

on
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THE UNIVERSITY OF
19 JUN 2000



AND IN THE BEGINNING THERE WERE CONTENTS ...

2: editorial • 3: SAUA year • 4: sorry day • 5: SAUA roundup
• 7: crisis in fiji • 8: the GST • 10: 1001 • 11: spj • 13:
blokes • 14: freemasons • 15: fistfuckers.com • 16: social
page • 17: letters • 20: SAUA • 22: vox pop • 24: clubs •
25: film • 27: video • 30: teev • 31: yarts • 32: literature •
33: music • 38: classifieds • And the contents were
without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face
of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face
of the waters, And God said, Let there be light: and there
was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and
God divided the light from the darkness. And God called
the light Day ...



• EDITORIAL •

Lots of things have really annoyed me this year. Surprisingly not all have occurred on campus; in fact the majority have occurred off campus. I mean what with everybody adding Millennium before the products name, 25% to price and then getting confused why people were going fucking spare. The year 2000 is some sort of milestone I guess but to celebrate in an orgy of inflated prices and totally ambitious claims said more about the perception of Joe Public than any number of vacuous self congratulatory wank masquerading as public policy and speeches ever could hope to. The best thing that happened on that fateful and windy night was nothing. I mean journalists the world over were creaming their respective pants and laughing into their third drink knowing that they had a story regardless of what happened. Nothing happens - news, something happens - also news. Let's look at little ol' Aderlaide: Huw Morgan from the 'Tiser was pleased as fucking punch knowing that a story featuring ticket validation machine problems on the Bay tram was guaranteed to get page 1. No wonder he was cacking himself to sleep every night for weeks after. But enough of bad press. Nah, fuck it. Let's go back a few years.

I've still never quite over the reporting of Princess Di's untimely eternal demise gagging at the loins of Dodi in a slippery backseat in the lovetunnels of Paris. Personally, I thought it's a shame that she died but the outpouring of grief for some parasitical layabout who occasionally brought invaluable publicity to landmine clearing and AIDS was obscene. What about the folk at the forefront of clearing the shit up? Mother Theresa dies after decades of caring for the wretched and she barely warrants a page three article before simply disappearing from our consciousnesses. We still get articles in papers, magazines etc bemoaning the loss of Di. Give it up people, she ain't coming back. Like Elvis. I mean what the fucking fuck? Our wonderful Entertainment Centre (misnomered to the cows home) was the sight of a weird and disturbing ceremony late last year. Elvis's original band climbed out of their wheelchairs and came to rock our world. They played Elvis songs while the faithful rocked, moaned and sang in unison. Uncannily like some Assembly of God performances I'd seen at Paradise. High above the stage, was the Father himself, Burger Elvis singing his tunes in his porno sequined outfits from videos shot over twenty years ago.

I have no problems with people enjoying music recorded by dead people but get with the program and step into the present. Like the Beatles. Yeah they were okay but they're still treated like they're playing and recording now. Let's move forward instead of getting our inspiration and rebellion out of our parents arses. Let's forget looking back to borrow ideas for tomorrow and instead fucking come up with some for ourselves. It's fine to know where we come from and the environmental factors influencing us but recreating yourself in the image of a friend of your folks is puerile and scared. I know my parents would be horrified if I said that I wanted to emulate them. SAFM and Triple M (filthy fucking pricks) have finally entered the nineties but in a curiously detached, half arsed and exploitative manner. It's possible to go throughout your entire life without hearing anything not recorded prior to your birth. This is frankly abominable and crap say I. The stations of this ilk have done more to harm music on a local level than any amount of stupid mothers protesting against rude words. Commercial radio is a wasteland of monumental proportions. I mean it is a tragedy that we have our third or fourth generation of people buying the same records

and doing the white boy shuffle to the same stuff while in the background some geek watches a television about ads. Does anybody else think this is totally totally bollocks? Watching a show about something that you normally hate and considering it entertainment is like pouring salt on a genital cut. Painful but endearing. Unlike those fucking lifestyle shows. Changing Drawers, Ground Force Zero, Rooting the Neighbour, Money Money Money must be funny in a rich man's world. What the fuck is up here with all these sorts of shows? What happened to Almost Anything Goes, Whodunit?, Russell Starke, the hair of every female newscaster since Friends first appeared? Have we turned into such a nation of voyeurs that we actually can't do anything without somebody watching? It certainly appears so. I'm having a shit tomorrow at ten then getting two folk with dodgy taste from elsewhere to come and clean me up for less than three and a half thousand dollars and in under two days; see you there with camera in hand. Should be a fucking challenge hey. Which brings me back to my original topic; that of trucks. I fucking hate 'em.

The SAUA End of Semester Report

By the Editorial Team

2000 began promising to be an interesting and ultimately rather important year for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. Whilst the spectre of Voluntary Student Unionism had been seen off in the short term, a sizable debt hangover from the failed 1999 Orientation Ball still remained. Nonetheless, a non-Independent President for the first time in years, a Sexuality Department still in its infancy and a mixed SAUA Council with no clear factional majorities on it have all conspired to make for an interesting year indeed.

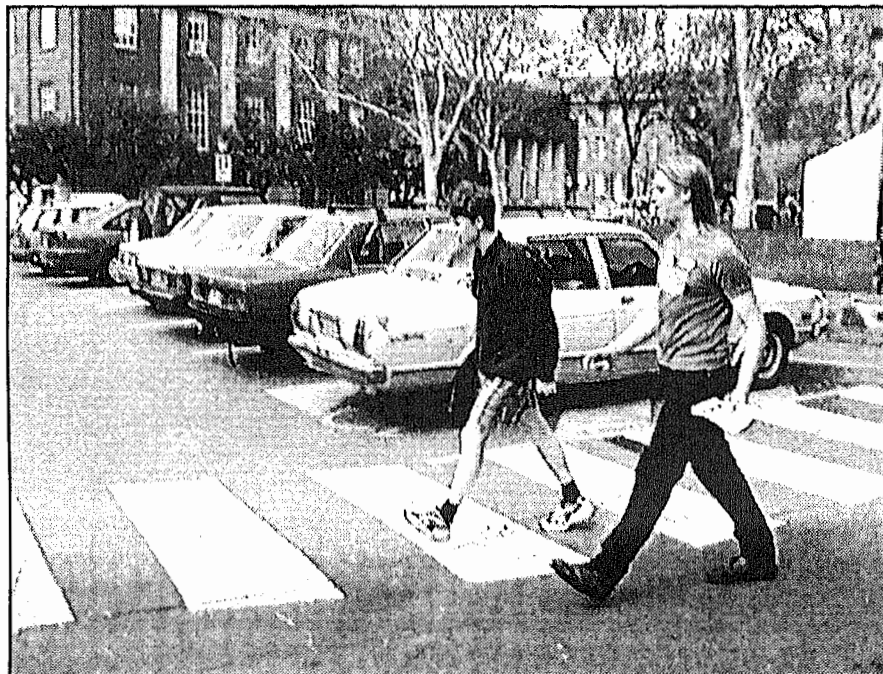
The year began strongly with Orientation Week. Much work was put into the week over the summer break, and the majority of it paid off. O'Camp was not perhaps the unbridled success it could have been, but it was affected adversely by the sudden resignation of Co-Director (and SAUA Councillor) Scott Masters. O'Tours, after the tremendous success of 1999, were a major disappointment, which the stealing of their thunder by the University's Fresher's Day does not entirely excuse.

Regardless, the O'Week, O'Guide and O'Ball areas of the Orientation portfolio were all successful, with the latter in particular making a large profit. Once again, SAUA Council saw fit to pay the various Orientation Directors a fraction of what their efforts were worth. Whilst the SAUA debt must of course be taken into consideration in this matter, the old argument of 'They know the pay's bad when they take the job' simply does not hold water any more. Situated now, as it is, as the Association's primary revenue raiser for the year, the ad hoc appointment of part-time Directors can no longer be acceptable. Increasing levels of professionalism are necessary for Orientation in light of the increased sponsorship expected and required to run Orientation successfully. Negotiations assume a level of responsibility, as does the very size of the varying Orientation events. All Directors are expected to have these levels of knowledge, experience and professionalism and then are expected to be paid in a unprofessional and relatively ad hoc manner. It is for these reasons that President Stephen Mullighan's commitment (among others) to a review of Orientation is so pleasing to see.

Less pleasing was the fiasco of the 1999-2000 Counter Calendar. The continuing relevance of this publication has been questioned of late, and given the performance of last year's Editors, and their seeming inability to accept that distribution is part of the job, this is perhaps unsurprising. Hopefully the Education Department can turn this around in the coming

months, as the Counter Calendar should be an indispensable resource for enrolling students.

Orientation Week brought with it the start of some very nasty bickering between the SAUA and the State Branch of the National Union of Students. Kicked off by the SAUA Sexuality Department's decision to have a drag show during the week, the ensuing debate went a long way to underlining some of the deep divisions between the two bodies. When NUSSA's decision to instigate a Cross Campus Queer Network (and



Walking the walk and talking the talk

not a Sexuality Network, as their own policy dictates) created the impression that SAUA Male Sexuality Officer Tom Radzevicius was being excluded, the heads of each respective organisation stepped in. Stephen Mullighan and NUSSA President Matt Anderson's decision to try to mend the differences between the two camps is laudable. Whether any tangible evidence of this has resulted is open to debate as evidenced by the non-consultation of EVP Seb Henbest regarding the last National Day of Action by NUS State Executive.

The early weeks of semester were dominated by news of the University's review into the Music School. Whilst this raised some rather pressing questions about the true level of student representation on University Council, the swift and unified manner in which students responded was pleasing, and the SAUA should be applauded for its role in this.

In the midst of the Elder Con controversy, SAUA Education Vice President Seb Henbest submitted an article to this newspaper on the subject of the Medical School's admission criteria, addressing certain concerns with the UMAT in particular. This proved to be an error of monumental proportions. Not surprisingly, an outcry from Medical students who felt rather

insulted ensued. Mr Henbest, perhaps unwisely, chose to answer this with another article, this time questioning the fees involved in taking the UMAT. The disquiet simmers on.

Tom Radzevicius and Amanda Camporeale, Sexuality Officers, and Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer, continue to negotiate with the Faculty of Engineering to instigate inclusivity training within the Faculty again this year (reportedly, last year it went down a treat). Whilst this appears to be being met with some resistance from Engineering, it is disappointing

events like Prosh After Dark seemed to go rather smoothly.

The Sexuality Department rode out the controversies of early this year quite successfully, before presenting an oddly quiet Sex Week. Whilst it could hardly be considered a failure, the week nonetheless did not live up to expectations. For a Department whose *raison d'être* seems to be to challenge and provoke, such a muted week seems somewhat counterproductive.

One disappointing aspect of Sex Week was the actions of the Sexuality Standing Committees. Whilst seemingly quick to defend themselves against criticism, their own Sexuality Officers decried their lack of involvement with the week - surely the pinnacle of the year for the Department. Disappointing.

First semester saw various NUS National Days and Weeks of Action. This University's involvement with them must be considered poor at best. Whilst some of the blame for this must reside with NUSSA for not communicating effectively with the SAUA, EVP Seb Henbest must also have a case to answer to. Protest Actions such as these live and die by their promotion to the students, and Mr Henbest seems to have done little to assist this. The Environment Department has been rather quiet - Genetic Engineering Awareness Week passed with barely a murmur. In fact, the only item of any real note regarding the Department and Environment Officer Zane Young has quite a bit to do with, well, doing nothing. The Environment Standing Committee was unable to hold a meeting for some months, from the time of their election until well after Orientation Week. With certain Councillors hot on his heels, Mr Young finally held a meeting, and then immediately commented in his next column in *On Dit* that the Department had been very busy.

cont next page

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The SAUA End of Semester Report cont.

Relatively, we suppose he was right. Perhaps the biggest success for the SAUA thus far this year has been the work of the Policy Review Committee. This body, an offshoot of Council, has successfully overseen an exhaustive review of SAUA Policy, which was antiquated in some places, inadequate in others, and sometimes completely non-existent (as was the case for the Sexuality Department). Hopefully this will herald some

major - and much needed - changes within the SAUA. Allied with the Policy Review Committee was the strategic planning sessions attended by the majority of councillors and all Office Bearers. Finally, the SAUA is looking long term, planning for the future and being proactive with regards to campaigns instead of being simply reactive to government and University decisions. Different strands of action apart from the

ubiquitous rally were discussed, and will hopefully result in increased media coverage for the SAUA. SAUA provision of services has continued unabated and often extremely well. The Photocopy Service is, as always, well used; the Bike Shed has been a success; as has increased levels of information dissemination. The Employment Service has even outgrown its former home in the somewhat crowded and

OH&S nightmare that is the SAUA Office. It continues to be used by an increasing number of students. The Students' Association has had a mixed first semester. Some good, solid work has all too often been overshadowed by crushing errors that have bordered, in some cases, on incompetence. Hopefully the SAUA will be able to shake off the latter in second semester, and really start getting somewhere.

Sorry Day

By Stephen Mulligan

Last Friday, 26 May, the first homecoming of Aboriginal Elders to Piltawodli (meaning 'Possum House' the site of the first school for Aboriginal children in SA) occurred at the Torrens Weir. Despite wet weather, high winds and freezing temperatures, about 350 people attended this ceremony which was an enjoyable and positive step in the journey towards reconciliation. Most encouraging was the presence of many school children, uni students, and Alfred Huang, the new Lord Mayor. The school children combined with representatives of the Aboriginal community, including some of the Elders, to raise the importance of the

site as a memorial to the callousness of the early white settlers, yet also now as a place to promote reconciliation.

The ceremony was opened with Paitya Dancers, and was followed by an official welcome, the Homecoming, and the Piltawodli story. The ceremony was interspersed with several moving moments, including sobering readings from historic records. One was an address to the Aborigines from Governor Gawler in 1838, which served to accentuate the blithe bigotry that forced the indigenous people into subordination at the time. Perhaps disappointing was the speech made by Reverend Mike

Semmler from the Lutheran Church. He proclaimed that we were able to participate in the reconciliation process because of the loving nature of Jesus Christ, while perhaps missing the poignancy that Indigenous people were robbed of their culture, including at times their children, under the auspices of Christianity. Similarly, Dorothy Kotz, State Minister for Indigenous Affairs, was at best uninspiring, and often inappropriate in her speech. Her attempts to portray current governments as being proactive in addressing the fundamental issues of reconciliation fell flat and left a crowd wishing for more of the enjoyable aspects of the

ceremony. These included the participation of children in singing and reading passages and songs, creating an atmosphere of positive solidarity throughout all who were there. Nelson Varcoe, who led the children in their singing, was truly inspirational in the sentiments he brought to the reconciliation process. The ceremony was undoubtedly a success, with all who attended thoroughly enjoying the experience. Hopefully these events will continue to raise the profile and importance of the reconciliation process, and in doing so force the government to realise just how important the gesture of apology is.

UniBar

Thurs June 1

Scorpion Entertainment present
No Use For A Name
Dance Hall Crashers
STR

\$20 + booking fee from CIB outlets
All ages, ID for alcohol

Fri June 1 - Cloisters
Regurgitator
Friendly
Zoombombs

\$20 + booking fee from CC Records

Fri June 1 - UniBar
End of Term
GST Free Beer
Free Games, DJ

UniBar Happy Hours

\$1.50 West End & Coopers

\$1.50 Champers/Wine \$3 Base Spirits

Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm

\$1 Southwark & West End, 4 - 5

Free BBQ DJ
Carton/Tray Raffle

Thurs 4.00 - 6.00pm



Pool comp starts
Thurs 6pm:
First wins \$50 beer
voucher
Second wins a carton

...free pool Mondays...

SAUA Roundup

Wednesday 24 May: another SAUA Council meeting marked by the non-attendance of Councillor Marissa Meller-Harris.

In a short meeting, the Election Tribunal (the personnel of which, usefully enough, is exactly the same as Council) decided on the dates for election week. 28 August to 1 September, therefore, is the week to keep your head down on campus, charge past the bright young things with their colourful t-shirts and all-important tickets, and hone the words 'Fuck off, I've voted'.

Council got under way with an impassioned plea from the SAUA Prez for everyone to find the previous Council package of documents, which had included the minutes of an *in camera* meeting. ACVP Adam Langman responded that he had, like as not, lost his. 'It's as good as returned,' he commented.

Hmmm.

The SAUA Budget was presented to Council, causing EVP Seb Henbest no end of confusion. For all of his skills with Latin and French, it appears that Mr Henbest has some difficulty in reading a profit and loss budget. 'What do the plus and minus signs mean?' he asked, before suggesting that perhaps a pie graph or two might aid him with

his understanding of the SAUA financial situation.

As keen-eyed folk may have noticed, the position of Counter Calendar editor was advertised in *On Dit* a few weeks back, and posters have been floating around campus to this end for a few weeks now. The EVP reported to Council that, whilst applications closed on May 19, only one application had been received. Understandably, this has held the CC process back some, as the EVP has been 'doing the work of the Editors'.

In an attempt to streamline the selection process for the CC Editors, Council passed a motion to delegate the responsibility for the decision to a panel of Councillors. Hopefully, this will avoid a repeat of the fiasco surrounding the selection of Orientation Directors late last year. Nevertheless, things look a little bleak for the Counter Calendar: we can only hope that last year's effort (around 3000 printed, around 3000 thrown into a big blue dumpster after not being distributed) can be improved upon. The fallout from Orientation Week continues. The next Council Meeting should see a paper tabled containing all of the various recommendations made by the Directors. Hopefully, this will see

the first steps being taken by the SAUA to ensure that Orientation becomes a more professional affair, rather than the thinly veiled excuse for factional bickering, ad hoc event it has been in the past. Orientation is fast becoming too large for its present ad hoc, part time structure, and this must be addressed.

The week just gone was an NUS Week of Action in the lead up to Sorry Day. The promotion of this fact, however, was non-existent As EVP Seb Henbest put it: 'This week is a Week of Action. Unfortunately, you wouldn't know it.' Why?

It appears that the state branch of the NUS are unwilling to directly approach Mr Henbest about anything at the moment, and he was never officially informed of the Week of Action. This was the reason offered by the EVP when explaining, 'I haven't done a thing for it.'

Must be too busy with that pesky Counter Calendar.

The SAUA had an opportunity to save face over their non-involvement with the week. Some Councillors suggested that up to \$100 be spent on a bus to ferry interested students to a Sorry Day service (oddly referred to as a 'celebration' in one of the Office Bearers' columns in this week's *On*

Dit) at the Torrens River weir. Unfortunately, Councillors did not embrace this chance. Instead, ACVP Adam Langman and Environment Officer Zane Young moved a motion in *support* of the idea, so that they could then vote *against* it. Odd. They seemed to feel that the discussion was wasting time. Perhaps if they had examined it in light of the fact that non-attendance by AU students and representatives can only reflect badly on both parties - and let's face it, the future of viable student representation relies entirely upon this type of public perception - they may have reconsidered their stance. When questioned about some overly-personal comments and thank yous in his report to Council, Environment Officer Zane Young commented that he had been unaware of the contents of the report when it was placed in the package of documents. Quite strange. We can only hope that he actually wrote it.

All in all, a strange meeting in which logic seemed to be put on hold for few hours, at least for a few Councillors. And with the setting of Election dates, the whole meery-go-round starts again.

Business as usual for the SAUA, then.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW

Crisis in Fiji

By Georgie Hambrook

The current constitutional crisis in Fiji witnesses the revival of the ethnic militarism which haunted Fiji in the 1980s. It also revisits perhaps Fiji's most vexed issue – whether the rights of indigenous Fijians should be supreme over those of descendants of Indian migrants.

Last week, the government of Prime Minister Chaudhry was overthrown in a coup on the first anniversary of his unexpected election victory. PM Chaudhry is Fiji's first leader of Indian descent. When he took office, doubts surfaced immediately about his chances of surviving. The then opposition leader, Jai Ram Reddy, declared 'Fiji is not yet ready for an Indian prime minister'.

And, so this has transpired, with Fiji capitulating to the demands of the shady George Speight and his associates from the nationalist Taukei Movement. The idea of Indians in power has never been a popular one among Fiji's indigenous people. Like the Maoris and Aborigines, they fear being dispossessed of their lands by outsiders, and stripped of their customs, as embodied in the virtual parallel government of the Great Council of Chiefs, which last week sealed Chaudhry's political fate.

Prior to this month's coup Taukei had demanded that Fiji's Indians be repatriated, and declared its disgust at the Chaudhry's government's 'Indianisation' of Fiji's government. The Taukei leader, Apisai Tora, said of Chaudhry in an interview with the Sydney Morning Herald just prior to the coup that 'He has to be removed from office. Not even since the colonial days have we seen or heard of a government that has been so dictatorial towards the Fijian people. He has trampled on the Great Council of Chiefs and ... is taking his revenge on the Fijian people [for the previous coups against Indian-led governments].'

The divisions in Fiji can be traced back to colonial times with the migration of Indian labour, and the manner of

British colonial rule. The Indians arrived as indentured labourers to work on the sugar plantations at the turn of the century. They brought with them a very distinct culture that resisted integration. For example, most Fijians are Christian while the Indians are Hindu or Muslim. Similarly, there is little ethnic intermingling, whether it be by marriage, work, school, or recreation. Added to this, colonial governance separated Fijians from Indians, and distributed leases over traditionally held lands to the Indian farmers and tradesmen. This distribution of land and the wealth generated off it has been a longstanding bone of contention.

In 1987 the election victory of another Indian-led government precipitated two military coups staged by General Rabuka. A decade earlier the then dominant Indian party, the National Federation Party (NFP), failed to follow through on its election victory and form a government because it believed indigenous Fijians would not accept an Indian-led government. Not surprisingly, Fiji has experienced a period of considerable political uncertainty over the past year, as it faced an assertive government led by an Indian.

Indians today form 43% of the Fijian population. Pre-1987, the Indians formed a slim majority of the 750,000 population. In the wake of the coup, many thousands of Indians emigrated since they had been excluded from power and become targets for political violence.

In last year's election, Chaudhry routed the previous government led by Rabuka. Much of Rabuka's lost support among indigenous Fijians can be traced back to several conciliatory gestures he had made to Fiji's Indian community which in turn alienated his traditional support. He apologised for the 1987 coup. Constitutional reforms in 1997 removed the ethnically-based reserved seats replacing them with a

more fluid system similar to proportional representation. The reforms also removed the overtly racist provisions requiring that the Prime Minister be indigenous, and the 'ethnic bar' that discriminated against Indians in public service employment and access to financial assistance. The subsequent splintering of Rabuka's support base enabled the Labour Party to win the election.



George Speight, last week.

However, the actions of the Chaudhry government did not seem to take account of this background, and fanned discontent.

Chaudhry's decision to take a seat (as is his right as Prime Minister) on the Great Council of Chiefs – a revered colonial era administrative body advising on indigenous issues, and chaired by Rabuka – has made him unpopular among indigenous Fijians, who believe that the PM is being disrespectful of the council by presuming to sit with it.

But the most contentious issue has been the long simmering dispute about indigenous ownership of land.

This year the 30-year leases over Fijian traditional lands, given to Indian sugarcane growers by the British as they pushed Fiji towards independence in 1970, expire.

The leases – which set a nominal rent for Indians to pay to traditional owners notwithstanding the profits generated from the lands' use – have led to a showdown between Fijian landowners and tens of thousands of Indian tenant farmers whose families have worked the land for generations.

Prime Minister Chaudhry tried to start processes to resolve this conflict. However by all reports, Chaudhry's approach only exacerbated the ethnic division. His decision to offer compensation to the predominantly Indian cane farmers, after their leases expired and the land was returned to indigenous owners, raised the ire of Fijian nationalists – Taukei in particular – who were quick to portray the compensation as being Indian robbery of Fijian lands all over again.

The land issue encapsulates the Fijian problem. One commentator remarked that 'the racial divide in Fiji has not been so wide since the events of 1987 elevated Sitiveni Rabuka to prominence'. The events of the past fortnight would seem to confirm this

impression. Evidently, many influential indigenous Fijians continued to regard indigenous rights as more important than democratic rights.

Sources: Hamish McDonald, 'Analysis: Fallout from a colonial time bomb' *Sydney Morning Herald*, 20 May 2000; Paul Daley, 'Rabuka rumours promote coup tensions' *Sydney Morning Herald*, May 17 2000; Robert Norton, 'Reconciling Ethnicity and Nation: Contending Discourses in Fiji's Constitutional Reform' (2000) *The Contemporary Pacific* 12: 83-122; John Henderson, 'The Fiji Election' (1999) *New Zealand International Review* 24(4):15-17.

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GST and students. What's in it for you?

