In comparison to *Real Rooms*, *Changing Rooms* is a bawdy French farce (well, not quite). This is probably because the team leaders seem intent on ignoring the advice and opinions of the people they are working with to create their own wanky idea of what their clients would like. You would think that since the people they are working with are friends or relatives of the owners, they would know what they wanted the room to look like. No such luck - this show nearly always ends in tears and the death of a friendship. Particularly when

it involves a whole roll of fake fur and some seashell stencils.

I also had the chance to watch a show last night called *Surviving The Iron Age*, which was a BBC program similar to *Big Brother* but set in an Iron Age community. A group of people volunteer to be cloistered in a faux Iron Age society where they are forced to catch their own food. Although the show is moderately amusing (there are already two feuding families after a week and one of them is going to have to leave the show before someone gets killed), the real question is why are they doing this? We all know that living in the Iron Age was possible, so why are they recreating it? We know it was tough, and we know that people used to die at a young age. Already two people have left the show through illness, so what is the point??

Poptart

PS. Why does Channel 7 feel the need to replace *Buffy* at the last minute with tennis? Are *Buffy* fans tennis fans? Bad job Channel 7, bad job!



Would you want to be trapped in an iron age community with these people?

Sex And The Single Student

Well, the world is full of little surprises and why should the illustrious *On Dit* office be any different from that of the real world? Those of you who are the chosen ones would have already noticed with your sharp eye that Madame Vespa has been joined this week by the psychic powers of Fantastic Sam Franzway. What could be better than the expert (I use this term loosely) advice of Madame Vespa? The idea of Batman and Robin, He-man and She-Ra and the powerful power of two!!

Dear Agony Aunts,

I'm having trouble with my parents. They won't stop having sex in bizarre parts of the house. Two or three times I've come home and walked in on them in the kitchen. I really love my parents and I don't want to move out, but they can get really defensive. What should I do?

Tormented Tim.

HIM - So you're the Tim I keep hearing about at my swingers group. You must be. I know your parents and they are wonderful people, but they have mentioned once or twice that they feel it's definitely time that you packed up your shit and pissed off. Your parents don't like to nudge nasties on your kitchen table. In fact, there's nothing less sexy than eating breakfast next to the stain left by your own sweaty butt-cheeks, but you have been just too damn stupid to take any of the other hints Spanko and Sandy have been dropping like daisy-cutters ever since you turned 23. Gentle persuasion didn't work Timbo, so now they're going for disgust. They are hoping and praying for the day when you decide that you can live without your Mum's passion crazy finger-nail marks across the bench top like the rest of us do. Don't turn up your nose at them, just move out before your 24th birthday because I know for a fact that wherever you plan your party will be the sight of our next Group Meeting and trust me, the theme is going to be 'Meat'.

HER - I have never really understood why people are so disgusted by the thought of their parents having sex. I personally think that it is far more disgusting to imagine your parents, old and highly sexually frustrated, sleeping in separate beds, perching on young 19 year olds when they walk by. I think you should consider yourself very lucky.

You should...

A) Grow up, believe it or not you didn't invent sex and I am sure your parents probably find it gross to think of you having sex.

B) Go out there and get yourself some loving and forget about what your parents are doing, it's disturbing to spend so much time fixating on your parents' sex lives.

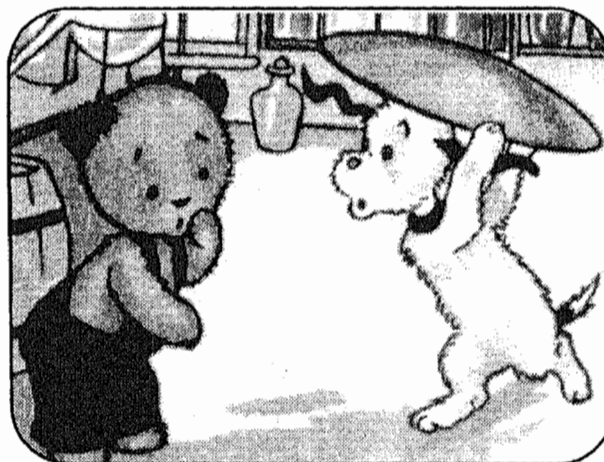
C) Move out of home. Perhaps your parents are trying

to give you a subtle hint. Your old enough and ugly enough to take care of yourself, besides they want to get some of their life back and to do that, they will need parasites like you off their hands.

Dear Madame Vespa and Fantastic Sam,

My penis is so long that I can give myself head. This means I have no need for a lover. This is destroying my inter-personal relations. Please help me. Should I get a penis reduction?

Joel, The Joker.



Madame Vespa and Fantastic Sam indulge in little sex play involving a large diaphragm

HIM - Silly man. When you can give yourself head, you don't need inter-personal relations! Let's look at this in evolutionary terms: the purpose of the male side of our species is simply to pop our penis' somewhere wet, warm, reasonably soft and moving, and even that last one is negotiable. And here with you at last we have reached the zenith of existence! Self-sufficiency in its purest form! I'm getting a tear in my eye just to be alive at this great moment in the history of mankind. A penis reduction? Sonny, you need to have your dick carved in marble! This is god's greatest triumph since the opposable thumb. I bet you're a Pisces.

HER - Blah, Blah, Blah... Men can be so stupid sometimes. First of all, though I am sure you fantasise about being able to give yourself head due to an amazingly enormous penis, I highly doubt that this is the case. If your penis really was this huge you wouldn't need to suck it yourself, surely you would have people lining up around the block to do it for you, but alas, this too is just another fantasy. Secondly, I doubt that a man would actually prefer to suck his own penis than have a lover please them. After the first attempt, they would realise

how disgusting their come really tastes and how lucky they are even to find women today, prepared to go down there. I predict that you need to write into us to compensate for the reality of your shortcomings. I'm sure it makes you feel all big and manly where in actual fact, you are a short, balding, middle-aged man with a rather tiny penis and I suggest you strongly consider the possibility of wigs and penis extensions.

Dear Agony Aunts,

I find other people's little fingers very erotic. I get aroused when people gesticulate. Please help me.

Arousing, Alice

HIM - Little fingers? Little fingers. I'm not reading this wrong. Jesus Christ on a fucking lolly-pop, the entire human body and you can't find anything sexier than an appendage that could get lopped off and take the owner a week to notice. Take a look down somebody's trousers one of these days- I guarantee it'll be a shitload more intriguing than a fucking little finger. Having trouble finding some trousers around the ankles? Pop down to the *On Dit* office and mention my name; pants will drop, people will squeal, and you'll forget all about this little finger fetish.

HER - Alice, my dear, do not listen to Sam. Though I have to agree that your little fetish is somewhat bizarre, it is nice to think that people still find the crazy and quirky sexy. If we were all attracted to the same things in people, life would be a bore. I have always found the protruding collarbone on a guy to be one of the sexiest things around so who am I to judge you? By the way, I know for a fact that there is some highly incriminating evidence (by way of polaroids,) of Sam in a compromising position with a rasher of bacon and an indecent amount of girls' nail polish.

Dear Agony Aunt,

I have a deep fear of giving or receiving oral sex. What should I do?

Jitter-ish Jill

HIM - Grandad, you old bastard! I know it's you! For the last fucking time! Stop writing into this column! I don't want to hear it! Man- most people get to picture their grandparents as sweet little old people who bake stuff, but I have to deal them seeing things on *Big Brother Uncut* and deciding to try it. "If they can, we can!" Yeah heah heah...

HER - Close your eyes and suck it back like a dozen half-priced oysters at the Stag.

Love and craziness always,
Madame Vespa and the Fantastic Sam Franzway



Coopers



Feeling like food/drink/sex? Well, if you become a reviewer you too can have these things on tap (well, maybe not the sex, drink or the food). Come on down to the *On Dit* office and you will soon find yourself propping up bars and tucking into large plates of unidentifiable morsels.

Shotz Pulteney St.

Much has been made of the rivalry between Ying Chow and Ky Chow, though both restaurants claim to be on amicable terms. With Ky Chow being the usual student haunt I decided to give the other one a go.

A small restaurant, Ying Chow's set up is simple in layout and plain in appearance, obviously letting the food be the attraction. The traditional style Chinese meals have a single-flavour focus that doesn't seem suitable for eating alone but is great for a banquet style feast, so bring friends! One of the main advantages of Ying Chow is its staying power. Once most other restaurants have closed Ying Chow keeps going - perfect for late night meals.

The venison dish and the garlic bok choy are pleasant while the salt and pepper tofu is definitely the controlling desire in many a diner's selective palate. If you can afford the cash, the Peking duck is worth while. Coming in three serves it ends up being more affordable than you would imagine and the starters of duck skin with thin pastry and cucumber is delicious. Debate rages over the dishes that are produced by both restaurants. The a-shand meals are generally considered an example of Ying Chow superiority. The taste is sweet for a nice change but the little caramelised things really make the meal.

For dessert, the fried ice cream is okay and the tofu pancakes with an exotic fruit paste filling were just too fucking weird for my conservative Western taste buds. Overall though the meals are excellent value when shared and provide a good variety of strong flavours, definitely making Ying Chow my pick of the two.

Note: The author has never been to Ky Chow.

Dan J

Ying Chow 114 Gouger Street

If you've been around for a few years, you're sure to remember the glory days of Stix on Gouger St. Not only did it provide a unique getaway from the relative humdrum there is to find in the heart of the city, but it also had fab music, cheap drinks and even cheaper women. Well, as you'll remember, Stix is gone (boo hoo) and has been replaced by some vague reference to a club that always seems to be empty. Why did they shut Stix down? I don't know, but I'm not happy about it. But wait! - for those who are a little too young to remember good ole Stix, never fear! Whilst it is not a replacement (being a choice venue in its own right), Shotz is as much fun to go to, in a different kind of way.

Shotz has a very large capacity, but half of its room is filled with pool tables, couches and video games. This is cool. Sometimes you don't want to dance, and you can only talk to wanky students for so long. Nothing better than kicking back on a couch with a beer, or playing some car racing game that takes you back to your childhood. Personally, I wanna dance. And with the supremely excellent tunes on offer, how could you refuse? Shotz plays Britpop, and lots of it. There's nothing more fun than dancing the night away to the sounds of Pulp, Blur, New Order and the like. I have found that the dancers at Shotz are very considerate as well. Too often, people will push and generally make a nuisance of themselves on the dancefloor because they can't stand the thought that someone could be getting in their booty's way. However, the Shotz clientele are very genuine, and they always seem to be having fun.

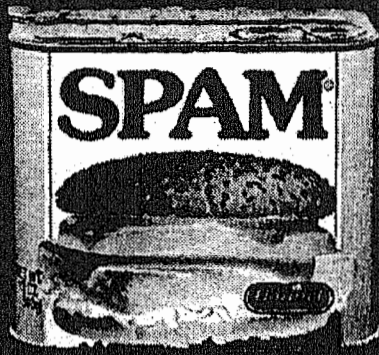
Drink prices are extremely reasonable, and they seem to have a fair amount on offer. Standard prices for a schooner and around \$5 or \$6 for bottled beer. They have a special shot list such as slippery nipples and butterscotch ripple, and you can get 5 for \$12. The bar staff are very friendly and help to make the evening very enjoyable.

Generally, I have found Shotz to be unpretentious. Whilst there are a lot of alternababes there, they seem to be the kind that enjoy having a laugh (sometimes at themselves) rather than the precious cherubs that grace the Crown and Anchor. If you're looking for a fun, dancey, drunken night out, Shotz is definitely on the hit list.

Graham

Australian Made, Australian Owned.

Spam Of The Week



Reasons why the English language is so hard to learn:

- The bandage was wound around the wound.
- The farm was used to produce produce.
- The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- I did not object to the object.
- The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- They were too close to the door to close it.
- Let's face it - English is a crazy language.
- There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger, neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England nor french-fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.
- And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?
- If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth beeth?
- One goose, two geese. So one moose, two meese?
- If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?
- If teachers taught, why didn't preaches praught?
- If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?
- In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell?
- How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?
- You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which, an alarm goes off by going on.
- P.S. - Why doesn't "Buick" rhyme with "quick"?

SEND ME YOUR SPAM. Email Alternika at alternika@hotmail.com with your Spam and URLs, or visit the Spam of the Week website: <http://www.spam.hotfire.net>.

VIDEO GAME REVIEWS VIDEO GAME REVIEWS VIDEO GAME REVIEWS



Return to Castle Wolfenstein

(PC)

MA15+

Id, Gray Matter/Activision

Rating: *** (out of five)

Release: January 2002

The long and eagerly awaited sequel to the game which kick-started the phenomenally popular first-person-shooter genre has finally arrived. The simplistic, yet incredibly addictive gameplay of the original *Wolfenstein* has remained relatively unchanged in the sequel. Going against the trend of more complex environments and character interaction as seen in games such as *Half-Life* and *Deus Ex*, *Return to Castle Wolfenstein* is a stock standard shooter, with a bare bones plot and simple gameplay. This would be okay in years past, but much of the PC audience of today expects more. While, specifically, *Serious Sam* has succeeded in this simplistic approach, thanks to its outrageous environments and enemies, *RTCW* is much more subdued. The

majority of the levels are very uninspiring in both design and their appearance, and while there is little variety with regards to the types of enemies (mainly Nazis in various clothes, of course), there are various types of creatures (after all, this is a fantasy WW2 setting), which do produce a few choice surprises.

The multiplayer component of *RTCW* is really its only drawcard. Think team based WW2 *Quake 3*. There are many different classes with differing skills, and it works very well when you can coordinate your team and everybody knows their duties, which, of course, doesn't always happen. Nonetheless for a fast fragging multiplayer experience this is hard to beat, and it's perfect over the net or at the LAN.

If you need a first person shooter fix, some pretty, but uninspiring levels to run and blast your way through, but are mainly interested in multiplayer, then *Return to Castle Wolfenstein* is a good choice. For my money *Medal of Honour* (another WW2 shooter) is a much better game in both areas, especially in single player. *RTCW* is a solid, if uninspiring title, and one is left feeling that if they had only really let their imaginations run wild to create some truly interesting environments and situations, then we could have had a classic title to add to the FPS arena. Unfortunately, this time that did not happen.

Joshua Blackman

Deus Ex

(PC)

MA15+

Ion Storm/Eidos

Rating: ***** (out of five)

Release: June 2000

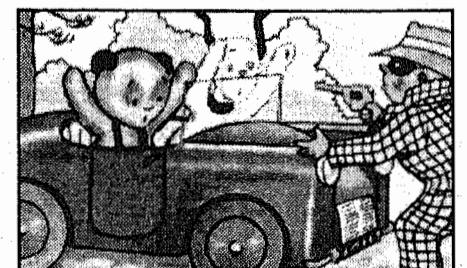
Warren Spector, one of the legends of the gaming scene, has delivered in *Deus Ex* a classic game, which ranks as one of the greatest ever made.

