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THE UNIVERSITY OF WEAVER
29 MAR 2001

On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 4 12.3.2001



On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 4, 12.3.2001

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

Editors

- Linley Henzell (on leave)
- Penny Chalke (on leave)
- Melissa Vine (on leave)
- Bert Newton

Advertising Manager

Bert "Alida Parente" Newton

Printing

Cadillac

Although Bert did all of their jobs this week, he would still like to acknowledge *On Dit's* sub eds:

Current Affairs: Leila Hallak

Wayward: Sarah Möller
Clementine Ford
Sam Franzway

Vox Pop: David Roberts
Joe Hynes

Internet: Simon Saint

Television: Jayne Lewis

Film: Linda Rust

Video: James Trevelyan

Music: Mark Jordan
Michelle Phillipov

Literature: Emily Heidrich

Theatre: Michael Fyfe

Visual Arts: Jenny Kalionis

Photographers: Mike Paradowski
David Burgess

About the cover: Now 70% stupider.

Wanna write?

Then why not come and see us in our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (right next to the stinky male toilets), accessible from the Barr Smith lawns. Alternatively, email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

Next Edition:

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Bert would like to thank:

Alida, Bek, Mikey, Tanishapola, George K., Stanley G., Moeller, Lemonlime, Loop Tuke, Joe & Dave, Leila, Daniel, the Subway girls, Viv, Sarah, Grace, Rodney, Tom, Joyce & Damian, Mark for being our most dedicated sub-ed, Bonnie & Bel for making Penny leave the office, and Graham Kennedy. Linley would like to thank Ace of Base for showing him The Sign. Penny would also like to take this opportunity to apologise to Yuri Humenick for telling him to fuck off at the toga party. Even though she now has to replace her parents' white queen-size sheet at great expense, she deserved it. Sorry Yuri. Meanwhile, no thanks to the person who stole her sheet.

Editorial

Hi folks! Bert here, I've been having a rip roaring time editing *On Dit* this week. Nothing is much more fun than staying up all night in a desperate bid to get everything finished on obsolete computers, and then having to get up early and looking fresh for my daily variety/home shopping show. So as it comes to the end of my week-long term as Editor I realise I've nothing interesting to say in this Editorial. I could tell you the story of my life but that would mean you wouldn't go out and buy my book (*Bert Newton: My Australia*) and frankly the royalties have been a bit thin on the ground since it was published in 1983, so go and grab yourself a copy. Instead I'll provide you with an up-to-date list of what I like and don't like. I know you want to know.

Bert Newton's What's Hot and What's Not List

Red Hot

- Watermelons - yummy
- Dirty, hardcore sex
- The Subway Chicks
- Pink shirts
- Graham Kennedy
- Immorality
- Decadence
- Dave from Spend-A-Penny
- Weekly Student Newspapers



Hot

- Big Kev and all his cleaning products
- Matt Newton - yummy
- Fitzroy, Melbourne
- Lovely ladies in bikinis
- KISS
- Going Bush
- Men wearing jewellery
- Morris Dancing
- Quirky pubs
- Toga, toga, toga
- Old Cut Subway
- Savings Brand Window Cleaner
- 3D porn
- Dave Roberts and his Supremely Deep Voice
- Birkenstocks
- Sunsets
- Brown paper packages

Not

- Daryl Somners
- Government Youth Arts Initiative Schemes
- New Cut Subway
- Hitting Girls
- Romantic sex or making lurve
- Alfred Huang and the Adelaide City Council
- Roman Sandals
- Ventalin having a laxative effect
- That goddamn clock/temperature gauge on the corner of Burbridge and South Roads. It's never right. Always says it's 7 degrees too hot. Stupid thing.

Red Not

- Quiffed hairstyles

UNION FEE NEWS

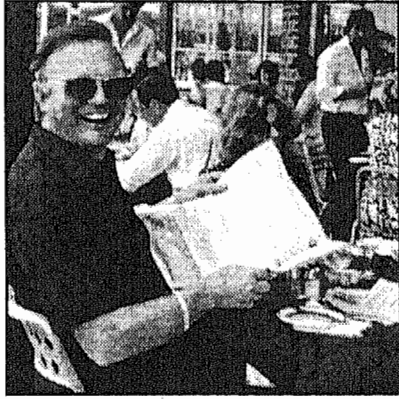
Are you waiting with bated breath for the appearance of that Union fee invoice in your letterbox? Looking forward to making your small contribution to the welfare of all students? Well, the delay is almost over. Fee invoices are going out as you read this, if not before.

The really good news is that the amount of Union fee you pay is now proportional to the number of 'Units' (Peoplesoft Newspeak for 'Points') you are studying. Which is really nice for all the part-time students out there.

On Dit: the

Bert Newton

Edition



That's right! For the first time ever, we bring you an edition of *On Dit* written entirely by Bert Newton under a variety of assumed names. Read on as Bert tackles the issues affecting today's student and offers his range of uniquely skewed opinions on a variety of contemporary problems. He'll also lead you through the week's new music, film, video and literature releases. Sit back, and let Bert take the wheel - you won't notice a thing.

Normal editions will resume next week.

HIGHER EDUCATION

- 4 - Bert goes Head-to-Head with University Admin
- 5 - Free Higher Education? Bert says "NO!"



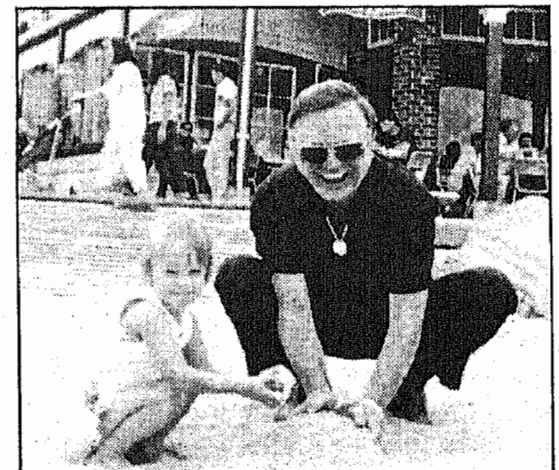
NEWS etc

- 6 - News a la Newton
 - 8 - Bert takes on Pauline Hanson and comes back for Natasha
 - 10 - Bert goes to Africa
 - 12 - Bert gets some Action!
- ### WAYWARD
- 13 - Bert mixes with the Kids at Flinders Uni O'Ball
 - 14 - Live the Newton lifestyle
 - 16 - Astrobert reads the stars



COMMENT & CORRESPONDENCE

- 17 - From the mind of the great man
 - 19 - Letters - all by guess who!
 - VOX POP - "the Voice of Bert"
 - 22 - Bert showcases his ability to disguise himself as anyone or anything
- ### STUDENT REPS
- 24 - More impersonations as Bert pretends to be several student politicians
- ### RADIO
- 25 - Radio Newton Timetable



WAYWARD - Again!

- 27 - A pogo stick, a can of soft drink, and Bert
 - 28 - Out and About - plus, Bert taste-tests the latest vintage from his private estate
 - 29 - Bert goes to Cambodia
 - 30 - Bert relives his favourite moment from *On Dit* 1974
- Also on 30 - Bert versus the Information Superhighway
- ### POP CULTURE
- 31 - A form of television too low even for Bert
 - 32 - Some of Bert's many screen appearances are out on Video! Find out more
 - 33 - What Films has Bert been in lately?
 - 34 - The Art of Bert
 - 35 - Don't hit your head on that proscenium arch, Bert!
 - 36 - Bert puts on his reading glasses
 - 38 - Slap that record on the gramophone, 'cos Bert's ready to rock
 - 43 - Bert joins a club, and looks for love



Academic Board

Something All Students Should Know About

The policy decisions made by the University affect all students. Even if you don't care very much how the University is run, there is a body which you should be aware of: Academic Board.

Academic Board is a standing committee of the University Council (the ruling body of the University), whose role is to act as an advisory committee to Council and the Vice-Chancellor. The issues it specifically deals with are issues of an academic nature and in particular policy matters that effect University-wide changes. This Board is extremely important to students as the decisions and recommendations that it make set the direction for the University academically. Whilst it is one of the most influential decision-making bodies within the University it is also one of the most unwieldy. With a membership of over seventy people, the majority of them "academic leaders", the committee often becomes bogged down with academics veering off in seventy different directions. Out of these members there are four student representatives, three undergraduate and one post-graduate.

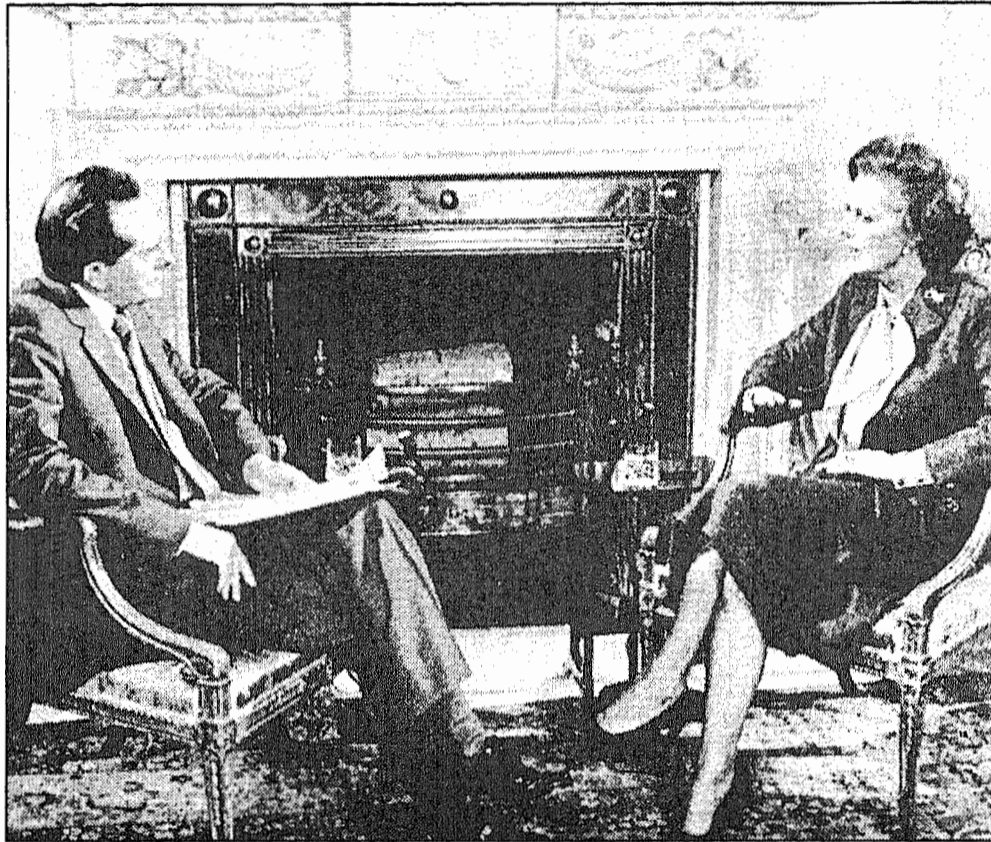
The terms of reference for the committee include advising the VC on approval of course changes, discontinuations and creations, monitoring the quality of education, advising the VC on policy matters that affect more than one faculty and reviewing and developing policies on academic sanctions imposed on students and policies on student appeals. These powers are, as can be seen, broad and far reaching in terms of effect on students. A classic example of this is the paper that was passed last year through the board and subsequently University Council, which called for uniform student elections to departmental and faculty boards. The elections of these positions will be held later this term. So for those who care about the direction that the University is taking with your education then watch this space. I will be regularly reporting on the goings on of the Board.

Academic Board met last Wednesday, for the first time this year, to discuss a number of matters including the Law School Review and the Academic Structures Review.

The Law Review took up a large proportion of the time with a number of academics voicing their concern over the performance of the school. The Dean of the Law School Kathleen McEvoy stated that she felt the review to be in some ways unfair to the school and highlighted some parts of it as being misleading:

- The statistics on research performance, which were said to be flawed as they do not support the recommendations made.

- The comments made regarding the teaching programmes in the review, which questioned the methods with which the school reviewed its



Academic Board, always there to help

academic programme. Ms. McEvoy stated that "The school stands by its commitment of resources and energies dedicated to the review of programmes". Ms. McEvoy did admit though that there was potentially a loss of other opportunities as a result of this dedication of resources.

- Finally, Ms. McEvoy expressed "bemusement" at the recommendation within the review that suggested that the school move away from pure exam-based assessment.

The SAUA's reply at the meeting and in our response to the review was that there couldn't have been a fairer review of the culture, practices and policies of an outdated school in a contemporary university.

The other major issue that Academic Board dealt with was that of the Academic Structures Working Party report and the steps to be taken from here. The Vice-Chancellor proposed a raft of motions that would see the implementation of the changes proposed. For those of you who are unaware, last year the University went through a review of its entire academic structure and the findings and recommendations are about to be

implemented. The Vice Chancellor's motions included:

1. That Academic Board endorse the reorganisation of the University's principal academic structures into five faculties, including

- The merger of the Faculty of Science and the Faculty of Agricultural

the concept of research institutes, as described in the Working Party's final report

3. That Academic Board endorse the concept of a Graduate School, as described in the Working Party's final report

The major change that affects undergraduate students will be motion one and in particular the creation of the new Faculty of Professions. What this entails is that the current P.A.L.A.C.E Faculty will be changed to include Law, Architecture, Commerce and Economics with the Elder Conservatorium being shifted into Humanities and Social Sciences. The remainder of the changes are focussed on increasing the level of research and support for postgraduate students.

The next step in the process is the implementation of the recommendations. This will be achieved through an implementation committee, consisting of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor, all of the Executive Deans, and myself as SAUA President. This will mean that there will be an assurance that student views will be heard in the implementation of this committee. If anyone has any suggestions regarding the academic restructure then please feel free to contact me at the SAUA. The web site for the paper is http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/reviews/academic_structures.html and it is available from departmental offices.


So, that was Academic Board for another month. Stay tuned for more updates from this extremely important and influential committee.



Tom Radzevicius
SAUA President

and Natural Resource Sciences into a new Faculty of Sciences; and

- The establishment of a new Faculty of Professions, noting that endorsement of the overall Faculty structures does not preclude further consideration of the exact nature of Faculty composition by an Implementation Committee.

2. That Academic Board endorse



*Based on the findings of the 1999 CORE Survey

7 out of 10 AU students are tobacco free*

Free Education?

Why one man thinks it's unnecessary



Should Tertiary Education be free? This is one of the questions that I often get asked, and often my response draws reactions of disgust. If you asked me the question today I would respond with a simple singular, No!

In 1972 when Gough Whitlam won government and tertiary fees were abolished, higher education became free. An analysis of this period would shock the free education brigade, and would perhaps prevent them from beating me with a copy of the communist manifesto.

When tertiary education was free in Australia it was the rich kids who could afford to take advantage of free tertiary education. Notables such as Liberal Ministers Vanstone, Reith, Kemp, and Costello all attained their University degrees thanks to Gough and his free education.

What free education did was allow those whose families could support them to study, to attend university. Those from lower socio-economic backgrounds either got scholarships that helped them pay their way through university (food, clothing, shelter etc) or went to work and were not afforded the opportunity to study. The rich got a free education, and the poor could not afford to access it. Students from lower socio-economic backgrounds could not afford to access free education as no support systems were in place to help them pay to live. How then did free education increase accessibility?

The answer is it didn't. Free education highlighted the need for government support systems for students. While some may brand the Hawke Labor Government's introduction of tertiary fees in 1987 as anti-student, the deferred payment and increased levels of social welfare ac-

tually increased the ability of students to attend university. With government assistance to help them live students were able to access a university education and pay back a contribution toward the cost of their degrees once they were earning. Increased social welfare and government assistance and a policy shift and recognition for

education, it seems much more logical to demand the removal of the differential system of HECS, which is based on a flawed justification, increase the threshold for paying HECS back, and argue for increased government funding coupled with a livable income and increased assistance for students. If governments took the issue seriously,

those whose couldn't would be forced to go on the dole, or go to work. Why not just advocate for students attending University to receive a livable income? It shouldn't be easier for a student to survive by quitting university and receiving government benefits for being unemployed than it is to stay at Uni. If students received adequate rent assistance, were all subject to a fair flat rate of HECS, received a livable income which is not means tested in the current manner, and the age of independence was reduced, surely access to tertiary education would be increased more than if we just said it was free.

Those who are proponents of a free higher education system often like to portray themselves as representing those from socioeconomic backgrounds which traditionally do not access tertiary education. In reality a free education on its own does not cut it. In an ideal world education would be free and students would be receiving adequate government assistance which was fair, and from which they could survive. However, this ideal world does not exist and the proponents of free education need to separate their ideal world from the reality in which we find ourselves.



Government milking you for all you are worth?
Perhaps they should be.

the need to provide support to students while studying can be attributed to the increase in the levels of tertiary education rather than the ideological idea of it being free. Free does not necessarily equal more accessible and guarantee greater participation from those traditionally isolated from access.

Why are people still ranting about "a free tertiary education" when it seems to be completely unworkable? Rather than demanding a free edu-

accessibility to tertiary education would be increased not by the carte blanche approach of "make it all free" but by increased government assistance.

If free education were introduced tomorrow it would still be the rich kids who benefited the most. What good is free education for a student who can't afford to go to uni as they need to work to pay the bills? Those students whose parents could afford to support them would benefit and

Ranting and raving about one's ideology is fine, but it generally achieves little more than the ability to sell of a few copies of Green Left Weekly. Students demanding and receiving increased levels of government assistance would actually benefit those who have been traditionally denied access to higher education more than an unachievable demand for free education.

Brad Kitschke

Arrogant Admin still at it

Searching through the deep, dark recesses of the Bacchae's (Classical Studies Students' Club) filing cabinet recently, I discovered some editions of the *Forum* (our newsletter) from 1994 – the year in which our club was established. There on the front page of one edition (date unknown) was an article entitled "Arrogant Admin at it Again", expressing the author's fears about the possible acquisition of the Edgeloe Room (our lecture room next to the Museum of Classical Archaeology in the Mitchell Building) by the University's Administration.

That article was written at a time before the existence of the Centre of European Studies and General Linguistics (CESGL) and when the Classics Department still lived in the Mitchell building. This was a very central location on level 7 right by

Edgeloe and the Museum, as well as our tutorial room *Nostra Domus*, the Attic (our post-grad common room), and our sole students' computer. We were still there when I first enrolled in Classics in 1997. Sadly, by second semester of that year, we had been ousted from Mitchell and moved to our present location on the seventh floor of the Hughes building. This move resulted in the loss of *Nostra Domus*, the Attic (now known as the Loft), and our students' computer. But Edgeloe remained ours, though shared now with the other disciplines in CESGL.

That is, until Term 4 of last year when Admin took over the Edgeloe Room. Not that Edgeloe was really 'ours' anymore, nor did it belong to CESGL either, because in order to book it for anything other than a lec-

ture or tute you had to see the people in the Space Management Program over in the Schultz building. Instead our lectures were moved to the Council Room, which is the only other room near CESGL that is large enough to hold a lecture. This year, none of the courses under the banner of CESGL are being held in either Edgeloe or the Council Room. Instead they are being held in classrooms in Napier, and in the Bragg and Hughes Lecture theatres (the latter being cold enough to freeze the testes of a hollow-cast primate, and although it's not large enough to seat everyone enrolled in Classical Studies 1 at least it's in the right building). We have only two large tutorial rooms, which must be shared among all four of the disciplines within CESGL (French, German, Linguistics, and Classics). In-

identally, CESGL had been promised access to *Nostra Domus* before Classics moved to Hughes, but that promise was broken shortly after. There are more students' computers now, although until last year they were still running on Windows 3.1, and are all located over in Napier, near where our post-graduate students are hidden away. Our Honours students do not have any facilities of their own allocated to them at all, and they don't get to talk to the post-graduates either. So much for centralisation. At least we still have the Museum...but for how long?

Grace Blake
President, The Bacchae

NEWS

By **Leila Hallak**

A Matter of Principle

Last month, the Vancouver Court of Appeal, British Columbia, began reviewing Doug Stead's challenge to his 1996 \$75 US speeding fine. So far, it has cost Stead about \$75 000 US in lawyers' fees to get his point that speed cameras are 'unfair' across. Stead, who admitted he was speeding, said that while his wife didn't feel the case was the best way to spend the household budget, felt that "If I let it go, I wouldn't feel good."

[Source: *National Post*, 14-2-01 (www.bizzarenews.com)]

Labor Ready to win Ryan Seat

The Labor party is poised to win the Brisbane-based federal seat of Ryan for the first time in its 52-year history, leaving Prime Minister John Howard with an ominous sign of what's to come. Howard is facing a huge political defeat just seven months before his Liberal Government's fate will be decided at a na-

tional election. At polling booths shared by Ryan and the five overlapping State seats, Labor won 46 per cent of first preferences cast at the state poll, while Liberal candidates received just 30.1 per cent. Support for the ALP jumped by 15.7 percentage points and backing for the Liberal Party slumped by 19.8 percentage points between the October 1998 Federal election and the February 2001 Queensland election. If Labor's streak continues by the time Federal elections have been declared, it seems more than likely that Australians will be hearing of 'Prime Minister Beazley' on the news in 2002

[Source: *The Australian*, 6-3-01]

35 killed on pilgrimage

MINA, Saudi Arabia: Thirty-five muslims were crushed to death during the symbolic 'stoning of the devil' ritual when a crowd rush went out of control. It is believed that twenty-three women and twelve men were killed, while an unknown number of

people were injured. Overcrowding was blamed and most victims died from suffocation. The hajj, the annual pilgrimage to Mecca that is a pillar of the Islamic faith, began last weekend, and must be performed once in a lifetime by every Muslim who is able to do so.

[Source: *The Advertiser*, 6-3-01]

The terrors of Taliban

TALIBAN chief Mulla Mohammad Omar said the annihilation of Buddhist statues in Afghanistan would proceed, despite vehement international condemnation and protests from Islamic states. He used the three day Eid-al-Adha festival on the 5th of March to urge the Muslim world to support the destruction of ancient Buddhist icons and unite behind his vision of Islam. Mulla Omar also dismissed the global outcry as a "drama" that should be transparent to Muslims with "commonsense". While international appeals to rethink Omar's actions continue to flood in from various governments, groups such as the

UN and world leaders such as the Dalai Lama and even other Islamic nations, little seems to have changed.

[Source: *The Australian*, 6-3-01]

67 swept away in bridge collapse

At least 67 people were feared dead after a bridge in northern Portugal – on which a bus and two cars were travelling – collapsed last week. The bus plunged into the Douro River near the town of Castelo de Paiva, just outside Oporto city. It was believed to have been caused when the 50m-high bridge collapsed after one of its support pillars gave way under the pressure from river waters swollen by prolonged heavy rain. The mayor of Castelo de Paiva, Paulo Teixeira, held out little hope for survivors. "We don't believe there are any survivors," he said. Mr Teixeira said he had repeatedly warned that the 116-year-old bridge was in a dangerous state, but government funding to replace it had not been approved.

[Source: *The Advertiser*, 6-3-01]

Little Brother's Guide to Peoplesoft Newspeak

As many students would be aware, this year has seen the introduction of a "new management information system", Peoplesoft. Peoplesoft replaces the old database software which held the records of who each student is, what they are studying etc.

Costing some mammoth amount of money (the words "twenty" and "million" have been mentioned), the system hasn't been without its detractors. But then, what major exercise undertaken by Adelaide University in the last several years has failed to attract a giant steaming heap of criticism? I can't think of any.

One of the criticisms levelled at the Peoplesoft changeover is that it requires a whole new vocabulary; the University's long-treasured terminology for describing just what it does has fallen by the wayside to be replaced by a range of shiny and new Peoplesoft alternatives. Some examples of the changes are as follows:

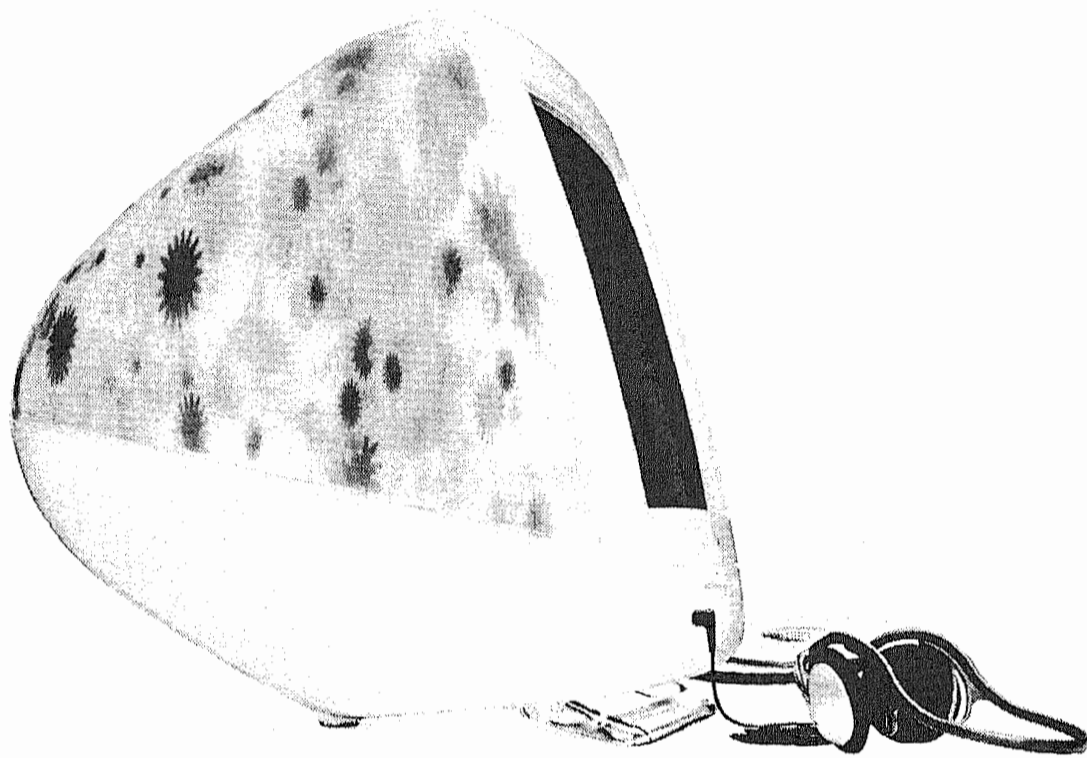
<u>Oldspeak</u>	<u>Newspeak</u>	<u>Comments</u>
Course	Academic Program	eg Bachelor of Arts
Specialisation	Academic Plan	eg Cultural Studies
Discipline	Subject Area	The word "discipline" implied certain qualities that some Subject Areas were felt to lack
Subject	Course	Because things weren't confusing enough already, the word "Course" now has two meanings
Point	Unit	
Lecture, Tutorial, Seminar, Practical	Component, Class	If they don't call it a tutorial, you won't expect it to contain less than thirty other students

You may notice that some of the finer points of the English language, such as the "-me" on the end of "programme," have been removed. This is to remind us all that we will soon be speaking, and thinking, American.

In the spirit of these changes, we offer a list of suggestions for further changes to University nomenclature:

<u>Oldspeak</u>	<u>Newspeak</u>
Student	Product
Lecturer	Product Management Officer, First Class
Tutor	Product Management Officer, Second Class (soon to be obsolete as Tutorials continue to disappear from most faculties)
Campus	Product Containment Zone
Engineering, Medicine, Science, Dentistry etc	Export-ready profit-bearing Academic Plan
Arts	Deadweight Loss (suitable for domestic consumption)
Law	That faculty again
High Distinction	Premium Grade Product Delivery
Distinction	High Grade Product Delivery
Credit	Medium Grade Product Delivery
Pass	Low Grade Product Delivery
Fail	Product Rejected, Please Re-Insert
Grievance Procedure	(no Newspeak equivalent)

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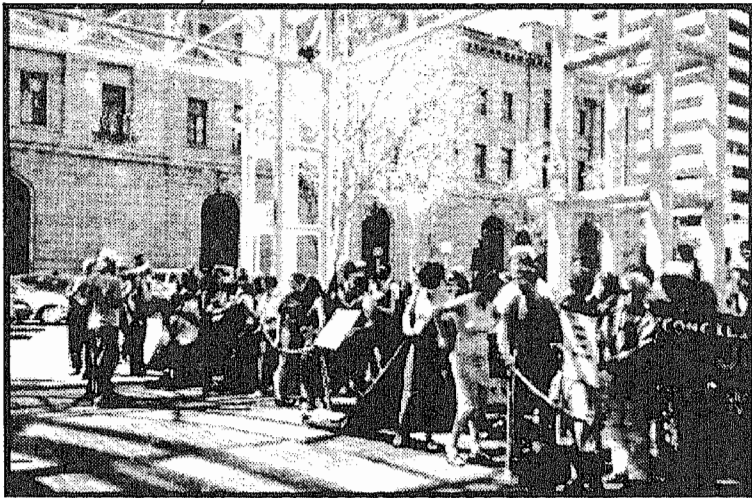
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Are we all Derelict Academics?

Pauline Hanson Speaks in Adelaide



Students protesting outside the Hyatt

Last Thursday, the world celebrated International Women's Day. While women around Australia marched for their gender, the most controversial woman of them all was addressing the S.A. Press Club at a luncheon in the Hyatt Hotel. Outside, a demonstration of around a hundred students distributed fliers criticising aspects of Hanson's policy, particularly relating to women and domestic issues. They didn't like her. But, as is unfortu-



Hanson schmoozes with the President of the S.A. Press Club

nately the case with most student demonstrations, the real action was taking place elsewhere. Slightly late, Hanson entered the hotel amidst a flurry of television cameras and a group of minders. With an audience of 160 (working media and interested public) Hanson was able to address some of her biggest critics and biggest advocates at the same time.

Hanson began with obvious nervousness. Perhaps she spied the vitriolic Peter Goers in the audience. She spoke of her background as a single mother and business woman, survivor of two marriage breakdowns and a general 'average Aussie'. Throughout the lunch,

into the political world was made under the cloak of naivety. She portrayed herself as a victim of mainstream politics - being disendorsed by the Liberal party for the seat of Oxley in 1995, and sidelined by the major political parties because she "dared to call for equality for all Australians on one issue. And I wouldn't back down and I wasn't going to be anyone's 'yes' person." She later stated that many politicians had told her they secretly agreed with her views, but denied it in public for fear of reprisals.

Hanson genuinely believes that the Australian people are behind her. "One Nation is just not one woman, this red-headed woman, fish and chip shop background. Small business. One Nation represents in the last Federal Election 10% of the population who agrees with my views and the opinions of what I've raised."

Hanson gathered momentum as she responded to the well worn claims of her racism. "Look in your hearts. Has any one of you ever heard any racist comments from me? Is calling for equality of all Australians racism? Is calling to have a say in how our economy should look like or what we should be further down the track racism? Is having pride in yourself as a nation and proud to be Australian racism? Criticism is not racism. And I am not a racist person."

Nor is she consistent. Whilst attacking the Prime Minister for calling her "simplistic", Hanson went on to prove how true the assertion was by making vague and indignant attacks on the export economy of Australia. "Free trade and globalisation is what is destroying us as a nation." She pointed to foreign investment in Australia, big business and deregulation of the dairy industry as signs that Australia was selling itself short in the global economy, at the people's expense. "Foreign in-

vestment has proven that these people come here, buy up successful Australian businesses, downsize them, and people are sacked, thrown onto the scrap-heap at forty to forty-five years of age - and what's their future?"

