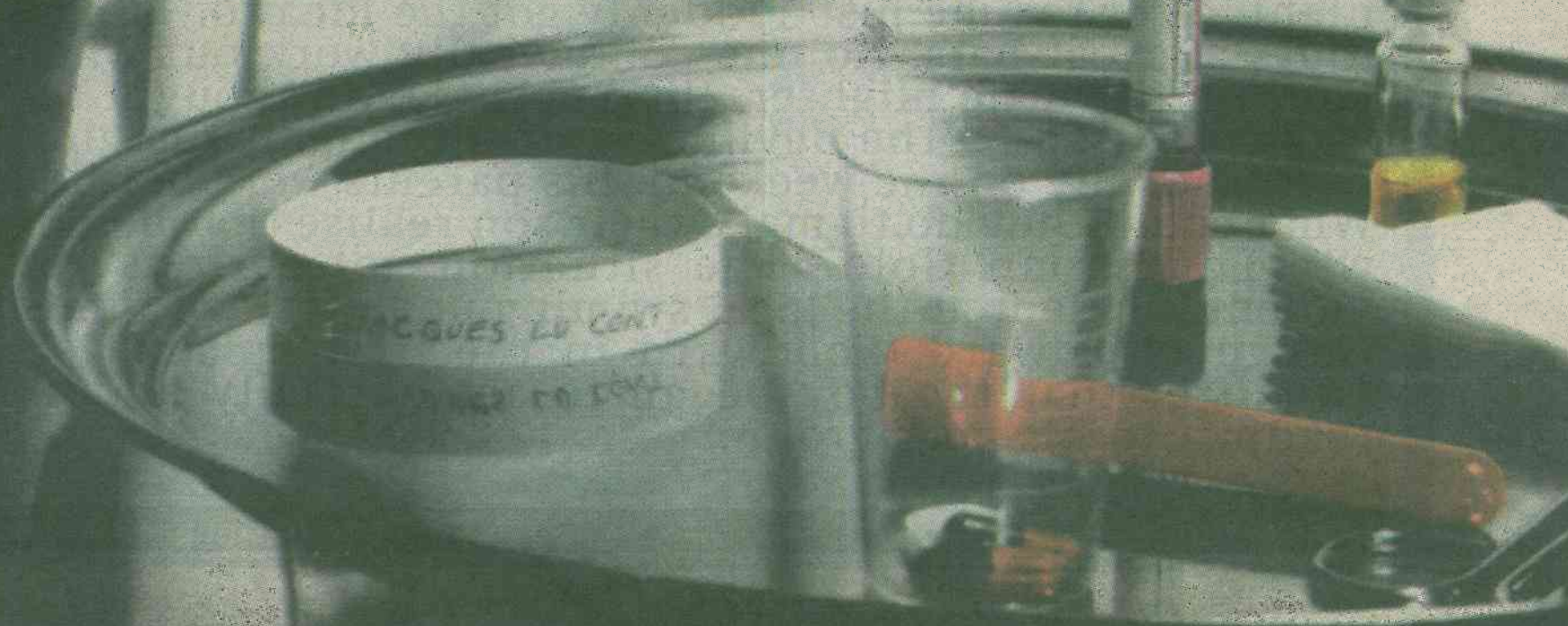


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• On Dit 99 •  
Volume 61  
number 20 •







There once was a boy who began to act like a horse. One night, after tea, he just suddenly got the idea to walk on all-fours and eat oats. No one could really work out what had got into the little blighter. His Uncle Martin thought that he was possessed by the devil. Grandma thought it might have been the jelly on the weekend. His parents were bewildered. What could they do to make their son realise that he'd never win Equestrian Gold? The situation got serious after a violent incident at the local swimming pool. It wasn't until the return of Edward Woodward in the first episode of *The Equalizer* that the boy began to act normally and slowly readjust to his peer group.



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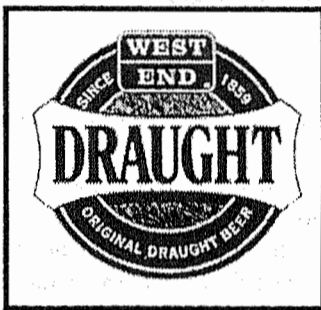
**Thursday:** 4:30 - 5:30pm

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\$2 entry for the chance to win a cartoon or a \$25 Unibar voucher Ask at the bar.,



### Drink of the Week

**2 for 1 Black Rats**

Thursdays at Roseworthy  
& Fridays at Nth Tce



*On Dit* is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of The University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control, although the opinions expressed are not necessarily their own.

**Editors:**  
Penny Fredericks  
Anthony Paxton

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Michael Nelson

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Linley, Michael Nelson, Lil' Toey, Big Paul Sykes, Daniele, David Bourne, Steve and the Boltions.

**Where we are:**

The *On Dit* office is located on the North Terrace campus opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building, remarkably close to the men's toilets.

**How to contribute / contact us:**

You can drop off stuff at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office.

Alternatively, you can write to us at *On Dit*, c/- The University of Adelaide, SA, 5005 or email us at [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)

**About the cover:**  
Thanks Toby

**Next Edition:**  
Deadline Oct 14  
Out Oct 18



# There's No Business

## Resisting Aid

dear editors,

last wednesday the student association council passed (by 9 votes to 6) a motion to donate \$50 to the east timorese student solidarity council (etsc). this is an excellent example of what australian student organisations can do in solidarity with east timor. the etsc is a student organisation in east timor that is integral in the campaign for freedom. after the forced resignation of indonesian president suharto last year, the etsc took advantage of the more open political space and organised dialogues with all sectors of east timorese society about independence. the etsc continue to play a vital role in the struggle, for example, by beginning to organise east timorese refugees within australia.

the motion to donate money was approached with scepticism by some members of the saua council. some members who are aligned with the labor party's right-wing student faction unity and who ran with united students, seemed solely concerned with the fact that the proposal was put to saua council by resistance.

they wanted to know whether the etsc was affiliated to resistance and whether resistance was a political organisation. the etsc is not affiliated to resistance. resistance does, however, support the etsc for the valuable work they do in fighting for freedom in east timor.

resistance is a political organisation. struggling for the rights of oppressed people across the world isn't something we're ashamed of.

whilst the majority of independents supported the motion, one was concerned about the motivation for it which criticised the australian government's support for the indonesian dictatorship. resistance considers that the role of past and present australian governments has contributed to the genocide in east timor and we included this perspective in our presentation to saua council. we think that to abstain from addressing the australian government's funding and political support for the indonesian military would be to support the atrocities in east timor.

thank you to all those members of the saua council who supported the etsc.

tristan, nick and jo  
resistance

## No Smoko

Dear Eds,

While sitting up at the Equinox today, Wednesday, December 29, I overheard details of a plot to turn our erstwhile campus into a cancerous, filth vendor of cigarettes. Yes, Adelaide Uni is about to get a taste of cigarette vending machines. The conspiring merchants licked their chops and rubbed their greasy hands together in anticipation of the profits to be made. Oh, but if only we

could sell one ciggy at a time, they maniacally laughed, we'd make a fortune! The usual 30 to 40 percent mark up obviously wasn't enough for these cash starved though big-bellied businessmen. The amoral hucksters talked of 'maximising exposure' and placing wheezing robots in high 'traffic areas'. Moreover lovely young women will promote the stinking product. Of the round table gathering at least one person wasn't concerned. Peter Jennings, manager of the Uni Bar said, "when we introduce them to the bar sales will go through the roof" I don't think that it's a coincidence that the 'smoking woman' and her conspirators were negotiating their dirty dealings during the holidays. When we all get back from break the burping tin boxes will just be there like the axe murderer in a B grade horror movie. Which nubile young co-ed will be the next victim of this savage killer? And what's next? Will our university traders soon be selling shotguns and sarin gas with their usual wares? Who then will take up the challenge and resist this corporate imperialist invasion? What are our student politicians doing about it, do they even know, do they condone it? I simply don't think that the uni should be making money by contributing to the possible deaths of its students. So I say keep campus smoking at bay! Signed Fuck off cigarette vending machines!

Toby McCrossin  
Politics

## Who's a Naughty Boy, Then?

Dear Eds,

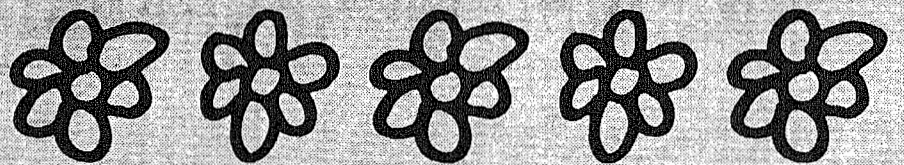
As you know the proliferation of obscene four-letter words is one of great concern to many. I believe I am in the majority when I say I am disgusted, nay, horrified, by the inaction of the liberal government on this issue. The desensitisation of the public to these vile words leaves me with a big question... What the fucking hell are we going to say when we want to shock someone, abuse something, swear etc? In the good old days, when you wanted to make your granny faint, you just let rip with a few 'fucken cunts', 'motherfuckers' and all that. Nowadays no one will batt an eyelid. Words that have served us well for many years, served us so well that no one bothered to make up any others. will now lose their meaning. This senseless tragedy has to stop. I put it to all those who have a dream out there, who still hold onto hope, I beg you... come up with a decent four letter swear word, for fuck's sake.

Angry Homeowner

P.S. Anyone who wishes to star in a low budget porno flick, please see me.

# Environmental Film Festival

Gold Coin Donation in the Union Cinema  
Session B, October 13th Life and Death [53 minutes]



## Death By 1080

Documentary- Explores the unpublicised use of 1080 poison to eliminate populations of marsupial herbivores in rural Tasmania. The film highlights some of the glaring failures of the government authorities charged with administration of 1080 poison and canvases some of the options that do not involve routine, indiscriminate slaughter. 22 min. Australian. By Suzie Managian.

## Darwin's Evolutionary Stakes

Animation. A race to the end of the world. 4 min. Australian. By Andrew Horne.

## Peeping Through the Louvres

A dramatised documentary of a Kimberley Aboriginal woman who, as a child of three years old, was taken away from her mother and placed in an orphanage in Broome. As a 60 year old woman, she talks about the things she lost as a stolen child: language, culture and country. The film highlights the humbleness of Aboriginal Australia, the compassion, the love and calling for family and its role in Aboriginal society. 13 min. Australian. By Mark bin Bakar.

## Tsunami

Jiro, a young Japanese surfer, loses his cool when he is hassled by four Aussie grommets and calls forth Bonzilla- who completely wipes out Bondi beach. 6 min. By Lisa Duff and Anna Broinowski.

## Grunt

A testosterone-driven action comedy that observes a peacenik's traumatic but intoxicating encounter with punch power. 8 min. By Suzanne Brown.



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# Like Letter Business, Like

## Helle Dit

Dear Eds.

So *Elle Dit's* out hey? What a disappointment. What a sad indictment on campus feminism. Not so much because of the opinions expressed in articles by the students who inhabit the campus, but because of the context in which *Elle Dit* was produced.

Eileen Fischer, in appointing herself *Elle Dit* Editor El Supremo, has entirely missed the point of a campus wimmin's edition. The point is not to propagate the views of your favourite Liberal Party MPs, but to empower wimmin' in a tangible sense. Every year in living campus memory, this has occurred through an *Elle Dit* Editorial Collective where wimmin' participate in the production, layout and editing of *Elle Dit* as a group. They learn new skills, network, make friends, and most importantly, by engaging in the feminist project in a real sense they give *Elle Dit* a collaborative feminist spirit. Content and context are in this way linked. But this year there was no Collective. Eileen was the sole editor and all we have received is (with some memorable exceptions) a bland regurgitation of bland (L)liberal feminism. I wanna know why Amanda Vanstone, Chris Gallus, and Trish Worth were allowed to publish their views in a student newspaper? The very paper that the Liberal Party - *the party they belong to* - wants to destroy with VSU. Sorry Chris Gallus, but you don't confront a misogynist society by "getting lots of women into Parliament". Not if the wimmin' who you get into Parliament support regressive taxes, continual insults to indigenous people, excluding working class wimmin' from higher education, cuts to child care, and cuts to public health. This does not empower anyone. This is what the Liberal Party represents. This is the agenda Amanda Vanstone, Chris Gallus, Trish Worth (an on the record homophobe by the way), and Eileen Fischer (as a member of the Liberal Party) are pushing. One of the other points of *Elle Dit* is to give a voice to wimmin' typically denied one by mainstream media. Where was the indigenous, lesbian, transgendered, working class, bisexual, or creative content? One of the few times the word "lesbian" was used at all was in of those bloody "peppy" sayings at the bottom of page 41: "A lesbian is the rage of all women condensed to the point of explosion". What the fuck is that supposed to mean? How utterly and disgustingly offensive. In total, *Elle Dit* this year (and again I might add there were exceptions) represented classic backlash politics. Amanda Vanstone concluded her article



*The delivery of an On Dit letter is sometimes slow and painful*

by saying: 'I look forward to having the opportunity again next year to talk to you through the pages of *Elle Dit*'. My message to you Amanda, and I hope Eileen shows this to you, is quite simply: fuck off.

Marian Prickett

## Smelle Dit

Dear Eds,

The Backlash is here and growing! After being told during election week by various candidates that heterosexuality was not mainstream enough, and that lesbianism should be taken out of the wimmin's department, I was worried. Then came *Elle Dit* which appeared to act on these beliefs. I was sad, disappointed and angered. We are entering scary times. A time where womynism no longer reflects a love for all womyn and lesbianism has no relevance to being 'womyn' has arrived. The backlash is here.

*Elle Dit*, 'her voice', failed to hear the lesbian voice, or the bisexual womyn's voice. It silenced the (womyn) sex worker. It did not hear the cries of the transgender womyn. All of whom are wimmin and should be heard! All of whom are not traditionally given space to speak and have been silence by 'her

voice'. 'Her voice' being heterosexual and privileged. We heard the voice of wimmin in parliament, wimmin in politics, wimmin in privilege, but where was the voice of the lesbian or bisexual womyn, the disenfranchised womyn? The womyn whose future as womyn is, according to some, fragile. Being a prowomynist male I am saddened that my lesbian, bisexual and transgender sisters are being denied their voice and claim to womynhood. And as a reminder, my sisters are also your sisters.

Michael McCulloch

## Straight from the Horse's Arse

Dear Eds,

From someone who went into student politics (many MOONS ago), leaving all cynics BEHIND, I got off my BOT, to make an *impact* of the SEWER kind, went in to make a difference, not sausage sizzles and beer BUTT on my very own ticket, I got the full BUM STEER!

O! yes, what a TAIL you can tell, when you have held a SEAT in student poli hell, what a HIDE they have, to slip in by the TRADESMAN'S with their poli speech. and make all these promises,

social contracts - which in the END they BREECH

I would like to say from the BOTTOM of my heart to Bevan Fletcher, Mike Walsh, Linley Henzell, Luke Dale, Briony Collard, James Field, Simon Sorockyj and the talented Nick Zweck - a.k.a ANUS - you chaps run RINGS around the others!!! What a hum DINGER of a campaign this election DATE, their BACKSIDES you shall cain! You CRACK Inc up -just when I had no faith left.

Go the ANUS team - a sensational NATAL CLEFT!

Music to my ears is your political speak a tune so enchanting, for dancing CHEEK to CHEEK your policies are poetry, good enough to croon upbeat and HIP, for shaking that RUMP under a FULL MOON

No-one would even consider turning those BROWN EYES blue, with ANUS around, you KICK ARSE - my vote is with you!

Call them buttocks, rear end, jacksy or arse, this bunch of derrieres, are riding HERSHEY HIGHWAY number one and are a HOLE lot of class!

ANUS Full of HOT AIR and proud of it!

Pushing shit uphill?

Call 1-800-ANUS!

Alice Ramsay  
Final Year Law



# No Business

## Come on Eileen

Dear Editors,

And the 1999 Best Actress Award goes to Ö....

Eileen Fisher for her uncanny portrayal of a Women's Officer with feminist principles.

We had planned to write this letter, together, in disgust at the 1999 edition of *Elle Dit*. We were going to bitch about how fucked it is for Eileen to garner for herself kudos as a Young Liberal by publishing Liberal MPs' articles in our student-funded paper. We were going to ask where she has been all year and what the fuck has happened to feminism on campus under her "leadership." Well, last night all was revealed. At the first full council meeting of the year we heard, solemnly, how she has been "ill" and how she has now gained other employment. We hadn't realised that Amanda Vanstone was after another staffer (although she probably needs someone to write all those vacuous

articles for all those annoying student newspapers Ö) And, we guess, being Women's Officer just didn't pay enough for Eileen to justify standing by all of those strong feminist principles which brought her to the job.

So, after a year of absent representation and a repeated display of sub-standard skills on the job, the Student's Association last night suspended Eileen's pay and criticised her abuse of power as editor of *Elle Dit*. The sick thing is that while this is no skin off Eileen's nose, because she has always disrespected the position anyway, it is feminist activism and support for female students that has suffered.

Eileen Fisher has nothing to be proud of. But we're sure that all her mates at the Liberal Party HQ will be giving her a pat on the back. Because if they can't pass VSU legislation, then they'll just try and hobble student activism piece by piece. And there'll be a nice office job waiting for Eileen Fisher in some Liberal MPs office for having played a part in this sad project. So we say: it's good to see the back of you, Eileen, you won't be missed.

**Daniel Marshall and Marian Prickett**  
the non-NonAligned Left



*Whilst On Dit understands that you may want to keep your identity secret, I'm afraid you do have to give us your name, rank and serial number if you want us to publish your unsavoury opinions.*

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- O'Camp Directors - Up to 3
- O'Tours Directors - Up to 2
- O'Guide Editors - Up to 3

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Applications close at 4pm, Friday October 15th, with interview times to be announced. For more information about positions please call Tammy at the SAUA on 8303 5406





# We Know

## Silent Epidemic

Dear *On Dit*,

This is my first, and will more than likely be my last letter to *On Dit* for the year, but it concerns a topic that hits ' close to home: Depression.

I have it, and have done for a most of this year. It's probably the worst sort of illness one can have, because there's no easy remedy. It isn't like a cold, where 2 packets of Butter Menthols and half a dozen Panadeine later, you're feeling fine. There is no easy solution to depression, as I have found out.

Also over the last few months, I have tried suicide a couple of times, but obviously I'm still around. Maybe deep down I didn't want to die, but I guess I gave it a fair effort. I have the scars to remind me. Depression and Suicide seem to go hand in hand, or at least they do for me. I might have two good weeks, but it only takes a few hours on 1 bad day, and I'm back questioning why I'm living, and if I really want to. I think a lot of my depression comes from loneliness. University can be the best years of your life, or the worst, and at the moment, I'm in the later category. And at the moment, loneliness is one of the hardest things for me to combat. I've tried many things to try and combat it, with very little success. Of course, it doesn't help being shy, and quiet and when you have a lot of difficulty meeting people, well, Uni life becomes very hard.

I've told a lot of people about how I feel, and about the suicide attempts, and all but a couple have since "disappeared". Friends are now strangers. People I thought were close are no longer in my life.

I guess what I am saying, is there is an enormous stigma about mental health issues, and suicide. Yes, I see a counsellor every week. I have been on medication and I do have the support of a loving family, but those things alone aren't a recipe for happiness. People need to realise that depression isn't catchy like a cold, and by shunning those who have it, you are only adding to their unhappiness, not helping it.

What is needed is tolerance, understanding, and most of all, support. That way, people like me have the best possible chance of reclaiming my life, and breaking free from the depression cycle.

Chris Niehus  
Arts

## Thank God it's Over

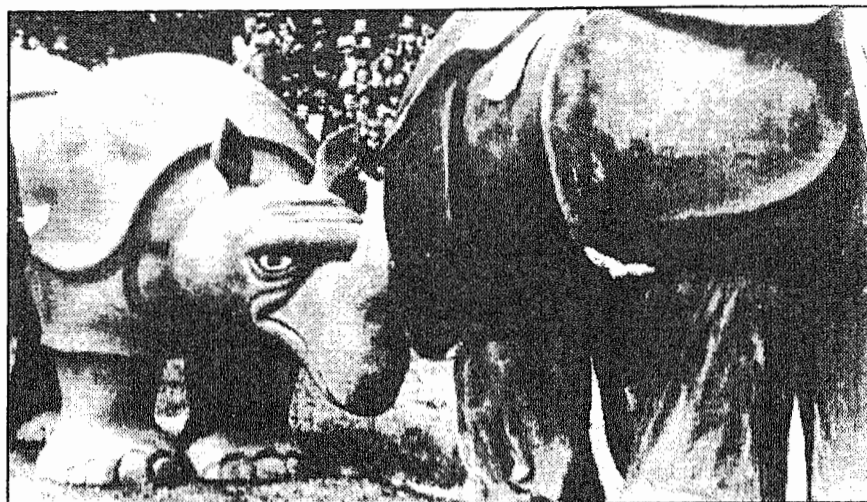
Yeah it's finished, election week, that is. Well Lunatikit wants to say thanks for your votes and your time. We loved the hype, the friendly politicians who talked to heaps of people and are glad that many lonely people were paid attention to during the week. Sorry we don't harass you. Sorry we're not in your face. Sorry we don't have eighty people dressed just like us. But not sorry 25 Social Inquiry students marched through the 'friendly' politicians and voted Lunatikit. Not sorry that others spoke for us. Thank you, we believe your vote made a difference. So long and thanks for all the fish...

Nancy White  
Lunatikit  
We love ya.

## The People vs The System

Response to Nancy White  
"Sorry"  
Elle Dit 1999

Ta Nancy! I personally thought that was pretty thoughtful of you, and I want to say that you should not put yourself into the same category as those people whom you keep referring to as "my people" you are obviously much too human and smart (they were not). These "men" ran down Aboriginal men, women and children on horseback and with the same breath they plundered, massacred and violated innocent lives. (Elder, Bruce, *Blood on the Wattle*, 1988, 1st Ed., Massacres and maltreatment of



read on as the finest minds on campus go head to head

Aboriginal Australians since 1788). These "men" made policies to steal the seed that they created ( the stolen generation). These people have now passed on, but the system that allowed them to legitimise these crimes, is still in control, only in a more subtle way. I am talking about the system, as you probably would have guessed, it is the system that must be held accountable. I personally believe that it's the policy makers who must right the wrongs committed, how they go about this. I would not have the slightest idea, because it is such a complex situation, that was created by themselves, greedy white men with primitive sexual urges. Saying sorry will not change the past, because the past has to reconcile with the past. The present may be soothed by acknowledgment of the past, and may put to rest a lot of long suffering souls, so they can go forward as one. The government has to respond not only with words (preamble) but with action. Aboriginal people want equal rights, as Indigenous Australians, *not anyone's backyard*, everybody needs to go forward into the new millennium not backward!! The system, it seems, has locked its wheels on past ideologies, (Social Darwinism) and only dollars can make it turn. The time has come to give the people back their history, it has been kept hidden away too long in university, on the top shelf, so to speak, out of the reach of school age original children, why?... Is the real history of this country's "settlement" so terrible and shameful that it has to be hidden away

from the wider community as well? Why isn't the true history made available to children in primary and high schools? Why do Aboriginal children drop out half way through high school?... because they are not being taught stuff that is relevant to their culture as well, that's why!!... Everybody needs confidence to go on...so too does the Aboriginal child need to know the truth about his/her history, to gain confidence to go on to HSC Level! the truth will give understanding to both non-Aboriginal and Aboriginal alike...we all need it, because without understanding there can be no real reconciliation. Nancy, I can't and won't tell you what to do, but ask that you would offer support to those who are still asking for a full acknowledgment from this government, after all it is a locked government, and the support of non-indigenous people will make it move. Ta Nancy, for giving me the chance to speak my feelings, that means a lot, now, as we move towards the year 2000, let's hope that Aboriginal children may be able to go forward with pride in their own country, while respecting the history of other Australians! and vice-versa... The system, it seems, is based on false foundations, they lied to us in primary school, High school and they're still lying to us in University, and they will go on lying to future generations. Politicians don't care about us, the people, they don't see what they are doing to their own children, if they did, they would not be destroying their future, by contaminating mother

Earth!! the one who sustains all humanity, long term...They care only for power and glory for themselves *now*, short term, the system is out of control, and everyone is brainwashed by dollar signs, *So wake up people!*...It is the people versus the system. Ta!