Your adventure starts as you, a UNATCO (United Nations Anti-Terrorist Collective Organization) agent, J.C. Denton, are called to The Statue of Liberty in New York, which has been overrun by terrorists. Not only do you have to stop the terrorists and put a stop to their insidious plans, but you must rescue a fellow agent being held hostage. The way in which you accomplish these goals is entirely up to you. The story branches depending on what choices you take during the game, and while the overall plot is mostly linear (though there are multiple endings), you have the freedom to do what you want when you choose. While still technically a First Person Shooter (FPS), *Deus Ex* is as much of an RPG, with an easy-to-use inventory system and the in-depth conversations. As you travel all over the world to the New York slums, Paris nightclubs and Hong Kong market streets, you will meet a variety of people, some crucial to

the plot, many not, which you can talk and interact with at your leisure. *Deus Ex* feels alive, it feels real, hence the term that Ion Storm coined 'Immersive Reality Simulation'. And the pigeons react dynamically to your presence and to your sniper rifle - what more could you ask?

The game is driven by a modified version of the Unreal engine, and while it doesn't look spectacular, it gets the job done very well. Sure, there is a lot of action in *Deus Ex*, but equally, if not more important is the conversations between the characters, and it is this element that separates *Deus Ex* from the other 'Shooters', a category in which *Deus Ex* is hard to pigeonhole (haha!). The extreme level of interaction, the choices you have, the brilliant story and the action all add up to make *Deus Ex* an astonishing game. A Game of the Year edition is being released shortly, and if you haven't picked up this masterpiece yet, well, I think you know what you need to do.

Joshua Blackman



Madness: A Brief History - R. Porter
Oxford University Press \$46.95

Roy Porter
Madness
A Brief History



My first impression of this book when I read the title was that it looked quirky and interesting, and I was curious to read it. Following up my initial impressions by quickly looking at the press release I realised that Roy Porter has an immense list of credentials and is obviously the right person to attempt such a history.

The introduction to the book was concise and informative, without any irrelevant academic babble. The book covered many areas such as: descriptions of madness through the ages, what was considered mad, how it was caused, and in some cases cured, and how the mad themselves were treated. These all changed and developed over the centuries, and Porter follows these developments in a complete, though necessarily brief manner. Porter also covers the idea of madness being connected to genius, and he looks at the writing and artwork of the mad, and includes many interesting photos and pictures.

The second half of the book becomes more involved in specific developments of madness: Chapter Five *Locking up the Mad*, Chapter Six *The Rise of Psychiatry* and Chapter Eight *The Century of Psychoanalysis* are all very interesting. The conclusion, like the introduction, is well written and conclusive. The book also includes a very comprehensive and specific further reading section and index.

What makes this book interesting to read is the various pieces of historical material that Porter uses. He uses a vast collection of stories, poetry, quotes and information from medical journals and other published articles and papers. He also has a talent for telling what might appear to be a far fetched story from the middle ages about a religious freak, but presenting it as something interesting and valuable to our understanding of the mad. Another very interesting concept explored is the idea of madness, or elements of it appearing in people by its various definitions. For example to have 'nerves' was at one stage popular among high society, and became relatively accepted. Porter also writes in some detail about the care of the mad, originally the responsibility of the family, but gradually an institutional and state responsibility. This has been, and to an extent continues to be, a significant issue. He includes a however brief but almost obligatory section on Sigmund Freud.

Madness: A Brief History is a well-written and informative book. It poses some interesting questions but doesn't try to

solve any of the large differences of opinion and theory. It is an excellent piece of introductory material for the topic, for your own personal interest or for research purposes.

Rosie

Smokescreen - Robert Sabbag
Cannongate. \$27.99

THE HIGH TIMES AND
FAST LIVING OF AMERICA'S GREATEST SMUGGLER

ROBERT SABBAG
**SMOKE
SCREEN**

a true adventure



It's funny, but when you think about it the last four decades can be defined by people's drug of preference at that time. For the boomers it was all about expanding your mind, and with the counter-culture's patron saint Timothy Leary travelling around the world telling anyone who would listen about the benefits of LSD, blotter acid would become as synonymous with the Sixties as Woodstock. The Eighties saw the ascendance of cocaine as the recreational pharmaceutical of choice, intensifying the asshole in us all. In the nineties of course eccies floated everyone's boats. But the drug *rigueur* of the Seventies was dope. Humble, unassuming, it summed up the Seventies for most of us old enough to remember any of it.

Smokescreen is about this period in social history. The time is just about when *The Godfather* was being shot. The place is North and Central America. Your guide is Allen Long, and his story is the stuff of legend.

If there was a Weed Hall of Fame, Long would be the initiating member. In the early Seventies he had exhausted a career in music, been busted a couple of times for possession and now wanted desperately to break into the film industry. Sharing half an ounce with some friends on night he hit on an idea for a documentary: an exposé of the smuggling industry, of how young entrepreneurs get the gear from Mexico, where they grew it, to Chicago, where they enjoy it.

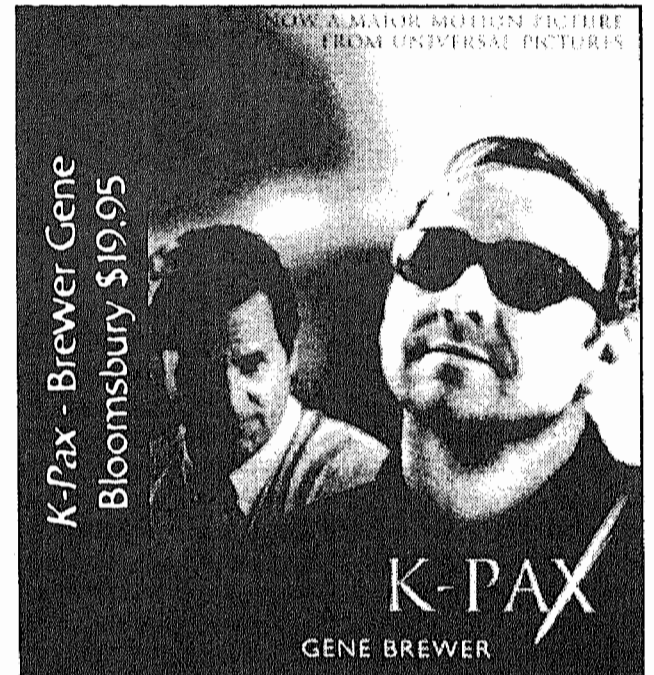
Long's motivation to get into film was ridiculous amounts of money he thought was waiting for him in Hollywood. When he began to 'research' his documentary, it didn't take him long to realise there was a dollar to be made in shipping. He gave up the camera for a cargo plane and in a long and successful career transported around 970,000 pounds of gear into the United States, before getting caught in 1992.

Literature

Smokescreen is an eminently readable book. Veteran reporter Robert Sabbag understands what makes a good story, and in Long has found the perfect hook on which to hang the narrative - reading the book you can't help but like the guy. The story is fuelled as much by testosterone as dope, but that's what makes *Smokescreen* such a perfect snapshot of the Seventies drug culture, that happy time before heroin became fashionable and the cartels started killing judges.

Jonathon Dyer

K-Pax - Brewer Gene
Bloomsbury \$19.95



Gene Brewer's *K-PAX* is a mixture of a science-fiction, comedy and medical thriller. It questions our very existence. Perhaps we evolved from the fish? Why are we so stubbornly sitting in our own nest? And of course, is there intelligent life in space?

According to prot - pronounced like 'goat' - there is, on the planet *K-PAX*, no religion, government, war, death or work. You already want to go there, don't you? And so do all the patients at the Manhattan Psychiatric Institute where prot is being held and studied by Dr. Gene Brewer.

K-PAX follows the treatment of prot and tries to make his crazy delusions funny. The case proves to be the strangest Dr. Brewer has ever encountered. Definitely strange, but not particularly funny. Prot is a smug, sarcastic and at times blatantly rude patient, which would surely be funny on the big screen. The development of *K-PAX* and prot's treatment do go through a number of unexpected twists that keep the reader wondering. Together with a writing style that a smart child could easily read, this book provides a light, quirky tale that you could read in a few sittings.

As far as presenting us with questions about our existence goes, *K-PAX* is not particularly enlightening or in anyway the contribution to the world of science that Gene suggests it is be in his prologue. Before long the reader is presented with a lot of crazy ideas of a utopian society on *K-PAX* that are just silly. So if silly's what you like *K-PAX* is great. If you have no imagination whatsoever, this might not be such a good choice for you.

Painey

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27



GHOST WORLD



OPENS JUNE 27 : PALACE NOVA CINEMAS

Director Terry Zwigoff's obvious love for comic books (he directed the biopic *Crumb*, based on cartoonist Robert Crumb of *Fritz the Cat* fame) sees him delivering the darkly funny *Ghost World*, a coming of age film based on the underground comic (ahem, read 'graphic novel') by Daniel Clowes.

Ghost World concerns best friends Enid (*American Beauty*'s Thora Birch, as scrumptious as ever) and Rebecca (Scarlett from *The Horse Whisperer*), two intelligent, pessimistic angst outcasts (from the cool but not cool group) graduating from high school with no plans for the future other than fulfilling their childhood fantasy of living together in their own apartment. Their only joys are tormenting their mutual crush Josh who works at a 7-11 under the tyrannical management of Brian George (remember Abu, a.k.a that "you very very bad man" dude from *Seinfeld*?), bitching incessantly and getting into adventures. Most of the film follows Enid's pointed ennui and awkward steps as she stumbles toward adulthood, befriends an avid record collecting dork Seymour (Steve Buscemi), tries to survive a summer art class (Robert's daughter Sophie Crumb provides Enid's illustrations for the film) led by a pretentious over-enthusiastic ex-hippy (a very funny Ileana Douglas) whilst Rebecca takes on a job and begins to drift away from her.

Enid evokes memories of *Daria* (MTV's animated misery chick) but she is no clone. Enid, lonely and torn between a fierce desire for individuality and the acquiescence expected of us all, has her own unique problems to deal with. Thora Birch is an absolute joy to behold as Enid, bringing her

to life so superbly she compels you to empathise with her, despite her shortcomings. Scarlett Johansson's mature performance as the slightly more level headed Rebecca is perhaps even more astounding considering she is only fifteen years old (read that again, fifteen years old!! Wow!). The on screen dynamic between the two is instant and genuine. Steve Buscemi rounds out the stellar performances; wonderful as ever as the socially challenged dork-stick Seymour (stay for the out-takes after the credits).

This film is about teens, but it is no textbook 'teen film'. *Ghost World* presents the so called 'teen' issues (self-esteem, jealousy, alienation, boredom, societal pressure to toe the line) so subtly that some people will complain "Nothing happens" (the fools) and others (like myself) proclaim "Masterpiece!". Zwigoff's revelation is that amongst the mono-culture of contemporary life, the adults (and society in general) in this 'ghost world' have as much soul searching to do as Enid.

Ghost World is not one of those films geared toward instant gratification, but the layers it provides make it all the more rewarding. The success of this dark comedy lies in the fact that what it portrays is all so (sur)real, and universal. *Ghost World* juxtaposes scathingly funny insights with moments of heart breaking pathos in a dreamy, poignant manner this reviewer hasn't seen since the amazing *Rushmore*. Ambitious in its subtlety, the aptly named *Ghost World* will leave you haunted with all manner of heart bursting emotions. Simply sublime.

dan V

SPIDER-MAN

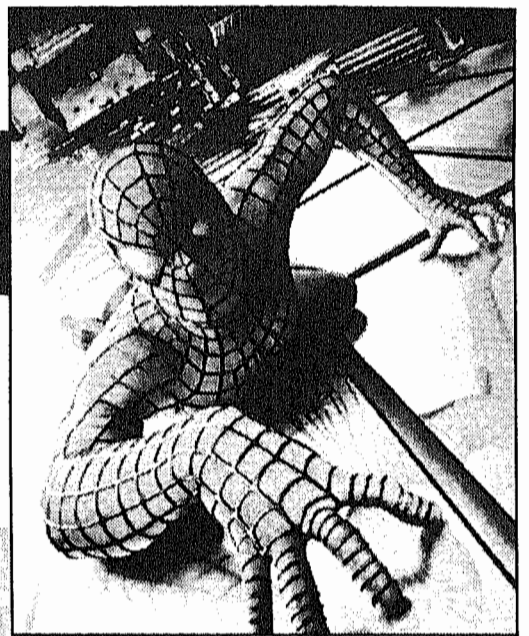
OPENS JUNE 8 : MAJOR CINEMAS

Director Sam Raimi (*The Gift*, *A Simple Plan*, *Evil Dead* etc) claims to be a longtime comic fan, and *Spider-Man* has always been his favourite superhero. Watching the film, I soon got the feeling that it may well be the truth. Raimi and his team have pulled the original web-head onto the big screen so lovingly, so flawlessly, that I left the cinema convinced that *Spider-Man* is my favourite superhero too.

Where the *Batman* series got lost in the dark, super-stylised world of the Gotham City theme park, *Spider-Man* climbs the walls of a real city (New York, of course). Where the various Batmen were sent to the Arnold Schwarzenegger School of Corny, *Deadpan One-Liners* before filming, Tobey Maguire plays a role that puts the 'human' back into human-spider.

Bitten by a genetically-engineered arachnid, Peter Parker wakes up the next day with a wicked set of pecs, 180° spider-sense vision and space-string spurting from his wrists. The archetypal high school geek, played with a well measured nervousness by Maguire, gradually comes to terms with his new powers. This learning process is the source of some genuinely funny moments and in fact, a gentle sense of humour runs throughout the film, further emphasising Parker's superhuman vulnerability. Indeed, even when kitted out in his stunning spider suit, Parker is the central character. Through all the leaping, fighting and swinging on webs, the human underneath the latex is the star.

When it comes to co-stars, the supporting cast is great. Kirsten Dunst, playing M.J., Parker's love interest, is excellent. As



Hollywood blockbuster screen couples go, they're about as endearingly unorthodox as you will see. Dunst presents the unsettled high school A-crowd queen with an even sensitivity. Dropped into some dire predicaments, she prefers a kind of lazy resistance to Lois Lane-brand hysteria. Willem Dafoe is brilliant as the requisite bad guy. His portrayal of rich businessman Norman Osborn and his chemically enhanced alter ego, the Green Goblin, lends a sometimes comical and always menacing edge to many of the film's key scenes.