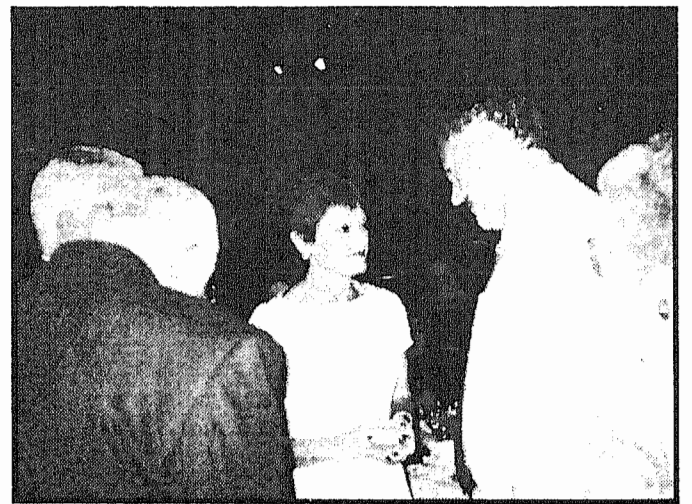
Hanson responded to South Australian Premier John Olsen's claims that the emergence of One Nation would lead to a dramatic reduction in South Australian exports with, "One Nation or Pauline Hanson could never do damage to the trade in Australia - that's only through government legislation." Hanson stressed that she did not favour economic isolation, but that Australian products should not compromise their economic worth to appease world markets. She later advocated a system of product colour-coded labelling to identify what products were and were not Australian made and owned, to encourage consumers to buy Australian.

On the subject of education, Hanson barely concealed her contempt for the group that has generally been most scornful of One Nation and its policies. "Academics sit in their positions, and have no regards for their fellow Australians who are struggling out there, and the attitude is 'well it won't affect me,' but it does affect you. It affects every Australian." Her dislike did not appear to be limited to the academics, however, but rather anyone who was attending a tertiary institution: "We keep pushing our children onto further education because there's no jobs for them. And now we are at the stage in Australia where we have academics taking the jobs of high school leavers. This is not the country that I grew up in."

When asked about preferences, Hanson said she believed her support was 'significantly higher' than 10%. She plans to go into the South Australian state elections using the strategy which has been so successful in Western Australia and Queensland, but stated that she has not been approached by any parties over preference deals yet.

Does she think her popularity is directly proportionate to the amount of media coverage she receives? "I can't help it if the rest of them [politicians] are dull and boring."

But it was when she was questioned over her policy of compulsory national service for youth that



Pauline Hanson surrounded by her admirers after addressing the S.A. Press Club

Hanson started to make the off-the-cuff generalised remarks that she is infamous for. "Maybe a National Civil Service would be the answer for a lot of our youth, so they're not pushed to further education to become academic derelicts on the unemployment queues. That would give them a sort of direction in their lives, and also they may be able to learn a trade and some sort of self esteem, rather than getting on drugs and into crime." Flinders University's *Empire Times* editor Dale Baldock then pushed her further on the subject of "academic derelicts" in what proved to be one of



She can certainly pull a crowd...a packed ballroom awaits Hanson's arrival

Natasha versus Meg



Hanson schmoozes some more

the best questions of the day. Hanson simply reiterated her views that "there's a lot of university students that are out there taking the jobs of high school leavers" and "I'm pretty fed up with academics knocking me because I haven't got a university degree". She then stated that University places should be going to Australian students over foreigners, as Australians like her were funding higher education institutions. It was then that Peter Goers arose, and tackled education in his own manner. "Ms. Hanson. Will you please spell 'Australia'?" Needless to say, the lunch finished soon after.

Following the talk, Hanson's supporters flocked to her table to congratulate her and ask for her autograph. The rest of the audience was subdued as they mingled and quietly discussed the scene they had just witnessed. Peter Goers was, and still is, vitriolic.

Penny Chalke

Natasha Stott Despoja, high profile deputy leader of the Democrats and notorious ex-Adelaide Uni student politician last week announced that she would be challenging Meg Lees for leadership of the party. Senator Lees, who has been heading the party since 1997, has come under criticism from members who want a younger, more dynamic leader.

While it could be said that the leadership tussle is a result of loss of support for Democrats following the introduction of the GST, it has quickly been made into an image issue. Proving once again that sex and politics make a volatile mix, the appearance and age of both Lees and Stott Despoja are under scrutiny. Both Senators believe that their age is being used against them, Lees for being too old and Stott Despoja for being too young. Natasha bites back at the critics who believe she is too young to take on the top job, citing her 'heaviest portfolio responsibilities' and parliamentary experiences as adequate experience. Lees has long been aware of Natasha's 'sexier' appearance and the media attention she attracts. Political consultant Andrew Parker suggests Lee's undertakes a makeover a la Hillary Clinton rid herself of the 'down to earth' and 'boring' image she projects.

Sandra Kanck, the South Australian deputy leader of the Democrats has used the issue to highlight discrimination against older women in the workplace. Ms Kanck stated that women over 50 were resented because "their breasts are no longer pert". She went on to say "Women over 50, we are basically told that we ought to don the habit and go hide in our homes. Our mouths drop and we get crow's

feet around our eyes. There's a real resentment about it." She believes Stott Despoja will win support by capitalising on her good looks, something the Senator takes offence to, stating "Nobody should be judged on their age or their looks, it's irrelevant. I defend the right of women to dress how they choose and wear what they want." As outrageous as some may claim Ms Kanck's remarks to be, she does bring up a pertinent issue.

The battle has divided the party with many high profile members taking sides. Senator Woodley believes that Lees is being unfairly attacked and believes that the majority of Senators would support her. Senator Aden Ridgeway agrees and implied that Stott Despoja is not prepared for the leadership, warning her that the leadership is a 'crown of thorns'. Lees' chief of Staff, John Schumann, the Democrats candidate who, in the last election, nearly knocked Alexander Downer off his perch in the supposedly safe seat of Mayo, has been less diplomatic. He makes his dislike for Stott Despoja and the media attention she attracts quite obvious. Stott Despoja however has the weight of the support from the founder of the Democrats, Don Chipp, who has called on Lees to step down from the leadership in the belief that the Democrats would not survive, especially in the face of One Nation, should Lees remain leader. Chipp stated "Senator Stott Despoja is the only person capable of reviving the electoral fortunes of the Democrats and keeping One Nation from grabbing the balance of power in the Senate." While he did not mention directly the image issue it is almost a given that Stott Despoja's more glamorous appearance and her high

File Photo of Natasha in a past life as a student politician



profile would attract more votes. Following the drop in votes for the Democrats in both the Queensland and WA state elections and fears that similar drops could be felt in the federal election, Chipp says "Natasha is the one to lift the image of the party and give them a shot at recovering their appeal in the electorate". Mr Chipp went on to thank and praise Lees for her work as leader.

While both Senators claimed that they would be able to work together no matter what the outcome, the increasing intensity of the tussle and the clear side-taking of many members means that it is becoming much more personal than expected. Lees has been a respected leader, her calm leadership stabilising the party at its most vulnerable when then leader Cheryl Kernot left to join Labor, but her stance on the GST and the perception that she was responsible for its introduction may have lost her some support. Public opinion polls favour Natasha but it is not sure whether her high media profile will win or lose her the support she needs. All will be revealed through a ballot on April 6, but Stott Despoja has not ruled out a second challenge should she fail this time.

Melissa Vine

{ Enigma™ }

LEISURE LOUNGE & BAR

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Sat Mar 17 **ONE KING DOWN (usa) MINDSNARE, EMBODIMENT 12.14,
THE KILLCHOIR PROJECT** 8pm all ages \$15

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Sun Mar 25 **99 REASONS WHY, SERAPHS COAL, RUSHMORE** 4pm-8pm all ages \$8

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Two Mini-Buses Crash: 64 dead

South Africa - AIDS capital of the world, rape capital of the world and road-death capital of the world, is, as of this year, the only contender for the much coveted position of 'hijacking capital of the world'.

The government of the new South Africa is at a complete loss as to a remedy for this disastrous crime rate on the roads, as car hijacking takes its place alongside other major highway crimes like vehicle theft and hit-and-runs. In Johannesburg, the nation's capital, the definition of a split-second is the time it takes for the lights to change from red to green and the car behind you to start shooting. Road rage

takes on a whole new meaning when much of the population in this city have guns strapped to their inner calves, to the extent that most drivers avoid confrontation by completely ignoring all traffic signals. While the traffic crisis in Johannesburg is acute then, the general justification is that the more often your car slows down, the more vulnerable you are to being the victim of a car hijacking.

In February this year, Capetown officials released the statistic that one hijacking takes place every three hours on the N2, the main highway leaving the city. To add authenticity to the figures, the Minister for Transport's roadside press conference to announce that 'Something must be done!' was interrupted by the arrival of two men who'd just had their car stolen by hijackers. In Johannesburg, hijackers don't even bother trying to scare you into handing over your keys - they just shoot you in case you identify them later on. To combat this problem, local mechanics have perfected the installation of a row of explosives along the bottom sides of the car which, on detonation by a threatened driver, will blow the hijacker away. A downside is that most of the car goes too, but then, most have been burgled enough times now to realise that life itself is a privilege in South Africa.

On the 8th of January this year, exactly a month into its holiday season, the South African road toll stood at 850 dead, 73 of them dying in the eight days since New Year. The sole means of transport in this country is a vehicle called the mini-bus, (taxi, pronounced tek-si in your best Tony Greig accent), which is basically a Tarago van that is licensed to seat about 10 people, but which will invari-

ably carry at least 30 passengers plus chickens, luggage and semi-automatic machine guns. The result of such overcrowding is headlines like: 'Two Mini-Buses Crash: 64 dead'. The guns will be used by the teksi driver against

the man who had sold them their tickets left the scene, and a completely different man, a man with shopping bags rather than a gun, who in no way resembled a driver, opened the car. Imagine his face as he climbs into his

van, on his way to pick up his kids from school, and realises that the loud queue of people waiting next to his car have paid a significant amount of money into some departed pocket and are fully expecting him to fit five to a seat (chickens and guns in the boot), and drive them the good three hour round trip to their homes!

Victims of hijacking are advised to simply shoot their hijacker through the door, as raising a gun or even looking at your 'captor' may encourage them to shoot. Such advice is not so useful on the major highways however, as hijackers work in teams, dropping large rocks from overpasses and

the hijackers, and then continued as the police came and took over. In the meantime, the woman in the back of the ambulance went into labour, giving birth to a son only minutes after the ambulance finally arrived at the hospital.

While this report is quite incredible, perhaps the most unbelievable hijacking took place last year on the Eastern Province road between two popular holiday destinations, Port Alfred and Kenton On Sea. As a woman was driving back from a weekend at the beach, her journey was complicated by the fact that a man was lying in the road, apparently a victim of a hit and run accident. Although the woman's first impulse was to stop and help the man, there had been much publicity lately alerting drivers to the fact that this was simply a hijacking ploy - as the motorist stops to help the body in the road, a gang of previously concealed hijackers jump out, shoot the driver and take the car. With this in mind, she simply circumnavigated the body in the road, driving her four wheel drive through the long grass on the side of the highway and resuming her journey with no hitches. Thinking it best to be on the safe side, when she came to the next town she stopped at the police station, returning shortly afterwards to the place where the body had

been with two members of the local constabulary. Not surprisingly, the apparently 'dead' body in the road had vanished. However, one of the policemen happened to wander over to the place where the woman had driven off road briefly, and what he saw in the grass caused to him to beckon his colleague over with great excitement. Lying on their stomachs, machine guns poised towards the road, were three would-be hijackers, dead -

or at least temporarily crushed - by the two large sets of four wheel drive tracks which were imprinted on their bodies. Perhaps the best defence in any hijacking, therefore, is to put your foot flat and drive.

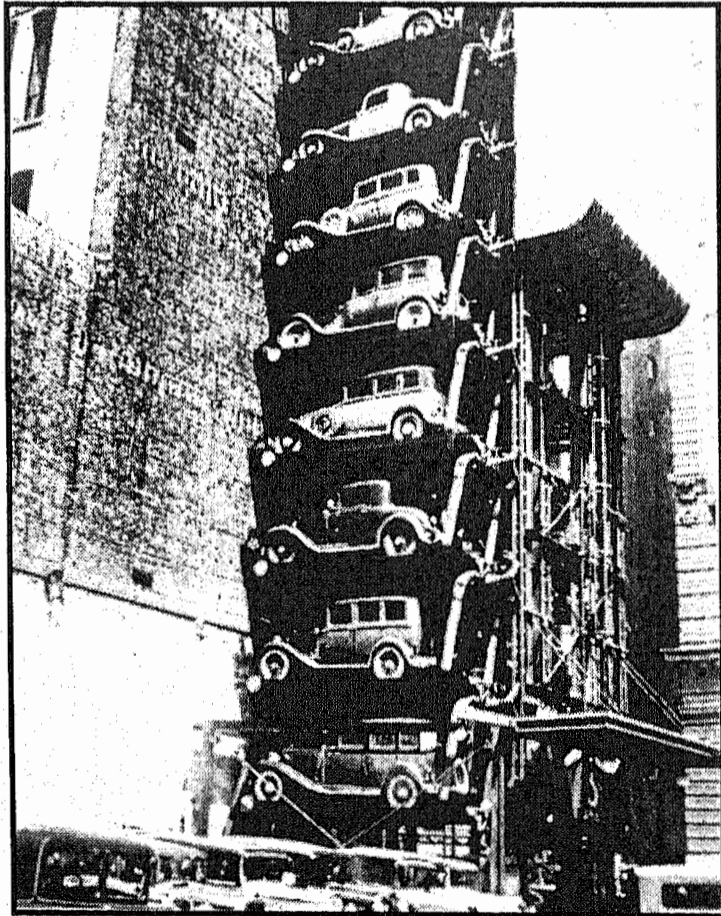
Sarah Moller



Hi-jackers in preparation

other teksi drivers in shoot-outs known as 'teksi wars', which are started when one teksi driver poaches another teksi driver's passengers, and are won by the driver who has got the most passengers shooting with the biggest guns from the most number of windows.

Those police who have not been offered enough hush money by the politicians to ignore the whole road fiasco have a huge task on their hands. The cops from Gauteng Province recently chased a mini-bus which was not only travelling at 180km/h but which was swerving all over the road like an inebriated hyena. When they finally managed to get the hopelessly over-crowded vehicle to stop, the officers looked into the driver's side and saw that the van had no steering wheel. It turns out that the steering wheel had been removed by the owner of the teksi for 'security purposes', in much the same way as many cyclists unbolt a tyre and take it with them. The only difference here is that few cyclists try to ride their bicycles without actually re-attaching the missing part, but then, the driver of this teksi was not actually the legal owner and did not actually possess the steering wheel. Finding himself with a stolen van full of paying passengers, the resourceful thief now driving the bus was using only a pair of pliers to manoeuvre his recently acquired booty at top speed across the country. If you can imagine the fury of the teksi's rightful owner when he found he was left with only an Uzi and a steering wheel, picture the anger of the 40 or so passengers who faithfully lined up outside a mini-bus, paid their money and sat down to wait for the teksi to leave. Instead of installing the steering wheel and departing however, they were perplexed to see that



Hi-jacked cars in storage while awaiting re-sale

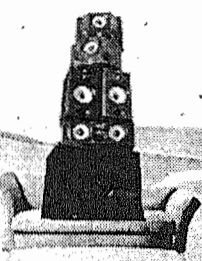
setting up road blocks. In fact, only last week on the N2, a new record was set for the youngest victim of hijacking in South Africa. An ambulance which was taking a pregnant woman to hospital was forced to a standstill by an elaborate roadblock of razor wire and rocks. A shoot out ensued between the ambulance officers and

the
big chill

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***THURSDAY 15TH MARCH**

Adelaide UniBar (ex WoZone)

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www.bigchill.net

Adelaide Uni Students are \$16.50 (200 student tickets only) from Venue Tix.

Student Support Services

Student Support Services conducted a short quiz during Orientation to draw attention to the changes that have been made to the services. Bank SA donated book vouchers to the value of \$100 and a Jellybean Competition attracted those with a sweet tooth. This year Student Support Services has produced a workshops brochure that includes programmes run by Careers, the International Student Centre, the ACUE and Counselling. Student Support Services has also recently released a collection of 13 self-help pamphlets covering topics ranging from "stress management" to "getting more sleep". Student Support Services is located on the ground floor of the Horace Lamb Building. All enquiries are welcome.



The jellybean winners meet Counselling Centre staff.

Walk Against Want Sunday March 25th 2001

More than 20,000 Australians are expected to Walk Against Want in over 100 locations around the country. It works like this: participants register at the Body Shop or by calling

1800 034 034 and will receive a sponsor book; awards go to walkers who gain more than \$150 in sponsorship. An estimated 20,000 people around Australia walked last year, raising a total of around \$950,000.

Money raised goes to Community Aid Abroad (soon to be renamed Oxfam Community Aid Abroad), who will use it to support development and self-help in the poorest parts of the world.

QUEER ACTION AND ADVENTURE with George and Rachel

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

ADVENTURE

The fine weather is fading into perfect temperatures, so make the most of the last rays of the summer sun and join Adelaide Pride and UniSA Pride for a picnic. What you get: free BBQ and drinks. What should you bring: The esky and nanna's tartan picnic rug, you can't go wrong. As for the time and the where you'll have to ring Liz Wallace on 0413 483 180. But we can tell you when, it is this Saturday the 17th. As for the Adventure from two weeks ago. We apologise to anyone who went and saw Wild Side at the Mercury Cinema on our recommendation. We weren't to know how bad it was. It was the

worst movie I've ever seen in my life, just because a movie has two women kissing in it doesn't make it a lesbian movie. (Rachel). I'd like to see that in the promotional material.

ACTION

The SAUA is currently undergoing a review of its structure. A constitutional review committee is meeting fairly regularly to discuss and consider new models for the various SAUA departments and functions. We feel that the Sexuality Department is an integral part of the SAUA and hence encourage students to contact Elie and Sam (girlsexo@saua.asn.au or boysexo@saua.asn.au) or the SAUA President (tomas.radzevicius@student.adelaide.edu.au) with your suggestions. If there is something the department is doing or not doing that you feel should be in its constitution, perhaps you want a Queer Department instead. If there is anything you feel strongly about that concern this issue get emailing and ensure the bright and rainbow coloured future of our beloved Sexuality Dept.

"Worse than DOGS and Pigs" ...

It is not a secret that homophobia still exists, and in monstrous proportions. Evidence of this has been present on our television screens of late. Zimbabwe President, Robert Mugabe, has been quoted to say that gay people are "worse than dogs and pigs", and because of their "unnatural perversion", homosexuals are not entitled to basic human rights. Recently, a gay activist was arrested after trying to make a citizen's arrest on the Zimbabwean President, over the alleged torture of two journalists. The activist, a member of Outrage!, an organisation that accused Mugabe of inciting "anti-gay hatred", was arrested after ambushing the car that the President was travelling in. The acts of abuse endured by the activist from the Presidents' security have angered the gay and lesbian community. He was hit across the head twice, and then later found unconscious in the gutter of where the incident occurred. However, Mugabe's security has denied that it happened, despite it being caught on camera by TV crews.

Blatant displays of homophobia like this are still occurring all over the world, particularly in developing countries. The Gay and Lesbian

community in Zimbabwe still lives in fear of the President's anti-gay laws, and are demanding, with little acknowledgment, a constitutional guarantee of protection against discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation. Whether it be throwing someone in jail, beating them based on sexual preference, or leering at a same-sex couple holding hands, it is all homophobia and discrimination and needs to be wiped out of our society's mentality. Gay and Lesbian couples and trans-gendered people are still not recognised by Centrelink and the Common Youth Allowance. Further, there is current debate within political circles as to whether same-sex couples should be recognised as being in defacto relationships, thus gaining the same benefits as mixed-sex couples can. This has caused a stir, with many members of parliament openly stating that they would not support such an act. If the members of parliament who are elected to represent all the people of Australia are discriminating against its citizens then it prompts the question for our immediate society, 'have we come very far at all in liberating queer people?'

Bek Cornish
NUS SA State Welfare/Small and/or Regional Campuses Officer
WelfareSA@netscape.net

NUS NDA

National Union of Students
National Day of Action, Thursday,
6th of April.

On Thursday, 6th April, the National Union of Students will be organising a National Day of Action (NDA), highlighting continued higher education cutbacks by the Federal Government, and the blatant push towards a user-pays system which benefits University administrations and corporations.

This NDA is based on the belief that "Our education is not for sale", and NUS is urging all students to get "Out of the classrooms and onto the streets" and help show the government that their regressive, out of touch attitude towards our education is unacceptable. The direction of this NDA is built on the following demands...

Free Education NOW - no more fees for degrees!

Reverse the funding cuts!

A liveable income for all!

Stop the Attacks on Staff!

End corporate control of universities!

On April 6th NUS needs your support at this affirmation of the current higher education crisis here in Australia. We need to work together to fight for equitable and accessible education for all. So get involved and get active! Contact your NUS SA Education Officer Marissa Meller-Harris on 0400 25 594 or email marissamelle@hotmail.com.

Thanks and we'll write some more next week,

Marissa Meller-Harris
NUS SA Education & Joel Northcott, NUS SA President.

Flinders University O-Ball

Two Adelaide Uni students tell all

There are a few things that should be kept in mind when attending any event at Flinders University. The first of these would have to be dress warmly. It is no understatement to say that we all froze our arses off, and we were forced to huddle in amongst the crowd in an attempt to keep from turning a rather lovely shade of blue. Secondly, make sure that you have found out beforehand exactly how to get to the venue and where you are supposed to park. Despite the fact that this little blue monkey actually spent a torturous year at Flinders, we still managed to miss Lo-Tel as we were wandering aimlessly around the campus looking for the way in. I was also bitterly disappointed upon receiving a media pass only to find that it should have a warning attached saying "This pass is simply decorative. It entitles you to fuck all."

When Gerling took to the stage the crowd were huddled together, barely moving as a result of the intense cold. Wearing their obligatory trademark backpacks, Gerling burst into a high-energy set, with the crowd finally waking up from their slumber for a rousing rendition of *The Deer In You*. The quality of the vocals sounded quite raw and harsh compared to their usual sound, although that could also have been due to the mix. The audience seemed to particularly warm to the singles, with *Enter Space Capsule* also going down a treat. As usual, Gerling showed that they know how to work the

crowd, easily tossing of one liners and chatting to the crowd between songs.

Whilst waiting around for the Resin Dogs, we were provided with free entertainment in the form of a balloon-bending juggler. He boasted that he could make anything out of balloons (although when my friend asked for a butterfly he was stumped), so I asked for a llama. I ended up with a rather generic looking four legged creature with a long neck. Jen asked for a cat but received something that looked uncannily like a mouse sitting in a hovercraft. Of course, by the end of the night both creations were sadly deflated.

Resin Dogs burst on the stage with plenty of energy, drawing in all of the stragglers who had been hiding out in the warm bar, drinking exceedingly overpriced beer. Not actually owning their album, I can't say which of their songs in particu-

lar were standouts, but as a whole their set rocked. Despite my extreme tiredness, I found that I actually couldn't keep still, as their infectious beats

began to move my feet. I am assuming that the songs that the crowd really got into were their singles, since I also recognised them. There was one song in particular that had a really infectious beat called 'Energise'. My friend



pointed out that it just seemed to go on and on and on. The Resin Dogs left me looking forward to Offshore, as I am definitely going to make time to go and see them again. We didn't stick around for the after party as none of us are particular fans of doof-doo music, so we departed for the warmer atmosphere of Shotz, where I was able to corner a member of Gerling and get him to sign my backpack.

Poptart

Being a proud Adelaide University student, I was a little sceptical of making the trek out to Flinders to see their O'Ball. It's so far away and for those of us who wore shorts and a shirt, it was *really* cold. That said, I did have a good time. Without the benefit of knowing what time the event started, I managed to make it there just as the first band, Lessie Does, began playing.

Coming back from a two month break Lessie Does managed to put plenty of energy into their set and put some fire in the bellies of the small

crowd that had made it to the stage by that time. They played a mixture of new and old material and I was surprised to find that some of their songs managed to tweak memories of last year's Adelaide Uni O'Ball. All in all, Lessie Does managed to open up the O'Ball in style.

During the first break between bands I decided to run along and see if I couldn't find some food that might keep my body temperature a little above freezing. I was able to find some hot chips and was devouring them on my way back to watch Lo-Tel when I noticed that they tasted decidedly like doughnuts. Not really relevant to the O'Ball itself, just a quirk of Flinders Uni Catering I guess.

Now, before arriving at the show, I only knew one song by Lo-Tel, 'Teenager of the Year'. My presumption from this was that Lo-Tel were a kind of laid back band with Counting Crows tendencies. Alas, I was met with a band that had that tendency but also an inferiority complex about their guitars not being loud enough or distorted enough. The end result is a lead singer who thinks he is Damon Albarn and a bassist who thinks that he is a member of the Mark of Cain. They had sound engineering problems as well, which I suppose didn't help my impression. That said, they managed to play their single pretty well, so give them an indoor venue and talk them out of thinking that they are cock rock gods and they might put on a good show.

My disillusionment at seeing Lo-Tel was not immediately overcome as Gerling had a number of problems setting up, with the PA again causing problems for the bands on stage. Once Gerling got their shit together and got on stage, my spirits were lifted and I was happy again. Paul Presser,

the drummer for the band, was performing on his birthday which I would have thought would kind of suck. His thoughts were a little different though; when asked, he said that he would "much rather be here (at Flinders O'Ball) having an exciting night than sitting at home in the corner of his room." This perhaps says something about the attitude that Gerling has towards performing. They put on a great set and had an incredible stage presence with all three members of the band at the decks at the front of the stage at various times. If you get the chance, go and see these guys when they have a show in Adelaide. Unfortunately their set on Saturday night was cut short due to the difficulties with the PA at the start of their set.

To follow Gerling was, in my mind, quite a challenging task if you wanted to look good. Resin Dogs decided that putting eight guys and a fuckload of equipment on stage was the solution. They turned out to be right. With the crowd finally filled out by the time that Gerling finished, they had some people to make jump up and down. Those people loved them and I was with them one hundred percent. These guys were awesome and left the crowd wanting more when they had to leave at 11:15. Last night I saw a rarity at any O'Ball, an encore. I think that it was brought about by the chanting of the fans who wanted more. They got more, about another twenty minutes of Resin Dog goodness.

In conclusion, I would say that the best way to attend this event would have been to sit at home watching *Human Traffic* and arriving pumped, just in time to see Gerling start their set. Hindsight is a wonderful thing though and it was not to be. In spite of this, I had a great (if cold) time and FUU should be congratulated on a good event.

Mark Henderson



Parental Lecture Part 2: The Rhetorical Question?

Ok, hands up everyone who lives with their parents. Now take your hand down if you've never had a bit of a difference of opinion about how the world revolves and around whom exactly it does this. Keep your hands in the air you lying scumbags. As sure as I'm hung over (and boy howdy- I am) parents are the part of life that teaches you everything by lecture. But fear not, we enormously sex-charged individuals here at Wayward are here to sort everything out for you. You are not alone, we are here to cry out over the rooftops and through the lecture theatres of this now only sort of great university (free juggling lesson if you can come down the *On Dit* office and repeat exactly what we were shouting in random lecture theatres this week).

We are helping by giving hope and instruction about The Parental Lecture.

This is not a quick-fix, sure-fire, just-add-water solution to all of your Parental Lecture problems. This is an in-depth analysis provided by our highly skilled research team who have spent years in the field compiling data to bring you this 500 word article. We hope that the techniques we are outlining will become useful to you when you produce your own little devil's spawn and have nothing better to do than watch them squirm, or perhaps your friends are looking a bit too complacent right now and you feel it's time to make them jump.

Last week we brought you an overview of the various forms in which the lecture can take place. This week I'm all about the Rhetorical Question. By the end of this short course you will be making loaded statements along with the best of them.

The first thing to remember is that the Rhetorical Question isn't about helping people to learn from the error of their ways, it's about making someone

feel even stupider than they already feel. The true challenge of it is to make your target's brain explode with thought feedback. The best way to do this is with timing. Don't bring it up just after it happened. Wait.

Bide your time until the little whipper-snapper thinks they've gotten away with using all the petrol in your car without replacing it. Simply fill up your car and always come in from driving it with a happy, carefree air about your person. Wait until the little turd is getting ready to go out somewhere and time The Discussion to begin just before they leave. Don't rush in though, ask them where they are going first and then move in for the kill.

Here is an actual transcript of a secretly recorded rhetorical attack that we were able to save from the lightly charred remains of one of our research team:

"Where are you going?"

"To uni, and I'm late, see you tonight!"

"Wait a minute, I'll drive you in, I just want a quick word," (observe the cunning use of kindness,



'Mother, fill up my car with petrol!'

ooo this parent is a sly and dirty dog)

"Sure, cool, thanks." (even this experienced researcher wasn't ready)

"Now what exactly did you think I was going to put in the fuel tank of this car after you used it for the day?"

And with one well-chosen, all too specific sentence the whole scene plays out like some nightmarish chess game in which the only piece left on the offspring's side is the pawn, slowing limping towards the waiting jaws of the parental pincer attack. There was no escape for this poor lost soul, enticed by the offer of a free ride and snared with a question to which the only answer is snivelling silence. Remember,

when you launch your Rhetorical Attack, form your question so that the only thing you'll have to say to whatever comes next is "Not good enough, is it?" and bang, one point up to you. Flowers, washing up done for you and an all round feeling of power whenever you come home.

I would be a great parent.

Sam Franzway

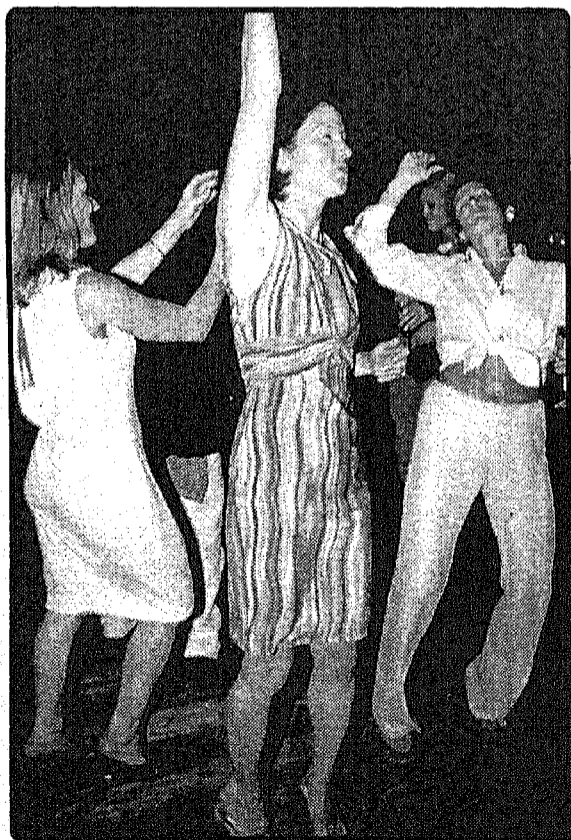
Beer Lines

By Southwark Chief Brewer, Tony Jones

Party Time- To Keg or not to Keg?

If you've got a big party coming up but the budget is a bit tight, then what better way to save money than invest in a party keg? It's got to be cheaper than buying bottle beer and so much easier to clean up afterwards.

You can get a keg from a hotel with the cooler and other equipment on loan for between \$200 to \$210. It pays to shop around. If you know someone who works at a pub, getting "mates rates" can be well worth the suck up. A keg will give you about 175 schooners or the equivalent of 6 slabs (comparative retail cost \$190). You will need to allow for one keg per 100 guests per hour as a safe general rule.