By Phil Harrison, SAUA Project Research Officer

Not much if you really want to know! With the impact of a Consumer Price Index (CPI) blowout due to the Goods & Services Tax (GST) effect on inflation, students are going to cop it on their Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS) debt. This debt is indexed annually at the CPI rate. It will add hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars to your HECS liability over the next several years. Moreover the immediate impact of the GST on students as a demographic group, needs to be considered. As students, you won't benefit from the tax cuts to any great degree. And as most working people are saying, these are already eaten up by interest rate rises, then the GST will bite. Your HECS is compounding away at a greater rate and now you have to pay a tax on everything you consume and do. It has long been the view of many that students are given a raw deal in the context of paying fees when studying, then, upon finding a job, paying taxes. Arguments proffered by student activists, such as that this practise constitutes 'double-dipping,' are countered by economic rationalists' views of the 'private good' to the individual. Regardless of any acknowledgment of an educated society and the 'public good' to the citizenry, students

Time	Pre-GST	Post-GST
8 am	Shower and bowl of muesli \$0.90 Buy multi-trip ticket \$9.50	Shower and bowl of muesli \$1 Buy multi-trip ticket \$11
9 am	Bookshop - two pens (\$7), writing pads (\$4), text book (\$80). Total \$91	Bookshop - two pens, writing pads, text book. Total \$94
10 am	Iced coffee (\$2.10) and doughnut (\$1.55). Total \$3.65	Iced coffee and doughnut. Total \$4
11 am	Tampons (\$4) and throat lozenges (\$6)	Tampons and throat lozenges Total \$11
12 pm	Bottled water (\$2)	Bottled water (\$2.20)
1 pm	Mayo meat loaf (\$4.60) and soft drink (\$2.20)	Mayo meat loaf and soft drink Total: \$7.50
2 pm	Mobile phone calls (\$1.45)	Mobile phone calls (\$1.60)
3 pm	Clothing - jeans (\$119)	Clothing - jeans (\$130.50)

NB a general percentage has been applied to purchases

are confronted by another invidious impost that will make it just that little bit tougher. Because students predominantly consume, the impact of a consumption tax such as GST, needs to be understood and navigated to minimise its impact on your

budget. To achieve this aim, a students' guide to the GST will assist you to make sense of this tax that is still in a fluid state. Not to mention that the GST Act 1999 is three telephone books thick. The hard work has been done and here is what the GST means for students.

- McD's/KFC/HJ's/Pizza
- Restaurants

Some examples of increases over the 7.9% threshold declared by the Howard Government include:

CLOTHING	
Mens Clothing	8% - 9.8%
Womens Clothing	8% - 9.8%
Childrens Clothing	8% - 9.8%
FOOD	
Main Course	8.6% - 9.2%
Hamburger	8.6% - 9.2%
Fries	8.6% - 9.2%
HOUSEHOLD	
Paint	9% - 9.5%
Tiles	8.5 - 9.5%
STD Call	8.5% - 9%
HOUSING	
Electricity	9% - 9.8%
Gas	9% - 9.8%
Insurance	7% - 9%
TRANSPORT	
Multi-trip	8.2% - 9.2%
LPG	7% - 8.8%
Taxi	6.5% - 8%
PERSONAL	
Multivitamins	8.5% - 9%
Toothbrush	8.6% - 9%
Haircut	7% - 8%
RECREATION	
Video Rental	7.5% - 8%
Magazines	8% - 9.3%
Books	8.8% - 9.1%
INDULGENCES	
Cigarettes	7.8% - 8.2%
Alcohol	7% - 8%

What does it mean on campus?

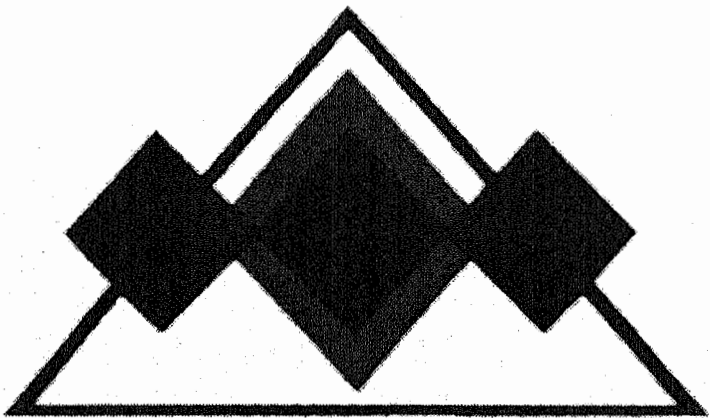
Take-away food is subject to nearly the full 10% GST. So here is a way to avoid the GST on campus when the tummy grumbles get a hold.

- Fresh fruit
- Tea and coffee
- Whole milk
- Soup
- Buttered roll

These items were free of Wholesale Sales Tax (WST) anyway. So there should not be any increase in price. Possibly (if anything) a small decrease.

Food items subject to GST

- Prepared meals
- Sandwiches
- Cakes, slices and pastries
- Muesli and health bars
- Ice cream
- Soft drinks
- Potato chips
- Soda water
- Fish and chips
- Frozen Yoghurt
- Breads and buns
- Pies, pasties and sausage rolls
- Doughnuts and scones
- Biscuits
- Chocolates and lollies
- Flavoured milk
- Fruit juice <90%



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ON THE GROUND FLOOR**

GST and students. What's in it for you?

By Phil Harrison

Time	Pre-GST	Post-GST
4 pm	Haircut (\$27.50)	Haircut (30.25)
5 pm	Dry cleaning (\$13)	Dry cleaning (\$14.30)
6 pm	Two pints of Coopers (\$9.20) and a packet of crisps (\$2.10) Total: \$11.30	Two pints of Coopers and a packet of crisps Total: \$13
7 pm	Magazine \$4.95	Magazine \$5.45
8 pm	Pizza (\$8) and bottle of soft drink (\$3)	Pizza and bottle of soft drink Total: \$12.10
9 pm	Video hire (\$6) and ice cream (\$2)	Video hire and ice cream Total: \$8.80
Totals	Pre-GST total \$320.05	GST total \$346.70
Differential	\$26.65	Overall increase 8.32%

Diesel Excise
Stamp Duty-buying a house
Stamp Duty-hire purchase
Stamp Duty-insurance
Stamp Duty-cheques
Stamp Duty-mortgages
Bank Accounts Debit Tax
Customs Duty
Gambling Taxes
Other State Fees & Charges
Local Government Rates

None of these hidden taxes are publicised and the purpose of jettisoning the Wholesales Sales Tax was because it was hidden. However, the GST is a hidden tax as consumers will not know how much the GST is clocking up on purchases because there is no necessity to itemise the GST component on receipts and dockets.

So what can you do?

The figure of 8.32% undermines the Federal Coalition's Promise that nothing would rise by more than 7.9% due to the GST.

Motel 7.5% - 9%

of the Howard-Democrats alliance.

Wasn't the GST supposed to replace existing taxes?

Yes, that was the promise, but only four taxes have been abolished, ten stayed and six new ones were born

Taxes abolished

Wholesale Sales Tax
Financial Institutions Duty
Stamp Duties on Shares
Bed Tax

New & Existing Taxes

Income Tax
Payroll Tax
Alcohol Excise
Cigarette Excise
Petrol Excise

Apart from grin and bear this pervasive GST, you can keep an eye on prices. If you think the cost of an item or a purchase you make is a bit over the top demand an explanation. If you're not satisfied, dob the swindlers in! Further information on the GST pricing regime can be found at gst.accc.gov.au and the toll free number to reduce charlatan activities is 1300 302 502.

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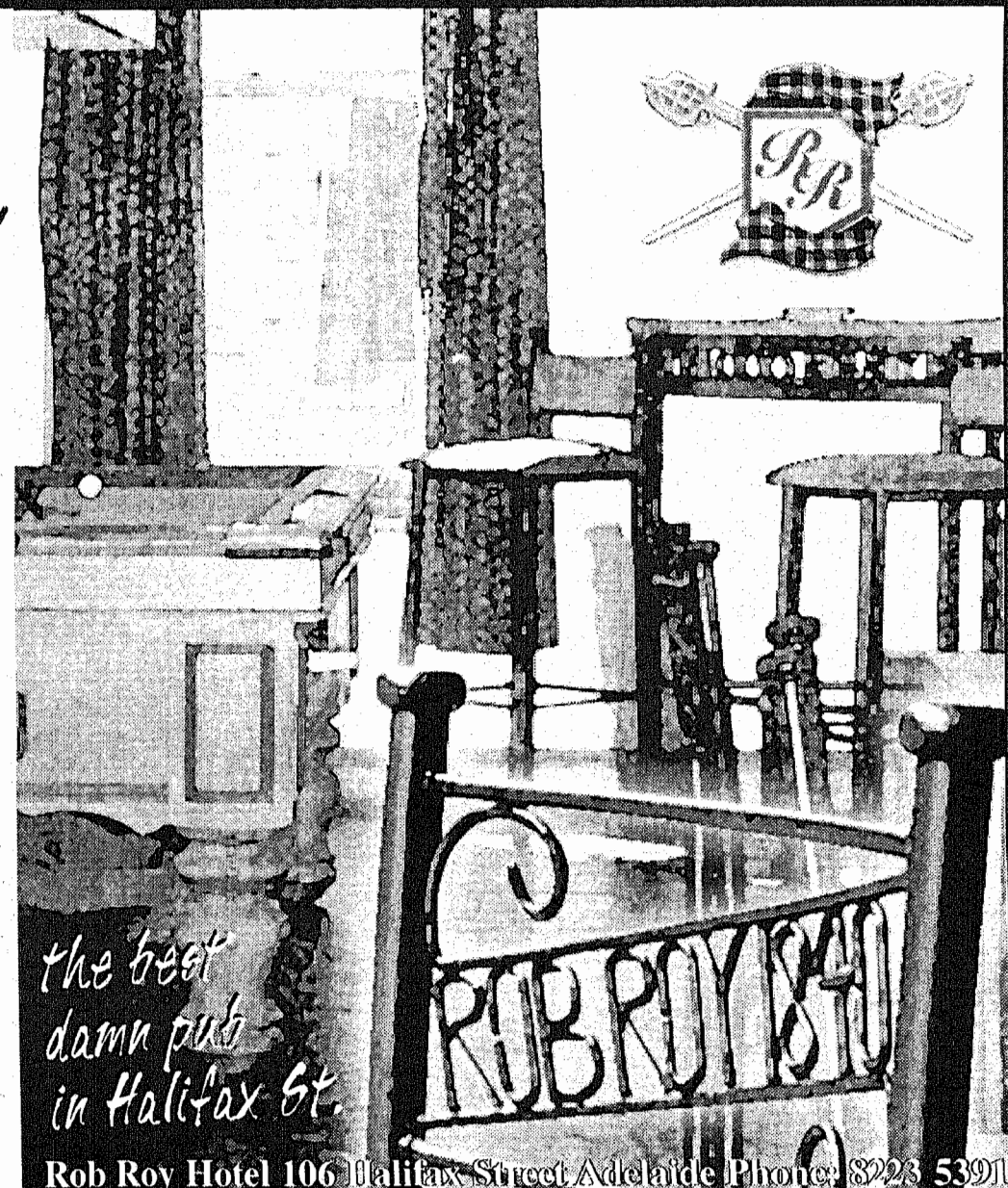
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1001 things to do at University

By the Editorial Team

Yes, it's that time of year again. Swot Vac, exams, the big break - this week, 1001 provides you with a step-by-step guide.

Swot Vac

42. Marvell at how fast the semester has passed and remember all your resolutions and high ideals regarding going to lectures and actually doing all the required reading. Realise that you have failed.
43. Vow that, next semester, everything will be different. Feel impatient about getting this round of major essays/exams out of the way so that you can Really Do It Properly next time.
44. Call all your friends/anyone you know, and see if *they* did the required reading/went to lectures. Reassure and/or panic each other.
45. Get out your scant notes. Sort them into piles, and label the piles according to subject using yellow post-it notes.
46. Realise that there are a myriad of things that you Really Should Get Around to Doing. Feel a bit overwhelmed.
47. Make a list of all the things you Really Should Get Around to Doing after exams are over/all your essays are handed up. Begin with something time-consuming that you have been meaning to do for around four years, such as 'strip and sand [insert ugly piece of furniture]' or something pointlessly pedantic such as 'alphebetise book collection'.
48. Put the list aside and decide to Really Knuckle Down. Get out your course book/notes and make a list of recommended textbooks that

- will be helpful.
49. Come to the conclusion that you are doomed without aforementioned books.
 50. Go to the library. Discover that everyone else got there first, and curse them for a bunch of studious zealots.
 51. Raid the shelves for leftovers, and cart home a large stack of marginally useful books.
 52. Raid your bookshelves for potentially marginally useful books.
 53. Survey your piles and feel dismayed/overwhelmed.
 54. Go through the contents/indexes and bookmark topical bits. Amongst your stock of Random Things That Could be Used as Bookmarks, discover an old movie/theatre ticket. Either become nostalgic about the evening and/or the person you spent it with, or become vaguely sad that you don't get out more. Feel depressed about being shut up in a small dark room with a bunch of books all day, chained to a desk, memorising meaningless cant/researching trivial and pointless facts. Forget that you spent last night at the pub.
 55. Call your least studious friend and whinge about being stuck at home studying. Both come to the conclusion that what you really need is a bit of a break, and that a night away from it all will leave you both regenerated for a new, more fruitful day's study tomorrow.
 56. Think, I did, after all, spend *all day* at the library.
 57. Meet your friend/friends at a specified destination. Agree not to have a big one - just a few drinks, a

bit of chat and then an early night. Tell each other how much work you have to do tomorrow/in the next few days.

58. Have a big one.

Exams

59. Write an hourly timetable for exam week, and work out just how many hours of study/revision you can fit in before each exam. Plan what to do in each hour.
60. Rewrite the timetable every couple of hours, when you discover that you have lost time washing the walls in your bedroom/cleaning between the tines of all your forks (you'll be amazed when you notice just how much disgusting brown gunk can build up there).
61. In other words, procrastinate. Sounds like Swot Vac, doesn't it?
62. Wear your loudest pair of shoes to exams, and sit right at the front. Make as much noise as possible when walking out and handing up your exam. Finish as early as possible.
63. Picture everyone naked.
64. Except the Chief Invigilator.
65. Lurk around immediately before and after exams, smoking/chewing gum and looking vaguely haggard. Play one-up with the other people in your tute group who are hanging around smoking/chewing gum and looking haggard. Eg, A: 'I didn't do any of the secondary reading - I only read the primary texts.' B: 'Yeah? I only actually read one primary text - I'm just guessing what's in the others from lecture notes and stuff.' C: 'I wish I'd gone to lectures.' B: 'I didn't actually go to lectures - except the first one. I



just got the notes from a friend who studied this subject two years ago.'

Holidays

66. Decide to put exams behind you and have a darned good time. Dig out that list of Things You Really Ought to Get Around to Doing, most of which you began during Swot Vac. Throw it out.
67. Write a list of Things You Always Meant to Do, such as 'abseiling' or 'paragliding'. Look up 'paragliding' in the Yellow Pages. Find that your faith is not inspired by the small, cheap advert. Notice that it doesn't say 'licensed by' or 'approved by' anywhere, and wonder just what safety regulations govern such operations.
68. Decide to look into paragliding again later, perhaps when you hear by word of mouth, of Somewhere Really Reputable that has Never Had Any Accidents.
69. Think that, even if you do give paragliding a miss, it would be good to do something a bit different, instead of just Going to Your Local, which is, by now, on a par with Going to Your Loungeroom, you spend enough time there.
70. Call a friend. Discuss Things You Could Do that Night. Dismiss all suggestions one by one, for varying reasons, and end up at your local.
71. Try one drink each week that you have never had before, and one every fortnight that scares the pants off you. If you're feeling really brave, try a Long Island Iced Tea, with full measures. Hell, try two or three.
81. Experiment with vodka jelly (just like normal jelly but with vodka replacing half the water content). Marvel at how imperceptibly it gets you drunk. Get The Best Drinker You Know (ie the Bastard Who Usually Drinks You Under the Table) drooling drunk on it, as he/she loudly proclaims 'These aren't doing anything! Yeah, I'll have ten more, no worries!'



DO YOU HAVE A HEALTH CARE CARD?

If you're a low income earner, you may be eligible for one.

What's so good about a Health Care Card?

A Health Care Card can help you meet the cost of prescription medicines.

This means you'll pay around \$3.30 for each prescription and once you spend \$171.60, the rest of your prescriptions in that calendar year are free!

Other concessions are provided to Health Care Card holders by government agencies and some private organisations. To find out what's on offer in your state, ask Centrelink for a brochure.

Do I qualify?

To qualify, your income in the last eight weeks must be under:

- Single - \$294 per week
- Single or couple combined, one child - \$524 per week
- Couple (combined) - \$490 per week
- For each additional child add \$34 per week

How do I get a Health Care Card?

Complete a claim form and lodge it at a Centrelink office, in person or by mail.

Claim forms are available at Centrelink or by phoning 131 305.

You will need to provide proof of your income in the eight weeks prior to lodging your claim. This can be payslips, a letter from your employer showing your gross wage or your income tax return if you are self employed.

You also need to prove your identity, and if you were not born in Australia, your residency status details.

HEALTH CARE

Lager politics over the pond

By spj5

To most Americans a good bottle of wine is something like Raspberry Zinfandel, a blend of the Zinfandel crop dregs (called Primativo in Italy) and artificial flavoring and coloring, or the infamous MadDog 20/20, a certifiable loony juice blend of candy store flavors and neutral grain spirit. Anyone who says they drink these for the taste should be regarded with suspicion. America's love affair with really bad flavored wine began in the 50s when the Gallo Brothers, later owners of the single largest winery in the world, brewed up the quintessential ghetto blend, Thunderbird. Urban myth has it that the brothers Gallo used to go to areas frequented by down and outs and place half full bottles of the noxious 18% alcohol by volume brew in trash cans. Nothing like mumble of mouth advertising among the alcoholic homeless to launch a product. These grape-based horrors crossed over to the mainstream a few years later, thanks to Boones, a range of 7% chuggers, of which my favorite is Kiwi/Strawberry, which is quite fine for breakfast when you're on the road, well chilled, chased by a footlong with mustard and pickles.

When it comes to class lines, Americans are wine style socialists. The richest of the rich can be wine fools, and that becomes a genuine tendency the closer you get to the Mississippi River. Mid-westerners may know their corn and whisky, but your average AU fresher knows more about the grape than these millionaire yokels. American wine tastes say nothing about political orientation or economic class.

Beer is another thing altogether, however. You can tell a lot about the political beliefs and economic well-being of a person by the beer he or she drinks, and that's no advertising pitch. A leading quality brew, Sam Adams, is named after one of the leaders of the American Revolution. The beer says 'flag-wavers of the moderate right and above average income, park your quality-loving throats here, please.'

Now, Australians have a dim view of American beer. This leads Australians to believe that Americans are morons: no wonder they defend the right to bear arms. Bad beer will drive a man to guns. That perception (about beer not intelligence) is mistaken, however,

since the US has the best beer in the world. Supermarkets have entire beer aisles: an endless variety of mass brands, local favorites and small batch micro-brews. It's beer nirvana across the pond.

But the bulk of the beer consumed here, don't get me wrong, is godawful, hence the love of guns. Budweiser, AKA 'the buttwiper', is a shockingly sweet corn and rice dominated frothy brew weighing in at a measly 3.7%. At 11% of the US market share, it is also the world's largest selling beer. Make sure you laugh at the next sucker you see drink it (or Coors) at an Adelaide party, pub or club. Budweiser isn't the worst, either.



Now these folk wouldn't fuck with their socks on and the lights out.

When judging the worst beer, there are three criteria to be born in mind: taste, price and the political orientation of the target market. All three have to be Goldilocks to make the grade. The distinction for worst beer in the US probably belongs to the cheapest of the cheap light beers, like Natural Lite or Milwaukee's Best Light, or other beers reminding us of sex in a canoe, like Olympia or the dreaded 'Natty Bo,' National Bohemian. At around US\$8-10 for a slab, these carbonated exercises in futility demand serious determination from the drinker if light headedness is the aim. These are flat-out pillow-biting, blouse wearer's beverages, drunk by Volvo driving, Tipper Gore-worshipping schoolteachers who vote Democrat, but think Reagan was all right. These are the kind of people who think that smoking a cigar is the ultimate 'naughty time.' These people fuck

with their socks on, the lights out, and tut tut about violence on TV. Frankly I prefer what most people regard as the worst cadre of beers in the US: the malt beverage. Malt beverages are very strong (6-7%), rice and corn mashed lagers made in 8 hours. Taste-wise, they are best drunk extremely cold and very quickly with little inhalation between swigs, i.e. taste is not the point here. A few of these lagers under the belt brings on a decidedly hot-head, and a desire to ram your fist into something soft. These head crushers are unashamedly marketed to African Americans. This leads those who think Chomsky knows a thing or two

lead head. Ah, Pat Buchanan, come on down. Politics-wise, I'd prefer to listen to Pat's ravings (example: when he cocked a shotgun during a rally in the last Presidential race and yelled: 'Let's lock and load') than Al Gore's insipid whining, hence my preference for malt beverage over pale light piss. A whitey like me has to venture down to a largish liquor store in the 'hood or to a discount supermarket near a university for the best range of '40s (a 1.25 litre bottle). There, I can marvel at the ways I can make tomorrow's wake-up a very painful one, and bond with other political allies. I can gape at and paw rows of brands like Olde English 800 (the eightball), Schlitt's (the blue bull), Colt 45 or Crazy Horse (which made my Irish roomie vomit in his bed the first time he drank it).

Try as I might, however, my days of poverty are drawing to a close. Gone are the days of fried chicken and '40s parties (we provide the '40s, you bring the fried chicken). As I change classes, so my brew tastes have changed. Now, I am drawn to the small batch micro-brew like my favorite, Anderson Valley's 'Boont Amber', a dark copper colored, malty, hoppy brew with a Cooper's Red label-like kick, or St. Stan's Red Sky Ale. Both Northern Californian microbrews, these drinks are the beers of choice for the post-manufacturing dot-com generation:

the silicon chippers, service industry slackers, intellectual property lawyers and on-line traders who hang out in beer-only bars (with as many as 50 or 60 different beers on tap) that abound on the west coast of the US. Politically, these people really don't give a fuck who is in the Congress or the White House. They know the only things that really matter are interest rates, trade talks, getting in on the ground floor of a likely looking startup, gossip about start-ups, and which bar has which beers on tap right now.

My best instinct is to line these show pony fuckers against the wall and go Latin American dictator on their warm frames, but my pint of beer says otherwise. It says reason with these people, give them your resume, order another expensive pint of me. The beer speaks, and why not? It's a good thing I can't vote, or I might feel guilty.

BETWEEN

18 & 25?



"WANTS

YOU"

- can shag any consenting adult,
- can kill in the army,
- can drink and/or swill,
- can smoke like a trooper.

**But if you receive the Common Youth Allowance
you are not an adult.**

CYA & The Liberal Party: Fucking students over since 1996.

I said, being a bloke is bonza

By Bon Scott

As started last week being a bloke is not just a matter of turning up to the bar and stepping straight in, its a matter of learning to walk the walk and talk the talk.

We started last week with some all purpose words that the keen young emerging bloke should know; words such as mate, bastard, lager, gaff, incoming, footer and the biggy, fuck. Describing something broken as, 'Fuck this fucker's fucking fucked will have been the apogee of the emerging bloke's week.

The emerging bloke should now be comfortable enough to walk into a bar and have a natter with the locals but how does one actively participate in the somewhat strange rituals that these creatures indulge in. This week we will learn to walk the walk.

These rituals are often simple in concept and execution while their meaning can underpin the very existence of the bloke lifestyle for without knowing their place within the wider structure (and taking pride within it), blokes would be lost. These rituals place the bloke within their surroundings while simultaneously the bloke impacts upon the surroundings. The substance of the bloke is as much

defined by how something is done as what is actually done. Let's go to the pub then.

Clobber

Clothes maketh the man, they are the guide to a bloke's inner beauty, a lodestone to the warm glow of the bloke soul. They are more than cover, less than fashion but truly a part of the bloke. They can be used to recognise the various subdivisions within the Bloke Kingdom while also being used as subtle identification signals by other blokes. Play nice with the blokes in the Jim Beam shirts with the lovely pictures of daggers and stuff on their bodies. Know that somebody in a blue singlet and dusty workboots is just a schooner away from feeling a little bit better.

Blokes tend to the understated side of life. Nothing can be too grandiose or ostentatious (apart from that grouse fella Austen Tayshus) for Mr Bloke. Blokewear must be able to absorb the spillings of its wearer and must be comfortable. It preferably should not be too colourful or patterned unless one is attending a function like a B&S Ball where all the colours not in the rainbow are compulsory (but only on your



Mine's a slab and one for me mate, mate.

cummerbund or shirtsleeves). For the student bloke it is important to go with items that can be worn many days in a row with a minimum of washing. Socks can be worn a few days in a row and then left on the floor to be cleaned by the magical cleaning pixies. Jeans come in two varieties, blue and black. Shoes come in workboots, jandals (aka thongs), footy boots, some of those comfy sneakers and, for the more adventurous, sandals. Suits come in two varieties, hired and borrowed, a bloke never admits to owning one. It is important to remember that clobber is utilitarian, tasteful yet understated. Geez, I could strangle a pint now.