Macy Gray's opportunistic turn as, well, herself (playing a gig in Times Square) is the only blot on the copybook (talk about product placement, Sony), but thinking back to some of the many winning scenes - Parker in dodgy, homemade spider outfit entering an amateur wrestling contest, or his one-punch defeat of the school bully - it's a minor gripe. *Spider-Man* is big screen escapist cinema of the highest order and I can't recommend it highly enough.

Mark Scruby

CRUSH NOW SHOWING : PALACE/NOVA

One glimpse at the promotional posters for this movie would give you the impression that it fits comfortably into that 'kooky Brit romantic comedy' category a la *Bridget Jones* and *Four Weddings* (and not just because it says as much on the poster). But be warned: this is one comedy that turns very bitter sweet.

The plot is centred on the now well proven formula of a group of slightly older professional women (Kate - Andie Macdowell, Janine - Imelda Staunton and Molly - Anna Chancellor) who become each other's chosen family as they struggle through life...alone - gasp! Every week they meet up to drown their sorrows in gin, cigarettes and chocolate and generally bemoan how pathetic their love lives are (another well proven formula - you get the gist).

That is, until Kate has a crazy cemetery encounter with the very dishy Jed (Kenny

Doughty) who just happens to be 15 years her junior. Molly and Janine are disgusted, and when they discover that Kate has been seeing Jed in secret to avoid their ridicule they embark on a series of evil yet comical schemes designed to force her to see the light.

It is here that the evil starts to overwhelm the comical as you are exposed to the full extent of how vicious women can be to each other. The film takes a very solemn turn and becomes a lesson in the dynamics of female friendship - always close but often destructive, best friends and worst enemies - and the change in tone will catch you by surprise. *Crush* is not what it seems, so if you're not expecting a *Four Weddings* revisit (although, as if compulsorily, the movie does feature both weddings and funerals) you won't be disappointed. Take this as a warning and you'll probably quite enjoy *Crush*.

Penny

GIVEAWAYS



Want to see a cool film during the holidays? Well, the cool folks at United International Pictures have slung some double passes to *Ghost World* our way, and you can pick one up in the *On Dit* office this Friday @ 1 p.m. Just name us a movie that either of the two lead actresses have been in (apart from those mentioned in the review). We also have a super cool limited edition copy of Daniel Clowes' graphic novel on which the movie is based. To win this, you need to grovel like you've never groveled before.



MOLOKAI: THE STORY OF FATHER DAMIEN

OPENS JUNE 20 : PALACE NOVA CINEMAS

Written by the man responsible for *Gandhi*, John Briley, and directed by Australia's Paul Cox (*Innocence*, *Lonely Hearts*, and the recent *Nijinsky*), *Molokai* is a Belgian/Netherlandish production documenting the life of Father Damien DeVeuster (David Wenham, looking like a cross between Diver Dan and a 70s kids' TV presenter). Set in colonial Hawaii in the late 19th Century, Father Damien volunteers to serve on the island leper colony that gives the film its name. It is a predictably forbidding place and the scenery is spectacularly shot – it's all green plateaus, black cliffs and frothing blue sea, and the wind howls ceaselessly through the makeshift homes of the settlement.

Rallying against the stingy British bureaucracy for sufficient funding and the church for more support, Wenham's Father Damien is a curiously subdued character. He's dogmatic, but without the 'dog'. We're led to believe that he's seething with rage but it seldom comes to the surface. When it does, it's filtered through a quiet Flemish accent. Geographically and emotionally isolated, Father Damien's relationships are stunted by a strangely pious detachment.

His friendship with the dying doctor Williamson (Peter O'Toole), is engaging and contributes some of the film's 'lighter' moments (Father Damien tells the doctor that he won't let him die until he has been converted to Catholicism). Sam Neill plays an important bloke in a suit (in this case, the

Prime Minister) while Derek Jacobi is excellent as the scheming Father Leonor Fousnel. Kris Kristofferson auditions for a Marlboro Man ad (again) in his role as Meyer, the main landowner on Molokai, and Next Big Thing of the mid-nineties, Aiden Young, makes a welcome return to the big screen as the young doctor who befriends Damien but lacks the religious resolve to tolerate the awful conditions of the colony. Kate Ceberano is a minor revelation in her small role as the Hawaiian princess, Lili'uokalani.

Yes, *Molokai* is a grave and serious film. Father Damien shows his compassion for the afflicted native Hawaiians through his actions rather than through his words. His will is unbreakable and his story 'inspiring'. Conflict between Cox and the film's producer, Tharssi Vanhuysse, about the final cut led to production being halted by the Belgian courts. Cox claimed that Vanhuysse was trying to over-commercialise the film and was eventually allowed final say on its re-edit. And the result certainly isn't 'commercial', but *Molokai* certainly tells an important story and documents an extraordinary life. While Father Damien was beatified in 1995 by Pope John Paul II, this film may not receive any awards. However, it's a well-made film that wears its integrity on its sleeve and, in the end, that's a good thing.

Mark Scruby

HART'S WAR

MAJOR CINEMAS

Usually I'm not a fan of war movies – either I get bored by the action or confused by the politics. Court dramas also fail to impress me in general. And films about racism are far too preachy for my liking. Despite all of this, I found *Hart's War*, which fits into all of the categories mentioned, to be a highly enjoyable film.

The film is set during the final few months of World War II. It opens with the titular character, Lieutenant Hart (Colin Farrell), being captured by the Germans. He finds himself in a POW camp, where the Americans are under the command of Colonel Hart (Bruce Willis). When two black officers arrive and are quartered with prejudiced men, tensions brew, murders occur and Hart finds himself the defence attorney in a court martial.

The plot unfolds very cleverly. The story is told entirely from the point of view of Hart, and as he learns more of the secrets of the camp, the meanings of past events changes. But what really makes the film interesting is the theme of hypocrisy running through the film. While Hart seems to be a pretty much all round good guy, the fact that he failed to withhold information during German interrogation colours him slightly guilty for the entire film. Other characters are also hypocritical in their own ways, serving to create some tough moral decisions.

As seems to be mandatory in war

movies, the notions of honour, duty and heroism are examined. While a few of the speeches on these matters near the end of the film were irritating with their overblown sentimentality, I was actually intrigued by the film's analysis of the value of a human life when weighed up against the good of the country.

Don't let the publicity fool you into thinking that Bruce Willis is the star of this film. While he is good (as always), it is Colin Farrell (who was great in *Tigerland*) who really stands out in the leading role.

Finally, the cinematography in this film deserves a mention. The first twenty or so minutes were particularly striking, but the visuals are very impressive throughout.

Hart's War is a well written film with carefully constructed characters and clever plot turns. The great cast and cinematography all add up to make this a highly recommended film.

Justin Ghan



THE HARD WORD

NOW SHOWING : MAJOR CINEMAS

I have often been of the opinion that Australian film just does not work unless we parade ourselves around as a bunch of hopelessly moronic misfits in 'quirky' 'feelgood' comedies (*Priscilla*, *Strictly Ballroom*, *Wog Boy*, etc.). Anything else appears to come of as some kind of contrived Hollywood wannabe. Recent years however have proved that maybe we do have what it takes to make 'real' films and *The Hard Word* is yet another sterling example of what Australian film industry can produce.

In a similarly black motif as *Chopper*, *The Hard Word* follows three brothers in crime – level headed Dale (Guy Pearce), quietly optimistic butcher Mal (Damien Richardson) and psychotic muscle head Shane Twentymen (Joel Edgerton) – as they are blackmailed into pulling off their last big heist by their slimy lawyer Frank. Things quickly turn sour when the boys discover that Frank's been doing the dirty with Dale's wife (Rachel Griffiths) and plans on having them all killed once the job's been done.

It is difficult to fault anyone for their work on this film. Pearce and Griffiths both put in their standard great performances and both Edgerton and Richardson appear to handle their first lead roles with deft ease. Writer and first time director Scott Roberts even seems to have more to offer than most

experienced directors, with some truly inspired comic scenes (keep an eye out for the lava lamp). And don't forget to pay attention to the musical score, masterfully put together by none other than David Thrusell (of 'Snog' and 'Black Lung' fame) an independent masterpiece in itself (though I am probably biased on this account).

My favourite aspect of *The Hard Word*, however was its truly Australian feel which, despite straying disturbingly close at times, never made me feel embarrassed to be an Aussie. The inclusion of such things as 'The Big Cow' and a few vague references to 'ockka' slang and Don Bradman were light enough to inject some humor without tying down such stupidity to the characters themselves. Having the brothers speak in 'Retchitub K-lat' (butcher talk – and yes this is a true Australianism) also worked wonderfully, helping to fill some holes in the storyline as well as providing several great comic moments.

All in all I'd say *The Hard Word* provided a rollicking good ride through Australia's seedy underworld and left me feeling nothing but happy thoughts about the future of Australian film. Hurray!

Oliver

COMING SOON TO CINEMAS NEAR YOU...

Hey there people! *On Dit* will be out of circulation for a while as the dark cloud of exams descends upon us all, but if you want to see some movies to ease your frayed nerves, keep an eye out for these films opening in the coming weeks...

All G in da House

Everyone's favourite bruvver from the West Staines Massive unwittingly becomes involved in the evil Chancellor's plan to overthrow the Prime Minister of Great Britain, but ends up being embraced by the nation as the voice of youth and "realness", making the PM and his government more popular than ever. Well! wicked man!!

I am Sam

Actor's actor Sean Penn and Michelle Pfeiffer star in this story of a mentally challenged fathers fight to keep custody of his daughter. All set to contemporary renditions of classic Beatles tracks.

Story Telling

From Todd Solondz, director of 'Welcome to the Dollhouse' and 'Happiness', comes a story in two parts -fiction and non-fiction - exploring notions of life, fiction, movies, abuse, sex, drugs, murder and more!

Bend it Like Beckham

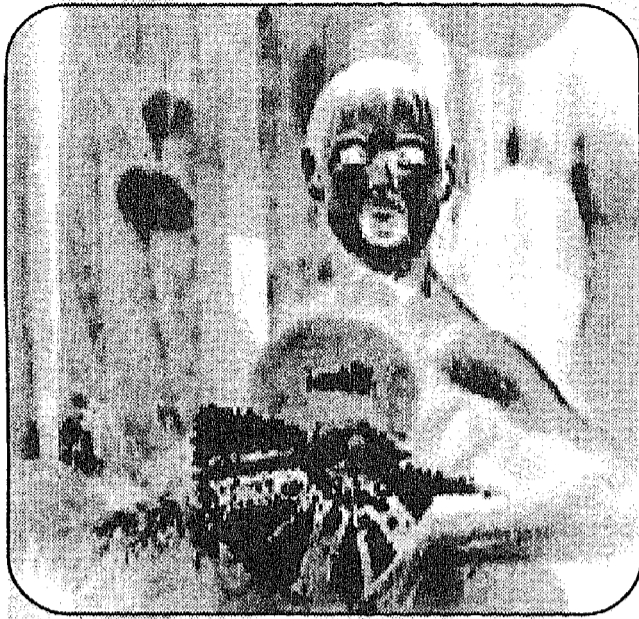
UK comedy film from the man behind *Bhaji on the Beach* about an English-Indian Girl who dreams of being a soccer star like her idol, Mr. Posh Spice.

Ghost World

See review this issue. It's fantastic!

Happy Exams Kids! love dan V xox





Sleepless Beauty premieres at the Adelaide Cabaret Festival, running from June 7-9. Written by and starring Christa Hughes (Machine Gun Fellatio), it is a fractured fairytale about a woman obsessed with outer beauty. I recently had the chance to chat with Christa about the upcoming performance of her show.

The idea of an obsession with appearance has been on Christa's mind for a while. "The whole basis of *Sleepless Beauty* came to when I was at a supermarket. I often pick up those magazines like *Who* and *NW* and just stand there flicking through them while I am waiting in the queue, and I always notice their absolute obsession with any celebrity or even vague celebrity's bodies and there is always that undertone of how great they look if they are starving themselves. Even recently one of them had a cover claiming that Geri Halliwell was bulimic with big exclamation marks, but the week before it would have been about Geri's fabulous body and how does she do it? So even though they love saying that she is anorexic, there is always this underlying tone that well, she does look good for it. There are so many people with eating disorders, and it seems to be becoming more and more common. I don't know if it's just that people are more open to discussing it, or if they are getting a lot worse with young people because of the incredible amount of media that keeps insisting that yes they are anorexic, they are bulimic, they have had plastic surgery but at the end of the day we're going to keep photographing them because it looks good."

I asked Christa if the show is actually related to the fairytale *Sleeping Beauty*, but she really just liked the title. "It's basically about a woman who wants to enter a beauty pageant and she is obviously very influenced by the media around her: about how she is meant to look,

body shape, body size, colour of hair, even just how she holds her head and smiles. She has been on a huge amount of diet pills to lose weight, hasn't been eating and inevitably because of the diet pills hasn't been sleeping. She then becomes more prone to hallucinate, usually in the bedroom in front of the mirror. So I've got these other performers - Ruby May Fox, Imogen Kelly and Mixx Contortionista are the three amazing women who make cameo appearances, and each one is presenting a different reflection. And as the show proceeds and the night proceeds her head does get more and more distorted. So it just looks at things like the ridiculousness of body image to the point at which people start cutting their body up with plastic surgery. You hear about people who are anorexic and even when they are in hospital and they are just skin and bone they look in the mirror and still think that they are fat. Your mind is really seeing something completely different to reality. So it just plays with it so that each time she looks in the mirror she sees a different performer and each one is really quite different."

I enquired as to how Christa was getting into character for this performance "It's going to be weird because I've never done this character before and it's definitely not me, and there is such an obvious element of vanity in this show. She isn't staring in the mirror all the time because she thinks that she is beautiful, she's staring at herself because she is so self-conscious and she wants to make herself beautiful. It reminds me of the supermodels in the 80s who were pretty much the highest paid women in the world and they were paid because they looked beautiful and that was pretty much all they did. That just kind of emphasized the fact that all you



stage - Chit Chat or Loveshark would just about do anything to steal the limelight and Pinky is almost subdued in comparison as if to contrast with the madness going on around him. So I have just always found with that band that we are all just a bunch of pigs when it comes to hogging the limelight. So there is just this very big but very healthy competition from the moment that we hit the stage. But also we have always had these huge lighting shows and pyrotechnics and glitter bombs so it's quite a different feel up there.