The results of a keg

Cost wise the keg advantage is marginal, and the choice is probably more about creating an atmosphere than about hard \$'s. Keg beer, if properly served, is the best way to drink beer. Its generally fresher, and once set up correctly can be served consistently at the right temperature. Don't forget to include the cost of plastic cups when weighing up the relative value.

If you are to go with a keg, then beware the pit falls that can turn your party into a frothy nightmare.

The box that cools the beer is called a miracle box. Inside is a simple cooling plate that needs to be in constant contact with ice to chill the beer on its way to the tap. Use only block ice not the crushed variety- *this is critical*. A bit of prep work, placing milk cartons filled with water in the freezer for a few

days before hand, will save you some running around. With the cartons removed these ice slabs which fit nicely on the cooling plate will do the job, plus save a few \$'s. You can make the job of the miracle box a lot easier by insisting that the hotel keep your keg in their cool room for at least 24 hours prior to pick up.

In warm weather leave it as close as possible to party time before picking up the keg. A warm keg is the surest way to ruin your party.

Also beware of the "beer experts" who will descend upon the keg at the first signs of a heady pour. These guys will twist gas knobs, uncouple lines, shake the keg and basically pour half of your keg down the drain.

Leave the gas gauge on the recommended pressure, unless you see gas bubbles forming in the line. This is called gas breakout, and means the pressure is too low to keep the CO2 in solution. If you see bubbles, increase the pressure by turning up slightly, in several steps, pouring a little beer each time, until the bubbles disappear from the lines.

Good luck and happy partying.



Stanley George's Handy-Dandy Tips for New Bachelors

Sick of cheese on toast? Want a bowl of good old-fashioned casserole just like Mum used to make? Fuck off. You moved out of home for a reason – you wanted the freedom to drink, smoke and debauch in the privacy of your own hovel, and I'll be goddamned if I'm going to let you crawl back to your smug parents like the lily-livered fairy that you would be without me – Stanley George.

Cooking:

There are three rules of thumb when it comes to cooking:

1. If it's poisonous, cook it.
2. If it remains poisonous, cook it again.
3. If poisonousness persists, see your garbage can.

The rest is up to you. Condiments such as salt, pepper and tomato sauce will, in large amounts, make most bachelor cooking edible. Alcohol and marijuana work even better.

It is impossible to have enough cheese. Half a block of cheese, a butter knife and some kind of yeast spread (Dick Smith's is cheapest) provide more than enough protein, calcium and sundry roughage to constitute a square meal. Keep excess cheese in the freezer for a crunchy snack on the run.

If you think you're running out of food, you probably are. Best purchase a vast amount of canned protein (ie. beef stew, beans, mushrooms, et cetera). In a pinch, these can be combined in a large pot, then served on toast. You will soon learn to appreciate dishes such as *fried mushrooms from a can on toast with a shitload of cheese* at 4 am when you're watching *Key of David* or that small business show that Kerry O'Brien used to host.

If you are thinking about eating a whole jar of nutmeg – don't. It's a bad thing to do.

The kitchen sink is a surprising source of snack food. If you worry about hygiene – don't. Just microwave the plate or bowl on high for roughly two minutes, or until the dried-on scraps begin to brown. You'll find that this technique makes everything from yesterday's cornflakes to last week's spaghetti look and taste like smoked hickory.

Nothing beats a belly full of roast pork. *Nothing*. Use the following simple recipe the next time

you find a kilo of pork on special.

- Take one oven.
- Add a shitload of pork.
- Cook to taste.
- Serve with whisky and/or goon.

A good philosophy when it comes to meat from the butcher: "If it isn't fried, it shouldn't have died."

Cleaning:

The toilet bowl is surprisingly easy to clean. Simply close your eyes and scrub like a motherfucker. When finished, douse the brush with bleach. If you haven't got bleach, ask a housemate to hold the brush, then run away. Apart from that, there is no real need to clean – the place probably looks like shit clean or dirty. Leaving it dirty will provide you with an excuse.

Décor:

Do not be tempted to decorate your hovel like you decorated your old bedroom. An inflatable couch and a Pearl Jam poster simply aren't enough. Minimal furniture, photocopied concert posters and framed cheesecake shots of Marilyn Monroe are good places to start. Rainbow curtains are not.

A dark-brown throw-rug, carefully placed, will visually conceal any and all fragments of day-to-day dirt. At the end of each month, the collected crumbs, butts, bottle caps, marijuana seeds and shell casings can be poured directly into ashtrays for drunken guests to arrange into obscene hieroglyphics.

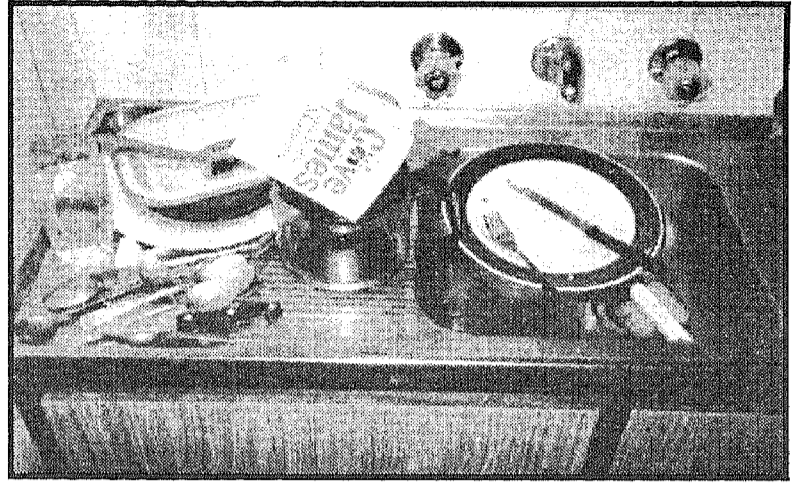
Scatter unusual items in every room. Clay bricks, guitar necks, novelty underpants, soda bottles, golf clubs, voodoo masks, screwdrivers, liquor bottles, hub caps, neckties, tobacco pipes, forks, spoons and ancient copies of *On Dit* will provide your visitors with adequate distraction from the squalor. Remember, the more exotic and various the objects are, the more interesting or "eccentric" you will seem in the eyes of others.

Buy house plants. They're upwards of five bucks, so it's no disaster if one or two of them die. Before that happens, give them cute names like "Arthur" or "Randolph" so that chicks will think that you're sensitive and witty.

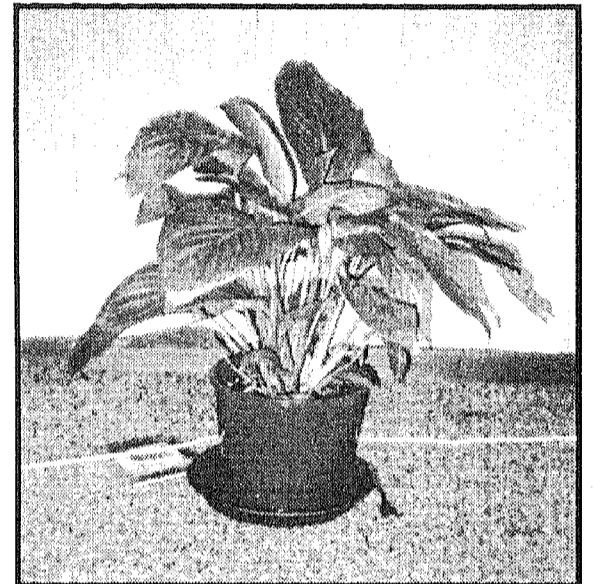
Turn your bathroom into a comedy hut. Most guests will dread using your bathroom, so it is wise to lighten the place up with deadpan humour. I have a headphone jack pointed directly at the can so that it looks like a tiny camera. The cistern has an old Corolla badge taped to it, plus a sticker that reads ATTENTION: FITTED WITH NON-SLIP PADS. These gags may seem trite, but most visitors will appreciate the much-needed comic relief.

General tips:

Physical activity is not free. Even thinking burns valuable calories – calories that you will eventually have to replace at a cost. Try not to move



A veritable cornucopia of snacks and treats



Arthur

or think unless absolutely necessary. Game shows and reality TV make this a breeze.

Robe, robe, robe. I can't emphasise that enough. No single lifestyle is complete without at least one sturdy bathrobe, worn both in and around the home environment. Carefully accessorised, a robe makes sloth look like sophistication. Somehow, a dark green robe is the only item of clothing that will allow the wearer to both live like an Irish peasant and look like a Roman Caesar.

Regulate your appetite with narcotics. No food? No problem! Just crush and ingest those pain killers left over from a friend's knee reconstruction. Alternatively, find somebody with ADD that has a prescription for dexodrine. But remember – when you do have time, be sure to eat-a-plenty. A proper balance of amphetamines and marijuana will help you achieve a diet that suits *your* lifestyle, not your stomach's.

Invest in a really long phone chord. Attach the phone to the belt of your robe so that you'll be able to use the phone in bed, in the kitchen or on the can. This technique is particularly excellent when you're on the couch with the morning paper and a big jar of cherries.

Only losers wash dishes. Instead, develop your pile-up technique such that all your dishes remain in the sink. You can use the excess cupboard space to store pornography, or as a convenient drug laboratory.

Well Charlie, there you have it. If you ever feel discouraged, remember that the alternative to the above ground rules is either marriage or moving back with in your folks – both of which will doubtless condemn you to a life of lawn-mowing, tea parties, bran flakes, receding hair and prostate cancer.



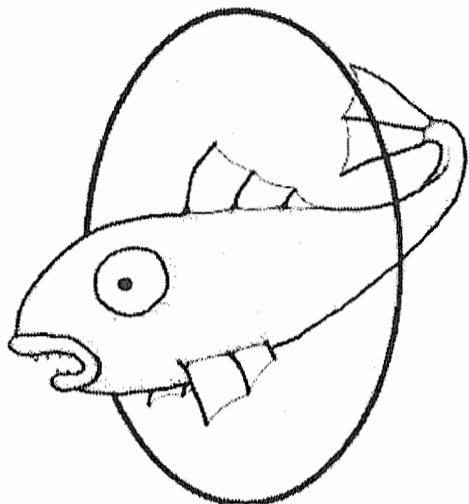
Need money? Try replacing your wardrobe with a 'No Parking' sign and a nine iron

Your Monthly Horoscope

March - April

By An Aquarian Man

And so Orientation is over and the work begins...



PISCES

(Sun enters Pisces approx. 18-21 Feb, leaving 20-22 March; check your individual year of Birth)

OVERVIEW

Pisces are fortunate that the academic new year coincides with the period of their birthday, a term called "the solar return" in Astrology. This means that the sun returns to the precise same point of the ecliptic when you were born - it is the completion of an old cycle and the beginning of a new. It is always a time of fresh new outlooks, of new beginnings in study but also in work and relationship areas. Write your yearly goals now.

STUDY

The influence of the star Formalhaut combined with Jupiter and Mars suggests that attempts for a disciplined study plan this year are less likely than ever. Sorry, considering that this year you are trying to get organisation and discipline into your life, as you have much you wish to achieve.

Remember - some nights great volumes of understanding will be accomplished, other nights it is nigh impossible to finish reading page 1. Learn to feel the moods - you will succeed if you maintain a faith in your ability to 'time right' your understanding of the work in order to accomplish the marks you need. This will ensure the conscious decisions you make are combined with handy coincidences to help you 'work it out'.

WORK

One of the factors directly in opposition to your attempts to study this year. You will have to balance study and work. Consider taking notes with you to work, maybe sticking a page of essentials somewhere up on a wall, or just carrying them in your pocket.

There are good job opportunities in fast paced areas - travelling around, doing many things at once, keeping a sense of humour. If these characteristics are present you will be satisfied.

RELATIONSHIPS

Pisces - you are so idealistic in your desires. You will desire a partner with much ardour and yearning, yet strive for independence once in the relationship! Potential partnerships or actual ones will work better if the other person is studying with you, or conversely a great distance away (eg overseas, or somewhere near-yet-so-far). This way they can be a 'reward' for your attentions when you have met all your responsibilities first, and not a distraction. Long term, healthy relationships will enter new levels of commitment.

ARIES

Now you are starting to realise and review the last year's gains and losses personally and professionally.

Your emphasis has been on maintaining and building some material and personal security, with some Arians concentrating on finances, valued possessions, and/or self esteem. Relationships were not easy, being pushed into a part of your psyche which tends to be self-sacrificing, and giving away your own needs and desires to life.

You are about to begin a new yearly cycle, one which has a major emphasis on relationships of mutual fun, excitement and growth. This will bring up old habits, expectations, and issues to resolve from the past. Just enjoy the lull beforehand.

TAURUS

It is time to re-value some of your friendships. You actually have some very selfless people around you, although they are likely to be hidden behind some of your more prominent friends. Taurus has a tendency to not look very far out from their own world, so the time has come for you to be a little generous with your compassion and time. Let me put it this way - if you are generous now, you will have a extremely valuable supportive network during the next year. If however, you continue to concentrate only on your own stuff and your own dreams, plans and wishes, you will miss out on these sincere bonds.

GEMINI

Your current decisions and actions are setting up your future career focus. If you continue to be well behaved, i.e minimise social and leisure distractions, then you will reap a much greater harvest. This is a tall order for the mentally adept Gemini, who can easily juggle many things in life. Remember that pride is the temptation, so as you successfully accomplish something and think 'well that was easy, I don't have to worry' pride will tempt you to new distractions. Many Geminis 'could have' and 'should have' been famously success-

ful, because they start off so well. Few have the tenacity to persevere. Prove you can, for your own sake.

CANCER

Current emphasis is on understanding and expanding your world view to include the new possibilities that your studies are presenting. This may sound dubious to some people, but what I mean is that you are really starting to recognise the potentials available to you in the future. Discussing philosophy and religion around now is a source of great satisfaction. Many of you may have started new jobs/commitments around the second half of 2000. Now you are starting to see the benefits. These jobs/commitments are important because they allow you to either travel or give you room to develop a career path. Either way, the theme is expansion of world views.

LEO

Current themes involve experience of or contemplation of life, death and sex. At least one of these themes will fascinate you, and you will discuss them and seek to relate them with others. This can mean you simply want to get laid - but the urge is coming from a deeper need to feel the life force surge through you, to be built up, then released and experienced. Tantric doctrines describe climax as 'the little death'. See if you can feel why.

Those Leos who are more mundanely focused will find issues of tax, joint finances, inheritance, or even deceased estates to be an area of focus.

VIRGO

It seems that you are attracted to emotional and somewhat irrational individuals. The ebb and flow of their thoughts and feelings either fascinates or frustrates you. Either way, relationships are a current theme. Even if you are not presently interested, people will still be drawn to you and you to them. The only way that anything will happen is if you uncharacteristically take the initiative and express your attractions with a devil-may-care attitude. You may have recently started new tasks and responsibilities, so prove you are a good candidate for the job. Soon your head space is going to be flooding with more relationship sagas, so concentrate on work while you can.

Looking for Libra?

It seems that Jupiter is in the House of O' Kane, and this is an inauspicious time for the transfer of Word documents by floppy disk. In other words, that part of the file was corrupted. Sorry.

SCORPIO

Meet any Leos recently? Your stars are quite similar. This is an intensely creative time for Scorpio, and one way to experience this is in merging with another. You will find the wit flying effortlessly, with time for recreation and socialising. It seems that your inner wisdom is also quietly guiding you, a wisdom that sees events from an outside point of view, wholistically. Some of you may be talking to yourself in private or to something much greater (eg. Thankyou, oh thankyou! Etc). (I am referring to experiencing the transpersonal, collective-consciousness awareness, if this helps those who are confused)

SAGITTARIUS

Now is a good time to go a bit quiet and stay at home. What can you do? Study! For those of you who are easily bored, grab a book on body-language; or motor-cycle maintenance; or read an article on the Taliban's contribution to Islamic civilisation and culture. One way or another, the energies are conducive for studying the details of a situation, and also writing if any needs doing. Get a few thousand words of your essay/thesis etc out of the way now, even if it isn't due for months.

Some Sagittarians will have family themes around now - this is not clearly auspicious or inauspicious, but looks like you would be best served by not taking sides with any parent but trying to create an atmosphere of 'being happy'.

CAPRICORN

Capricorn will be best suited to sorting out the details of your plans regarding studies and work projects. This is a planning and consolidating phase when you are getting things worked out, organised, and familiarising yourself with all the necessary details. Siblings may contact you, and you may have to spend some time with them. Remember that blood is thicker than water, and if you recognise blood as thicker than money you will benefit in the future. Don't end up like Charles Dicken's famous Capricorn, Mr Ebenezer Scrooge. Christmas came a bit late for him.

AQUARIUS

All of your extra energy should be put into regular exercise and productivity. Yes you are an individual, yes you want a specialist, non-mainstream career and lifestyle. However, you must bring your ideas down to Earth. This requires regular work, research, and a commitment to your passion. Do not procrastinate, and do not overly recreate. Because you have a great ask, the universe requires in return a great commitment. If you work hard now then you will be exceptionally successful. And you will have done it your way.

These Little-Town Blues...

I know about ten thousand people who are trying desperately to get out of Adelaide. OK, I'm exaggerating. Adelaide can hardly hold ten thousand people. That being the very reason why people might be wanting to relocate. Someone please tell why what's so wrong with wanting to be naughty one weekend, and not wanting the whole town to know about it the following day, on the head-line news...in the Sunday Mail? I know what you're thinking now, how pretentious of her to think this crappy town cares about what other people do. But we do. Coz there is nothing more interesting to focus on, Adelaide is gossip-town of Australia. Guess what she did last night....wearing that! Oh my gosh, how could have she have gone out the house wearing THAT!! And so forth. And don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about either. Miss-matching is a serious crime. And you might very well not be creating the gossip, but I'm sure everyone participates in hearing it. Why do we have to bump into every soul we know when we go out to have fun on the weekend....What happened with getting lost in the crowd? Or maybe more importantly, where are the crowds?

So, before you all behead me, I want to make the point that I think all this is due, coz this town is so boring there is nothing better to do. So it's not really our fault. It's the effect, not the cause. What can we possibly do to change these horrible events...? I don't know. That's why I travel so much. I just move countries or states every so often and try to catch the flavour of another town before I come back and get infested by it again.

I believe people have a very bad short-term memory (maybe it's just me). But it seems that every time I go away, I melancholically remember how much I love Adelaide and its lack of traffic jams, people jams, and wanting to borrow a cup of sugar from my next-door neighbour for my coffee. Only to come back and remember why I left in the first place, and that I don't take sugar in my coffee (and I never talk to my neighbour). Rundle isn't what it used to be. But maybe it never was, and I'm holding on to bo-

gus memories of previous fun times. So, when was this town interesting? That was an actual question, people. I don't know. Maybe it was before my time. I think I remember The Planet... Or was it Heaven? Anyway, what has made it worse is that whole business with no noise after 1am at the East End. Unless it's jazz. Not that Rundle is all there is. But it is quite a bit.

I'm just a little bit bewildered. I go away for ten months and all that's happened in terms of entertainment in this town is that The Synagogue is still The Synagogue, but we now call it The Church. And that the Adelaide City Council wants us all to listen to jazz, and go to bed early... like good little children. Why don't all the good bands/solo artists come all the way to Adelaide to enlighten us? Maybe they think we're without hope. There is nothing even they can do for us. Britney might still come though.

And what's up with the non-existent taxis? I personally love them. Overseas, they are everywhere. And I take full advantage. Here, you need to call one then wait for it to come (30 minutes). Don't they know what taxis are for? Aren't they meant to be a quick and effective way to get around? The other day my bus never came, and I needed to get to work, which is about 5 min-

utes from town. Do you think I saw one single taxi come anywhere me? Where the hell are they? I have hard-earned money to spend. What's wrong with this place?

We have a bad reputation around Australia, and I don't think it's unfounded. We are the town where people around Australia would like to retire...or bring up their children. What does that mean? They think we're boring, and not only that, stupid too. As far as I know (and I could be wrong) we have had several events migrate from our state, and I've read Womadelaide could be next. And I am not complaining because I used to go to all these, but because they brought a feeling of 'celebration' with them. Streets were once again filled with unfamiliar faces. They brought different people out to play with us. And that was fun. I liked complaining about the noise in Rundle St because of the Grand Prix, and then being sad coz it was over for another year. Why aren't we supporting and defending the activities which make this state worth staying in? Why aren't new things initiated to make it more fun?

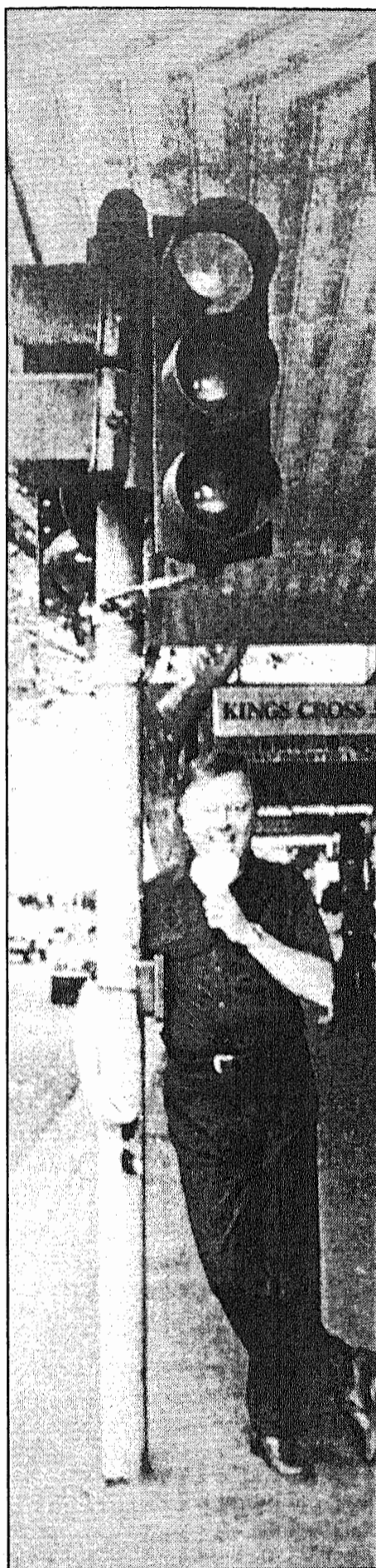
Since I have been back, my friends tell me they don't like to 'go out' anymore. They like to 'hang out'. And that seems to be the general trend.

People seems to want to talk to people, and be heard, simultaneously. But, where are people holding such activities? Or are they all going to Melbourne and chatting away there?

A couple of weeks ago, it was suggested in *On Dit* (Vol. 69) that Adelaide could be turning into a retirement village if things don't improve. I kind of think it already has. But I believe it's small-town mindedness which has brought us to this. People trying to hang on to what was when King William came to name the street. How long did it take to have town be open on Sundays? How much longer will it take for others to notice that young people still live here?

Anyway, it's really none of my business. I'm planning to move again at the end of next year. But I would love for someone to convince me otherwise....

Viv Torres-Opazo



**Don't Stop now
kids! Nearly
halfway there
and plenty
more fun to be
had in the
following
pages**



Living in a boring city? This unexploded bomb will liven things up.

Stanley

George

*I am nothing but a bag of bones
and nerves.*

Michelangelo Buonarroti

*I haven't been to bed for days / I
live in a twilight haze.*

Garageland

I have a lot of time for Michelangelo. In my opinion, he was just as talented as Leonardo Da Vinci, and only half as fucked in the head. That said, being just half as nuts as a man who was so paranoid that he wrote everything upside down and backwards is still pretty goddamn nuts. In a time when most people took Dante's *Inferno* literally, poor Michelangelo was always going to be taken for a ride by a succession of legacy-crazed pontiffs, all of whom had no qualms about exhausting to death one of the greatest and most prolific artists who had ever lived.

Apart from totally fucking his neck painting the Sistine ceiling, Michelangelo is famous for being one of the greatest marble sculptors of the Renaissance period. He carved dozens of classical and religious statues and sculpted masterpieces for Papal tombs, family mortuaries, libraries and chapels.

Michelangelo was shattered when his benefactor – the great Lorenzo Dei Medici – died suddenly around 1500. Lorenzo was like the Andy Warhol of the late Renaissance, and Michelangelo was like his Lou Reed. After that, Michelangelo became so racked with irrational guilt that he never stopped working, not even when his aching neck was being massaged by a Lutheran patroness who was so smart and so sympathetic and so twenty years his junior that he became cruelly torn between his Catholic masters and his reformist squeeze.

Said Lutheran patroness was in fact so kind that she cheerfully aided Michelangelo when he was commissioned to paint *The Last Judgement*, which was essentially a warning on behalf of the inquisition-crazed Pope Paul III that all Lutherans were justly doomed to an eternity of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Needless to say, things got worse for Michelangelo when his beloved patroness mysteriously died at the age of fifty. Poor Michelangelo was so distraught that he threw himself into his work to an even greater extent than before. This was as good as a blank check for the Papacy, which didn't put up much of a fight when a guilty Michelangelo offered to design and oversee the construction of St Peter's Cathedral for free.

Michelangelo spent the last anguished years of his life working on that thing, only to die before it was three-quarters complete.

Today, Michelangelo's huge cathedral stands alongside the pyramids and the Empire State building as one of the most fantastic examples of architectural megalomania that the world has ever seen. Its huge dome and elaborate altar serve as permanent reminders of what happens when a seemingly pacifist philosophy is grafted onto the desperate remains of an arrogant empire. More specifically, it is a tragic monument to the power of one man's guilt – a beautiful and poignant reminder of what an artist can do when his one true love is taken away from him.

Such was the nastiness of Roman Catholicism. However, nowadays the evil empire is not Roman Catholic – its American Republican. Drunk and debauched presidents have replaced power-crazed pontiffs, just as self-righteous media crusades against irate Vietnamese, Arabs, Persians and Serbians long ago replaced the self-righteous architectural commissions of old.

The Pontiff-Kings of Rome railed against harmless variations of their own religion. Nowadays, US Presidents are seen to be blindly crusading against casual sex, recreational drugs and colourful language – all of which are apparently the vile and mutated residue of The American Dream. It used to be the Spanish Inquisition that was feared throughout Western Europe – now it's the FBI, NSA, CIA, ATF and DEA that can have any one of us whipped and crucified in the name of Nixon's Holy War on Drugs.

America is evil, and will eventually fade into nothing. Call me a cynical hippie if you must, but there are plenty of excellent people out there that think just like I do. Many of them are dead, and many more



Stanley George (left)

have either sold out or given up altogether.

But rest assured, the American Empire is doomed, just like the Roman one was. I know it. So did Bill Hicks. So do Hunter Thompson, Dave Letterman, John Carson and Bob Ellis. Great men and women from Joan of Arc to the Mahatma were on to the fact that empires are nothing more or less than dark and homogenising cancers on culture and civilisation. In fact, as far as I know, one of the only great men not to think the same way was a tortured bag of bones and nerves who went by the name of Michelangelo Buonarroti.

**Stanley George's real name is
Tristan Mahoney**

Note:

The above was written at the beginning of this year, which half explains why it's so pissweak. I apologise for resorting to reserve material, but I'm tired and I can't think of anything new or interesting to be angry about. I promise I'll find something worth-while next week. Until then, the lot of you can kiss my bony arse (especially you, Henzell).

HOLLA
Js

I am aghast. No, really. I am aghast, and aghast is what I am, though this rather nifty computer programme (or, as my technologically rather more literate friends assure me, program) has a thesaurus that informs me that I am also horrified, amazed, astonished, stunned and apalled. Precisely so. Indeed, I have spent the last several hours wandering through the house distractedly and talking to the dishwasher and the dog, which is particularly worrying since I don't actually possess either.

And why am I thus aghast, horrified, amazed et cetera? Well you may ask. Well in fact you *do*, or so I have rhetorically, although in fact you may not even be reading this, although in that case of course I wouldn't be addressing you and the 'you' I mentioned just a line or two ago wouldn't in fact apply to you at all, and oh dear, I seem to be blathering on somewhat; I do apologise, really I do, but what has happened is so disgraceful, so appalling, casts such an impregnable shadow on this University and all it stands on, or rather for, that I really am getting quite carried away in my misery in, I suspect, an attempt to avoid telling you the Awful Truth. For the Awful Truth is Very Awful Inded (not, that is, that Television Programme on SBS entitled *The Awful Truth*, which isn't really all that awful at all, though of course not quite my cup of tea, or rather, of hot water with lemon in it, curse those doctors, but rather the Actual Awful Truth about this Actual Awful Thing that has ... oh dear, I'm doing it again, just hit me and I'll snap out of it ... thank-you).

Now, where was I? No, I shan't reiterate, I'd only get started again, I'll just have to force myself to Spit It Out. Here I go.

I Have a Mobile Phone. Nay, 'twas not I, I swear it by the stars that circle e'er and guide us to our night; it was my goddaughter in fact, a charming girl but alas sadly deluded as to what constitutes acceptable behaviour in an academic; she went to Flinders (no, scoff not; she is more to be pitied than censured) and consequently has not absorbed any of the great truths of our time, including, to take an example entirely at random, that those such as I are unsuited to the world of modern communications and should be left to stagnate gently in our rooms.

**We've been going on and on
about you people writing
your opinions in to *On Dit*.
Some of you have, and that's
great. But over 13,000 of you
have yet to do so. Get to it!**

UNDER Aghast

It has been pointed out to me that having a Mobile Phone is not in fact unusual, that twelve-year old school-girls and jogging businessmen and successful writers of mystery novels have them, to which I can only reply that I am neither a jogging businessman nor a successful write of mystery novels, still less a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. I am an academic; more, I am an old, white-haired academic with a wide assortment of hand-carved walking sticks, and I am therefore one of a type of person among whom ownership of a mobile phone is distinctly infra-dig.

And yet...and yet...somehow I cannot bear to throw the thing away. Might it not come in useful, just maybe? And it really is terribly clever. When it rings, it doesn't go "ring, ring", as one would expect. Rather, it plays (I am reliably informed) the theme tune from Mission Impossible, whatever or indeed whoever that is. And one plays a game on it. There's a little snakely wiggly thing, you see, and you have to move it around on the little screen, and its tail grows. Oh dear, oh dear...I am nearing the abyss...but surely five minutes of playing such a simple game can't hurt? But perhAAARGH. It just rang, it rang, it's ringing still; why did not the Greeks have a god of mobile phones to whom I could pray in this my hour of need? Do I answer? Do I dare? The pit draws nearer. It's dark power is too much for me...it is pulling me, pulling me away...if I don't come back, tell the Dean that I've always hated him, and send my regards (or better still, a bomb) to the vice-chancellor...I'm just going outside to answer the phone. I may be some time.



Our opinion writers have painted
gorgeous pictures with their words.
Read and enjoy.