Isabella  
Wilto Yerlo

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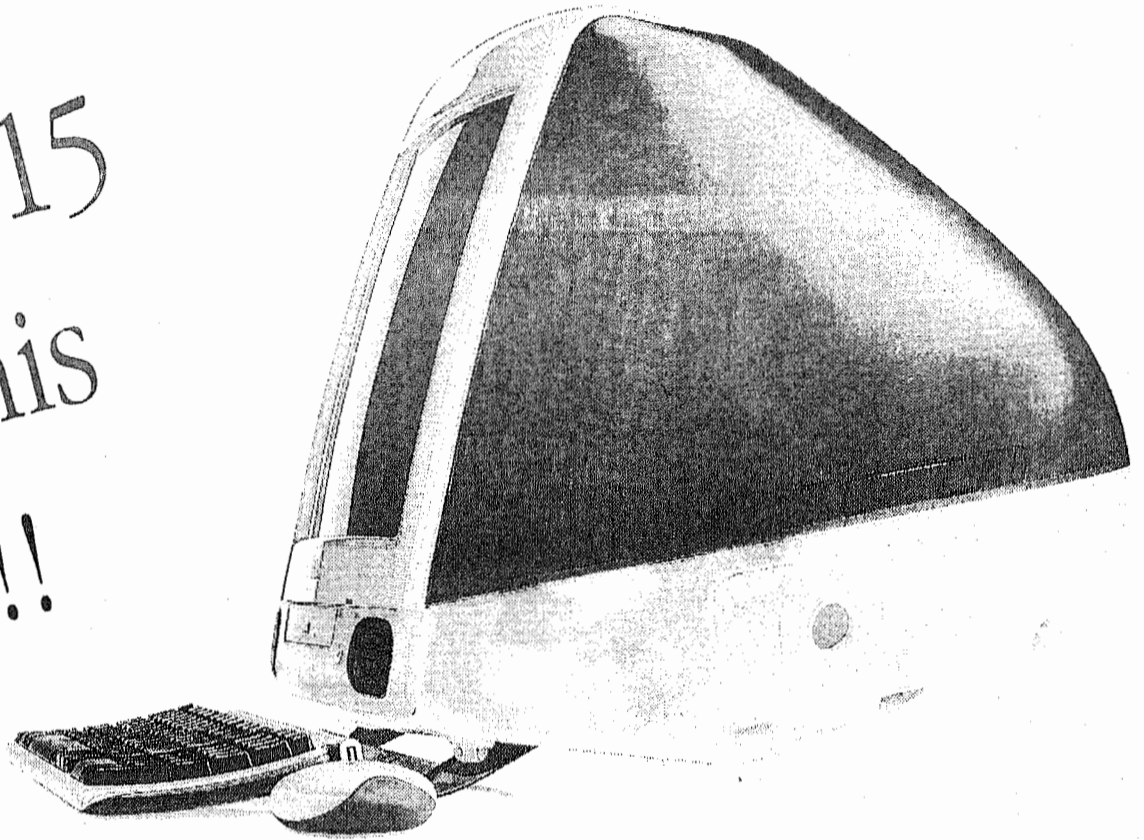




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Time: 4 - 6pm - Wednesday, 20/10/99



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## Its Like Running With Wheels

The AU Cycling Club is calling all potential cyclists for rides over the coming weeks. The rides are held in a friendly, relaxed atmosphere, around locations that are mutually convenient for participants. Participants range from rank amateurs to those who wear those special lycra shirts and bike shorts.

For those who want to get involved register your interest at the Sports Association Office, Lady Symon Building, next to the cloisters.

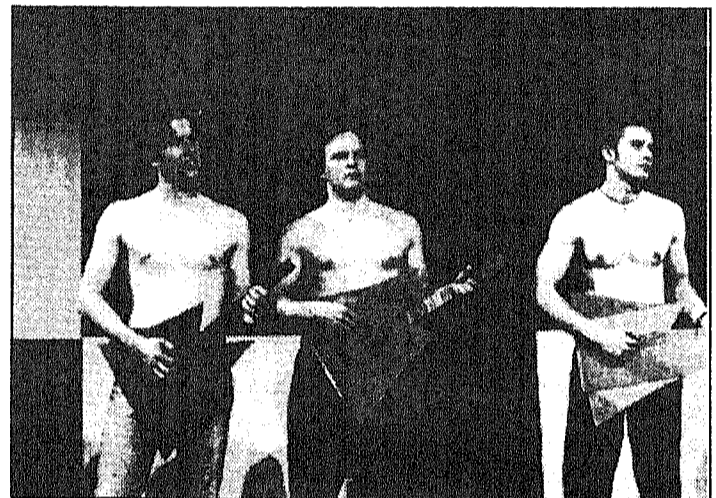


## The 1999 Law Revue

### Star Laws: The Phantom A.L.I.C.E.

A good fart joke goes a long way. Some witty, carefully constructed political satire, and the occasional poke at the law school combined with the toilet-humour aspect made the 1999 Law Revue the success it was. *Star Laws: The Phantom A.L.I.C.E.*, which took its name from the intranet-based tutorial assessment (and with a bit of a Gearoge Lucas influence) is, for the uninitiated, a sketch based show. It relies on students from the Law School to star in, produce, direct and run the show.

The Law Revue was well written. My personal favourite was a snappy 'lil piece "Something about Adelaide" exploring the penchant in Adelaide for weird and zany murders... bodies in freezers in houses with weird fences, bodies in



bins, no bodies... ah, a small town. Among the funniest were also the "At home with the Deaths" and "Wheel of Fortune". Also, for those of you who've ever (somehow?) been involved in the Rock'n'Roll Esteidford, the hilarious rendition of girls stomping around in garbo bags to "Fame", as trained by a nun, was worth the entry price alone. The "Opinions of the Law Revue" generated uproar (watch out Mia Handshin...) and personally, fell quite in line with my own opinions. Obviously, though, it was not just the writing that upheld the show. Nic Zweck, Al Pacino and the nun were an absolute credit to the show and, on the whole, the cast performed exceptionally under director Todd Goldings instruction. Some cast members obviously became self procalimed stars after literally stealing the show with some doubtful improvisaitons. Egos aside, the revue did have other problems: a small cast meant sometimes ridiculously long breaks between sketches, and some of the actual sketches were excessively long.

*Star Laws: The Phantom A. L. I. C. E.* had something for everyone: from the bumcrack laughs to those who enjoy a giggle at Linda Kirk or that apparent beacon of light, the United Nations. And they were rude about Shania. As far as I am concerned, that is endorsable in any arena. I hate Shania.

**Alison Lloyd-Wright**

## Adelaide University Union President

### Union Board

Congratulations to all those who were elected to positions of responsibility in the Union for the remainder of 1999 and 2000. Congratulations must especially go to Janak Mayer (our esteemed SAUA EVP this year) who will be the next Union President, Ben Allgrove who is the new Vice-President and Chair of the Finance and Development Standing Committee, and Ned Moorfield who is now the Chair of the Union Activities Committee.

The following people have been elected as your Union Board members for 2000:

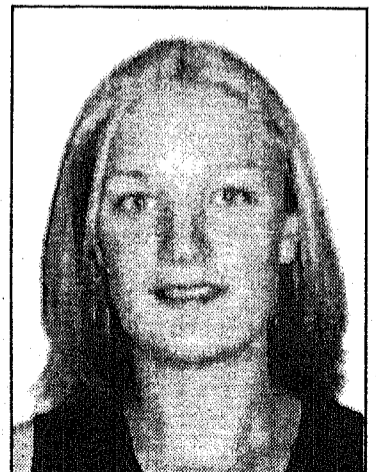
Ben Allgrove	Stephen Mullighan
Caroline Brokus	Seamus O'Farthartaigh
David Chegade	Alida Parente
Seb Henbest	Anthony Paxton
Tanisha Hewanpola	Matthew Sykes
Peter Hoult	Natalie Teakle
John Love	Michael Walsh
Janak Mayer	Bree Wyeth
Philip Moller	Claudia Wythes
Ned Moorfield	

The following people were elected to the Union Activities Committee:

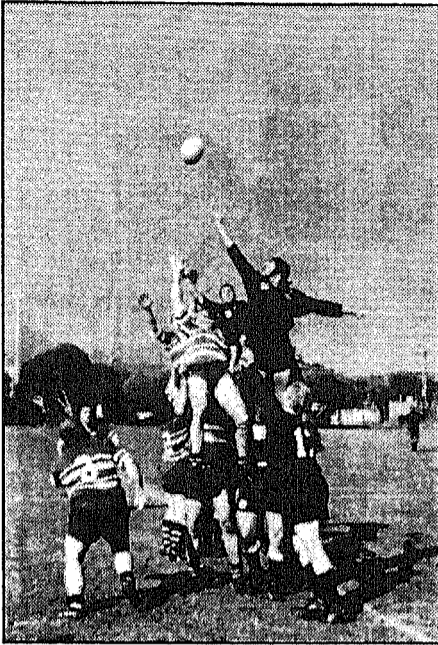
Ellen Bates	Michael Brauer
Adam Langman	Ned Moorfield
Simon Saint	

All of your student Union representatives can be contacted care of the Union Reception desk in the Lady Symon Building. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me on 8303 5401, or by email at [elysia.turcinovic@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:elysia.turcinovic@adelaide.edu.au). You can check out the Union's website at [www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU) for more information also.

**Elysia Turcinovic**







## UNIVERSITY IN BIG WIN

The Adelaide University Rugby Union Football Club continues to celebrate! The men's First XV has won its first premiership since 1983 - the culmination of a season rated as one of University's finest.

A solid year of training with a strong focus on team fitness paid off as the club stormed into the finals series with 17 wins from 22 games. The qualifying final pitted The Blacks against rival club North-West Torrens, an ill-tempered game dominated by the beefy forward pack of the opposition, who ran out winners 19-7 and secured a place in the grand final. That left University to face Burnside in a sudden-death match the following week. The Blacks were brilliant, bouncing back from their loss to record a 17-14 win, and set up a grand final showdown with the Torrens boys. The match was set to be a dogged encounter, with Torrens's big forwards (who outweighed the Uni forward pack by 10kg to a man) once again looking to dominate set plays. University was hungry, however, to avenge the loss of 2 weeks before. From the first kick off it was clear that the talent, speed and agility of University's backline, running behind a well-disciplined forward pack (which held Torrens), would outpace the older team. A thrilling match with superb ball-handling skills, Uni ran in five tries to two to win 34-20 and secure the premiership!! Many at the ground considered the match to be the highlight of the grand final day.

Further highlights of University's successful season included the women's team making the finals series, and the selection of three players to represent South Australia at the Australian National

Rugby Union Championships in July. Hooker Josh Sutchcliffe and utility back Robert Geddes competed in Wagga Wagga with the men's U21 team, while second rower Amy Slocombe played at the women's championships in Perth. Amy was awarded 'Best Forward' for her game against the Northern Territory as well as being named 'S.A.'s Best Team Player' of the tournament.

The Adelaide University Rugby Union Football Club is looking for new players, both women and men, for the 2000 season. The club has a strong tradition of welcoming international players (e.g. from Sweden, Japan, U.S.A., and Fiji), and all are encouraged to come out and play. Trainings are held at Waite Oval, corner of Fullarton Road and Claremont Avenue, Netherby, from 6.30 - 8.30pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and games are played on Saturdays. The club has a fantastic social atmosphere, with BBQ's held after trainings and home games, and numerous events throughout the year such as the Hangi, water skiing weekend and annual dinner. For more information contact Amy Slocombe on 8271 6697, or Paul Hilton on 8338 2204. And don't forget to watch the Rugby World Cup over the next month, as the Wallabies storm towards the finals in Wales!!

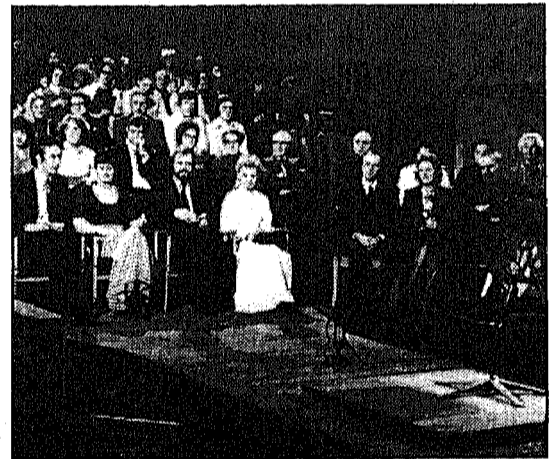
## In Regard To The Public

This Thursday, 14 October, there is a forum on the Republic in The Banquet Room, Adelaide Town Hall. Speaking for the Republic is Mia Handshin, Adelaide Uni Law student and Advertiser columnist, and Marni Curtis, Honours Politics student here and State Convener of Young Australians for a Republic,

Speaking for the Monarchy is Paul Rogers, State Convener for Young Australians Against the Republic, and Michael Manetta, member of the SA Constitutional Advisory Council and executive member of the Australians for the Constitutional Monarchy.

The MC is Carol Whitelock, popular Adelaide radio personality. It begins at 1:00 sharp, and at the end there is a discussion period, the fruits of which are forwarded to the Minister for Youth.

For more information call Youth SA on 8226 7940.



## Annual Postgraduate Awards a resounding success!

Magnificent marimba players from the Elder Conservatorium enthralled the 100 strong crowd of University executive, staff and students at the Annual Postgraduate Awards on the evening of Friday 17 September.

The Chancellor Bruce Webb, Vice Chancellor Mary O'Kane, Dean of Graduate Studies David Liljegren and Director of Student and Staff Services Ian Creagh were amongst the guests enjoying the hospitality of the PGSA and the accolades of postgraduate students for their supervisors, lecturers and support staff.

The Supervisor of the year was awarded to Ted McMurchie from Physiology, with the runner-up to Nick Harvey from Geographical and Environmental Studies. The Lecturer of the year went to Graeme Taylor from the Graduate School of Management, and the runner-up was Martin Williams from Geographical and Environmental Studies. The Support Staff of the year was Billy Constantine, computer technician from Mechanical

Engineering and the runner-up was Kris James, secretary from Geographical and Environmental Studies.

A special President's Award for excellence went to Kay Shaffer from Women's Studies. Members of the PGSA were proud to honour deserving staff in this way, and our recognition was much appreciated by the fifty nominees from all faculties of the University.

Mr Helder da Costa, a PhD student from East Timor spoke of the plight of University students in his country and expressed his gratitude to the Vice Chancellor and the PGSA for their support in these troubled times.

**Helen Kavanagh**  
PGSA President





## The 144th Signals Squadron

Are you interested in technology? Is communicating with high tech equipment and working with computers something you would enjoy? What about doing something worthwhile in your spare time while you learn new skills and earn tax free pay?

Then a part-time career as a Signaller in the Army Reserve could be just what you need! Whether you're interested in being a soldier or an officer come along and try abseiling, rock climbing or test your fitness. See what a part time career in the army can offer you at the:



Part time Army Careers Expo  
Keswick Barracks  
Anzac Highway

Sunday 31st October 1999  
From 10am to 3 pm

You could also work in one of the following areas:

-computing/comms    -infantry    -artillery    -medical/dental    -engineering -logistics/stores    -administration    -transport

Or more at:

-Keswick    -Noarlunga    -Smithfield    -Warradale    -Berri -Broken Hill -Kardina    -Mt Gambier    -Murray Bridge  
-Port Augusta    -Port Lincoln    -Port Pirie    -Whyalla    -Woodside

For more information on a part-time career in the Army phone 13 19 01

Or visit the web site at [www.defencejobs.defence.gov.au](http://www.defencejobs.defence.gov.au)

## Film Society Programme

All films shown in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building at 7pm. Free for Film Society Members, \$3 others (includes membership), unless otherwise stated.

Monday 11 October

*The Matrix* (1999) In Association With the International Students' Support Services

Futuristic cyber-punk film starring Keanu Reeves.

Free for overseas students and Film Society Members, \$3 others.

Wednesday 13 October

LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.

Life and Death: Death By 1080, Darwin's Evolutionary Stakes, Peeping Through the Louvres, Tsunami, Grunt.

Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.

Thursday 14 October

SHORTS DAY

Shorts include two episodes of the original Flash Gordon (Ch.1 - The Planet of Pearl, Ch.13. Rocketing to Earth), The Thief of Sydney, Tron (24 min version), The Possibilities of War in the Air, Rat Life and Diet In North America.

Tuesday 19 October

*The Timor Conspiracy* (Video in conjunction with Resistance)

Frightening and informative documentary made by John Pilger.

Gold coin donation at door.

Thursday 21 October

*Knife in the Water* (1962 Polish)

Stylish thriller directed by Roman Polanski, about tensions between a couple who set off for a sailing weekend and pick up a student hitchhiker. Polanski's first feature film and a must-see movie.

With Shorts: Red Hot Riding Hood and Three Little Bops

Wednesday 27 October

LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.

Chernobyl: The Bells of Chernobyl

Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.

Thursday 28 October

*M* (1931 German)

Directed by Fritz Lang, starring Peter Lorre.

Harrowing drama about psychotic child murderer brought to justice by the Berlin underworld. Riveting and frighteningly contemporary. Cinematically dazzling, especially for an early talkie. Lorre's performance is unforgettable.

With Shorts: Computer Animations.

Wednesday 3 November

LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.

Indians and Eco-forestry: Mama Bilong Olgeta (Mother of us all), To the Roots: A Maya Reunion.

Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.

Thursday 4 November

*Deliverance* (1972)

Directed by John Boorman. Incredibly frightening thriller about a group of white collar city businessmen who go on a weekend canoeing trip and get more than they bargained for from the local backwater people. Starring Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds.

Wednesday 10 November

LUNCH TIME VIDEOS 1-2pm with Friends of the Earth and SAUA environment department.

The Nature of Suzuki: The Nature of David Suzuki, Three Good Reasons.

Gold coin donation at door, full description of screenings at door.





## The Adelaide University Community Club

is holding its Second-hand Clothing Market on Wednesday 20th October from 10am to 3pm.

Really cheap clothes, plus raffle for a Unibooks Gift Voucher.

Come along and pick up several bargains. Please! (I don't want to have to take all that stuff home again!)

**Sharon Grainger**  
AUCC President



## Wilto Yerlo Club AkShN ReAkShN

Notice of Inaugural General Meeting  
Place: Performing Arts Staff Room, Hartley Building, 1st floor.

Time: Thursday, 21st October, 12midday - 2pm.  
Business

- 1) Opening
  - 2) Adoption of Constitution
  - 3) Election of Office Bearers
  - 4) General Business
- a) Positions vacant: b) President c) Vice-president d) Secretary e) Treasurer f) Others...

Aims and Objectives of the Club:

The club aims to create a support network for Indigenous University Students, as well as to encourage confidence, motivation and participation in one's academic field of study. The Club aims to give support as well as become involved in the organisation and management of annual student activities which are held on the University campus. The Club aims to introduce programs that will alert the wider University community to the surrounding social and humanitarian issues that challenge our day to day existence. Future aims include the amalgamation of students from neighbouring universities, whilst operating in an unbiased manner. The formation of the Club intends to focus on the active academic lives of a students as a whole, and through education, the personal lives of Uni students may also prosper.

Lunch will be provided.  
Further information available from Isabelle on 8303 3601

## Clubs Column

### SPIRITUAL JOURNEYS

12.30-5.00pm Barr Smith Lawns jointly Organised by Religious Societies.

An explanation of spirituality through story and art.

BBQ luncheon 12.30pm An queries call David Freesmith 8445 1231

IGM for Action and Re-action Club 1st floor staff room Schultz building 1pm  
Call Isabella for other enquiries 8303 3601

AUScA Formal Dinner St Paul's Reception Centre corner Pulteney St & Flinders Streets City Sat 23rd Oct 7.30pm, 3 course meal 4hours all you can drink, DJ 10pm - 2am \$35 members, \$42 non members \$10 deposit buy tickets at the Clubs Assoc office, Ground floor Lady Symon Building, inside Sports office see Vicki otherwise call Kate Boyd 8449 6860, Kerry Brougham 8371 0003

Clubs Assoc AGM 1pm Margaret Murray Room Wed 20th October

Community Club 2nd hand clothing sale 10am-3pm on Barr Smith Lawns Wed 20th October

## Seminar Series

October 18th

Terry Arnott from Heritage SA will talk about Shipwrecks along the South Australian coastline and what we should do if we see or find historic artefacts.

October 28th

Award winning cinematographer Malcolm Ludgate will show us some of his work and a look behind the scenes in making a documentary. Many of you may have seen his work in the IMAX film - ANTARCTICA.

Early November

An evening with Rodney Fox. Drinks and supper will be supplied at his museum at Glenelg while he talks about sharks, marine life and the environment.

Seminars will be held on Thursdays between 1 and 2pm (university lunchtime), and usually in the W.P Rogers room, level 5 of the Union Building, Adelaide University - I'll let you know if the venue has changed. These talks are open to everyone and drinks and nibbles will be supplied. Please make an effort to come along as it hasn't been easy getting a group like this together.



## NOTICE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

The University Council is the governing body of this institution...you can be involved!!!

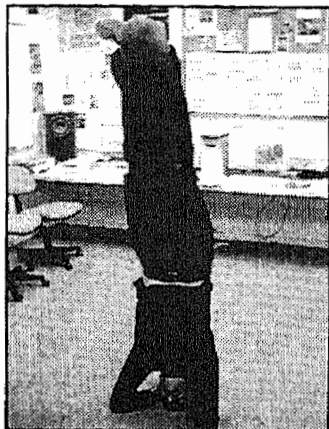
On Friday 26 November 1999 there will be an election of two undergraduate members and one postgraduate member of the University Council: each for a one year term from 6 March 2000 to 5 March 2001.

Nominations for the positions are invited. A nomination must be made on the appropriate prescribed form, and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before

12 noon Monday 18 October 1999. Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from Room 656, Level 6, Wills Building, at the North Terrace campus of the University of Adelaide, or by phoning 8303 5871

REX HANNEY  
Returning Officer





## Education Vice President

Welcome back, everybody - I hope most of you had more of an opportunity to relax in your holidays than I did! And with an ever-decreasing number of weeks left to go, I hope you've all done more study than I have, as well! Seriously though, as the pointy end of semester begins to encroach, make sure you know not only all the details of your assessment requirements, due dates, exam times, and all those things, but start making enquiries now about the procedures in your different faculties and departments for compassionate, medical and academic supps, late submissions, re-marks etcetera. Different faculties and departments deal with these things in different ways, so if you make sure you know about the procedures that apply to you, then if anything goes wrong, you'll be prepared! And if you've run into academic difficulties or unfair treatment at any stage already, look into getting the problem fixed now, before everyone gets hectically busy around exam time. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to come and see me or Alida in the SAUA,

or the Union's Education Welfare Officers in the Lady Symon Building.

The SAUA Education Department will be running a Campus Conditions/Public Education information campaign over the coming weeks. If you'd like to get involved in doing something about the current sad state of Higher Education in this country, then pop into SAUA and see me.

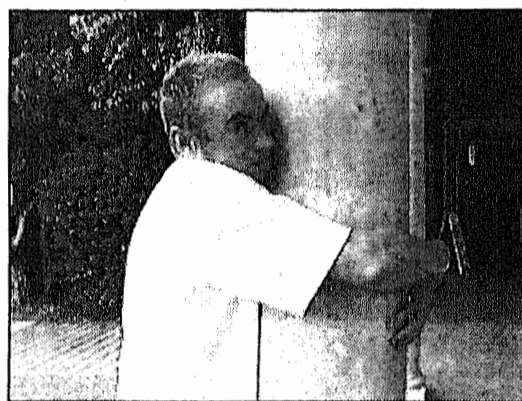
I hope everyone not yet enrolled, or who has changed address recently, lodged an Enrol to Vote form last week - last week was the cut off date to be able to vote in the November 6 Republican Referendum. Now just make sure you have enough information to make an informed decision about the future of the Nation!

Cheers,  
Janak

## Environment Officer

### TOMORROW - HELEN CALDICOTT

World-renowned speaker, **Dr. Helen Caldicott**, is undertaking a national tour, and **will be speaking here at Adelaide tomorrow (Tuesday)**. She is also speaking **at 8pm at Pilgrim Uniting Church**, at 12 Flinders Street. Helen is an infamous anti-nuclear and anti-US campaigner. Lately she has been concentrating on **the impending nuclear disasters brought on by Y2K**, but Tuesday is also the official day of **the close of the Nurrangarr US spy base in Woomera**, and I'm sure she'll speak about that as well. Did you know that **too much Hershey's chocolate can make you sterile**, because it's so close to the site of the Three Mile Island nuclear accident? Well, Helen told me.



Helen has also been touring the world with the infamous **Dr Patch Adams**. Recently, an unsuccessful seminar at which Patch and Helen were speaking at, led to an **impromptu nude media stunt**, featuring such slogans as **"nudes not nukes"** and **"disrobe for disarmament"**!