There is so much energy and it's so bloody loud, and you find with that level of loudness it does distort your own perceptions. If the music is that loud, you have to sing that loud and you have to jump around to be seen so your performance energy has just got to go up triplefold. Whereas if you are in a quiet theatre with a piano and everyone is just going ssh, it's a very different thing. It's not any more or less powerful, and in a way that quietness can be even more powerful because you can play so much more with the dynamics then - you can sing softly and then bring it up to a huge crescendo. They're all very different I could never compare them I could never say that I love one more than the other. I love them all but I am really looking forward to performing with a different bunch of musicians who are very energetic themselves."

Sleepless Beauty

Interview with Christa Hughes

have to do is to be beautiful - you don't have to be talented, you don't have to be clever, you don't have to be witty, in fact you don't have to have any skills whatsoever, all you have to do is to be beautiful and you have got wealth and fame and you have got the world at your fingertips. There is such an emphasis with that still, even with actors in films - they're not great actors, it's just a good looking woman who has been trained how to deliver a line in certain way that will pass as acting just so long as she looks good. I won't know how I am going to get into this character until I start the show. I am wearing a wig because I always wear a wig when I am doing a show like this. I have found that once you've got a wig and a different look and a certain walk that is half the character there."

Performing in a show for the Cabaret Festival is a world away from Christa's usual gig - as a member of Machine Gun Fellatio, in which she performs under many names (K.K.Juggy, Ruby Mounds). I asked if it was hard keeping track of so many different personas. "What I have worked out is I don't have multiple personality syndrome, it's more like multiple name disorder. They all have pretty much the same personality, it's just the name that is different. That's about as far as it goes. The list just keeps getting longer and longer though. It's just so different from performing with Machine Gun Fellatio because I have always described that band as having four front people. Everyone on that stage is such a huge performer. So many bands just have the front-man as the lead singer and that's that, but with this band it's everyone who gets up on that

Tickets are now onsale for *Sleepless Beauty*, which premieres on June 7 at the Cabaret Festival. Get along and check it out for yourself!

Poptart





Dislabelled Interview With Caroline Conlon

Don't think a deaf person can sing? You must not have seen *Dislabelled*, a show coming to this year's Cabaret Festival from June 19-23. Caroline Conlon, who wrote and performs the piece with Sofya Gollan, talked to *On Dit* about theatre, writing, and (surprisingly) the alphabet.

OD: What is your personal background? Have you done much theatre work before?

CC: After leaving school, I was undecided about what I wanted to do so I did office work for a couple of years. Later, a government vocational service for the deaf offered me work as a liaison officer, and after that, I travelled overseas for a year of backpacking. When I returned home, The Australian Theatre of the Deaf ran some auditions. I had no drama experience or dreams/goals to work in theatre but my friends nudged me to go and try.

Somehow...they offered me a position! Seven wild, exciting and unpredictable years went by before I left. During my time in theatre, I developed a passion for sign-singing and gained some work on television including two appearances on Channel 7's *All Saints*. I am now working at the Royal Institute for Deaf and Blind Children on a project translating children's classics and contemporary stories from English to Auslan (Australian Sign Language) on video.

OD: What does your performance involve and what is it about?

CC: It is a mixture of story-telling, sharing jokes, sign-singing and a little bit of dancing. Through this we reveal our lives as deaf women in a hearing man's world.

OD: How long did the show take to write? What process did you and Sofya undergo to write the piece?

CC: With our director, Tony Strachan, we spent a day going down memory lane and recalling and reminiscing our experiences as deaf women. We also listed songs that we both knew. Sofya and I went away to Byron Bay for 10 days to write the script (we didn't get as much done as we thought we would!) We basically re-tell our experiences and link them with aptly fitting songs. Our experiences are just like anybody else's - that was our key to get the audience to relate to us. It is the deaf viewpoint that adds the twist.

OD: In 30 words or less, tell *On Dit* why uni students should come along to *Dislabelled*.

CC:	Auslan	Naughty
	Bold	Observant
	Culture	Powerful
	Deafness	Quirky
	Exposure	Raunchy
	Full-on	Sirens
	Gregarious	Tongue-in-cheek
	Hip	Uncensored
	Interpretation	Voluptuous
	Jazzy	Wild
	Kinky	X-Rated
	Luscious	Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes!
	Martinis	Zany

Dislabelled runs from June 19-23 at The Space, Adelaide Festival Centre. Tickets are \$29, \$26 conc.

Emily



I Don't Wanna Play House Written and performed by Tammy Anderson May 29 - June 1

I Don't Wanna Play House was the story of Tammy Anderson's turbulent childhood. Moving constantly, and having lived in 16 houses in the first 15 years of her life, Tammy had quite a story to tell.

With only a basic set and a couple of guitars, Tammy, a proud Palawa woman, delivered an amazing theatrical display to the audience. In the one-woman show, Tammy took on the personas of her childhood self, mother, siblings, grandmother and mother's boyfriends, illustrating her time of pain, and eventual triumphs over her past. Funny at times, the moving tale is tinged with sadness, references to sexual abuse, and heartache.

A life told through the eyes of an optimistic child, Tammy's story was brutally honest and unique. Musician Don Hopkins echoed Tammy's sentiments through bursts of country and western song, which added an uplifting element.

Tammy's exceptional performance has warranted her a nomination for 'Best Female Performer' in the 2002 Green Room Awards. Although *I Don't Wanna Play House* has now finished its Adelaide season, it's not hard to see why Tammy has won critical acclaim for her performance.

Elpitha Souglaris

What's On....

As this is the last edition of *On Dit* for the semester, here's a run down of all the arts events worth a go-see during June and July.

Urbanscape June 6-13

This is the first exhibition for Alleycat, a new gallery located in Synagogue Place. The exhibition displays new works from thirty-three South Australian artists, whose work explores the urban environment landscape in response to the tradition of Australian rural landscape paintings. For more info, call Sophie Hann on 8370 2103.

Adelaide Cabaret Festival June 7-23

Apart from *Sleepless Beauty* and *Dislabelled* (see interviews in this edition), there will be heaps of other great acts performing in the venues of the Festival Centre. Triple J's favourite senior citizen, Ethel Chop, will interview various Adelaide guests in a her very own 'talk show'. *The Happy Sideshow*, a hit at this year's Fringe, return with several new stunts including sword swallowing, contortion and acrobatics. Tickets are available from BASS or the Festival Centre.

The Club June 11 - June 29

This David Williamson play is the next production in the Bakehouse Theatre's 2002 season. For more info, call the Bakehouse on 8227 0505.

Spartacus June 29 - July 2

The Australian Ballet returns to Adelaide for four performances of their new piece, *Spartacus*. According to the media info, the ballet boasts "high-energy choreography that shows off the strength and virility of the men of the Australian Ballet". Worth a look, I say. Book at BASS.

Dealer's Choice July 12 - August 3

The next production in the State Theatre Company's 2002 season, *Dealer's Choice* takes a close look at the world of gambling. Playwright Patrick Marber uses his own experiences with gambling to create this hilarious black comedy. Book at BASS.

Theatre Sports - Improvivor Promethean Theatre, 116 Grote Street June 9, 16, 23, 20 \$12, \$8 conc.

The Theatre Sports season has started for 2002 and is organised around the theme of *Improvivor*, where players will set out to outplay and outlaugh each other, or risk being voted out!

Theatre Sports could be described as an energetic cross between theatre and sports, which originated in Britain several decades ago, and is now played in countries all over the world. The basic idea is that pre-organised teams compete for points in time-limited games of improvisational theatre, which seems an ideal format for the cosy and quaint Promethean Theatre.

The opening night of June 2 was moderately attended but warmly received. MC Michael Newbold was quickly accepted by the audience and proved entertaining in his capacity, and the skills of musical accompanist Pete Dutton on keyboard and accordion were much appreciated.

The first half of the evening was a play-off between three rookie teams in three rounds of improv games (think spacejump, mime, rhyming couplets, genre interpretations, ballet and statues). For the second half of the evening, two teams composed of the cream of practiced improv actors proved highly entertaining as they competed against each other, *Survivor*-style, in increasingly difficult challenges right down to the last player. Highlights of the night would have to include the sci-fi interpretation of Rumpelstiltskin, an impromptu sonnet to a carrot-eating parrot (complete with a-b-a-b-c-d-c-d-e-f-e-f-g-g rhyming scheme), and the Shakespearean death by perfume assault in Myer skit.

For all audience members, participation is strongly encouraged - and addictive - but no-one is forced into an uncomfortable position (as might happen in some stand-up shows). This reviewer was lucky enough to be hand-picked for one of three audience judging positions, and so had input in determining the winner of the evening.

The highlight of the season will no doubt be the grand final on July 7. Don't miss it!

Gemma Clark

DVD

STEALING THE POWER OF THE UNIVERSES
ONE BY ONE.

JET LI
THE ONE

The One
Jet Li, Jason Statham
2001

There was a lot of hype about this film last year, mainly because the poster for it was eerily similar to the *X-Men* one the year before. Billed as a martial arts extravaganza, this is a basic chop-socky outing with pretensions of a plot lurking in the background. The premise is that there is not just one universe, we are in fact living in a multiverse, so there is not just one you, there are many versions of you, each living out a different existence unaware of the others. Of course, one man has the idea that if he wipes out all of the other versions of himself, then he will gain their power and become The One. By the time the film has begun, Yulaw has murdered all but one of the versions and has his sights set on Gabe, a cop living happily with his veterinarian wife. Over the past two years he has been growing in power, as each of the versions has been killed off. Of course, it all just gets more confusing from here on in, because apparently they cannot kill Yulaw, as it would result in the end of the multiverse. Let me for one say that I just don't get it. It is not terribly well explained, and I would probably have to watch it a few times to begin to understand.

The acting in this film is pretty much non-existent, which is mainly because Li has to concentrate on his English rather than his acting. The real star of this movie is the special effects, as the two versions of Jet Li seemingly fight each other, and they make a lot of use of the effects developed in *The Matrix* to illustrate Gabe's growing power. Time is sped up and slowed down, bullets are dodged and motorbikes are thrown around like matchbox toys. All this does not sit well with the plot, which although interesting, proves too much for the script. The one funny line is uttered by one of the penal colonists, who tells Yulaw that he has 'a purty mouth'.

DVD Extras

There are the usual extras, like trailers and biographies, but these pale in comparison to the large number of making of featurettes. These explain in detail how the special effects are created, which involves morphing Jet Li's face onto an extra so that it looks like they are fighting each other. Worth the price of the disc alone.

V ideo

The Man Who Sued God
2001 D: Mark Joffe
Billy Connolly, Judy Davis
Buena Vista Home
Entertainment

When fisherman Steve Myers' (Billy Connolly) fishing boat is destroyed by a lightning bolt, he loses his livelihood and most prized possession. To add insult to injury, his insurance claim is subsequently rejected, leaving him penniless. Furious at the insurer's glib assertion that the destruction of his fishing vessel was an act of God', Steve decides to attempt something which no one has ever done before he plans to sue God. His idea is to legally attack God's representatives on earth, namely the churches. He is aided in his quest for justice by the media-savvy newspaper columnist and talkback radio co-host Anna Redmond (Judy Davis) who believes in Steve's cause and is happy that someone is finally sticking it to the big insurance companies.

However, not everyone is supportive of Steve's campaign. His lawyer brother David (Colin Friels) disapproves strongly of the whole idea and attempts - in vain - to dissuade Steve from his course of action. But Steve is determined to have his day in court. A former lawyer, Steve chooses to represent himself in court, and the case commences. The lawyer for the defense is Garry Ryan (Bille Brown), a slimy reptile who is content that his clients - high-ranking representatives of the churches - will have victory over this insignificant little fish. But Steve refuses to go away; he fights a valiant battle in the Federal Court and brings in fellow claimants who have, like Steve, experienced property damage and destruction and who have, like Steve, been stiffed by their respective insurance companies, who have used the 'act of God' clause to avoid hefty insurance payouts.

The backlash against Steve is quite severe, with members of devout religious groups causing malicious damage to the caravan park in the small coastal town of Whaleboat Bay where Steve lives. The caravan park is owned by Jules (Wendy Hughes), who is Steve's ex-wife, and her husband Les (Blair Yenn), and the vandalism scares away potential customers, so that Jules and Les face serious financial strife. And this puts pressure upon their relationship with Steve. Can Steve win his case and achieve justice for himself and many others in his position?

The Man Who Sued God raises some interesting questions such as whether God exists and whether, therefore, the 'act of God' defense is an acceptable one. The chemistry betwixt Billy Connolly and Judy Davis is delightful to watch, and the romance which blossoms is wonderful to witness. Funny and with the most irresistible premise since *Nothing But the Truth*, *The Man Who Sued God* is heaven sent.

Crazy/Beautiful
2001 D: John Stockwell
Kirsten Dunst, Jay Hernandez
Buena Vista Home
Entertainment

'You could be anywhere when your life begins' is the premise of *Crazy/Beautiful*, in which the aggrieved Nicole (Kirsten Dunst) encounters Carlos (Jay Hernandez). The foundation of their love begins with mutual attraction and the couple succeeds in distressing their respective families with their relationship. Their loving admiration of each other inspires many Kodak moments, then we learn of Nicole's saddening past - the family secrets that are the cause of her self-destructive and free character. But Nicole slowly rebuilds her life as she falls in love with Carlos. But for how long? Carlos is consumed by Nicole's wild nature, and their union may hold the key to their future happiness.

Crazy/Beautiful takes a candid look at forbidden teenage love. Carlos' mother asks her son, 'What are you doing with that white girl?', and Nicole's father warns Carlos, 'Stay away from my troubled daughter'. These authority figures are unable to prevent Nicole and Carlos seeing each other. Watching the central performances is the sole purpose of this film.

Kirsten Dunst is extraordinary as Nicole, the zany, fervent and misunderstood teenager. And we have the chance to see her intensity as an actor. This is her finest role since *Interview with the Vampire* and *The Virgin Suicides*. She is placed in situations in which the themes are explored with maturity, more so than in some other previous star-crossed lover tales. What would be the point in trying to stop Nicole and Carlos' devotion to each other - they are intent upon being together.

This film is recommended. It is a surprise banquet of emotions, and is a rollercoaster ride of teenage affection. It also explores morality and the ease with which family can disintegrate when things get rough.