Letters

"Refectory" is such a pretty word

Dear Eds,

I just wanted to write to bring everyone's attention to the new and stylish mayo. I'm sure all of you will have realised that the Union has spent a shitload of money updating what is primarily a cafeteria, and I for one am not happy about it. Who is paying for this? We already know that catering is suffering a huge loss where budget is concerned. I know the old adage is "spending money to make money" but let's not forget who these refectories are catering for. The average uni bum doesn't care whether or not there is pretty wood effect lino and aesthetically pleasing bain maries. All they want is a place to get cheap chips, not a bloody two star meal at four star prices. In New Mayo, a bowl of warm, possibly old fried rice is selling from the starting price of \$3.90. Same goes for greasy, three hour (c)old noodles. Moving up the price range, a seafood basket (which really is on a plate, so therefore is false advertising) is selling at \$5.40. The basket consists of a piece of greasy deepfried fish, really really salty imitation calimari, and a dubious looking seafood stick with the appearance of fried batter on the outside. Add to this carcinogenic ANIMAL PRODUCT CONTAINING wedges, and limp salad. Worth the price of \$5.40? I think not. Meanwhile, places like the Wills are having their tables stolen to furnish this new and improved dining area, and as a result look like poo. Hence, loss of money. Is this balancing out? No. Are we as students paying for it? Probably. I say bring back the good old days of Union Catering when your choice consisted of chips, wedges, the ever popular log, and if you were feeling adventurous, a viros. Say goodbye to this imitation fine dining and let's remember what we're all here for. To have a good time for the least amount of money possible. University students don't have standards. I know of a few who'll eat last week's cornflakes just to save a dollar. No, students don't have standards, but they should have dignity, and there is nothing dignified about hanging around till 6:00 in the evening, waiting for the Mayo to reduce its prices so you can enjoy the greasy goodness of its winddings for a tenth of the price.

Yours sincerely,

Clementine Ford

Anytime is Beer Time

Dear On Dit

As a fresher coming from the Barossa Valley (anyone who's lived there will know what that means), my first weeks at uni have been somewhat, well let's just say educational. I'm writing this to tell all those other freshers who don't know it already some very important news. Sit down all those who are reading this and who don't have anything more meaningful to do than see if they can use this fine publication to make rollies, because it's story time. It goes like this....it was Thursday night 2 weeks ago, and I was sitting around doing sod all. Then the biggest shock of my life came; somebody said "Sam, we're going down the pub for a beer". You heard me right kids, beer's not just for breakfast any more. Now I'm known around the place to be somewhat hardcore, but that's just crazy. Speaking of which (beer that is, not being crazy), my morning Sparkling Ale's getting warm, so I must go.

Sam Bockmann

PS- to the two ladies who won the Motor Ace CDs over me (you know who you are), I'm not happy Jan but just remember that one day I WILL get a copy and then it'll be raspberries to both of you. Hmm, I didn't want to eat next week anyway....

The Fee and Me

Dear On Dit Eds,
Re: The Student Services Fee

It was interesting to note your reference to the Tertiary Institute Child Care Centre being "supported" by the Student Fee (vol 69, ed 1). In fact, although the handsome amount of 0.06% or eighteen cents per student has been recorded as funding the Child Care Centre, it was not until this statement was brought to the attention of the Centre's Manager that any actual money was handed over. Ever since then the Union has tried to get out of paying even this paltry amount - insisting that students don't use child care anyway.

My relationship with the fee:

Beginning this year the Union has altered the percentages for partial fee payments - via sleight of hand and transferring blame to everybody's favourite scapegoat, Peoplesoft (cost - 25million and counting).

Last year as a 50% part-time student I payed 50% of the Union Fee - makes sense. This year, as a 50% part time student I will be charged 75% of the Union Fee - doesn't make sense.

If I complete my studies as a half time student I will end up paying one and a half times MORE than a full time student. But wait - there's more

- If I happened to be studying one quarter time, from this year I would be charged 50% of the Union Fee, and if I continue at this level, I end up paying TWICE as much as a full time student.

Many students are part time because of family responsibilities, personal health reasons or because of work obligations - they probably do not use Student Union resources even one half or one quarter as much as full time students. This unfair imposition is further alienating students who are already unhappy with the standard of Union services and its management's ineptitude.

Helen Kavanagh
PGSA President

Too Old to Rock to the Rhomb?

A few comments on the O ball

1. Not very many uni students.
- 2.
3. Why wasn't the body search announced on the tickets? As such as far as I know are they not illegal due to invasion of privacy, if someone refused and they didn't allow them in they would have grounds to sue the Union? Also how about the blatant discrimination, I went through that crap with about 15 other people and only 4 were searched, all of us male, all the females with us were left alone?
- 4.
5. Why is it that even know we pay for the O'ball we only get a 3 dollar discount? Surly you could charge us \$10 and others \$40 therefore actual uni students would attend, and if non-uni want to they would anyway!
- 6.
7. I would be surprised if the average age of those attending was over 16
- 8.
9. As far as the tickets did say anything they pronounced that crowd surfing would get you thrown out. Where the security asleep or just incompetent? The same people where doing it all night.
- 10.

Anybody that would claim the ball a success is only looking at the money the union made, otherwise it was a failure, especially due to the illegal and discriminatory body searches!

from
Geriatric

Letter printed as submitted
- Eds.

Letters should be about 250 words and addressed to
ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or
brought in to the On Dit office. Please
attach your real name & student
number, and don't be defamatory,
racist, sexist, homophobic etc.

The Letters Page

DWB: I LIKE Australia

With regard to the 'I Hate Australia' column written by DWB. I'd like to make a slightly more considered argument than the vehement rant offered. Personally DWB, I don't think you have any good reason to feel this way nor are your 'credentials' any better than those of any other person living within Australia today. I have lived in Adelaide for every one of my own twenty three years, have studied politics and Australian studies while also taking a keen interest in our culture and society.

However, before damning your articles, you make some good points. Yes, we tend to exaggerate particular figures (especially sporting figures) above and beyond what is necessary and our media tends to revel in the notoriety of Australians with somewhat reprehensible track records. However, you seem to want to be choosy about your subject matter. Is Mark Philippousis any more worthy than Pat Rafter just because he did not want to take part in certain tournaments? Is Pat to blame for the pressures of the media inflaming a personal feud? Or are they both simply human, showing different responses to the pressures that any person, in any country, would be under in their shoes?

I also agree with your argument about John Howard and his inability to express an apology to the Aboriginal people, it is unacceptable. But at the same time, there are vast numbers (probably a majority) of Australians who *have* expressed an apology in any number of formal ways and when Mr Howard is gone another may make the gesture.

And again I agree with your hatred toward Pauline Hanson and her throwback racist party. But 10% (assuming this is a viable representation across the general populace and not based on a state well known for its redneck constituent) is a small fraction when you consider the racism inherent within the very fabric of the political systems of much of Eastern Europe.

But I do think we are lucky in Australia. Yes, figures in our past committed incredible atrocities, but so did the ancestors of almost every living group of people at some state (and in fact this seems to stem more from religious affiliation than from any sense of nation) and we are just starting to lift the shroud of racial intolerance and replace it with a better way (despite the Pauline Hansons of the world). We did not simply inherit the Westminster System of government, we edited and changed it so suit our needs and made it our own - a great system of government. We also enjoy a feeling of equality, whichever minor-

ity group or 'class' we belong to, unheard of in almost any other country in the world.

But if all you can feel is hatred for a place that, to be fair, has its faults, as do all other countries, perhaps you should move to the European Union (if that really exists). After all, the simmering current of pretty much all political and social evolution from each country there is based on a tradition of class, slavery, religious and racial intolerance, incessant warfare and assumed superiority. Everything has a good side, especially Australia. But it is a stubborn hatred that does the most damage to any social system, not a sincere desire to think of itself as great.

Brett Whittaker
International Studies

Letters Letter #1

Dear Editors,

In last week's edition of *On Dit* it was stated that SAUA President Tom Radzevicius from now on wanted to see the real student number and names of all letters submitted for publication. I fully support him in his reasoning for this. I must say that I am somewhat concerned about the apparent abuse of the confidentiality allowance for letters granted by the editors of *On Dit*. It would seem as though some people are intent on using the letters section of this paper to slag off other students in a deeply personal manner, particularly student politicians, and not be prepared to sign their real name and student number. Whilst I do not have a problem with people submitting letters and questioning the actions of office bearers and others I do have problem with the gutless, pathetic antics of people who think they can write trashy letters and then hide behind the clause of confidentiality. If you think that someone is doing a shit job then grow up, sign your name and cop the consequences. It's called debate and discussion, foreign concepts to many people but skills I am sure everyone will learn one day. I can't believe that last week's edition of *On Dit* contained no letters because people would not supply their real names and student numbers. It troubles me that some people on this campus seem much more interested in participating in a childish high school tit-for-tat rather than discussing the relevant political and social issues for the day. You know who you are. Lunatikit would be ashamed of you.

Joel Northcott
That's
J-O-E-L N-O-R-T-H-C-O-T-T
Come on, I am sure you can spell too.

Seb Does Not Get Mad

Dear Monsieur et Mademoiselles Les Editeurs,

I am writing firstly to express my irritation at an article printed in last weeks edition entitled 'Petrol Shmetrol - Seb gets mad'. Lo, dear reader it may not seem so queer, a letter of attack; but in this case I do be he, the writer, Seb, of 'Petrol Shmetrol - Seb gets mad'.

My irritation is simple. My original title that I submitted with the piece was just 'Petrol Shmetrol', however the editorial team, such lovely folk though they be, took it on themselves to augment my attempts at a catchy 'read-me' sort of title, with an inaccurate addition. Please do not do this in the future. I take much time over my titles and would prefer they not be tinkered with.

My second point is to reassure readers that I was not then, nor have ever been 'mad' (in a bad way) about petrol prices. I appreciate the global politics and complicated deals and contracts entered into by corporation and government alike and understand the political shades of grey associated with issues of this nature. I do not however approve of either the political wheelings and dealings between oil companies and governments, nor the simplistic way that the bulk media portray these issues, with a particular political sway in mind. I prefer to reserve my 'getting mad' for more day to day things that really give me the shits, like locking my keys in my car.

Yours truly, madly, deeply, un-mad but reflective,

Seb Henbest
4th yr BSc
PS. Thanks for publishing my article.

Sarah Speaks Her Mind

As a reader of *On Dit* and a concerned student I would like to know the details of the ALP's education policy for the upcoming election. Seeing as the SAUA Education Officer kindly gave a detailed, while biased, account on the Liberals' stance, I think it only right that the same is done for the opposition. It is the responsibility of the Education Vice-President, President and all other elected representatives to give students the facts and represent them regardless of who is in or out of government. I, like many other students at this university, would like to know what plans the ALP have for shafting students. Hecs knows they've done it before!

Sarah Hanson

Why I Hate Trots

Dear Eds

If I could presume to title my own letter then I will be seeing this in print underneath the caption "Why I Hate Trots". But I understand that you can't pander to the literary pretensions of mere plebs like myself so I won't hold any changes against you.

Anyway, I am writing in response to the article 'Women Fighting for Global Justice' in the last edition of *On Dit*. I would like to state firstly that I am not only a woman but an educated, politicised, feminist woman who would usually leap at the chance to participate in a march such as IWD. I am, like most women, concerned with the issues raised as demands by the IWD collective, believing as I do that justice for all women (working, non-working, migrant, refugee... whatever) needs to be at the forefront of any social justice campaign. However, I became a little concerned as I reached demand number four, "cancel third world debt" and began to see a larger agenda at play. This demand was placed above demands to stop violence against women and provide reproductive rights for all women.

My own views on why the cancellation of third world debt is both impractical and irresponsible are not particularly relevant to this discussion. What I see as the issue is not specific to this article and this is in no way an attack on Lisa or her article, but this is a response to what I see as an issue in many social movements. It seems to me that the women's movement in particular is being co-opted by its own radical fringe, who use the movement to propagate their own socialist agenda to the detriment of other women. Last I checked, the women's movement held inclusivity to all women high on its list of priorities. In contradiction to this, women like myself (yes I do shave my legs, I do wear deodorant and I do sleep with men - and I like it, sorry) who are not awaiting the overthrow of the capitalist system, are being discouraged from participating in what should be events for all women. I will be on the streets marching against discrimination and violence but not if it is contingent on agreeing with ridiculous and irresponsible demands such as the cancellation of third world debt.

My question is when will the radical fringes of these movements realise that they are actually being counterproductive and alienating the people who have other things to do than work for the revolution - and last time I checked that was most of us.

Sincerely
Rowan Roberts

Definition: "Trot" = "Trotskyite", a variety of extreme leftist. -Eds

The Fun Is Back!

Sarah Speaks Her Mind...Again

Only 2 weeks ago the SAUA allowed the Education Vice-President to present to students an evaluation of how the top dogs of Adelaide University are shafting students behind their backs. This week we find out that the SAUA President is following in their footsteps. After a number of concerned students wrote letters concerning the behaviour of the president and questioned the fairness and quality of his representation it seems Tom Radzevicius is underhandedly attempting to salvage his representation at the cost of the students, right to voice their opinions without being intimidated. *On Dit* is the only realistic way that general students at this university are able to voice their opinions and have their concerns heard. *On Dit* is invaluable in allowing students a venue from which to agree or disagree with the running and activities of the SAUA, the association of which ALL students of Adelaide University are members of. Unless one has been elected as a SAUA office bearer as a member of the SAUA Council, students do not get to have their say in what the association does - an association which paid office bearers tend to forget is funded by the general students that they were elected to represent.

It is true that Council meetings are open for students to come and listen. But they cannot vote on decisions and, as soon as something topical comes up the meetings continually move into camera, and general students are thrown out the door. I understand the reasoning behind all this, but as every member of the SAUA council can recognise the meetings are not student friendly. Hell, even I get intimidated when I enter the room and I know the people. It is important that students are given a right to have their say through a venue which they will not feel intimidated and scowled upon by the elected members of the association. *On Dit* up until last week offered students this alternative, now with the new rules that Principal Tom has laid down it is as intimidating and unfriendly as the SAUA itself. I acknowledge that the president of the SAUA is the ultimate publisher of *On Dit* but when it comes to an issue of confidentiality Mr. President should be just like any other reader. If students want their names to be withheld and to remain anonymous they don't want the president looking them up and finding out who they are. Seeing as *On Dit* is the only place where students are able to speak their mind especially when it comes to issues regarding office bearers, namely the president, it is not right that the confidentiality of their letters are compromised simply because Principal

Tom is worried about his reputation and those of his ALP buddies. While abusing his authority in this way Tom Radzevicius, the President of the Students' Association is intimidating students and thus should be worried about his reputation.

Sarah Hanson

Letters Letter #3

President of Ours

I didn't see Tom Radzevicius at the O'Hop nor what he was doing, but then I don't really care. What concerns me is his response to the anonymous letter in the last edition of *On Dit*. He wanted it to be stated that he "was not on duty as President at the time" of his inappropriate behavior at the event. Now I wasn't actually there and it sounds to me like he was just having a bit of fun, but that's not my point. Judging by his response to the letter he seems to think that he can get up to whatever shenanigans he wants to, even in full public eye, so long as he is "not on duty". I am shocked as a student of this university that my President who claimed he is "here to represent you ... to State, Federal governments and any other community groups" believes he only represents us at certain times and certain places of his choosing. I think that when we voted him into his position (I think this goes for all our other representatives as well) we did so thinking he would act in a responsible and appropriate manner all of the time, not just when he chooses to do so. I for one certainly do not want to be represented to State and Federal governments and other community groups by a President who only sometimes takes the position seriously, and other times will do whatever he or she wants. Can we expect that if Tom is invited to some sort of function on a weekend or after 5pm he feels he can get sloppy drunk and do this, that and whatever to whoever because he is "not on duty" as our representative?

Furthermore I would kindly ask that Tom inform us when it is that he is actually "on duty" and is representing us and when it is that he is not. I would also ask that he wears some sort of sign or other identification saying that he is "not on duty", whenever he decides that he's not, so that members of State and Federal governments, other community groups, the University community and indeed the wider community at large know that his behavior represents just himself, and not the student body of Adelaide University who voted for him as their President and head representative.

James Simpson

You Try It...

Dear Editors,

This year was my sixth o'week and I felt moved to write something because it was probably the friendliest and funniest o'week I've seen. Congrats to all of the O directors, leaders and whatever else, especially Mitch, Drew and Gina. It is a tough job to hang out in the stinking hot chapel all summer, negotiating with sponsors, painting banners, organising your thing, and knowing that when SAUA Council finally pays you it'll probably work out to about \$2 an hour. I'm a little disappointed that some people have taken it upon themselves to unfairly criticise certain parts of o'week in public forums such as *On Dit*. I'd suggest that anyone contemplating doing so keeps their mouth shut until they've tried it themselves.

Cheers,
John Gardner
Honours European Studies

Boo Hoo Drew

Dear *On Dit* editors

I would like to congratulate your efforts on the O'Week roundup. However I find it amiss of you in neglecting Drew Rudland's great efforts as an O'Tours Director. He too worked very hard, not only during O'Week but also during the three months leading up to it. Drew deserves just as much praise and pay as Miss Foy! I'm sure that this was just a minor oversight by your good selves, the editors and would like to see this rectified. I would like to personally congratulate Drew and recognised all his hard work.

Tessa Anthony-Qureshi
2000 O'Tour Director, current
Union Board Member

Boo Hoo Drew #2

Dear Editors,

I would like to say that I take exception to your comments concerning O'Tours. As a leader myself, I did not think that the performances of the leaders in general was unreliable. Under some trying circumstances, many performed above the task originally put before them; in some cases, helping the directors in preparation. The directors, Drew and Carol, did a fantastic job. Let them at least get equal credit and equal reward. I found it amazing to notice Drew's omission in the O'Week roundup. I personally worked alongside him in the lead-up, both for the better part of the week packing bags and for a period beforehand. I hope that the effort put in by Drew Rudland is also reflected in any rewards he may receive.

Will Owen

We would just like to point out that two of the *On Dit* editors responsible for the O'Week editorial were Orientation directors themselves, and spent about two months working in close quarters with the rest of the Orientation Operation.

-Eds



Want more Bert? Write him a letter.

Letters Policy

Here's the *On Dit* letters policy again, because we have some space to fill:

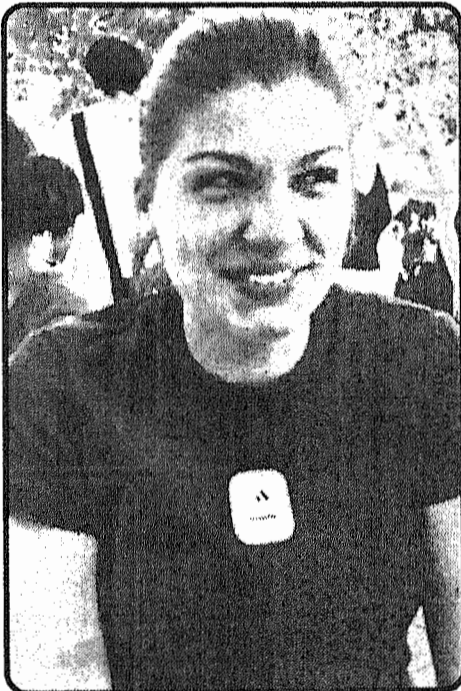
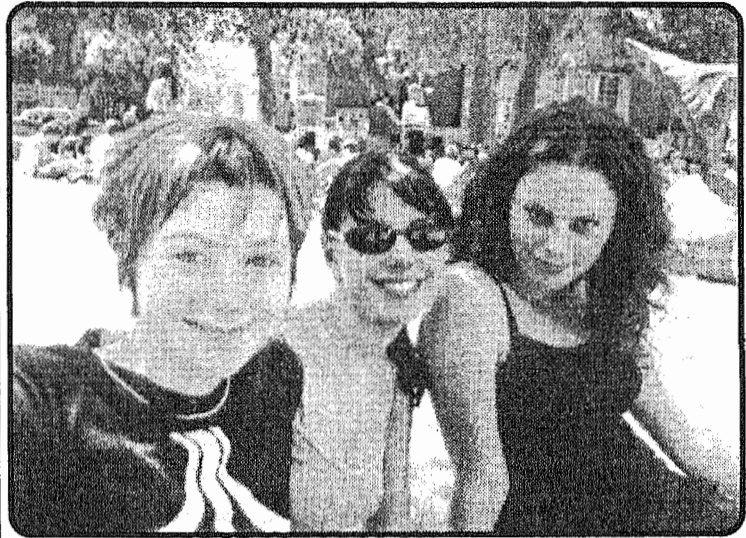
- Letters should be around 250 words, and must be in by 5pm Wednesday.
- We like to get letters by email (ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or on disk. We had a modern version of Microsoft Word installed the other day which let us read Word 2001 documents etc, but then the computer it was on broke down so if you want your letter printed please put it in RTF format. You could also drop it off in hard copy. Letters submitted in hard copy are expertly transcribed by the monkey we keep chained to one of our keyboards.
- You must give us your real name and student number; make a note on the letter if it's not for publication. This information will be revealed only to us and the SAUA President (unless we get sued).
- Don't even try making up a fake name/number combination to slip something past us! The SAUA has machines that can check these things.
- Also: don't make your letter defamatory, racist, sexist, or homophobic. If it's any of these things we won't be able to print it! Be careful, it's a very fine line.

POP

Briony, Deanna & Elly

Arguing the case for 1989 (feelin' fine)

1. B: I'm Italian, just like a stallion!
D: Take me home, fuck me hard.
E: 'Come back to my car, and I'll give you bag of lollies' and 'Fucken oath mate, how blue are your eyes.'
2. B: There's not enough toilet humour - give me more.
D: Warning to patrons: do not eat the urinal cakes.
E: I was ere, ere I was, I was ere, coz I was. '89 feelin fine.
3. B: Stuck.
D: I'd just keep thinking of fruit.
E: Son of a Camel Shunter.



Helen & Thom

Voluntarily climbing into rubbish bins

1. H: Is your name Darl?
T: So what did you eat for breakfast, I mean so how's your family going?
2. H: My boyfriend wants me to pretend I'm his daughter when we are having sex.
T: Question: What's the definition of a chode?
Answer: A penis that is wider then it is long.
Then: Chugged any chode lately?
(Note: The Sub-Editors of Vox Pop take no responsibility for anyone with a chode being offended by this remark)
3. H: Food.
T: Slits.

Warrior Princess

Passively resisting the urge of Vox Pop

1. Want to go shoe shopping?
2. If you really love your boyfriend have some class, don't write his name where you wipe your arse.
3. Fury.

ANSWERS OF THE WEEK

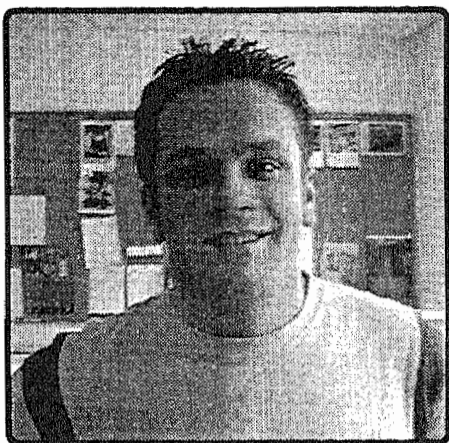
This week, the competition was tough, the competitors mighty, and the answers witty and amusing. But there can only be one winner, and it is... Helen and Thom! Actually, that's two. Oh well. Come down to the office and collect your prize - 10 pints of beer at the Unibar. With thanks to the generous people at Southwark.



Kristy & Ryan

Consummating their love on the lawns

1. K: I've lost my phone number, can I borrow yours?
R: If I were to allow you to suck my tongue, would you be grateful?
2. K: Baby, are you a parking ticket? Cause you got 'fine' written all over you.
R: Some of us are here to sit and think, I'm here to shit and stink.
3. K: arse.
R: nipples.



Tom Radzevicius - President

Hello everybody, hope that your study is going well and that the Lawns and Bar aren't taking up too much of your time!!

Waite Day: That's right the SAUA is heading out to the Waite Campus! We are travelling out to Waite on the 14th of March (Wednesday) for a Barbecue, and get to know your representatives session. We will be setting up outside Lirra Lirra, with all of the different departments representing themselves and selling SAUA t-shirts, SAUA cups, and promoting all of the different campaigns and activities that we are involved with at the moment. So if you are a Waite student then head over to Lirra Lirra from 12 to 2 on Wednesday and come say hello!

Academic Board: The first Academic Board meeting of this year was held last Wednesday. For a full wrap up see my article earlier on.

Constitutional and Structural Review: The SAUA Council recently resolved to begin a process by which the structure and constitution of the Students' Association is to be reviewed. In line with that I am writing to ask for students to make submissions to the review committee. The review is exceedingly important to the effectiveness and relevance of your students'

association. If you have an opinion on what the SAUA should be doing, the direction it should take, what departments it should and shouldn't have, the relationship the SAUA has with the student body and how that could be changed, the accountability of the SAUA or the overall operation of the SAUA, then I would encourage you to make a submission to the committee. All submissions should be addressed to me and dropped off in the SAUA. Alternatively you can email your submissions to tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au.

Academic Programs Accreditation and Review Panel: Recently the University resolved to include a general student member on the Academic Programs Accreditation and Review Panel (APARP). This is extremely encouraging as APARP is the body that decides which new courses the University offers and also any proposed changes or course rationalisation that may occur. This will allow greater student involvement in the decision making process of the University.

Don't forget Waite Day and submissions to the Constitutional and Structural Review are now open!

Mark Henderson - Activities/Campaigns Vice President

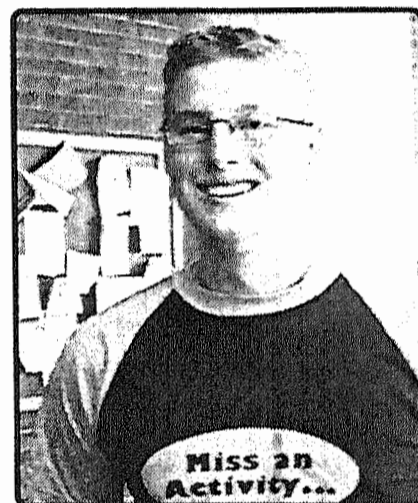
Union Cinema: This week marks the beginning of the SAUA's weekly events in the Union Cinema. These events will range from movie showings to forums on Youth Allowance. This week we are trying to explain the slogan of the Activities Department. It has its origins in an old episode of the Simpsons which we will be showing and then giving those present an introductory course in the matter of Prosh. If you are interested then come along at 1pm on Wednesday to the Union Cinema on level five of Union House.

St. Patrick's Day: This Friday we will be having a celebration of St. Patrick's Day on the Barr-Smith Lawns starting at 12 noon. There will be cheap Guinness and Kilkenny beer available and some of the great Irish staple, the potato. Bring along your SAUA cup for some really cheap drink prices. (If you can't find it, think back to O'Week and where you last saw it, then when you can't remember that don't worry, we'll be selling replacements on Friday.)

SAUA Black Tie Ball: If you have been reading this column all year you will know that the SAUA Ball is going to be great. It's a black tie ball in the Cloisters on Saturday the 24th of March. Tickets are \$35 including GST and this price includes not only a buffet meal, but four hours of beer, wine, and soft drinks. Tickets are on sale now and can be bought from the SAUA office and will also be on sale at the St. Patrick's Day celebrations on the lawns on Friday. If you are looking for a tuxedo for the occasion, the best thing to do would be to take your ticket up to Rundle Mall and visit our sponsors, Spurling Formal Hire to get a cheap price on the suit of your choice. They are just above Thwaites menswear (opposite Hungry Jacks).

Prosh: As I have mentioned previously there will be an introductory Prosh talk on Wednesday in the Union Cinema at 1pm, following the showing of The Simpsons. Prosh is great to get involved in and the best thing about it is that it is fun for a good cause. The charity for this year hasn't been decided yet, so if you have any suggestions please come along on Wednesday or into my office to let me know. At the same time, give me your contact details so that I can gather the forces of Proshness come May 14th (when Prosh begins).

As always, if there is anything you would like to tell me, please come into the SAUA and let me know. If you can't make it into the office then you can send an email to me at: mark@saua.asn.au.



Elise Duffield and Sam Butler - Sexuality Officers

Hey everybody, hope you're all keeping busy. By the way - anybody else pissed off that we're still getting 35 degree days in Autumn?!

Academics Listen Up! Over the next couple of weeks, The Sexuality Department will be distributing over a thousand copies of its latest production, a guide for all academics on how to avoid using homophobic and heterosexist language in their teachings. If you've ever been made to feel intimidated or excluded by what a tutor says in a seminar, or perhaps even by what is being taught in a syllabus, come let us know so that we can yell really REALLY loudly at the academics. Believe it or not, many of them do listen and do care. The guide is designed to show how to avoid unintentional slips and be a little more inclusive wherever possible.

Coming Out Booklet: Posters are up and around campus for the Coming Out booklet. Please take a moment to check them out and submit, submit, submit! At the moment we're working on a questionnaire which we plan to distribute soon about coming out. We will include a series of responses in the booklet (all confidential, of course) so that people will see that common problems associated with coming can and have been dealt with effectively.

Non-Discriminatory Language: Currently, the guidelines on non-discriminatory language use for this university make no reference to sexuality. Not good! So we have submitted some alterations and additions

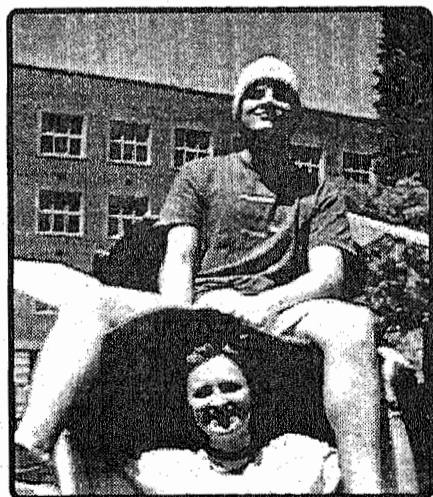
which we believe rectify this. They should be implemented very soon. To see a copy of the current guidelines, checkout: <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/EO/nondislang.htm>

FEAST: This year, the Sexuality Department would like to see FEAST (Adelaide's annual lesbian and gay cultural festival) brought onto campus. To this end, we will be getting involved with the Young Gay Men's and Young Lesbian's Committees which have been established this year, to help with ideas and input which will make the festival more relevant to young queer people. Although the first official meetings of these committees have been and gone, if you would like to get involved either e-mail Sam and Elise (boysexo/girlsexo@saua.asn.au), call us on 83033899 or contact the Feast office directly, on 8231 2155.

Don't forget to read George and Rachel's queer action and adventure column in this edition for info on some great queer events.

Chookers, Sam and Elise

P.S. The A.U. Pride e-mail has been printed incorrectly in the last couple of editions. If you've been wondering why your e-mails haven't been getting through, try again at >auprideclub@hotmail.com



Brad Kitschke - Education Vice President

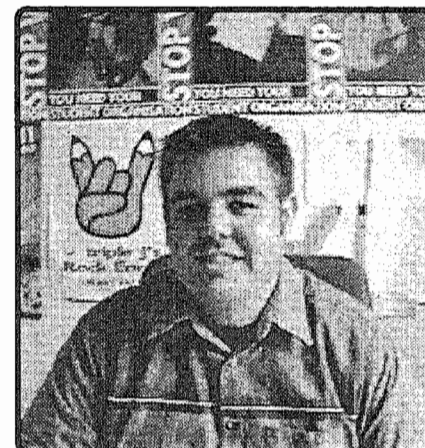
Dr Kemp Visits Adelaide: On the 23rd March Dr Kemp, Federal Minister for Higher Education, will be in Adelaide. The Students' Association in conjunction with NUS, and the other Student organisations from USA and Flinders will be organising a demonstration against Dr Kemp and the Liberal government's Anti Education agenda, when he speaks at the Stamford Grand at Glenelg. We will be assembling on the Barr Smith Lawns and walking to Victoria square where we will be joining the National Tertiary Education Union on a tram to Glenelg. More details and information can be obtained from the SAUA, and we will be coming to all lectures to inform students about the rally.

Up Coming Campaigns: In the next few weeks the SAUA Education department will be finalising their Students As Workers Campaign which will be launched in the last few weeks of Term 1. The campaign will focus on students in the workforce, and the benefits of involvement in trade unions.