Please come and see Helen on Tuesday, unless you want to see a whole lot of naked greenies in King William Street.

### WORLD ANTI-McDONALD'S DAY

Please don't eat at McDonald's this Saturday. If you have ideas for actions or just want to find out more, come to the environment collective meeting on Friday.

All the cool green people meet at 1pm on Fridays in the Don Stranks Room on level 5 of the Union Building (just behind the UniBar).

### ENVIRONMENTAL FILM FESTIVAL

Come and see the cool films in the Union Cinema on Wednesday at 1pm. See the Film Society column or the ad for details.

Feel free to contact me:

**zane** <greenguy@smug.adelaide.edu.au> or telephone 8303 5182.

## Women's Officer

### MEN'S OFFICER?????

At a university in Tasmania, a referendum has been successful in creating the position of a Men's Officer. The creation of the position of a Men's Officer implies that men face significant gender related problems. However, I find this questionable because men have not historically faced, nor do they face, institutionalised forms of sexism and oppression. I put the question to you, of what purpose can a Men's Officer serve when we live in a society where power ultimately resides with men? Is the thought of equality so frightening to some people that the powerful need to find ways of acquiring more power? Would we choose to hold a referendum to create the position of white Australian officer? The answer is no. A position like this would only serve to give a group that does not suffer oppression more power.

This in itself raises the question of why we have a Women's Officer. We have a Women's Officer for reasons including (but not limited to):

The fact that women face sexual harassment and assault on and off campus

Around 90% of rapes that occur are against women, and of these 96% are perpetrated by men.

Safety and security on campus, which is of a greater concern to women due to the above listed points

Access to child care and family responsibilities that predominantly fall on women. (In fact, just last week a female student brought a child in to one of my lectures because she was unable to get child care.)

Women's involvement in non-traditional areas of study and the issues facing them in these disciplines

The question is, do men face these sorts of issues in their everyday life? Are their views not represented when they earn more than women, hold more executive positions in business and are the dominant gender in parliaments around Australia? For me, the answer is no! And I challenge anyone to tell me otherwise.

**EILEEN FISHER**







## Sexuality Officers

Hi everyone. We hope everyone has had an enjoyable break and that you are not too stressed out with all the uni work that we are sure you are meant to be doing. But how can you do uni work when there are more fun things to do, and it is such nice weather.....

### FEAST

*Feast*, in the words of its own publicity, is "Adelaide's annual lesbian and gay cultural festival" and, our department has been considering its involvement with this festival for a while now. We have decided to be involved in a conference being held during *Feast*, but to not organise any other involvement with the festival.

### HEALTH IN DIFFERENCE 3: third national lesbian, gay, transgenderer and bisexual health conference, October 20th-22nd.

We are both involved in co-presenting a workshop on "young people and sexual health" with two workers from Shine SA. Our forum will examine sexual health issues confronting heterosexuals and non-heterosexuals. This conference gives us an excellent opportunity to liaise with other professionals (local and national) in the field of sexual health. This helps us to keep up to date so we can continue to provide an excellent service to you - the students.

### PICNIC IN THE PARK

We had considered organising a stall for this event, as it has drawn a large crowd in the past and has the potential for good exposure of our service. However, after considering the political issues of the Westpac sponsorship (they have an interest in the company mining Jabiluka) and of the exclusion of bisexual and transgendered from the festival's title we felt that it would be inappropriate for us to support the festival outright.

### GRIEVANCES

At this stressful time of year, with all those end of year assignments due and exams looming ahead, and theses!!!!, remember there are still people you can talk to. We are here in the SAUA or available on e-mail for all of your sexuality needs.

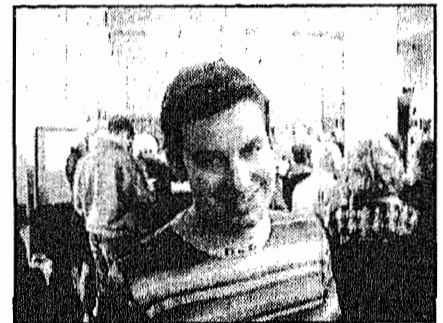
**your sexuality officers**

**Amanda Camporeale and Daniel Marshall**

**girlsexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au**

**boysexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au**

P.S Thanks for being devoted readers of our column Percy and Ross (two fine looking guys!!!)



## Activities Vice President

### **LOST PROPERTY SALE**

Make sure that you attend the lost property sale this Thursday and Friday to find some great bargains. Bikes, Helmets, clothes, calculators (lots), nick nacs, rings, watches, records, jumpers, brollies, shoes, kitchen sinks (maybe not) and heaps, heaps more.

The Sale will start at 12 on both Thursday and Friday and last until all is gone. So if you want to save yourself some cash, head on down to the Barr Smith Lawns between 12 and 2 for a bargain.

### **RAFFLES**

Don't forget to head up to the uni bar on Friday night for the great SAUA raffle.

Be there for your chance to win some great prizes and enjoy the Bars bargain happy hour prices.

### **SMOKER**

Anyone who is keen to get some information on how to stop the habit of smoking, please feel free to head on into the SAUA, where information is available.

### **PROSH**

A big thank you to the Community Club for their efforts during Prosh week. The donations received on Friday the 30/7, in which the community club collection is included, came to the figure of \$1043.25, well done to all involved and I hope that you will remain involved in such events as Prosh in the future. Don't forget the Lost Property Sale this week!  
cheers **matt sykes**

## SAUA President

Welcome back from your break. I hope you enjoyed your time off.

### **24 HOUR COMPUTING SUITES**

I am sure everyone has heard all the talk about a 24 hour computing suite by now. The SAUA is currently lobbying the University to make a commitment to providing a new computing suite that is accessible to all students at any time of the day. Currently architecture and engineering faculties have 24 hour access to computing facilities. The SAUA is advocating that this be implemented so that all students can have access to a 24 hour computing suite. I will keep you all informed of the progress being made on this venture.

### **CAMPUS WATCH**

#### **TAKE CARE - BE AWARE**

Obviously security is of a huge issue for students at Adelaide University. In recent times, there has been a large amount of incidents occurring on campus. Every student whether they are male or female should feel safe on their own campus. Safety and security is not a privilege but a right for all students. The campus watch scheme is similar to that of a neighbourhood watch scheme. The scheme is in its initial process and is intended to have volunteers patrol the campus ensuring that students are safe on campus.

### **TRI-SEMESTERISATION**

The University is currently looking at a proposal to implement tri-semesterisation in the University of Adelaide. Tri-semesterisation would involve a third semester over the summer period. It allows students the ability to complete their course in a shorter period of time. However there are some concerns that I have with regards to tri-semesterisation which include equity, services and resources offered to students over the summer period, HECS payments and up front payments of course. Not to mention the potential implications this may have on summer employment and supplementary exams. I welcome any input that students have with regards to the implement-

ation of a third semester. If you wish to comment on this please do not hesitate to contact me on 8303 5406.

**ALIDA PARENTE**





# A celebration of: 9/9/99.

Open house was held in the International Food Court to celebrate Thursday 9/9/99.

A group of fun-loving Humanities students gathered in the multi-cultural environment of the IFC. Invitations went out to a few but literally all were welcome.



## THE INVITATION

**DEAR:** .....  
**You are invited to celebrate "9/9/99" in the company of student friends.**

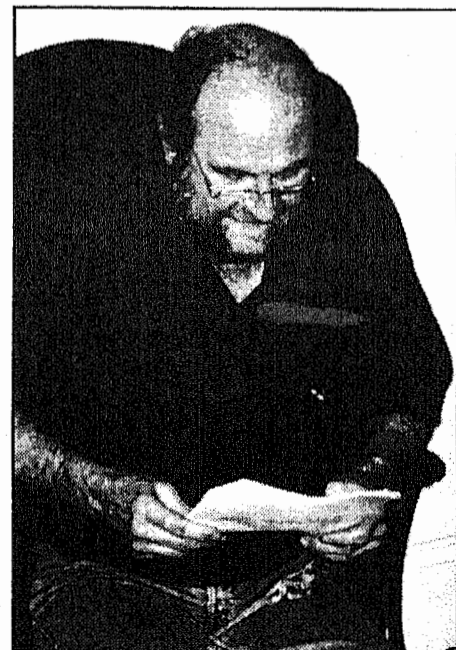
**WHERE:** International Food Court; Level 4, Union House.  
**WHAT:** buy your own; range of Chinese, Thai, Indian, Mexican, stuffed potatoes, and salads.  
**WHEN:** 12 noon for lunch, 1 p.m. cutting of the "9/9/99" cake (supplied).  
**WHO:** You and any friends you wish to invite.  
**WHY:** This date will not occur for another 100 years - so why not celebrate?

Lunch was a time to catch up on peers from previous courses who have chosen other paths to follow. Some of the notables present were:  
 Mr Modatery: a daily at the BSL and the Food court (celebrates 90 years of productive life next month) who added that touch of class to the proceedings.  
 Alida Parente: 1999 Student Union President - a real party person as well as a serious leader.  
 Andrew: unofficial 'father' to students with disabilities.  
 Jessie Singh: President of the Multifaith Association of S.A. - bouncing with colour and fun.  
 Four brave young overseas students who thoroughly enjoyed sharing the moment  
 Elaine: travels by car and train from Truro twice a week for lectures.  
 Lex: without her we would all still be waiting for our slice of cake.  
 Highlight of the celebration was the cake-cutting. Wok Wonder host 'Cas' - chef in residence at the International Food Court - left his duties to join Michelle Threadgold, and, to the accompaniment of streamer-poppers, they planted a *Crocodile Dundee* style carving knife into the multi-layered, home-made, fresh-cream, 9/9/99 cake. Michelle lamented leaving her dog Fin by her chair. Apparently Fin is a party animal - when he is not on duty!  
 Alida Parente put her Students' Association duties on hold to help cut up the cake and feed it to the masses. A touch of Marie Antoinette there? Not this worker I assure you! Truly a person for the people. One delighted young man having lunch with his mum from the SAUA office was one of Alida's fervent fans.  
 Sixty volunteers sampled the cake which left zilch for the serious cake connoisseurs but no one complained. They were a fair-minded crowd. One slice was enough to motivate a request for a repeat party for the next multiple date - 10/10/10- quickly followed by 1/1/11.  
 Cas circulated amicably among the ardent party-crowd and topped off the fun with an ample supply of Chinese fortune cookies. Who would have guessed that serious students crave the frivolity of horoscopes such as:  
 "Confucius says: Person who walks around with nose in the air is easy to catch on a hook."  
 But then again who would have guessed that serious students spend term-time celebrating a date?

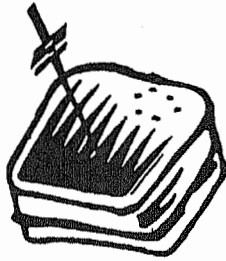
## PHILOSOPHY CAMP - 3rd~4th & 5th of September 1999.

This year's Philosophy Club Camp was held - as per usual - in the "Old House" at Rymill Conference Centre, Piccadilly - Woodhouse Scout camp for the uninitiated. It is traditionally a time when lecturers, post-grads and under-grads with masochistic tendencies (manifested in a desire to embed themselves in the possibility of 48 hours of non-stop philosophical discussion) strip off their labels to devour superb food, imbibe the temptation of the 'fruit of the vine', and enjoy intercourse with friends. (Use the dictionary - there is more than one form of intercourse!)  
 This year there were only a handful of stalwarts who actually slept in the "Old House" but there were plenty of day-trippers to swell audience numbers for the stimulating, well-balanced debates:  
 Friday 7:30pm: Justine Lera - "Levinas and Love"; desire is insatiable, not because it is infinitely hungry, but because it does not call for food. Is love based on this kind of desire?  
**This discussion exposed 'a kettle full of worms' - a great opener!**  
 Saturday 10:00am: Pamela Lyons - "Two Truths: Madhyamika Philosophy and Radical Relativity"; a discussion of the Madhyamika (Buddhist) theory of the world and experience, which parallels important contemporary debates about the nature of reality.  
**Pamela took on all comers - well done Pamela! She informed us that after Buddhist masters achieve the equivalent of six PhDs they believe they know nothing. Does this mean that non-Buddhists do one PhD and believe that they know something, or, even worse - everything?**  
 1:30pm: Nicole Vincent - "Collective Action and Social Awareness"; Individual choices can lead to unforeseen results in social settings because social institutions can have a 'mind of their own', but does this divest us of our individual responsibility?  
**Together we stand - divided we fall, Methinks I have heard this thought before!**  
**Still - the thought that humans might behave as cooperatively as bees was mind-boggling!**  
 8:00pm: Dr Ian Hunt - "A Modest Proposal"; a proposal that in order to deal with the increased divisions between the rich and the poor in today's society, we introduce CHATTEL SLAVERY, so that those who are part of the permanent economic

underclass may enjoy security and health.  
**This was a big hit with Elizabeth (the matriarch of all Philosophy Club social 'dos'). "He speaks sense!" she decreed. It must be noted that when all other argument failed Ian's fall-back position rested on the proposition of sexual-slavery as economically viable. In your dreams Ian!**  
 Sunday 10:30am: Martin Davis - "Revisiting Inter-Cultural Thought Patterns"; Kaplan argued that there exist significant differences between cultural thought patterns. Martin argued that his recent experiments do not support this conclusion.  
**LOGIC 1 was essential for this one. Martin hovered on the precipice of non-PC-valley with life-lines thrown to him by kindly post-grads. Pity Gerard O'Brien missed this one - it swam around in his area of expertise.**  
 Another delight - WICKED FOOD - courtesy of Vladimir (who really has to be seen in action to be appreciated). Provided that he has a 'glass of red' in one hand, the omnivore, vegetarian, and vegan dishes he whips up are legend!  
 For those who sought to keep to tradition - at all cost - by undertaking a Saturday (late) afternoon walk along a hill's trail: 'wellies' and 'macs' *might* have been helpful. Failing this Judith and co. *might* have stopped the clothes-drier when their clothes had dried out. Ain't hindsight a wonderful thing!  
 Congrats to Philosophy Club president Justine who juggled her survival-job with camp-coordinator duties to pull off a success story of well-balanced facts-fun-and-food. THANKS 'Just'!







#### MAYO REFECTORY

"Where it's all at"

Ground Floor, Level 2, Union House

Delicious hot egg & bacon muffins for breakfast...

Fresh salads or make-your-own rolls for lunch...

Pies, pasties, hot-dogs, cakes and ice-cream all day...

Open Monday - Friday.



#### THE WILLS

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Chips, burgers, yiros, steak sandwiches,

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Open Monday - Friday.

#### UNIBAR

Level 5, Union House, North Terrace,

ph: (08) 8303 5856.

Anything can happen in your UniBar! Watch for discounted drinks specials and Happy Hours.

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A cool and pleasant retreat in the heart of the Performing Arts School. Have a light meal, make your own rolls and sandwiches. Scrumptious foccacias and croissants, great cappuccinos, cold drinks and giant milkshakes, as well as cakes, pies, pasties and confectionary. Gourmet sandwiches and cheese and fruit platters to order.

(Ph: (08) 8303 8662.) Open 8.00am - 6.00pm Monday - Thursday, 8.00am - 5.00pm Friday (term time).



#### EQUINOX CAFÉ & BAR

"Eat, drink, play or listen."

Level 4, Union House, North Terrace.

Pizza, pasta, pool, piano & paintings!

Diverse menu, breakfast, steak, seafood,

cakes, coffees, eat in or take away, indoors or alfresco. Friday Happy Hour. Open 10.00am - 10.00pm, Monday - Friday. Fully licensed from noon. Bookings welcome. EFTPOS available. Ph: (08) 8303 5858 or 8223 5432.

# food... glorious food!



#### GALLERY COFFEE SHOP

"Rundle Street on Campus, with a better view!"

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Eat amongst the art, read the paper and listen to good music. Gourmet foccacia, lepinja rolls, salads, homemade cakes, gelati, the frothiest cappuccinos, milkshakes, plus lots more. Will prepare gourmet sandwiches & whole cakes for your function. We open at 8.00am for the best breakfasts: cereals, fresh fruit, bagels, croissants, toasts or muffins. Ph: (08) 8303 5834. Open 8.00am - 4.45pm, Monday - Friday. Vegetarians catered for. Check out our homemade soup in winter.



#### LIRRA LIRRA CAFÉ & BAR

Meals, wines, coffee, salad bar, sandwiches, rolls, cakes, etc.

Open Monday - Thursday, 8.00am - 5.00pm and Friday, 8.00 am - 8.00 pm for food. Bar is open Monday - Wednesday 12noon - 5.00 pm, Thursday & Friday 12noon - 8pm. Ph (08) 8303 7236.

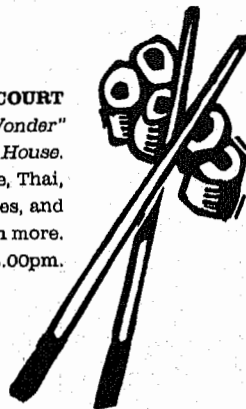
#### INTERNATIONAL FOOD COURT

"Wok Wonder"

Upper Refectory, Level 4, Union House.

Delicious range of Chinese, Thai, Indian, Mexican, stuffed potatoes, and much more.

Open 10.00am - 3.00pm.



#### "BRIEFS"

"Brief & to the Point"

Look out for our newest outlet in the Law School, Ground Floor, Ligertwood Building. Gourmet sandwiches, rolls and baguettes, together with cappuccinos, and a wide range of cool drinks and cakes.

Open term time.

#### THE CANTEEN

North Wing, Roseworthy.

Light meals, sandwiches, pies, hamburgers, chips, drinks & confectionary. Open Monday - Friday, 8.20am - 5.00pm (term time); Monday - Friday, 9.00am - 5.00pm & 3.00pm - 5.00pm (holiday times).



For daily specials and updates, check out the union website:

[www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU/](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU/)

\* Note: opening times can vary during vacations \*



# Shocking

## FARTS

It may not be socially acceptable, but passing gas is good for your health, according to Australian corporate nutrition consultant Matt O'Neill. "Better an empty house than a bad tenant," said O'Neill, in New Zealand to promote a national fit food campaign run by health agencies. O'Neill said that flatulence was so common for men it was an effective icebreaker for them to discuss their bodies and male health issues. "If you ask people to count how often they pop off in a day it would be double figures". However O'Neill said men could help ease the stink from their flatulence. "If men eat more fiber they will be producing a lot of hot air, and that's about it — it won't be as smelly. It's the pies, beer and steak that make the smelly ones".



*diminutive British funnyman Ronnie Corbett is famous for the grunt in his bottom end*

## BIG CABBAGE

Scott Robb failed to grow giant Alaska cabbages this summer, but ended up in the record books with the world's biggest rutabaga — a turnip-like vegetable he doesn't even like but will undoubtedly have to eat a shitload of in coming months. Robb grew a 34.35 kilo rutabaga, which wound up on a prominent display at the Alaska State Fair. Robb, whose rutabaga broke the record by more than 5.9 kilos, said he did nothing special. "Well, it just had the genetic components to do that, and I fed it and I watered it," he said. "It just took off growing. I was surprised my-

self." The rutabaga will end up in the Guinness Book of World Records, said state fair officials. Robb said that he had set out to compete in the state fair's annual cabbage contest, but his cabbage crop matured too soon and wound up in the garbage. Alaska's small agricultural belt, mostly located around Palmer, produces cabbages and other vegetables that grow to massive size in the around-the-clock summer sun. This year's winning Alaska cabbage weighed in at 41.6 kilos. But it was Robb's rutabaga that was the fair's star. "It looks like an alien," said Janiece Buck of Anchorage. "I haven't been to the fair in 10 years, but I came to see this rutabaga."



*I'm telling you baby, it's 67cm long*

## GARDENER KILLED

A retiree shot and killed a neighboring gardener in a dispute over garden cuttings but has denied charges of murder, the prosecution has alleged. Michael Wilson, 63, was found dead by his wife on a plot at the back of his house after an ongoing dispute with 72-year-old Sandor Bata over garden waste being dumped on each others' plots, a jury at Birmingham's Crown Court was told Monday. "The dead man dumped clematis cuttings from his



*I told you to stay off my selaginella lepidophylla*

allotment on to Mr Bata's allotment...Mr Bata didn't like this...he got the gun, loaded it...then waited a while for Mr Wilson to put in an appearance, and shot him in the neck. The bullet proved fatal," said prosecutor John Milmo. The trial continues.

## BAT SHIT

Cambodia's National Museum is trying to drive bats from the belfry and keep droppings off the exhibits, but the directors are at a loss at how to do it. "We're Buddhist, we never kill the bats, we kill only the fleas on the bats," museum director Khun Samen told a Cambodian newspaper. "If we don't kill the fleas, visitors won't come because the fleas bite the visitors." The cash-strapped museum was hoping for some financial help to repair gaps in the roof and put up nets to keep the bats out, he said. The bats, which swarm out of the museum roof to hunt insects every evening, could just as easily live in the trees, Khun Samen said. "In Cambodia we have six and a half million palm trees. No museum in the world keeps bats." If there is a lesson to be learned here, it is that nobody is safe in this cruel world, even Cambodian fleas.



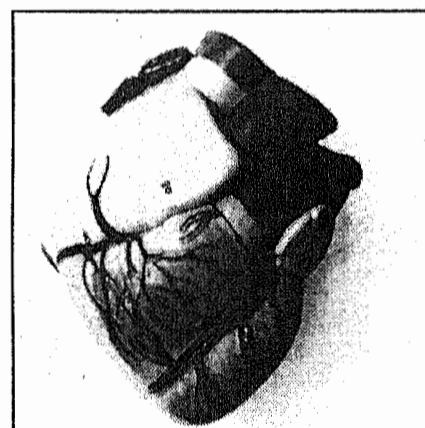
*Na na na na na na na na na na na na BAT MA'AM*

## YOU GOT HEART BABY?

Online shoppers bid more than US\$5.7 million for a human kidney offered on the Internet auction site eBay before the company intervened to block the illegal sale, officials said Thursday. "eBay has zero tolerance for illegal items on the site," said Steve Westly, eBay's vice president of marketing. "We have a very clear policy against this." The item, advertised as a "fully functional kidney", was put up for sale last week and had pulled a top bid of

US\$5,750,100 before the online auction house pulled the plug Thursday. Officials at eBay said it was impossible to tell if the offer — or the bids were genuine. But they decided to take no chances since trafficking in human organs is a federal felony punishable by a minimum of five years in prison and fines as high as US\$250,000. Westly said offerings of organs were a relative rarity on eBay, which boasts almost six million registered users. "It happens very rarely and when it does we are on top of it right away," Westly said. "These sorts of things happen in the real world all the time. People do things like this in the classifieds," Westly said. "When we find items like this, we work closely with law enforcement." The online kidney auction is not the first to push eBay's envelope. The company has banned the sale of guns and ammunition at its site, and just last month announced it would not become a venue for selling stock.

US\$1 = AU\$.65



*we've got one of these babies on ice in the On Dit esky. Swap ya for a slab of coldies.*

## IT HAD TO HAPPEN

Couch potatoes' and sports fans' cries of woe have been heard by recliner manufacturer La-Z-Boy Inc., which has introduced the first reclining chair ever with a built-in electric cooler. The Monroe, Michigan-based company said the new chair, dubbed "Oasis," will be sold at its 2,500 U.S. stores. Costing AU\$1000, the chair is armed with a thermo-electric cooling unit underneath a flip-up armpad that can hold up to six stubbies or cans and features a built-in cup holder. For those who



# but True

need more than just liquid refreshment, the chair sports a telephone in its other arm to order out for hungarian or pizza delivery. The phone includes a Caller ID display so that unwanted calls can be ignored and a memory feature that can store up to 99 names and numbers, said La-Z-Boy, the nation's largest maker of upholstered furniture and reclining chairs. Any pre-game jitters can be eased with the chair's 10-motor massage and heat system.



*this gent's La-Z-Boy came with a scantily clad woman built into the headrest*

## WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

It's not every pop idol's idea of an accolade, but rock singer Tina Turner has been deemed the best way to frighten birds off the runway of a regional British airport. Turner's voice is more effective in scaring birds from Gloucestershire airport's landing strips than specially designed cassettes of bird distress calls, airport chief fire officer Ron Johnson told *The Times* newspaper. "We used to broadcast tapes with birds' distress sounds, but we found they don't work very well — and what the birds really hate is Tina Turner," Johnson said. Gloucestershire airport, in western England, is used by private pilots in light planes, business jets and helicopters.