The Pub

The pub is the place where mates gather to spin a few yarns and imbibe a few little drinkies. It's the place to hang out with your mates in a convivial atmosphere and know that you won't have to clean up unless you spill a drink. Hopefully it wasn't that massively scary bloke's who's playing with the knife. Pubs provide both a meeting place as well as the ideal learning ground for any sort of bloke from the shabby through to the shocking. They provide the perfect place to parade the cliches that you have mastered while providing a treasure trove of opportunity. Great pubs have a range of pub sports available to be tried by the amateur and professional punter alike; darts (aka pointy), pool or eightball, pinball/video games in which the bloke can transform the sporting dreams of yore into transient two dimensional glory (unless

you get a high score or a hole in one or something along those lines) or a range of games that can be easily transported to the pub such as cards, backgammon and chess. There are bingo tickets to enjoy, the TAB and other assorted fineries for the bloke to enjoy. In all games available to more than two players, try to get as many as possible/allowable involved to maximise enjoyment and social interaction. This also gives you the chance to be self deprecating and a tad mischievous; two traits that any halfway decent bloke exhibits. In this land of opportunity (the pub) one does not strive to be above others, one becomes part of the wheel. Don't be overly critical of your mates but never let a chance go begging, buy the chaps their fair share of lagers and share around the good times.

Any decent bloke knows that the only way to drink is in rounds. It's egalitarian and you know you'll never get any funny stuff like sherry. When strolling into a pub and spying a mate employ either of the following two phrases after preliminary greetings have occurred:

'Man's not a camel.' or 'You go.' This means that you have a hard earned thirst and need a big cold beer. Note

not a gin and tonic; blokes drink beer unless it's summer when we drink beer. Smacking of lips should ensue as does 'That hits the spot.'

After finishing the pint/schooner whack the glass on the beermat covered bar and exclaim 'there's another little soldier down.' Repeat as necessary until you have to see a man about some turnips.



A bloke's bloke

*Next time:
We go to the
toilet*

Student Employment Service

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

"Many of life's failures are people who did not realise how close they were to success when they gave up"

(Thomas Alva Edison)

This quote and more can be found on the noticeboard located in the Students' Association, George Murray Building

Hit Me:

[online.adelaide.edu.au/
auuemployment](http://online.adelaide.edu.au/auuemployment)

All details of vacancies can be found on the jobs website



The Employment Service is a joint venture of the Students' Association and the Adelaide University Union.



Adventures in Freemasonry

By Linley Henzell

In part inspired by the recent, unsuccessful attempt by an *On Dit* correspondent to join the Freemasons by applying through their heavily disguised outlet on Pulteney Street, a couple of weeks ago I finally got around to something I've been planning on for a long time: taking a guided tour of the Adelaide Grand Lodge. I was going to write an article about the tour, but what I discovered in the course of some follow-up research was more interesting still. Here's a short journey into the World of Freemasonry.

There are a number of different varieties of masons, including the Scotch Rite Masons and the Shriners, but the type that make their home in the Adelaide Grand Lodge are known as the Ancient and Accepted Order of Masons (yes, 'Antient'), the only ones who can properly be called Freemasons. Masons trace their origins back to the time of Solomon's Palace (for more information, see the Old Testament), when the engineers, architects and builders responsible for constructing temples and things formed guilds to protect their craft. Anyone employing a member of such a guild could be sure that he (and in Biblical times it would have been a he - not that things have changed much since) had the requisite knowledge and skills to build castles, sacrificial altars and monuments to the glory of Baal.

During the Middle Ages the masonic guilds used their engineering skills to build the great cathedrals of Europe, maintaining a privileged professional status through a range of special signs of identification (including the famous handshake).

With the unfortunate attitudes held by the church at that time preventing open scientific inquiry, the guilds provided a venue for the secret development of knowledge and new ways of thinking. Indeed, some historians regard the masons as in large part responsible for the European Enlightenment and the emergence of secular democracy. The Antient and Accepted Order of Freemasons was formally constituted as an organisation in or around the 18th Century, no longer a professional association for stoneworkers but a fraternity open to men of any occupation.

Masons certainly have featured prominently in the history of the Western world. A list of famous Freemasons includes the following:

George Washington, Neil Armstrong, Salvador Allende, Winston Churchill, Walt Disney, several English kings, Harry Houdini, Cecil Rhodes, Oscar Wilde and a truly frightening number of other prominent figures. Okay, so that's a snapshot of masonic history. What is the Order up to today? Well, modern Freemasonry is organised around Lodges, buildings where masons can gather for private meetings and ceremonies. Every few weeks the masons belonging to a particular Lodge all get together and discuss masonic things. These can range from the



administration of the organisation itself (and its various dealings, including masonic homes for elderly members) to charitable fundraising and the variety of bizarre and arcane rituals used to initiate new members and commemorate various events.

With membership declining precipitously (South Australia used to boast around 33 thousand, but now there are less than 7 thousand, with many of these likely to die off in the next decade), the Masons are in need of new blood. Unfortunately for them, masonic tradition prevents them asking people to join (so no recruitment drives); they must wait for people to approach them. Also, masonic literature gives a number of requirements for membership: Applicants must be males of at least 21 years of age who believe in a supreme being, are willing to swear an oath of obligation (to, for example, keep masonic secrets under wraps) on the Bible or appropriate holy book, and hold themselves to a high standard of moral conduct.

After completing a ritual initiation, involving being lead blindfolded through a series of encounters representing a journey towards knowledge and enlightenment, the Mason can begin his ascent through 33 degrees of secret knowledge. Along the way he learns the meaning behind many masonic symbols, including the Pentacle, the square and compass, the significance of the letter G, and the Secret Name of God (a piece of information freely available on the internet, by the way). And he gets together with the other Freemasons to eat, drink (sometimes) and be merry.

the positions taken up by Freemasons during official ceremonies (bet you missed that one). There are plenty more. Realistically, each Lodge is largely independent and would have a lot of trouble trying to organise the plotting of any kind of grand scheme with other Lodges. **Freemasonry has already achieved world domination.**

Unlikely, but not impossible.

Freemasonry is a weird branch of Christianity/Judaism.

Although much Freemasonic symbolism comes from the Bible and the Jewish Qaballah, the organisation itself is non-religious and open to a variety of faiths.

Freemasonry is a weird branch of Satanism.

Although some of the rituals used in Freemasonic ceremonies are really, really weird, they aren't Satanic, and devil worship is certainly not part of the masonic program. That said, real Satanic cults have been known to borrow elements of masonry for their own purposes.

Freemasonic rituals and symbols are freaky. I can't believe that people take them seriously!

Ever been to a Catholic High Mass?

Freemasonry is an old boy's club.

Well, this one is a bit harder to deny. Although talk of politics and religion is forbidden at masonic meetings and business

discussion is discouraged, the bonds of trust formally established between members of a Lodge do carry over into the outside world. Let's be honest - if two equally qualified people were applying for a job and one of them belonged to the same Lodge as the employer, we know which one would get past the initial interview stage. And given just how many Freemasons there are in the world (even seven thousand in a State as small as SA is a fair number) and how well entrenched they are in positions of power, well, those of us who are female, under 21, atheistic or just plain suspicious of a bunch of octogenarians who dress up in aprons and refer to God by a 'secret name' have the cards stacked just slightly against us.

Freemasonry is a conspiracy bent on world domination.

Given the number of people in high places who are masons, if they wanted to rule the world they probably could have done so a while ago. But the conspiracy-minded observer can find countless references to masonry in everyday life: many of the streets in Adelaide are named after Freemasons, the eye-in-the-pyramid Grand Seal of the United States (which appears on their one-dollar note) is a masonic device, and (if you believe some people) modern movies are scattered with the symbols of Freemasonry - for example, a convoy of trucks in one scene in Independence Day are supposedly travelling in a pattern identical to

Freemasonry is a front for the Illuminati.

The truth is out there, kids.

Want to find out more? There are several good Masonic sites on the Internet, and the Adelaide Grand Lodge on North Terrace is open for tours at 2pm every Thursday.

Fist me and call me a puppet

By Kate

A couple of editions ago, I introduced you fine folk to a former housemate of mine, Kim. She was the one who was engaged to the Neanderthal with a blue todger. Well, the fun and games in that house didn't end there dear reader, hell no. No, I've got a gem of a story for you right here. Now, among Kim's eccentricities was an almost unhealthy obsession with all things *Star Wars*, which, unfortunately, extended to her parents as well. We had set up a mammoth speaker system for surround sound, and the household ritual was to get stoned, crank it up, and watch *Star Wars*. So one day, whilst being forced to sit through the entire trilogy for the third time that week (it was Thursday, and I was stone cold sober), I'd had enough, and convinced Kim to come up to the shops with me to get food and nicotine. Whilst up there, we ran into some friends of ours, so we stopped for a beer and a chat, that culminated in us being gone for around 3 hours. Whilst wandering back to the house, we ran into her parents, who Kim excitedly told we were watching *Star Wars*. They then invited themselves over to join us.

Here's where the fun begins. Now, the Neanderthal, among other things, was a huge fan of hardcore porn and had videos squirreled away all over the house. Totally unbeknownst to us, he was working a split shift that day, and therefore had come home for a couple of hours. You reckon you know where this one is going, don't you? Well, we'll see ... Mr and Mrs 'We're good Italian Catholics who don't drink, smoke, or even stand too close to each other-our children are all immaculate conceptions' - you get the picture, plonked themselves down in separate chairs, while Kim wandered to the kitchen to make some tea. As Kim sauntered back in, she put the tea down on a table between them, just as I was pressing play on the VCR.

What happened next is still a bit hazy due to our slightly intoxicated state. Kim had asked me a question and I had turned to answer her, resulting in both our backs being turned to the TV. For some reason, the volume was muted, so I rectified that, just in time to see the look of abject horror on Ma and Pa Chastity, and hear a blast of oohs and ahhs in surround sound. Now these people ordinarily looked as though

they had poles shoved up their arses, but now it appeared someone had put 40,000 volts through said poles. The Neanderthal had obviously come home a bit randy, and had been watching a selection of his video library, and not bothered to take the video out of the machine. What we were greeted with was two women in a spa bath, one of whom had her fist firmly implanted in the other.

Kim and I both realised what had happened, eventually, and both grabbed the remote to turn it off,

receiving end of this onslaught. The only saving grace being that they couldn't hear us over the surround sound, otherwise they would've been really upset, hey kids. After what we think was around one minute, two at most ... let's face it, it could've been 3 hours and we wouldn't have known, Kim's mum started sobbing and distracted us for a moment. Kim went to calm her down (never taking her eyes off the TV, mind you) while I grabbed the remote, but just as I was about to turn it off, the fister removed her

and I lunged at the VCR, knocked over everything within a 6-foot radius of the TV, still missed the STOP button, but managed to disconnect the TV from the wall. Still a little flustered, we both turned around to see a pair of shattered souls curled up in the foetal position like twins in utero on the couch. Kim's father stood up, followed by her mother, and in a rather unsteady voice, inquired as to who owned the video, also asking if the Neanderthal knew about such things going on in this house (the sun shone out of his rather large arse as far as they were concerned). Now, although the Neanderthal did live there, the parents were kept unaware as they didn't believe in sex outside the bounds of matrimony, and wanted to keep temptation at bay. So, Kim thinking quickly, although not necessarily wisely, said, 'Oh that, yeah that's Kate's video, she's a lesbian'. She was then accordingly bundled off outside for a damn good talking to, and I was left to clean up the mess and await eviction. She managed to convince them that I suffered from a 'disease,' and that in true Christian fashion, she was trying to save my soul, and help me through this terrible affliction. They, of course bought it, more because they didn't really want to have to deal with the thought of 'being un-Christian and throwing me out into the cold, cold snow' (the exact words of manipulation used by Kim). They still crossed themselves every time they saw me after that incident though, and after a lot of discussion, Kim and I decided that the feat of human anatomy

we witnessed must have been a trick of the camera. Either that, or the fisteer had no internal organs.

And although I have no proof, I reckon Kim's father was a bit excited by the going's on, as when they left the house (for the local church, to cleanse themselves you see), he insisted on carrying his jacket in front of him, at about waist height. This despite the fact that it was 13 degrees outside with a fine rain that had been coming down for about an hour at that stage. He claims that in all the commotion, the tea got knocked over, and he got it all over him.

Would've been a good argument if it wasn't for the fact that he kicked the tray all over his wife, nowhere near himself - and he was wearing black pants.

Coincidence, I think not.

'Oh my gosh! That's repulsive! I'd have to be unconscious before anyone tried to do that to me!'



but, unfortunately for Ma and Pa, we caught a glimpse of said scene, and became quite mesmerised by it. Not by the image itself so much, as by the fact that the woman doing the fisting appeared to be inside the other - almost up to her shoulder. Now, I don't know about you ladies and gentlemen, but I studied anatomy, and I'm fairly sure this is not possible, however, we ALL saw it with our own eyes, just below the shoulder, around the upper bicep was all we could see of this woman's arm. So, while the olds were having near fits at the back of the room (by this stage, Kim's father had kicked the table, complete with piping hot tea, all over his wife in her Sunday best), we were standing there fixated, and discussing the physical dimensions that would've been required of the woman on the

hand to reveal nails that were about an inch long. They looked nice though, they had little US flags painted on them, with press on stars. Inch long fucking nails, people!

So once again, Kim and I were fixated on the TV and not much else, only this time, we were leaping about screaming 'Ooh, ahh, that'd make your eyes water' in barely passable and fairly ridiculous Scottish accents (I have no idea why we felt the need for Scottish accents, but we were traumatised). After the oohing and ahhing stopped, first the video, then us, one of those dodgy game show-host-type voice-overs typical of bad porn videos came over the speakers. In a 'Are you ready to ruuummbble' type voice, the guy said, and I quote, 'You think *that's* impressive? You should see what her arse can take'. At that moment, Kim



• Free Beer •

Is your face circled? Come down to the *On Dit* office (basement George Murray Building) at high noon Friday and claim your prize, kindly donated by Southwark



You have your say

Mary, Mary quit your bugging

Dear Editors,

I write to you on a matter of deep disappointment in relation to our vice chancellor professor Mary O'Kane.

I am currently studying first year law at our great university here at Adelaide, having graduated several years earlier in Civil Engineering. I don't personally know Professor O'Kane, but when I had the great opportunity to return to Adelaide University, upon looking around the campus it seemed to me to be in just great shape. I wanted to meet with professor O'Kane for 5 minutes to congratulate her on this. I telephoned her and her PA seemed only to want to say 'Professor O'Kane is very busy ...'. No response. I accept that she was doing her job in screening these things but I did ask her to ask Professor O'Kane for a meeting. As there was no response I took a more direct approach. I sent Professor O'Kane an email asking for a brief meeting - no response. I sent Professor O'Kane a private and confidential letter asking for a meeting - no response. I even left a note on her car window in exasperation - no response. Well we are all very busy aren't we. In all of my communications I made it clear who I was and why I wanted to see her, with the exception of one item which I deemed best not put in writing but discussed face to face. This was to do with a security issue which I had observed in the Mitchell building several weeks earlier.

This occurred over a period of around four weeks. After this I then finally received a short email from Professor O'Kane's PA saying only words to the effect 'thanks for your interest in the university'.

What on earth is going on here? Perhaps needless to say, I find this behaviour to be astounding and quite rude and I advised Professor O'Kane's PA of this. My original intentions of congratulations have long since dissolved and I am left with an empty feeling of bewilderment at this. I have been an executive director of publicly owned company earning many millions of dollars per year in profit so believe me I know all about organisations, egos and politics - is this what is going on here?

If it is the clear practice of Professor O'Kane that she will not meet with students or graduates then I would have appreciated the good manners and common courtesy for someone to have clearly advised me

of this at the outset. This did not occur. If this is her practice (which indeed it appears to be) then I find this astounding. My feeling is that few students would seek a personal meeting with the Vice Chancellor, and those that show the initiative in doing so should be given a hearing. Not everyone wants to complain about funding, resources or course material.

If this is a reflection of the current relationship between the students and the big shots at the front office then we have a big problem. Certainly my recollection of this relationship from my first time here at Adelaide University was that it was immeasurably better than it appears to be now. My astonishment is profound.

Sincerely

Stephen Hayes

This is actually a letter to Adam, ACVP

Dear Adam/Eds,

I recently seen (sic) in the latest *On Dit* that you were looking for suggestions as to activities for the year. As a dude who voted for you last year, and fellow engy, I thought I'd drop you a line. We are in the midst of a crisis. Australia as a whole is staring down the barrel of a frightening new world, one of darkness, despair, pain, suffering, anguish, a spiralling apocalyptic nightmare where everyone is enslaved into torment. Eternal sobriety. As I was polishing my beer shrine the other day, dancing around it naked and reciting the holy prayer to the great hop god 'Our beer which art in barrels, hallowed be thy foam etc', I was appallingly shocked to hear that our bastard government is going to push beer prices up again. What to do? Do we lay down to their every whim? This time they have gone too far. If diggers returning from WWII were told by prime minister Curtin 'due to the huge cost of shooting shit up in the jungle for years, we have to hike up the cost of piss' would they have taken it? Put faith in their all conquering government? Hell no! they would have stood arm in arm, as one and shouted out a communal 'go get rooted' to their politicians. Of course, they would have been taken more seriously, they had guns. Anyway, I see it that the onus is on us to do something, as the greater booze swilling portion of the populous, we must take a stand against these poofters from Canberra, who more than likely drink stollis and can never get it up. We must stand up for all the country's winos, who are too drunk to know what the hell is going on anyway, how

can we stand by and watch them be sentenced to drinking turps and old spice for the rest of their hazy days, that shit's not good for you. I propose a protest. One that will make the whole VSU thing pale in comparison, the biggest thing since the whole grass smokin', free lovin' Vietnam do. We would have the whole of the country behind us, the workers, the winos, the students and the goldfish in tanks at parties that always get booze poured on them. Line up outside the town hall, throw a few eggs, burn a few effigies, what's a few rubber bullets in the arse in the pursuit of cheaper beer? Bloody GST is one thing, but more for beer? If we have to drink at home all the time, we'd hardly ever meet new people to root. We'd all be crap at playing pool. We'd run out of glasses, beer towels and eight balls! There would be less people smoking, so those prices would go up to, because those die hard nicotine suckers like myself would be carrying everyone else. Anyway, there's an activity for you. I'm sure you wouldn't have too much trouble getting people to join in, and probably get a brewery to sponsor the whole shebang.

yours sincerely,

concerned engy pisshead


That Band Association night sure was swell. Yes indeed.

Dear Eds,

I am writing to congratulate the Bands Association on a job well done. Last Friday (12th May), seven bands from the Adelaide Uni Bands Association played a gig at the Heritage Hotel, with around 200 punters attending. On behalf of my friends, I'd like to thank all those who participated and attended, it was a great night, unfortunately not enough people knew about it. Wouldn't it be nice to see an event like this held in the Unibar sometime?! so that more students can have access to this talent, and the bands can have a bit more support from the Union in achieving some exposure. This is a suggestion from someone who spends much time and money in the Unibar (Possibly too much!)

Anyway, thanks for giving me a say. Good job guys, keep doing what you're doing.

Jiggy Whithitt



STUDENT RADIO



QUIZ NIGHT

Thursday June 1st @ 7pm in the UniBar

Tickets \$3, available from the SAUA office (Ground floor, George Murray Building), and at Student Radio (5UV, North Terrace)

★ Guest MC ★ Doorprizes ★ Raffles ★ Drink specials.

Meals available until 7pm @ UniBar
6-10 people per table - organise your own!

 equinox CAFE & BAR UniBar 

Then I'll have mine.

My religions better than yours

Dear Eds,

I was sufficiently disturbed by Janice Werneberg's letter (v68.11) I felt I should respond. Note, I will refrain from attacking its quality of writing or comprehensibility, for as Werneberg has shown this is an easy criticism to make.

Firstly, rest assured Linley Henzell, I believe the purpose of the article was clear to we student readers. A large chunk of *On Dit* is devoted to entertainment; movie, book and music reviews and the like, and the article in question is no different. Many students would have seen the Scientologist's(tm) personality testing sign and considered participating in this free entertainment, just as they might consider those cheap movie tickets, that \$3 half leg wax or the free proctological examinations. What better way to sway one's indecision than by reading a review?

Secondly, since Scientology(tm) is the study of knowledge, it surprises me that Werneberg's facts are so vague. Scientology(tm) began as a psychological institution also practicing the 'Experimental psychiatry [which] was all the rage in the 60's, with their vicious actions unmonitored'. It was their infamous techniques that sparked the Anderson Inquiry into Scientology of 1963, and consequently the Psychological Practices Act, which effectively outlawed the group. So, by legitimately exploiting Freedom of Religion rights, the group became the Church of Scientology, now untouchable by law. Add to this the benefit of massive tax breaks (religions avoid many taxes such as Land Tax and council rates on properties, and employees of a church have a very favourable income tax system) and a few movie stars, and you have a very powerful organisation.

Incidentally, Werneberg's study of society would also tell her that the increases in crime, drug use, broken marriages and depression have also been proportional to e^x, carbon dioxide emissions, and the number of Scientologists, but this does not identify any of these as the cause.

Finally, if you really want to find out the truth about yourself, and the true nature of God, then I suggest you join the only religion that can truly provide you with spiritual freedom - and that is the one you create yourself. For plenty of information on these and other

matters, refer to the Australian Skeptics journal, particularly 'An Oasis of Privilege' (vol 7, no 4).

Patrick Tapping

PS: Can someone clarify whether or not the Scientologists(tm) have any concern for woman's spirit and her problems?

Scientology is a registered trademark of the Church of Scientology.

I want my Dale talking 'bout telly

Dear Eds,

I am not usually inclined to voice my opinion, but this is one topic which I feel has gone unaddressed in this year's *On Dit* publications. I realise Dale now has the very important role of co-editor, but what happened to his whimsical weekly article on TV?? Though it is somewhat sad, I used to look forward to catching up with someone whom I could share my equally obsessive passion for TV ... the love-hate relationship with *Dawson's Creek*, the inevitable failure of *The Mick Molloy Show* and the utter abhorance of the forever soul-mate searching *Ally Mcbeal*.

Please come back Dale, even if it's only for one edition.

Cheers

TV Nut

The LHMU take offence with Janak and other folk

Dear Editors

A letter in a recent edition of *On Dit* from Adelaide University Union President Janak Mayer, apparently in response to a point of clarification from LHMU members employed by the AUU, clearly implied that the LHMU had 'sacrificed' student casuals by agreeing to inferior wages and conditions for students as a group of workers. This implication cannot go unchallenged. The truth of the matter is that the AUU management, which includes the Board, had insisted that students, who are members of the Adelaide University Union be given some kind of preference to work for the organisation, but that they also be paid at a lesser rate, due to some notion of lack of skill, experience etc.

The LHMU and it's full-time, part time and casual members, including student members, refused to agree to that as a proposition on the basis that there is a requirement

for equal pay for equal work, and that students should not be seen as inferior workers.

However, as a result of LHMU members insistence, about this issue, Management applied to the State Industrial Commission to have the then Agreement rescinded. This had the effect of putting all employees' pay and conditions at risk and management then insisted that if a further agreement was to be reached, that casual workers should be required to go onto a different rate to other employees. Now that we are commencing negotiations with management for a new Agreement, it is with a degree of expectation that Janek (sic) Mayer, President, Ben Allgrove, Vice President and Anthony Paxton, AUU Commercial Operations Committee, all signatories to the abovementioned letter, will support our members' position, that all LHMU members whether students or not are entitled to be paid an equal rate, students are not inferior workers.

I look forward to that support.

Ann Drohan
Branch President
Liquor Hospitality & Miscellaneous Workers Union

Collated or ripped off?

Dear Editors,

I recently picked up a copy of *On Dit* (the Sexuality Edition) for the first time in years. I didn't read it in depth but I couldn't help but notice that the 'Hints for Life' article by 'Lemniscate' (page 10) was a blatant ripoff of someone else's work, complete with spelling errors. Perhaps Lemniscate could try coming up with something original in future, rather than simply nicking stuff from Viz.

Cheers,

Ken

Women's Room 1

Dear Tristan and Lachie,

First I'd like to thank you for taking such an interest in the Women's department. It's nice to know that people take the time to read the SAUA columns. Now, to address your questions about why we have a women's room. Let me first begin by drawing a distinction between women's autonomous space and your 'We Hate Girls Because They're Shit Club'. The key differ-

ence is simple: the women's room has nothing to do with men ... THAT'S THE POINT.

You argue that having women's autonomous space is sexist and I can understand why it would seem that way until you consider the context in which it exists ...

Let us look back 50 years to a time in which women were essentially considered housewives and mothers. Men went to work, they earned the money, they ran the government, they ran the legal system, they built the houses and the roads, they were the overwhelming majority in the tertiary education system. Women essentially did not have a say in the way in which the world was run.