Federal Election: Over the next few months the SAUA will begin to finalise our Federal Election campaigns. In the last few weeks the SAUA Council and Education Department have spent time looking through the Liberal Government's Education Policies. In last weeks edition students would have seen a critique of the Liberal And Labor Governments involvement in Higher Education from the SAUA Project Research Officer. When the policies of all parties are released the SAUA will be publishing an analysis of all parties policies and their effect on students.

Academic Rights: If you haven't got a copy of SHAFTEd make sure you drop into the SAUA and pick one up, and read about all the areas where we feel students are not getting what they deserve from the University. Hopefully by now you would have seen the posters and fliers in your faculties and department about what the SAUA thinks are important Educational and Academic Welfare related issues. In the next few weeks the SAUA will be conducting a survey of all students on the Quality of Education at Adelaide University, and the issues that most effect students.

Corporate Law: As was mentioned in last weeks column the SAUA Education Department and the Law Students' Society is collating a student focussed report into Corporate Law and how it was taught and examined in 2000. If you have any comments to make please contact the LSS, or myself at 08 83033898, or e-mail education@saua.asn.au



Anais Chevalier - Women's Officer

A big hi there and hello to all of you! With International Women's Day over (did you see it on the news?), there is a brief hiatus for the Women's Department that will be used to do administrative stuff (like ridding my office of all Orientation related boxes, flyers and other assorted junk).

International Women's Day: Thank you to those that came along to the One Nation rally on Thursday. The action was held to highlight how One Nation's policies would affect women, it was after-all, International Women's Day (there is an article somewhere in this glorious example of free and independent media, about the action). It is important for students to make their views known to politicians, and to be aware of how politicians and their party's policies will affect us if implemented. Here is some One Nation food for thought:

1. Their 'family values'* policies could mean no police or welfare interference in domestic disputes, thereby leaving the way clear for child abuse and domestic violence.
2. The One Nation website has three printed pages of gun policy and a shade over a paragraph of education policy.

(* My terminology)

Feminisms: Keep an eye out for the 'Feminisms' stickers that will be appearing on the back of a toilet door near you. These stickers are meant to give a basic overview of the terminology and theories of feminism and are not intended to be exhaustive. The ideologies and theories contained on the stickers are not necessarily those of the Students' Association, the Women's Department or myself (just to pre-empt a storm of letters in a teacup!).

The Women's Room: Over the holidays, a good start was made to revitalise to Women's Room. Well, now that Orientation is over I am keen to continue this to ensure the room is a pleasant environment. So, if you have a spare few hours, old furniture or anything else that could be useful please let me know A.S.A.P.

Contacting me...

If you wish to email me please address them to: anais@arcom.com.au. Just call me at the SAUA (8303 5406).

Bye-bye!

Georgie Perks - Environment Officer

National Smogbusters Day: Wednesday the 14th of March is National Smogbusters Day. On Wednesday consider leaving the smog creating car at home. Walk, ride or catch public transport to uni. Carpooling with friends is another effective method of reducing smog and it has the added benefits of saving petrol money and increasing your social life.

Bike Shed: It has been brought to my attention that the bike pump in the bike shed has been destroyed. It has been removed for repair, and will be returned as soon as possible. In the meantime, if you have a leaky tyre or two, I would suggest you bring your own pump. For those interested, I have the all of the current Bicycle SA newsletters and events information. Length of bike rides range from short rides for beginners of about 10km to long rides for diehards of 100kms plus.

It has been great to see that many students are coming into the SAUA and signing up and paying \$11 for the use of the bike shed. It has a capacity of about 60 bikes. This again raises the issue that there is a need for another bike shed on campus. This coupled with the high theft rate of bikes outside the medical school suggests that a new bike shed should be constructed there. The university is currently being approached on the matter, so watch this space.

Environment Standing Committee Meeting: There will be an Environment Standing Committee meeting on Monday the 12th of March at 3pm in the Margaret Murray room (level 5 Union house). Please feel free to attend and to have your say on what you would like to see the Environment Department achieving on campus.

Contact me on environment@saua.asn.au or on 8303 5182.



Here to Service You!

STUDENT RADIO

Let's open up this week with a question:

How does Student Radio do some of the best radio in Adelaide?

It seems unlikely, but it's true. Student Radio delivers some of the best radio available in Adelaide. It does this with a volunteer staff, hardly any commercial clout and a shoestring of a budget. Yet you can listen to live bands, interviews with some great local and interstate and international acts, and some really, really funny comedy.

What is it that makes this possible?

It's because the people involved do it because they enjoy it. You'll listen to music shows that are run by people who love the music they play, and who go out of their way to play the best new releases and get interviews with their favourite artists. Local bands get put to air by people who want to support the local live music scene, and DJ sets are done by people who live for the dancefloor. And if you and your friends have a gift for comedy, you can share it with the rest of Adelaide via the airwaves on your own show.

Student Radio. The only shows put on by people like you, for people like you. Tune in and join the fun with Adelaide Uni Student Radio on 531AM 9pm to 1am, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights, with Flinders and UniSA during the rest of the week.

Luke
Student Radio Director

Week 2

(which is actually this week)

Saturday (10/3):

9pm: The Women's Show with Anais and Elise. Women's issues, with your friendly Women's Officer and Female Sexuality Officer.

10pm: The Bluebelles with Izzy and Alana.

11pm: Ashes to Ashes with Mike and Ashley. The latest alternative music and gig reviews.

12pm: The Moles Instinct with Jon. Unusual and experimental music? Please, sir, can we have some more?

Monday (12/3):

9pm: Well Powdered with Alix and Jonathon.

10pm: Heresy with Michael and Michelle. Reviews of the latest metal releases and gigs, as well as interviews.

Local Beats

11pm: Dork in a Cup with Luke, Sam and Coralie. Follow the adventures of Captain Action Pants, and the smooth electronic tunes provided by Racer X.

12pm: The Void with Tim. An emphasis on local producers and electronic deviants make this show the ideal way to end the night.

Tuesday (13/3):

9pm: Local Noise with Denni. On this award-winning show, local bands go live to air. Find out what's happening in the local scene so you can get out there and support local talent!

10pm: Kul Cha Cha Cha with Steve. South American beats, Latino hip-hop, Spanish-speaking host. What more could you want?

11pm: I Took My Prozac with Leila Hallak.

12pm: The King Biscuit Flower Hour with Alice, Georgia and Lachlan.

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Week 1

(which, confusingly, is next week)

Saturday (17/3):

9pm: Urban Legends with Jakin and Stacey. Find out about the city you live in via the six degrees of separation!

10pm: Logos with Mark and Damien. The science show of the Student Radio lineup, looking at everything from the latest research to issues in higher education.

11pm: Hybrid with Celia Brown. Lots and lots of coverage of the local arts scene, mixed in with some □□unusual music you'll love.

12pm: Noisegate with Luke. The experimental music show continues, covering the avant-garde, improvised and just plain crazy.

Monday (19/3):

9pm: On Dit Radio with Mark and Jenny. Hear the latest releases, topical interviews and find out about giveaways from the *On Dit* crew. We might even get the editors of this esteemed publication in from time to time...

10pm: Cinemania with Nick. The latest news for those of you who are crazy about film.

Local Beats:

11pm: Lost in the Mix with David. Local DJs, flawless beatmixing, perfect track selection. You can't find a club this good on a Monday night.

12pm: The Void with Tim.

Tuesday (20/3):

9pm: Local Noise with Denni.

10pm: Crud Radio with Sam, John, Harold, Michael, Dan and Teresa. The beast returns, commenting on the issues of the day and telling you where to catch fresh mullet.

11pm: The Michael Tunn Variety Hour with Tim and Liam. Everyone needs punk. Admit your craving. And then satisfy your inhuman appetite with these fine fellers.

12pm: Sensory with Kate, Emma and Lachlan. Concentrating on the far more human appetites...

Ah my jobs, my silly silly jobs. My resume is long and laughable. I have been employed at no less than twenty-three places of business since I first entered the workforce at the pimply age of 15, working for \$5 an hour scraping the insides of sausages out of big plastic bins at a place that hilariously enough called itself a 'Meat Boutique' (no shit, this place actually exists). From research assistant to private juggling tutor (catch me at the *On Dit* office for a free lesson, bring your own balls) I have done it all. I haven't worked at Macca's yet, but don't hold your breath, although I am an Arts student I don't plan to succumb to the Golden Arches and their team of corporate head-hunters until I've had at least a year or two of scratching my arse and wondering why my elbow is still itchy. But I digress. I am here to share with you the wonderful world of promotions and the weird and interesting positions it can put you in for a very reasonable hourly rate. People who do promotional work can be best described as being sales assistants who really like to show off. Think of those rather spunky boys and girls you see at night clubs dressed in all manner of fetching lycra clobber and flogging girly drinks out of a cooled shoulder bag. These people work for promotion agencies and put up with your drunken shit so that they can make a buck. Just thought I'd throw that in for all my bruthas and sistas out there. But enough of the white homeboy lingo, on to:

Red Bull Gives You Wings But Lift Plus Can Make You Jump Around Like a Kangaroo on Viagra

Thank the god of employment that promotional work isn't all about being well spoken and having nice teeth otherwise I would be out of one of my jobs. The day I got asked to promote Lift Plus was probably one of the weirdest employment experiences I've had yet. The agency rang me up and asked if I was free for two days to promote a new soft drink. Of course I was. Did I have a suit? Of course I did. Could I use a pogo stick? Uh, of course I can boss, you can count on me (employment tip: always act enthusiastic). Confused as I was, I donned my finest and turned up on the day to have it explained that Tom and I were to be demonstrating just how much energy Lift Plus could actually give a person by bouncing on our pogo sticks while three other people would be wheeling a barrow full of Lift Plus cans and ice around to hand out to whoever felt like a free drink. So, Tom and I had a few quick pogos to make

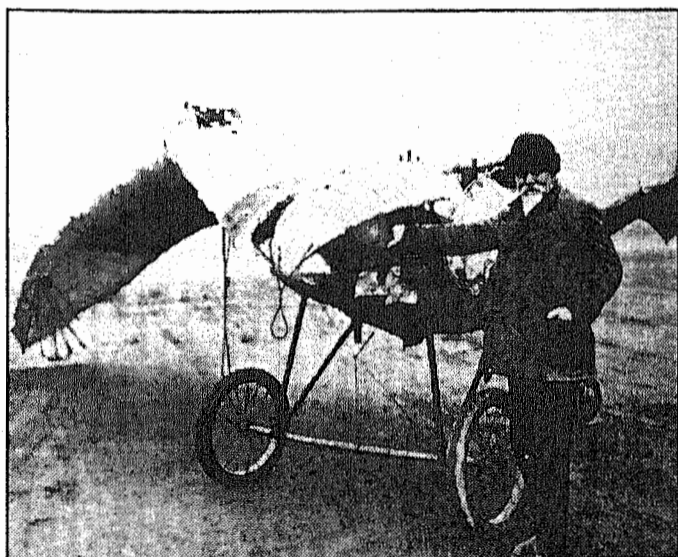
covering that practice does make perfect. If you've ever seen a drunk person lurch out in front of a car and then miraculously fall out of its way back down into the gutter, then that's what it's like watching a first time pogo-stickler have a shot on bricks. By the end of our first two-hour shift we were professionals, kicks, turns and gutter-mounts coming with ease. We also found that Lift Plus does actually work, not only as a thirst quencher, but also to give a false sense of having lots of energy. So each time throughout the day when we started drooping a bit from jumping up and down, we would slyly nod to each other and slope back to the van to shotgun another can and a la Peanut Butter Sandwiches, we would be back in the air, weaving around grannies and pulling one-handed cross-overs. There were two drawbacks to this gig, the first of which we noticed early in the second day. Pogo-sticks

made by soft-drink companies are sort of like how your granny sees your latest pair of shoes, designed more for image than comfort and durability. After a good five or six hours straight of bouncing up and down, the friction eventually wore down whatever slide and glide our sticks may have possessed and so by the end of the first shift on the

wherever you are reading this and jump up and down on the spot for a minute. Fun? Sort of. Tiring? Hell yeah. Imagine doing the same thing for about two hours straight and you'll have some idea of what a great concept a substance that not only stopped you being thirsty, but also seemed to give you supersonic energy powers must have seemed at the time. Hence, we drank a fair bit of Lift Plus. On the side of the can it clearly states that one should consume no more than 5 drinks a day, I am happy to admit that I once dressed as a Xmas tree to entertain a deserted shopping centre, but there is no way I'm admitting how many of those drinks I actually drank that day. By the time I finally got home, my body was exhausted; it had turned out all the lights and told my brain and nervous system to pop off to beddy-byes. My brain and nervous system by this stage were the kind of awake that crouches in the corner with a baseball bat, giggling and

snorting, occasionally wiping flecks of froth from the edges of its trembling mouth. "You look a little... agitated," my parents carefully ventured when I jittered in the door, three slabs of left over Lift Plus under each arm. "Fine!" I cried in the voice I use when I'm pretending to be happy about doing the dishes "I'm just fine! Want a drink! They're great! I'm pretty tired! I might go to bed, have a shower and get undressed! Oops! Wrong way around! Ha ha ha! Goodnight!" I remember the rest of the night as a kind of rave party for one, loud music, much dancing and partying like it was 1999. My parents tell me that they woke up the next day to find me, laying half under my bed, still dressed in a nice shirt and pants and drooling onto my walkman as it played The Chemical Brothers on repeat.

Sam Franzway



Sam's next job: Ornithopter Pilot.

sure that our confidence in our pogo-prowess wasn't misplaced and set out to the middle of Rundle Mall. The scene was this: Tom also wore a nice suit and tie and so right at the Pulteney Street intersection were two young businessmen bouncing around trying to avoid the mob of freeloaders that inevitably turns up whenever samples are on offer. This was fine to begin with, and we quickly got over the embarrassment factor by letting some other punters have a go and dis-

second day, we may as well have been jumping on broomsticks, for all the spring they gave us. But we didn't have anything else to do, so we jumped away regardless, ignoring the increasingly high-pitched squeaking that we were producing. The second problem was the fact that the more we jumped, the more tired and thirsty we became. Even jumping on a working pogo-stick is hard work, pretty much like jumping up and down on the ground. Try it - go on, stand up

Sell yourself. But not on the streets.

Don't let this story put you off work in the promotions industry. It was a one off and most of my other promotions experiences have been more fun than a barrel of monkeys on four legs. If you are friendly, well-presented and easy-going then this kind of thing could very well be the job option for you. The kind of work that it provides can be anything from selling drinks and cigarettes in night clubs, giving away free samples of drinks and other products, dressing up as big fluffy characters and getting cuddled by cute little high-school children, spruiking with a microphone outside shops and shopping centres and also going to big events like the Adelaide 500 and Womad to promote stuff. To get in on the industry, the way it usually works is if you dress up nice and pay one of these agencies a visit along with a resume and a photo of yourself looking presentable. They'll probably get you to fill out a form with relevant details about the kind of work you'd be willing to do along with your availability and even your clothing size. Then you are officially On Their Books. The opportunities for work are often sporadic, depending on things like your availability, your experience and the amount of work the agency themselves has coming in at the time. It really helps if you already have another job to rely on for regular dosh, but getting the occasional largish check for a few hours work here and there is a real boost. The pay can start at about \$14-\$15 an hour and can go up to around \$25-\$26 an hour. Some of the agencies around Adelaide to contact are Rave, Harlow and Professional Presentations. Good luck and remember, keep smiling!

Consumer is not a dirty word

Bar of the Week

The Lizard Lounge
172 Hutt Street
Adelaide

You may know it as a coffee lounge, but it has upgraded with a change of management to a cocktail lounge.

Red leather couches, subtle jazz playing in the background, and lighting just dark enough to make last night's outing undetectable. Four to a table, or six if you know each other really well, make this place a cosy starting point for a night out.

The staff are friendly with spunk; not enough to be cheesy, but enough to make you relax before the drinks come. The cocktails are around \$13.00 and all (not that I have tried them all) are delicious. From sweet fruity tropical Daquiris, to smooth, creamy Butterscotch Bliss, there is something for everyone. My favourite is a lime surprise (I call it that because I can't remember the name) - fresh lime, demerara sugar and topped with vodka - very impressive.

If cocktails are not your cup of tea, perhaps a shot could tempt your tastebuds. A vodka shot followed by a lemon wedge coated in coffee beans sounds adventurous, but it is worth the leap.

The chef also makes delectable desserts, from crepes in berry soup to chocolate mousse served on chocolate cake, separated by raspberries, blueberries and strawberries. Topped with double cream and surrounded by sheets of dark chocolate, when accompanied by a creamy cocktail, or even a cup of coffee, is heavenly. (I wonder if Jesus would put this on his list of "pleasurable sins" or "fruits from God"?)

If this sounds a bit too much, they have a nice outdoor courtyard where you can nibble on a platter and drink a beer. But once you have tried one of their cocktails, it's hard to turn back (even to Coopers).

The only drawback is that the bathroom is at the back of the courtyard, but I think you can handle it.

Anyway, if you like tasty drinks, and can't handle the crowdedness and noise of Tapas, the Lizard Lounge is the place for you. If you just want to relax with some friends (or that special someone!) it is also well worth a look, and I highly recommend it.

Donna Hillier

Restaurant of the Week

Spice Road
Unley Road

Recently popping up near the 'Subway' on Unley Road is this Indonesian/Thai/Indian/Malaysian Take Away. It offers an enticing alternative to the six-inch subway with meatballs, pickles and cheese. 'Spice Road' has courageously placed itself opposite rival Indian restaurant 'Tandoori Oven', and has made several very clever attempts to steal away its customers. Firstly, 'Spice Road' is entirely a Take Away joint. That means they don't have to waste any energy on table service, and you usually don't have to wait too long before your food is ready. Also, I hate picking up food at a restaurant full of dressed-up people. At 'Spice Road' trackies and 'Give Beer' t-shirts are acceptable attire. Think of it as having the ambience of 'Subway' with better food (but unfortunately without free soft-drink refills).

The 'Spice Road' concept is 'Fresh is Best' and the chefs try to only use ingredients that are in season. For this reason, they have a different menu for every season. The Autumn menu features just about any type of curry you could want, including three beef curries, one lamb, three chicken and one vegetarian. The most popular dish is the 'Butter Chicken', which is flavoured with tomato, capsicum, cream and spices. It is, however, very mild - not at all hot and spicy. If you are a hot, hot curry fan, only try the dishes labelled 'hot and spicy curry'. The 'Lamb Korma' is another favourite, cooked with spices, cashew nuts and yoghurt. It is very refreshing and tasty.

'Spice Road' also makes a variety of other oriental dishes including 'Laksa', 'Fried Noodles', 'Drunken Noodles' and 'Stir-fry Vegetables in Oyster Sauce'. The 'Laksa', popular amongst vegetarians, is a spicy soup with tofu, vegetables and noodles. It's only good for those who like it hot, hot, hot. For something different, have the 'Tandoori Chicken Wrap'. It consists of chicken, salad, cheese and sauces in a tortilla. And don't worry, it sounds the same as the chicken wrap from McDonald's, but it actually tastes a bit different (and you pay about twice as much for it). Overall, the standard of the food is high, and the choice of dishes is extensive.

'Spice Road' has also made its prices a little lower than 'Tandoori Oven', giving it a definite edge for uni students and cheapsters in general. However, don't think it's cheap, because at \$7.90 for a regular sized curry, it's not somewhere that you could eat at every night. Laksa costs even more (\$8.90), and Basil Beef takes the prize for the most expensive dish at \$9.90. You can probably feed two people with one regular dish though - especially if you make lots of rice at home to go with it.

One drawback of 'Spice Road' is its limited opening hours. Don't try to pick up any food for lunch, because at the moment, it's only open for business at night. Opening hours are 5pm to 10pm Monday to Saturday, and 5pm to 9pm Sunday, closed Tuesdays.

Sarah Shephard

Product of the Week

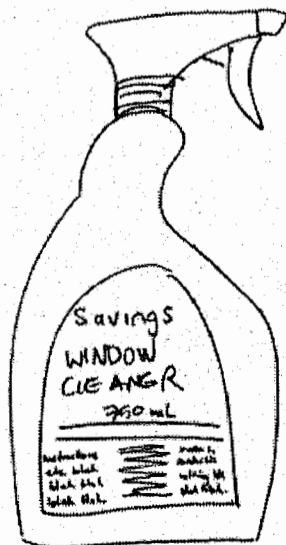
This week, due to lack of space we have no Consumer Watchdog. Terrible indeed. To ensure that the Wayward student is not left wondering which product to try next, we have brought you a 'Product of the Week' instead. A pale shadow of the Consumer Watchdog, but it will have to suffice. It will be back next week, we promise. Until then, the product that *On Dit* endorses this week is...

Savings Brand Window Cleaner (750 mL)

Unlike similarly advertised beverages, Savings Brand Window Cleaner is indeed a useful window cleaner. Ironically, this concoction also provides excellent relief from the stresses of *not* cleaning windows - a few belts of it and you won't give a damn about the repugnant film on your kitchen double-glazing.

Possessing a bouquet that can only be described as 'malevolent', this particular beverage requires a degree of patience for full appreciation. Being an unusually patient consumer watchdog, the present reporter thoroughly enjoys more than a dram or two and would heartily recommend it to any other love-addled fool in need of indiscriminate brain death.

Stanley George



Holiday in Cambodia

Adventures with Frenchmen and Broken Bikes

I have a theory that as soon as you fly out of Australia on any sort of holiday the part of your brain involved with careful and rational decision-making totally disengages itself. As soon as you arrive in another country you are apt to randomly launch into various idiotic escapades which in retrospect are not only totally irrational, but probably certifiably unsafe as well.

Anyone who has travelled to South East Asia has probably leapt onto the back of a motorbike without giving any thought to the fact that they are not wearing long pants or a helmet and that they have no idea who the driver is or if they can actually drive. Or for that matter that the traffic barely even qualifies as organised chaos. Similarly, the thought of walking or cycling to places doesn't sound so monumentally stupid as it does here. Facts such as your total lack of fitness or sense of direction are somewhere remotely near your brain.

But if you are in another country where you don't speak the language, the temperature is approximately 1000 degrees, the humidity about twice that, the roads abysmal and your map nonexistent, somehow making your own way to somewhere seems intrepid, adventuresome and altogether more fun than doing the sensible thing and taking a taxi.

I found myself in such a headspace when in Siam Reap (North Western Cambodia) earlier this year. Siam Reap is the modern town near the spectacular ruins of the ancient Khmer City complex of Ankor. Now, it is worth mentioning that the entry fee into Ankor is US\$20 for one day or US\$40 for three. Which is a monumentally large sum of money when you budget to be spending about one Australian dollar for a meal and two

for a bed.

So, a French guy I'd met at my guesthouse and I decided to do the miserly thing and head out to the really far away ruins that fall outside the main city complex which you can get into for free. And we decided that we would cycle rather than take a motorbike, because we were both seriously broke.

We set off one morning and after some rather tense haggling had hired some bikes at what was probably a reasonable price. So off we rode, armed with a very sketchy map from a very general guidebook and a few bottles of water. And it wasn't long before we discovered why we'd gotten the bikes at such a reasonable price. But we were ready for adventure and with the help of some school children who were passing we fixed the chain back over the gears (well, the one gear). And off we set. We got about 100m up the road before the chain came off my friend's bike again. It was duly refitted and off we rode. And it duly came unattached about 50m up the road. So we stopped at someone's house and they helped us fix the bike while attempting to stifle their laughter at the stupid, hot, bothered and sunburnt farangs (foreigners). And yes, it wasn't long before the bike broke yet again.

So this time we pulled into a regional office of the Cambodian Peoples' Party where my French friend

and a party official completely disassembled the bike and put it back together. But their attempts were futile because it wasn't long before it was busted again. With the help of some construction workers we tried one



Jesus, I reckon that bicycle seat has slipped off again.

more time to fix the bike but eventually gave up.

Having decided that it was pointless to attempt to get to the monuments we were faced with the problem of trying to get back to Siam Reap. Walking wasn't really an option because we were by this time about 15km out of town and it was blisteringly hot. (Actually, Cambodia has to be the hottest place I have ever been and it is intensely dusty into the bargain.)

Our first plan was to try to fit both of us on the good bike and wheel the crappy bike along beside us. This, we figured, would still be quicker than walking and would hopefully require less exertion, because by this stage we had drunk all our water and were approaching dehydrated delirium.

This would have probably worked had we been in Australia or France where the concept of roads is not totally alien. But there isn't really anything that quite qualifies as a road in Cambodia - they have collections of enormous potholes and landmine craters instead. So every time we went over a bump I was virtually thrown off the back of the good bike before dropping the bike I was meant to be wheeling beside me.

In desperation we flagged down the first vehicle that was heading in approximately the right direction. Now Cambodia is probably not the safest place in the world to be hitchhiking - the Khmer Rouge ceased to

be a threat to stability after the death of Pol Pot in '98 but the country is emerging from about 30 years of war and there is an alarming amount of weaponry floating about. And the fact that the vehicle we had flagged down was the most gigantic ex-Soviet army armoured truck didn't exactly inspire me with confidence in my own safety. But by this stage I was too hot, bothered and thirsty to care.

In retrospect, it was foolhardy to leap into an ex-military truck driven by a man we didn't know who couldn't speak a word of either French or English but at the time it didn't seem in the least bit risky. In fact it was fun. The whole thing was. Okay, so I was hot and bothered but in some strange way it wasn't really that

terrible to be stranded in the Cambodian countryside listening to a gorgeous Frenchman curse in French at the stupid *velo* he'd been hired. And the fact that the trip back into town was comparable to being vitamised due to the total absence of suspension in the truck didn't matter either.

I don't think I'm being totally irrational either. It was an adventure and we met some great people along the way. I am continually astounded at how generous people with nothing are towards travellers who, by comparison, have everything. Probably no fewer than 20 people tried to fix that stupid bike for us, all of whom could have just as easily told us to go away. And the little old truck driver could have so easily not only robbed us but have decided that we weren't friends and could have charged us for the trip in to town. And Julian who was about as mad as the French come and whose performance later that afternoon at the bike hire place would have to rate among the craziest displays of gesticulation the world has ever seen. So perhaps, despite the risk to personal safety, the disengagement of the thinking part of your brain while travelling isn't so irrational. In any case, it ensures that you have a hell of a lot more fun while overseas than you tend to back home.

Ella McHenry



No bicycles? Have to walk, then.

BLAST FROM THE PAST



People Who Look For Peace Get It

PEOPLE WHO LOOK FOR PEACE GET IT

This is the story of a dope-mad sex crazy rock'n'roll fan who became a govt. clerk. I've forgotten many things, and many things have been left out, but I hope you get the picture.

My father was a middle class atheist who believed in the beauty of nature, and taught us (my family) accordingly. As a child I was brought up experiencing the beauty of the outback and the Flinders Ranges. Then from the age of when I was 10 we lived in Craters, between huge trees, blackberries, green fields and well-to-do houses. We went canoeing on the Murray. But as soon as I went to high school (A.B.H.S.) in the big city I forgot all that and the highlight of my life was going to the Woodville St. Clair Youth Dance, standing around in check pants, and cigaretted, chasing all the plastic blondes in Roman sandals. From this first, my life became a series of unreal acts.

I went to Adelaide University in 1969 and immediately became a marxist revolutionary. Cigaretted, I studied politics and philosophy, and thought communism was the answer. I went in demonstrations, waved red flags (everytime my father saw me on TV he had a fit), carried shields and batons, wore helmets, shouted 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh' a million times, threw rocks, charged police horses, plotted killing Commonwealth Cops in coffee-bars, and engaged in hysteria. But one thing saved me that year, and that was a wonderful long bourgeoisie holiday in the snow (suddenly paid for by my father) in which I skied and experienced again the peace and stillness of nature. There was something there, in the serenity of mountains, that other things lacked.

At the end of 1969 I went to Dampier in North-Western Australia. Working amidst huge mining development I realized that the working class were as materialistic as anyone else. They bashed up my long-haired friend called Dave. Dave used to look at tropical sunsets, dropped acid, got me interested in Buddhism, and gave me speed. I found that some of the workers believed in God. I got friendly with a Catholic who had incredible ESP powers. But most of the time I just got involved in drunken parties and found that the w.c. were not money-hating heroes.

In 1970, I went back to Uni, and adopted anarchism as a philosophy. I had once wanted to be a social worker! I went on more demos., but they were sadly outdated by now. I left home and my hair grew long, about six inches below my shoulder line. I wore black. I became a regular at North Adelaide pubs like the Lord Melbourne and went to wild parties. About July, I went to Melbourne and got picked up by some hippie girls who rang bells, sold worthless bits of tin as Eastern bracelets to week-end hippies, and stayed in a commune of about 30 people above a clothes shop in Little Bourke St. I smoked dope, saw Woodstock and listened to Indian music. I visited 'pads.' When I got back to Adelaide I moved into a house in Chisholm Ave., Burnside, with about 20 other people. I smoked a bit of dope, but also got blind drunk every night for 6 months. I had no money, and lived off the charity of the girls who hung around the Burnside swimming pool. In between drunken parties I read Zen.

At the end of 1970, I read about Beatniks, especially Kerovac, and hitch-hiked to Sydney and all over the Eastern states. I saw the futility of Italians with big cars. I picked grapes in Mildura for half a day.

Continued p.7.

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Continued from p.3.

Again in 1971 I went back to Uni. I tried TM and got high, tried astral travelling and got high, but neither gave me satisfaction. I read about yoga and Timothy Leary and dropped some LSD in April, at midnight on the Henley Beach Jetty. All I heard was Dylard and all I saw was Beatie landscapes, but I knew then that there really was another state of reality, a far more beautiful one than this. I lived in a filthy hippie house, got into tripping, smoking dope, and feared being busted all the time. I would look wistfully out the window to the tune of "Let's Twist Again". I kept going to pubs and picking up dolly birds.

Rock dancing became my religion. The main thing in my life was going to rock concerts, painting my face and crashing uni, balls and parties and doing wild dancing. I loved ego-tripping, because I could really take the stage and crowds would stop dancing and just watch me. I was in my element.

Then one night I suddenly awoke from deep sleep to see a brilliant white light shoot from the centre of my forehead and fill the universe. I was awestruck, and realized that this was the light I had seen while tripping, and read about in Scriptures. I determined to find out who or what could give me this experience without artificial means, but more maya was to come.

At the end of 1971 I went to the Gold Coast in Queensland, and lived there for the summer holidays. I lived with an American, a pusher and his wife who had a beach-house, a car, a boat, and surfboards. I was in the D.P. Heaven, and sat in on the nightly beach party, complete with kegs of beer and vegetarian foods. My hair became white and my skin black. I loved being a beach bum, lying there with surf and sand and beautiful golden maidens. I went to Noosa Heads and got lots of magic mushrooms. They were better than acid. Gold tops and blue meanies were the real thing, man. It seemed like paradise, and yet it didn't give me peace. Excitement, but not peace of mind.

So in 1972, yet again (anticlimax) I went back to uni. We lived in a house opposite the British Hotel. It became a dope den. We got stoned every night (same old story), got involved in the camp scene, mandrakes, shooting up (one of my friends who lived there later died of an overdose). Lots of parties. A drag. I did a lot of off-the-side pushing, as I had always done, because I knew where to get the goodies. I finally dropped out (in my final year) not because I couldn't have passed but because I didn't want the security of a degree. I had always got distinctions for psychology, but I had seen long ago that the Western social sciences know nothing about reality. But by this time I also despised hippies, never having got anything real.