## NO MORE FASCISTS PLEASE

When Austrian far-right leader Joerg Haider held his first post-

election news conference on Tuesday, he appeared in front of a blown-up photograph of his final campaign rally in Vienna. What most journalists failed to notice, however, was that a poster carried by noisy leftist hecklers at Friday night's rally had been altered in the photograph to express support for Haider. The original said "1938 reasons against Haider," a reference to Adolf Hitler's annexation of Austria in that year. The doctored version was changed to read "1998 reasons for Haider." Asked to comment on Wednesday, Freedom Party General Secretary Peter Westenthaler told Reuters: "This re-touching is a little thank you to the leftists who disrupted our rally." The Freedom Party caused a major upset in Sunday's election, coming second behind Chancellor Viktor Klima's Social Democrats and beating the conservative People's Party into third place



*this charming tyke is playing dress ups with the Freedom Party duds of a fascist midget*

## I'LL HAVE A CRACK ANYWAY

Convenience store robbers sometimes wear stockings or ski masks to hide their faces. This one used a clear plastic bag. "It looked like a big prophylactic down to his waist. Kind of translucent," said Pinellas County Sheriff's Sgt

Greg Tita. Police said Herman Hill, 35, a transient, did not have a disguise when he went to a St. Petersburg-area Circle K convenience store Tuesday, allegedly to rob the place, so he grabbed a transparent garbage bag and threw it over his head. Authorities said he made off with less than \$100. Hill, who told police he was a crack addict, was arrested Thursday when authorities said he was caught trying to break into a home. He was charged with robbery, attempted burglary and trying to escape. "We got nice video from the store's camera," Tita said.

## MORE CRACK?

More than 99 percent of the bank notes in circulation in London are tainted with cocaine, an investigation commissioned by the BBC showed on Monday. The study, carried out by forensic chemists Mass Spec Analytical, tested more than 500 notes of various denominations and only four showed no trace of the drug. "Once you've taken a snort, the compounds will be in the oils of your skin and get transferred to notes you handle. That's the way the cocaine gets on to the notes," said Mass Spec spokesman Joe Reeve. The study also showed that at least four percent of the notes gave a massive reading, showing they had been in close contact with the white powder and had probably been used for snorting the drug. The price of cocaine has dropped from about AU\$160 a gram to \$80, making it a popular weekend pursuit for drug users who had previously only dabbled with "soft" drugs. Its popularity has also risen among teenagers, in part due to scare stories about eccy's.

## AND PERHAPS EVEN MORE CRACK!

A lovelorn Brazilian armed robber, miserable at being separated from his girlfriend accomplice, broke out of his cell and freed her at

gunpoint from another jail across town, Globo Television reported Thursday. After the double breakout Pedro Sergio da Silva took his lover of seven months, Luciana Judica, to a Sao Paulo hotel called "Romance" where they were recaptured. "Nobody wanted to hurt anybody," da Silva said. "This was an affair of the heart. I love that woman. She is innocent and was jailed for a crime she didn't commit. The gun was mine." Judica, arrested on a charge of receiving stolen goods and carrying a gun, had been due to be released from jail within three days anyway, Globo said.

## Toby Bensimon Man for all seasons



*unfortunately, bank personal immediately recognised this machete wielding cello as none other than half-baked funster Lucille Ball*

**Small change can make a big difference.**

Support Candle Day, Friday October 22. If you can spare some time, or a few dollars, please call 1800 808 157.

amnesty international





# THE HORROR, THE HORROR

FINISH BRENTYN'S MAZE, DROP IT DOWN TO THE OFFICE, AND BE IN THE RUNNING TO WIN COMPLETE SPIRITUAL FULLFILMENT

## AQUARIUS

Every time you read a horoscope analysis of your personality, it tells you you're a little bit kooky. Let me set you straight. You ain't and you never will be. So throw away those coloured sunglasses and get with the programme, bud.

## PISCES

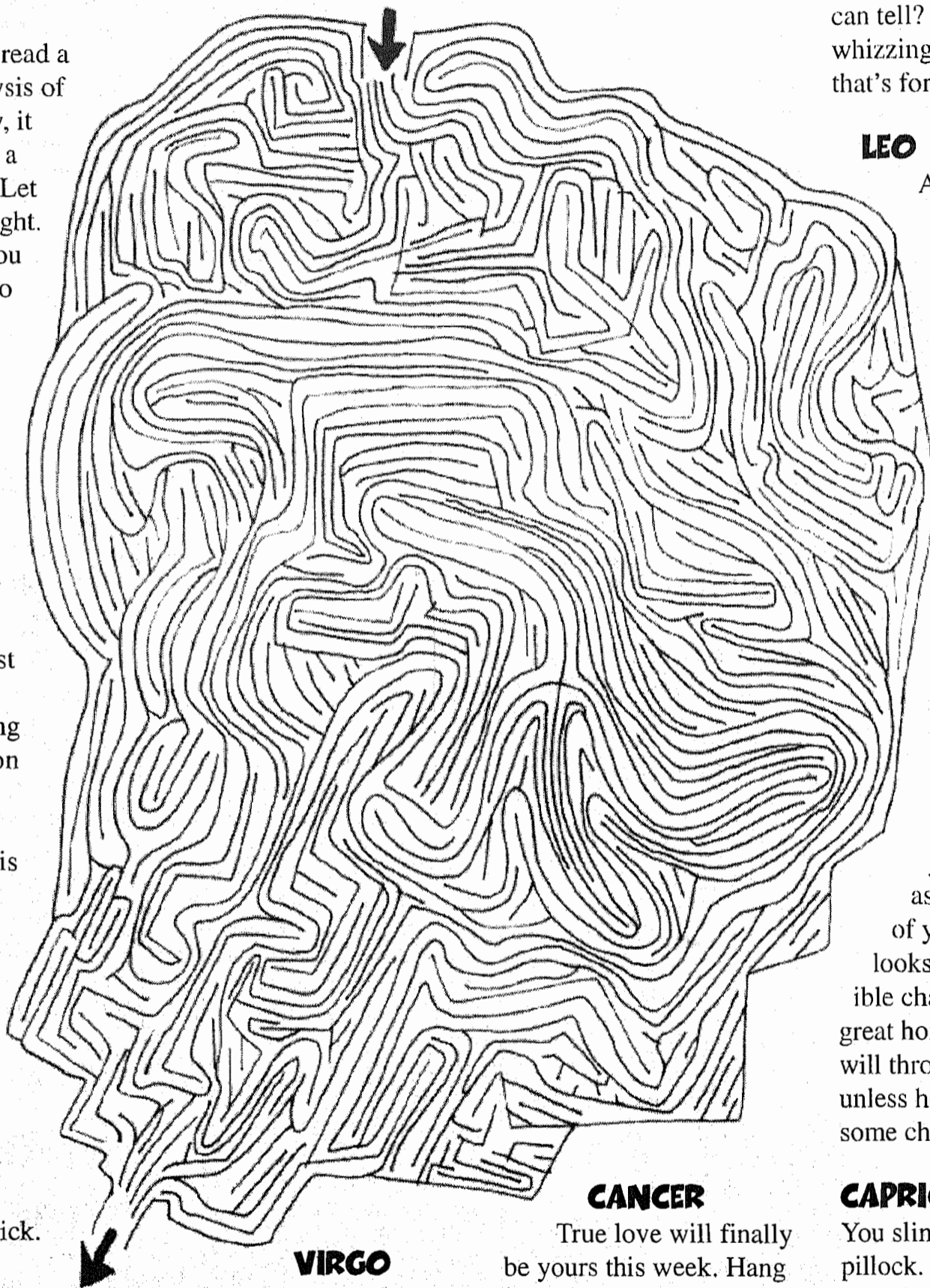
This week sees you falling out with your closest friend, as they have been calling 0055 numbers on your mobile. I wouldn't get daddy to pay this bill unless you want to answer his questions about she-male threesomes. And I don't know, maybe you do.

## ARIES

You make me sick.

## TAURUS

Personal hygiene is highlighted this week by the moon in your smelly sector. The people who sit close to you in lecture theatres have had enough of your antics, nature-child. I believe Priceline has a special on Rexona.



## VIRGO

Good dog. Sit. Stay.

## GEMINI

A girl you barely knew in primary school is planning on undergoing extensive plastic surgery and taking your place. She'll get hers when she meets your parents. Ha!

## CANCER

True love will finally be yours this week. Hang around in bars, dress provocatively and have sex with anyone who looks at you sideways.

## LIBRA

Things will go well for you this week, or they may go badly. Possibly, they'll be more or less average. Who

can tell? Not some rocks whizzing around in the sky, that's for sure.

## LEO

Americans hate you and all you stand for. Avoid them. This, however, is sound advice for just about anyone.

## SAGITTARIUS

Who's a cuddly little bunny? Who's got fluffy wuffy widdle ears? Mummy wuvs you very much. Oh yes she does.

## SCORPIO

Everyone's had just about as much as they can stomach of your magnetic good looks and your irresistible charm, you stonking great hornbag. Your brother will throw acid in your face unless he manages to pull some chicks, and fast.

## CAPRICORN

You slimy, loathsome pillock. You're the kind of festering degenerate who'd get out of the bath to take a shit.

## MULE

Bye bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my chevy to the levy but the levy was dry. The good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye.



'He makes articulate, and radiantly possible, what many of us have long believed.'

# The **i m p a c t**

can raze cities, destroy lives,

It's in **blood/genes'**



*'But the crap Mr Sweeney, how close are we to isolating a Pepé Syrumo'*



A Pepé Syrum?



Why...



...Might be a week...



... and it may well be a year, neh ha.

*Believe me gentlemen, there is some VERY... Exciting work being done*



*Just remember, the syrum is not Our Priority, There is too much at stake to risk Pepé playing in the cup final.*





# What's the Colour of Philosophy?



Dear Brentyn,

Say you lined up a number of coloured balls and stood back and posed the question "What is the nature of these balls? Are they ultimately black or white?" At this point someone suggests that they might in fact be coloured..... Well I'm glad you brought that up, I believe that is the Colourist point of view. So are the balls ultimately white, black, or coloured? Well that is one of the great mysteries of the age. Colourists and Monochromists have been debating that one for centuries. On the Monochromist side, there are of course those who think that the balls are white and those who think they are black. Does this sound familiar? It should. This has been the tone of so-called western philosophical thought since Aristotle wandered off into the distance looking for young boys to bugger. Take the freedom/determinism debate. Do we have freewill or are our actions determined? It is obvious to me (and the fact that no one has ever been able to decide finally on one side or the other bear this out) that there is a fundamental error in the posing of the question. It assumes a binary division (ie freedom/determinism) that does not in fact exist. Our actions are both free AND determined; that is to say we are more or less free to act within the constraints of our situation. If we remove the binary division, which WE put there in the first place, the problem disappears. This is obvious and there is no way in hell that I am the first to think of it SO WHY DO WE STILL HAVE PHILOSOPHY TUTORS BULLSHITTING ON ABOUT FREEDOM AND DETERMINISM AS IF THE PROBLEM EXISTED???? Therein lies the reason that many people think that philosophy is a waste of time. The aim of philosophy, allegedly, is to enquire into and ultimately find out something about ourselves and our place in the universe. So, logically, if I studied philosophy, I would expect to come away with some tangible understanding of who/what we are, some FACTS about our existence and our situation. Do I? Hell No! What I get is a whole lot of warring schools of thought and personal opinions and everybody still standing around staring into the void and saying "These are the big questions....." I want some answers already Jack. Is it too much to ask of thousands of years of very smart people going round in the same circle that they actually KNOW something by now? I'm not talking about what they believe or what they think but what they KNOW, and before you start getting epistemological on my arse, what I mean by KNOW is that for all practical purposes that knowledge is BEYOND DISPUTE AND BEYOND DEBATE. Take the theory of electricity for example. Now you could argue endlessly about the nature of electricity but the fact that we have a functional definition of it makes such questions beside the point. A major part of philosophical practise should revolve around eliminating as much dispute and debate as possible. This is easier than it sounds since many of the greatest problems and confusions arise not from life and nature but from the terms and language which we use to describe them. It is essential that we know what we are talking about and that we have clear definitions of what we are talking about. For example, terms like Fascism and

comes readily apparent (as in the freedom and determinism case) that there was really nothing to argue about in the first place. Philosophers, though, seem to have some irrational horror of clear and rigorous thinking like this, preferring it seems a kind of quasi-mystical speculation and wide-eyed zen for Truth (the binary division true/false is another error: explanations can be more true or false - that is, tally with the facts to a greater or lesser degree - than others but not absolutely true or false\*). At this point in walks Ockham with a razor in hand. Send him back for a large knife and then we can really get down to business.... Whole schools of philosophy slashed and burnt in a rampant purge...fading into curiosity.... the lone plaintive voice of a Determinist like sad music out across the ruined wastes.... As the man says: "I am interested in facts on all levels".

**Mark Carey**

2nd year arts

\* that is, unless absolute truth/falsity of a proposition is a condition by definition of its operation within a system like in mathematics.

Dear Mark,

I agree that the freewill/determinism debate is largely a linguistic problem. For convenience we use mutually incompatible/polar-opposite terms such as FREEWILL and DETERMINISM. These labels represent extremes of a linguistic continuum (black-whitism in your terms), whilst all the intermediate positions (colours) remain in between. However, it would be false to say that most philosophers take either a black or white stance. Rather, most are coloured positions such as 'weak determinism'. The 'weak' is there to symbolise that this particular position does not reside at the determinist extreme, but that it is somewhat towards that end (blue or purple, rather than black). 'Compatibalism' is interesting in that it seems to transcend the freewill/determinism dichotomy. It basically opposes the notion that freewill and determinism are incompatible (your actions are determined by atomic laws at a lower level, but also simultaneously by your freewill at a higher level) which essentially eliminates the problem.

Though I quite like your letter, I'm afraid that I can only disagree ('get epistemological on your arse') with much of the rest of what you said. No, indeed, it isn't too much to ask that after thousands of years that philosophy should come up with some answers. And indeed it has. One branch of philosophy known as 'natural philosophy' has turned out to be particularly productive. It has billowed out into what we now call the natural sciences. Philosophers were 'philosophising' about the existence of atoms thousands of years before we experimentally "verified" their existence. Science is just another branch of philosophy. These branches have grown so far apart (so specialised) that only their epistemological roots (a mishmash of abstract arguments and debates about the foundations of reality) are reserved under the title of philosophy. So yes, philosophy has provided plenty of these things

you refer to as "facts".

But, of course, you're complaining about the role as defined for modern philosophy. Firstly I disagree that we can find "facts". I also absolutely oppose the idea that debate and dispute should be eliminated from philosophy. Philosophy is debate. Philosophy is dispute. Philosophers fought for thousands of years under the most extreme persecution, to overcome religious dogma, for the FREEDOM to debate.

I also object to your definition of knowledge. The only way for knowledge to be 'beyond dispute' and 'beyond debate' is for it to become dogma. Your definition of 'know', if I'm not mistaken, is that of a functional or scientific knowledge. Your position sounds to me like that of logical positivism. This short lived school of thought believed that only statements which can be experimentally verified are meaningful. Thus to say something is beautiful is meaningless. As is it to make moral statements such as 'everyone is born equal'. Likewise to ask what happens after we die is meaningless. And, of course, it is also meaningless to ask whether or not we have freewill.

I find your piece curious. Curious, that you repudiate the extremism of a monochromist position, yet ultimately place yourself within confines of such a very position (logical positivism - or something like it).

Its no coincidence, or lack of 'clear and rigorous thinking' that the 'big questions' have remained unanswered. The human brain has limits. No matter how intelligent a creature there will always be questions that it can not answer - there will always be a set of 'big questions'. The more intelligent the entity, the more complex the questions that remain unanswered.

I see modern philosophy as providing the freedom to not know. It is a tool for exploring the boundaries of human ignorance - the limbo zone of incomprehension where the human conceptual system falters.

Yes, many do find philosophy frustrating. Its systematic criticism of human common-sense is unsettling. Philosophy is not for those who like to feel epistemologically safe. For those who do, it can be tempting to dismiss all of philosophy as meaningless, or to apply such rigid rules of knowledge to it, that the illusion of a solution is reached. This, however, is simply an emotional defence mechanism to a perceived lack of control (its no accident that scientists are more likely to be control freaks). For example, we have no proof that any physical world actually exists. All we have access to is sensory data. So what is out there? To most people, this is too much of an affront to their world-view to even seriously consider. Only those who can temporarily disregard common-sense without an emotional backlash can productively explore what philosophy has to offer. Finding "answers", "solutions", or "facts" is not the major goal for much of modern philosophy. Its about opening your mind. To boldly question the taken for granted reality, and to come away with a new found humility towards life and the universe.

**Brentyn Ramm**

1. Notions such as freewill seem to be so fundamentally different from such "objective" things as electricity that no amount of clear and rigorous thinking will ever bring us to a suitable definition (and certainly not empirical/functional definitions). To the extent that we can not reach satisfactory definitions of freewill and determinism, it is indeed, as you said, the posing of the question which is wrong. But this doesn't necessitate discarding such questions in their entirety.

2. The notable exception being the philosophy of mind which still seeks to establish foundations upon which scientific/empirical "facts" can be built.

IN WHICH BRENTYN CHECKS AN EMAIL ACCOUNT HE DIDNT THINK EXISTED AND FINDS A LONG LOST CONTRIBUTION

Why does music make us feel the way we do?



From my understanding of the question it seems that we are exploring the relations between audio stimulation (music) and mental states (emotion). More precisely whether there is a causal relationship between the type of audio stimulation and the mental state induced. In accepting that music makes us feel the way we do, the question is whether the influence of audio stimulation on mental states, is an innate mechanism or derived from experience?

One point of consideration is the influence of audio stimulation upon infants. Or particularly the consideration of how rhythms are a considerable influence in the earliest experiences of embryos. But firstly we must discard the topical debate as to determining when embryos obtain sufficient neural complexity to experience stimulation. We assume that whilst in the womb, the embryo is able to experience the consistent rhythms of its mother's heartbeat and the motion of its fluid environment. From this point the embryo has become familiar with this environment of rhythm and motion, all consistent with the laws of fluid dynamics and the regularity of the plumonary system. In deliberately overstating the obvious, it might be argued that the embryo has been exposed to a patterned environment. The immediate question must be whether the embryo forms a cognitive association as a result of this environment. One example of evidence through direct observation rests with consideration of what happens immediately following birth. At birth most people, whether they have experienced a birth directly or not, understand that crying is an observable phenomenon. This crying can be relieved, or an attempt can be made to alleviate our distress at this crying, by a number of methods. Two techniques to be discussed here can be labelled by location. A Russian method (I am uncertain whether it is still used) utilises the creation of an artificial womb to comfort the crying infant. By wrapping the infant tightly in blankets, a constricting environment tricks the infant into believing it is back in the womb; the infant is soothed and the crying stops. Whereas British/American medical practitioners have sometimes placed the infant on the mothers stomach and breast following birth. A period of grace would be allowed before the infant would be washed, before once again being returned to the mother. The positioning of the infant was deliberate in that it allowed the infant to experience a new environment that incorporated the main elements of the womb: heat, from skin-to-skin contact; sound, from her heartbeat, as well as the physical motion associated with her breath-

ing. An environment that from observational studies would again sooth the infant and assist in stopping crying.

The point being that from this moment on if the baby cries we persist in trying to re create an artificial womb environment. Logic would suggest that there is some relationship between the features of the methodology employed and a baby's mental state. The question may be related to the features described; physical motion and audio stimulation. Interestingly, these two features are in fact inter-related; a low frequency wave, can actually be experienced by feel as well as our audio receptors. As is evident by all who have stood near the speakers in nightclubs during dance parties.

If we consider that music is differentiated by the complexity of the patterning used in generating the style, then musical appreciation may come from an increasing cognisance of the subtle intricacies of audio stimulation. As we grow older, our cognitive abilities improve, allowing us to analyse the audio stimulation.

We are no longer a passive subject in listening to music, but active participants in appreciating the audio stimulation; we bring to the experience our expectations, feelings and emotions. As such the musical experience is a dynamic one, in that our response to a song may change depending on our own state of mind. Although poorly argued, music is a subjective experience but the appeal of music is from an innate appreciation for natural rhythms.

**Anonymous**

### Ben's Contribution to Free Thought

In which Ben encapsulates his holidays, which were fun, but devoid of university work. Did you know that Indonesia has 1.5 million "peoples' security units" known as Hansip, who operate at the village level? What they do I'm not sure.

A scary thing happened to me over the holidays. I was suddenly thrust into a heightened conception of my age, through turning 21. 'Hey ma, look at me, ah'm an adult now! Well fancy that.' And other such phrases. Time is drawing on me, and I still feel completely incapable of dealing with the world. I learn slowly, I get confused easily, tax forms scare me, I don't like vegetables or doing the dishes. And overall, I don't feel like being this old. I liked being 20; it was a comfy age. I could jus-

tify myself with youth. I had a decade to round myself off to accurately. But I was in the shower today, as is my habit, and I got to thinking. 'What the hell...' I thought '...lots of people are still older than me.' Hurrah, Woohoo etc. What's really important is that I worked out why the shower felt hot and cold at the same time. It had been bothering me for some minutes, and I was in a quandary as to whether I should add hot or cold water. I then realised that it was just that I should add MORE water, irrelevant of temperature. I felt hot because boiling hot water was dripping on me, and I felt cold because there wasn't very much of it and a stiff south wind was breezing under the door. I thereupon turned both taps to their full setting, and enjoyed the rest of my shower. There might be a metaphor in there somewhere, but then again, there generally is. My mind wandered off on tangents unremembered, I left the shower and wrote the last 300 words or so. It felt very little like a spiritual experience, but it was better than nothing. I was going to write something complex and metaphorical about militias in East Timor, or perhaps give you more information on the Hansip, but I don't think I'll be much help. Maybe next week.

**Next Time: What the hell is Post-modernism? What are its consequences? What do you think O' university educated ones? Oh, and only four editions of *On Dit* left for this millenium. Get your contributions for Free Thought in soon. I'm still seeking pieces on the media, capitalism, and anything on cultural studies in general.**

# YOUTH WEEK 99

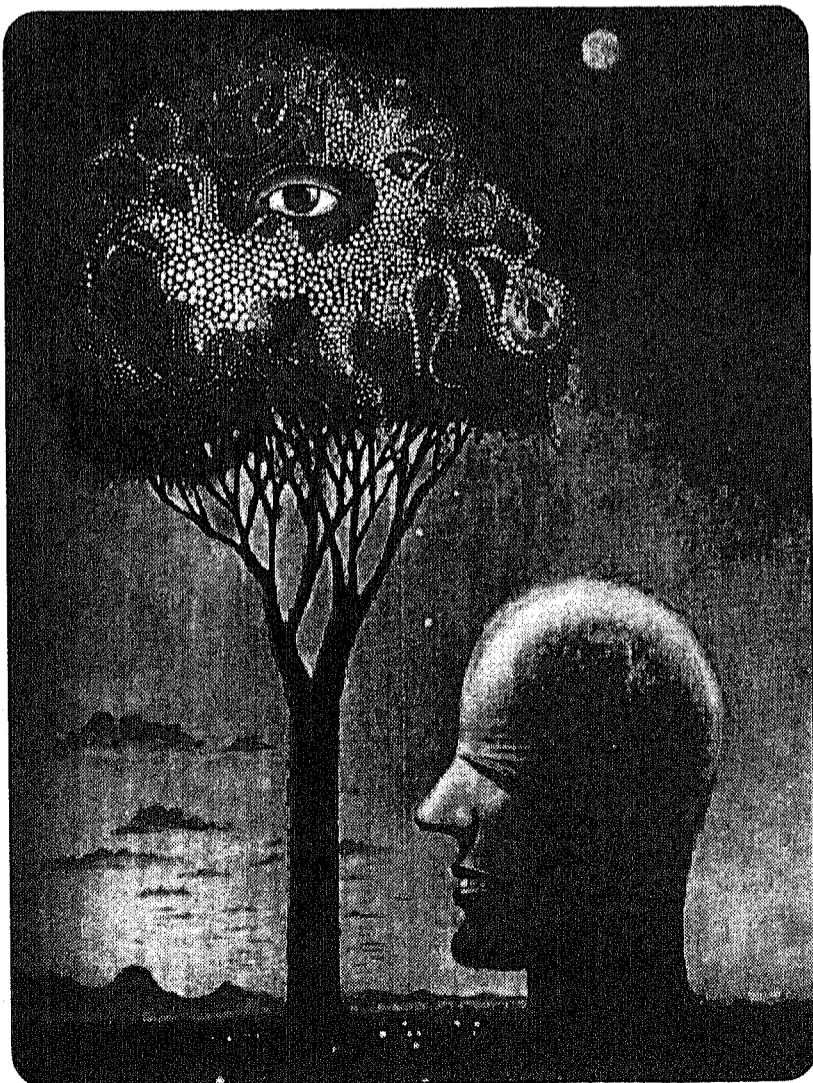
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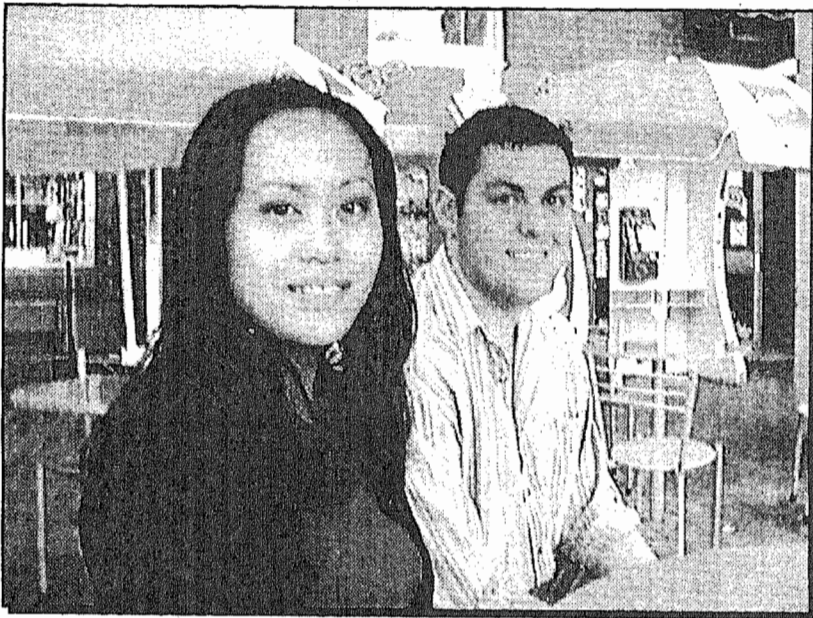




# VOX

**QUESTIONS:**

- 1) What's your definition of torture?
- 2) What percentage of your relationships have been begun while you were intoxicated?
- 3) What superpower would you like to have?