A great deal has changed since then: women are now well represented within our undergraduate schools, it is less unusual for a woman to work away from home.

But do you notice that we still have the same governmental system, the same legal system, the same infrastructure that was devised by men for men? Not because men are nasty and mean but because they were the ones that used it. That's a very hard world for women to break into.

Your example of the WHGBTSC is not as novel as you may think. Take Engineering, in the Structural department 100% of the lecturers are male, overall only 15% of students are female. This makes women not only in the overwhelming minority but also intruders to a world which has traditionally belonged to men, a 'boys club'. Women in such fields face social exclusion and gender based harassment on a daily basis. Women in powerful positions are still pioneers. How many female judges can you name? How many female politicians?

Physically, women have a different set of needs to men. A woman's study or work place needs to be able to accommodate the fact that she may have children, that she may get pregnant, that she menstruates, that she interacts with her co-workers in a different way to men.

Lets face it, one in three women the victims of sexual harassment and assault both within the workplace and beyond.

The women's room exists to challenge this world, it is a place where the power is shifted from men to women. The room is designed to suit the specific needs of women rather than men. For some people it is a sanctuary ... surely you will agree that we should provide facilities for women who have been harassed and abused!?! You can hardly argue that having one room in the whole university is

Ok, let's agree to disagree then.

'discriminatory' or 'sexist' when you consider the inequities women face in the all the other spheres of their life.

If you have any further questions feel free to contact me in the SAUA on 8303 5406 or email me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au. Thanks,

Heidi Ryan
SAUA Women's Officer

Women's Room 2

Dear Eds,

This is regarding Tristan Mahoney and Lachie Croft's letter in last week's *On Dit*. First of all I realise that this letter was a genuine inquiry, so I am pleased that you have asked, 'Why do we need a Women's Room?'

The Women's Room exists to go a small way to correcting the blatant gender bias in our society. It is not a 'We hate men club'. The Women's Room is a space where women can meet, socialise and organise themselves without the involvement of men. Women are a marginalised group in society, we are discriminated against by the very structure of our society, our workplaces and other institutions (such as universities) which have been designed for and by men.

Women are subjected to sexual assault both inside and outside of the home. We also experience sexual intimidation and harassment on a daily basis. Women are marginalised for one reason, because they are women. Men also get harassed/assaulted/intimidated, but it is seldom because of their gender that they are exposed to this treatment.

I am not suggesting that all men assault/harass/intimidate women, only that these are widespread problems in our society, and most definitely within this university. The Women's Room provides a space to get away from this. Not all women feel the need to find this sanctuary, and that is great, society is improving (slowly), but the service must remain.

You said the Women's Room is a 'place where they (women) have autonomy over them (men)'. Given that men are not present, it would be difficult for women to control them. I think that you may not quite understand the meaning of the word 'autonomy', or at least I hope that this is the case because you asked whether 'Women need their own autonomy now?' Autonomy over oneself is the ability to govern yourself, all people have the right

to make decisions that effect their own lives. I am trusting that this is an oversight, because the answer to your question would otherwise be, 'YES I DO WANT AUTONOMY OVER MYSELF YOU PATRIARCHAL BASTARD!!!', but as I am sure that this was a mistake I will simply say thank you your question (sic) and I hope that my reply went some way to answering it for you.

Anais Chevalier
NUSSA Women's Standing Committee

He also writes to the Advertiser

Dear Ms Jennifer Rice,

I read your drivel-filled piece of tripe with all of its trendy PC buzzwords - such as 'womyn', 'humyn', 'man/kind' (you've lost me with that one) and 'lesbophobia' (ooh ah!) - in a recent edition of *On Dit* Letters page (22/05/00), and must admit that I was actually quite amused (as well as quite flattered) to discover my name mentioned a couple of times in it. Obviously, the stuff I said really got to you; something that gives me much perverse pleasure. I have to say, however, that I was more than a little nonplussed by your bizarre (not to mention completely unfounded) assertion that, in describing myself as a 'proud white male', I was speaking about the 'continuation of a 200 year old system of domination and territorial stupidity.' Instead, I was simply asserting my pride in being both white and male: a combination that seems to be dreadfully unfashionable in the circles in which people like you move. [Why is it that the PC crowd see nothing wrong whatsoever with concepts like 'black pride' or 'gay pride' yet automatically assume that any white man who expresses pride in his race and sex must be some sort of neo-Nazi?] No doubt, people like you see white men as the source of all that is evil, rotten and corrupt in the world today (while women (oops, I mean wimmin ...) of course, are faultless paragons of angelic virtue) but personally speaking, I refuse to buy into that sort of shit and have no intention of adopting some twisted, masochistic mindset which has me believing myself to be the spawn of Satan and mentally flagellating myself on a daily basis as a result. Besides, in spite of their faults, white men have done innumerable good and positive things for the world

and the civilization in which we live (just think, for example, of the all the great works of art that were created by white men or the countless ingenious inventions that were devised by the Caucasian male). Yours in defiant unrepentance

James S. Brazel
(the proud white male)

PS: If, as you assert, you were 'invited' by the *On Dit* editors to submit your letter, how come you then slagged off said publication in said letter. That wasn't very nice now, was it?

PPS: Why do those execrably self-righteous vegans never consider the possibility that plants might not want to be eaten any more than animals? How can they be so sure that vegetables don't suffer or feel pain when they're being consumed? PPPS: Remember kiddies, meat is healthy and yummy and good for your tummy!

What about all my sisters?

Dear *On Dit*,

I am disappointed by the events or the lack of quality of events during Sex Week. I had been anticipating a week of events and information relative to sexuality. A week where the diversity of sexuality was celebrated. Considering that the two sexuality officers, Amanda Camporeale and Tom Radzevicius, had been working on Sex Week since Orientation Week (what time frame is that? 8, 9, maybe 10 weeks?) and produced practically nothing of interest or true relevance to sexuality is disturbing, to say the least. Where were the issues concerning lesbian rights, transgender issues, bisexuality, sexuality vs. queer departments,

how the Common Youth Allowance discriminates against non-heterosexual couples, the lack of visibility of lesbians and gays in the media, same-sex relationships and the law, domestic violence in lesbian and gay relationships, and of course some of the things that the queer community have strived to achieve. There is a whole list of issues that could have been addressed. Instead, a barbecue, a debate 'are queer lovers more romantic?' and a band night that didn't have one all-girl or queer band at all. Yeah, that's the spirit of sexuality and all that it encompasses. Having just finished reading the sexuality edition of *On Dit*, I am extremely disappointed. I found only four or five articles to be informative or interesting to read. As I continued to read, it became more and more evident that the edition was nothing more than an ego trip for the two sexuality officers, Amanda and Tom. How egocentric can you be? Your sexual prowlness or how to pick up and root your sexuality officer do not address the fundamental issues of sexuality. Sexuality does not revolve solely around sex. Is sex the only thing your department has to offer? Despite being a strong advocate of sexuality/queer departments, when they are controlled by people who are inept, and have actually no understanding of the core issues and what and why the department exists, I do have to wonder, why do we bother to have a department at all? There is more to sexuality than just sex.

Concerned

Thank you to everybody who wrote in this semester. Keep the letters coming and we'll feel just dandy thanks.



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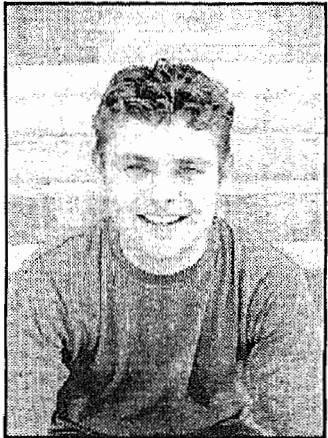
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Deadlines: the SAUA hate 'em.

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



Law School

There has been a growing feeling of discontent within the Law School in the last couple of months over a variety of issues, including assessment method and procedure, quality and consistency of teaching, and cost of materials. I have met with many students from the School, and they feel that some action needs to be taken quickly. Over the coming weeks the SAUA, along with the Law Students Society, will be approaching the University in order to have these concerns addressed quickly and effectively.

The University has committed to a full review of the Law School in the second half of the year, yet we fear that the University's machinations may take well into 2001 to begin producing some positive change. For many current students, this is simply too late. It is no coincidence that these issues are reflected in many Departments and Schools of the University.

Quiz Night

The SAUA/Student Radio Quiz Night is now being held this Wednesday, May 31st in the UniBar. Tickets are only \$3 and are available at the SAUA. There are many prizes to be won, and the event is proudly supported by the UniBar, Equinox, and Unibooks.

Orientation

This year's Orientation was a huge success, yet the Coordinator and the Directors made recommendations at the end of their terms to further improve the process. These, along with other proposals, will be collated for discussion at the next Council meeting. If you have any ideas for the review, please come into the SAUA and see me.

National Sorry Day

Last Friday was National Sorry Day. A group of students braved the cold and attended a ceremony at the Torrens Weir. The ceremony welcomed the indigenous elders back to the site where in 1845 the SA colonial government built a school for indigenous children, with the intention of separating the children from their families, beliefs and cultural heritage. For a full rundown of the ceremony, see page 4. If you would like any more information about these issues, or you have any other query, drop in and see us in the George Murray Building, or call 83035406. You can email me on stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



Counter Calendar

It's time to get your Counter Calendar submissions in for your 1st semester subjects. Due to the commitments of our desktop publisher in the SAUA, we need as many submissions as possible before swat vac. Please take the time to grab a form for each subject you're sitting and fill it out. Submission boxes and questionnaires are located: Wills refectory, Engineering Common Room, SAUA office, Maths level 1 Help Room, Dentistry Common Room, Med, Barr Smith Library, Napier, RACSUC and in Lirra Lirra at Waite. If there is no box where I've said, please let me know.

Grievances

Well our exams do loom up ever closer and days of slumber and rest have turned to days of work and test - s. (I'm a science student for a very real reason!) In this period of marks and remarks there is always the possibility of getting into some sort of academic trouble. If you do, don't despair. As a student you have rights and the university has a 'grievance'

procedure which deems how it is to handle complaints. If you do have any problems, do come and see me or phone me on 83035406 or e-mail education@saua.asn.au. I am here all holidays so there is no need to wait until term time.

Grievance Procedure Leaflet

I have recently produced a leaflet outlining the steps for a student to take to resolve grievances. This includes grievances regarding 'assessment policy and procedure,' 'academic programs and recognition of learning,' 'administrative operations' and 'individual members of staff.' They will be distributed at exams, (the SAUA will have a table at the exams with useful information on it) and most probably when you receive your results. There are copies available now however at the Student's Association.

Sorry Day Celebrations

Last Friday saw the Sorry Day celebration for indigenous Australians. We attended a ceremony at the Torrens Weir which hosted the 'Homecoming of Aboriginal Elders to Piltawodli' (1st Aboriginal School in SA: 1839-45). The name Piltawodli means Possum House, and a plaque was unveiled, as well as a bronze possum. The event was well populated with South Australians, indigenous and non-indigenous, of which a small proportion were students from Adelaide, Flinders and Uni SA. It was an honour to be present at an event which promoted reconciliation and at which a feeling of joy and hope filled those present. Many public figures were present including our new Lord Mayor, the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs and many Aboriginal Elders.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



It's the last week of first semester! This is a strange week filled with assignments, essays and the terrifying realisation that exams are not far off (Arrrrrr). But to celebrate the end of assignments and gain some Dutch courage with which to face swot vac with we have the best bar night of the year

Beer, GST and a party for all

As the saying goes there are two things you can count on in life death and taxes and to prove this the government is putting a tax on beer which might nearly kill us all which is one of the worst thing we will ever have to survive. So in honour of the last day you will be able to buy a GST free beer in term time we have a great show for you. At 1pm the games room (level 5 next to the bar) will be full of free video games, a big screen TV, a bar (yay) and a DJ plus some comfy couches to relax on and lament the extra money we will have to spend on piss next term and for the rest of our lives.

That's only the games room, the bar is putting on a stirring show too. There will be drink specials (including \$1 happy hour 4-5pm) and give aways, free BBQ and there will be a few raffles to win, prizes include 5 cartons of Coopers and \$100 cash!!! There is a band on at lunch time and there will be strongbow give-aways. How good is all that! And remember, its all free.

Australia's Biggest Morning Tea

Thanks to all the people who attended the morning tea. We raised a couple hundred dollars for cancer research so you should all be proud.

Student Rights

I have had a bit of a break through. The University is starting to write a bill of student rights and we will be a part of writing it! So in the future everyone will know what is kosher and what's not.

9m² Playstation screen

Stay tuned, we are getting closer to having a competition but the details are a bit hush hush at the moment.

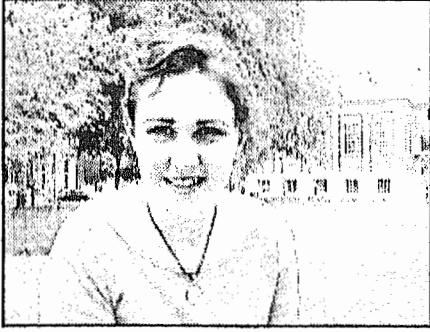
Student Radio/SAUA Quiz Night

This Wednesday there will be a quiz night in the bar. Only \$3 per person (tables of 6-10) and you can win some excellent prizes such as a UniBar pack (4 cartons of beer, 1 bottle of spirits + tshirts) or CD packs or food vouchers etc. There will be cheap drinks all night too. It will be heaps cool so you better all come.

Don't forget if you have any ideas for events tell me, come and see me, write to me or e-mail me. My e-mail address is adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au

Deadlines: the SAUA hate 'em.

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Well, this is my last column before exams so before I forget... good luck!
Morning Tea

Thanks to all those of you who joined us for scones with jam and cream. We now have a cheque for over \$260 to give the Anti-Cancer foundation. Well done to everyone who helped out.
NOWSA

Don't have anything planned these holidays?... come to NOWSA. All those of you who have been reading my column even slightly regularly should know by now that NOWSA is one of the biggest student conferences in Australia. In just over a month, women from all around Australia will be coming to Adelaide to discuss some of the most important issues affecting women at the moment.

Some of the topics for debate include the role of transgendered women within women's groups and women in the third-world. It promises to be a very interesting few days, the speakers will be both challenging and enlightening. With the conference in Adelaide this is an ideal opportunity to grab a friend and come and see what large scale student organising is all about- at the very least, it will be a chance to meet women from faraway and exotic places!

The conference will be from July 10th-14th at Flinders University and all women students are welcome. If you are interested in attending or just want to find out more come and speak to me in the SAUA, or call me on 8303 5406 or email me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au.

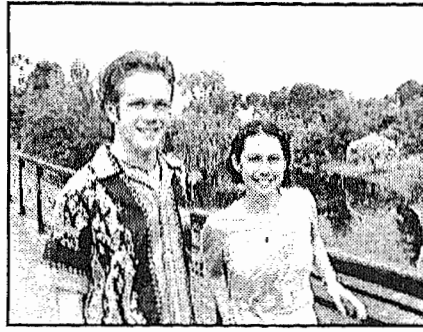
Alternatively, if you'd like to help the collective by having some people stay at your place during the conference call the Flinders University Students Association on 8201 2606, they will be very pleased to hear from you.

The next collective meeting will be on this Wednesday in the Adelaide Uni Women's room at ten...all women are welcome to join us.

Thanks and enjoy the holidays.

Heidi

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexo's



Hey people, how's it going? Hope exam preparation is going swimmingly. Only two weeks to go. AARRRGHHH. Things have been busy around here. The return from Sex Week was positive, with almost \$200 being raised through the band night for the Yellow Ribbon Foundation. Speaking of which....

Yellow Ribbon Update

Since our last column we have been in contact with outside groups in the community with a look to include them in the expansion and running of the Yellow Ribbon Foundation on Campus. We have also been in contact with a number of bands from around Australia, through Tim, at present the only student to approach us to help out. Tim has been contacting bands around Australia in the hope of them helping us to put out a CD to support Sexuality it's link to youth suicide. If anyone would like to help out then please come in and chat to us.

Contact Officer Course

Last week we wrote in our column that both of us were full accredited Sexual Harassment Contact Officers in the University, and that our names would be featured as such on the University web site. Furthermore, we wrote that anyone who wished to undertake a course to receive such accreditation from the University could do so, implying that these courses were freely available. After consultation with Jane Copeland, from Student Support Services in the University, we now realise that these comments were misleading, in that both of us have not yet fully completed the course and as such are not yet fully qualified. In addition, these courses are not freely available to students; they do, in fact, cost the Student Support Services branch a greater portion of their budget, and as such the number of these courses that can be held are tightly restricted. We would like to unreservedly apologise to anyone who read last week's column and was given such false impressions, but more particularly to Jane Copeland, who has patiently expended so much time, energy and money in providing this opportunity for students.

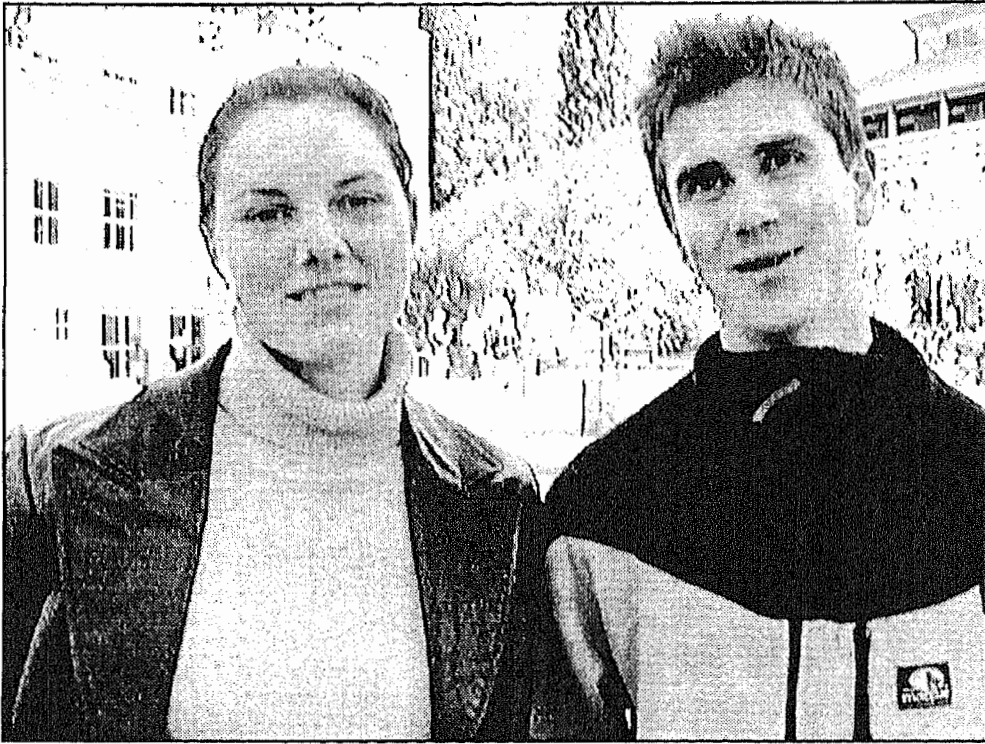
Activities on campus ...



Proudly supported by AU Union Commercial Operations

QUESTIONS:

1. What would be the best excuse/lie for missing an exam?
2. What's the weirdest way of coping with exam stress you've heard of?
3. What are you doing to celebrate the end of exams?



Ben & Helene

Talking booze, cocks, and parking inspectors

1. Ben: Being in a fatal car accident.
Helene: An involved argument with a parking inspector.
2. Ben: One hand on the pen, the other on your cock.
Helene: I've heard of someone running around the exam room naked.
3. Helene: My 21st party. I'm getting pissed.
Ben: Yeah, what more can you do than get totally annihilated.



Buffy and Tessa

Quickies, hot lesbian action, and Monty Python's Flying Circus

1. Tessa: My boyfriend offered me a quickie.
Buffy: Crap your pants.
2. Buffy: Sex. It's not that wierd but it works.
Tessa: Sitting on your bed rocking backward and forward mumbling lines from *Monty Python's Flying Circus*.
3. Both: We're going to treat the guys to a lesbian show at a porn party. All are invited.



Jen X

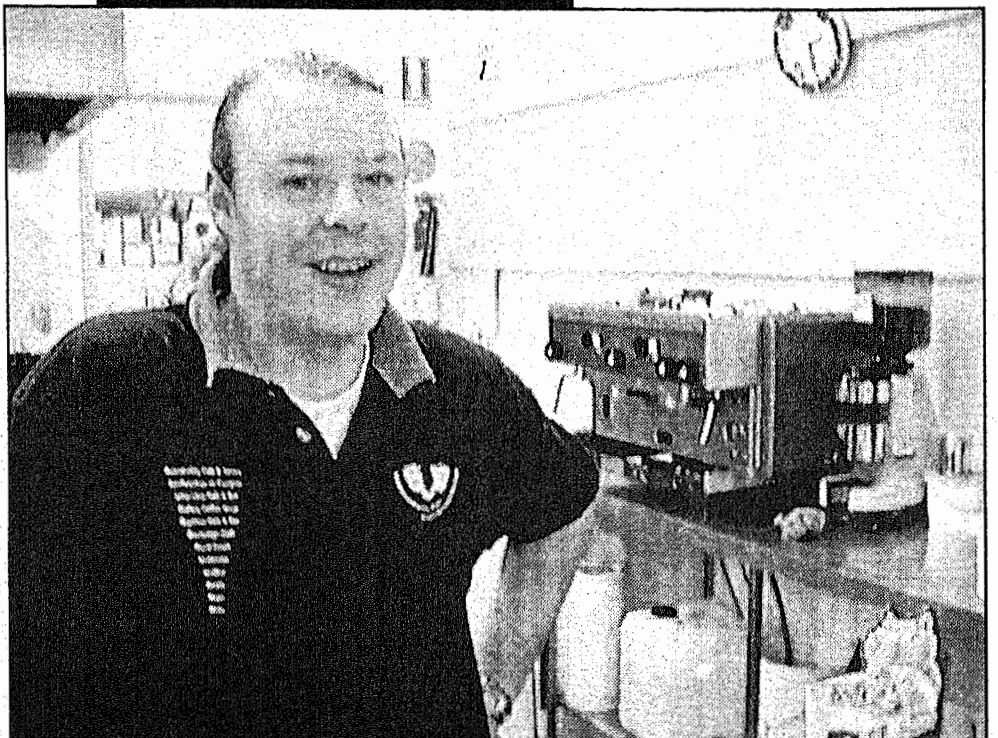
Talking pies, and hopefully getting a cut for it

1. Being picked as the international spokesperson for Villi's pies and you have to go to the world conference in Geneva.
2. Eating Villi's chicken pies. Couldn't you go one?
3. Spanking a Villi's pie. Who's your Daddy Pie?

Matt

Short but sweet

1. My dog ate my car.
2. People get stressed from exams?
3. Have a bender of a week.

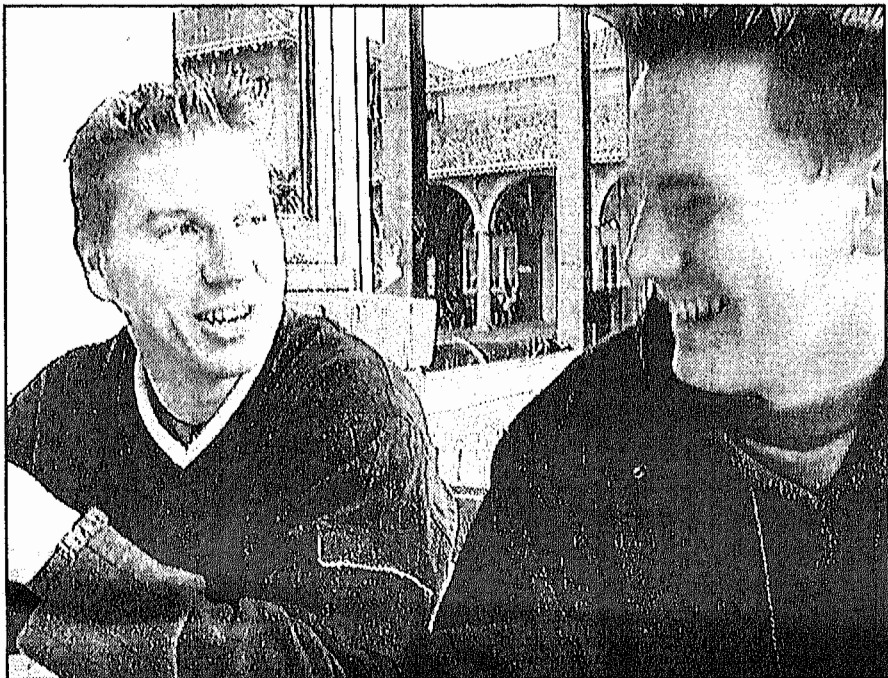




Ilka & Katie

On exchange from New York

1. **Ilka:** Power outage and your alarm clock didn't go off.
Katie: A family member dying. I know people have used that. No one would actually check if it was true.
2. **Ilka:** I knew someone who drank 'INSANE' amounts of coffee and smoked 'INSANE' amounts of cigarettes.
Katie: Steal something.
3. **Katie:** I'm going around to all the places I haven't seen around Adelaide.
Ilka: I'm going set fire to all my books and throw them from the top of the Schultz building.