I got into magic, into Don Juan. I went back to Queensland, to escape from all the boring musos I knew and lived with. So, knife in my belt, I (and friend) plunged into the jungles and communes in Cairns. But mushrooms, black magic, Queensland police, and homosexuals didn't turn me on anymore (and we got into serious trouble with all 4), and so I went back to an old haunt, the suburb of Carlton in Victoria.

Again (it was 1973) I got into pushing and narrowly escaped the narcs (I was losing count) and a few years in jail. By this time I was getting too lazy even to steal and shoplift, as I had delighted in doing since I was 14. We sat round the hookah. I had no home, and accompanied rich girls to restaurants, steak and wine parties, and discos.

ON DIT, March 1, 1974 — 7

...from p.7.

I left Melbourne and went to stay on a huge farm with an old girlfriend of mine. I went for long walks, ate too much acid and mushrooms, tried to shoot and rifle kangaroos and eagles and parrots and emus, chased rabbits, got chased by wild horses. I was exhausted. Finally I came across a sand-dune in the scrub, fell down, and screamed out to the clear blue sky where was truth?

I was going crazy, I just couldn't see any point to anything. My friends came to me and told me that they were going to nightly meetings called Satsang, the Company of Truth, where Knowledge was described. I freaked out about that and refused to go. I got drunk and raged and raged against Guru Maharaj Ji, that fat money-maker, who was supposed to be the True Revealer of Light. I was full of hate and suspicion. I had read my Gurdjeff and about the sufis, and I knew that I had had 'spiritual' realizations. According to my friends, I had only to wait and a saint, a pure channel for Guri Maharaj Ji, would come from India to show me truth. This confused me, as a few days before I had determined to go to India (getting money for my trip and begging) and find a Perfect Master. We would sit around log fires and talk about Maher Babelate into the night.

But gradually a feeling of tugging came into my heart, and I knew I was denying myself. My friend, a girl I was staying with, realized this before me and when she asked I replied out of the blue that this was for me. So I went to Satsang, and immediately knew that the force I felt was really real. The next day I went to a friend's farm, where it was dope and girls. But as soon as I put on the record player it was Traffic "All I can do is cry". Then I cried too, because I knew that after all these years of searching for something I was getting close to the edge. When I received knowledge (in 1973) I saw that Satsang incredible Light. Since then, by meditating on it, an incredible peace has come into my life. Now I am just a mild-mannered clerk pottering around happily and finishing my degree.

Looking back, it seems that all our lives, we are looking for the One, that world we have lost, the innocence of childhood, that land of Noddy books, fairy tales, and Disneyland films. That is the place of pure happiness that I have just begun the journey to. I hope that all those who are still lost in the forest, or do not have peace, will come and join me and everyone to work for peace on this earth.

Love,
Igor Jacoby,
20.2.74

This week's Blast from the past has been reprinted from March 1st 1974. (1974 was a great year for *On Dit*, go check out some other stuff from that year in the Special Collections Room in the Library if you want to see some weird, weird things)

Byte me v1.04

Thehungersite.com

The hunger site is a website dedicated to the starving millions. If you ever feel guilty about surfing the web while there are millions who die from not being able to put basic food in their mouths, then check this site out. Just by visiting the site, you can donate basic staple food to the starving populations of the third world.

The system works by you visiting the site, clicking a certain button that loads after a heap of sponsored ads appear. The sponsors donate a certain amount of money per viewing, which is put towards a healthy diet for those who can't afford or get food. It costs you nothing but a brief moment of your time, yet it could save

someone's life..... weigh it up next time you hit the web.

Dirt.com

While we're on a social conscience theme, let's talk about Dirt.com. Set up by some guy who feels strongly about businesses with ethics this site seems to be a survey site than anything else. As with almost any site, you can register for a reasonable amount, although where the money goes other than the pocket of the webmaster I couldn't figure out.

Find info on companies who have done the right thing by both the environment and the general population, and the truth about those bastards who rape the earth and kill people for profit. I couldn't get past any of the surveys, of which there seems to be heaps, and the one that I did finish

required me to enter my business.

Although seems to be an information site, I think it is actually supposed to be network (not in the IT sense of the word) for ethical businesses to get and keep in touch. Check it out if you're looking to confuse yourself, it sure confused me.

Amihotornot.com

This site is good if you're bored, and enjoy doing stuff that is totally pointless to kill the time. Amihotornot.com is site where anyone can post a picture of themselves and get rated by the multitude of bored surfers looking for something to do.

Although this site could be seen as a rather sleazy and morally dodgy, I find it's fun just to see the sort of people who are prepared to chuck a

picky on a site and see how they rate. It's also fun to sit there and give people a score. It doesn't matter how you score them, it's anonymous, although you get their average score given to you after you have voted.

There is another feature this site offers, with each of the pics there is a link to 'meet this person'. This link allows you access to some sort of message/chat page where you can talk to the person or send them a message. In order to use this feature, you must register with the site, that means you have to put a picky on there, although it doesn't have to be put on the rating part of the site.

Amihotornot is a fun site to while away the hours during downloads, study procrastination, or any time you're bored.

Simon Saint

Generation Teeve

Whatever Happened To...? Your Guide to Insomniac Teeve

So what do you do when you can't sleep? Hot toddy? Warm milk? Read a novel? Nay, these remedies are not for the likes of us; the modern insomniac will invariably turn to their teeve for comfort. But what exactly is on offer?

Unfortunately for those of us who still can't quite grasp the concept of paying for television, there are slim pickings to choose from. The commercial channels broadcast a variety of crud, the cruddiest being the seemingly omnipresent home shopping 'programmes' which have become a plague upon all three of our commercial houses. Thrown into the mix are nightly American imports which have very little relevance to Oz audiences, in my humble opinion—and if you've ever wondered where old and failed television series go when they die, the ghosts of both hits and failures past can be found haunting the 12-5am timeslots. Ahhhhhh...12-5: the beyond-death-slot. The purgatory of teeve. Television's third-kitchen-drawer-down, where the stuff you never use but may one day need resides next to the crappy souvenirs Auntie Marg bought back from Bali...

But maybe some people like that sort of thing...

Far more in tune to my own personal tastes are the ABC and SBS, both of which rely on fillums to entertain and make us sleepy.

Nothing Less than the Work of the Devil

Home shopping. Have I used the terms 'blight', 'curse', or 'cold black heart of pure evil' yet? Can I do it some more? This shit just makes me wanna take to a childcare centre with a semi-

automatic. Why? Because after 20 minutes of abuse I start to think that I *do* want that exercise machine, diet pill, skincare, plastic Jesus, or live flaying. In all four of its easy monthly payments.

The thing is, I *know* what they're doing. I'm a fucking cultural studies student, for crying out loud. Not only do I deconstruct *The Simpsons* in my spare time, but I'M MORE MEDIA-SAVVY THAN THE SAVVIEST MEDIA-SAVVY GUY ON THE SAVVIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE; I'M SAVVIER THAN SAVVY MCSAVV, LAST YEAR'S WINNER OF THE SAVVIEST MCSAVV COMPETITION. Not only have I read Baudrillard, but I *understood* him. In fact, when I was thinking of doing honours, my thesis was going to be on *Popstars*, because I saw all sorts of post-similacrous goodness in that realiteeve gem.

So I know what they're up to. Maybe it's because my defences are down when it's 3am and I really need some sleep, but after 20 minutes I start to think, "yeah, why not?", and I thank the various teeve deities that I don't have a credit card, 'cause if I did, I think they'd get the better of me.

Trying to type an overview of this plethora of shite near drove me crazy (not 'semi-automatic in a childcare centre' crazy, more the gentle, roadrage, 'smash in a window at traffic lights and screech away' crazy), so I've made y'all a little table instead.

Home Shopping Programmes: A Nightly Guide to the Evil

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Seven	Telemall Shopping	Telemall Shopping	Telemall Shopping	Victor Paul	Telemall Shopping	Telemall Shopping	Telemall Shopping
	Victor Paul	Danoz Direct	Victor Paul	Danoz Direct	Victor Paul	Victor Paul	Victor Paul
Nine	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Victor Paul Home Shopping		Victor Paul Home Shopping
		Danoz		Danoz			
Ten	Danoz Home Shopping	Suzanne Paul	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Victor Paul Home Shopping	Suzanne Paul	Victor Paul Home Shopping
		Danoz Home Shopping	Suzanne Paul	Suzanne Paul	Danoz Home Shopping	Danoz Home Shopping	Suzanne Paul

As you can see, there are 4-6 different programmes on three channels every night of the week. At least, I *think* they're all different programmes. Unfortunately my VCR is fucked and the only thing I can tape is the AV channel, so I'm not quite sure. For the same reason, I am unable to comment on such undoubted gems as *The Hughleys*, *National Enquirer*, *Holding the Baby*, *The Secret Lives of Men*, *Rainbow Country*, *Life in the Word*, *Kenneth Copeland*, *Marilyn Hickey*, *This is your Day with Benny Hinn*, *Hour of Power*, or *Jesus Television*. All are to be found on commercial stations during the wee hours. Anyone with sleeping problems (or a working VCR) is welcome to write a guest column commenting on them.

Midnight Gems

Boding far better for the average insomniac are the non-commercial channels. SBS comes out the absolute winner in insomniac entertainment, showing movies late at night, every night of the week. The average night owl can catch some absolute gems (not to mention the occasional Norgs ('tits', 'breasts', or 'boosies', for the uninitiated)). The only problem is that SBS stops broadcasting at about 2am every morning, which is an absolute crying shame. One of my fondest teeve memories is that of stumbling upon a lovely little Mongolian film about a boy and his white horse, late one night. He didn't win the race, but he had a lot of fun anyway.

The ABC also shows late movies until the end of broadcast, but on weeknights only after Parliamentary Question Time. Now I loves me politics, but not even I can sit through it. If you can put up with it for a few moments, however, you get to see the nicely sarcastic comments made by the host, and that almost makes it worth it.

As for the fillums, Auntie caters more for the old movie fanatic, with many of their late movies being black

and white classics. And films about Eskimos. Another fond memory is that of getting *very* stoned (thanks for the cookie, mum) and watching *Baraka* followed by a strange, and not very good, Eskimo film. 'Cept that we thought it was *really interesting* at the time.

Of course, nothing beats *Rage* on a Friday and Saturday night, but if you didn't already know that then you don't deserve to have a television. *Rage* is a fickle beast; it can be really good or really shite depending on who's programming, but no matter how bad the stuff is being played, you can't help but watch to see what the next one will be, 'cause it might be something *really, really good*. Incidentally, I am *so happy* that *Recovery* is gone, seemingly forever. The teen set have channel 10, leave me my ABC.

But why oh why has *Rage* begun to show *exactly the same* film clips, week after week, during that critical 10am-12pm time slot that I'm actually awake to see them? Some weekends I can't even tell the difference between *Rage* and *Video Hits*. 'Sup wit dat? If this pisses you off as much as it does me, set your timer before you go out on a Friday or Saturday, and watch the tape the next morning. Not only are the clips of a better quality, but you can fast forward through the ones you hate. Or perhaps not everyone else shares my video clip fetish? For me they are a crucial part of a Saturday and Sunday morning, providing an excuse to sit around for a few hours and do nothing.

To their credit, the *Rage* folk generally have their wits about them, like the time they followed up some homeboy song with these homies in blue trakky daks being all serious and shit with GT's 'You Can't See', which features humorous homies in nearly identical blue trakky daks. Heh.

But quit it with the teeny-top-40-shite.

Teeve: I think I need a drink.

Jayne Lewis

Survivor Roundup

That gap between the two tribes seemed to be ever-widening this week, with Ogakor continuing its downward spiral of morale while Kucha fattens itself on its little farm animals. Despite their little pep talks by Colby, the team couldn't win the reward challenge they so desperately needed. Things didn't really seem that interesting actually until...

Amber talked! Yes, the drought was finally broken. I suppose it was inevitable that once Ogakor got small enough Amber would have no choice but to say something, or otherwise the cameras would have to include an extra couple of minutes of wildlife filler shots every episode. And, while her words contributed little in the way of bitchiness or effective strategy, they were appreciated anyway. Keep it up Amber. Kimmi's vegetarianism weighed heavily on Kucha's collective conscience however, with Alicia finally blowing up at her for bonding with the chickens. Kimmi's quiet moralistic attitude, coupled with her penchant for not washing (allegedly) let to her dismissal when Kucha lost the Immunity Maze.

So, the scales seem finally to be shifting back. In the lead up to the merger, Kucha is finally weakening, but it is obvious they are a much more unified team than the internally split Ogakor. How long can Jerri last? Will she make new friends in the merger? Will she even last that long? And what is next week's horrific accident? Oh, the questions?

Are you talkin' to me?

Cause there's no one else here...

Dark Angel (TV Pilot)
Jessica Alba
 Twentieth Century Fox Home
 Entertainment

Co-created and written by James Cameron of *Titanic* fame, the pilot of the TV show *Dark Angel* is interesting, verging on the type of show which could attract cult viewers.

Little known Jessica Alba plays Max, a genetically created woman of around eighteen. Through her flashbacks we discover that in Gillette, Wyoming in 2009 there was a 'covert genetics lab' working on "Project Manta Core". The Med-techs on this reassembled DNA to produce a superior human, a warrior.

An escape is planned amongst the children, and nine years later Max is on her own, trying to trace any others who may have escaped and survived. At this time America is in the midst of a depression since an unspecified country radiated an electromagnetic pulse across the country, wiping all computers and bank records, consequently making the USA a poverty-stricken ex-Superpower.

Max is a delivery girl, squatter and thief. Much of her time is spent trying to survive and hide from the many people still searching for the remarkable children, who are incredibly fast and strong in the bullet-dodging style of *The Matrix*. They can even zoom and focus their eyes to more distant objects.

Basically an underground video-streaming journalist, Logan tries to persuade Max to use her powers to fight evil. She refuses, but when a woman begs her to rescue her daughter, she agrees. At the

same time as doing this, Max also manages to have an enormously powerful drug runner killed.

The pilot ends with Logan trying to bribe Max to become a *Buffy*-esque crime fighter (minus the vampires!), with information on the genetics labs' other escapees.

A few things annoyed me about this show: the perfect makeup and brand name clothes of all the 'poor' characters, and also the occasionally sickening, tough-girl-with-a-heart-of-gold character of Max. Although the acting is not always fantastic, I enjoyed the original storyline of *Dark Angel*, and I think it could be a good show until the writers run out of ideas for this tough, bitter Charlie's Angel to act out.

Natalie Atkinson

What Planet Are You From?
2000 D: Mike Nichols
Garry Shandling, Annette Bening
Greg Kinnear, Ben Kingsley
Linda Fiorentino, John Goodman
 Columbia Tristar Home Video

Director Mike Nichols' latest is a rather standard high concept fish-out-of-water comedy. He has assembled an impressive cast for this amusing romp which serves up a few genuine laughs.

Garry Shandling stars as 'Harold Anderson', an alien from a distant planet whose mission on Earth is to procreate with a female human. After one or two funny failed attempts he meets Susan (Annette Bening) - a recovering alcoholic - at an AA meeting. They hit it off and begin seeing each other, but then Susan reveals that she has decided not to sleep with another man until she is married. 'Harold' freaks out at this, telling the ruler of his planet, Graydon (Ben Kingsley), 'I'm not trained for marriage!'. Despite 'Harold's' trepidation, they do marry... and then the fun really begins.

What Planet Are You From? is escapist fun and the cast really seems to be having a good time. Greg Kinnear is in fine form as the sleazy Perry Gordon,

one of 'Harold's' co-workers at the bank where 'Harold' is employed as a Loan Approver. And Linda Fiorentino is as sultry as ever as Perry's man-hungry wife, Helen. There is a great scene in which 'Harold' tells Helen that his penis *hums*, to which Helen coolly responds, 'I guess it doesn't know the words. I could teach it a few'. Also featured is John Goodman, a FAA investigator who, as the narrative develops, begins to suspect the secret of 'Harold's' true identity.

If you are in the mood for some light entertainment, then you should check this out.

James Trevelyan

Rules of Engagement
2000 D: William Friedkin
Tommy Lee Jones, Samuel L. Jackson
Guy Pearce
 Roadshow Entertainment

If you combine stars Tommy Lee Jones, Samuel L. Jackson and Guy Pearce with an action-packed, suspense war/courtroom drama, you are bound to have a successful movie. Which is exactly the point in regards to the movie *Rules of Engagement*.

Colonel Terry Childers (Samuel L. Jackson) and Colonel Hays Lodgers (Tommy Lee Jones) had fought together in the battlefields of Vietnam but nothing could prepare them for one of the biggest challenges of their lives. Colonel Childers is sent on a mission to evacuate an American ambassador and his family from Yemen. Riots have broken out, supposedly over the unwelcome American presence in the Gulf. The mission goes horribly wrong, turning into a massacre, due to orders given by the Colonel. Upon Colonel Childers' arrival back in the States, he is faced with eighty-three charges of murder. He lures Colonel Lodgers out of retirement to represent him. They are opposed by the Defense

Force's attorney, Major Mark Biggs (Guy Pearce). The trial tests their friendship and reveals the backstabbing system of the US Defense Force.

During the film, snippets of the massacre are shown to reveal to the viewer of the truth of the massacre and who is to blame. This adds to the intensity of the court case. If you are the type of person who is into suspenseful dramas, then this is the movie for you. It has a great cast, fantastic directing and will keep you on the edge of your seat.

Karina Carslake

**Five Excellent films
 made in the 80's**

The Goonies
Back to the Future
BMX Bandits
Ferris Beuller's Day Off
**Chopper Chicks in Zombie
 Town**



Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn

Poptart's Trash

Yet another instalment of salacious gossip and movie hearsay. I am not responsible for any harm this information may cause, including stock market crashes and terrorist attacks.

- More news on the *Batman-Year One* front. Darren Aronofsky seems set on a budget of about \$60,000, which as you can probably guess is peanuts compared to the millions that the previous movies cost Warner Brothers. When asked his top three choices to play the caped crusader, Aronofsky replied, "Ellen Burstyn, Anne Bancroft or Meryl Streep." Hmm, the suits will definitely need some padding in a few areas if that goes ahead.

- The next installment in the creep-fest *Halloween* series is to be titled *Halloween 8: Michael Myers.com*. The plot apparently follows a live webcast by a group of college students (fresh virginal sorority girls no doubt) who broadcast from the old Myers house on Halloween. I am sure that a night of mayhem and mirth ensures as the girl with the highest shoes and the guy with the best haircut survive long enough to get it on.

- Eminem has been offered over \$4million to star in the fourth instalment of *The Crow*. He would join fellow rap artist DMX in this film to be titled *Lazarus*. Slightly deviating from the original movies, it would follow two young men brought back from the dead, one good and one evil (Eminem is not so huge surprise). They would then battle for dominance in the hip hop world.

- The new Kevin Smith film, *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* is almost finished shooting, and the word is that Ali Larter (*Final Destination*), Mark Hamill (I'm not even going to bother telling you this one) and the editor-in-chief of Marvel Comics Joe Quesada are rumoured to be making cameos.

- There are rumours abounding that to mark the 10th anniversary of Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*, the powers that be are going to release a series of seven inch collector figures. They are to be Mr Pink, Mr White and Mr Orange. There are also going to be a couple of twelve inch figures of Mr Blonde torturing the cop, which is said to come with a straight razor, gas can and radio. They are debating over whether to make the ear detachable.

- Ricky Martin has turned down *Dirty Dancing 2* which is rumoured to star Natalie Portman. Instead, the Latin Lover has taken on the role of heroic revolutionary Gervasio De La Maza in the political action thriller *The Assassination*. You may think that no-one with any credibility would wish to star next to the swag-bell-hipped one but his co-stars are reputed to be Ed Harris and James Coburn. The film depicts the real-life events surrounding the assassination of the Dominican Republic dictator Rafael Trujillo.

- You've probably seen the news that Matthew Perry is back in rehab yet again for his addiction to prescription drugs in order to continue filming on his upcoming movie *Servicing Sarah* they are shooting scenes around his treatment.

- Apparently good ol'e Pammy, who is still dating the mullet of the century, Michael Bolton, has just filmed a cameo in the new *Scooby Doo* movie. She whisked into Brisbane and whisked back in such record time that she must only be on screen for about three seconds.

- Two new films in the works that sound rather interesting are Wes Craven directing a modern update of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* and Peter and Bob Farrelly doing an original version of *The Three Stooges*. Can't wait for that one.

Proof of Life Now Showing Major Cinemas

Proof of Life is the new film starring Meg Ryan and Russell Crowe, and is centred around the kidnapping of Meg's husband in South America. While it tries its hardest to be more than an action movie, looking into the unique world of kidnapping as a business, it fails miserably.

The film opens with images of Terry Thorne (Crowe), a man who rescues people from kidnapers as his profession, saving some foreign guy in Russia. All very impressive, and isn't he a hero! It then crosses to the lovely made up Alice Bowman (Ryan) strolling through a market in South America where she lives with her husband Peter, who is currently helping the locals build a dam (although he gets paid quiet well for his 'help' and actually works for a company). The following scenes of the two, which try to prove to

us just how much they love each other, irritated me and they both seemed ignorant of their surrounding environment.

The morning after a big argument, Peter is kidnapped on his way to work by some terrorist militia group and taken off into the mountains. Terry enters as hero, reassuring Alice, but leaves again because of lack of finances. He then returns out of the goodness of his heart (!) and 'the game' begins - negotiating for Peter's life (hence the title - it's terminology used in the negotiations).

This is where the film started to use as many cliches and stereotypes as it could (if it hadn't done that already). It lacked any sort of direction or innovation, and Russell seemed to be the only person trying to act or add any depth to the pathetic script.

This film is predictable and way too long, and the best thing about it are the scenic shots of the mountains. You'd be better off renting your favourite action flick than wasting time on *Proof of Life*.

Rosie

2001: A Space Odyssey Palace/Nova cinema Now Showing

An awful lot of people started leaping up and down and shouting "Me, me, pick me" as soon as I let them know that I had tickets to this film. Unfortunately for me, by the time they realised that they would have to view this three hour epic at 9:30am, the crowd soon found other rather pressing engagements and I was left to carry the can. Having heard numerous good reports about this Stanley Kubrick classic, I was looking forward to a morning well spent.

By the time the movie was about half-way through, I was bitterly cursing the people who had backed out of reviewing it. Now, there are probably going to be people who curse my name when I say this, but I did not enjoy this film. I would have to say that Kubrick could have cut out about an hour of this film and it would ac-

tually be really good. The ape sequence at the beginning dragged on and came across as if it was part of a documentary from David Attenborough. The actual heart of the movie, which concerned the wayward computer HAL was quite brilliant, and perhaps the most frustrating part of the film because it demonstrated what the film could have been and wasn't.

There is not much that one can actually say about the acting because everything is overshadowed by the amazing visual quality of *2001*. It is also interesting to see the 70s decor in a film that is supposed to be set in the year 2001. Strange how people from that decade could never look beyond the trends of their own era when imagining the future. The fluorescent swirly things that accompanied the trip into the atmosphere of Jupiter are indeed a trip - one perhaps to be enjoyed with the benefit of chemical substances. A film to enjoy if you are a Kubrick fan or you love a 70s classic, but not if space makes you feel claustrophobic (like me).

Poptart

The Contender Opens 22nd March Palace Cinema

Sometimes you can assassinate a leader without firing a shot.

The Vice-President of the USA is dead and the President Jackson Evans (Jeff Bridges) must select a new candidate. In an attempt at affirmative action he overlooks the all-American war hero Governor Hathaway (William Petersen) and selects female candidate Laine Hanson (Joan Allen). His choice is met by opposition even from within his own party, and it becomes the personal business of Senator Shelly Runyon (played exquisitely by Gary Oldman) to undermine the appointing of this woman by exposing sexual scandals from her past. The film raises some interesting questions - are the personal lives of political figures open for scrutiny and judgement by the public and are women more harshly judged than men? Whilst living by your principles is a nice ideal, if it costs you everything you dreamed of, is it worth it? Senator Reginald Webster (a most mature performance from Christian Slater)

embodies this quandary since he does not support the appointment of Senator Hansen over Governor Hathaway, but neither does he endorse the slaughtering of her reputation in the public eye. Unfortunately interspersed with the exploration of these genuine issues are the obligatory cornball speeches (with the brass band backing) about democracy, truth and the American dream. These blatantly expound the messages of the film instead of allowing the audience to draw out the meaning and overshadow the more interesting moments of emotional dilemma that some of the characters face. However the substance is not completely lost and the clever cinematography involving an effective blend of movement and stills and creative imagery in the graveyard for fallen war heroes makes the film visually stimulating and adds to the overall dramatic effect of the plot.

The bottom line: If you can stomach the rampant American patriotism, *The Contender* is a political thriller that actually raises some important issues concerning the power structure of the government in America (and elsewhere!) and how it is manipulated.

Julia Bolton

Juicy juicy green grass

WE WANT YOUR DOODLES!

Like this Doodle? We do. If you have a similarly excellent drawing which you have doodled during a boring lecture, (or perhaps your own spare time) send/bring it down to On Dit. You may or may not be in the running for the Doodle of the Year Award.

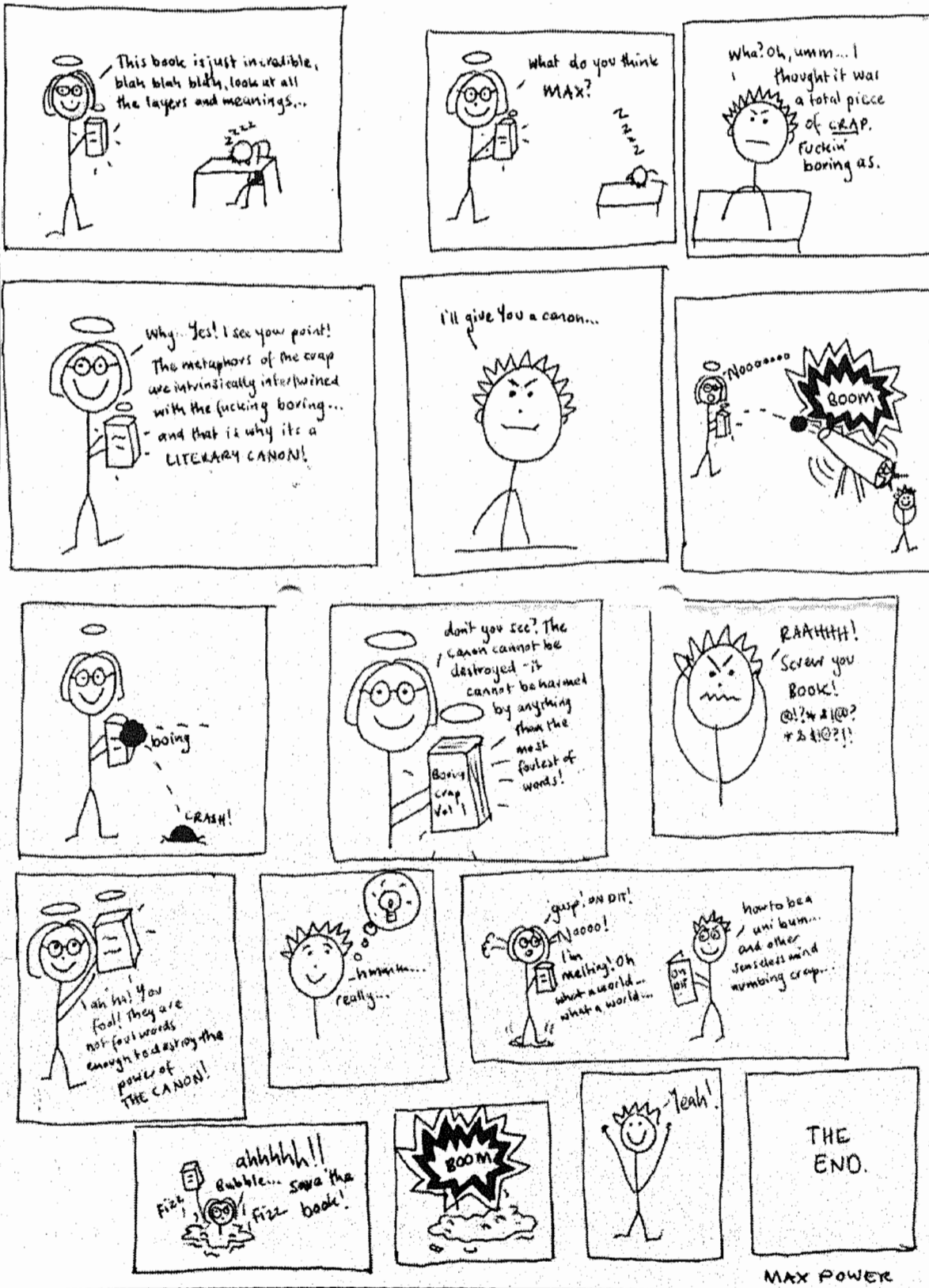
ON DIT COVER COMPETITION

Are you an aspiring artist who craves the exposure that only On Dit can provide? We want your photographs, paintings, prints, WHATEVER! Be creative and see your art grace the front cover of On Dit. Is there anymore that any artist could want from life?

Just make sure that your submission does not include a trademark product.

Bring your entries down to the On Dit office. The competition closes on May 9th.

Doodle OF THE WEEK

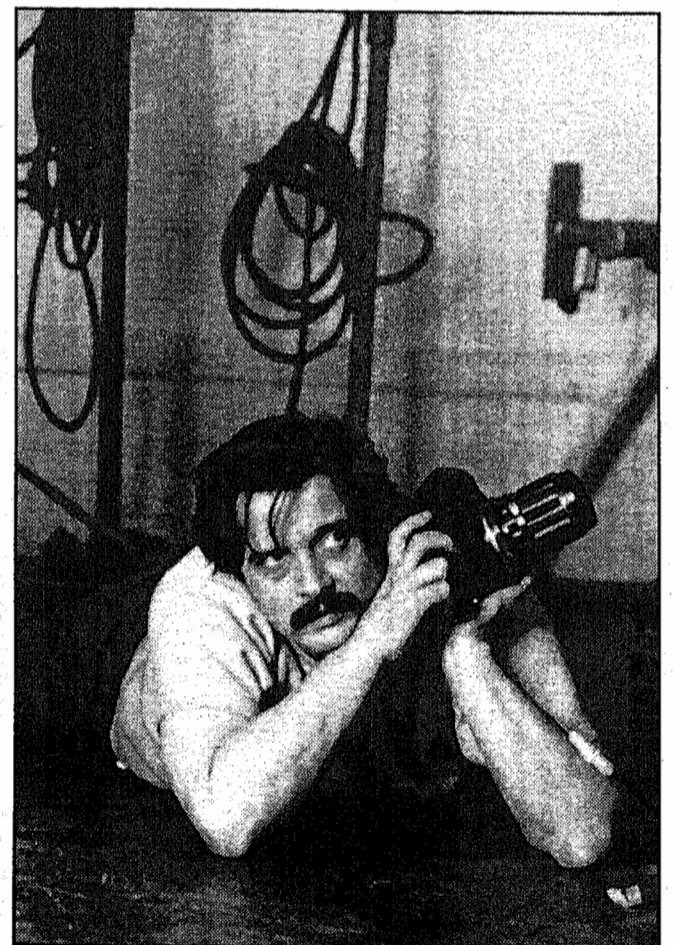


2001 Helpmann Academy Graduate Exhibition
March 2 - 18
 2nd Floor, Miller Anderson Building
 12-14 Hindley Street
Admission is FREE.