**Tara and Darren**

*Not going to lectures outside Uni Records*

- 1) **Darren:** A few lecturers spring to mind ... I don't want to mention any names. Friday afternoon lectures - they're a killer.
- Tara:** Waiting. Wasting time. That's torture.
- 2) **Darren:** 100%.
- Tara:** 90%.
- 3) **Tara:** Invisibility.
- Darren:** To go really fast like The Flash.



**Josh**

*Joshing around in the Wills recectory*

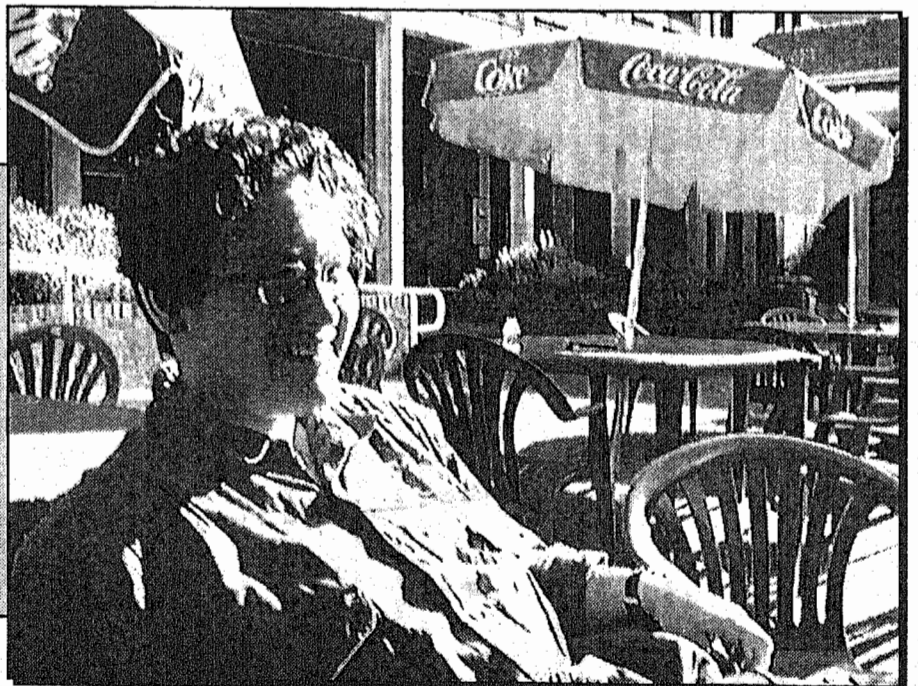
- 1) How graphic can it be? Well, in that case, sliding down a razor using your balls as brakes.
- 2) 100%.
- 3) I'll go for a humane answer: to never hurt anyone and have a great time whilst doing it - No regrets.



**Ali**

*Hanging where the music people hang*

- 1) Being asked Vox Pop questions.
- 2) Most of them.
- 3) I'd like to be able to write essays without having to do the reading.



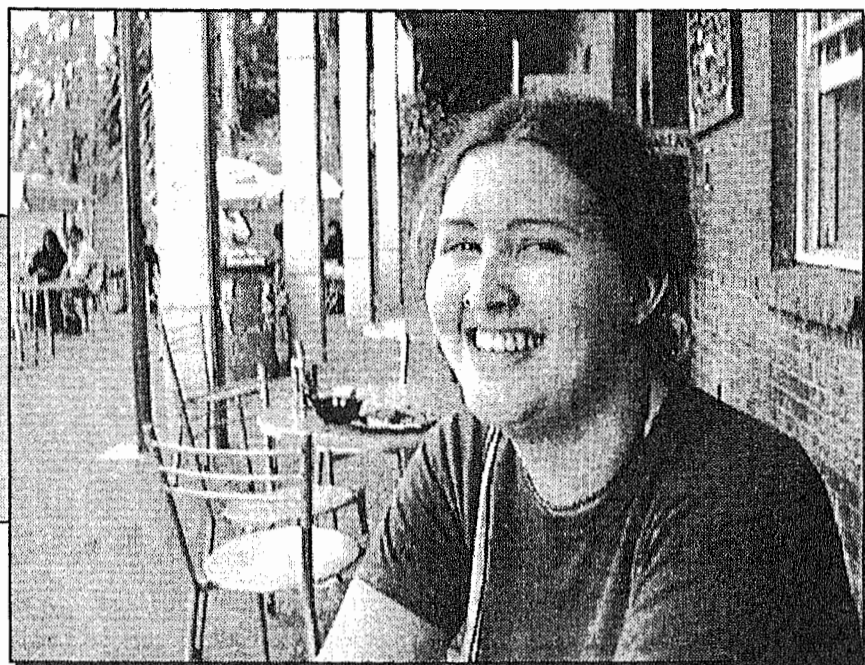
**Kate**

*Smoking and stuff in the Cloisters*

- 1) Answering Vox Pop questions while drunk and then being accused of misogyny later.
- 2) One very bad one with the Vox Pop Chick, who I accused of misquoting me after she Vox Popped me in the UniBar when I was intoxicated. We're still not on speaking terms.
- 3) Omnipresence, so that I could watch over the doings of all Vox Pop editors.



# POP

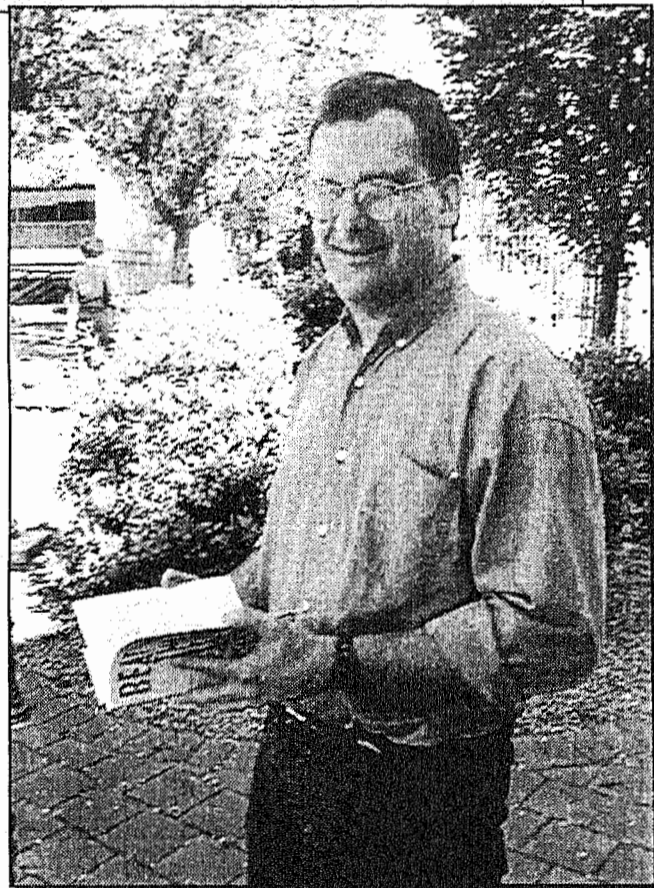


**Kate**  
*A hearty ray of sunshine outside the Wills refectory*  
 1) Being forced to listen to Country and Western music.  
 2) All of them.  
 3) I'd like to be able to fly so that I could travel - the typical little-kid fantasy.



**Isolde**  
*Eating a yiros. Quickly.*  
 1) Not eating for like, 3 hours, that's torture to me. I eat very regularly and quite a lot.  
 2) I don't drink, actually.  
 3) To travel around the world without long plane flights.

**Greg**  
*An almost-fully-qualified psychologist with a book*  
 1) Torture would be emotional, physical or spiritual pain that is inflicted either deliberately or non-deliberately by someone or something else.  
 2) 0%. What do you define as a relationship? Well, maybe 1%.  
 3) Being able to see into people's heads very, very clearly.



**Alix and Pelham**  
*Reclining with popsicles on the Lawns*  
 1) Alix: Britney Spears.  
 Pelham: Buses which play 5AD.  
 2) Pelham: 0%.  
 Alix: It happened once.  
 3) Pelham: I'll take China.  
 Alix: ... Give me the US then.



Sometimes, instead of being creative, I represent the U.N. in the third world.

The latest gripping installment in the Aldo Longobardi saga

# A Breath Mint for your Travels?

On my brief sabbatical sojourn across the border from Adelaide to Melbourne, which I took for three reasons: a) to relieve myself from the mundane nature of Adelaide living; b) to find some new inspiration for living that would at least hold me back from hacking at myself with a blunt razor in a state of severe boredom; and c) to shop at sales, I discovered that I am indeed the most unfortunate person in the world. I found myself unfairly seated next to a Japanese backpacker with an Akubra hat and bad breath for the best part of the 10 hour journey.

The thing about interstate travel is that it is so bloody inconvenient. Firstly air travel, however being the quickest option is the most expensive option, short of hijacking the plane and flying there yourself. For the trip between Adelaide and Melbourne, which only lasts about as long one of the delightful cookery demonstrations by the lovely Belinda on *Better Homes & Gardens* (how annoying is that woman?!), you can expect to pay the equivalent of one night with Demi Moore. You'd be better buying a new suitcase, a few shopping bags of illicit drugs and send yourself on a virtual trip around the world avoiding the need to pack and the crap in-house entertainment.

Train travel should be avoided for two reasons. Firstly, there is usually an abundance of feral

Crows supporters off the "G" for the weekend, getting heavily intoxicated in the bar carriage and scaring you out of your restful slumber by slurring obscenities into your ear and placing an adventurous hand in your crotch. Secondly, the nachos available at the kiosk are not the real guacamole, salsa and sour cream you've come to know and love. Rather the mushy replica contents of two bulk buy plastic bottles labeled "Nachos Topping" are squelched on top of a few stale Doritos and placed in the microwave. After a few moments the supposed nachos come out looking like food often seen in the *Home & Away* diner or more to the point an ex-cast member of *Melrose Place* after a drug overdose and a lethal incident with a Tarmac roller.

You could always drive there yourself (are you mad???) but I chose the Greyhound Pioneer bus service as the cheapest most convenient option. As a means of transport, it was relatively comfy (at least in comparison to going by dodgem car) and despite the bad Steve Martin movie was slightly more enjoyable than a night at the opera. The only thing that got on my nipples was the bad luck at having to sit next to Bad Breath Japanese Guy. He spoke a little English and kept trying to show me his travel journal, which



was very kind. However I all the while trying not to go looked at the hieroglyphics on green by his breath. I don't think the page occasionally nodding he realised I could smell his my head and saying "Mmmm" breath.

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Just about anything will be considered. The submission box is down in the ON DIT office.

Written work will be best received typed and under 1200 words. A name and phone number (not for publication) must be included.



# Alone,

thoughts of you cloud my judgement.  
 I am unable to leave this place  
 of wanting and need and  
 In a dark corner somewhere,  
 Unbeknown to me  
 is my sanity and sense of belonging.  
 I can hardly sleep anymore.  
 Thoughts of you keep my waking mind ticking over.  
 Wherever I look there is a piece of you  
 a memory, a smile  
 And the tears, though nearly ran dry  
 emerge just when I think its okay to forget about you  
 My love, as much as ever,  
 has anchored itself somewhere inside  
 and from my toes up to my eyelashes  
 continues to roam freely... much to my despair.  
 Robbed of my sanity  
 Having experienced the divine  
 I cannot forget your face  
 or your touch.

## ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT SMARTCARD JUST GOT SMARTER

Now Adelaide University students can load funds onto their student card and use the card to purchase goods from selected Coke and Smith's vending machines on campus and around town. The students can also use their student card to pay for photocopying in the library.

Students have known for sometime that their card is smarter than the average student card. As well as using it for ID on campus, Adelaide University students can use their card to borrow books from the library and to gain access to secured areas on campus (where permitted).

What's more, students are able to load money onto their cards at specially provided reload points on campus which they can then use to make purchases at selected retailers both on and off campus such as cafes, dry cleaners, video stores, newsagents and parking stations. The card can even be used to pay for calls at thousands of Telstra Smart Payphones around Australia.

### Follow That Car!

Now your smart student card is the smart way to travel. Adelaide University cards are now accepted for payment in the entire SmartCar fleet. When you need to catch a cab, make sure your card is loaded and call SmartCar instead. You'll ride in comfort and when you get your destination simply pull out your Adelaide University card to pay!

### Less Cards, Less Hassle.

Now that you can use your student card to pay for photocopying, students can now do away with their photocopy card and use their student card to make quick copies. Students will still be able to use up the value on their existing photocopy cards while the older machines are being phased out.

There is now little need to fumble with loose change or worry about having the right amount. Your student card is like a compact, slim-line electronic wallet!

### More Savings.

Some retailers in town who accept the card are now even offering special discounts to students and staff who pay with their Adelaide University card. Use your card to pay at these retailers and save: Centreprint, at 60 Pulberry St, is offering a 10% discount on all printing, colour laser copying and photocopying before 30 November, 1999.

Cardorama, at 117 King William St, is offering a 10% discount on all greeting cards (excluding 'discounted to clear' stock) and 5% off all confectionery \$1 and above.

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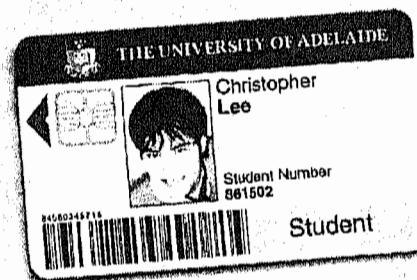
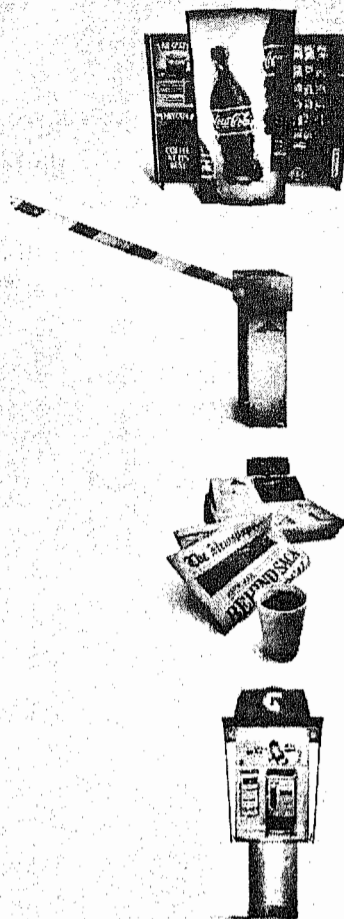
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# ALICE IN WONDERLAND

In Sydney, two groups of friends are celebrating New Years Eve. Best girlfriends, Alice (Naomi Watts), Judy (Claudia Carvan) and Sally (Alice Garner) have big plans, but when the flaky Sally forgets that she can't swim and nearly drowns, their party is over. Across town, Ewan (Tom Long), Neil (Felix Williamson) and Joel (Aaron Jeffery) discover that Joel's wife has found a new lover. Snap. Party over. Over the next year, these six twenty somethings' journey through life, seeking love, success, identity, and ultimately, a sense of fulfilment. Welcome to the next millennium and

Emma-Kate Croghan's second feature, *Strange Planet*.

Belinda Schenk had a recent phone conversation with Alice Garner.



Having also starred in Croghan's debut sensation *Love and Other Catastrophes*, Garner was nothing but enthusiastic about lending her services to *Strange Planet*. "I was very happy to have the opportunity to work with her again. Because I'd worked with her before, and we are friends, I had the opportunity to read the script quite early on in the piece and we agreed that Sally would be quite a good character because she's quite different to Alice, who I played in the first one. It was nice that she gave me the opportunity to try something new". And with such a great script, it's no surprise that she took a break from her PhD (she's looking at a spatial conflict in a tourist resort on the Atlantic Coast) to focus on something different.

"I really enjoyed [the script] and one of the reasons I enjoyed it was the fact that Emma-Kate and (co writer/producer) Stavros (Kazantzidis) asked me over to their house to read the whole script aloud to them and play every character. I found it funny, It made me laugh and it was entertaining".

Sally is a little bit lost in *Strange Planet*. One moment she's popping designer pills, the next she's in a threesome after snorting cocaine in a toilet stall and the next she's snogging another girl. She's certainly representing a large part on Generation X. "I suppose there are more opportunities

for people to experiment in those ways. People have been doing that for a long time, but maybe people are just more up front about it these days and it's part of searching for an identity and trying new things out. Certainly I think that she reflects something that's going on in young people's lives".

Do you think she finds an identity by the end of the film, the thing that all the main characters are searching for? "I think she realises that it's possible to slow down and to be herself occasionally or find some kind of person underneath all the outfits. She realises that she can afford to strip back a bit and reveal something of herself perhaps. She's kind of like a satellite that revolves around (Judy and Alice) and that's perhaps because of the kind of person she is. I'd imagine that she'd be quite unbearable to be with for long periods of time. There's so much un-focused energy coming out of her".

I ask Alice about working with the very talented cast, to her obvious enthusiasm and excitement. "Well it was a great pleasure. I mainly worked with Claudia and Naomi, and the three of us hit it off from the start, which was great because I hadn't worked with either of them before. Claudia and I had been curious about each other since we were kids and it was great to work together and we keep in touch now. There was a film that I was offered a role in after *Monkey*

*Grip* when I was 13 or 14 and my mother (Helen Garner, author of *Monkey Grip*) said that I shouldn't do it because I needed to concentrate on school, and they cast Claudia in that role". What was the film? "*Molly and the Singing Dog*" she laughs, "it was funny because, when I couldn't do it they actually looked for a kid who looked like me, and Claudia showed me some pictures of herself when she was 11 or 12 and we're the spitting image of each other, even though we really don't look alike at all now. It was nice to finally meet".

So, what about pressures at the end of the millennium? Do you think most people are looking to become complete? "Oh, What a quest that is; to become complete. I personally don't know if there is such a thing as becoming complete. Perhaps a lot of people think that becoming complete is finding the other person that's going to compliment you and fill all those holes. That seems to be something that everybody in the film is looking for, and because the film is set between two New Years Eves there's a natural shape to the thing, you would like it to work that way, but in the end, they're all numbers and I don't know wether it all means that much". Garner gets to 'audition fairly regularly' and when asked about the state of the Australian film industry at the present, she sounds a little disheartened, but nevertheless,

optimistic. "I come across a few good scripts, but it's still a very small industry, there aren't many opportunities. I've been working in films for a long time now, but I certainly don't have jobs piled up before me, but I think that there are good things happening, but it would be great if there was more. I guess that now there is a greater range of things being made, from independent low budget stuff, to high-tech special effects stuff in the big studios".

Since *Strange Planet* is set between two New Years Eves, the second being the biggest of them all, I wonder about Garner's own plans for the end of the millennium. "I'm really tempted just to stay home. In fact I've been discussing stocking up on pulses and tinned food and firewood. As far as resolutions, I have had a recent thought and that is to simplify my life and do fewer things, because I tend to spread myself around a bit".

With that said, this Melbourne University student, Xylouris ensemble cello player, French-English translator and one of Australia's most respected young film, television and theatre actresses, hangs up the phone. Maybe for a break. Probably not.

***Strange Planet* is now showing at Palace EastEnd.**



# IT'S ABOUT PAINT

*Siam Sunset*  
Now Showing  
Greater Union and Selected  
Cinemas

Al Clark, the producer of *Siam Sunset* says that the film is about 'a man who has everything. Then he feels that he has nothing. And then he discovers that, really, he has everything'. Right then, I guess that's about it. But if that catchy description is not enough for you, here's what the film is really about.

Linus Roache plays Perry, a charming English paint colour creator whose wife gets crushed by a falling refrigerator. He wins a trip Down Under, and in desperation, comes our way in search of a special colour - Siam Sunset. Along the way, he meets a handful of colourful ocker characters and Grace (Danielle Cormack), a young woman running from her crazy drug dealer ex-boyfriend who is after the money she has stolen.

Directing his first feature film, John Polson (actor from *The Boys*, *Idiot Box*, *The Sum Of Us*) does an admirable job with the irritating screenplay from Andrew Knight and Peter Beilby. There are scenes and circumstances that range from the genuinely funny to the quite poignant, to the downright ridiculous (the last scene really shouldn't be there and when the paint starts mixing itself, you know they've gone too far). The real stand-outs here are Roache (*The Wings Of The Dove*, *Priest*) and Cormack (*Topless Women Talk About their Lives*). He's naturally a charmer, she's spirited and energised and they gel together well. The supporting cast fare a little less well, but only because most of them border on embarrassing Aussie stereotypes. Our humble city gets a look in as well. Fancy a cruise down Hindley Street anyone? You won't after seeing *Siam Sunset*, in fact, you probably won't even want to travel to the middle of the Great Southern Land. Not that *Siam Sunset* is a travel doco. It's an

impressive directorial debut from one of Australia's most consistent actors, but in the end, leaves you feeling a little unsatisfied.

Hannah Belle

Thanks to United International Pictures, *On Dit* has a stack of in season passes for *Siam Sunset* to give away. If you want to see it, come down to the friendly *On Dit* office, sweetly smile and we'll be happy to give you one. Could this competition be any easier? Or are we just too lazy to think of a question to ask? Or is there a catch? Come on down and find out.

## MAGICAL MOVIE MOMENT

The pubic hair on the pizza scene in *She's All That*. Made me wanna puke. nuff said. But then again, it was intended for a Culkin brother, so I understand the motivation.

Ben, Science Student  
(who does not eat pizza any more).



## GO TEAM!

*Olympic Glory*  
Now Showing  
IMAX Adelaide

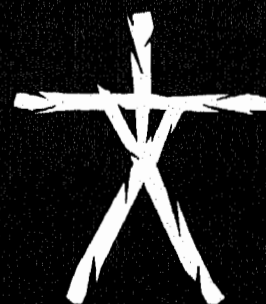
*Olympic Glory*, the first large-format IMAX film about the Olympic Games is now showing to celebrate the fact that it is now only one year before Sydney 2000. Here, we go back to Nagano, Japan, 1998, the last Olympic games of the Millennium.