JOHNNY
DEPP
HEATHER
GRAHAM

FROM
HELL

MA/15+

From Hell
2001 D: Hughes Brothers
Johnny Depp, Heather
Graham, Robbie Coltrane
20th C Fox

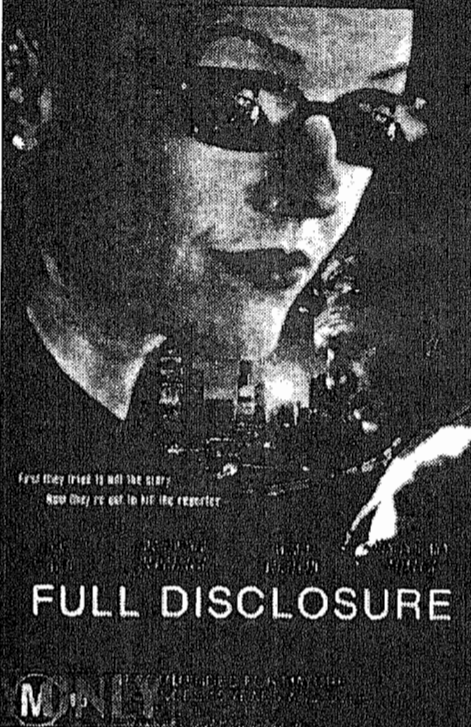
If you are not a fan of gore and murder, I suggest you steer well clear of this one. *From Hell* is a reworking of the Jack The Ripper murders, based on the graphic novel of the same name. It stars Johnny Depp as the fictional Inspector Aberline, a policeman who receives visions of the murders he investigates while 'chasing the dragon' (in other words, high on opium or a potent mix of laudanum and absinthe). Set in a dark and disturbing Victorian England, the story focusses on the group of prostitutes that became the victims of the infamous serial killer, in particular last victim Mary Kelley (Heather Graham). This film has a completely different take on who is the murderer, and presents an elaborate and convincing reason for why they are doing it. Suffice to say, without giving away the entire plot, it is a surprising and enlightening look at Victorian society.

Of course, Johnny Depp is perfectly suited to the role as always, completely dominating every scene that he is in. It is Heather Graham who is a little weak, especially with her appalling faux Irish accent. She also looks a little too rosy cheeked and toothy to be a hard working 'unfortunate' in this time period. The other prostitutes in the group are all convincing in their roles, and Robbie Coltrane as the deputy to Depp's Inspector provides welcome comic relief in such a dark tale.

Although they have not been long on the scene, the Hughes brothers manage to recreate Victorian England convincingly, giving it an almost Tim Burton feel. It is not hard to believe from looking at the dingy and depressing cityscape that such a place might have fostered such a vicious killer. The murders themselves are well executed (no pun intended), especially chilling because of the repeated sound of the knife plunging into the victim's body, and the red tinges to the caped figure of the murderer are really effective. Anyone not entirely strong of stomach would be advised not to eat immediately before this movie, as the murder scenes are gruesome, with intestines draped every which way.

Lovers of murder mysteries and period dramas alike will enjoy this flick, and I believe that all will be surprised by the twist in the end. Moving, macabre and mysterious, this is definitely one to hire rather than waiting for it to come on TV.

Video Video Video Video



FULL DISCLOSURE

Full Disclosure

2001 D: John Bradshaw
Fred Ward, Christopher
Plummer
Columbia TriStar Home
Entertainment

When successful and well-known entrepreneur Frank Somner is murdered, journalist John McWhirter (Fred Ward) decides to cover the story. Somner was killed by Palestinian guerrilla group Shining Path, and one of their lieutenants, Rosa (Rachel Ticotin), is being hidden in the apartment of Sarah Archer (Roberta Maxwell). Sarah is an old friend of Fred and approaches him to ask him to hide Rosa in his apartment for two to three days. The FBI are conducting bogus raids and kicking down doors all over the place, looking for Somner's killers, meanwhile Sarah is on parole and fears that if Rosa is found in her apartment, the consequences will be severe.

John reluctantly agrees to Sarah's request because he owes her a big favor. Several years ago, when he was in college, John partook in the bombing of an on-campus ROTC office as an anti-Vietnam protest. The attack went wrong and John's girlfriend was killed. John escaped but two of his friends, Sarah and Simon Brauman (Nicholas Campbell), were caught and refused to give up John.

As John works on his story, the FBI - led by Robert Lecker (Christopher Plummer) - begins to put pressure on him. They suspect that he knows more about the story than he is letting on, and so they place him under surveillance. Then cold-blooded killer Michelle (Penelope Ann Miller) shows up and begins to kill and torture everyone connected with the Somner murder. Some of these torture scenes are pretty unpleasant, so those with weak stomachs should perhaps rent something a little less in-your-face.

Full Disclosure is pretty ordinary. It will probably not stick in your memory.

James Trevelyan
Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott

An American Rhapsody
2001 D: Eva Gardos
Natassja Kinski, Scarlett
Johansson
Tony Goldwyn

This family melodrama, beginning in the 1950s, tells of a well-to-do family escaping from nasty Communist Cold War Budapest, and seeking the sunshine and salad days of Los Angeles in the good old US of A. The film begins in black and white and shows the family leaving Budapest in the middle of the night, bound for Vienna and the American embassy there. Once the family crosses into Austria and out from behind the Iron Curtain, the film suddenly bursts into wonderful Technicolor. I am sure there is some subtle-as-a-sledgehammer symbolism there.

The trouble for the family is that the youngest daughter could not travel with them and has been left behind in black-and-white Hungary. When the family - minus baby Suzanne - gets to America, you could be forgiven for thinking you are watching *Happy Days*: hamburgers, Coca Cola and diners fill the screen.

Eventually, the family steal their color-deprived child from the family that cared for her for six years and bring her to America. Little Suzanne struggles to learn English and to adjust to the transition from one set of parents to another. She even has to cope with a typically ignorant American neighbor describing her as 'that Communist girl from Czechoslovakia'. Had her English been a bit better, I am sure she would have responded, 'And you're fat trailer trash from America', but instead she just smiled.

This film is based on real life events and appears to be a labour of love for director and screenwriter Eva Gardos. While it is sad that so many lives were forever destroyed by the regimes on either side of the Iron Curtain, what is truly sad is that Gardos cannot use such emotive material to produce a decent film. If she spent less time trying to make us clamber for the Kleenex and more time developing the plot or engaging in some character development, she might have made a film that is worth watching. If you want to see a film involving Hungary and the period surrounding the second World War, Istvan Szabo's *Sunshine*, starring Ralph Fiennes, is worthy of your viewing. This film is strictly for fans of Danielle Steele, though there is no hanky panky (sorry!). Quite seriously, the only highlight of this plodding, uneven, heavy-handed effort is the array of natty V-neck sweaters worn by the father when he reaches the promised land. *An American Rhapsody* won the 1998 Hartley Merrill International Screenwriting Competition which must be as prestigious as winning second prize in a beauty contest. And you don't even get the \$10.

David Finch
Special Thanks to Leah Brown

The Princess Diaries
2001 D: Garry Marshall
Anne Hathaway, Heather
Matarazzo, Julie Andrews
Buena Vista Home
Entertainment

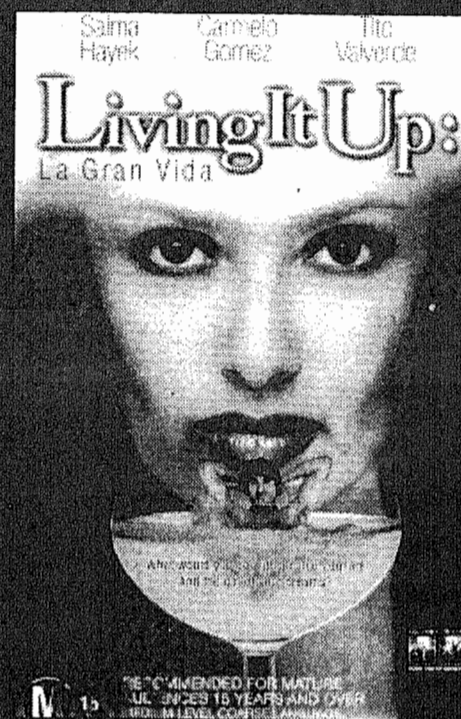
Based upon the novel by Meg Cabot, *The Princess Diaries* is a delightful comedy about a young girl whose life is turned upside down when she learns that she is Princess of a country named Genovia, which is located between France and Spain. In reality such a place does not exist; this is, after all, a work of fiction. Mia Thermopolis (Anne Hathaway) is a teenage misfit who attends Grove High School and hangs out with her best friend Lilly Moscovitz (Heather Matarazzo) and her brother Michael (Robert Schwartzman). Lilly has a cable television show entitled *Shut Up and Listen* which, she discovers to her mortification, only reaches twelve people; and Michael plays keys in a band named Flypaper. Mia's mother Helen is a successful artist, and the two share a renovated firehouse with Mia's cat, Fat Louie.

One day Mia learns that her grandmother, Clarisse Renaldi (Julie Andrews) is in town and desires an audience with her grandchild. So Mia visits her at the Genovian consulate, where she is informed that her grandmother is the Queen of Genovia. This makes Mia Princess of Genovia, and it is Clarisse's wish that Mia officially assume the role that her noble birth demand she play. But Mia is a frumpy, awkward teenager who balks at the huge responsibility inherent in such a role; she is shy and retiring and hardly suited to be a public figure. So how to transform her into a socially acceptable Princess? This is the task which Clarisse undertakes, with the help of her trusty Head of Security, Joseph (Hector Elizondo).

This ugly-duckling-into-swan story is far from new, but director Garry Marshall handles the material in a sensitive and funny fashion, drawing plenty of visual gags from the situation. There is definitely an emphasis on slapstick comedy during the State dinner scene, with people taking pratfalls and being accidentally set on fire - all of it inadvertently initiated by the transitional Mia. Mia fantasizes about kissing Josh Bryant, the obligatory popular jock who is dating the obligatory bitchy cheerleader, Lana Thomas (Mandy Moore). Teen pop sensation Moore performs a song entitled 'Stupid Cupid' at a beach party which Mia attends as Josh's date. Michael has a crush on Mia but feels intimidated by the fact that she is his sister's best friend.

Sure, *The Princess Diaries* is clichéd, but it is also thoroughly entertaining. My only criticism is the stereotypical representation of a Scotsman at the State dinner - why do the filmmakers wanna do us like that? This is a heartwarming story about facing your fears and becoming what you have previously only dreamed of. Put it in your diary today.

James Trevelyan



La Gran Vida (Living It Up)
2001 D: Antonio Cuadri
Salma Hayek, Carmelo
Gómez
Columbia TriStar Home
Entertainment

Bus driver Martine (Carmelo Gómez) is depressed. He has given up on life and detests his monotonous, thankless job. One night, while attempting to commit suicide by leaping from a bridge, he meets Salvadore. Salvadore is a CPA who dissuades Martine from topping himself and suggests an interesting scheme: why doesn't Martine borrow a substantial sum of money from the mob, use the cash to live it up for a week, and then kill himself.

Martine agrees to the scheme and Salvadore takes him to meet a mafia-connected elderly woman in a nursing home who is known as La Signora. Martine's application for a loan is approved and he borrows a whopping one hundred fifty million - it is at this point that viewer belief is severely tested. It is a little difficult to accept that the mob would lend a total stranger such an amount without the borrower providing any collateral.

So Martine proceeds to live it up. The money gives him a new lease on life, and he organizes a huge party. At this swanky do, he meets a sexy waitress named Lola (Salma Hayek) and promptly falls in love with her. But the feisty Lola is not going to be won over easily.

Pretty soon, the week is over and Martine has to pay the money back. It is at this point that he is meant to commit suicide, but over the course of the week he has discovered something to live for, namely Lola. Salvadore advises Martine to escape to Brazil but Martine does not want to leave his new love.

This is a delightful romantic comedy which will keep you guessing until its clever denouement.

James Trevelyan
Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott

local music

Brunatex Stars & Splinters Indie

Brunatex have already developed a bit of a reputation around this fair city of ours. Their unique fusion of dance/trip-hop grooves, ambient yet poppy melodies and textures borrowed from across the spectrum, from indie to electronica, seem to have set them apart from many of their peers. Technically these guys are very strong musicians whose talents transcend the bounds of any one instrument, giving *Stars & Splinters* a full and lush soundscape that fills every corner of the aural experience. Very groovy stuff indeed say I. Basically if you've been checking out the local scene and you still haven't heard of Brunatex, then you've been doing so with your eyes and ears shut. Brunatex are very well known in Adelaide and for good reason, they're quite unique, not quite indie-rock and not quite electronica, but a healthy amalgam of various musical styles. The band's strengths, both musically and vocally, translate from the live performance to the recorded performance remarkably well (although Kate Bush still has a lot to answer for). The album also offers a great deal as far as quirkiness and unusual instrumentation are concerned, the first track 'Lonely Highway' features xylophone and if this isn't cool enough track ten, 'Brown Rabbit' not only features xylophone...but what sounds like glöckenspiel as well. Groovy. Other tracks serve up tones and textures reminiscent of some of Daft Punk's more recent stuff; the very cool lo-fi sounds of 'old skool' analogue synths and effects processors are coming back with a vengeance and the stripped back electronic sound is used to great effect on *Stars & Splinters*. The twelve songs featured on the album cough up some very interesting musical quirks, 'Five-eight' for example is named after its very unusual time signature (in much the same fashion as the Gorillaz track '5/4') and the song 'Monster' is almost reminiscent of those weird old Japanese cartoons like *Samurai Pizza Cats*. It's quite bizarre. All in all one of the more interesting Adelaide releases to come our way over the last year or so. If you're into the local stuff and you want to immerse yourself in a very unique and interesting musical experience then I definitely recommend checking Brunatex out.

boy girl bunny

Reviewers Wanted!

Hey there kids, we have a plethora (do you know how much a plethora is?) of local music coming through that's just itching to be reviewed but sadly contributors have been few and far between. So if you dig the local noise then come down to the *On Dit* office (located downstairs in the George Murray building, near the men's toilets. There's a sign that says "On Dit" and has an arrow pointing down) and make yourself known to...I dunno, someone and then prepare to have CDs thrown at you or be sent trundling off to gigs whereby you will become part of the underground hype machine. Yay for you!

avon the driver whose fault it wasn't/loops of phase Indie

Unless you're one of those indie kids whose been hiding in your bedroom with the lights out for the last decade, chances are you would have heard of local four piece indie pop purveyors Avon. With several releases to their name, numerous gigs over the last four years and strong 3D Radio support behind them, Avon released two two-track limited edition singles simultaneously late last year.

First up, is 'the driver whose fault it wasn't' displaying the band's dynamic, rockier sound, with wonderfully glassy guitar tones that bring to mind images of Sonic Youth making friends with The Clouds on a merry-go-round. When you add vocalist/guitarist Alison Mair's cooler than cool delivery, you get a great track that is wonderfully icy and warm all at the same time. But my money is on the B-side, 'babble ruined candles'; a magnificent track replete with dark, catchy hooks, yummy twin guitar intervals, and an outro that had me jabbing away at the repeat button like a man possessed.