Stafford and Matty

Fighting marauding hamsters by night

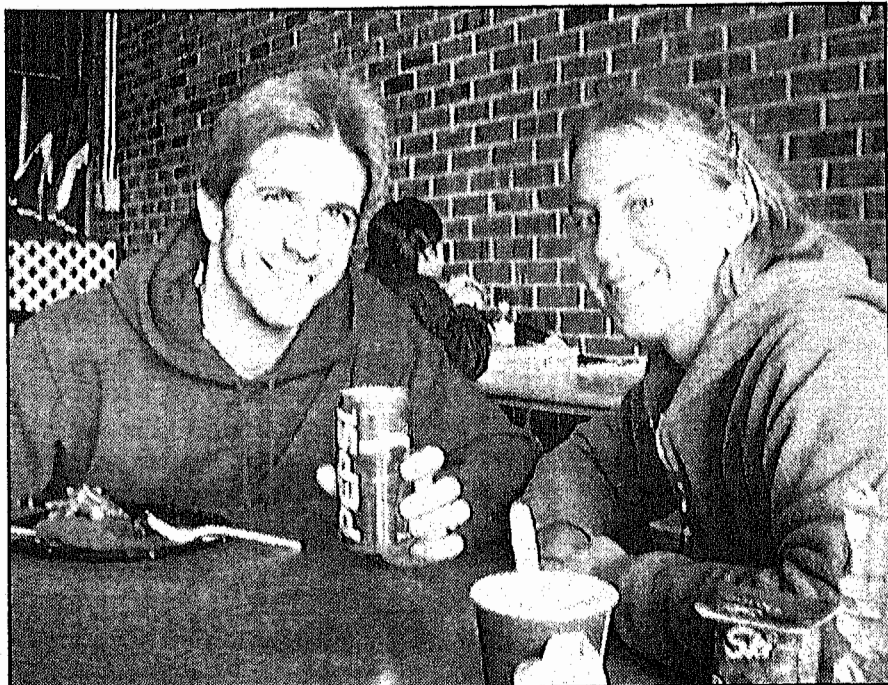
1. **Stafford:** I was busy saving the world. I fight crime by night.
Matty: Being attacked by a marauding herd of amorous hamsters.
2. **Matty:** An inflatable pig.
Stafford: Getting drunk and setting fire to Matty.
3. **Matty:** Set fire to stuff.
Stafford: Get drunk a whole lot in different surroundings.



Matt and John

Procrastinating outside Uni Records

1. **John:** I lied last year - I said I was so sick that I was delirious and missed the time and the date. I got a sup.
Matt: I've always gone to them and just fallen asleep.
2. **Matt:** Studying. That's pretty strange.
John: Helping round the house. Cooking.
Matt: When you start doing stuff round the house you're trying to avoid studying. Procrastination is fun!
3. **Matt:** Same thing I do every day, Pinkie - try and take over the world.
John: My life's boring. I'm gonna get pissed and root. And then I'm gonna streak.



Sam & Julia

Talking exam avoidance tactics in the Mayo

1. **Sam:** Prostate cancer
Julia: It's against my religion.
2. **Sam:** This could be an urban myth, but I heard of this one guy that walked into his exam, wrote his name on his answer book, put a pencil up his nose and banged it into his brain.
Julia: I knew a girl that bit the skin off her hands in a state of severe anxiety.
3. **Julia:** I'm going to New Zealand.
Sam: I don't have any exams ... so I like to celebrate by making fun of people that have exams.

I club, you club, he/she/it clubs.

Basketball Club

Basketballers Wanted! Adelaide University is looking for male and female basketballers who are willing to represent the university at the Australian University Games. The games are held after the district season has finished and no clearance is needed to compete. Any students interested in competing against the best players at Australian universities, contact Will on 8344 4398 or inquire at the Sports Association.

Eddie Club

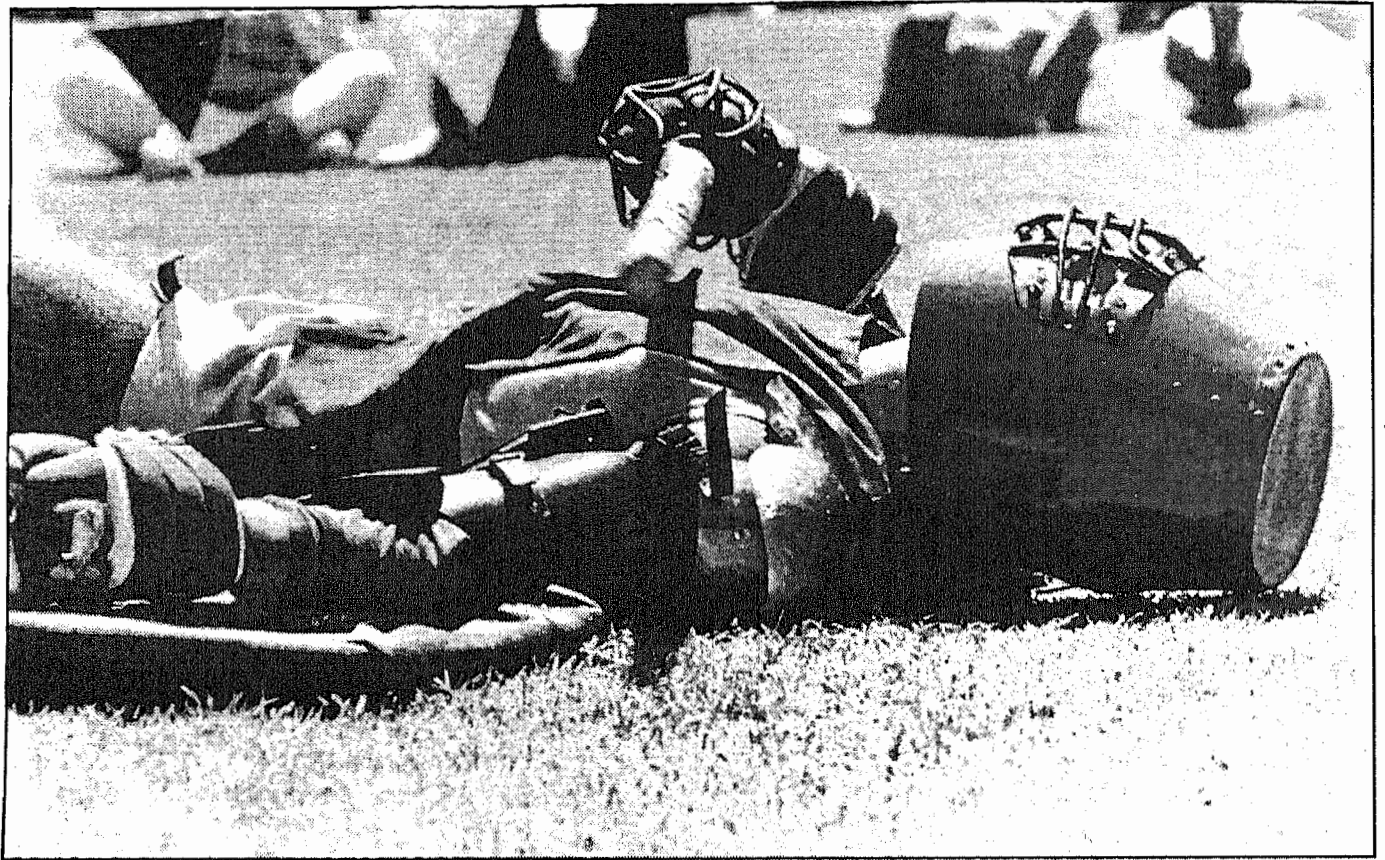
Pub Night Friday 2nd June more details contact Ben on 8332 0241 or eddieclub@hotmail.com

French Club

AGM to be held in Hughes Building room 723 1pm on Friday June 2nd Ellie Palmer 0411 110634 email: ellie@newave.net.au can answer any queries, alternately call Jeremy Wells 8388 8166 Everyone welcome.

Gymnastics Club

Want to know how to chuck a back flip? The ultimate party trick and guaranteed to draw attention!!! The Uni Gym & Acro Club can teach you how!!! We are a diverse group of people who love acrobatics and gymnastics. Our training sessions allow you to work at your own pace, on skills and tricks that you find interesting. We accommodate all levels of experience from the absolute beginner to advanced competitive gymnasts and acrobats. We work towards general fitness with a focus on flexibility & strength in order to make learning new skills easier. You can work on almost anything, from tumbling, trampolining, bars, rings etc, all sorts of group & pair acrobatics,



Creative anachronists, where are you?

circus skills, balancing, juggling. Classes are casual so you can train totally according to your own schedule. We rely on you to express your own personal interests and aims and will assist in whatever way we can to make it a reality. And it's cheap! (\$3 for most sessions!)

Marijuana Anonymous

Dope interfering with your studies? Wanna give up? Marijuana Anonymous meets each Tuesday at 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room. Drop in, we'd love to see you. Call 8340 8989 for more information.

Mature Students

Mature Students Association is holding a general meeting in the Margaret Murray Room (level 5 Union House) at 12pm on Thursday, June 1st. To be followed by wine and cheese in our

clubrooms from 2-4pm. All members are welcome, or just join on the day.

Sports AGM

The AU Sports Association Inc. AGM to be held Tuesday 30th May from 1pm WILL NOW BE HELD in the North Dining Room, Level 4 of Union House (behind the Equinox) INSTEAD of the Margaret Murray Room. The Sports Association apologies for any inconvenience.

Triathlon Club

The triathlon club is a group of members that primarily train together. Although some of our members race, others just train for individual events in their own sport (ie cycling). Most of the racing competed by our members are the local series events, with some also competing in events like the Victor

Harbour Triathlon (1st week in March), or the Sam White Memorial. We are not a group of sports nuts trying to better our times by seconds but more a group just interested in the sport of triathlons. So if you would like to have a hack at a triathlon or would like to train with some other people for a change, then call Anthony on 0409 672 616 for further information.

Water Ski Club

Mission Impossible 2
Glenslg Cinema, June 1st.
Supper at 6:30pm with the movie commencing at 7:15pm
Tickets ONLY \$15 which includes supper (Wine, Cheese, Dips and Pate)
MI2 Party at Plush Lounge after movie.
Phone Mike on 8365 4292 for tickets or see the girls in the Sports Association for tickets and more details.

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for more details contact: Heidi Ryan (SAUA Women's Officer) on 8223 2412
or email naomi.vaughan@flinders.edu.au or nusfem@chickmail.com

<http://www.geocities.com/nowsay2k>

Are you happy now Clark?

Muggers
Now showing
Selected cinemas

I have to admit that I went into this film expecting not a lot. My hopes for Australian cinema in general have been lowered by the dodgy quality of certain other recently released Aussie films (*Cut and Sample People*, for example), and some of the press kit distributed to journalists (yeah, that's what I am) was less than encouraging: 'Their Professor is tired of lame excuses for their lacklustre grades and gives his errant students one final chance to pass a crucial exam; if they fail, they're out' and, 'More importantly, it could save them from severe dislodgment of certain body parts by a deranged cowboy!'

Uh, right.

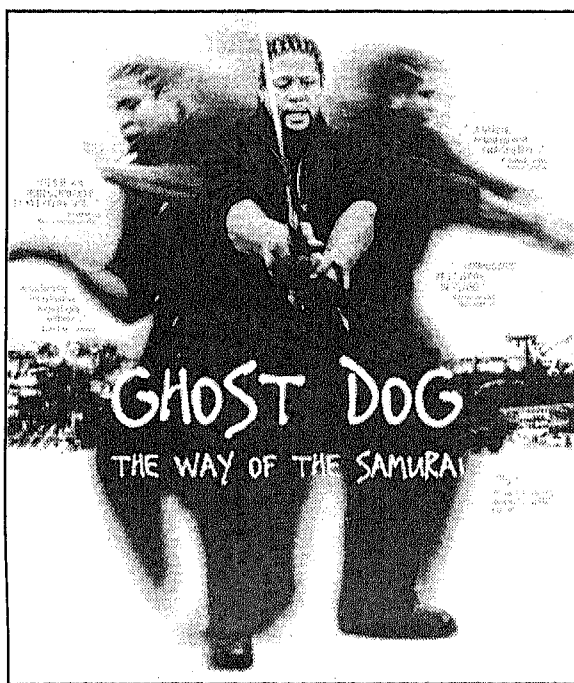
Thankfully, I was proved wrong - this is a very funny film. The story goes something like this: medical students Brad (Matt Day) and Gregor (Irish-accented Jason Barry) are heavily in debt and cannot survive, let alone purchase the expensive textbooks and equipment necessary for their underfunded course, on a single Common Youth Allowance payment. Their grades suffer, it looks as if they are to be kicked out of med school and, to make things worse, nasty loan shark 'Roy' Rogers (Chris Haywood) plus goons Pip Mushin and Anthony Morgan want their money back. A series of amusing coincidences leads to their discovering the perfect way out of their financial troubles: harvesting transplantable organs for the slightly diabolical Doctor Browning (Rod Mullinar). Needless to say, this doesn't go exactly to plan and various funny things happen.

Other than the organ-stealing theme there isn't a great deal of originality about the basic plot - at times it reminded me of the not altogether funny British comedy *Shooting Fish*, and fellow audience members commented on similarities to *Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*. Cliches abound, and the story speeds along on its merry way without paying a great deal of attention to logic or sense.

What makes the film not only watchable but highly entertaining, however, is a constant stream of extremely well done jokes - clever one-liners and sight gags, some slapstick, and every now and then something hilariously weird that

comes out of nowhere. The cliched elements are all handled strictly for comedic value, usually to good effect, and apart from one really odd part at the end every scene has its laughs (even the requisite romantic subplot is done brilliantly). And all of it is infected with the kind of twisted but irresistible dark humour that walks the fine line between success and excess and only rarely strays over it.

With slick cinematography, a well-used soundtrack and acting



which is, with a few minor exceptions, quite good, *Muggers* is a very entertaining way to spend ninety-seven minutes of your life.

Linley Henzell

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai
Now Showing
Selected cinemas

An unlikely combination: a clan of Old School Mafia guys who, being middle-aged, look somewhat ridiculous trying to be tough in their cardigans; huge and gentle bear-like hit-man; Japanese Samurai. Yet it works. *Ghost Dog* just works on so many levels.

Forest Whitaker (*The Crying Game; Phenomenon*) stars as Ghost Dog - a noble, proud, bear of a man living by the ancient code of the Samurai. He is being hunted, *really* unsuccessfully, by a Mafia clan who also live by the old rules - just vastly different ones.

Ghost Dog is truly a film for everyone: action-thriller fans will enjoy the shooting, the blood, and the thrill of the hired kill; arthouse fans will go orgasmic over director of photography Robby Müller's camera work (*Paris, Texas; Breaking the Waves; The Tango Lesson*) and the divine direction from Jim Jarmusch

(*Night on Earth; Dead Man; Year of the Horse*).

Ghost Dog, despite being a hired killer, is not a violent man. The 'Way of the Samurai' is a surprisingly Zen way of being. The film is similar to *The Professional* in its 'humanity of the hitman' angle, but (and *The Professional* is one of my favourite films, so I *do not* say this lightly) *Ghost Dog* does it all so much better.

The Samurai, apparently, is supposed to view the world as if in a dream:

when you wake up from a nightmare you tell yourself 'it was only a dream' - life as well should be viewed this way. Jarmusch and Müller capture this 'dream-state' without getting overly esoteric with the camera work; *Ghost Dog* owns the night and the streets, and fades in and out of them without going all metaphysical on my white ass (sorry, lots of hip hop), and the whole thing is just beautiful.

Cinematography and score fit together like two hands of a prayer (to steal a beautiful metaphor from Ben Harper), and Rza's soundtrack is truly worthy of the term 'music score'. Yes, it is hip hop, but it is such classy hip hop that even *I* like it.

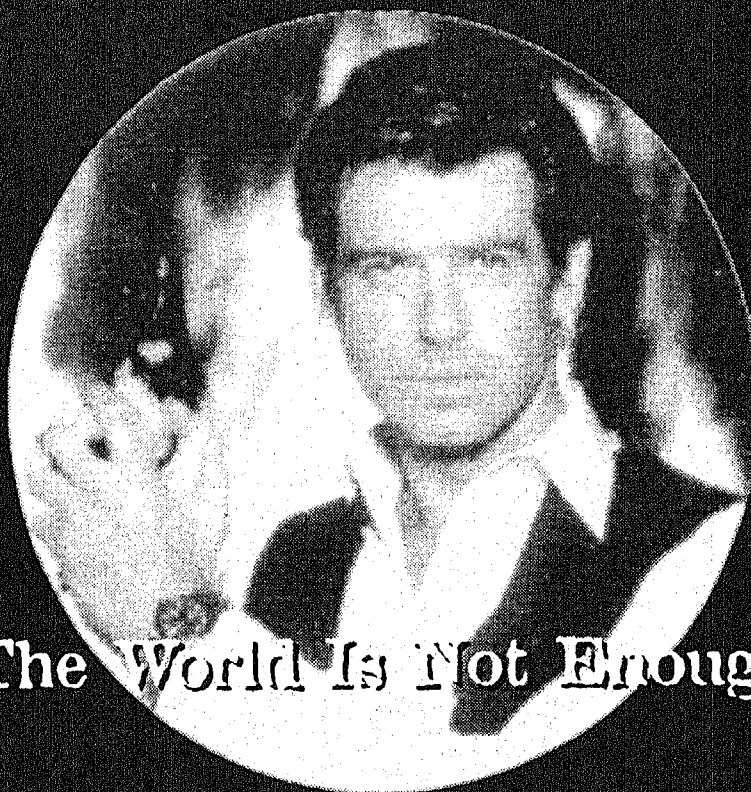
Despite the subject matter, hip hop, and synopsis, *Ghost Dog* is a soul-calming film which will leave you with a surprising sense of peace and well-being. Truly a delight to behold.

Jayne Lewis

Alaska
Now showing
IMAX

If you're Hemmingway or something you go to the ends of the earth in an endless quest for new and previously unseen vistas, strange and exotic new experiences, and different things to shoot. If, on the other hand, you're like me, you forego the expense and discomfort of travel and instead you'll watch nature documentaries on the ABC. Documentaries have never really done great things in the cinema. People usually go to the pictures for some cheap escapism, not something grounded in fact and narrated by a retiring, gentlemanly voice. A diversion rather than an education. Well, that was true. The thing that tipped the scales in favour of the docs - IMAX, the latest quantum leap in cinematic development, and the most vivid projected image you're likely to see in this life-time. IMAX has been heralded as a new kind of movie-going experience, and this is true, but no new experience is a perfect experience first time out. Currently the technology that makes IMAX films available is also the thing that holds it back. The equipment needed to film material for an IMAX movie weighs an excessive amount, and the film itself takes up so much room that the cartridge has to be changed after around four minutes of exposure. The whole process is incredibly expensive, and this keeps the length

Film anagram of the week



The World Is Not Enough

Uh, old. Not worth seeing.

She's deaf.

of IMAX features down to between forty-five minutes and an hour, not really enough for a full-blown drama, but perfect for something like a documentary.

A handful of exceptional docs have already been made for the IMAX screen, and joining their ranks is *Alaska: Spirit of the Wild*.

Alaska is a remarkable documentary. Visually it is perhaps the most extraordinary piece of cinema I have ever seen. Filming took around two years, and some of the countryside shot may have only been seen by a handful of people before now, so inaccessible is the terrain. You see ice caps so compressed over centuries that they only reflect blue from the spectrum. There is all manner of wildlife, some trying to survive, some - like the 'fearsome' black bear - just taking some time to enjoy the brief summer.

The most extraordinary thing about *Alaska* is the fact that, apart from some obvious animation demonstrating the progress of the last Ice Age, everything in the film is real, natural and untampered. While Charlton Heston's narrative may not be as informative as, say, a Richard Attenborough, *Alaska* will make you feel like you've seen one of the last great adventures left on the face of the earth.

Jonathon Dyer

Grand Canyon Opens June 1 Imax

Nature is damned cool. Nature is funky. Nature is the sexiest and most interesting thing in the world and I just can't get enough of it. Love me docs. Love me science. It's all good.

The wonders of the natural world

speak for themselves; they're so cool like that. Just ask the legendary David Attenborough, or the makers of *The Human Body* (shown twice now on the ABC), or *Microcosmos*, or that fantastic series about stuff wot is living in England (also shown on the ABC). Wish to hell the makers of *Grand Canyon* had have asked someone first.



My, that's a big gun.

The Grand Canyon is pretty and amazing enough to speak for itself. But noooooooooo, the makers of this atrocity had to dramatize it up a few notches for their middle-America audience who apparently are too stupid, or just don't care enough, to sit through a documentary - even one that only goes for 40 minutes or so.

Grand Canyon is out in time for the school holidays, but if you care about the education of your children, go and hire something by Attenborough from your local video store instead. The filmmakers successfully ruined some very pretty scenery by concentrating on 'historical re-enactments' of Native Americans, and a couple of explorers sailing down a river—all in nasty little period costumes. To top it off they put the most pretentiously grandiose soundtrack over the top in a misguided attempt to make the whole deal appear more dramatic and interesting than it really is.

Right near the end there are a few

token shots of some animals. I presumed they live in or around the Canyon.

For crying out loud, people: examine some of the award-winning documentaries of recent years and take notes. Is Attenborough running Introduction to Doc-Making 101 classes? If so, TAKE THEM. *Grand Canyon* would have been so much less disgusting if the filmmakers had have filmed the amazing views (and they *are* amazing), and put a little more *ambient* music over the top. The Canyon itself is the star here, so don't overshadow it with overly-loud and dramatic music and a wanky, melodramatic voiceover. What's more, surely even the biggest Midwestern, bible-lovin' hick is more interested in, say, a detailed examination of the geological formation itself, and perhaps the ecology of the area, rather than bad costumes and a token shot of a birdie.

Last word: the punters dig science, they really do. The Cinema in the Park screenings of *Microcosmos* were packed out; the ABC has shown *The Human Body* and *The Private Life of Plants* at least twice; the books and videos of both series sell well; the popular science sections of bookshops are chock-full of bestsellers; Stephen Hawking is universally adored-but make this kind of shenanigans the norm (31 million people *really* sat through this tripe? You *really* put it in the IMAX Hall of Fame? You're kidding, right?) and you'll end up with a grossly dumbed-down populace who have lost their sense of wonder at the natural world.

David Attenborough, *please* don't ever die because I fear for the future of documentary making.

Jayne Lewis

Pitch Black Now Showing Selected Cinemas

The publicity pack says 'Don't be afraid of the dark. Be afraid of what's in the dark.' Not for me; I'm scared of the dark and happily so. The few seconds before the curtain rolls back usually leaves me cringing in my chair. I was lucky enough to see this at the Megabong Marion, so the seats were comfortable for me to cringe into. This was also the most scared I was during *Pitch Black*. Before you say, 'bullshit fella you're having me on' let me finish. *Pitch Black* is much more of a psychological thriller, a portrait of people under stress and how they react than the outright horror flick it purports to be.

Pitch Black is set on a planet far far away. It has three suns, a barren landscape and some particularly nasty inhabitants that thankfully look and act alien. Bipeds, quadrapeds, octopoidal beasts abound but only on the periphery and only in the dark. As always when something creepy happens (this case at the face of a tunnel), we don't just run and hide but send somebody down to investigate; cue the nasties.

Pitch Black is quite entertaining and solid, the cast is adequate without being sensational, the script is similar, the cinematography ranges from spectacular to annoying (the jumpcuts to add the gritty realism) but the real winners are the effects. The monsters are downright unpleasant looking and all teeth, the three sun eclipse is pure cinematic brilliance. All told though, the script and the cast make this story more than it sounds and do a good job in making the characters, believable yet tough, full of the frailties and foibles that make us human and on this bastard planet, separate us from the things with one and a half-metre-wide gobs.

Darien O'Reilly



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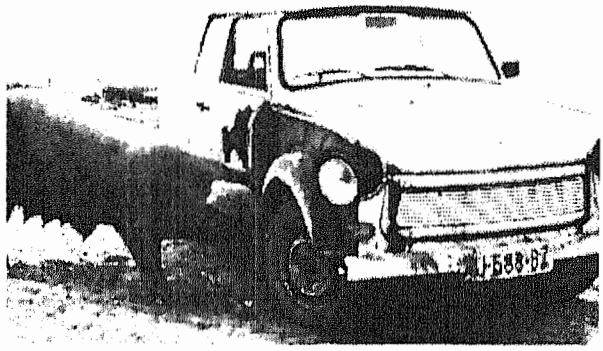
Rain outside, a fire, a few reds ...