Showcasing many of South Australia's top visual artists, the Helpmann Academy Graduate Exhibition presents work by students of Adelaide Central School of Art, Adelaide Institute of TAFE Visual Arts and SA School of Art. This exhibition not only highlights the exciting work of young emerging artists, but also stimulates competition as many students strive to have their work presented.

Installations, sculpture, photography, paintings and a plethora of other interesting works fill the exhibition space. The most outstanding pieces within this exhibition are those by Bronwyn Dann. Her paintings are vibrant, fresh, and confronting. Art should be enjoyable, alluring and thought provoking, and Dann has successfully fulfilled this criteria.

If you would like to see some great art involving pasta, computer prints, light tables, honeycomb, feathers, elastic, plastic bags, fishing line, dried weeds, (and the usual oil paint and acrylics) then get down to Hindley Street and check out this exhibition!



I like my comedy Raw



Figure 1: Bad Comedy

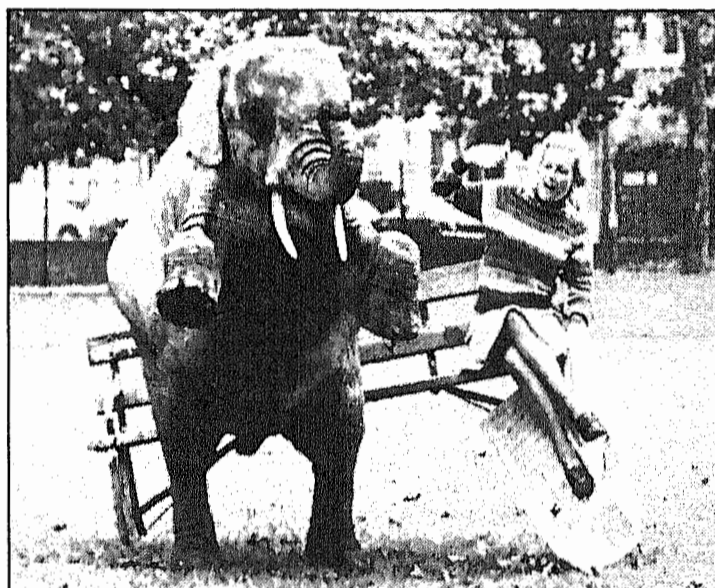


Figure 2: Good Comedy

There are certain things you can expect from a good comedy show; in fact these requirements can be neatly divided up into several categories. If it's going to be funny, it must contain references to:

- self-deprecating fat jokes
- politics and endless barbs for "L'il Johnnie"
- dissin' of girlfriends
- bestiality
- witticisms on those heart-wrenching yet messily comical "first times".

It is no exaggeration to say that the the final of the South Australian Raw Comedy heats held all this and more, proving so popular it was sold out before it even started. And believe me, they were packin' them in like sardines. The atmosphere at PJ O'Brien's on a packed night like this certainly makes for a strong night out, and probably proved either a decisive motivator or scary as shit prospect to the contestants.

Ten contestants in all lined up for what proved to be some surprisingly high calibre comedy. Emily O'Laughlan headed the line-up with aforementioned fat jokes, but didn't feel the need to keep to this theme throughout. Her delivery was natural and her animation ample, much like Big Al who continued strongly on the same theme. Sean (last name missed by incompetent reviewer) was not quite as exuberant, but proved to be an outstanding visual comedian. The most outstanding visual moment came from the clown-like stylings of the last comedian (again, name withheld due to lack of reviewing prowess). His creative slide show on sex had the audience enthralled. Fin, a past favourite from reviewers of this newspaper was again strong, mixing stand-up and amusing poetry well (one wonders whether said poetry can be considered a legitimate form of comedy for this competition, then one real-

ises what a wanker one is for imposing such stupid rules).

The crowd was quite unforgiving of Tim, who didn't quite manage to hold audience attention from the start and didn't manage to get it back despite an increase in volume. It was a reminder of how tough the competition actually was despite the happy-joy image every one of them had to put on. Nick Andrews, who followed, did manage to pull the crowd back (assisted perhaps by the energetic compere Lehmo), but full credit must go to him considering it was only his second time on stage. Steven Whitely took the crowd even higher with a crowd-pleasing string of penis jokes and subsequent phallic comments on everyday items. I thought at the time all this penis talk would be enough to take Steven over the line, but in the end it was Luke Whitby who took the gold. His smooth delivery, accents and ample helpings of lewd references were enough to secure him a place in the final in Melbourne, with Emily taking the silver.

Adam Hills delivered a fantastic set in the period of judgement, and although I went into the event skeptical as to whether I really liked his style, I couldn't help but laugh, even at tired old jokes concerning the Adelaide's two-and-a-half degrees of separation phenomenon. Truly, if you get the chance to see him again you should jump at it, you won't be disappointed.

Thus Raw Comedy comes to an end for 2001. However, if you're still on the lookout for some quality comedy PJs will continue to hold its comedy nights this year, and, well, there's always Monkey Business at Rhino on Wednesday's.

Mikey

Old Wicked Songs

Independent Theatre
By John Marans
Directed by Rob Croser
The Space, Festival Centre
March 3-March 17

If you're after a laugh, but wish to leave the slapstick at home, then *Old Wicked Songs* is not a bad way to go. The audience did not go long without finding something funny, and it was humorous in a good way. It still made you think.

Stephen Hoffman (played by Joseph Hynes) is a pianist who's "been playing since the age of four." In the hope of rekindling his love of music (lost about a year ago) he journeys to the musical Vienna of 1986 to see famous professor Schiller. To his initial disappointment, he is instead handed over to Professor Joseph Mashkan (David Roach).

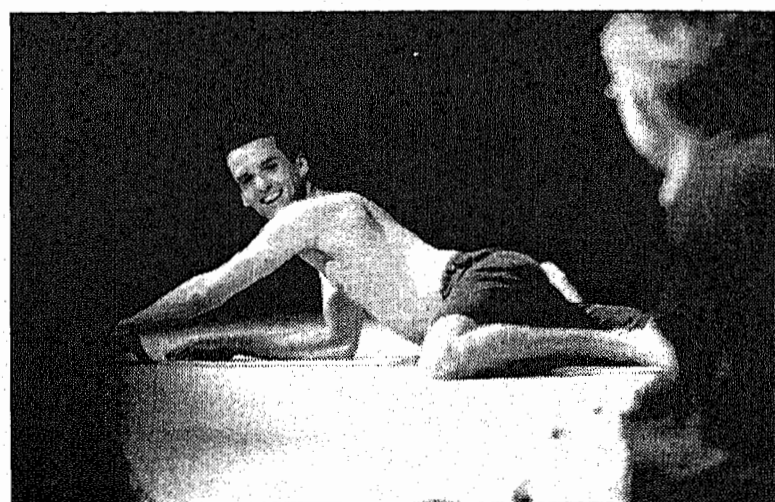
The two musicians dig their way through the trenches of the teacher-pupil relationship, all to the sound of Robert Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, "A Poet's Love". Yet over the whole play hangs the theme of a Jew's place in a post-Holocaust world. The 1986 election of WWII suspect Kurt Waldheim as Austrian president also has a well-felt presence in the air.

The young man helps the old and vice versa on the painful path of coming to terms with being Jewish. What I liked about the play though is that instead of falling into the Jewish/Holocaust rut, and ignoring all else, the music was of great importance. Jon Marans very skilfully blends the change in characters with the progression through the cycle of sixteen songs. The fact that a Jewish German poet words the songs is yet another sign that the writer has a very trained and gifted hand.

The set was done with good taste. The lighting (and sound to an extent) made you feel that you were in some eccentric savant's studio. The decor was apt, perhaps a little too apt. One thing I noticed (but it is minutia) was a book called *Vienna* in a supposedly Germanic Vienna. Would not *Wien* fit better? I felt I was somehow more in a fictitious Freud salon, with 1900's Freud just outside the door, than in 1986. The Germanisation of Mashkan's dialogue was perhaps overdone, "...your mind is *schwimming*..." being one that I remember very well. But as I said, minutiae.

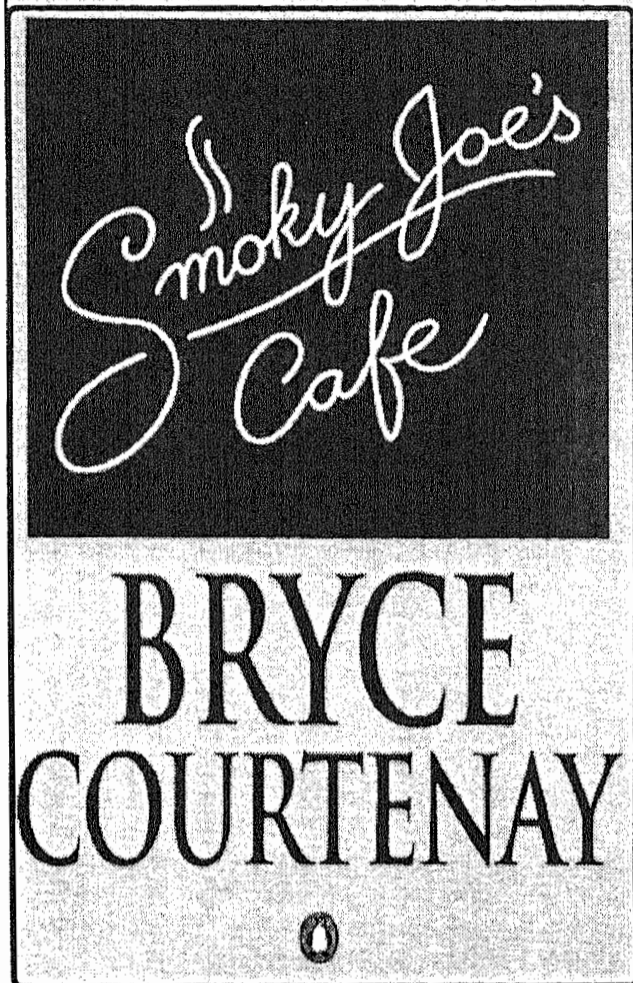
All up, performances good, plot interesting, subplots *more* interesting, and music intermingled throughout, excellent! Go and see it, especially if you want non-banal, non-idle comedy.

Felix Staica



Joe Hynes, our very own Vox Pop Sub-Editor and co-star of this two man show in an earlier, more compromising role

The Literature Section: yet another Bryce Courtenay, adventures with New Scientist, a bit of Philosophy and a lot of Sex

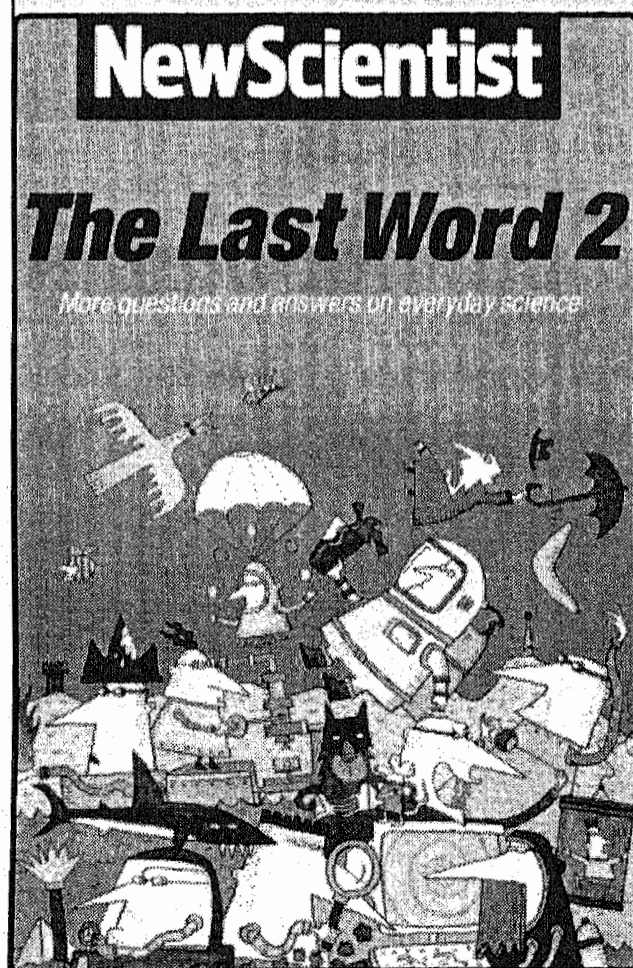


Bryce Courtenay
Smoky Joe's Cafe
 Penguin Books

Have you ever read an unbelievably real account of an attack made by the Australian army on the Vietnamese during the war we reluctantly fought in? Did you ever know that the Americans smoked pot and the Australians relied on alcohol to help them face the next vicious and bloody battle? Many people know very little about the Vietnam war, which is not surprising as governments world-wide did a great job of sweeping it under the carpet and, later, throwing it in the 'too hard' basket. But what is worse is that even less is known about the effects that war had on the veterans, who returned home no longer the heroes they left us as. Bryce Courtenay has set out to heighten our awareness of the Vietnam war by writing a fictional story based around a veteran named Thommo, which is so powerful at points that one can't help believing that it's real. Just when Thommo thinks he is the only one going crazy and exhibiting symptoms of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, he finds out his mates from 'Nam are the same. Thommo and his mates go searching for answers when he learns that his daughter has leukaemia and is in desperate need of a bone-marrow transplant. Certain that Agent Orange is to be blamed for the leukaemia, the 'Dirty Dozen' - eleven paranoid and depressed men plus one energetic ex-Viet Cong - set out to

get the justice they deserve as soldiers in a war that the government chose to turn a blind eye on. The first half of the book gives a background of the training and battles that Thommo's platoon took part in. The historic Battle of Long Tan, thoroughly researched by Courtenay and told through the eyes of Thommo, is both frightening and epic. The remainder of the novel explains how the 'Dirty Dozen' go on to achieve the recognition and power they deserve. Without giving too much away, the plan is not totally above board but the passion of one woman, Wendy, keeps the ball rolling. The hardship that the characters endure and the power of this war novel are second to none, however, the language is somewhat inconsistent. The reader can recognise that the author has tried to use typical Australian country words, such as 'meself' and 'yer', because it reflects the characters' personalities. Somewhere in the middle of the book, Thommo manages to drop his country talk and sounds more refined and educated. If you can overlook this aspect of the writing, as annoying as it is, *Smoky Joe's Cafe* is a fantastic and enthralling story about the struggle for justice by those men who fought, and in memory of those who died, for our country.

Emilie Staehr



Mick O'Hare
The Last Word 2
 Oxford University Press

Have you ever felt a burning desire to answer some of the world's most pressing scientific mysteries? Have such enigmas as "Why is grass green?", "Why is the sky blue?" and "Why is my bottom itchy?" been torturing your mortal soul? If so, then *The Last Word 2* may help you to find a support group for sick individuals such as yourself.

The book is a collection of questions posed by readers of *New Scientist* magazine to its popular column entitled, oddly enough, *The Last Word*, together with a selection of readers' responses to these questions, both serious and comical, right and wrong. The questions range from the "make your own bomb with a Mars bar wrapper and a condom" type to the "who really gives a rat's butt" type. The answers range from easy to understand and fun analogies, to the pathetic work of pompous bores trying to justify their existence.

Okay, so science may not be everyone's cup of tea (unless you're a BSc student or terminally masochistic), but this book would be accessible to most people with some knowledge of, or interest in, science. It has that suspicious "science is fun" whiff about it that is also associated with your high school science teacher's pin-up, Dean Hutton, better

known to most of us as "the Curiosity Show man". However, for true enjoyment of *The Last Word 2*, I would say that at least some Year 11 or 12 Biology, Chemistry or Physics knowledge is needed. Kinetic energy, refractive indices, torque, molecules, oscillation and other scary/mundane concepts may otherwise cause you some frustration and confusion.

I'm not usually happy with being educated while I'm entertained, and non-fiction doesn't usually turn me on, but I was surprised to find that I enjoyed this book. It would be a good book to read when you expect sudden or frequent interruptions, like on the bus into Uni. I certainly wouldn't recommend reading it from cover to cover in one sitting, but if you get bored by some particularly long, technical or irrelevant answer, you can always admire the funky cartoons scattered throughout the pages.

So the choice is yours, read the book or don't. I won't go on a hunger strike if you don't, but if you still need that support group, perhaps you should look up www.newscientist.com to find some fellow sickos or to get a sneak preview of the book. Whichever you'd prefer.

Rebecca Doyle

Peter Singer
Marx: A Very Short Introduction
 Oxford

The writings of Karl Marx have provided us with a revolutionary critique of the very foundation of our social structure. *Marx: A Very Short Introduction* is a brief overview of this great thinker's work. By Peter Singer of *Animal Liberation* fame, this is designed for those with the most rudimentary knowledge of Marx and wish to know a lot more in a little time.

Peter Singer has written a solid and straightforward text. Obviously, he has had to simplify his understanding of Marx to write this so concisely but this has been done with a surprising absence of pretension or technicality. Unfortunately, it does come across as being quite dry and dull in places, especially the chapters on economics which you just about have to force yourself to slug through. There really isn't a way to make theories of anti-capitalist value trading joy for the masses, but one gets the feeling that Singer is indulging a personal passion here, at the expense of reader interest. Not so communist now are we? As Marx is a subject that

Singer does find genuinely interesting, this delight in his idol shines through and adds whole new dimensions to the words written. Singer's opinion on theories is honestly and perceptively given and his is not afraid to criticise Marx where it is warranted.

'Marx: A Very Short Introduction' is neatly thin and small - perfect to chuck into a bag to read on the move. It also has lots of sexy pictures of old, fat and excessively bearded philosophers in three-quarter profile. These are very cleverly inserted just where we would be getting fed up with yet another page of bolshie drivel. The amazing audience psyche analysis (I know you can read my thoughts boy-miaow miaow miaow).

'Marx: A Very Short Introduction' is definitely worth a read. Everyone from the philosophy student to those who just want to pick up that cute pinky commie can appreciate this book.

D-Yin Lin

Julia Annas
Ancient Philosophy: A Very Short Introduction
 Oxford University Press

Ancient Philosophy is a new title in the Oxford Press's *Very Short Introductions* Series, which includes a wide variety of titles providing an introduction to subjects ranging from theology and Buddhism to bioethics and cosmology. This book is marketed as a *very* short introduction (the '*very*' being constantly stressed in the foreword and blurb) but it is definitely not in the same category as an "idiot's guide" or "beginner's guide", and it certainly doesn't feature large type with cartoon illustrations, but neither is it a dry academic examination of ancient philosophy of the sort to make your eyelids heavy and induce sleep. Julia Annas' unique and refreshing approach to the subject falls nicely between the two extremes. Annas divides what is essentially a huge and rather daunting subject into six accessible and engaging themes ranging from

"understanding ourselves" to "logic and reality". This book is written in a lively conversational style and Annas constantly engages the reader by posing questions and placing ancient concerns into a modern day context. I felt that this book was aimed at readers with at least a university level of education, as it did seem to assume a degree of familiarity with certain concepts and texts. Having said that, however, I didn't feel that a reader would need to be a philosophy student or to have studied philosophy in order to appreciate the book, and I would certainly recommend *Ancient Philosophy: A Very Short Introduction* to anyone considering philosophy as a course of study or just interested in finding out more about this fascinating subject.

Alexandra Winwood

CLEO
X Rated Sex Confessions
 Oxford University Press

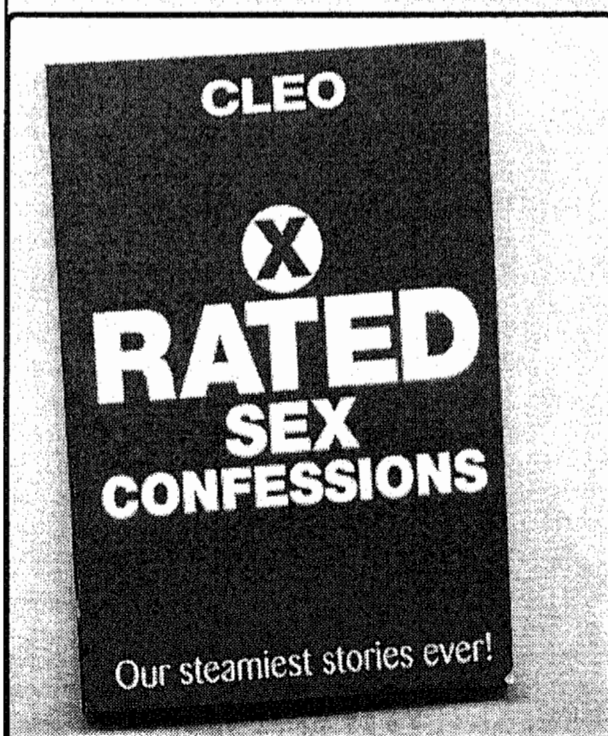
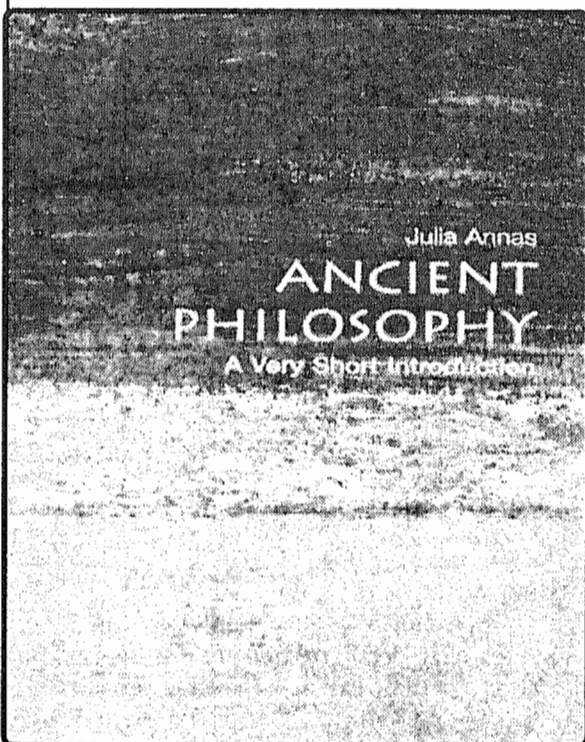
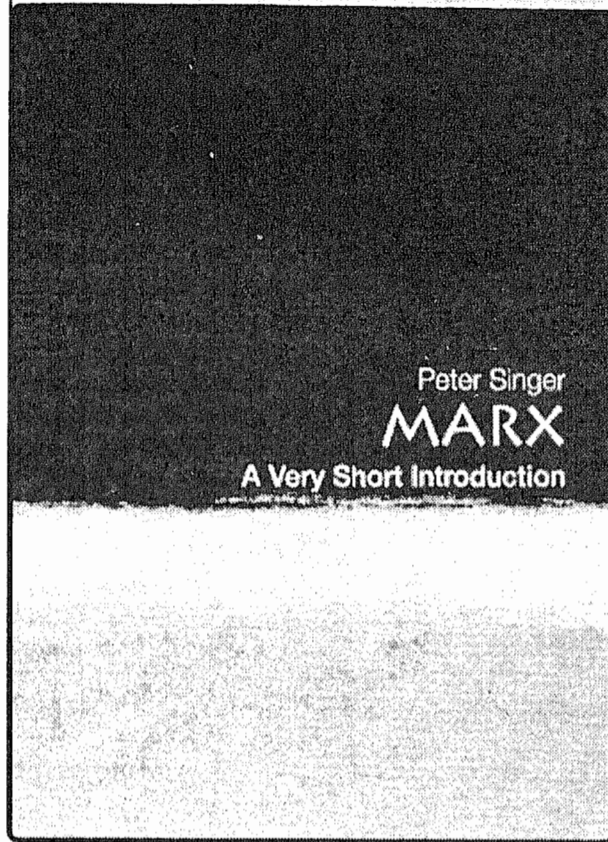
'I had sex on the train with a stranger'

Just one of the treats that await you in CLEO's latest magazine supplement - their 'steamier' X rated sex confessions ever! Not only is it a treasure trove of lust and sweaty innuendo, but it's pocket sized too. You can carry it with you wherever you go. No longer will you bear the prospect of boring train rides. Can't be arsed waiting for a bus? Simply nip into a side alley and the minutes will fly by. Seriously though, this little sex manual has proved a well of vital information. You see, CLEO and all of its supplements really is an oracle for every situation. Not only does this handy dandy orgasm in a binding act as a solution for sexual repression and suffocation, in it we are able to find parables for *life*. For example, 'I had a lesbian fling at the gym' conveys the emptiness of one woman's life, as images of herself are reflected within her amidst the heat filled zone of her psyche and the barren emotional wasteland that is her heart. Only by looking within can she succeed

in overcoming the hollowness that has engulfed her life. She also gets felt up by another woman in her gym's sauna. Similarly, 'I had sex with my cousin by mistake' shows us that it is not necessary to travel halfway across the world to find ourselves and our roots. Instead, rooting of a different sort occurs and a lesson is learnt in the art of polite dinner conversation at a family gathering.

All of these stories show an innate ability to read the human mind and its sexual preoccupation - CLEO has delighted us once again. With all these top quality sex stories on offer, one has to ask how one can pick a winner. They're all just so good. However, my particular favourite has to be 'I got drunk and had anal sex after a date'. This one carries a much simpler message, yet its importance is there nonetheless. In it, we learn that bum sex hurts a lot, and you should never trust a man called Rocky. He will break your heart, and possibly your rectum.

Clementine



Interview with The Mavis's

The Mavis's as a band have been out of the spotlight for a while now, but now they make their return with a new single 'Happiness', a new album out mid-year and a small promotional tour which is on right now. I had the pleasure of having a bit of a chat with the drummer of the band, Andrea Vendy, about the new single, the album to follow, touring and leather pants...well kinda.

The single itself, 'Happiness' is boppy tune with quite a Monkeys-like undertone.

Andrea agrees: "A lot of people have been saying it's ('Happiness') got that 60's influence."

On the single is also a cover of the song 'Boys in Town' originally done by the Divinyls.

"We are all big Divinyls fans and when we were asked to cover an Australian song (for Australian music month, November last year) that was the first one that came to mind," Andrea informed me.

But don't expect the whole album to be pop and covers of old tunes: there will be a mix of styles. "There's like a ballady slow song and there's some other kind of rockier stuff." Andrea went on to say that the variation in styles is due to a change in the song writing style of the group, with them heading off to do their own song writing and returning to collaborate.

The change was done "just to get a bit of enthusiasm and to be inspired," Andrea states.

This approach also allowed the band to also head off and do their own side projects: Matt Thomas and Andrea headed over to America, and there have been collaborations with Machinegun Fellatio and the Go-Go's over their break, mainly working together to write new material. A couple of the band members have also headed into acting, with Becky and Matt Thomas having bit parts in the film production of the Anne Rice novel *Queen of the Damned*, and Matt Thomas also starred in a short film, *Nicholas Dickmuncher*. There may even be a Mavis's the movie, "like a Mavis's version of the *Spice Girls* movie, it could be a good idea!" Andrea suggests giggling.

With their new single, The Mavis's are completing a short tour and they are coming to Adelaide, playing at the UniBar on March 17. I asked how they find Adelaide, and particularly playing at the UniBar. "We've been to Adelaide quite a bit and we've always had pretty good

shows," said Andrea. "Some of our best kind of shows have been in Adelaide."

And what about the Uni? "We done some great shows at the Uni, there's been some great outdoor shows there too."

For the finale of the tour The Mavis's are supporting Bon Jovi and Jimmy Barnes at Colonial Stadium on March 24, and Andrea is looking forward to it. "I never ever seen him (Barnesy) play live after all these years - you think I would have but I haven't! I think there be a few leather pants out there that day," Andrea says.

So, what about leather clad Mavis's for the performance? "We might you know, you never know, we might have to work on something."

The Mavis's new single 'Happiness' is out now on Festival/Mushroom and their new album *Rapture* should be out midyear sometime. You can also catch The Mavis's at the Uni-Bar on the March 17 on their promotional tour. You never know, there may be some leather pants striding on stage.

Callum Heinrich



Interview with Not From There

They're kooky. They're Crazy. And they're Not From There. The three piece from Brisbane, (Simon, Anthony and Heinz) have followed up their "Sand on Seven" album with their new "Latvian Lovers" release, and I was lucky enough to land an interview with the "big German one"...

Sure, Heinz may look a little scary on the band's bio photograph, but not only was he remarkably polite, he had the decency to feign interest in all my questions and, despite sounding really tired after a long string of interviews, did most of the talking. He even laughed at my "I'm trying to be smart and funny so please don't make 'hmp' noises and move on to the next question" comments. I started by congratulating him on creating one of the catchiest songs of the summer, (oh come on, who hasn't found themselves humming "Frisco Disco" at least ONCE?), and asked him to describe the "Frisco" vibe; "I think it's just about going out on the weekend and forgetting about the week and it's a song that hopefully makes you think about the simple things and maybe even not think at all." And that film clip? "It's fantasy kind of stuff... We're actually not guys who dress up in white suits with gold shirts and stuff. You get the chance to dress up and dance around and stuff."

In contrast to "Sand on Seven", "Latvian Lovers" is a little less rock and a



lot more pop. Upon asking what the reasons behind such a transition were, Heinz stated; "We just felt like a change, you know? Just felt like doing something we hadn't done before and it's kind of what it's about for us. It's trying to surprise yourself and try out new approaches to writing songs and hopefully make yourself happy in the process." Not From There seem to have had a lot more 'fun'

due to this change in style, and Heinz went on to state; "We did have a lot of laughs actually... everyone was pretty relieved of their duties of performing on one instrument that they usually play... everyone was playing everything. You know, it's fairly simple to make records where you're complaining about something or you're expressing dismay or anger even. We've done that and it maybe gave the impression that we're all these angry boys but really we have a lot of good stuff happening in our lives as well and we just wanted to focus on that a little bit more."

Songs on Not From There's new cd range from boppy disco tunes such as "Frisco Disco" to the mellower tracks such as "Breakfast with Valentine". I was curious to know whether or not Heinz had a preferred style and to find out where the inspiration for such an eclectic assortment of music came from... "We recorded so much material and picked the ones we were all really happy with so I can't really distinguish a favourite." As for the many different styles? The band wanted to emulate feelings and emotions at certain times; "It's all about capturing moments that happened and things that you fantasise about, and we did justice to those moments. We captured them and it's like a snapshot."

After discussing the brilliance of the new album, I finally got down and dirty... I had to find out whether there were any embarrassing moments on tour. No... not really. Heinz feels that his most embarrassing moment is being forced to do a set he's unprepared for... and his one bad habit is that he gets really grumpy if things don't go well. "I get very unapproachable and nasty". As for the rest of the band's quirky customs, Simon takes a wombat on tour with him (yes, it's a real one), and lets it out of it's cage a few minutes before a gig to play with it. (Is that even legal??) Oh, and in case you're interested, the last cd Heinz bought was by Icelandic band Sigur Ros. A fan of diverse music, Heinz likes to "dig and find stuff special."

Short of asking him if he was seeing anyone, I managed to exhaust almost every avenue of polite conversation 10 minutes into the interview, so I thanked Heinz very much and wished him well. The band is lovely, the cd is funky and it's all good. Not From There are soon to be touring around the Eastern states and their new cd "Latvian Lovers" is in store now.

Pandora Zpocks.

played at Adelaide University Unibar, Thursday 8th of March

Adelaide Unibar, Thursday the 8th of March

After all the hype surrounding Motor Ace recently, I have to say that I was expecting a good show. I wasn't at first sure if the show would sell out but when I arrived, only to be greeted by an enormous queue, it became very apparent that it would.

The first support act of the night were Adelaide's own Thinktank, who were nothing but exceptional. Mixing their own blend of punk / pop rock to tantalise an already hungry audience, they did a perfect job, readying the crowd for what was to come.