The 'loops of phase' single shows a mellower side to the band, veering ever so slightly into that territory that somehow came to be known as 'post-rock', whilst not afraid of getting loud and discordant when the mood takes them. The A-side melds ambient trumpet lines with soft guitars, and Mair's vocals floating above it all, delivering the kind of intelligent yet cheeky lyrics that I love, such as: 'the pressures of earning/ consumer you'. The instrumental 'points lines surfaces' continues in this dreamy vein with some nice loud/soft crescendos.

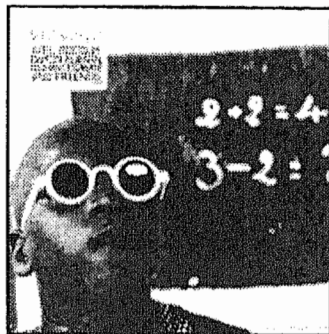
Both of these discs are quality local releases that I cannot recommend highly enough to lovers of indie post-pop/rock/fusion guitar music (or whatever hip buzz-word it's known as nowadays); the sound is very impressive for a DIY demo (big thumbs up to engineer David Pleic and Signor Pro Tools), and they're lovingly and uniquely packaged by drummer Stuart Symons. So indie kids, spend less time in your room reminiscing over the early nineties and depriving yourself of Vitamin D, get into your local music supporting store (big star comes to mind) and if you haven't already, seek out Avon, both on disc and in the flesh, very, very soon.

dan V

Casper Flying Blind Indie

Certain artists recently have shown that there's pop and then there's "pop with cred"...a grittier side of pop music, fusing elements of hip-hop, trip-hop, reggae and straight ahead pop music into a musically valid, yet radio-friendly and still quite marketable product. Casper skirt around this category quite tactfully, gritty enough to still be taken seriously despite the upbeat tempos and catchy melodies of most of the songs on their latest release *Flying Blind*. The most obvious comparison one can draw (and I certainly hope this is not taken as an insult) lies within the ever so slightly Nelly Furtado-esque vocals. Some of the melodic inflections and lightened-up trip-hop stylings can't help but cast the mind to tracks like 'Turn Off The Light' or 'On The Radio', and let's face it, as far as pop music is concerned Nelly is pretty fucking cool. While these guys seem to draw influence from groups like Massive Attack, possibly Portishead and dare I say...Nelly Furtado, some of the samples on some of the tracks come right out of left field and are really quite cool. Casper sample everything from 'My Friends' by the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Tool's 'Stinkfist' and even dialogue from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Casper have a lot going for them and are one of the truly interesting threads in the local music tapestry. Definitely investigate the "trip-pop" sounds of Casper if you get the chance. *Flying Blind* is a tight little release that I strongly recommend you have a little bit of a listen to.

El Kapitan Slinky



**Afel Bocoum, Damon Albarn,
Toumani Diabaté and friends**
Mali Music
Honest Jons/EMI

Highly anticipated and widely criticised, *Mali Music* is an interesting release to say the least. Naturally, most listeners will be attracted to *Mali Music* simply because Damon Albarn is involved this collaboration. Albarn fans have been waiting for this disc to appear in CD stores ever since the news got around that two years (or so) ago, the Blur/Gorillaz frontman laid down around 40 hours of music with some of Mali's finest.

Alternately complementing and contrasting with Albarn's melodica, (occasional) vocals and 'stoner grooves', the

Malian acoustics are simply beautiful. Afel Bocoum's vocals are sublime. In fact, the entire Malian octet shines. The soft delights of 'Spoons' make this album opener one of this reviewer's favourite tracks. '4am at Toumanis' and 'Sunset Coming On' are similarly brilliant, melding together Albarn's grooves and the Malian musician's amazing sounds perfectly.

Critics are complaining that Albarn's contributions are dull, intrusive and altogether banal. They claim that Albarn's new collaboration is simply a bit of pretentious wank; that he's basically enjoying a bit of show and tell: 'Look what I did in the holidays! Isn't it cool?' But hang on a minute - if Mike Skinner* bent over in front of these critics, they'd lick his arse and call it ice cream. At least Albarn took the time to challenge himself, challenge his fans and donate some of the proceeds from his experimentation to Oxfam. *Mali Music* may be a case of try-before-you-buy, but at least give it a try.

Jen
*The Streets.

←
**ON DIT'S
PICK
OF THE
WEEK**



→
unirecords

**ALBUM OF
THE WEEK**



Betchadupa
The Alphabetchadupa
Festival Mushroom

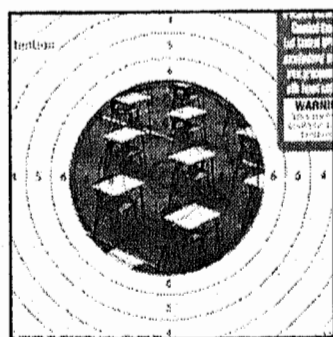
Forget everything you ever thought about the name Finn. Liam Finn's band Betchadupa is making inroads into the NZ/Australian music scene on the basis of their great music, not their parents' names. They are being labelled as one of the most exciting young talents to emerge from the Southern Hemisphere in quite some time and their debut album, *The Alphabetchadupa* is a very competent release. That is to say, it is not without its faults. Whilst the band have their own unique sound, Betchadupa

are yet to reach their full potential in regards to their lyricism.

That said, this album is definitely worth the purchase price. The band's sound still has that raw edge that is able to burn through the studio production. Betchadupa wear their late-nineties, Nirvana influences proudly on their sleeves. The tracks are edgy, sometimes mellow and always brooding with energy. 'Filthy McNasty' and the single 'Supa Day' are particularly note worthy. Avid JJJ listeners will be very familiar with the latter track and the other single from *The Alphabetchadupa*, 'Sleepy News'. Still, the studio recording does not come close to the amazing experience of Betchadupa live. Check out the '7 Worlds Collide' DVD, on which they collaborate with the likes of Eddie Vedder and take on some old Split Enz tunes.

Pick up a copy at Unirecords and check out what one of the best live acts in our part of the world have done in the studio. Also, check out the cool artwork.

pump750



Grinspoon
New Detention
Universal

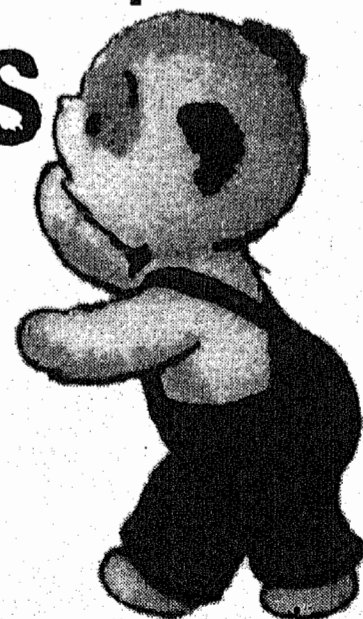
Does anyone actually remember Grinspoon being Unearthed by Triple J? It's amazing to see just how much Grinspoon have matured over the past few years, and this development is evident from the first track of *New Detention*. Even the packaging of the CD has that special something, with its gun-sight slip cover with clear insert. Latest single 'Lost Control' is an obvious standout, with its catchy bass line and summer festival feel, as is ballad 'Chemical

Heart'. There are still remnants of the old Grinspoon evident, especially in the noisome 'Boltcutter', which sets a frenetic pace for the rest of the tracks to follow. Perhaps the catchiest song on this album, 'Make It Happen' is a pervasive and irresistible number that grows on you with each successive listen. Grinspoon demonstrate on *New Detention* just how versatile they are as a band, pushing up both the volume and pace on 'Killswitch' until your ears scream out for mercy, and then easing back to a saunter on the plaintive 'Hate', whisking you away at the end of the day.

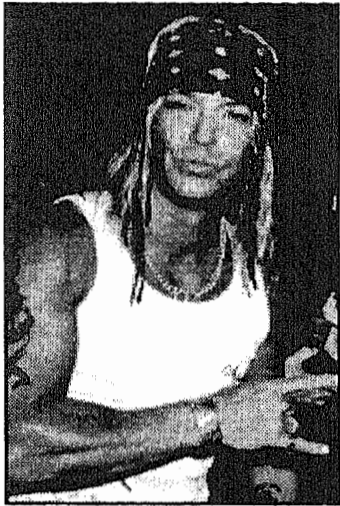
With nary a bad track in evidence, *New Detention* is a definite contender for album of the year. From start to finish it keeps your attention, which is a rare thing in an album these days. Fans and detractors alike are sure to be impressed by this effort, so make sure that you grab a copy - you don't want to be the only one on the block without one!

Poptart

←
**SOOTY'S
ALBUM
OF THE
WEEK!**

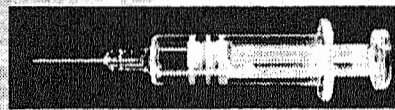
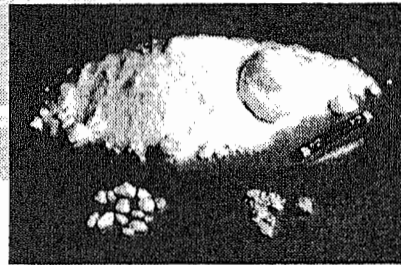


Wanted - Music Sub-Editor!



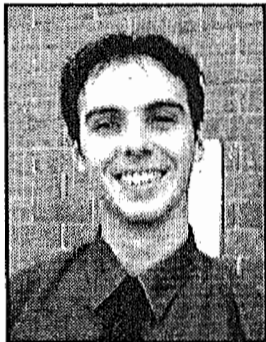
Do you worship this man?

Is this your favourite band?



Is this your idea of a good weekend?

Then the *On Dit* Music Sub-editorship is not for you! Your career path lies with Mötley Crüe.



Sadly, Mark Jordan has left the warm embrace of the *On Dit* team to pursue his dream of opening for *Tool*. If you answered no to all of the above questions, then perhaps you should think about applying for the position of *On Dit* music sub-editor. To apply simply saunter on down to the office and we will put you through your paces. Brush up on your knowledge of early eighties bands and the complete back catalogue of Eminem, and you will be in with a chance for the position of a lifetime.

Disclaimer!!!

The *On Dit* team does not in any way support the consumption of drugs, or the worship of bad eighties bands. Drugs are bad, mmkay!

Thank you Mark!!! We'll miss you!
Love,
The *On Dit* Team

unirecords

We have giveaways!!



We may not have a multitude of guitars on offer, but the lovely and exceedingly generous Craig from Unirecords has given us a swag of singles to thrust into your eager little mitts. So come on down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 2pm for your chance to win a prize.



Too much time on your hands? Need something to fill your dreary existence with during these long holidays? Had a strange experience that you need to share with the world? Then perhaps you should write something for *On Dit!*

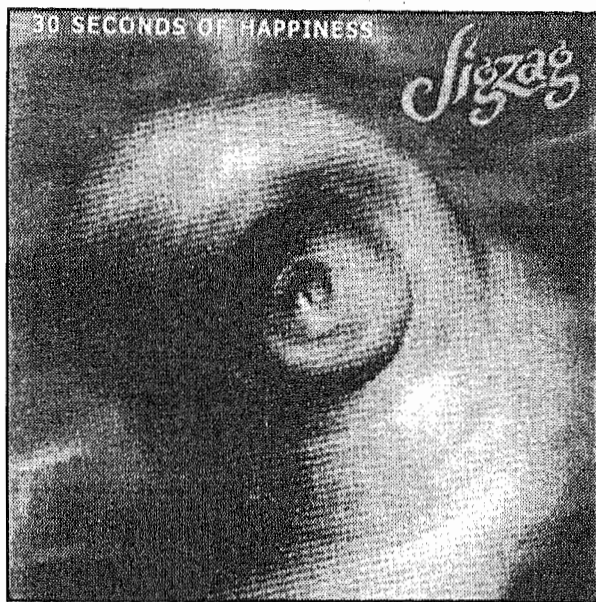
Just start writing on whatever topic takes your fancy, and bring it in on disc or email it to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Don't waste your holiday break working on useless assignments or studying for exams! Reach out and touch the world through the pages of *On Dit!*





Che Fu
Navigator
Sony

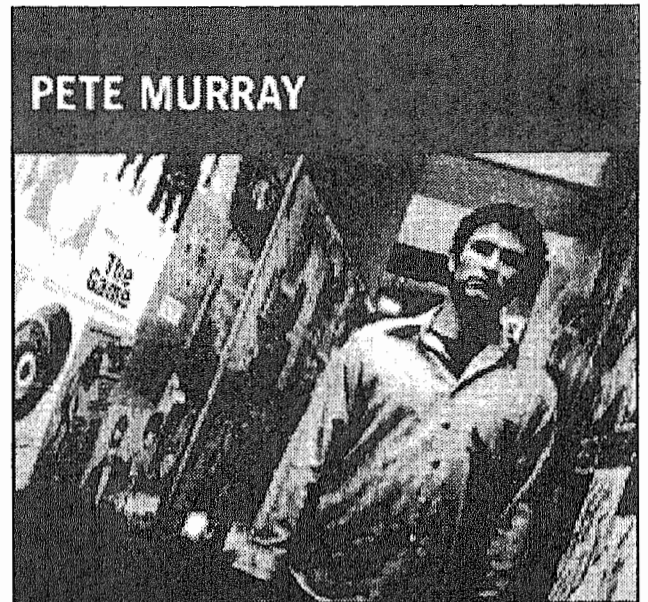
No soul music I have listened to compares to the mellow tones of Che Fu as he answers the call for some chilled out music in the top 40 charts. The inspirational pop tunes on his first Australian release *Navigator* demonstrate the greatest musical offering to come from New Zealand since Che's last band Supergroove released 'Traction' in the early nineties. A relaxing blend of reggae, rap, funk and soul mean *Navigator* will suit various listeners' styles whilst still staying true to his New Zealand heritage. The soft, soothing voice of Che Fu does not try to do too much, but still demonstrates his incredible ability through songs such as 'Random,' which is to be the second release off the album. The success of 'Fade Away' has already shown his commercial value, and it is assured there will be more hits in the future.



Jigzag
30 Seconds Of Happiness
Independent

One thing that can be said about Jigzag is that they were absolutely not what I expected. From the name of the band and the cover of the CD, I thought that they would be a cool pop-rock band, the kind of stuff I like. They are a folksy poppy acoustic type outfit and there are certainly not too many of these bands going around.