Black Cat White Cat
1998; D: Emir Kusturica
Siren Entertainment
Srdjan Todorovic
Bajram Severdzan

Black Cat White Cat is the latest release from two-time Palme D'Or winner Emir Kusturica, director of *Underground* (1995) and *Time of the Gypsies* (1989). It follows the hectic and gangster-filled life of a group of gypsies living along the

picturesque Danube. The plot twists and tangles, but revolves around the interactions of three generations of gypsies. Matko is an unethical gypsy who borrows money from Grga Pitic, an 80-year-old gypsy tycoon, in order to secure a trainload of petrol on the black market. However, he involves his unstable gangster friend Dadan, who proceeds to dupe him of his petrol. Both Pitic and Dadan ask for their investments back, and a desperate Matko agrees to marry his son Zare to Dadan's unmarriageable metre-high sister Aphrodite. Unfortunately, Zare has fallen in love with Ida, a local barmaid, and Aphrodite dreams of a gentle giant.

The plot is far more interwoven than this brief synopsis, but despite the twisted narrative it is surprisingly easy to follow. The film is full of life, set against backdrops of wide rivers and endless sunflower fields. The party never stops for the gypsy characters -



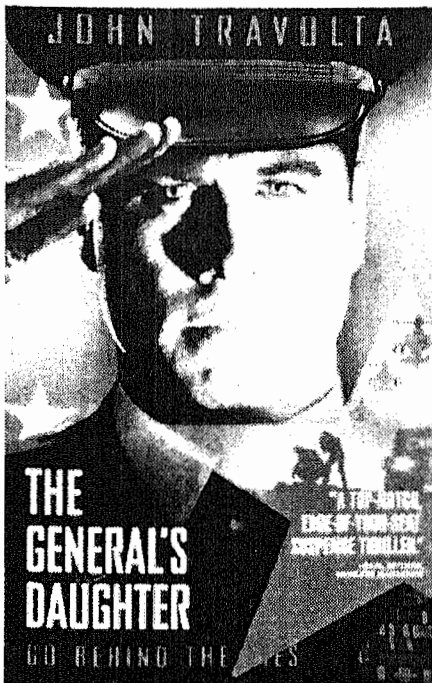
accordion music has never sounded so good. Definitely a light-hearted film, *Black Cat White Cat* has many moments of genuine hilarity.

It suffers, however, in two main areas. Unlike his previous films, the characters are somewhat one-dimensional - quirky, but a little shallow. This may be because Kusturica used local factory workers rather than actors. Although less noticeable in a foreign language, there are times of particularly bad acting that detract from his ingenious direction and camera-work.

The second, perhaps less important issue, is predictability, with the plot lines meandering along fairly standard routes, even for this Hollywood-hardened reviewer.

Still, a fun, lively, quirky film that will give you a new appreciation of the accordion.

Stuart Gunn



The General's Daughter
1999; D: Simon West
Paramount Pictures
John Travolta
James Woods
Madeline Stowe

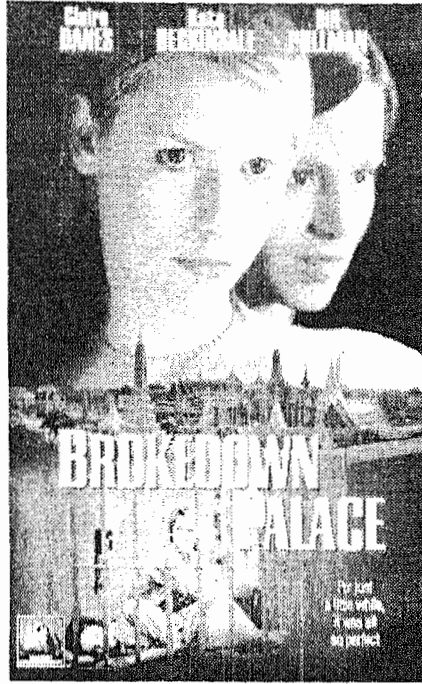
James Cromwell (who played the Farmer in *Babe*) is the General of the title, close to retiring and eager to enter politics. The last thing he needs is a media controversy, and somewhat predictably, when his daughter is found murdered, naked and staked to the ground, it is up to rebellious military investigator Paul Brenner (John Travolta) to make sure things are handled quietly in-house - the 'Army way.' Assisting Brenner in this task is rape expert and former flame Sarah Sunhill (Madeleine Stowe). As one might expect, their investigations soon uncover a hidden side to Elizabeth and just about everyone is considered a possible suspect.

Although there are moments throughout the film where the audience is subjected to moments of teary-eyed patriotism, the cringe factor is thankfully minimal. In fact, after watching this film you may find yourself appreciating the bureaucratic and peer pressures that soldiers have to face in the military. Then again you may not.

Visually, the film looks impressive. Director Simon West (*Con Air*) establishes the scene with evocative use of colour, filling the screen with swampy browns and military greens. Travolta puts in one of his better performances as the rogue Brenner, adept at firing off disarming one-liners but with enough aggression and machismo to get the answers he needs. James Woods also puts in a great performance as the victim's mentor, and the dynamic stand-off scenes between Travolta and Woods are in my opinion the film's highlight. The supporting cast was more than adequate, although I thought Clarence Williams' portrayal of the General's right hand man contained one too many cliches.

It's hard to find great fault with this film. Although the script doesn't hold up too well on repeated watches and the 'Americanisms' may annoy some, *The General's Daughter* contains good performances from some big names, and as far as whodunnits go, it's better than average.

dan V



Brokedown Palace
1999; D: Jonathan Kaplan
20th Century Fox
Claire Danes
Kate Beckinsale
Bill Pullman

Claire Danes and Kate Beckinsale star in this 'on the edge' drama about two friends caught in a web of deceit in Thailand, testing their strong friendship and trust beyond all reason. To celebrate their high school graduation, Alice (Danes) and her best friend Darlene (Beckinsale) decide to take an exotic trip to the land of Buddhists and temples - Bangkok.

Darlene and Alice are having the time of their lives, enjoying the mysteries that Bangkok has to offer. However

things are dramatically changed when they meet the handsome and seductive Nick Parks (Daniel Lapaine). Both girls are drawn by his boyish charms, and it is when he asks both girls to travel to Hong Kong with him that their lives are changed for ever. Six kilos of heroin are found in Alice's bag at the airport and neither can explain to the authorities how it got there. Now in a foreign land, they must prove their innocence before it's too late, with the help of co-star Bill Pullman, in this compelling tale of self-discovery and the ultimate sacrifice for a friend.

The cinematography in this film is sensational, with a soundtrack that only adds to and enhances it. Claire Daines (*William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet*) once again puts in a solid and emotional performance as the rebellious teenage girl always getting herself into trouble. Kate Beckinsale (*The Last Days of Disco*) is also convincing in her role, however Bill Pullman leaves quite a bit to be desired as the yankee lawyer.

As far as the storyline is concerned, if you liked *Bangkok Hilton* (starring Nicole Kidman), then you'll love this film. *Brokedown Palace* is a journey of self-discovery that transcends guilt or innocence, and is a story in which heroism and redemption emerge from the unlikeliest of sources. This movie romanticises nothing, and tells a very believable story with an ending that doesn't dissappoint. The cast is tight and the script even tighter, which overall makes this a very neat little movie - a 'must see' if you are at all interested in foreign law or politics. All in all, 8.5 out of 10.

Mitch Coidan

If we're to believe what we've been shown in films, Americans take their military very, very seriously. The Army is a place where valiant men and women give the ultimate sacrifice so that their country may remain free and democracy prevail et cetera. *The General's Daughter* (based on a novel by Nelson DeMille) is a murder mystery set against this backdrop of patriotism and the military, as we follow investigations into the bizarre murder of General Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the head of a Georgia military base.

and a nice romantic comedy

Get Real

1999: D: Simon Shore
21st Century Pictures
Ben Silverstone
Brad Gorton
Charlotte Brittain

Get Real is a very classy film. The acting is sincere and of a high calibre. The cinematography and editing are flawless. The screenplay by Patrick Wilde, adapted from his play 'What's Wrong With Angry?' is understandably superior with a liberal sprinkling of wit and humour

throughout. This film virtually makes *Like It Is* seem like a B-grade movie. Steven Carter (Silverstone) is a sixteen-year-old gay schoolboy who regularly does 'the beat' after school. Although highly promiscuous, he has not come out yet. He meets and falls in love with Glen (David Elliot) on one such trip to the park. This proves to be a disastrous letdown, as Glen turns out to be married with a child, and fails to show up for their next meeting.

However, undeterred and in search of a lasting relationship, plucky Steve cycles on. He meets the school hero and heart-throb John Dixon (Gorton) on a visit to the beat, to the shock of both concerned. It is John's first time, although he's older than Steve and the school's head jock. (Actually both actors are over 20.) Despite all this, he falls in love with Steve and a relationship commences, although severely restrained by the paranoid John, who swears Steve to total secrecy.

Steve eventually does tell his best friend Linda (Brittain), who aids and abets Steve in his clandestine meetings with John each weekend. However, everything comes unstuck for the duo when Steve's article for the local newspaper

wins an award and he enters a more truthful version in the school paper which is subsequently censored. The climax occurs at the school sports/speech day, where both are to receive awards. To protect his image in front of the other jocks, John bashes Steve in the locker room, much to the homophobic onlookers' delight. Nonetheless, Steve in his acceptance speech announces to the entire audience that he is gay with the plea for others in similar circumstances to also come out. He tearfully glances at the terrified John, but doesn't blow his cover.

There are some brilliant one-liners such as 'I'm hungry, fancy a Whopper?' 'Sure, we can always go and eat later!'. John tells Steve that he can join him at John's parents' house when they move, to which Steve replies seriously, while John looks devastated, 'I don't think I could - the wallpaper clashes with the carpet.' Steve's censored article, 'Get Real', centring on being a young gay fighting bigotry and persecution, may not have been printed in the school rag, but in his speech to the crowd he certainly tears at the emotions. As he says, 'It's only love! What's everyone so scared of?'

This film's poignancy and depth of characterisation reminds me a little of Bogart's *Torch Song Trilogy*. Simon Shore - you're a legend; this film will make waves.

Kevin Kennedy

End of Days

1999: D: Peter Hyams
Roadshow
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Gabriel Byrne
Kevin Pollack

For those who liked *Stigmata* and are tired of waiting for Roman Polanski's *The Ninth Gate*, *End of Days* has just been released on video, already dated with its paper-thin 'millennium fever' concept.

Both the cinematography and join-the-dots direction are credited to action/sci-fi wiz Peter Hyams (*Timecop*, *Outland*), and the camera movement and editing might lead one to believe that, while making this movie, Mr Hyams was enjoying some of the finest speed during the throes of a continuous epileptic seizure.

The plot, as with just about every other aspect of the production, is no more than a tired pastiche of stuff we've enjoyed/endured in movies past. We know that our hero Jericho Cane (Schwarzenegger) is on the edge because (1) when we meet him he is fellating the business end of his firearm, and (2) he wears a dark trenchcoat. He is

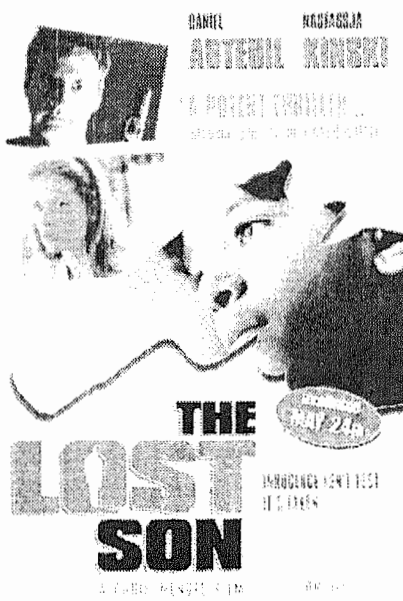
soon joined by two of the usual suspects - Kevin Pollack as the deadpan comic foil, who provides the film's best lines, and Gabriel Byrne as the demonically possessed dude with a devil of a hard-on, who is trying to get rid of Jericho so he can have sex with a certain woman (Robin Tunney, who should have known better than to get mixed up with evil spirits after *The Craft*) and thus bring about the end of days.

Geddit? If you don't, big-time ham-sters like Udo Kier and Rod Steiger are on hand to help you through some of the pseudo-religious mumbo jumbo. To its credit (I try to use those three words in every bad review), *End of Days* has a spectacular train wreck set-piece, and contains one overwhelming surprise: at one stage we get to see Arnie recite from the Bible (referred to by Gabriel Byrne as an 'overblown presskit'). But this is really just another one of those homogenised blockbuster action movies which the director gets to piss all over. This film has more cuts than Woody Allen's entire oeuvre, and Peter Hyams' motto seems to be: why show a guy fall through a window once if you can show it three times?

Well, who am I to argue with that kind of logic.

If you've got a couple of hours to kill and you feel like a no-brainer, give it a go. If you're an Arnold Schwarzenegger fan from way back, also give it a go. Otherwise, I wouldn't bother.

Daniel Gear



The Lost Son

1999: D: Chris Menges
21st Century Pictures
Daniel Auteuil
Nastassja Kinski

The Lost Son is the English-language debut of popular French star Daniel Auteuil (*Queen Margot*, *The Girl on the Bridge*), who nonetheless is hampered by a thick accent that almost requires subtitles. He portrays down-trodden private dick Xavier Lombard, based in London some time after losing his family in Paris in one of those shady backstories that lets you know that the hero is

forever balanced on a moral precipice.

Lombard hooks into a missing person case, instigated by the wealthy family of an old friend's wife (Kinski), but after a bit of poking around it escalates into an international conspiracy revolving around a paedophile ring (cue scratchy amateur videotape of a sweaty old pervert sodomising an eleven-year-old boy - just what I've always wanted to see).

From this point on, and with the help of his hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold friend, Lombard uncovers successively deeper layers of depravity, leading to a child farm in Mexico, run by Bruce Greenwood - stuck in another cardboard villain role as in *Double Jeopardy*.

The Lost Son is another Detective In Way Over His Head movie, with variation from the norm provided by the very unpleasant subject matter. It's very similar to Joel Schumacher's *8MM*, made after *The Lost Son* but served to Australian audiences a little while before.

Both films are quite grim, but *8MM* has a seductive Hollywood sheen that *The Lost Son* eschews in favour of an appropriately gritty *mise-en-scene*. This is derived in part from the London locations and Auteuil's weary persona, but even more so from the presence of ace cinematographer Chris Menges as director, whose background incorporates a wealth of documentaries.

The film almost sheds its morose tone about halfway through, when Lombard shifts into gear and starts busting some heads, but thankfully it doesn't degenerate into a brainless action film. As such, it is likely to appeal to those who harbour an attraction to mystery/thrillers with 'a darker side', offering additional interest in its curious (though not altogether uncommon) blend of Hollywood fare with a somewhat European sensibility.

Daniel Gear

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57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

The Crikeys

A fairly innocuous website bearing the slogan 'Bringing down governments since Sept '99' came to my attention the other day: *The Chaser* (www.crikey.com.au) recently held an alternate media awards ceremony in a pub in Sydney's Surry Hills dubbed 'The Crikeys' – by all accounts (well, their own account) it would have been a great night. Tim Shaw of Demtel fame presented the awards to the various winners from Australia's media, who, on the whole, didn't bother to attend. While all manner of small-time hangers on would give their left arm for an invitation to that annual self-congratulatory farce we call 'The Logies', 'The Crikeys' was open to all-comers, and they held it in a back room at the O'Bar.

The awards were for media in general, but television was in there. One award that brought back tears of laughter was 'The Dish It Out But Can't Take It Award' won by Ray Martin for losing it in a big way when John Safran and Shane Paxton rummaged through Martin's garbage and attempted to do a doorstep interview with him. (As an aside, I couldn't quite remember the name of Shane Paxton as I sat writing this paper with pen and paper and without any handy references. I knew if I sat and concentrated for a few minutes I could probably get it back – it looks like the damage Martin did to those children all those years ago has *almost* but not quite healed.) I never saw the footage, but I'm not sure that one had to – it's almost as funny just imagining Martin's reaction, and feeling the

sweet revenge that must have run through Paxton for a few moments. Safran, best known for his regularly hilarious footage on the ABC's *Race Around the World* a few years back (not to mention his fantastic

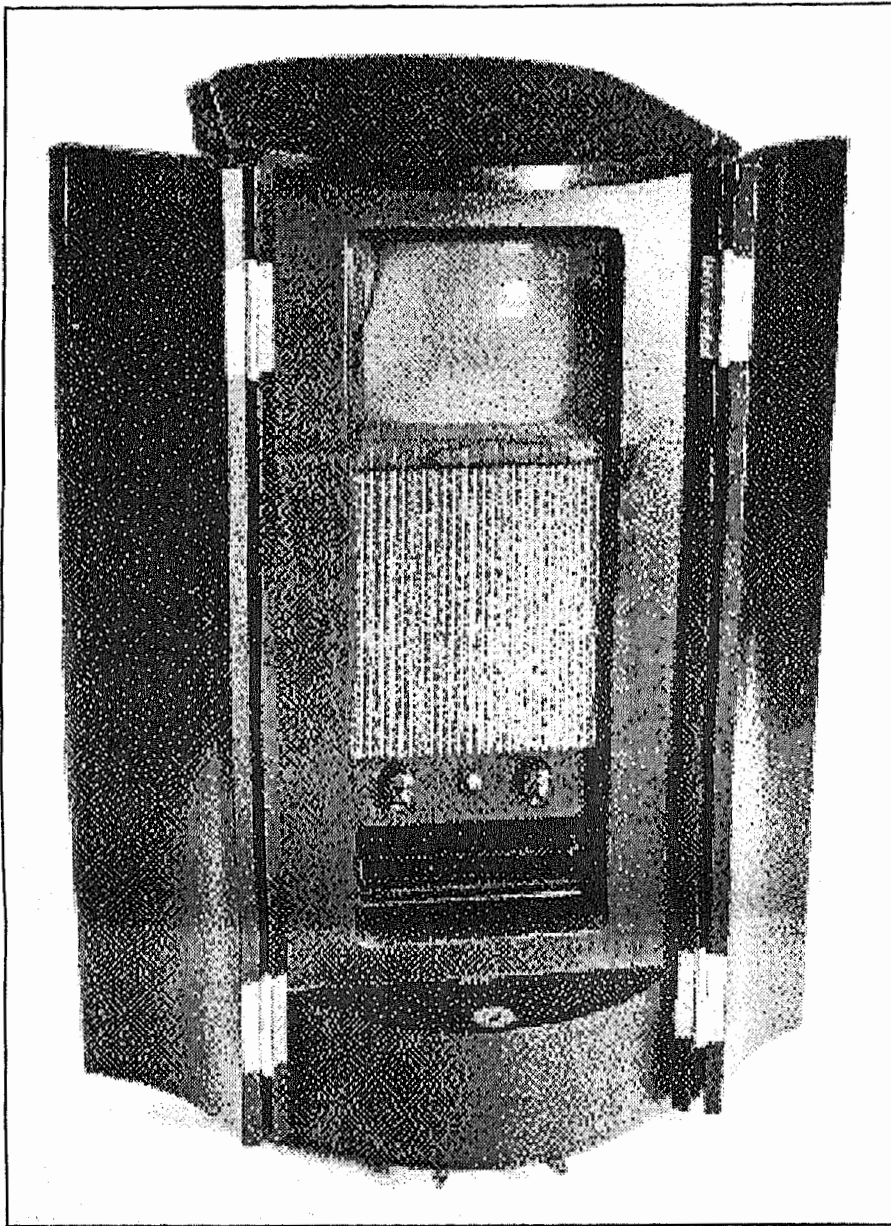
much that I've noticed. Apart, of course, from a pretty funny parody of *Wear Sunscreen*. Anyone else seen him about? Paxton was a member of the famous 'Paxton Family' – essentially a bunch of

crucified on the ABC's *Media Watch* (I swear I saw Stuart Littlemore drooling), nothing much else happened. By all standards, he should have been banished from the Australian media for good, but he probably just gave himself another Logie. Well, Ray, treasure your Crikey. Some of us don't forget.

Journo down

Let me start with a disclaimer: I'm not criticising Channel 9's *National Nine News* for any other reason than that I happened to find myself watching it in a moment of extreme boredom this evening. Indeed, I often find *National Nine News* the *least* offensive commercial news broadcast. Tonight they had an item on the first shots being fired during the coup in Fiji. (It narrowly bumped what can only be described as trivia – snow falling on Mount Lofty – for first story. Even Howard at Corroborree 2000 couldn't beat footage of a snowman and various boneheads jumping off the Brighton jetty into second place. The formula is beyond me.) Back to Fiji. There wasn't much footage. The audio distinctly recorded less than ten gunshots. A cameraman was injured – which is terrible – but I couldn't help but laugh when someone off camera yelled out 'Journo down!' What? Should we stop the coup lest you miss some vital seconds of the violence? And miss it they must have. Nine went on to play the same three seconds of gunshot footage not just twice but three times. We saw it the first time, guys.

Paul Hoadley



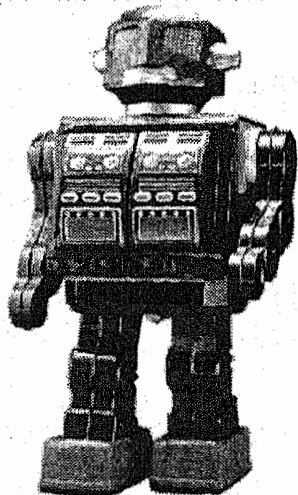
summary of his extended round-the-world jaunt: 'Everywhere I went was pretty much like Melbourne, but not as interesting') hasn't done

children fooled by Martin into humiliating themselves on national television solely because they were unemployed. Although Martin was

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Dancing like a dancey thing

The Merry Widow
 Australian Ballet Company
 May 18-22
Trilogy
 Australian Ballet Company
 May 26-27

The Australian Ballet ranks among the best ballet companies in the world. Its dancers are pillfired by many of the other best companies in the world with some regularity. It is always a pleasure to see the company perform, and their 2000 season has been no exception. The two productions are from two ends of the classical spectrum; *The Merry Widow* is one of the most familiar and well-loved ballets in the company's repertoire, while the three short pieces comprising *Trilogy* represent the cutting edge of contemporary ballet.

The Merry Widow has its origins in the tradition of the French farce. Originally a play, it is now one of the best known ballets of the classical repertoire. It is a celebration of art-nouveau opulence that exudes romance. It is a tale of love and marriage, and how the two are not always inclusive. The oldest piece incor-

porated in the season, it is always a joy to watch, like visiting an old friend or a favourite place from one's childhood.

The *Trilogy* programme is comprised of three very different works, all challenging.

William Forsythe's *In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated* is a free-form spiral into the mechanics of dance. Set to an industrial soundtrack composed by Thom Willems, the dancers are put through a rigorous regime of movement. The action is rabid and frenetic, demanding acrobatic performances from all of the dancers.

Nacho Duato's *Por vos muero (For thee, I die)* is the most romantic of the three pieces, tied to the tradition of formal dance by Duato's choice of music - a selection of Seventeenth-Century Spanish pieces, from love ballads to monastic chant. Duato's choreography is seamless, a single flowing

movement, a perfect, fleeting gesture.

The last piece of this tryptych is Twyla Tharp's *In the Upper Room*. Set to music by Phillip Glass, the choreography is as

both Tharp's consummate skills and intuition as a choreographer and her willingness to follow the lead of the music. The piece is by turns daring and frivolous, demanding and playful. The repetitive forms in Glass's music are duplicated to sublime effect in the dancer's movements, creating a celebration of human movement and ingenuity.

The Australian Ballet once again triumphs with its 2000 season, demonstrating the company's diversity and verve. No performance could be faulted; if I had to pick a favourite it would undoubtedly be *In the Upper Room* - if the rest of the season was merely good this magnificent performance of a

matchless piece by such an accomplished company would have made it all well and truly worthwhile.

JD



minimalist as the accompaniment. Tharp is possibly my favourite choreographer because she listens to the music rather than trying to compete with it. *In the Upper Room* demonstrates

Chasing Space
 Leigh Warren Dancers
 May 11-20

For a nation that prizes its sports-people above all else Australia has a long and remarkable history of dance. This country has produced a string of great dancers and choreographers, from Sir Robert Helpmann to Meryl Tankard. Leigh Warren is undoubtedly a part of that grand tradition, a choreographer of seeming limitless imagination and energy. His latest offering, *Chasing Space* is an exploration of the opportunities that an open field presents to a dancer.

Lefebvre suggested that space is created by movement, defined by the trajectories of bodies in motion. *Chasing Space* is a meditation on this idea of space utilised and created. It is an edgy piece of dance theatre.

Warren makes demands on his dancers above and beyond the ordinary. The session begins with his troupe lounging on bean-bags, chatting. The audience as one strain to listen in on their conversation, another dimension to their status as designated voyeurs. Enter a solitary dancer. The others remain oblivious to his presence as he begins to map out the space beneath his feet with increasingly complicated moves. One by one the others join in, achieving a kind of tag-team effect as Warren strips away the layers of civility and propriety to get to the soul of the dancers' desire.