Written by Booker prize-winner Thomas Keneally (*Schindler's Ark*), narrated by Stacy Keach (*American History X*) and produced by Frank Marshall (*the Indiana Jones trilogy*, *The Colour Purple*, and the upcoming *Snow Falling On Cedars*), *Olympic Glory* is a nice way to kill an hour. While not as spectacular and energised as *Extreme*, or as interesting and educational as *Whales*, it certainly has its moments. Of par-

ticular inspiration is the story of Philip Boit, Kenya's first Winter Olympian. As part of a reciprocal arrangement with Finland, Boit donned his first pair of cross country skis on February 2nd, 1996, walked on snow for the first time the next day and completed his first 10km on skis a day later. In Nagano, he certainly didn't win his race (crashing several times and finishing more than 20 minutes behind the winner), but still vows to be back for the next Winter Olympics. *Olympic Glory* gives us footage of ice hockey, speed skating, ski jumping, figure skating and alpine skiing. I've never been to the Winter Olympics, so can not say how it compares with actually being there, but I would suggest that watching the Olympics at the IMAX is warmer, cheaper, closer and definitely bigger.

In October of 1994, three student filmmakers disappeared in the woods near Burkittsville, Maryland, while shooting a documentary...

A year later their footage was found.



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## YEE HAW

**Wild Wild West**  
Now Showing  
Academy and Selected Cinemas

*Wild Wild West* is shite: pure commercial shite which has the unreal, overly-colourful, digitally-enhanced-studio-backdrop quality of such films as *Men In Black* and *Mars Attacks*. Having said that, however, it also has the same self-deprecating, parodic style of these films, which is one of its saving graces.

I am usually happy to suspend a fair amount of disbelief in the pursuit of entertainment, but I am not prepared to suspend the amounts required to uncritically enjoy *this* film. I just cannot believe that a man, even Kenneth Branagh as a crazed, war-hardened megalomaniac, could survive losing his legs, a spleen, a lung, and (from memory) "35 feet of small intestine". Even more so, I *cannot* believe that such a man, even with the tarantula fascination, could pull those gorgeous exotic foreign chicks. Even more so, I CAN NOT believe that said chicks could *possibly* control complicated munitions operations whilst being half naked in impossibly tight fucking corsets with their powder white boobies spilling over!!! Oh, and for the post-colonial buffs out there, I also cannot believe that a black man, even Will Smith, would be working for the President this soon after the Civil War.

This said, *Wild Wild West* has some genuinely funny moments. Will Smith and Kevin Kline are great comic talents, and deliver

their lines with superb timing and flair. Branagh might have been funny, if his accent were not so out of place (remember how silly Gary Oldman sounded in *The Fifth Element*?) Then again, that might very well be the point. Salma Hayek is gorgeous, yes, but terribly disappointing with a somewhat flat performance.

The sexual humour was obvious, and at times only just managed to remain above the lowest common denominator. The film has quite a few wonderfully subtle jokes and references however, which will keep the more discerning viewer happily amused, but unfortunately most of them were lost on the largely culturally-illiterate audience present at the preview courtesy of SAFM.

Thankfully they save that dreadful song for the closing credits, by which time one is able to escape the cinema! If you must see *Wild Wild West*, it will probably be much better under the influence of drugs!

Jayne Lewis

## AS ALASKAN AS DEAD FISH

**Limbo**  
Now Showing  
Palace Easted Cinemas

If you were stranded on a deserted island, what would you take with you? Your new Calvins? Clean underwear? Your *ABBA GOLD CD*?

If you're the characters in *Limbo*, you don't have much choice. You grab what you can. Or die.

*Limbo* is a beautifully shot, distinctive Alaskan art-piece, an orgy of landscape, colour and haunting music. Those at the Cannes Film Festival 1999 agreed. Acclaimed director, John Sayles is said to be responsible for putting 'American

independent film on the map'. Catch this film and see why. The images captured are like Kodak snaps - glittering shots of the ocean; bloodied fish in tubs of ice; lush, green mountains as a serene, hazy backdrop... it's easy to get carried away.

The film's protagonists make an unlikely trio. Joe (David Strathairn) is a self-sufficient, quiet fisherman with a dark secret (he caused two men to drown). A ditzzy wanna-be singing sensation, Donna (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) is in there too with her bad perm, her voice uncannily like that of Julia Roberts and her teenage daughter Noelle, who cuts herself with razors to gain attention and love.

Donna and Noelle's mother-daughter relationship is most intriguing. Often their roles are reversed as Donna bed-hops her way about the countryside, chasing one gig after another, leaving daughter Noelle to pick up the pieces. It is easy to empathise with Noelle, who has never met her father, has no friends, and now must deal with her mother falling for older man Joe whom she's also smitten with. Life sucks.

The small town they stay in is laidback, fairly tranquil, with colourful characters, plenty of beer, and music you can boot-scoot to. The threesome are thrown into chaos on a boating trip when Joe's half brother's unsavoury past catches up with him and they too

become snared in his cobweb of deceit and greed.

Now on an uninhabited island, they must fend for themselves, fearing for their lives and safety, made to wear shoes constructed from bark and twigs, and live on seaweed and the fish John West rejected. Noelle finds an old diary in a vacated hut they happen upon. The diary entries, read by firelight, are eerily parallel to the accounts of their own lives. It is as though the diary is Noelle's voice telling Donna what a bad mother she is, how abandoned she feels... Or maybe it is her voice. With Joe's help, they are able to survive for weeks on the island, for weeks without *Ally McBeal*, as the sense of foreboding heightens.

Do they get out alive? Do they kill each other first (eg *Lord of the Flies*)? Did someone sneak an *ABBA GOLD CD* into their knapsack and have them play 'Ring, Ring, Ring' one too many times? You'll have to go see for yourself! It is an unusual film, unexpectedly touching and thought-provoking, well worth a 'fair go', though you might find the ending leaves you just as much in limbo as the events that took place before it. And as the credits roll, you may feel somewhat left in the dark, abandoned with one's own thoughts, and a few scraps of soggy popcorn.

Carla Caruso







## ROMANTIC IMPOSSIBILITY

*Besieged*  
Now Showing  
Palace Eastend Cinema

This is a love story, a romance. Capital "R" Romance. What a weird and twisted thing that is. It's a Bernardo Bertolucci film, it's Art. Ditto.

In summary: Shandurai, an African woman played by Thandie Newton (*Beloved, Flirting*), loses her husband to political imprisonment during a coup in her (unnamed) home country. Leaving him imprisoned, she moves to Rome, where she studies medicine and works as a live-in cleaner for Mr. Kinsky, an English man played by David Thewlis (*Divorcing Jack, Naked*).

Mr. Kinsky, a reclusive pianist, develops an obsession for Shandurai, declares his love, discovers she has a husband she is still devoted to, declares he will do anything to make her love him. In hopeless desperation, Shandurai demands to know if he can free her husband. The Romantic Impossibility contract has been entered into.

It's at about this point that you have to decide whether or not you let yourself be swept up into this conceit. I did. I was. I'm a sucker for this stuff.

Both Newton and Thewlis are extremely strong; essential in a char-

acter driven story such as this. The film works well to let us into both sides of their story. The strongest point of this film, though, is the sheer beauty of it. This is where superlatives such as "sumptuous, lush, and stunning" come in handy. This film would easily bear a second viewing for this reason alone. Lots of this film could be hung on your lounge room wall.

The soundtrack works as it is intended to, as a marker of difference between the two characters, and later as an intimation of communication. It is also quite beautiful.

The weakest point, of course, is the dependence on you buying into the tortured artiste romantic mythology. It's melodramatic and twisted, or beautiful and sublime, depending on your point of view. If you're into it, the ending is absolutely perfect.

If you're not, there's a whole hell of a lot of dodgy politics going on that you can entertain yourself with. European civilised man showers African primitive woman with culture, makes her realise the error of her ways.

I'll leave you to decide that one.

Tim Sinclair



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KARVAN

naomi  
WATTS

hugo  
WEAVING

3 girls  
3 guys  
365 days to  
get it together



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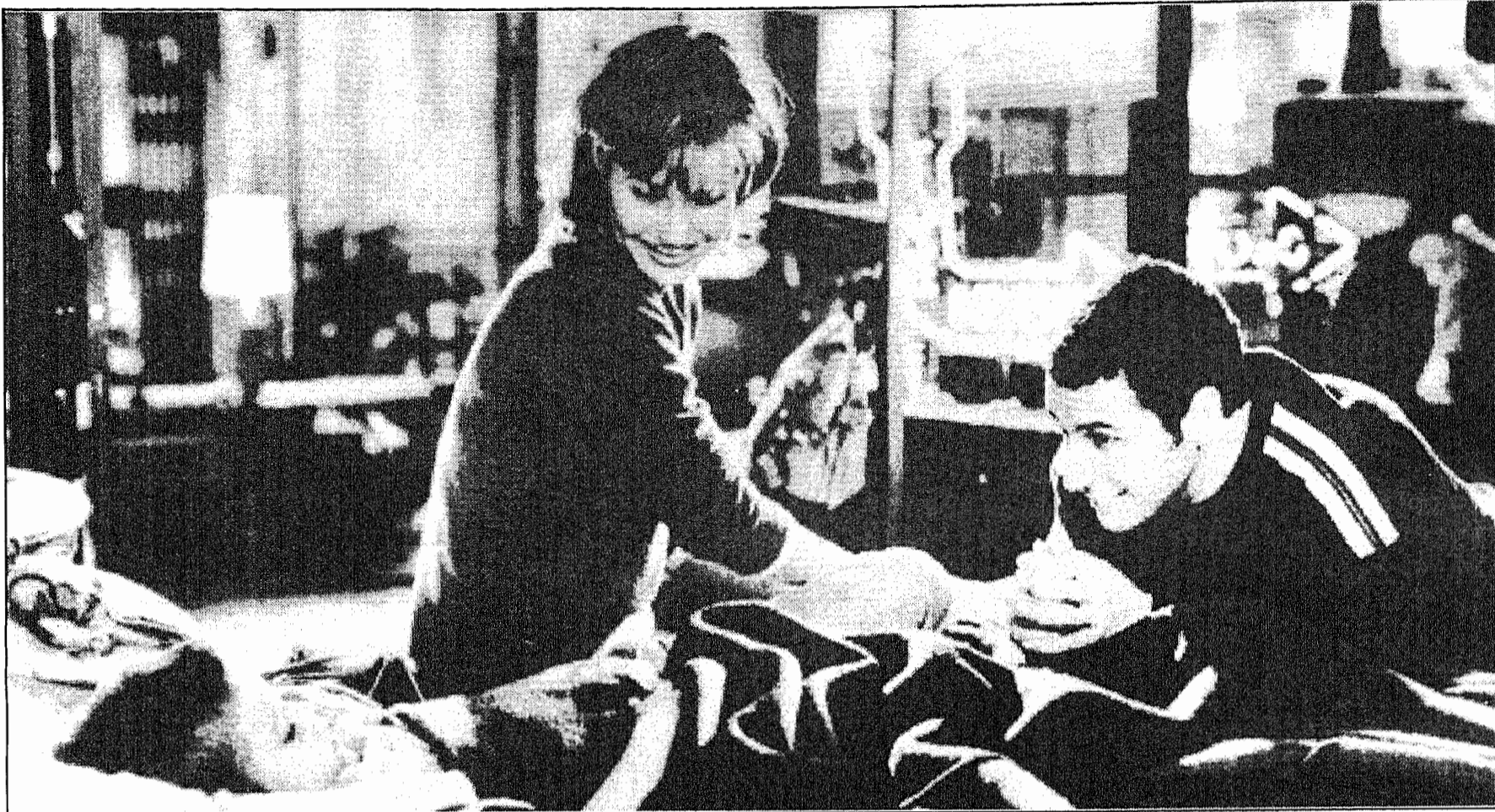
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## SHITLOAD OF PISS

**Big Daddy**  
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I first became aware of the existence of Adam Sandler through *The Wedding Singer*. I quite liked it. I have gone out of my way to see some of his other blockbuster films, including *The Water Boy* and *Happy Gilmore*. I have found *The Wedding Singer* was out of the ordinary for Sandler, whose humour rests on his nice guy character and puerile humour. Well, in *Big Daddy* Sandler continues this theme. Sonny is a nice guy, but incredibly childish and stupid with no particular feelings of responsibility in action or life. He is a law school graduate who has never worked and lives off a large payout for a minor accident he was involved in. His girlfriend is goal oriented and wants a real relationship with someone who is going places.

One morning, after seeing one of his high flying lawyer buddies off on a business trip, he finds a young boy standing outside his buddy's door. The boy has a note addressed to the friend saying that it is his child and that his mother can no longer look after him. Sonny decides that the best thing to do is to not worry his friend

with this news, but to take on the child himself. What a perfect way to show your girlfriend that you are responsible and ready for a serious relationship! There then follows a litany of puerile sight gags and disgusting behaviour. His parenting style is to let the child do whatever the hell he wants as well as teaching the child to trip up roller bladers and piss up against walls. Let's just say this film isn't in the best of taste. Don't let the PG rating fool you, this is not a kids' film. An example of one of the charming one liners is 'That's a shit load of piss'. There were some things that I liked about this film, there were some genuinely funny gags that didn't rely on shock value to make you laugh. There is a custody case at the end that is just hammed up by all characters, but ends up being quite realistic. There is a nice element in his attachment to the boy and the moral tale of unconditional love that parents are supposed to give their children. The film ends as any other Sandler film, with everybody living happily ever after, that is except the "wicked wicked" girlfriend who spurned him for someone who wasn't a complete loser (don't you just love Hollywood justice?). So my suggestion is, if you like more than one Adam Sandler movie, you'll probably like this, if not, give it a big fat miss.

Esther Speight

## FILM SOCIETY SHORTS

**The Thief of Sydney** [12 min, Australian Film Commission, 1984]: A science fiction film made by Toby Zoates which combines animation with live action. Tells the story of an impoverished young man who dreams/fantasises/hallucinates about his adventures in a post-holocaust Sydney of the future, where all is polluted and survival depends upon the theft of oxygen.

**Rat Life and Diet in North America** [16 min, Joyce Wieland, 1968]: A political satire by Canadian 'structuralist' film-maker, Joyce Wieland, in which rats play political prisoners, and cats their captors. The rats escape to Canada and take up organic gardening but the C.I.A. intervenes and Canada is invaded. Made during the flight of Vietnam war draft dodgers across the US-Canada border.

**Tron** [24 min., Walt Disney Productions, 1982]: Condensed version of the feature film in which a computer genius tries to break into the computer system of his unscrupulous former boss and finds himself 'digitized', existing in a realm inside a computer. Pioneering combination of conventionally photographed live action, live action with computer generated backgrounds and wholly computer generated imagery. This short rids us of character development and allows concentration on the action.

**Possibilities of War in the Air** [6 min., Warwick Trading Co., 1910]: This brief drama with a science fiction theme includes some early model work showing bombs being dropped from a dirigible, a failed attempt at an aerial dog fight, and the successful deployment of a guided missile to shoot down the enemy airship, well before these futuristic possibilities became actualities. One of the oldest films shown by the Film Society.

**Flash Gordon: The planet of peril** [21 min., Universal, 1936]: The first of the Flash Gordon serials has Flash in company of Dr. Zharkov and the virginal Dale Arden battling Ming the Merciless whose control over the wild planet Mongo threatens the earth. Flash and Dale encounter Dr. Zharkov and accompany him in his rocketship to Mongo in an attempt to try and prevent what seems to be an impending collision between the two planets. The special effects in this low budget serialization of Flash Gordon comics are woeful and the sets are leftovers from a Mummy film.

**Flash Gordon: Rocketing to earth** [20 min., Universal, 1936]: The final serial has Flash and his friends taking refuge in Zharkov's laboratory and preparing to leave Mongo for earth.

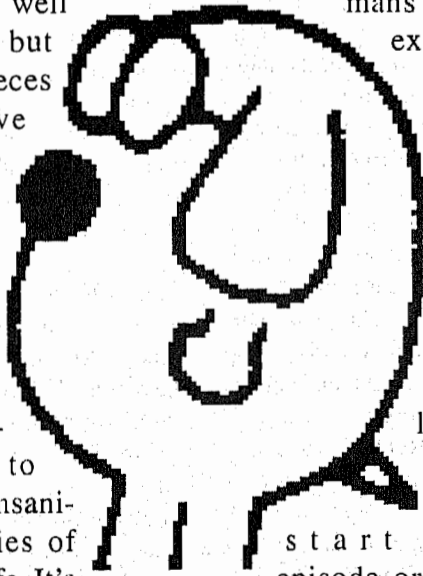
All these shorts will be screening in the Union Cinema 7pm Thursday 14 October. Free for Film Society members, \$3 non-members.



# Engineers do it better ...

What is it with cartoons all of a sudden? Well, less of all of a sudden and more like for the last five or ten years, but you know what I mean. Seems to me you can't turn around these days without running into animation made specifically with adults in mind. Even the traditionally "kiddie" stuff's been affected – think *Pinky and The Brain*.

It all started with *The Simpsons*, as far as I'm concerned. That was certainly the point at which this sort of stuff began to emblazon itself across the popular unconscious, anyway – say what you like about them, but you'd have to admit that *The Simpsons* has had a lingering effect on American television as a whole. Now we have this strange lineage of animation: *Ren and Stimpy*, *Beavis and Butthead*, *King of the Hill*, *South Park*, *Rugrats*, *Daria*, *Dr Katz*, and any number of reasonably unwatchable efforts that generally seem to screen on the ABC. Which brings me to *Dilbert* (Ten, 10pm Thursdays). The comic strip on which the show is based has become something of a phenomenon, particularly in the States, and has made what I can only assume is a fortune for its creator Scott Adams. *Dilbert* the comic strip has never hit the august pages of the 'Tiser, so I'm not terribly well versed with it, but the bits and pieces I've seen I've liked. It concerns the trials and tribulations of an engineer (called Dilbert, in case you hadn't guessed), struggling to come to terms with the insanities and inanities of modern office life. It's



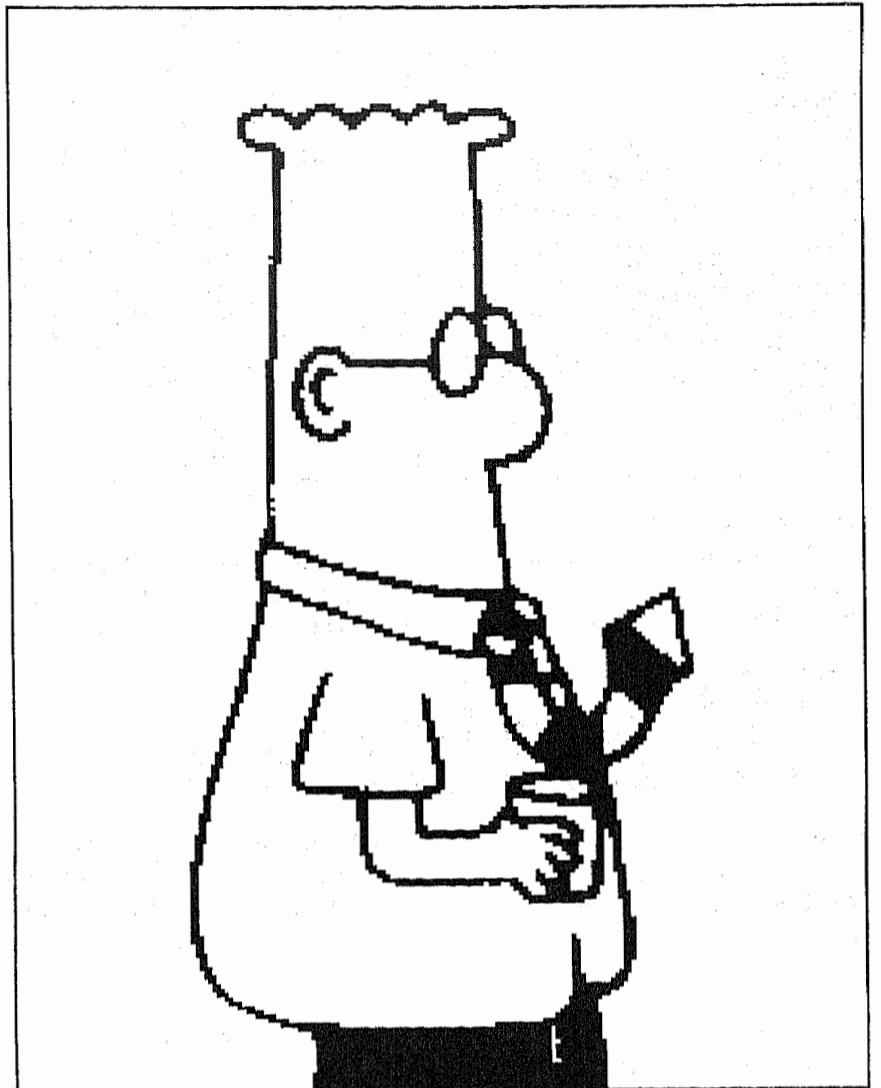
basically designed to appeal to pathetic rat-bastards who spend their lives working in tiny cubicles, staring at a computer screen and waiting for their e-

mail. I'm one of those pathetic rat-bastards, so I find it funny. Oh, and Dilbert has a talking dog called Dogbert. More of which later.

*Dilbert* the show opens with one of the best credit sequences I've seen for a while, but is there anything worthwhile waiting under the initial burst of glitz? The short answer is yes. The style of the comic hasn't been messed with *too* much, although moving from a three-panel comic to half-hour hour animated episodes leads to some inevitable changes. As a result, a concerted effort seems to have been made to make the series "bigger" than the original comic - new locations, the occasional arch enemy for Dilbert, that sort of thing. None of this really distracts from what has always been the driving point of *Dilbert*, though: work is stupid, management are stupider, and there's nothing quite like a bunch of folk standing around a photocopier, waiting for the toner to change itself. Dilbert, Alice (inexplicably voiced by the red-haired woman from *Suddenly Susan*), Wally and the Boss – the main human characters – all have their moments, but the unmistakable star of the show has to be Dogbert. Unprincipled, cynical and a damn sight smarter than the humans around him, he

exists as a Machiavellian figure that both undermines and routinely saves the ultimately hopeless Dilbert. I like him. And he looks nothing like a dog whatsoever.

After a brilliant start with the first episode or two, *Dilbert* at times feels like it might be losing momentum – the strip on which it is based is largely repetitive, and it already feels like the ideas may be drying up. Last



Dilbert: engineers of the world, bow down before the one you serve.

week's episode in particular, involving a jaunt to the "fourth-world" country of Elbonia, felt pretty patchy. Just as I was about to write it off as a dud, though, a really poorly drawn Henry Kissinger turned up, spouting crap. I pissed myself, and the episode was salvaged.

Jeez I like that dog. I mentioned a month or so ago that Tim Ferguson, after his efforts on that Channel 9 debating show was going to have to do something decent soon, or I was going to lose all faith in him. I'm sorta fond of the big doofus – he was part of the Dougs after all. But he seems to be on the high road to televisual hell, and I see nothing in *Unreal TV* (Ten, 6.30pm Sundays) to make me change that opinion.

This show is pure, unmitigated shite. A pointless collage of clips from other shows around the world, we've seen it all before. Japanese torture shows, slightly racy Dutch game shows, weird European variants on the *Can-*

*did Camera* theme ... you know the drill. This sort of drivel has been the stuff of TV filler for years, with the only discernible difference here that Ferguson doesn't use a script. Woo. No autocue. Now that's what I call cutting edge. Yet Ten seem to view it as some kind of Sunday night flagship - Christ only knows what they're thinking.

I can't work out what Ferguson is trying to achieve. He's no imbecile, but the trash he's done over the last few years has been staggering for its lack of quality. In recent interviews he seems more interested in writing and production, so maybe that's the answer. Could be he just can't be arsed, but needs the money. I have no idea, but a bit of speculation never hurt.

Tim Ferguson, my patience has run out. I shall have to concentrate on my unhealthy Dogbert fixation in the future.

Here boy ...

Dale F Adams



# Cult Film



**Varsity Blues**  
1998, Director: Brian Robbins  
CIU  
James Van Der Beek, Jon Voight

When star quarterback Lance Harbor is taken out of the high school season with a knee injury, it is left to the underrated Mox (James Van Der Beek) to fill

Harbor's shoes. Of course, Mox proves everyone wrong and becomes the new hero for a small Texan town. But it's not that easy. Mox has to stand up to the evil Coach Bud Kilmer (Jon Voight) and play football his own way.

I got pretty much what I expected. There are plenty of ridiculous moments. There is the high school teacher who also happens to dance at the local strip club. And then there is Harbor's girlfriend who immediately after her boyfriend's injury, starts making the moves on Mox. Later on she tries again to win him over in an infamous whipped cream bikini scene. There's also the obligatory fat footballer, Billy Bob, who serves as comic relief. He owns a pig called Bacon and eats pancakes and syrup straight from the bottle.