Perth's Sleepy Jackson followed, and maybe it was just me and maybe I just didn't get it, but in my opinion their set was disappointing. This is not to say that they didn't try hard, with one of the more energetic singers I've seen, but energy can never make up for flat vocals. The highlights of their set were the two singles currently making the rounds on Triple J, 'Mini Skirt' and 'Glass Houses' which closed their set.

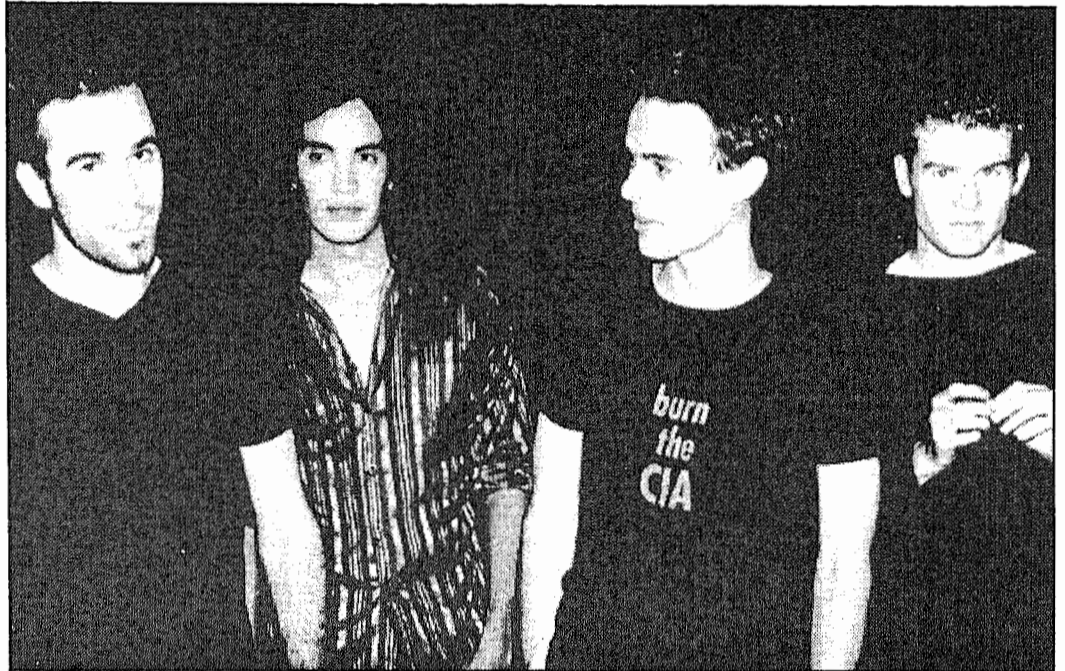
As fate would have it, the disappointment of Sleepy Jackson only helped to increase our hunger for the main event, which was soon to follow. Motor Ace opened with a single distorted chord, blasting out from the two guitar quads and pummeling all of us in the two front rows, before leading into 'Death Defy'. This made for a great opener, and let us all know that we were in for a treat. After a quick change in tuning, they followed this up with the title track of their brand new album, 'Five Star Laundry', which went off superbly, with the crowd now completely into it. 'Criminal Past' then served had time to rest.

At this point the set was toned down a notch, as they played two of the quieter songs on the album, 'Lorenzo' and 'Siamese', (which is as close as we'll ever get to a love song singer, Patrick Robertson) letting us all know that Motor Ace can also play some of the sweetest pop while still managing to rock out. The volume was due to rise again, as they, and the four front rows, threw themselves head-first into the pop anthem 'American Shoes' which was followed by a little known song, 'Fluke', which appears on their debut EP.

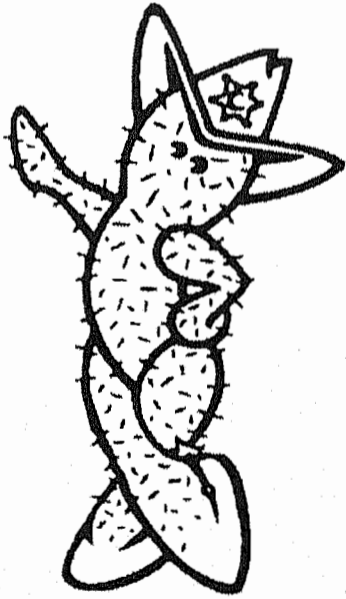
The guitars tuned down at this point as we were treated to the current single, 'Hey Driver', only to tune back up again, blasting out a crowd favourite from the debut EP, 'Chromakey'. They closed the set with 'Chairman Of The Board', the first song any of us had ever heard from Motor Ace, which was a fitting end to an excellent show, even if there was no encore.

Toby

MotorAce spunks
looking nonchalant



Off the Couch



Off the Couch is a **FREE**, all ages, youth music festival that is being presented by Carclew Youth Arts Centre on the 7th of April. It is an annual event and this year is being held as part of National Youth Week (April 1-8).

Sound a bit dorky? Like something that only under agers would go to? Think again. Off the Couch is not an event aimed at providing entertainment for the kiddies, but one that is about giving emerging local bands, DJ's, electronic artists, solo performers, etc. the chance to perform in a festival atmosphere, to crowds that consist of more than just a couple of their friends and the local barman.

This year over 140 artists registered to perform at the event and of these, 43 have been chosen to take over the west end of Adelaide from 2pm 'till late on the 7th of April. The standard of the performers chosen is of a high quality, and the team of volunteers that are running the event all agree that the artists chosen all have that "something special" about them that made them stand out during the programming process. We guarantee that none of them are crap!!

Among the artists performing at Off the Couch are 5!NYTK, Nanna's Cane, Kennys Window, Smorgasbord, Gestalt, Hummel, 3 Grand Idol, DJ Trip, and DJ Rory. Besides musicians, there will be comedy acts, dancers, "roaming performers", fire twirlers, short films, craft and food stalls, plus heaps more.

Generation X (the team behind the successful karaoke nights at Stix) will be rendering their services on the day so any Popstars hopefuls are advised to head to the NEXUS CABARET for a sing-a-long. Bands, bands, and more bands will be performing in both the LION ARTS BAR (an over 18's only venue) and the ENIGMA BAR, and DJ's and electronica will be the taste of the day at THE CUMBERLAND and THE SWING CAT CLUB. If it's poetry,

solo acts and acoustic performances that you are into, then THE GRACE EMILY is the place for you. Short films and live electronica will be happening at SUPERMILD. As well as these venues, the SKATE PARK on North Terrace will be pumping with DJ's such as DJ Mular, and Adriatic.

The event has been programmed in such a way that a showcase of performers will end the night in the LION ARTS COURTYARD from about 6pm onwards. These performers range from a couple of country and western singers (Andrew Sellars and Jake), to Pulling Strings Hip Hop, to Hummel and Sukotash.

If all this isn't enough to entice you, I'll remind you that the event is **FREE, FREE, FREE!** As I have always said, "Free stuff is good stuff".

Look out in the next few editions of *On Dit* for band interviews and bios plus more info about the day. If you can't wait until next week, check out the official Off the Couch website at www.offthecouch.savirtual.com

Don't forget to get Off the Couch on April the 7th!

HEY! He's done it again!

Mr. Sacha Sewell has kindly donated a couple of doubles to The Mavis's gig at the Unibar on Saturday 17th March (see this edition for interview) and another couple of doubles to The Big Chill where as artists as Luke Vibert, Hexstatic and Kinobe are expected to cool down the Unibar and Games Room on Thursday 15th March.

Isn't he nice?

On Dit office. Wednesday. 2:15pm. Be there or be square.

I saw the sign...

Singles

Mellow Trax
Outta Space
Substance Records

This track rides the wave of fame generated by The Prodigy's 'Out Of Space', but throws in a warm helping of trance sounds. Skip straight to the Sagitaire Remix for a fat, phat, phatte trance anthem. If I heard this one out at a club, I would probably cream myself.

MGF

You Am I
Get Up
RCA/BMG

Perhaps it can be attributed to the addition of a second guitarist in the band, but 'Get Up' is a lot more rockin' than what they have been putting out lately. This single is the second lifted from their forthcoming album *Dress Me Slowly* and comes with four pretty good b-sides, including their last single 'Damage'.

J Luu

PaulMac (feat. Tex Perkins)
Heatseeking Pleasure Machine
Eleven Music

PaulMac, of Itchee & Scratchee fame, has used the growling vocals of Tex Perkins to produce a dark, funky track that is sure to become a club favourite. Pity about the lack of any new tracks for the b-sides, but the three remixes are terrific.

Jase

Superheist
Bullet
Shock

'Bullet' is essentially just another Aussie heavy rock song like many before. However, it is definitely at the top end of said music genre. Superheist are definitely trying to be innovative and their heavy riffing, great atmospheric keyboards and an interesting range of vocals prove this.

Morgan

Superjesus
Secret Agent Man
East West Records / Warner

The second single from the *Jet Age* album continues where the previous single 'Gravity' left off. *Secret Agent Man* doesn't offer anything new in terms of style but will definitely satisfy fans of the band. In usual Superjesus style the song offers the same dirty guitar sound and crystal clear vocals of previous singles.

Trevor Hiorns

Youth Group
Guilty
Ivy League/Modular/EMI

Youth Group are a Sydney-based guitar rock band who I think sounds sorta like Pavement. 'Guilty' is the first single lifted from their debut album *Urban & Eastern*, which is produced by Wayne Connolly (Knievel, ex-Welcome Mat). 'Guilty' sounds kinda country, but the b-side 'How Will I Tell my Parents?' (there's only one!) is choice.

J Luu

Semisonic
Chemistry
MCA Records

Semisonic's new album, *All About Chemistry*, is described as "the sexual and social adventures of a group of friends just about anywhere", and their first single off that album, 'Chemistry', doesn't fall short of this description. More pop-like and upbeat than their previous work, this single features a previously unreleased track, a remix of the title track, and a very funky video clip.

Grace

Feeder
Buck Rogers
Festival Mushroom Records

UK band Feeder have not really covered any new ground with 'Buck Rogers'. Sounding very similar to previous singles 'Insomnia' and 'Anaesthetic', the best moments on this release are found mainly in the b-sides, which show a raw, more experimental rock edge ('Purple', 'We The Electronic').

Church

Giveaways Galore Kiddies!

The Mavis's - Festival have given us a few copies of their latest single 'Happiness' to give away.

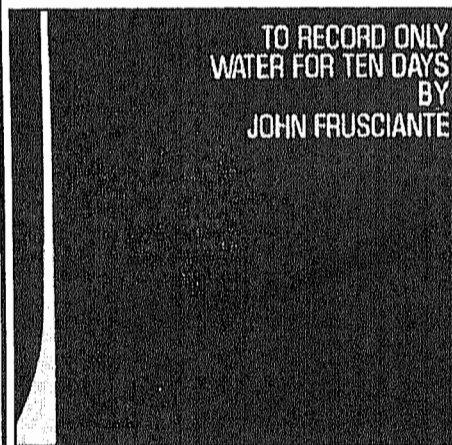
Not From There - once again Festival are to thank for a handful of give aways of their interesting album *Latvian Lovers*.

Wanna get your hands on a nice, shiny, new CD?

(Of course you do.)

Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2:00pm on Wednesday and give us one good reason as to why you should get it. (Don't worry - we won't be too harsh!)

ALBUM OF THE WEEK

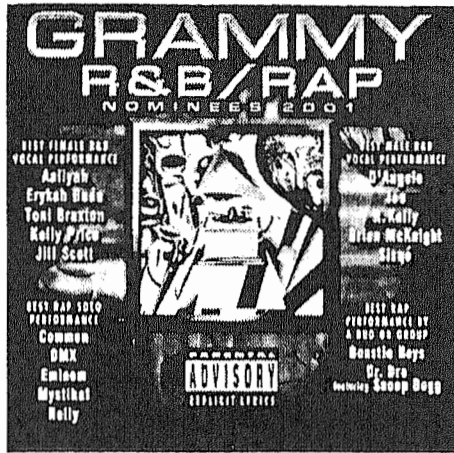


John Frusciante
To Record Only Water For Ten Days
Warner

Since his first two solo releases, recorded some ten years ago during the recording of *Blood Sugar Sex Magic*, John Frusciante has experienced a lot, and amazingly brought himself together and created a much more composed album in *To Record Only Water For Ten Days*. Entirely self-produced (technically, instrumentally, lyrically and performed by Frusciante) this is an awesome expression of his past eight years and his current, seemingly very fulfilled and completely sober life. Guitar, although ever present, is understated apart from two instrumentals, which are highlights. With this new season in his recording career he has incorporated the use of various electronic equipment, giving his work a definite 80s sound. John has been open about naming New Order, Depeche Mode, Bowie and Syd Barrett as influences. His work has the same level of artistry and integrity to stand by these noticeable influences. The man may not be able to sing (in terms of what the usual ear listens for) but he has a definite style often using falsetto, and he is very good at harmonising. He makes up for this weakness tenfold in the integrity and depth of feeling he projects through his vocals, instrumentation and production. Therefore, he spiritually does sing to the listener. A very atmospheric and poetic album from a consummate artist. Look out for his equally interesting film clip for 'Going Inside' as directed by Vincent Gallo on late night Rage.

Prof. Booty

It opened up my eyes

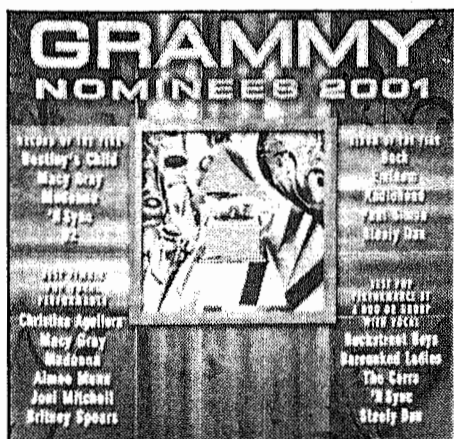


Grammy R&B/ Rap Nominees 2001

Various
Capitol Records

R Kelly's beautiful but sad 'I Wish' is one of my favourite songs from this album. 'As we lay' by Kelly Price is another good one. Toni Braxton's 'He Wasn't Man Enough' is also included and for some reason, (ie. she likes to hear her own name and the sound of her own voice as much as possible) Braxton feels the need to mention her name as the song is beginning. Other chart hits include 'Try Again' by Aaliyah and the always good for a laugh 'Thong Song' by Sissu. Eminem's 'The Real Slim Shady' is featured on both the *Grammy Nominees 2001* and the *Grammy R&B and Rap Nominees 2001*. Again, if songs were selected from all of the R&B and Rap categories, instead of just four, there could be more variety. Other rap nominees on the album include Beastie Boys, Mystikal, DMX and Nelly.

Music Girl



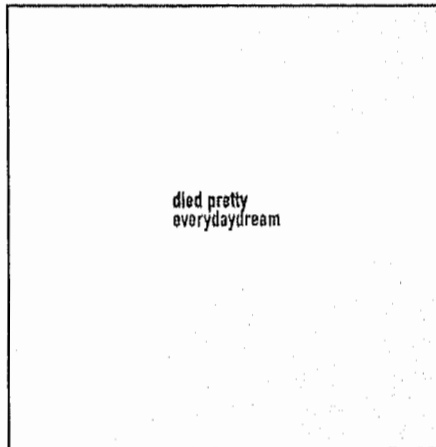
Grammy Nominees 2001

Various
Capitol Records

Turn on the radio and you'll probably hear half of the songs from the *Grammy Nominees 2001* album anyway. However, if you are into pure pop (N Sync, Britney Spears, Backstreet Boys and Christina Aguilera) you

can't really go wrong. Also included on this compilation are the legends U2, ('Beautiful Day') and Madonna, ('Music') and the orchestra backed, guitar heavy 'Optimistic' by Radiohead. Beck also makes an appearance with the very funky 'Sexx Laws'. Paul Simon sounds very different with 'You're The One' and Joni Mitchell's 'Both Sides Now' is extremely slow. Aimee Mann, Barenaked Ladies and Eminem are also featured on the album. I think there could have been more variety by including songs from many different categories instead of only four categories but if you are looking for an album with some of the most popular songs from 2000, this one would be the way to go.

Music Girl



everydaydream

Died Pretty
Citadel

Back in the mid-eighties, a band called Died Pretty released an unpretentious little set called *Doughboy Hollow*. The band's adherence to simple melodies and clever turns of phrase gave them the same prominence on the Australian alternative music scene as bands like the Go-Betweens and the Clouds. Their next album *Stain* reinforced Died Pretty's place in the collective memory of their listening public.

Fast-forward to 2001. Since then we've had grunge, techno, the (sanitised) rebirth of punk, and the triumph of pop as the preferred method of selling cola beverages. It is onto this unsuspecting world that Died Pretty has released its latest offering.

Longtime fans of the boys will be ecstatic over *everydaydream*. For what it's worth, the set is tight and the melodies are still there. It's just that it sounds like the last fifteen years never happened, like the guys all stopped buying albums after *16 Lover's Lane*.

Jonathon Dyer



Eric Clapton

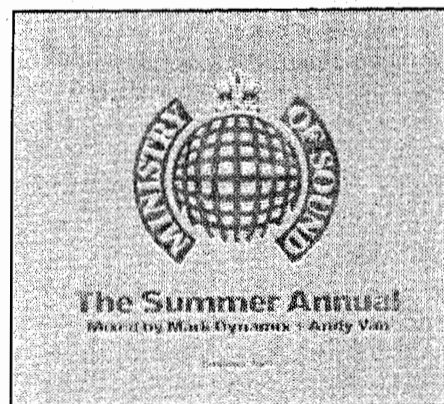
Reptile
Reprise / Warner

Eric Clapton - one of the most well-recognized and well-respected artists ever - returns with an unusually titled solo album, *Reptile*. Being released soon after the critically acclaimed and Grammy nominated collaboration album with blues veteran B.B. King, *Reptile* features 14 tracks covering many musical genres and time frames.

The first single off the album 'Superman Inside' is high energy classic Clapton, the title track is groovy Samba style and tracks like 'I Want A Little Girl' are full-on old school blues. Of the 14 tracks, Clapton originals account for about half while the rest are covers of songs by artists such as Ray Charles, JJ Calle and Stevie Wonder.

On the whole *Reptile* is a retrospective, slow moving and groovy album which is full of personal songs and Clapton's trademark guitar sound.

Trevor Hiorns



Various Artists Ministry of Sound Summer Annual 2001

EMI

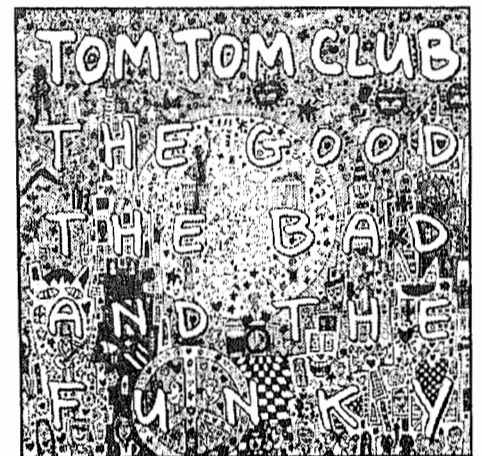
The Ministry of Sound, for those who are dance culture ignorant, is one of the biggest dance clubs/producers in the world. The Ministry produces heaps of albums each year, similar to

The Summer Annual, which is a compilation of the latest and greatest tracks that have come out over summer, mixed by a couple of the hot DJ's cruising the clubs at the mo'. This is a twin disk set, mixed by Andy Van, silent X-chromosome of commercial dance act Madison Avenue, and Mark Dynamix, a quality Sydney based DJ.

Disk 1 (by Mark Dynamix) is a little more house orientated, but includes floor fillers 'Phatt Bass' by Warp Brothers vs. Aquagen and 'Feel the Beat' by Darude. Andy Van's disk is a little classier, as there were more tracks which clubbers will recognise like 'Spaced Invader' by Hatrias and 'Intro' by Alan Braxe & Fred Falke.

This is a good yearbook of this summer's clubbing best, but I think that *The Annual 2000* (also by The Ministry of Sound) is better value for money.

Jester



Tom Tom Club

The Good The Bad And The Funky

Rykodisc/Tip Top

Anyone having heard the track 'Happiness Can't Buy Money' would have a fair idea of what to expect from the album - extremely polished, somewhat laid-back songs with funky basslines and catchy melodies. With different band members and the occasional guest taking care of the vocal duties, the sound between tracks remains fresh enough, even if it is sometimes difficult to tell some of the musical arrangements apart. Standout tracks include the opener 'Time To Bounce' which sets the perfect mood for the album, the first single 'Happiness Can't Buy Money', and 'Let There Be Love' - a soft ballad with a terrific percussion section. The instrumental track 'Lesbians By The Lake' is also one of the better tracks. If you are after an album that will undoubtedly pick-you-up, then give *The Good The Bad And The Funky* a listen.

Jase

All that she wants...



Audio Active
Spaced Dolls
Warner

Widely unknown here but obviously with quite a global cult following, this five piece Japanese electro-dub-funk group have been together since the early nineties. There is a definite touch to the dub beat, which defines the culture of this group and gives them individuality. The production on this album really stands out, I can hear elements of Aphex Twin, and in saying that I also imply that Audio Active have an edge in their layering of sound which makes them alternative to most. I imagine there would be a big live aspect to this group as they're obviously not all messing with knobs, there's the ever-present bass, real drums (hoorah!), guitar, brass, keyboards and occasional vocal. This album is good to really listen to; I guess what some of us would call getting high off a beat. Check it out.

Prof. Booty



Kiley Gaffney
Sweet Meat
Warner Music

The caption on the album cover, "a woman who wanted stardom badly enough to enter the shadowland of the devious", is a great preface to this young Brisbane's latest release. Filled with wit, charm, bitterness, beauty, irony and attitude, Gaffney delivers an album that proves the maturity, experience and talent. With a voice often hauntingly similar to Beth Gibbons (Portishead) and a variety of tunes ranging from

chilled-out piano to grooves, songs such as radio hit 'Midas' are bound to take this chick a long way. Anyone who has toured with Bikini Kill gets my vote of brilliance!

Grace



Sheà Seger
The May Street Project
Gala Music Group/BMG

It would be wrong of me to suggest that there is anything truly original on offer in Sheà Seger's debut effort, *The May Street Project*. If you listen long enough you can track the ancestry of every musical texture, every vocal intonation. But then again, originality is a little over-rated these days.

These days it's all been done before; the mark of talent is doing something clever and inventive with the tool-kit that forty-or-so years of rock has given us. It's here that Seger makes me sit up and listen, that and her fantastic voice. I could be pedantic and tell you in which songs Sheà sounds most like Tori or Polly Jean, but if that kind of brand-loyalty dictates your listening then you won't be interested in something new anyway. Instead I'll say that *Bay Street* is a fine, unashamedly poppy album. If she doesn't collapse under the weight of her label's expectations, Sheà will have a long career ahead of her.

Jonathon Dyer



Nothingface
Violence
Festival Mushroom Records

Dubious Fact #1: Love makes this pretty world spin round and round and round...

Dubious Fact #2: Rocks inside the human inner-ear give us our sense of balance and stability.

Dubious Fact #3: Motion sickness results when the rocks inside a humanoid's head are rattled about too much. This can be caused by spinning around for prolonged periods of time.

Unsane Conclusion: If you are ready to spew after hearing yet another cruddy love song being played over the radio you have two choices. Either get a lobotomy and enjoy them. Otherwise jump off that lame-arsed rotating ride – vomit in a corner – then hook into *Violence*.

Heavy metallic riffs laden with both power and groove. Lyrical hatespeak centred around a psychotic revulsion for this futile world. Take it away Nothingface: "Hanging on a fucking meathook in my basement. Who's next? All right! It's everybody's time to die..."

Frankly, I could not have put it better myself.

The Bard of Blasphemy.



Dirty Beatniks
Feedback
Virgin/Wall of Sound

Neil Beatnik, the founder of this two-piece from Ilford, is one very talented beats technician. Best listened to on headphones (unless you've got a club sound system on standby), this album contains 11 big bassy beat tracks with more than the usual thump. Great layering of beats and samples, somewhat like the Chemical Brothers, mixed with the vocals of other member Mau and occasionally some welcome guitar. The vocals can be a little irritating and sound a little like Primal Scream. Mau is openly and quite productively into drugs, making for cryptic LSD inspired club chant lyrics. Overall a quality club album, something I'd expect to see on Alchemy. Not as good as those artists I've given reference to but in its own unique niche of great electro production.

Prof. Booty

Singles

The Offspring
Want You Bad
Sony

Already receiving airplay on Triple J and the more commercial radio stations, this latest single is likely to be another high-seller amongst those fans who liked 'Pretty Fly For a White Guy' and 'Original Prankster'. Track 3, a live version of 'All I Want' is the highlight for me.

Louise Teale

David Bridie
Dive
EMI

The newest single off Bridie's solo album, *Act Of Free Choice*, 'Dive' delivers Bridie-ambience at its finest. This single features 'Act of Free Choice', recorded on Triple J Live At The Wireless, an Alex Lloyd remix of 'Sad' that's rather "ordinary" and the single mix of 'Dive' by Marius De Vries (known for his work with Bowie and Madonna) which is a great example of Bridie's brilliance and De Vrie's genius.

Grace

Bomfunk MCs
Uprocking Beats
Sony

This is actually a re-release of the first track taken from the Bomfunk MC's latest album, *In Stereo*, and follows along the same style as the other two hits from this duo, 'B-Boys Fly Girls' and 'Freestyler', with a higher tempo. If you're a fan of these guys check out the Utah Saints remix on this single (track 3) for something different.

Jester.

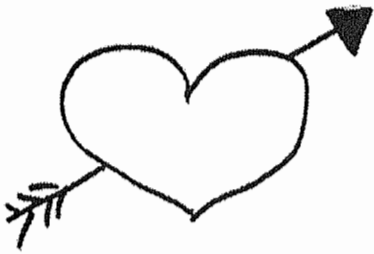
Augie March
There Is No Such Place
BMG Australia

Released as a tribute to their former band-mate Rob Dawson, who was recently killed in a road accident, this beautifully sombre track continues along in the vein of their previous releases. Released only to radio, Augie March are a band to really keep an eye on, and this single should only build their rapidly growing fan base.

Church

On Dit 69.4

Classifieds



Looking for Lurve?

Caring, affectionate, amenable, dependable, leftist, non-sexist, agnostic, non-smoking postgrad male, Kym, a young fit 53, seeks similar under-, post- or graduate female for honest, faithful, permanent partnership. 8261 9202. (Reference from ex-partner available!)

Meeting the demands of University Life

A WORKSHOP FOR FIRST YEARS
WHEN: Tuesday 13 March. 1.10 - 2.00pm WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

Notice of AGM

The Adelaide University Democrats Club. Tuesday 20th March 2001. Mansions Tavern. Pulteney Street. 6pm for Dinner and Drinks. AGM starts promptly at 7:00pm. Contact Mark Pierson on 8356 6372

Career Fair 2001

Venue: Bonython Hall, North Terrace. Time: 10:30am - 3:00pm. Thursday 15th March for Arts, Commerce, Economics and Finance. Friday 16th March for Mathematical and Computer Science, Engineering and Science. Contact details: Brenton Schulze at Careers Service.

Learn Deep Relaxation

WHEN: Every Monday for Semester 1. 1.10 - 2.00pm WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

Do you have a dinghy?

Heron dinghies wanted. Do you (or someone close) have a long lost Heron in your shed or backyard? The SA Heron Sailing Association has members who are currently "heronless" and actively looking for one. Call 82706276 to help get one more Heron back on the water where it belongs!

Need a Bed?

FOR SALE: A queensize bed ensemble. \$120 o.n.o. Phone 82702786 A/H

Clubs

Adelaide University Film Society

Upcoming Events:

Projectionist Training

Find out what goes on in the smallest room in the house. 8pm, Thursday, March 8th, Projection Room, level 6, Union Building, RSVP: guy.olding@student.adelaide.edu.au

Annual General Meeting
1pm, Tuesday, March 13th, W.P. Rogers Room, level 5, Union Building.

An hour of scintillating reports and politics will be rounded off with door prizes of *A Clockwork Orange* T-Shirts etc, plus free drinks and nibbles.

Programme for Weeks 2 and 3
All films will be shown in the Union Cinema, level 5, Union Building.

7pm, Wednesday 7th March.

Jaws 1975. Dir: Steven Spielberg. Starring Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, Richard Dreyfuss and Lorraine Gary. The original and the best of the chomp-chomp series. Thrills and kills for the whole family.

plus **Removed** (Rated R) 1999.
Dir: Naomi Uman. A pastiche of 70's soft porn films with the female figures bleached out. You tell us what it means.

7pm Thursday 15th of March

Nosferatu 1922. Dir: F.W. Murnau. Starring Max Schreck, Alexander Granach and Gustav von Wangenheim. The classic is back. The basis of the recent *Shadow of the Vampire*.

plus **Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome**

1966. Dir: Kenneth Anger. Full-scale occult ritual.

All films free for members. Membership \$5 at the door.

The Bacchae

The Bacchae are having a book sale of books no longer needed in the Classics library. There are plenty of ancient history books, Ancient Greek and Latin texts, and lots more in the classical theme. Date: Thurs 15 March. Time: 1pm. Location: Level 7 Hughes.

Adelaide University Sailing Club

The AU Sailing Club is having its 2001 AGM this Friday, the 16th of March in the WP Rogers Room at 5:30 pm.

Nominations will be called for the positions of:

Commodore, Secretary, Treasurer, Social Convenor, Boat Shed officer.

New members are welcome to attend and can join on the night for only \$10. Only financial members can nominate and vote. More details can be obtained by email from either Sam at dralyagmas@hotmail.com or Reggie at reggiem@camtech.net.au

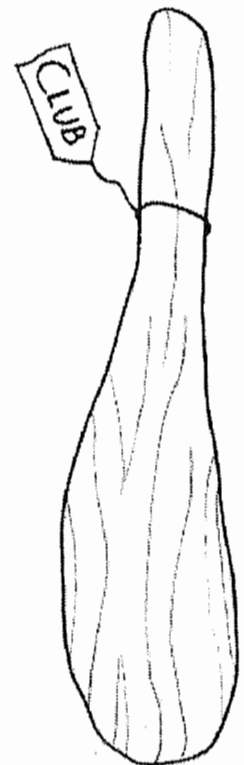
Not The Oktoberfest 2001

The Adelaide University German Club and the German Association of South Australia are proud to present the 2001 Not The Oktoberfest. This night of festivities is to take place on Friday, the 16th of March at the German Association clubrooms at 223 Flinders St. Live music and entertainment with \$3 Pale steins and \$3 shots. Tickets \$7 at the stall on the Barr Smith Lawns or at the door. Be sure to come along for a night of revelry with an authentic German Air! Doors open at 7:30.

Important Information for Bridge Players

University of Adelaide AGM, Time and Date: Thursday March 15th at 12:30pm. Location: Shultz Room (405), Union Building. Without a quorum, there is NO CLUB. So be there. For enquiries about the University Bridge Club, call Matt Porter on 81721069.

SABA Youth workshops are free to all young players. They are conducted at the South Australian Bridge Association clubrooms, 243 Young Street, North Unley. Next workshops are Sunday March 11th and Sunday April 8th at 1:15pm.



Bert says: 'I've had enough! Take your stupid paper back! I don't want anything more to do with it! You people disgust me.'



The guys adored the taste of the white beer. All except Hubert
but he was coming around fast.



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.