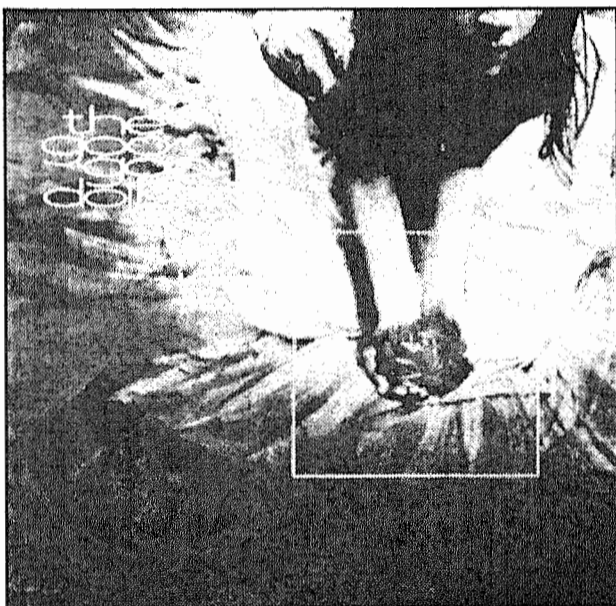
I do however find their music quite a refreshing change from all the stuff that is going around these days. It was a good listen even though I'm not a great fan of acoustic folk type music. They use a lot of violins like in 'the polka machine', 'the porch set' and also 'my barefoot bride' and they do it in a kind of weird Celtic style. My favorite tracks are the opening title track and also 'these feeling'. This is their second album by the way, released independently, which is always cool.



Pete Murray
The Game
Indie

It had to happen sooner or later... let me introduce Pete Murray, a carbon copy of Paul Dempsey, though clearly not as good. The vocals and compositions really are damn near identical to that of *Something for Kate*, which is a shame, because the similarity will undoubtedly overshadow what otherwise is a fairly decent release. The opening 'My Time' shimmers with gentle guitars, a delicate piano and an infectious chorus. 'So Beautiful' is just that, but as the record progresses, attempts at rock-driven songs become less and less successful, giving rise to doubts concerning Pete's range of writing ability. Eventually, the album drops away due to uncontrolled self-indulgence (and a pointless 'secret' track that refuses to mesh with everything that preceded it). Despite all this, this Brisbane has a solid future in front of him.

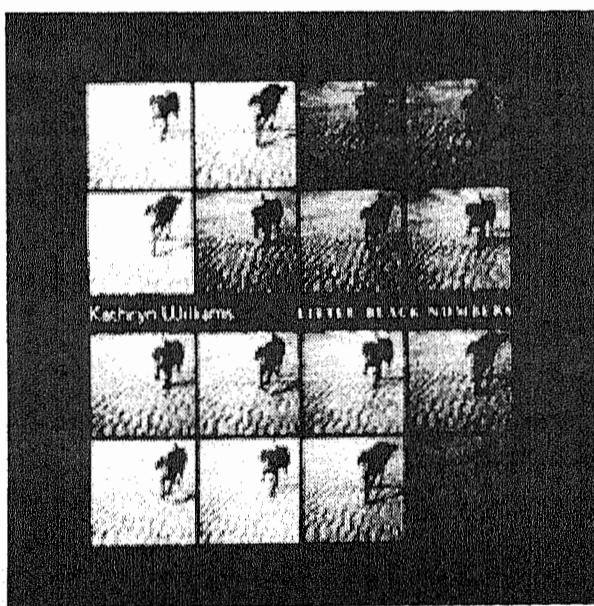
Cal



Goo Goo Dolls
Gutterflower
Warner

This is the follow up album to 1998's incredibly popular *Dizzy Up The Girl*. That album broke away from their small time roots and gave the band some major mainstream success. Although I loved the single 'Iris', which was huge, *Dizzy Up The Girl* was pretty lame and *Gutterflower* follows in much the same fashion. All the songs sound generic and there are no real stand out cool tracks. It's like they decided to take out what made their music cool, leaving behind the leftovers. The only track that sounds okay is 'big machine', instead of coming up with a new album that is different, they got the same producer and brought out an almost identical album for the purpose of selling big. Having said that I do think that this album will sell, with plenty of airplay from Triple M and SAFM. Maybe if they stopped making radio friendly music and made cool music like they used to they would get some respect, but not as much money.

Jang Luu

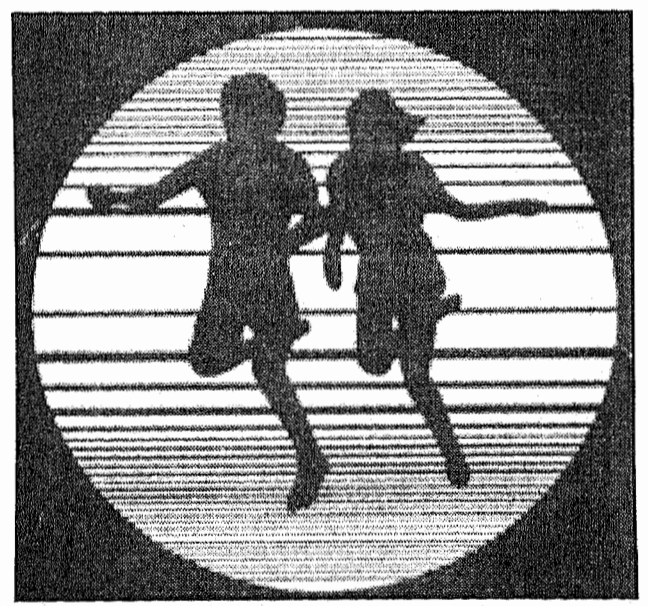


Kathryn Williams
Little Black Numbers
East West/Warner

Haven't heard of Kathryn Williams? Nor had I prior to reviewing this CD, but many thanks to the 'Tiser for printing an article about her just recently, saving me the task of doing background research. As it turns out, *Little Black Numbers* was shortlisted for last year's Mercury Music Prize - no mean feat considering that it was recorded in a small home studio and released on her own label. And in my humble opinion, this album deserves all the critical acclaim it has received. One listen to the standout track 'Stood' is all it takes to reveal that Williams is a talented singer/songwriter. Each of the 12 tracks here deserves an individual mention, and the sublime cello arrangements on each track really add depth and emotion to the music, making for a hauntingly beautiful album.

Jasebo

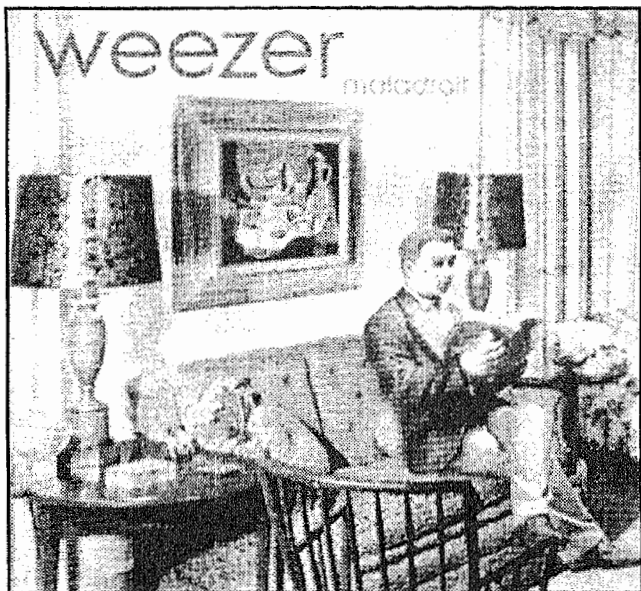
Matty



Rival Schools
United by Fate
Mercury

"Possibly the greatest modern rock album since *Nevermind*," says the Kerrang Magazine quote on the cover of Rival Schools debut album, *United by Fate*. Well, I wouldn't go that far, but it is a great album. There's something here for every rock fan: the opener 'Travel By Telephone', and the first single 'Used For Glue' are examples of refreshing melodic rock and 'Everything Has Its Point' and album highlight 'Good Things' show a more laidback sound. It's a really well paced album, and there is a nice distinction between the tracks - something not found on all recent rock albums. *United by Fate* is a big album all topped off with Walter Schreifels' (former Gorilla Biscuits, Quicksand) smouldering vocals. With fantastic cover and sleeve artwork, it makes a really nice package - I think we will be hearing a lot more of Rival Schools in the future.

Bam Bam



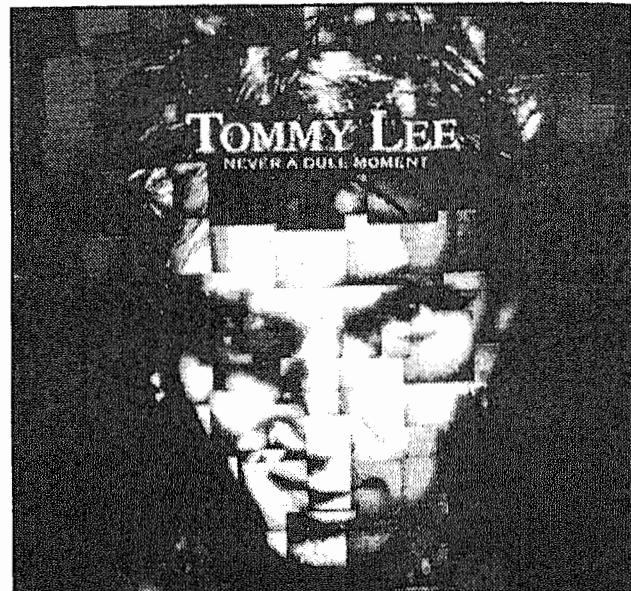
Weezer
Maladroit
Geffen, Universal Music

With the *Green Album* clocking in at a touch-under-30-minutes worth of pop/rock, Weezer have ensured the happiness of their fans for at least another year with the release of the touch-over-30-minutes *Maladroit*. This formula is obviously working well, so why spoil it? There is no doubt, Weezer are good at what they do; straightforward rock, with enough pop sensibilities that your grandma could enjoy. Musically, *Maladroit* is on the slightly more aggressive side (well, about as aggressive as one would expect Weezer to get) with the earlier tracks packing the distorted crunch apparent on the previous album's 'Hash Pipe'. Strangely, the single version of 'Island In The Sun' is tacked on the end of the album. To compensate for the lack of length, we have been offered a total of seven small videos, mainly of Weezer performing some of the new material live as well as a little backstage tomfoolery from their loopy drummer.



Various Artists
Gatecrasher: Digital Trance
Gatecrasher Recordings

Gatecrasher, for those club uninitiated is another UK super club, which has in recent years put out compilation CDs. What makes Gatecrasher's albums different from other super club compilations (i.e. MOS), is there are only a couple of releases a year. Furthermore they're almost always bloody excellent. *Digital Trance* is one of those releases, and what an excellent example of Gatecrasher's ability to produce kick arse albums it is. The first disc of this double CD (LED Persuasion) is a trance lover's heaven, with an equal mix of vocal and instrumental trance, including such tracks as 'Pulsar 2002 remix' by Mario Picotto. The second CD (Widescreen Power), which is my favourite, hits the ground running with 'Do You Hear Me' by Indiana and 'Are You Reading Me' by John Askew, and keeps up with the epic sounds until the last of the 17 tracks, 'Altitude' by Altitude. This CD is up there with my all time favourite trance albums.



Tommy Lee
Never A Dull Moment
Universal Music

Tommy Lee. His name pretty well sums up what to expect. However, this time he claims to have gone solo – though it's clear that he has enlisted a little bit of help. In a departure from the all out guitar/synth rap of *Methods Of Mayhem*, Tommy has stuck to his roots, so to speak, with the standard guitar-based band being the order of the day. There are huge rock/ballads present as well as the obvious hard rock "cliché" sounds one would expect. Though, if I'm not mistaken, Mr. Lee seems to have matured ever so slightly and his songwriting has improved accordingly. Guests include Chino from Deftones on 'Ashamed' and Brandon and Mike from Incubus on the introspective 'Blue'. The presence of each guest is relatively minimal though. Whilst *Never A Dull Moment* is more interesting than what we're used to hearing from Tommy, check out the recently released Motley Crue bio for something REALLY interesting...go Bullwinkle!

Jorm



Elvis Costello
When I Was Cruel
Universal

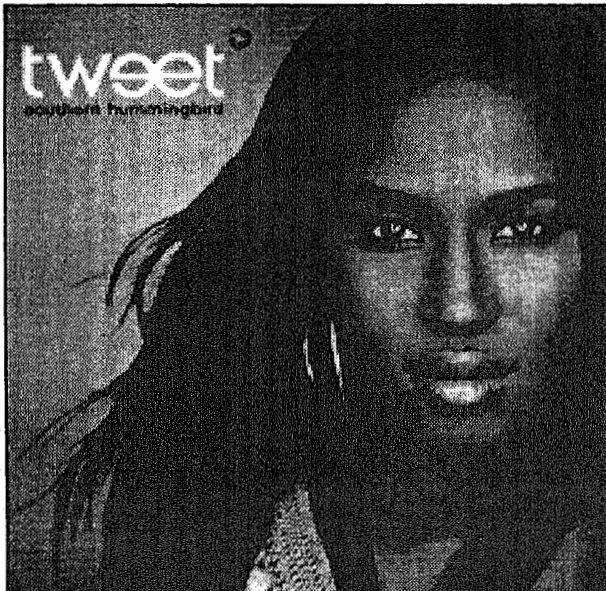
Elvis Costello is cool. His latest album demonstrates his supreme ability to craft great, catchy pop songs. In fact, *When I Was Cruel* is a return to the rock-ier side of Mr Costello. The opening track '45', is the best example of this.

'Alibi' is a classic love/hate track. You'll either find yourself singing merrily along with Costello's angry verses or reaching hurriedly for the 'skip' button. It's a repetitive, solid song with Costello's unmistakable voice the most prominent instrument. There are shades of Dylan in his lyrics and in their delivery (but no harmonica).

However, the smooth, catchy 'Spooky Girlfriend' is the standout track - classic Costello and great single material. *When I Was Cruel* proves that Costello's still got it.