Actually there is quite a bit of promise in this movie, but it never really lives up to it. Only Jon Voight's portrayal of

the single-minded coach was at all impressive, especially towards the end. One feature (without spoiling it) is that they did not go down the obvious path with Billy Bob.

One of the surprises in the film is Mox's little brother, Kyle. He is a religious little freak and starts the movie with a cross on his back. By the end, he has started his own cult. This was actually one of the best moments of *Varsity Blues*.

It helps to like this movie if you are an American football fan. I am a fan myself, and I enjoyed the slow motion packed football scenes somewhat, and you could see that some time was put into developing these scenes.

Sometimes I get in the mood to sit down and watch a dodgy movie. With *Varsity Blues* I got what I expected and perhaps a little more.

Eddie Chan

# Wankers

**Spank!**  
1998, Director: Ernie Clarke  
Roadshow Entertainment  
Vince Poletto

Spank, for those not in the know, is street-talk for 'wanker'. Just ask Tori Dixon-Whittle, star of Adelaide's recent cappuccino comedy. And, if she were to

describe the frothy flick in three words? "Men Being Wankers", she quips.

*Spank!* is the latest on offer from Adelaide's buzzing film industry; an industry, which Tori tells me, is "growing, becoming more confident, and at last, competing on an international level".

*Spank!* is as local as they come." *Spank!*'s writer David Farrell, producer David Lightfoot and director Ernie Clarke are all Adelaide lads, as are the majority of the cast and crew. From the outset, it was determined *Spank!* would be proudly local, and would utilise Adelaide's rich, home grown talent foremost.

*Spank!* is a satire of ethnic culture, but is celebratory in its depiction, not racist. Much of the movie takes place in the latte-sipping, mobile-ringing, ciggie-smoking environs of *the cafe*. We follow meathead Rocky (Vince Poletto), his (mostly mute) sidekicks, and poor Tina and Vinny, in their venture to open a cafe, amid Rundle Street's chaos. With the 'old man's money' and the help of Boyscorp, big shot Rocky is keen to do Business (capital B intended). Rocky is arrogant, offensive, vulgar, equates everything with money, and Nick (Mario Gamma) wants to follow in his footsteps. He just needs the cash flow. (Nick's the character Tori thinks needs most to be spanked!). Nice guy Paulie (Robert Mammone) is the only character, aside from Tina and Vinny, who seems

willing to do any actual work - rather than just talking about it.

Jo (Tori) is sexy as hell in *Spank!* (Can I say that as a female?) With a midriff you could crack walnuts on and designer clothes worn like cling wrap, the screen bubbles with condensation in her wake. (And she looks just as good in real life too - even rain-soaked and in dire need of a nicotine fix. Damn!) The designs she wears are home grown too, she assures me. Much of it designed by local designer (and friend) Chloe, from *The House of Vlad and Kloe* in Unley. Once again, doing SA proud!

Tori says during filming she really did feel "like a blonde female amongst testosterone-filled boys", and that the guys were "exactly like they were on-screen. Mario was his character. He even improvised some scenes... They played up their culture, and they loved it".

Throughout the film, you recognise familiar faces and local haunts. (Could that be Bin 273, the Austral, Scoozis?). You feel kind of proud of the fact that the same place you last downed a latte is now up there on the big screen. As Tori says, "Less people are buying into the quarter-acre block dream, more are buying apartments, and more are likely to get out onto the street, and enjoy cafe dining". *This* is Adelaide.

The film is a light-hearted comedy, some say too over-the-top to be true. I'm not so sure. Take a stroll through the outer suburbs of Adelaide (Campbelltown or Paradise). Get a feel for the cream-brick 'palaces', concrete fountains, palm-trees and hotted-up Minaros that epitomise this film, and taste life imitating art. Fluffy dice included.

As far as I'm concerned, *Spank!* hits the mark. And, resoundingly so.

Carla Caruso

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# Après Shag

**Post Coitum (Animal Triste)**  
1999, Director: **Brigitte Rouan**  
Siren Entertainment  
Brigitte Rouan, Boris Terral

We first see Diane (Brigitte Rouan, who also directed the film) writhing around on her bed in a white slip, listening to a truly cheesy French love song from the early 80s and crying out her lover's name. "Poor bitch", we think to ourselves, "and all this over some guy". But then we see the guy, Emillio (Boris

Terral), and we see how a confident, successful, married publisher in her 40s fell completely in love with this gorgeous creature in his early to mid 20s. But this is what love is like, isn't it? When we are in love, all those stupid songs begin to take on a new meaning. When we are in love, we do seem to float down the street on a little white cloud (as Diane does after meeting Emillio). When we are in love, we grin stupidly at everyone else - a grin that makes sense only to those who are

similarly afflicted. And love can do stupid shit to you when it is unrequited, and especially after the object of your love is gone.

Diane's demise will only seem undignified to those who have never been in love. Those of us who know the pain of losing a lover, and the humiliation of still wanting someone so much that it makes you physically ill will view *Post Coitum* as a sympathetic portrayal of a woman scorned. One week Emillio is throwing Diane passionately

onto the bonnet of a car stopped at traffic lights; the next week he does not want to know her. Diane's pain makes sense to anyone who has had their heart broken, and the ending will, no doubt, enliven and uplift even the most broken hearted.

Jayne Lewis



# Avec Cauldron

**Practical Magic**  
1998, Director: **Griffin Dunne**  
Roadshow Entertainment  
Sandra Bullock, Nicole Kidman and Aidan Quinn

Well you could have guessed it - yet another film where boy meets girl, boy likes girl and finally boy gets girl. *Practical Magic* is just that, if you throw in a couple of spells, a cauldron and one hell of a curse. The drama, suspense (?) and soundtrack all create a film which can be watched over and over again.

For 200 years, the Owen women were used as scapegoats. Starring Sandra Bullock as Sally and Nicole Kidman as Gillian, these two sisters are granted

special powers by their ancestor Maria. Along with the powers, however, Gillian and Sally were put under the spell of the Owen family - any man who falls in love with an Owen woman will meet an untimely death. As children, they grow closer and with time Sally swears never to fall in love, while Gillian considers it an adventure. Destined never to fall in love, due to a spell she cast as a child, Sally's aunts summon a man who becomes Sally's husband and later a father to two daughters. As the curse takes its course (?!?), Sally's husband dies and she is left alone to cope with the "mess". Meanwhile love struck Gillian is living her life to the max until she runs into

trouble while trying to escape her boyfriend. In short, a death, exorcism and extensive appearances of Aidan Quinn easily satisfied my viewing expectations.

The soundtrack consists mostly of Top 40 tracks but also traditional music, creating a mood of romance and mystery. *Practical Magic* is truly a viewing, which invoked deeply felt emotion on my behalf (although this may not appeal to all). It would appeal to those of you who enjoy romance at its best as well as a dash of humour. I would recommend

this film to the young at heart, or even those who want to relive the adventure of finding true love. Lastly, my advice to you is just as Sally says, "Always throw spilt salt over your shoulder.... Plant Rosemary for luck and fall in love whenever you can."

Elena Coccetti



# Bad People

**Apt Pupil**  
1998, Director: **Bryan Singer**  
Sir Ian McKellen, Brad Renfro

Set in 1984, *Apt Pupil* is the story of Todd Bowden, a 16 year-old boy who, while studying about World War II at school, deduces that one of his neighbours is actually a Nazi war criminal. Arthur Dekker is in fact Kurt Dussander, Commander of a concentration camp that slaughtered thousands of Jews during the war. Todd threatens to expose Dussander unless he tells him of his life as a Nazi. Not wanting to get caught, Dussander agrees and the two form a tense friendship. After a few months, Todd, having nightmares about the stories that he's been told, chooses to lose contact with Dussander. However, Dussander threatens Todd- if Dussander is ever caught, he'll implicate Todd who would, therefore, be guilty of harbouring a known war criminal. The tables are turned and it is now actually Dussander who is in control.

Based on a short story in Stephen King's 1982 book *Different Seasons*, *Apt Pupil* comes from the same novella that produced both *Stand By Me* and *The Shawshank Redemption*. While *Apt Pupil* is a relatively realistic movie, it does not hit the same mark that either of the

other two movies did. Both of the main characters are bad people. Dussander is obviously the villain, as an unrepentant Nazi, but Todd is not much better in the way that he freely manipulates people for his own end. That aside, Sir Ian McKellen (*Gods & Monsters*) and Brad Renfro (*Sleepers*) both put in strong performances as the main characters, and McKellen's impressive German accent almost has you believing he is a Nazi.

Well directed by Bryan Singer (*The Usual Suspects*), *Apt Pupil* maintains the tension as you wonder who's going to get caught. While not for everybody (particularly cat-lovers), *Apt Pupil* is a good movie that will have you thinking about just how freaky your neighbours could be.

On a side note for movie buffs, *Apt Pupil* was almost made in the late 80's with Ricky Schroeder (of *NYPD Blue*) tipped to play the role of Todd Bowden.

Eoin McEvoy

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## I Gotta Naughty Hobbit



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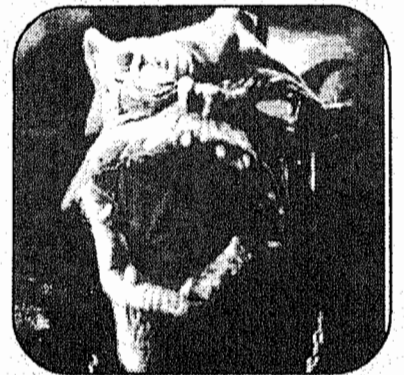
It's no small feat to attempt a dramatic representation of ar-

guably this century's most influential book. *The Hobbit* holds a unique place in the psyche of adults and children alike. The mythically gargantuan figures of Smaug, Gollum, Trolls and various Goblins have teased the imaginations of a generation. The mighty little hobbit, Bilbo Baggins, and his dwarvish friends stand as a marked symbol of the opportunity at the start of all of our lives. Infants only in stature these characters are nonetheless monumental achievements in legend. What Christine Anketell's ambitious and impressive production fails to do is impress the audience with this sense of maturity, complexity and intelligence. What is a narrative about exploration,

investigation and the primal emotions of the soul becomes secondary to the annoying preoccupation with "getting home in time for tea". As such this production of *The Hobbit* is perfect for the under 14 audience. The kids on opening night were "umming" and "ahhhing" and there was even a "Look out Bilbo" from a scared kid up the back. There were plenty of adults at the premiere and thankfully they had left their USS Enterprise uniforms home. Lacking the morbid and intricate horrors of Middle Earth this production barely makes it past the pantomime stage. The Battle of the Five Armies consisted of several men waving material on flag poles. It reminded me somewhat of the Marryatville 1994 Rock'n'Roll Eisteddford entry. I

don't want to sound like the play was bad. It was anything but bad. The puppeteers were flawless in their art and the puppets themselves were exquisitely magnificent. If you are over 18 and you want to go then I would stongly suggest some form of hallucinogenic or psychotropic substance.

*Anthony Paxton*



## A r t s                      O n

If the plethora of media releases that are filling the pigeonhole at the moment are to be believed, then Adelaide has recaptured its status as arts capital of Australia. Opera, ballet, contemporary visual arts, community theatre... more culture than you can poke a stick at.

Participation seems to be the main game at the moment, with no fewer than five organisations looking for South Australian performers and artists to be part of a variety of events. The Artery Party, billed as 'South Australia's largest youth arts event', is back in February 2000, offering a kind of pre-Festival festival, and the organisers are looking for a designer. If you're interested, under 26, and keen to work on the overall image and promotional materials for an event like this, call Artery at the Odeon

Theatre on 8364 2626.

The Fringe is also looking for folk who want to be part of an innovative new program called *Fresh Bait*. Visual artists, bands, comedians, dance, theatre and any and every other kind of art are needed for performances in the Lion Theatre, Bar and Courtyard for fifteen nights over the course of the Fringe. Give Anne-Marie Peard a call on 8231 7760, or email [program@adelaidefringe.com.au](mailto:program@adelaidefringe.com.au).

Next up is Adelaide's newest festival, something called *The Festival of One*. Essentially a series of one-person plays, it'll be happening at the Bakehouse Theatre, in Angus street, over November and December. The organisers are looking for actors and directors with suitable plays, in any language, to take part in what promises to be a great avenue for local artists to get their work performed. To be a part of it, call The Bakehouse on 8227 0505.

If dance is more your thing, and even if you've had no previous experience, Leigh Warren and Dancers are offering courses in contact improvisation, on Tuesday nights and contemporary dance, on Thursday nights, over seven weeks, starting October 26. Leigh Warren himself will be leading the improvisation class, with LWD star Rachel Jenson taking the contemporary one. Call 8212 5660 to book or to get more information.

The Adelaide Theatre Guild is celebrated its 60th birthday last year, and to commemorate the event, a new book is being published on the Guild's history. If you're a past member of the Guild, or know someone who is, the author, Kerrie Round, would love to hear from you. Call her at the Guild's office on 8303 5999.

Other things coming up over the next few weeks include the State Opera's season of *Madame*

*Butterfly* (October 23 to November 4), the Theatre Guild's latest, *Road*, written by local Adelaide duo Andy Packer and Brant Eustice, the *Express Youth Art Exhibition*, opening on October 16 at Parade Central, and the excellent new production *Superbia*.

Put together by some of Adelaide's best young artists, including Tobin Lush, David Ross and Kathryn Sproul, *Superbia* addresses some of the stereotypical issues surrounding the way the outer suburbs are perceived. Developed from a concept out of the Hackham West Community Centre, it's become a community wide event. *Superbia* runs from October 13 to 16 at the Hackham West Community Centre, then moves to Theatre 62 from 21 to 23 November. To book, call the Community Centre on 8384 1065 or call Theatre 63 on 8443 6200.



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Led by: Professor Peter Hannaford

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Areas of research include the study of ultracold, laser cooled molecules.

Collaborating laboratories: California Institute of Technology (Caltech), Pasadena (USA) and the European Laboratory for Non Linear Spectroscopy (LENS), Florence (Italy).

For further information: Professor Peter Hannaford  
Tel: (03) 9214 5685 Email: [phannaford@swin.edu.au](mailto:phannaford@swin.edu.au)

### ■ Excimer Laser Micromachining

Led by: Assoc. Professor Erol Harvey

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Collaborating laboratories: Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine, London and the Rutherford Appleton Laboratory, Oxford (UK).

For further information: Assoc. Professor Erol Harvey  
Tel: (03) 9214 5111 Email: [eharvey@swin.edu.au](mailto:eharvey@swin.edu.au)

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Led by: Professor Richard Silberstein

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For further information: Professor Richard Silberstein  
Tel: (03) 9214 8273 Email: [rsilberstein@bsi.swin.edu.au](mailto:rsilberstein@bsi.swin.edu.au)

### ■ Social Sciences

Led by: Professor Terry Burke

Areas of particular interest in the Institute for Social Research include health and well-being, cities and housing, citizenship, communications and media.

Collaborating groups: Trinity College, Dublin (Ireland), Simon Fraser University (Canada), the University of Birmingham (UK) and Princeton University (USA).

For further information: Professor Terry Burke  
Tel: (03) 9214 8109 Email: [tburke@swin.edu.au](mailto:tburke@swin.edu.au)

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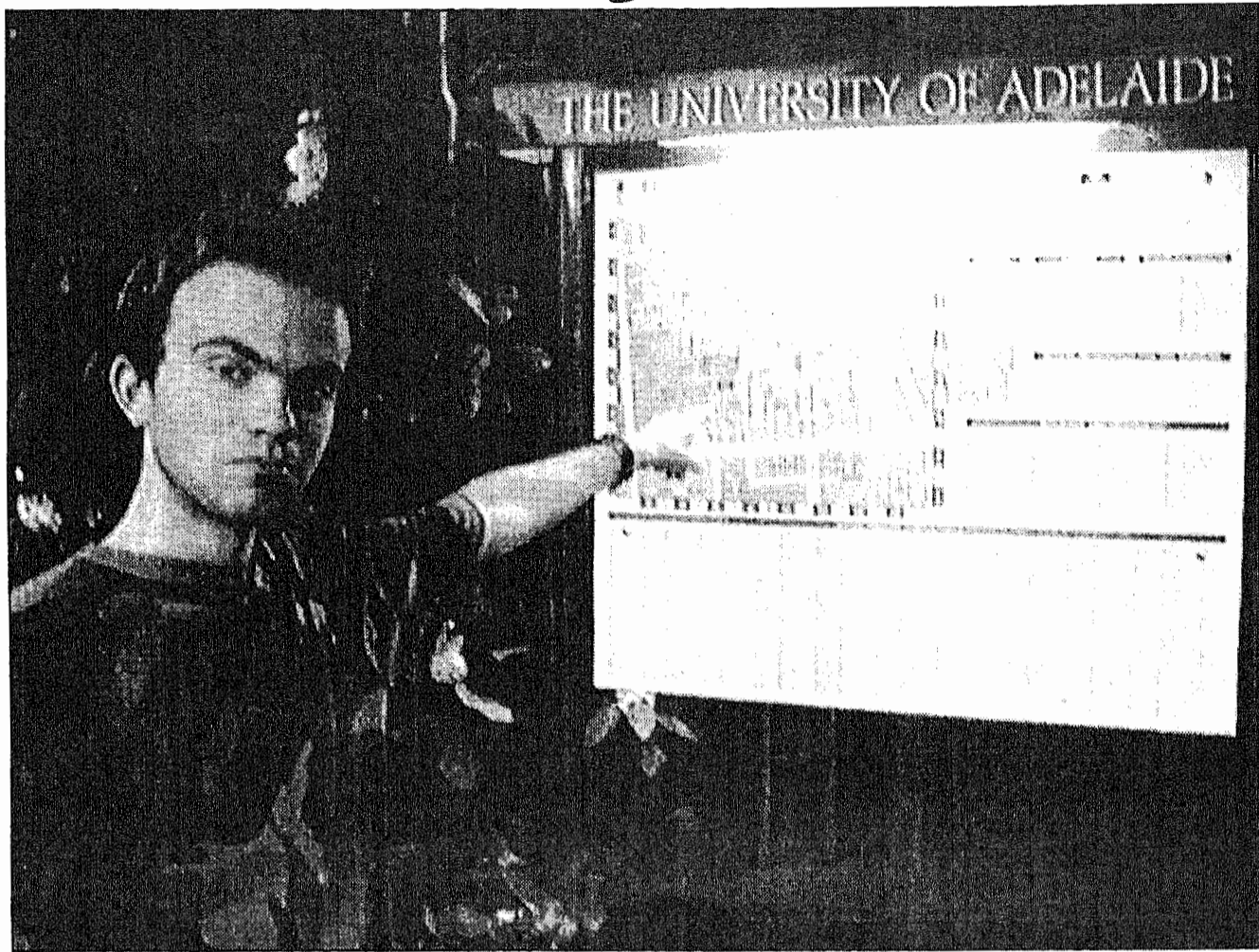
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# Diary of an Australian



"WE LAND AT THE UNIVERSITY BRIDGE AT DAWN, THEN MOVE ON THE MITCHELL BUILDING" ASSERTS GENERAL LINLEY MASCULINI

Well, I guess most of you have been following the recent events in East Timor with at least mild interest, so you'll have a basic understanding of what's going on over there and maybe also what's happening back here. Large parts of the media seem to have gone all-out in their support for Australia's actions. Leftists who have been spending the last twenty years telling the Australian government to do something about Timor have changed their minds and started denouncing our involvement as a tool of the United States capitalist multinational bourgeois conspiracy, or something. And John Howard is just starting to realise that spending half a billion dollars on sending a heap of troops into another country is going to eat small holes in his government's next budget (I wonder if overseas military interventions are GST-liable?)

Much of the media focus on this event has been of the "big-picture" variety, so in the interests of providing the *On Dit* readership with a more intimate

and personal understanding of events we have managed to sneak one of our Wayward sub-eds, disguised as a soldier, into a military convoy heading North. Here follows his record of events:

## DAY ONE

We were supposed to travel by submarine and make a nighttime aquatic landing on the shores of a militia-held beach somewhere near the border with West Timor, but on the way to pick us up our submarine collided tragically with a small piece of floating kelp (possibly sent by the Indonesian navy) and is expected to need several weeks of expensive repairs. Instead we travelled on the Australian military's largest and most powerful troop carrier, the recently-converted-from-civilian-use *Fairstar the Funship*. Which isn't quite as much fun now that the swimming pools have been replaced by missile batteries (although I had a little bit of fun shooting down an albatross for

good luck).

Unfortunately we didn't pass over any equators, so we missed out on the quaint sailor initiation rituals. But they promised to make a special detour on the way back.

## DAY TWO

On arrival we were given a book called *The United Nations Rules of Engagement* which, in only three hundred and eighty pages, gives us a summary of the conditions under which we are legally allowed to shoot back when people are trying to kill us. Unfortunately we don't get to wear those spiffy baby blue UN peacekeeper helmets (I think baby blue really brings out the colour of my eyes) or drive around in UN Landrovers patronising the local populace. Oh well, maybe if East Timor turns into another Vietnam and the conflict drags on until 2010...

## DAY THREE

Actually, I don't think it would

be so bad if it did. The kids really need something to rebel against these days, and, if you're looking for something to rebel against, conscription is one of the biggies (I wonder if the draft would be equal-opportunity these days?) And if we had another Vietnam the 60s might happen all over again, which would be good because I always did feel a bit bitter about being born in 1979 and missing out on that whole crazy drug-fucked anti-authority free love thing.

Today we just walked around in the jungle and fed vegemite to some refugees.

## DAY FOUR

Today we road-tested one of Australia's fantastic new weapons in the international war against dictatorship and oppression, the Collins-Class Tank. We had some trouble starting it up, but after I hotwired the ignition it worked fine. Until we ran over a pointy rock somewhere in the jungle and got a puncture, causing the left tread to deflate. Since the spare tread was flat (and, anyway, the jack wasn't working) we had to hitch back to Dili with a bunch of heavily armed but polite young men in the back of a ute. Thanks, guys.

## DAY FIVE

Today we spent some more time walking around in the jungle. Christ, for such a little island there's a hell of a lot of jungle on this place.

## DAY SIX

We've set a new record for the Timor conflict! Yes, it's been almost 24 hours since our Foreign Minister has seriously embarrassed Australia in front of the rest of the world or put his foot in or around his mouth or, indeed, any other bodily orifice (although god only knows what goes on after lights out in the Downer household). Another day of this and we'll set a new

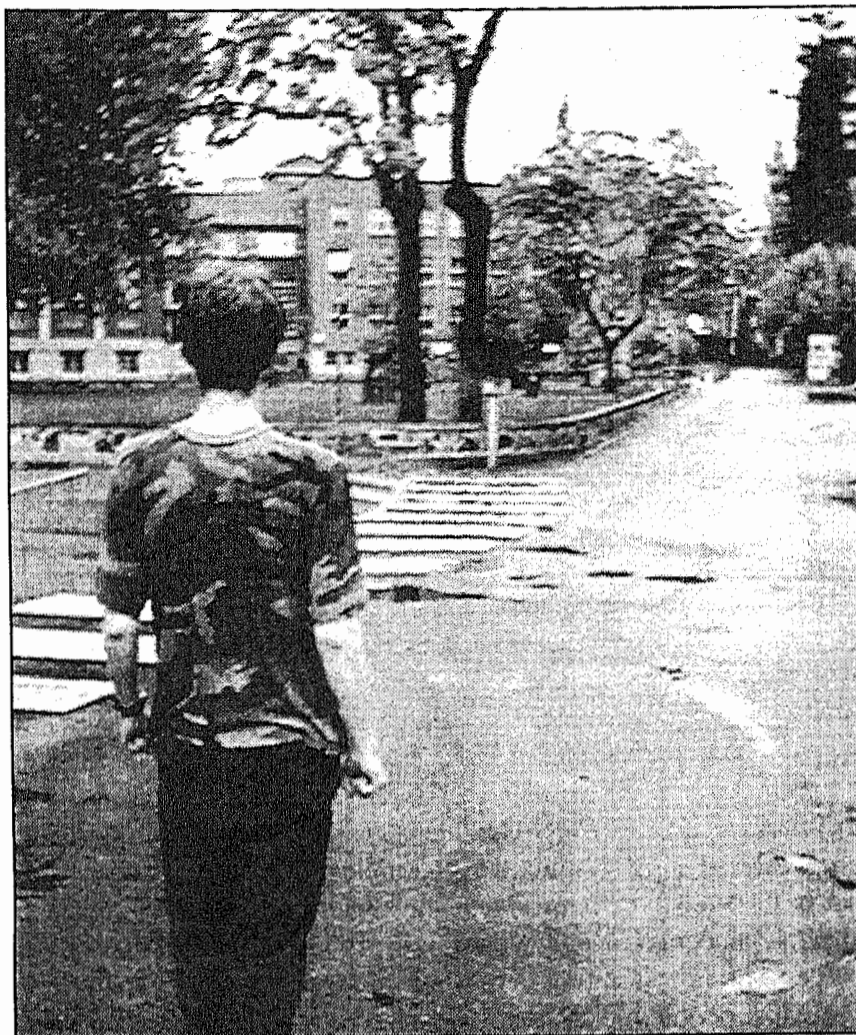


# Soldier in East Timor

record for the whole of the current administration.