Leigh Warren should be regarded as a national treasure. He strives to create works that are at once challenging and accessible; his works draw the audience into a different way of thinking without ostracising them.

JD

Don't know much about Art,
 but know what you like?
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returning officer

Applications are now open for the positions of

Returning Officer in the upcoming Students'

Association and Adelaide University Union Annual

Election and Constitutional Referendum. Successful

applicants will be responsible for the conduct of all aspects of the election. Applications open Monday 22nd May, and close

5pm sharp, Friday 9th June. Applications should be submitted in

duplicate to the Students' Association office and the Union

Administration office. Further information may be obtained

from the Students' Association, George Murray Building,

Telephone (08) 8303 5406, or the Union Admin. Office,

Lady Symon Building, Telephone 8303 5401.



Political machinations

THE Labor confronts the future MACHINE

JOHN WARHURST
AND ANDREW PARKIN



**The Machine:
Labor Confronts the Future**
John Warhurst & Andrew
Parkin
Allen & Unwin
\$35

The likelihood of your average punter just picking *The Machine* off the shelves for a good read is pretty slim. Bedecked with the smiling visages of Paul Keating, Kim Beazley, Bob Hawke and Gough Whitlam, it hardly screams 'good Sunday arvo escapism'. The fact of the matter is that, despite its unlikely topic, I actually found *The Machine* to be a damn fine read. No matter what your party background, *The Machine* is a fascinating look into the Labor party: past, present and future. Personally, I have no preference between the Labor and Liberal parties and no matter what their personal beliefs, the contributors to *The Machine* also remain non-partisan. Well written and researched, and without the usual dry jargon that is associated with academic politics, the book is edited by John Warhurst and Andrew Parkin, with a list of contributors from many notable Australian universities. Although *The Machine* is actually a succes-

ful to *Machine Politics in the Australian Labor Party* (published in 1983 by Allen and Unwin), it is not necessary to have read the first work.

Starting with an overview of the Labor Party, there is discussion of the roots of the party, their original membership and voters and the changes in the Australian political scene since the party's inception. What follows is a state-by-state breakdown of the Labor Party and then the focus moves to Labor policy and the relationship between the Labor Party and various interest groups (union movement, ethnic community, environment etc etc). This may sound boring as all hell but you'd be in for a surprise. The book is very open to readers from any background, be it general interest or study. It is clearly written and interesting.

I can hardly stress enough the fact that this is a very well written and erudite work, which is both factual and accessible and without the

slander or bias which often accompanies works on political parties. *The Machine* is a problems and perspectives look at the Labor Party. It delves into the difference between the original voters and policy and that necessary to survive in the political arena today. Although the reader finds a clear definition of the problems with the current Labor Party and the issues it faces, there is also a celebratory element that shows the successes of the party, its possibilities and achievements.

All in all I found *The Machine: Labor confronts the future* to be both enjoyable and informative. I know that sounds like the kind of review you would give one of those dreary yet useful museum trips you had to take at school but the fact is it was a really good read and I learnt a stack of things.

So, in synopsis, a good read whether you know a little or a lot and whether you support them or not!

Erin Green

Horn of DARKNESS !!!

HORN of DARKNESS RHINOS ON THE EDGE



Horn of Darkness: Rhinos on the Edge
Carol Cunningham and Joel Berger
Oxford University Press
\$29.95

Following in my 'scientists are people too' theme (see last week's review of *Science: myth or magic?*) what better than the tale of two scientists, desperately in love, towing a baby daughter, heading off into the African desert in search of the Black Rhino? Carol and Joel are *real*, their study is *real*, their frustrations are *real*, right down to the last mosquito bite the night they forgot to fasten the nets properly (Carol had 400!). They are biologists, studying animal behaviour, and decide that they'd like to pop over to Africa and have a bit of a look at a rhino (several if possible). They are also white Americans, which places immediate racial barriers between them and their colleagues in Africa, both the Afrikans and the indigenous people. Their story is one of struggle between science and 'conservation', culture against culture, and perhaps most fundamentally, human against nature (in the form of a big, rocky, overheated desert).

For any field scientists out there, this book is both a warning and an inspiration. It cautions against unrealistic expectations, it is an allegory of the power of nature and the fallibility of humans, and it is a big ugly warning not to forget about the politics involved in any scientific investigation. As Joel and Carol discovered, you can think through logistic problems, you can tough it out when field work is uncomfortable, but politics and human agendas will have the power to put an absolute halt on your work at any time.

This is not a book of scientific method, and it is certainly not dull. This is a story, a diary re-written with hindsight, of two people's adventures in Africa. They were based in Namibia, where the largest population of free-roaming black rhinos remain. From the beginning, there is the nervousness, the apprehension of working and living for months at a time in a place as foreign as Africa. Almost immediately, however, there

was the joy of being in such a fantastic place, being out in the African grasslands and deserts and forests. Joel and Carol respected the land, the people and the animals, and were keenly interested in all three. This book is not only informative, it is beautiful. And it is real.

I loved the fact that it was about two real people, fighting for what they thought was the right thing to do. This book highlights what many may not know: that conservation programs may not actually be based in science, and hence may not be doing any good at all. Some of the most hostile people towards Carol and Joel were conservationists. In trying to save species from extinction, they so often forgot that they had no idea whether what they were doing was effective. It is a powerful lesson: that conservation and science *must* go hand in hand, and that science is the best tool a conservationist can have.

ELO

FINAL REMINDER

This is the last time I'm gonna tell you about this, so if you're a Joyce fan who missed the last edition (what were you thinking?), check this out! For all those literary folk with enough time on their hands to have read and loved James Joyce, here is a not-to-be-missed opportunity to partake of a trip back to Joyce-ville (at least, as much as one can here in Adelaide).

Tricia and Kerry Moore have arranged two fabulous evenings of drinking, fine food and readings from the works of Joyce in the Brecknock. If you want to just listen, or if you're keen enough to give reading a go, then just get in contact with the gals, and you can be part of the fun.

The dates of this time-travelling Joyce extravaganza are Friday and Saturday, June 16 and 17. To get in touch with Tricia and Kerry, call them on 8231 5467, or drop into the Brecknock, 401 King William Street Adelaide.

You're my segression, my segression

February was a big month for Segression. Not only was it the month in which they released their third album, *Smile*, but it was also the month in which Australia witnessed them opening for a sold-out Slipknot tour. 'They were really good shows for us but our shows are a little more 'personal' - up a bit closer to the crowd.' Originally from Wollongong, and now making a permanent mark on the national scene, it is always interesting to hear a bands perception of the music scene, in this case the 'metal' scene, throughout Australia. 'I think there are some really good bands out there which people have never heard of.' In part this can be blamed on the mainstream media. 'Smaller local independent radio stations are the only place you hear bands like Segression' says Chris. Bands in the metal scene also tend to get bad press (if any) from mainstream publications. I asked Chris what his thoughts on the media were generally. 'I don't really care. Nothing much bothers me. I don't care what's written about me even if it's bullshit because that's what the person's interpretation is. I'm not one of those ones that rings up and says, "I don't like that fucking interview you wrote!"' Hearing this is somewhat comforting for this interviewer. Possibly the most asked question the band gets is the origin of their band name. In hindsight this was probably not a good question to ask. 'Segregated Aggression - it's as simple as that.' It might seem obvious now but it is the perfect name for this group. The band are 'segregated' from the mainstream and, at least on a musical level, is very 'aggressive'. It's easy

to see why they were the first band signed to Dark Carnival - a label of Roadrunner Records designed to specifically promote local heavy music. There aren't that many bands out there with this level of intensity. Thankfully, Dark Carnival noticed this.

Anyone who has heard *Smile* will surely know the hidden track at the end of the album. As soon as I mentioned this Chris started laughing and gave me the story. 'We'd been playing from six o'clock the morning before right through 'til one then we got smashed for two hours and decided it'd be a really good thing to do if we kept the engineers there. We all slept in the studio on the floor - the two engineers and us - we didn't leave the studio, we all slept there for a week!' As for the title of the said song, 'Oh fuck...' Fucked Up' or something like that! We were though!'

The future for Segression looks bright. A new album with a new label right behind them; what is in store for the public? According to Chris a single will probably be released soon; either 'Smile' or 'The Thickening'. 'I'm wanting to do 'The Thickening' because it's the heaviest fuckin' thing on the album - it'd be the one nobody would want us to release. We'll have to fight to get it out!' offers Chris. The heavier it is the less chance of airplay. A sharp response is given, 'I don't care.' Short and sweet. I mention that the song would probably make for a great filmclip which seems to interest Chris, 'Yeah, it'll have me strangling a whole lot of guys in suits!'

During our discussion for some rea-

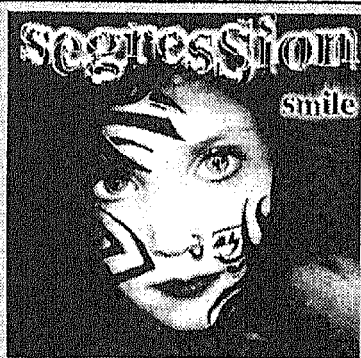
son Chris mentioned mp3s. For those that don't know, mp3s are compressed song files. They enable digital, CD quality sound in a file size just small enough to be downloaded and traded easily. At present there is a lot of controversy regarding the copyright and royalty ramifications. I had to ask him what he thought. 'It's a bit of a nightmare isn't it? It's illegal but what can you do about it? You see your album sales go down and you can't afford to record anymore.' At that point the discussion turned to Law. 'Send me all of your Torts notes you bastard' he said

jokingly after learning that I studied Law. Probably surprisingly to most, Chris is also studying Law part-time by correspondence having already obtained a degree in Commerce. How does he find juggling study with his 'day job'? 'You forgot tattooing' he replies. Is there anything this band can't do? Full-on, in-your-face music, touring, interviews, studying, managing a family, tattooing...and this is only the beginning. This band breaks all the stereotypes which is a welcome relief in today's music scene.

Jorm.

The title of 'best metal release the year' could very well be going to Segression. It is only midway through the year but it is going to take something very special to beat this. Opening with a blast of energy with 'Dr. A. Hype' the whole album is a non-stop assault of distorted guitars, brutal drums, thick bass and aggressive lyrics. 'Gone', which has quite an interesting filmclip, is also heavy but has a different angle from 'traditional' metal songs. It could even be said that Segression has borrowed from today's 'hybrid new-wave' metal bands - but only taking the brutal elements, leaving behind the crap and mixing it with the standard to produce a unique sound. This is quite an achievement considering that one reason why metal seemed to decline in popularity was because it was too 'stagnant'. Songs like the brutal 'The Thickening' go a long way to breaking this misconception. 'Cranial Patch II' is just plain weird in some stages. Lyrically it is twisted and confusing (read: fucked up) fitting in perfectly with the whole feel of the song. Experimentation combined with some strong rhythms and riffing provide for the interesting 'Disease Me' whilst the title track, 'Smile ...', has a hard driving intro sure to please any fan of heavier music. The acoustic hidden track at the end, recorded spontaneously in one take, is both amusing and interesting for the fact that it shows just what the band is capable of 'on the spur of the moment'. There isn't much diversity present but if you like what they produce then who's complaining?

Segression
Smile
Dark Carnival/
Roadrunner



Student Radio 531am Student Radio 531am Student Radio

Hello again everyone. Once again we're here to brighten up your otherwise dull and lifeless day. Just kidding. However, we do have many exciting activities lined up for the next few weeks to save even the most stressed out student from going round the bend. And don't worry, they won't take away too much time from you busy studying schedules. We promise.

Aside from the extremely high quality broadcasting that we at Student Radio are always happy to provide, there is a diverse range of activities to participate in. Well, actually there's just one, and you may have even heard about it. Do you know what we're talking about? It's called QUIZ NIGHT 2000, brought to you by the lovely people at Student Radio, and the always benevolent SAUA. The Quiz night will be held on Wednesday May 31.

So why not hop on the Student Radio bus, estimated time of arrival for all would be quizzers is 7pm, and the place of revelry is of course the UniBar. Where else can one find so much booze, jazz and good times, on campus, so close to exams, and all for the bargain price of \$3 per person. (We could be lying about the jazz) Teams shall be comprised of 6 - 10 per table, prizes include alcohol, hats, t-shirts, stuff from UniBooks, and even more stuff from Harris Scarfe. Wow. Geez. We're so excited about this event that we've rendered ourselves speechless.

Dear me. All proceeds from this illustrious night shall be going to Student Radio, and of course the SAUA. So, if you're interested, which we're sure you are, hop along to the SAUA office (situated in the cloisters), and buy yourself a ticket.

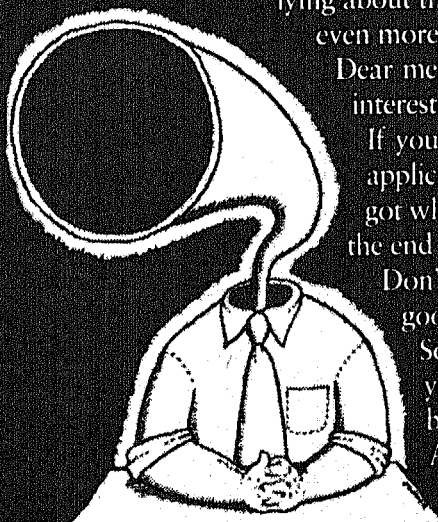
If you're interested in becoming a part of the Student Radio juggernaut, wander down to the SAUA, and pick up an application form. Yes, that's right, applications are now open from Student Radio in semester 2. If you think that you've got what it takes, then make sure that you fill out your application, and drop it back into the Students' Association office by the end of exams. That's not very hard, not very hard at all, that gives you all lots of time. So get to it.

Don't forget to listen to Local Noise on Tuesday night at 9pm, because masongreystrange will be playing. And they're good.

So everyone, all you have to do is buy a quiz night ticket, pick up an application form, and listen to Student Radio, and you'll be set. You'll be so busy doing fun and exciting stuff, that you'll forget that exams are on. And that can only be good.

And remember, if no one else loves you, we love you.

Joni 'the pirate' Queen & Ely 'the CW' Wright
Your illustrious Student Radio Directors



Goin' orf at yo' local

The In-Zone's First Birthday Celebrations

It's been a long hard struggle, but it's finally made it. The In-Zone, Adelaide's best live venue, has just had it's first birthday, and to celebrate this momentous occasion, the crew decided to throw a huge party for everyone. Lasting over two days, the In-Zone played host to over 25 of the best local bands from Adelaide and a couple from Sydney and Melbourne. Definitely the recipe for a great weekend out, and believe me, it was.

I arrived early on Friday night, and quickly proceeded to down a couple of Southwark's new White Beers (not too bad at all - try it sometime soon!) at the In-Zone's sensational regular price of \$1.50. Already, the night was looking great. The first band up were my personal favourite, The Loving Tongue. As always, delivered a sensational set, despite the fact that they were playing with a fill-in drummer while the regular drummer is on holidays. They played all the regulars, like 'Universal Love', 'Going Crazy', and 'Cryin' For My Woman', all off their soon to be released album. On top of that, they finished their set with a cover of the Led Zeppelin song *Dazed and Confused*. Sensational!

After those guys, we moved out to the front stage to see The Dagman Allstars. I hadn't seen this band before but was quite impressed with their performance. They had a similar schtick to Pornland, in that they all dress in the daggy 70's style funky clothes, and play that same style of music, but these guys still retain their individuality. They incorporate a key-tar (very groovy), and are quite tight. A band that I will no doubt be catching again.

After them, it was back to the rear stage to see the Korn-like Ungkas. Playing a set of great heavy old-school Korn style music, they didn't cease to impress me. The music was quite catchy, and all the musicians showed plenty of talent. I'm sure I'll see more of these guys in the near future.

Out to the front again, we were greeted by the funky metal sounds of Rehab. These guys have been around for a while now, and their experience is obvious. With the drummer doubling on vocals, they have a strong stage presence, and certainly make a huge sound. The crowd obviously loved these guys too, getting right into the act.

After that, my friends and I found ourselves rather tired and worn out. Despite the fact that there were three bands left to see, Colder,

Gutfool, and Repo (the latter two which I have seen previously, and are very good), we decided to head home. After all, we had to be refreshed for the continuation of the party the night after.

On Saturday, the bands began at 3 in the afternoon, and unfortunately, I was at work, so I missed quite a few. But when I arrived at about 8:30, the place was buzzing with happy punters. Up to the bar for some more dollar 50 White's, I was greeted by the wild sounds of Gaskit. I became immediately interested, and watched their energetic set quite closely. These guys had gathered quite a crowd, with people backed up all the way to the bar. One of the guitarists even wanted to get into the crowd, jumping off the stage and getting into the whole vibe while still playing guitar. With plenty of great riffing and soloing, and a very charismatic front-man, it was clear to see why there was such a huge audience. Gaskit are definitely a band that I'll be seeing for years to come.

Once again, back to the rear of the In-Zone to catch the wonderfully heavy sounds of V404. After seeing a great heavy set from a band like Gaskit, most places wouldn't put on another heavy band, but not the In-Zone! It was straight back into the wild heavy stuff. V404 are fronted by a female lead who had the interesting prop of a cordless mike, and proceeded to mingle amongst the crowd during the set. And there was plenty of crowd to mingle with too! As soon as the music began, a line of people started head-banging, and just about everyone else was moving in time to the music. The lead singer was very chatty with the audience, and really got everyone involved, especially when she got everyone to sing the In-Zone a happy birthday! Once again, there was plenty of excellent soloing going on, and their set never failed to satisfy. I strongly recommend that you all go and see this band sometime soon; they're excellent.

Up next was a band from Melbourne called the Zeal. This was the first time that I had seen them, and was very quickly impressed by what they had to offer. They play a style which is a cross between rock and hard rock, with a bit of punk and rockabilly in there too. Clearly, these guys were out to have a good time, and were quite relaxed. The crowd loved these guys too, and loads of people were once again up dancing. The singer wore shades for most of the set, and all the guys were having a great time. The drummer

was enjoying himself so much that he almost pushed the kit off stage with his huge kick. High energy, high levels of fun; always a great mix for a band. Make sure you catch these guys next time they're in town.

Out to the back again, and it was time to catch the spectacular Roger the Band. If you haven't seen these guys by now, then you are seriously missing out. Their blend of rock and funk is wild, and any fan of Primus, Bungle, Chili Peppers, or Faith No More is sure to love them. Like all the other bands that night, Roger enticed a rather large crowd, and as always had them all dancing and grooving along. With a great bunch of musos and one of the best singers I've heard for quite a while, Roger never fail to hit the spot. And as a special treat for the In-Zone's first birthday, they played a Bungle cover; a definite crowd pleaser. Yet another great show. Watch out for their CD sometime soon.

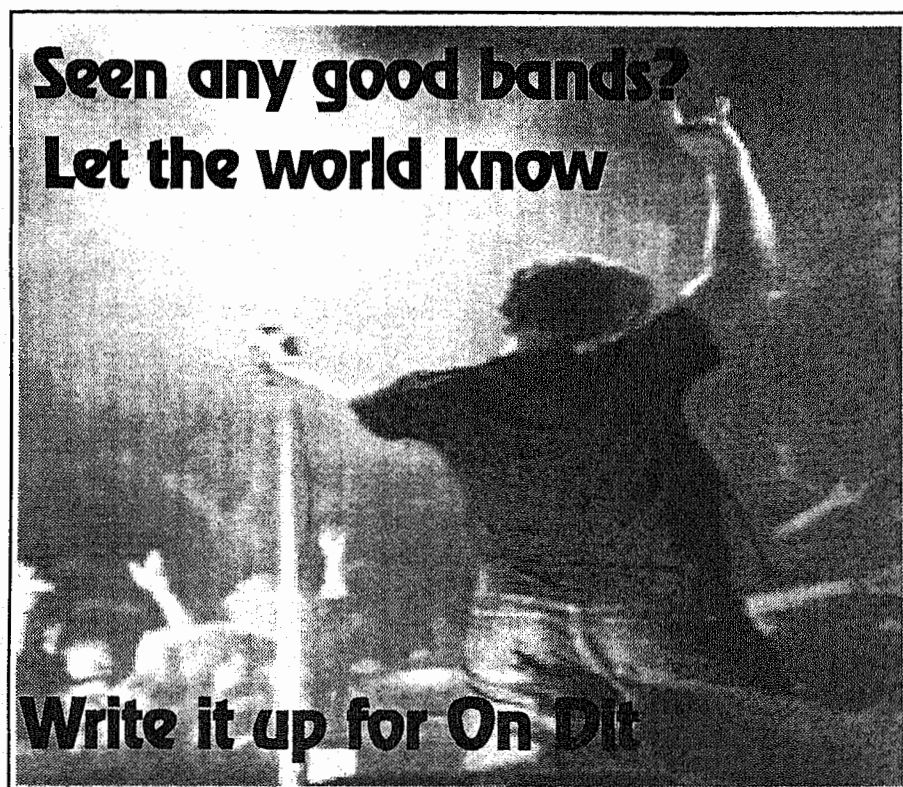
Back to the front for the next band, The Whiprods. Another band I hadn't seen before, the first things that caught my eye were the female drummer and bass player. Now there's something you don't see every day. And what made it all better was that these guys were quite good. Playing an old school punk rock style of music, this gig was only the Whiprod's second with their current line up. You'd never guess it listening to them though. Generally, I'm a fan of rock and heavy music, but these guys certainly caught my attention. As with many other of the bands that weekend, they played a cover of a Misfits song, and it was quite convincing. Unfortunately for these guys, they experienced a few technical difficulties, before their set was prematurely ended when

someone spilt water on the guitarists effects pre-amp. Poor guys ...

Luckily, the next band went off without a hitch. The Brain are a band that I'd heard of many times before, but had never had the chance to actually see. Coming all the way from Sydney just to play at the In-Zone's first birthday, they put on a great show. A mix of rock, heavy stuff, and loads of funk, these guys have a great sound, somewhat along the lines of Roger the Band, yet very individual. They used some sampling in union with their live show, and were all very good performers. If the crowd reaction was anything to go by, then The Brain certainly hadn't made their trip down here for nothing!

By that stage, I reckon the two days of partying was starting to catch up with me, and I decided to get home for some much needed rest! The In-Zone sure knew how to chuck a great birthday party! As always, I left there feeling great and full of energy, with that feeling that only a live band can give. Despite the troubles and struggles that they've been through over the past year (including many threats to be closed, and actually being closed for a period), the In-Zone have made it. If you are a fan of any live Adelaide music, then this is the place where you should be headed. And even if you're not fully into live bands, or are unsure of who to see, the In-Zone has a large enough range of bands each week to please even the toughest crowd. Not to mention the \$1.50 beers! I don't care what the SA Music Industry says, the In-Zone is easily the best venue in Adelaide (and probably Australia and the world!), and here's to many more happy birthdays!

L.A.



A mulatto



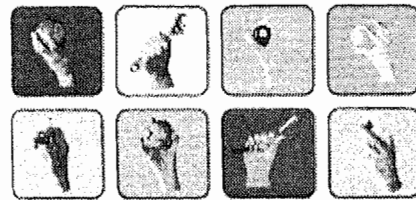
Nerf Herder
How to Meet Girls
Honest Don's Corn Dog
Emporium

For those of you who have never heard of Nerf Herder, they're a California band with pop-punk/stadium nerd-rock stylings and cutesy lyrics, similar to Weezer and Blink 182. The name comes from a line in *Empire Strikes Back* when Princess Leia is so offended by Han Solo's arrogance that she lets loose a string of insults - one of which is 'nerf herder'. According to one source, a 'nerf' is a herbivorous animal raised primarily for its meat, though there are multiple uses for its pelt; and is herded, surprisingly, by 'nerf herders'.

Their album *How to Meet Girls* is a masterpiece of sing-along-in-the-shower-ability. Due to be released in 1999, they had to deny our aural senses until they were sure Courtney Love's lawyers were not going to sue them for their song 'Courtney' ('you bared your soul/you showed us your hole'). Of their songs, 'Lamer Than Lame' is one of my favourites: it is so pathetic in its loser-with-elastic-waisted-pants way; and is the type of song that you hear twice and immediately know all the lyrics. 'She's A Sleestak' begins with the most cringeful of 80's Casio home organ introductions that confirms their unrelenting nerd-core image. The 'sleestak', it might interest you to know, featured in an old science fiction TV show called "Land of The Lost". Steestaks were bad guys in green lizard suits who moved so slowly that they could never catch anything - but apparently they were 'awfully' scary. The song, predictably, has little or nothing to do with the show. 'Pervert', whilst a good song, is disappointingly similar in lyrical content to the 1985 Descendents song of the same name, though perhaps more suitable for sensitive young ears. Nerf Herder limit *their* 'Pervert' to lines like 'can you see it in my eyes/can you see it in my smile/can you see the way I imagine you doing doggy-style?' The 11 songs that make up this

album are no where near as good as some of their earlier gems (eg 'Sorry'), but they're still quirky and entertaining, and you just can't go past an album that has chicks in terry-towelling dresses on the front cover.