Faye

Jester

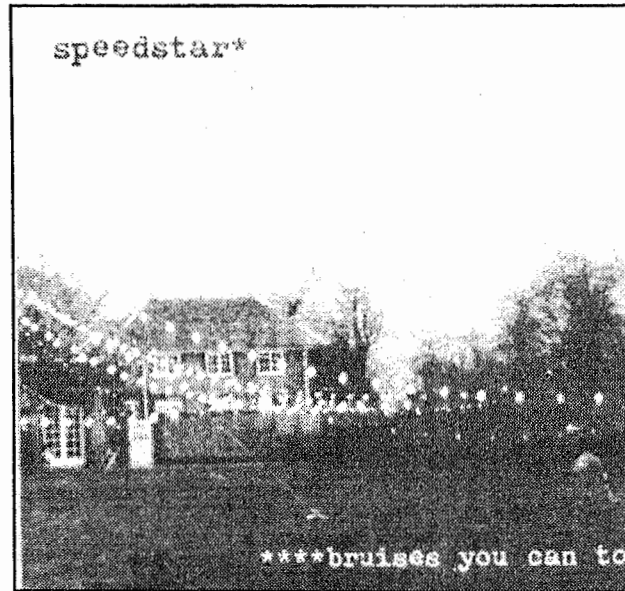


Tweet
Southern Hummingbird
Elektra

I don't know how a girl such as Tweet can thank God on her album inlay, but then say on the album, 'I need you to please my hips.' But aside the moral dilemma, Tweet has released *Southern Hummingbird*, a mellow R&B album. In the same way the Neptunes created NERD, Missy Elliott and Timbaland have created Tweet. The already released single 'Oops (Oh My)' has shown that Tweet will be a success, for the short term anyway. Tweet may not be the next Janet Jackson, but she does add a new dimension to the r&b scene. *Southern Hummingbird* also contains the worst song I have ever heard, a remake of Shirley Bassey's 'Big Spender' with Missy Elliott rapping. Tweet should be very pleased with herself, she has already become a better musician than her mentor, but that isn't very hard.

Cal

Jorm



Speedstar
Bruises You Can Touch
EMI

I am sure that by now you have heard of this Brisbane band, as their latest single 'Revolution' is getting a lot of airplay on Triple J. Happily, the rest of their album is as brilliant as this track, and they have even included new versions of 'Fallen Star' and 'Wishing Your Life Away'. These are less stripped back and minimalist than the originals, but they still retain their haunting quality. The opening track 'Song For You' is a particularly effective and beautiful track, and 'This Everyday Life' has an extremely catchy chorus that is incredibly uplifting. This is a very accomplished album, and it is hard to believe that this is their debut effort. They are just as inspiring live, so when they finally head back to this neck of the woods, make sure that you don't miss out. Songs like 'Good Morning Saviour' don't come along every day.

Poptart

SINGLES

Decoder Ring
Spooky Action At A Distance
 Hello Cleveland/EMI

This Australian seven piece instrumental group have a sound and quality similar to the great American cult bands Trans Am and Tortious. To their credit they've been achieving much more airplay than the aforementioned, with their brooding, building rock/sci-fi keyboard sound. 'The Night Shift' features the vocals of Jodie Phillis in a not so sing-song style. Good stuff.

Prof. Booty

Bob Sinclair
Save Our Souls
 hussle / EMI

A mind-numbing, coma inducing track that may just make you want to turn out the lights and dance. The disc features five different mixes, from the trance-like mix by Kidstuff, to the more tribal version by Spen and Karlizma. I liked it.

MP

Christina Millan
When You Look At Me
 Def Jam/ Universal

Yes, she writes her own songs. Yes, she's 19. No, it's not awful. Even if you aren't really into the song, the production is really cool. The single also throws in the video of 'When You Look At Me' and a remix of 'AM to PM' for good measure.

Bam Bam

Way Out West
Mindcircus
 EMI

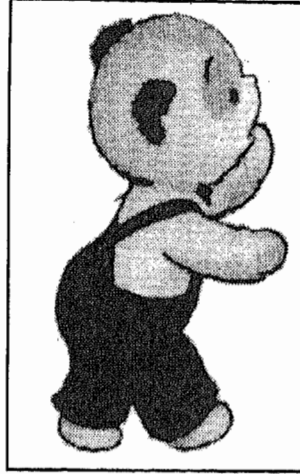
This is the second track I know of which has come from this group, and follows on from their club hit 'Intensify', which was one of the best tracks of 2001. This track, being more vocal orientated than previous efforts, makes it sound like house, which left me unimpressed. Still, expect this to make an appearance in a DJ's album box near you.

Jester.

Fat Joe
What's Luv?
 Warner

Listen up y'all, Fat Joe's after some booty and there's no stopping this gangsta. Sorry kids, but this is the epitome of crap rap. Featuring a clean version, an explicit version (but unfortunately neglecting the musically competent version), there is nothing here that restores my faith in R&B. Pure, unadulterated shite.

Matty



Sooty Presents - Clubs & Classifieds!

Adelaide University Film Society

This week's film (7pm, Thursday 6th June)
THE NAVIGATOR: A MEDIAEVAL ODYSSEY (1988)
 A mediaeval peasant-boy has a vision that promises to protect his village from the Black Death. They dig through the earth to emerge in modern-day Auckland.
 A sad but moving film exploring the themes of faith and fatalism.

Plus short film:
AUTOBAHN

An abstract animated film representing a car journey, accompanied by Kraftwerk's famous music.
 In the Union Cinema, level 5 of the Union Building. Free for members; membership is \$5, available at the door. Plus doorprize.

Spaced

Society for Physics, Astronomy, Cosmology and Experimental Devices is back!
 Membership just \$5 at any meeting 1.15pm Tuesdays
 SPACED clubrooms Room 221 2nd Floor Oliphant Wing
 Strongly recommended for all Physics and/or Astronomy students.

Attention All Clubs

All club delegates, Presidents and club reps are invited to the next Council Meeting to be held on Wednesday June 12 @ 1pm in the WP Rogers Room.
 Enquiries and apologies to Vicki Kolberg at CA office 8303 3410
vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au

Adelaide University Film Society

Program: Term 2, 2002

Week 11: May 30: Joint screening with Women in Film and Television (SA)
 FREE Admission for all comers!
GETTING THE DIRT ON TRISH. The director, Sue Brown, a local film maker and winner of the Melbourne Film Festival prize, will be present for Q & A.
 Plus short film: TBA
Week 12: June 6: **THE NAVIGATOR: A MEDIAEVAL ODYSSEY** (1988).

Director: Vincent Ward. A mediaeval peasant-boy has a vision that promises to protect his village from the Black Death. They dig through the earth to emerge in modern-day Auckland. A sad but moving film exploring the themes of faith and fatalism.
 Plus short film: TBA

Week 13: June 13, **WAGES OF FEAR** (Le salaire de la peur) (1953).

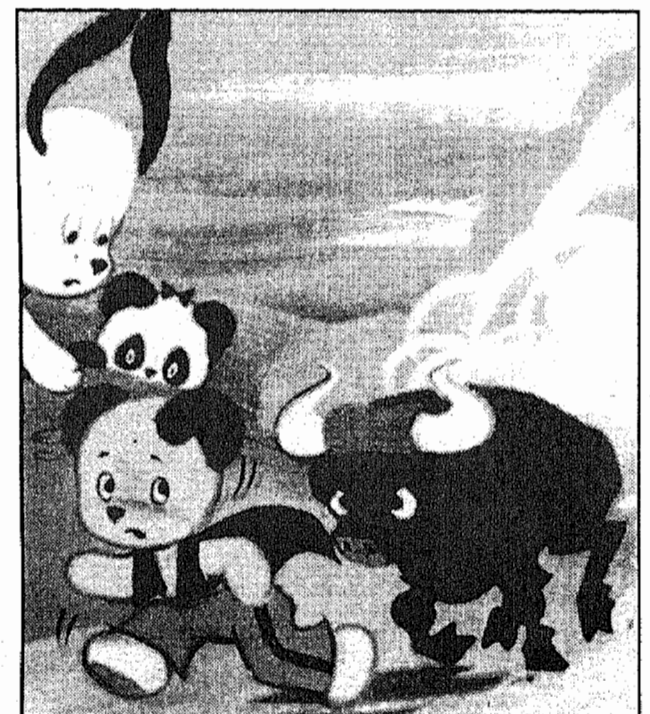
Dir: Henri-Georges Clouzot. Starring Yves Montand & Charles Vanel. An exploitative mining company pays a group of truck drivers to transport a consignment of nitroglycerine across some of the most dangerous mountains on earth. An influential film from Clouzot, master of suspense. Based on the novel by Georges Arnaud.
 Plus short film: TBA.

The Mature Students Association

is holding a general meeting on Tues June 11, at 12.10 PM. W.P. Rodgers room, Level 5 Union Building.

Yoga & Meditation

Tuesdays 12-1pm
 Wednesdays 1-2pm
 Upper Refectory level 5 Union House
 (opposite STA Travel and next door to the old, empty Equinox bistro)
 For further enquiries contact Dada 8269 7034 0421 083987
niitiish@hotmail.com



Sooty knew that he had to run from something that horny - he just didn't have the stamina!

Dressing Table for sale

\$50

Solid timber, light grey laminate surface, six drawers, large mirror, Very serviceable and in good condition. Must pick up yourself, 8262 4135 answering machine or call Vicki at Sports & Clubs association Adelaide Uni, 8303 3410 or call in person to the office, Ground floor Lady Symon building. vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au

Catholic Community Club

AGM 1pm Friday June 15 2002, Lady Symon Building, first floor, room 456 next to Chapel.
 any questions Simon Ward 8278 6429
simonward@hotmail.com

ADELAIDE CABARET FESTIVAL

328 artists in 73 acts over 17 days!
Opens this Friday! Book now!

BY POPULAR DEMAND!
NEW FLAT ON YOUR BACHARACH
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They're back!

The Happy Sideshow 14 & 15 June at the Dunstan Playhouse

"No matter the levels of pain or human endurance involved, they wear smiles all 'round...It rocks!" Rave Magazine

After sell-out shows at the Edinburgh Festival and Adelaide Fringe, the Happy Sideshow returns with new stunts as well as some of your favourites, in a celebration of the strange and wonderful world of carnival midways and freakshows. Featuring swordswallowing, contortion, dislocations, acrobatics and incredible acts of human endurance and physical skill with spectacular stunt choreography and a unique cabaret sideshow flair. You'll find your favourite freaks enjoying torture for fun in the slickest, coolest and happiest sideshow on earth.

TWO SHOWS ONLY!

THREE SHOWS ONLY!



space

Machine Gun Fellatio's Christa Hughes is

Sleepless Beauty

7-9 June at the Space Theatre

Post-post-post modern hallucinatory cabaret without a show tune in sight. A funny fractured fairytale for the chemical generation, this is your cabaret cocktail with a twist. Fantasy and reality blur indistinguishably as visions of beauty and horror - in the form of bizarre live acts - magically appear to delight and torment her in this spellbinding cabaret performance.

Presented by the Adelaide Festival Centre Trust in association with The Studio at the Sydney Opera House



Kate Dimbleby in

FEVER! The Making of Peggy Lee

Exclusive to the Adelaide Cabaret Festival from the UK

Evening shows on 7-9 & 12-15 June Matinees on Thursday 13 and Sunday 16 June at the Dunstan Playhouse

"An absolutely glamorous voice...it is round and soft. It wraps her song in velvet." The Scotsman

Celebrated soul and blues singer Kate Dimbleby recreates the late, great Peggy Lee in Fever!, featuring songs that transformed young Norma Egstrom into the legendary performer. Part confession, part concert, the show forms an eclectic and wonderful guide to stardom. This acclaimed sensation sold out a five week London season and is not to be missed!

SOLD OUT THIS FRIDAY

Ethel Chop & Chums

Written and performed by Andrea Powell

19-23 June in the Banquet Room

The ghastly senior citizen young Australians have come to love

"...her rantings make Bruce Ruxton look like a shy liberal." The West Australian

Well-known to Triple J listeners, Ethel Chop appears in person, and she's crankier and more objectionable than ever. Ethel hosts her own talk show where she interviews and abuses an ever-changing cast of Adelaide guests in typical Bert Newton 70's style. Join Ethel and her chums and you may even win a fabulous prize!

Email the Adelaide Cabaret Festival (cabaret@afct.org.au) with your suggestions about which Adelaide celebrities you'd like to see Ethel 'chop'...



Best Solo Act - Melbourne Fringe 2001

Lawrence Leung

Sucker

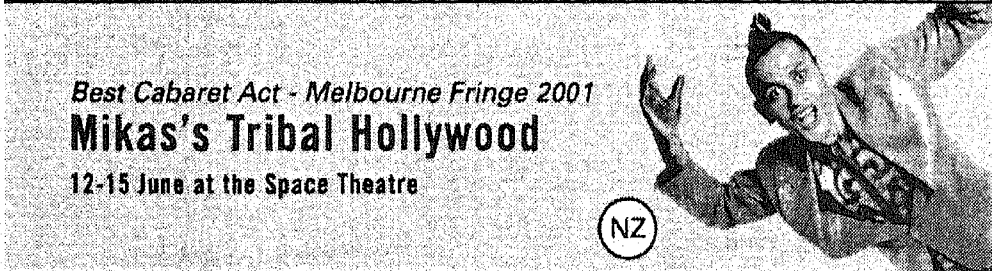
19 - 23 June at the Artspace



Peter Berner 'Live'

15 & 16 June at the Banquet Room

TWO SHOWS SELLING FAST

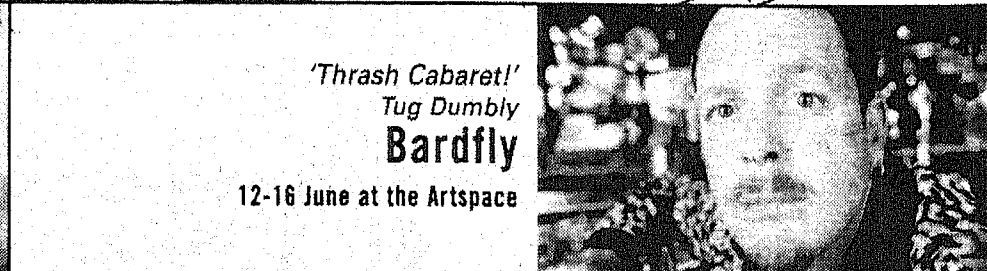


Best Cabaret Act - Melbourne Fringe 2001

Mikas's Tribal Hollywood

12-15 June at the Space Theatre

(NZ)

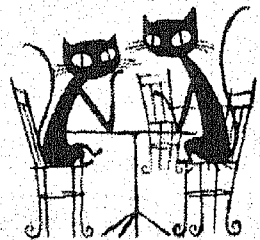


'Thrash Cabaret!'

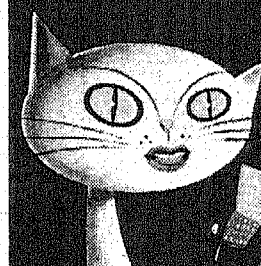
Tug Dumbly

Bardfly

12-16 June at the Artspace



BUY ONE GET ONE FREE
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PERFORMANCE!



For a full rundown of the program go to
www.adelaidecabaret.com

Book at www.1023.net.au
or phone 131 246