Renae Leverenz



PAY ATTENTION

The Mighty
Mighty Bosstones
Pay Attention
Def Jam/Island/
Universal

The ska explosion of a few years back was a funny beast. Suddenly, it seemed, the doyens of what is cool in the 'alt.rock' world decided that what we really needed was a lot of brass and a bunch of folk in suits who played on the off-beat. In the midst off all of this were The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, who had been plying their wares for a good ten years. But they had this song, you see, called 'The Impression that I Get', and, by God, commercial radio and MTV went nuts for it. Predictably, their album *Let's Face It*, sold fistloads. Three years down the track, and the Bosstones have dished out their follow up, *Pay Attention*. The three years' break between records has resulted in changes for the band, with a switch of record labels and the loss of a couple of members. One of these, guitarist Nate Albert (a Bosstone since he was 14, apparently), has resulted in perhaps the greatest change in the Bosstones' sound: co-writer of a great deal of their past material, his absence cannot fail to have an effect, despite every effort of replacement Lawrence Katz.

The first thing that strikes me about *Pay Attention* is that it really isn't a ska record. Some tracks, like opener 'Let Me Be', bear some ska trademarks, but there basically isn't a single 'traditional' ska song on the record. This is fair enough - singer Dicky Barrett has always claimed that the Bosstones aren't *really* a ska band, anyway - but it seems that the band are slowly excising the ska from their sound altogether. Also gone is the enormous sonic crunch of some earlier albums (and I'm thinking

specifically of *Don't Know how to Party*, here): each song is remarkable for sonic sheen that resides above Joe Gittleman's rumbling bass. The horn section are, as always, employed intelligently, frequently providing the counterpointing harmony to proceedings.

First single 'So Sad To Say' is an enjoyable romp through power pop/punk, as is 'The Skeleton Song'. 'Riot On Broad Street' (featuring the Big Bad Bollocks) melds the sounds of the The Pogues and The Clash with enormous success, but perhaps the most surprising element of *Pay Attention* is the slower songs, which verge on being ballads. 'High School Dance' and 'She Just Happened' show a hitherto unseen flexibility in the Bosstones' repertoire, and are damn near worth the price of entry alone.

At 16 tracks (plus two 'bonuses' on the Australian release), *Pay Attention* is too long, and could have done with some judicious pruning. Nevertheless, it is a very good record that takes a bit of time to get a handle on. In the long run, it is well worth the effort.

Miles Hunt



Ween
White Pepper
Elektra/Warner

The brothers Ween are back - Dean and Gene Ween. The never predictable pair have yet again produced an eclectic and interesting album sure to keep the fans hanging on whilst possibly picking up a few more on the way. The first thing that strikes you about this release is the lack of artwork, lyrics, etc. In a way, this is good; it draws attention to the music but, on the other hand, it is always nice to have the aforementioned stuff included. Anyway, on to the music. There is a distinct pop feel to this release, however, keeping true to Ween tradition it is still hard to categorise them into any particular style. How's this for a mixture of styles: - cheesy reggae mixed with Hawaiian and Manalaw-esque vocals on 'Bananas and Blow', psycho-hillbilly punk on 'Stroker Ace', twisted ambient

soundscapes on 'Ice Castles' and hippy fuzz on 'The Grobe'. But wait...there's more! A jazz piss-take on 'Pandy Fackler' and a definite Beatles feel on 'Even If You Don't' complete with the country tune 'Falling Out' and numerous other pure pop tracks. This is an album for any occasion. Ween can obviously write a catchy song or two and have certainly delivered plenty of radio-friendly songs this time out. Even though there is no 'brilliance' (a la 'Freedom Of '76') it is a solid and, more importantly, fun recording.

Jorm

Cat Power
The Covers Album
Matador/MDS

Cat Power is Chan Marshall in much the same way as Smog is Bill Callaghan. As a band in herself, Chan has skirted the periphery of indy fame and success for some years now, playing sell-out gigs in small-to-middling venues throughout America, Australia and much of Europe. Cat Power shuns independent success and its itinerant scrutiny in a way that should ensure it, a la Elliott Smith.

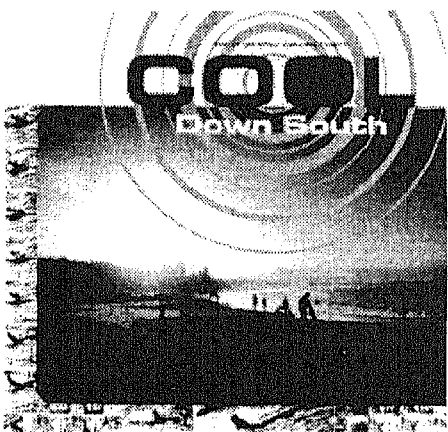
After a handful of solid, songwriterly albums Marshall has decided to go the way of the back-handed *homage* on her fifth, rather literally named *The Covers Album*. Chan likes to do things her own way; *The Covers Album* is a kind of monument to this. The opening track is a sad, plodding version of (*I can't get no*) *Satisfaction* by the Rolling Stones. Unrecognisable from the original, it took me a couple of listens to pick the kept lyrics - it stands as testament that she can turn the most upbeat song into a funeral dirge if she puts her mind to it.

On the other hand she can breathe life into the most hackneyed folk-tune or tired pop-standard, as she demonstrates on 'Kingsport Town' and 'Sea of Love'. Heroes and friends are also sincerely flattered with Marshall's tender touch on Dylan's 'Paths to Victory', Lou Reed's 'I Found a Reason' and Bill Callaghan's 'Red Apples'.

Musically the treatments are sparse, minimalist takes with Marshall's vocals flowing over the mix like bourbon on ice. *The Cover's Album* may not be the best way to come at Cat Power for the novice, but the converted will find a lot to be thankful for.

Jonathon Dyer

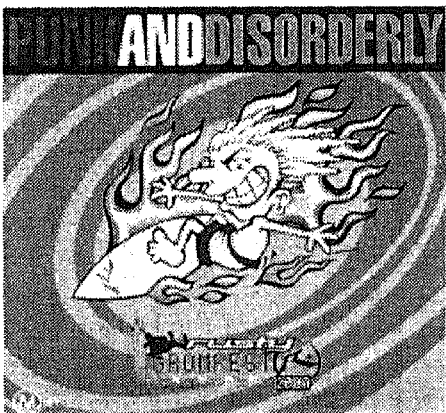
An albino



Various
Cool Down South
Cool/MDS

'22 Soundwaves From The Land of Oz'. That pretty much sums up this CD. It could almost be thought of as a JJJ compilation of recent Australian music due to the similarities between JJJ's playlist and the tracklisting (for evidence see latter half of review). Considering the huge number of songs that these guys had to choose from they have done a mighty fine job in selecting the final 22. There is plenty of variety and anyone who peruses the CD is sure to find at least a couple of tracks they either love, don't mind or hate. The only way to effectively review this CD is by listing some tracks (yes, boring, but true)...so here goes: - Regurgitator 'I Wanna Be A Nudist', Eskimo Joe 'Turn Up Your Stereo', Deadstar 'Deeper Water', Alex Lloyd 'Black The Sun', Not From There 'Sich Offnen', Motor Ace 'Criminal Past', Bodyjar 'Hazy Shade Of Winter' and Sonic Animation 'Theophilus Thistler'. I could go on but how boring would that be? A good CD for almost any occasion. Ozzie, Ozzie, Ozzie, Oi, Oi, Oi.

Jorm



Various
Punk & Disorderly
Columbia/Sony

One wonders why this compilation had 'punk' inserted into its title. The tracks on here are certainly not, in my opinion, to be considered punk; at least in its most common meaning. Designed to promote /

highlight the 'Rusty Gromfest 2000' (a surfing event for future surf 'stars') this CD is actually a pretty good stand-alone album. Whether you are into surfing or not the variety and energy present is enough to keep you interested. Let's see, there's Slipknot with possibly their most intense song ('sic'), Machine Head, Testeagles ('Underdog'), Coal Chamber ('Tyler's Song' from the *Scream 3* soundtrack), Incubus, silverchair ('Satin Sheets'), 28 Days, Sunk Loto, Shihad ('My Mind Sedate'), Bad Religion and more. None of the songs (that I am aware of) are new, rare or special in any way but most are good with a 'heavy' edge. A good CD to put on without having to think about skipping tracks or getting annoyed by every song sounding the same. Oh, and there is a CD-ROM component of surf footage if you're interested.

Jorm



Therapy?
Suicide Pact - You
First
Ark 21/Universal

Those lovable Irish lads are back in the saddle with their latest release. Supposedly a return to their rocky roots, *Suicide Pact* is actually just a further progression in the Therapy? journey. *Suicide Pact* is a guitar driven album but one that doesn't use them as a sledgehammer. I mean a touch of slide here, a wall of sound there makes *Suicide Pact* a remarkably diverse album without the outright hook songs like Screamer of '94s mighty Trouble Gum. Therapy? has always had a slight metallic, industrial and angry edge to their sound and *Suicide Pact* is no different but to pigeonhole them would be an injustice. *Suicide Pact* starts off with the awesomely edgy 'He's not that kind of girl' and then floats through its eleven songs. It almost listens like a story while individual elements remain obvious. A welcome return to form for the fun loving Therapy? and one that hopefully takes them far.

The Singles Bar

**Coal Chamber
Shock the Monkey
Roadrunner**

The verdict is still out as to whether this song should have ever been covered. As a fan of the eighties and, in particular, Peter Gabriel my ears are still having a hard time ad-

justing to the differences. Think of what Orgy did to New Order's 'Blue Monday' and you get the general idea. Guest vocals from Ozzy Osbourne on the higher pitched choruses provide for an interesting listen but only really for novelty value. Also included is the video, a remix and an 'alternative' mix of 'El Cu Cuy'.

Jorm

**Limp Bizkit
Re-Arranged
Flip /Interscope /
Universal Music**

Don't be fooled by the sticker on the cover. This is a single, not an EP. The main track, 'Re-Arranged', is a smooth, laid back, mid-tempo song. It is not even that bad in comparison to some of their try-hard

rock/rap. 'N 2 Gether Now' is more of the predictable white-boy rap with guest rap provided by some Wutang G-yo-homeboy. The other tracks include Limp Bizkit's cover of George Michael's 'Faith', 'Crushed' and a 'Phat Ass Remix' of 'Counterfeit'. For fans this 'Limited Edition' disc comes with yet another tattoo designed by Fred Durst himself.

Jorm

**Eagle Eye Cherry
Are you Still Having Fun?
Warner**

This is a 4 track EP by a band I've never heard of before. Actually, I think it might be one guy

and his band - a bit like Ben Harper. Another thing that is like Ben Harper is the vocalist's smoky relaxed voice and the band's acoustic/heavy sound. The tunes are a bit 'poppier' than Ben's and there's a cameo appearance from Santana. The production is good thanks to an appearance from Rick Rubin (who produced RHCP's Blood Sugar... and Californication) but even that couldn't prevent me from thinking 'This is a fairly ordinary piece of guitar pop.'

Wilberforce G Strapnort

**Kelis
Caught Out There
Virgin**

You all know it. And boy, aren't we lucky to get two further hideous remixes. Funnily enough the following sentence was where I was originally going to start this review. I hate this song so much right now ..Aahhhhhhhhhhh!!!! But that would have been a bit immature wouldn't it.....who gives a fuck.

Jorm

**Sevendust
Waffle
TVT/Festival/Mush-
room**

Apparently becoming very big in the US at the moment Sevendust seem to be riding the wave of success generated by 'alternative rock' acts such as Korn. Musically there isn't much difference - especially

with this track - but this isn't necessarily a bad thing. With moody verses and an aggressive chorus complete with Korn-esque chunky, down-tuned, palm-muted guitar this song is bound to get the attention of 'alt. rock' fans. Aside from that there are plenty of other reasons to buy this single; four more live tracks and two videos, namely 'Black' and the incredible 'Licking Cream' with Skin from Skunk Anansie.

Jorm

A Mosquito



Ben Harper Born to Shine Virgin/EM

Well, he's done it again. Musical genius Ben Harper and his band of Innocent Criminals have once again succeeded in producing a masterpiece. Even on first listen, *Born To Shine*, Ben's latest album hits the spot. His unique blend of acoustic guitars with other minimalist instruments is amazing, and coupled with his great voice makes for a great album. And that is exactly what he has. Released last year, *Born To Shine* has recently been re-released to coincide with Ben's sold out Aussie tour. This limited edition 2-CD set has all the songs off the album which we've all come to know and love, as well as a six track live CD.

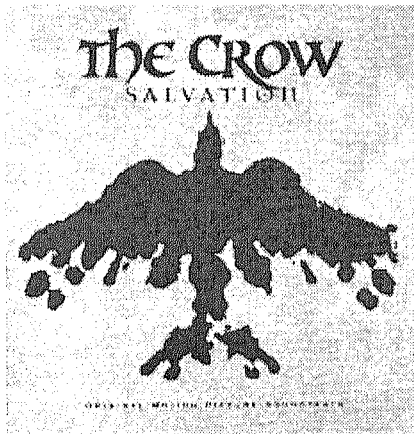
As most of you would know, the album itself is an absolute pearler, including a couple of extensively played songs, and some great others. Every track is good, so it's difficult to pick standouts, but some of my favourites are the banjo driven jazzy blues 'Suzie Blue', 'Two Hands Of A Prayer' (which bears great resemblance to Fleetwood Mac's 'Oh Well Part 1'), the great soulful blues number 'Show Me A Little Shame', the beautiful soft 'In The Lord's Arms', and my number one fave, 'Steal My Kisses'.

I just can't believe how good this album really is! If you don't own it yet, then you'd better gather up all your loose change, cos right now you can get the bonus edition which contains some great live tracks. The bonus disc opens with the soft mellow track 'Alone', before bursting in with the mega hit 'Burn To Shine'. After that, 'The Woman In You' gets a seven minute work out, and is played in a great bluesy 'Little Wing' style. After that, we have the sensational 'Steal My Kisses', which is followed by a great slow delta blues version of Led Zeppelin's classic 'Nobody's Fault But Mine'. As a huge Zep fan, this version is quite interesting, since it's so different from the original, but still sounds spectacular. After that, the bonus disc ends off with a live version of the great 'Please Bleed'.

Magnificent. That just about sums up

what I think. If you were quick enough to get a hold of tickets to the sold out gig on the 12th, you are in for a great show. But if you missed out, don't wait next time!

L.A.



Various The Crow: Salvation BOCH/Shock

The third instalment of the *Crow* motion picture series delivers yet another 'harder-edged' soundtrack. This one, however, has a more industrial slant; similar to the *Spawn* concept. Just one look at the names present on the disc gives you a fair idea of what to expect; Filter, Hole, Rob Zombie, Kid Rock, Tricky, Days Of The New and Danzig just to name a few. Most importantly though, all tracks are new and not available anywhere else - giving diehard fans more than good a motive for purchasing the album. Interesting tracks include The Infidels featuring Juliette Lewis with 'Bad Brother' and Static X featuring Burton C. Bell of Fear Factory with 'Burning Justice'. The former is interesting just for the fact that you can hear Juliette providing some (disappointing) vocals to some uninteresting backing music and the latter for Burton's vocals only. The staccato guitar and mechanical/industrial beat keep this track full of energy but fail to keep the listener interested longer than a couple of minutes. Danzig delivers something closer to more conventional music in the gothic 'underBELLy Of The Beast' whilst Stabbing Westward and The Crystal Method have submitted songs which are just remixes of previous tracks. Highlights include Pitchshifter's 'Everything Sucks (Again)', Days of the New with the acoustic groove of 'Independent Slaves', Monster Magnet's 'Big God' and a surprisingly musical (ie. non-rap) Kid Rock with 'Warm Winter'. Fans of Hole will no doubt appreciate 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue.' Good, but for my money the first soundtrack (and movie) can't be beaten.

Jorm

The Singles Bar

Pretty Violet Stain Talk Warner

Oh sweet melodic rock, how sweet the sound. 'Talk' has been played on Triple J (I think) and most of you are going to go 'now where do I know that name from?' (as I did). Then you're going to hear the track and in an apologetic voice say 'oh', (as I did). 'Talk' is nice, radio friendly, and will appeal to the Taxiride/Third Eye Blind revolution of music fans. The three B-side tracks also included tend to run into each other so much I can't remember them (serve me right for doing this half an hour before the deadline). Only one thing can come from listening to this CD and it is this: you will immediately wonder just how this song was played on Triple J in the first place (as I did).

alternika

Korn Make Me Bad Immortal/Sony

Easily one of the standout tracks from *Issues* it is no surprise that this song was to become a single. Alas, Korn (or whoever) have yet again decided to throw plenty of remixes onto their single. The only saving grace is the fact that two of the B-Sides have been incorrectly titled 'Single Mix'. In actual fact they are live tracks which provides this listener with a welcome relief from those <insert derogatory remark here> remixes. Good song but buy the album instead.

Jorm

Machine Head From This Day Roadrunner

Probably the most obvious choice as a single from *The Burning Red*, this track has one of the most memorable choruses Machine Head have ever written. In keeping with their new style there is a definite hip-hop / rap influence in the verses intertwined with their trademark heavy riffing. The main reason for buying this single would have to be the B-Sides - 'Alcholoocaust' is a fast paced more 'metal' oriented track whilst 'House of Suffering' (a cover of the Bad Brains song) showcases Rob's alternate vocal style.

Jorm

Rage Against The Machine Sleep now In The Fire Epic/Sony

Most of you probably already know this song. One of the catchiest/radio friendly songs on the album yet still executed with plenty of anger. However, the B-Sides command the most attention. Yet again there is a live version of 'Freedom' (one of their best ever tracks) but there are also live versions of 'Guerrilla Radio', 'Bulls On Parade' and 'Sleep Now In The Fire'. The filmclip for this song is also worth checking out (though not included on the single).

Jorm

Methods Of Mayhem New Skin MCA/Universal

The second single from Tommy Lee's tongue-in-cheek group (even though he'd probably be insulted by this comment) is the predictable hybrid of rock/rap so prevalent in today's testosterone charged market. I can't believe I just said that... Actually, this song features a catchy, half-sung chorus that automatically gives it more credibility than most songs of this type out there. The 'yo-fest', 'word up', 'homeboy' verses let the song down... even though the beatz r dope, G. I can't believe I said that either...

Jorm

Try before buy, drive round block.

Alumni Convention

The University of Adelaide Alumni Association is pleased to offer three sponsored packages (return airfare, accommodation and conference registration) for University of Adelaide young alumni to attend the Australian Universities International Alumni Convention (AUIAC) 2000 in Kuching, Sarawak on Thursday August 24 to Sunday August 27.

Criteria for eligibility are:

- A Graduate of the University of Adelaide
- Age: up to and including thirty-five as at time of application
- Write: a maximum of 250 words explaining your past, present and/or future contribution to the University or its Alumni Association
- A permanent resident of Australia. Preference will be given to applicants with limited financial means.

Applications close Monday June 12, successful applicants will be notified Tuesday June 13

Application forms can be obtained from Sharna Pearce, Project Coordinator Alumni and Community Relations, ph 83033943 or email sharna.pearce@adelaide.edu.au

Don't miss out on the chance for this once in a lifetime experience! You can also find out more information from the PGSA - ph 8303 4114, or email pgsapresident@adelaide.edu.au

School Art Seminars

Seminars at Adelaide Central Norwood.

Tuesday June 6th, 5.30pm: Immediate past Director of the Contemporary Art Centre of SA Linda Marie Walker on multidisciplinary approaches to thinking about art and art practice.
Tuesday August 22nd, 5.30pm: Adele Hann, Manager and programmer at Mercury Cinema, will give a brief overview of the history of avant-garde and experimental film and videomaking.

Admission by donation, cheese and wine provided. RSVP required by the Wednesday preceding the talk; for more information call the school on 8364 5075.

Merdeka Awards

The Australia Malaysia Business Council SA Merdeka Awards gives international students from Malaysia work experience and networking opportunities, cash prizes to the value of \$1500 per winner and the

opportunity to win a return airfare to Kuala Lumpur for the Governor's Award for Excellence.

The AMBC Merdeka Awards 2000 will be offered to one Malaysian student from Adelaide, Flinders, USA and DETAFE, and one of the winners will be presented with the Governor's Award for Excellence. For details on how to enter, contact Shirina Chan, AMBC Merdeka Awards 2000, 225 Fullarton Rd, Eastwood, SA 5067, phone 8373 1377.

All submissions must be received by 5.00 Wednesday 31 May 2000.

Will do anything

Wanted: Ben Harper tickets for Adelaide. Will pay or do anything. E-mail rory.spreckly@student.adelaide.edu.au

Typing

Essays, reports, theses, manuscripts etc. typed and saved on disk. Call Diane 83639131.

Smart Cards

Do you want to earn \$20? Do you use the university Smart Card often? If you've loaded money on to the card, and you have used it both on and off campus for payments, I want you!! I need students to just briefly talk about their experience with the Smart Card. It won't take any more than 30 minutes, and you'll be getting \$20 for your trouble. For more information, please call Emma on 82906033.

Bonds T-shirts

The studio now has a range of Bonds T-shirts for sale in new season's colours - short sleeve, long sleeve, 3/4 sleeve, ringers, even beanies.

Most sizes in stock, or you can order.

Cheaper prices for bulk orders, cheapest price in town.

Union Studio, level 4.

Housing Available

There is housing available for Low-Income Students.

We currently have rooms available in Non-Collegiate Housing on a share-house basis.

Non-collegiate Housing is for students with low incomes who cannot afford other housing, or whose personal circumstances warrant this accommodation.

If you think you may be eligible for this type of housing, please call into

Student Care, located on the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building, and pick up an application form from either the Housing Officer or one of the three Education Welfare Officers.

Guitars

I've got a red (bass) guitar, it has four strings and the truth. It says "Yamaha BB200" and it rocks. If anyone's interested in buying it for about \$200, call Cath on 8232 7220.

I've also got an acoustic guitar for all those folk singers. It's a good one to learn on and it'll cost someone \$50. Also call Cath.

Ski Mt Hotham Packages

5 nights, 'In Snow' packages available from Saturday July 8th to July 29th. Includes: coach transport, 5 nights accommodation, all breakfasts and dinners, 5 days ski hire, 5 days

lift and lessons (lunch vouchers optional, \$9 per day).

Cost: \$719 under 18, \$779 over 18 (self drive less \$100p.p.)

Ph: 8346 0936. All hours.

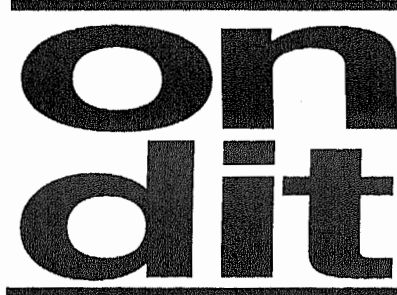
Snow Gear Sale

Liquidated stock of new and x-rental. Gear, lots of everything at greatly reduced prices. 10am - 5pm, Saturdays and Sundays, 6th/7th May, 20th/21st May and 3rd/4th June at 56 Welland Ave, Welland, 8346 0936.

Room to Rent

One room available in Wayville from mid-June to end of December 2000, to live with 2 Asian females. Applicants must be female. Located near the exam hall and a bus stop, its only 10 mins from city by bus. Rent: \$53.35 per week (excluding expenses).

Please call 0414 604 896 after 4pm.



... where they burn On Dit, they will one day burn people ...

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors, whilst all feeling their age, have complete editorial control. Nevertheless the opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

Editors

Dale F Adams
Eva O'Driscoll
Darien O'Reilly

Photographer

Peter McKay

We miss her

Fiona Dalton

Printing

Cadillac Printing

We like these people

Bye bye Peter, erstwhile photographer - don't forget to visit, Georgie Perks (our charming ring-in photographer), Jane - she came, she proofed, she went home, Kate (who always does more than she has to), Valé Annie and Steve, Linda, Cass, Valé Bianca, Chardonnays again, Crooksey and Sam, lovely kittens, Cath, the Burger Bar, Mulligrub the Burger Train, Ag Bikes, the Go Gos, and *American Psycho* for being good.

Talk to us

If you want to contact us, you can phone us on (08) 8303 5404 or (08) 8303 6490, fax us on (08) 8223 2412, email ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or post to On Dit c/o University of Adelaide, SA 5005. On the other hand, you can accost us in person in the basement of the George Murray Building.

Entry forms are available now from the following outlets:

The Adelaide University Union Office

First Floor, Lady Symon Building

The Students' Association

Ground Floor, George Murray Building

The Adelaide UniBar

Level Five, Union Building

National Campus Band Competition

Entries are now open for the National Campus Band Competition. Heats commence in early August, with finals scheduled for September. This year's state finalist will compete in Sydney. Entries close Monday 31st of July.



AACA



At the risk of breaking sacred tribal customs, Kinsala boldly attended the feast with a white.