## DAY NINE

At last, some real action! After a short firefight we captured an anti-independence militia stronghold somewhere deep in the jungle. These guys must have been stealing stuff from the Indonesians as well as from the other Timorese, because alongside the looted lounge furniture and washing machines of Dili they had a whole stockpile of Indonesian weapons, Indonesian supplies and Indonesian military uniforms. We also captured the local militia leader, a rather unsavoury character. He is believed responsible for uncountable atrocities against both pro-independence guerillas and civilian refugees, so we took away his gun and gave him a really stern talking to before we let him go. That'll teach him to break the Geneva Convention!



## DAY SEVEN

Today we mistook an American civilian airliner for an Indonesian warplane and shot it down. D'oh! But we got on the phone to the US straight away, and they say this kind of thing happens all the time. They're jetting in a few CIA people to plant Semtex in the debris and blame it on Islamic terrorists or some other bunch of foreign wackos.

## DAY EIGHT

We're moving out. Our leaders have decided that our front line's current rate of advance (about 20cm every six hours, less on weekends and public holidays) is too slow, so we're going to march into the jungle until we find someone to shoot at. Sounds like fun to me.

...more updates as events occur...

**THE UNIVERSITY IS CONSIDERING ENGAGING UN TROOPS TO MONITOR NEXT YEAR'S STUDENT ELECTION**



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# MELBOURNE



# Puppy Love



*much to Tristian's perpetual disgust, James Herriot's tastes ran more towards piggy love*

One thing I really love about people is how easily they allow their rampant pheromones to impede their otherwise normal thought processes (Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hard On syndrome). You see it in so many instances; drunk, sober, stoned and straight people still manage to sacrifice themselves and their connection to logic when they get that nasty longing in the loins. Most people make fools of themselves, some allow themselves to be screwed around and a fair portion end up scaring off whoever it is that's making their pituitary gland go psycho. All of them need help.

Take the drunk first year who has enough Dutch courage to make William Jefferson Clinton look chilled. They go to the bar and slur their way from lass to lass receiving a constant stream of turned shoulders and nasty looks. To the independent observer there is no doubt that this guy is quickly making even engineers look good; and if he's interested in salvaging any skerrick of pride or chance of picking up in future then he should retire immediately. However, in the mind of the wee lad it's an entirely different scenario. According to him, he's got all these gorgeous chicks who are just five minutes of charming conversation away from ripping off his clothes and banging him black and blue. This will not be a proud night for the young man in question - even worse, if he keeps drinking and eventually does take something home then the longer he drinks the worse the take away. Hormones and logic are rarely a double feature.

Then we get the puppy love situ-

ation. This condition is sometimes referred to as 'cock struck,' 'infatuation' or 'blind love.' It usually involves lots of sighing and regularly ends up with the sigher in tears. This is where your normal personal criteria are thrown completely out the window (i.e. he's so superficial, BUT...she's a crazy woman, BUT...he's an absolute prick, BUT...) and replaced with an idyllic perception of the object of your affections that automatically forgives anything they do. Ivan Milat's girlie was once heard remarking that by wearing those back packs in such a provocative way then they were really just asking for it. This state of mind often leads to masochistic tendencies where the hormo-

nally affected party happily sits through emotional turmoil and physical pain while constantly hoping that their selfless sacrifice will convince their intended to love them back - yup, we all love a martyr. Martyrdom is often the precursor to an even more evil force - the one sided relationship. This is one of the greater displays of human patheticness where the affected party is so mentally dependent on the approval of the other person that they will all but defecate on themselves in the hope it might impress. Then when they get told that nothing's going to happen they complain about how much effort they've put into the relationship only to have the other person come back with, "Relationship? Exactly when did we have a relationship?" And as your mother used to say, "It's all good fun 'til someone gets their one-sided relationship poked out" Then comes the confessions. When the hormones get busy, some people develop a Catholic streak and feel compelled to spill out their deepest secrets to their intended lovee. Logic tells us that if someone unexpectedly begins describing in graphic detail what they would like to do to you while strapped and chained to a bench

then you will feel a bit freaked and probably never look at that person again in the same way (unless you're a pissed 1st year who's lookin' for some snookin'). Regardless of what your friends or head tell you, you still manage to pick the worst possible course of action given the situation and destroy any and all chance of gettin' what you were after. You know, you could have just said "You're pretty funky" but instead you chose to wade in with something a bit Hannibal Lecter-esque like "I can smell your e... e...ear."

I don't know why people do it. I don't know exactly how we can fix it. But at the end of the day we have a nasty social problem, the only hope for which is early intervention. Getting kids in primary school to listen to Chef CD's or tracks from Quincy McLean and the Smooth Bastards will show them how to eloquently express their hormonal urges, release their tension and not subject themselves or others to the horrors that inevitably follow the emotionally fucked up. Mind you, if a big black man asked me to lick his salty chocolate balls then I'd certainly ask for the kids menu.

Michael Hicks

# WORLDSEND

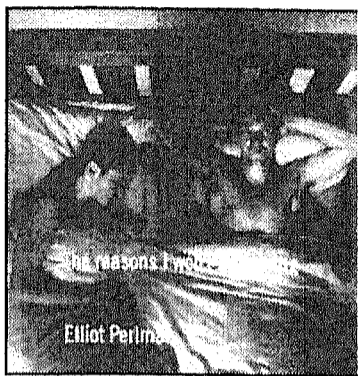
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## that's rude



**The Reasons I Won't  
Be Coming**  
Elliot Perlman  
Picador

From the award-winning author of *Three Dollars*, Melbourne writer Elliot Perlman brings us *The Reasons I Won't Be Coming*, a collection of honest and thoughtful short stories. From the very subtle title piece, to the highlight of the collection, the highly sympathetic *Spitlanic's Last Year*, Perlman engages in the sort of energised writing that makes you want to read further. For example: *Spitlanic lay in the hospital bed. It was night now and the reassuring sounds of human activity were scarce. All visitors had come and gone. Even the night nurse had said*

*goodnight to him. The next time he would speak to anyone would be in the morning when they woke him to prepare him for surgery.*

Try stopping after that!

Perlman won the age Short Story Competition for the title story in 1994. *The Reasons I Won't Be Coming* is a story of a relationship breakdown and he notices of what is not said and done, rather than what is. His rare perception is a major highlight.

Not that these two stories are the only ones worth reading. Also of note are *In The Time Of The Dinosaur*, a com-

ing of age piece told through the eyes of a child, and *Good Morning, Again* a tale of the complications of a having a new lover. *I haven't slept but when she wakes up I'll have to continue the date as though I had slept - part lover, part waiter, part Tonight Show host.*

Overall, this collection is full of surprises. Sometimes heartbreaking, often witty, and always intelligent, Perlman has created an elegant and sincere work that shows him to be a writer of much talent.

Belinda Schenk

## sweaty pocket protector



**Love Bytes**  
Charles Searby  
Allen and Unwin

with pocket-protectors, and that communicating electronically is never as good as the real thing. He then goes on to 'prove' his hypothesis by screwing up several friendships and potential relationships, and generally behaving in a very Neanderthal manner, then finally settling down with a nice girl who he didn't meet through the Internet. Bravo, Charles.

His experiences are categorised into searching for Friendship, Love and Sex. With Friendship, he meets Sally, a devastatingly attractive brunette. They get along like the proverbial house on fire, and she impulsively jumps on a plane to spend a week with him in Melbourne. Charles proceeds

to get extremely uptight about everything to do with this visit and basically acts like a bit of a killjoy the whole time. With Love, he meets Juliette, a devastatingly attractive redhead, via a Chat channel called Cybersex. He is very attracted to her, but can't shrug the notion that meeting through the Internet is on par with meeting your spouse at the Desperate and Dateless Ball. With Sex, he meets married couple Phillip and Jane, who are swingers interested in a third party for sex so that Phillip can watch Jane with another man. Jane is a devastatingly attractive blonde nymphomaniac, and Charles leads them both on to the point where they arrange a time and place for their romp, and then cancels via email the next day. There are just so many things

fundamentally wrong with this book and this man, that I'm not entirely sure where to start. Charles Searby seems desperate to ally himself with an outdated image of the Australian male as someone who would rather chew their own arm off than talk about emotions and commitment. His reminiscences reek of rugby sweat and spilt beer. He lets rip with some gargantuan social faux pas (such as 'I guess I'd forgotten the Global Village is not wholly made up of monogamous heterosexuals' - well, der), some glaring misrepresentations of the Internet and its content, and some incredibly clumsy socio-

cultural commentary. He really did meet some genuinely interesting people - from what I could gather, despite his terribly wooden dialogue that made everyone sound like a cross between newsreader Mary Kostakidis and Dean from the Curiosity Show - but just couldn't cope with the idea of how he had met them. It's been a long time since a bit of trivial fluff like this has elicited so many gasps of offence and disbelief from me: read it only to pick out the hundred-and-one crap jokes and smug one-liners.

Alethea Reid

## North Terrace

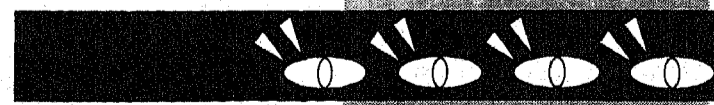
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# Tex and Thugs and Rock'n'Roll

On Dit roving reporter Tim Kentish catches up with Ken Gormley from The Cruel Sea

Hanging around the office waiting for a phone call for an interview is never fun, and it gets a bit tedious when the caller is running late. And Ken Gormley, bass player from the Cruel Sea was running late. I get the feeling though, that after I'd finished with him he was running even later - and through no fault of mine. Ken tells great, long stories, so rather than interject myself into this article, I've selected three classic anecdotes and extracted them verbatim (minus the odd um, ah and you know) for your enjoyment.

## THE "IT WON'T LAST" FILM CLIP

Describe it? It's a down market piss-take of the Saturday morning video hits boy band genre - it's cheap as chips Cruel Sea one afternoon hamming it up...

We were looking for something to have fun with and I was watching video hits and I thought - this is downright pornographic - it's pre-pubescent pornography, its like formulised, ritualised sexual fantasy - all these boy bands things. I just jotted it all down - creamy slacks, slow motion, clutching of hearts, outstretched hands, staring at the sky, rooftops, limos, beach. Easy. Walk in the park - love it.

Videos are kind of a necessary evil - they're just completely disposable - incredibly short lifespan. I think the ethic of spending big money on videos is out the door and I think videos themselves are just about on the way out as well - so make them cheap and make them laugh you know, and just have fun.

## TOUR STORY

We don't usually dine out on war stories, because some day when I'm an old man I'll go through my old tour itineraries and just try and digest it all, make sense of it all....

I do remember one tour we were on, touring in Europe, on an almighty drive from Madrid to Lisbon. Our bus driver was this English git, whose birthday it was, and he was sort of having a nervous breakdown at the same time, so he got absolutely pissed out of his mind the night before and was driving around in circles in Madrid, with the door open, foaming at the mouth from the night before, having a nervous breakdown. So the following day he drove all the way with the biggest hangover. We stopped somewhere in Portugal at a service station, and he got in the bus and thought, alright, well since nobody's here - he just assumed we'd all got on the bus and because nobody got on the bus - if there had have been one person on the bus they would have said "HEY", whereas there's only one person on the fucking bus. Because there's nobody on the bus he got it into his hung-over mind that we were all on the bus and he just left us stranded there. We had no passports, no money, we didn't even have shoes on, you know, we didn't have an escudo between us and he drove, like four hours to Lisbon, got to the hotel and you know, bursting with this hangover



and got in there, and there was nobody there. And we tried to get onto the Portuguese telephone directory to, you know, try to link up with the local promoter to tell him what was going on - and we didn't know what was going on because this guy was so insane, so out there that we just thought he'd disappeared, or you know, ploughed into some school children, or ran off a cliff, or that he hated us. So we spent like ten hours in this Portuguese service station, running late for a gig.



## FOOTBALL

I'm from Sydney, I grew up as a bum sniffer, and I follow the Cronulla Sharks, which is sort of the equivalent of following, maybe Fitzroy if they were around - never won a premiership. I just went out to the stadium on the weekend and saw my dreams shattered once again, opening up a deep, deep old wound (Cronulla had lost to the Melbourne Storm). But my girlfriend's from Melbourne - her and a lot of homesick ex-pats used to take us to see the Swans in the early nineties and we all grew to it. The first time I saw a guy running down the wing put a thirty yard chest mark on a guy and then he just turned around and threaded it from the pocket, I just thought, "This is incredible" and I sort followed the Swans for all of the nineties really, and was there when they had their moments of glory. I was there at the great game, you know when Plugger kicked the goal to put us into the Grand Final and twenty seconds after the bell I was, you know, out on the SGC, like and I was so choked up from ... my voice was so gone, that I started to get the gag, and I was like spewing on the SCG. And, you know, the full moon was there, clocks struck zero, the ball was in the air, the siren was gone - you know, it was just a great moment in sport, and I thought - I'm a Swans fan, I'm in, I don't care - they can wear frocks for all I care.

The Cruel Sea are currently touring extensively to anywhere with a room that pays. Their best of album is out and is good. There should be a new album sometime next year. Ken tells good stories. What more can I say?

## The Cruel Sea The Most Festival

I think I can assume here that you know who the Cruel Sea are and know their songs. This is the perfect album for people like me - if you've always sort of liked the Cruel Sea when you hear them on the radio, but never bothered to buy an album. then buy the best of collection, because all of the best songs (and instrumentals) are on here and it makes the perfect soundtrack for a lazy summer Sunday afternoon BBQ. So if you like lazy Sunday afternoon BBQ's then this album is just right. If you don't like Sunday afternoon BBQ's then what sort of Aussie are you?

Tim Kentish



# Music Under the Stars

Regurgitator  
Custard  
Resin Dogs  
Adelaide Uni Cloisters  
September 24th

This was the perfect middle of the break. What better venue than the Cloisters and what better live acts? Doors opened at 7pm and the crowd was very quickly engrossed with the antics of Resin Dogs. The energy of the gig opening was frenetic and the Dogs earn't quite a few fans that night with their exploratory voyage into the world of electro/rock. Under a beautiful clear sky Custard walked out to the mournful mid-west twang of a forlorn guitar. This was characteristic of most of *Lovearama's* laid back material including "I Feel Like RINGO" and "Monkey". Every now and then Custard really connected with the audience. "Music is Crap" and "Apartment" were particular favourites, but this bond didn't happen enough.

At the end of the night we were faced with the much anticipated band of the millennium - Regurgitator. The Gurge gave always been known for their energetic and skillful musicianship and this gig was no exception. From "Kung Fu Sing" to "(Song Formerly Known As)", Regurgitator took us on a tour of perfect Australian 90s pop. If anyone walked away from this performance disappointed then they didn't deserve the tickets. I don't know much but I know that Regurgitator are arguably the hottest live act that this country can boast.

Congratulations to all involved with the running and planning of the show. To have two of Australia's great bands and an amazing new talent all in one night (under the stars) is too close to heaven.

## Ricky Martin She's All I Ever Had Columbia

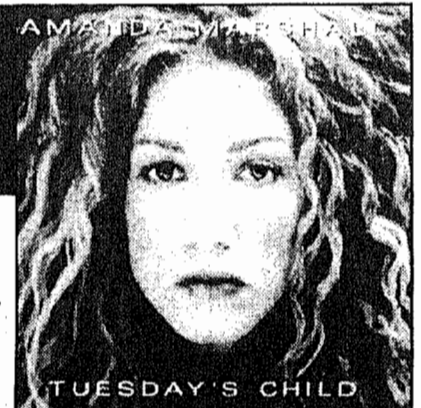


Ricky should stick to what he does best and that's undress. Imagine a really lame song that plays over and over again with just different musical beats and versions. Believe me when I say that nothing and no amount of different versions can disguise the banality of this song. His previous album had a lot of power, and Latin American energy. It was exciting and vibrant. A lot of the appeal was that the music was so

culturally different. This is like Ricky goes to Washington. Ricky fans will be disappointed with this latest offering.

Sonja Lowen

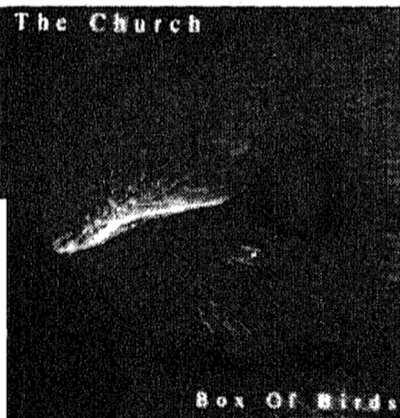
## Amanda Marshall Tuesday's Child Epic



Marshall has a strong and husky voice which is pleasant and relaxing to listen to but the songs to some extent let her voice down. Unfortunately they are a bit dull and there is no original spark to make this album stand out. The exception to this is probably the song "Give Up Giving In" which has a very relaxing melody and sincere, tender lyrics. There are plenty of songs about love, attraction and lost love and by the end of the album you feel as though you have heard it all before.

Catherine Evans

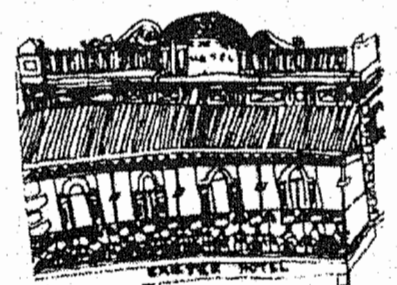
## The Church Box of Birds Festival



After nearly 20 years, over a dozen albums and numerous tours around the world, one should let these guys off for doing a cover album. Recorded in rural Sweden, *Box Of Birds* is an album featuring ten interpretations of some of The Church's all time faves. The Church give these songs a new slant, infusing them with their own inimitable sound. Featured is a rendition of George Harrison's "It's all too much," its staying power as a pop/rock number confirmed in The Church's capable hands.

Neil Young's "Cortez the Killer" and David Bowie's "All the young dudes" are also amongst the songs which undergo Churchification. The bands' dreamy sound can be very trying on this album, and approaches being rather sparse more than anything else. The lengths of the individual songs are the major contributors to this problem, ranging from about 6-10 minutes each. Each instrumental component of the band rarely meshes with the others. I liken the sound of each song to stretched stadium rock tracks, slightly disguised by throbbing keyboard tones. The potential of this album has been, in my opinion, largely unrealised. 'Tis unfortunate for these stayers, as this could have been their swansong, their salute to the rock world.

Erik Brasse



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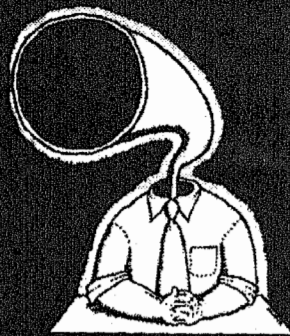
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Welcome back from your holidays. We hope they were good. We went up to Port Broughton and caught a few tonne of whiting. No kidding. We ate 'em all. Geez it was good. We still feel sick.

So what's happening Student Radio style? Well might you ask. That LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LIONS ARTS BAR thing is still happening. This SATURDAY night's cocktail features the fruity mix of JUST CORDIAL with a nip of WONDERLAND all shaken up with a lot of RASH. It'll put hairs on your chest. In coming weeks bands such as PHAT ALBERT, PORNLAND and REVOLVAR will be playing. Put this together with the Happy Hour between 9 and 10 PM with \$1.00 Coopers Beer and \$3.50 Base spirits and you have one heck of a night out. Yee Hah.

So what's happening on the radio? Well on MONDAY night tune in to hear the dubious meanderings of dubious individuals on CRUD RADIO at 10 PM. Featuring what's hot and what's not in the world of Crud, tune in for the chance to win a FREE PIZZA thanks to Marcellinas. On TUESDAY night listen in at 10 PM for REQUESTED BY US. Punk, punk, punk. And on SATURDAY, if you're not at the band thingy tune in and hear two new shows; HERESY at 10 PM and CONTRAST AND CONTRADICTION at 12 AM. Good.

This week on LOCAL NOISE we have the inexplicable talents of PLASTICINE from that convict port of Sydney. They were in town a couple of weeks ago and were nice enough to come in and play some of their rock 'n' roll music. Tune in and hear them play their J's 'Hit Single' "Evil Knevil" this TUESDAY the 12th of OCTOBER at 9 PM on Student Radio 5UV 531 AM. Good onya, sport!

**Peter Adams**  
**Christian Haebich**  
Voted 'Men of the Next Millennium' 1999

# Without



## Stereophonics pick a part that's new

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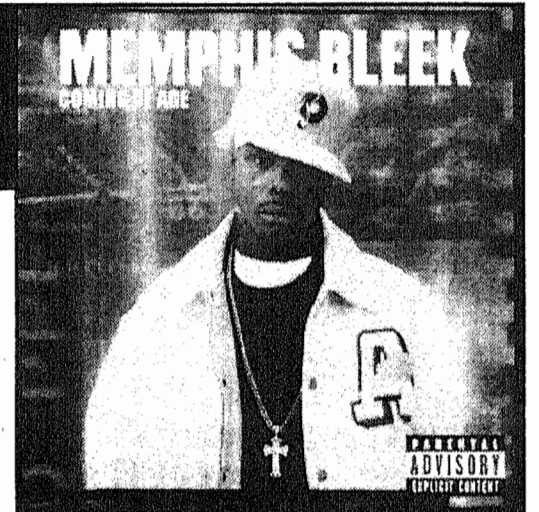
This catchy ditty has been infectious since the first time it was played on the J's. Following on from their list of catchy chart shakers "pick a part that's new" is brilliantly crafted. There's even an acoustic version of the single on this six track EP. As for the b-sides only "in my day" stands out as palatable. The cover of Bob Dylan's "positively 4th street" is definitively woeful and the cover of Nirvana's "something in the way" is positively pretentious. If you are going to cover something so seminal then at

least have something new to say. Buy this EP if you like the band because it's got some excellent work that you won't want to miss. Isn't it lucky that CD players have programmers?

Anthony Paxton

## Memphis Bleek Coming of Age

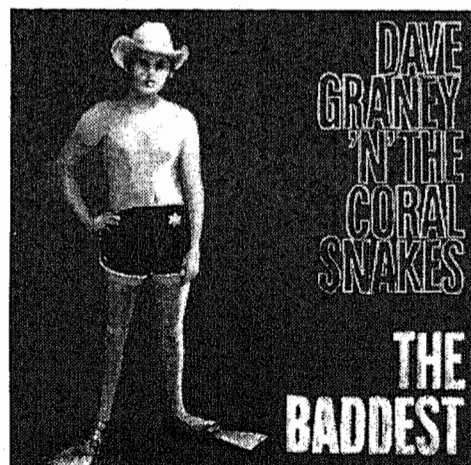
Roc-A-Fella Records/Def Jam



Monsieur Bleek's frenetic energy and boisterous rhyming drag along this smokin', bullet ridden '88 Buick of a Hip Hop record, through some projects/ghettos somewhere in New Jersey (though Bleek is obviously well-travelled, having visited Memphis at some stage in his career...).

Problematically, after listening to a half-dozen insensitive tracks about the ghetto Negroes' lament, about dealing crack, smokin' weed and smokin' brothers, I found myself really not caring one teeny bit about this fool who glorifies the shit. His macho little tales are often told from an autobiographical angle, always full of negativity and little hope. Hip Hop has often been defended from critics as being honest, and addressing sensitive issues in an uncompromising fashion. Yet I found Bleek to be very hypocritical indeed in this sense. I'm not very well versed in hip hop and its cultural significance, which may be obvious to the hip hop initiate. I would like, then, to take this opportunity to invite others to reply to *On Dit* if they disagree with my comments or would like to discuss musical matters further. And hey, if the eds like this idea and you music lovers out there show sufficient interest, it could even become an ongoing thing. (ed. mmm? sure)

Erik Brasse



## Dave Graney 'n' the Coral Snakes THE BADDEST

Grudge

This retrospective covering the Coral Snakes years (from about 1990 to 97) couldn't be called "Greatest Hits", Dave Graney not being a hits kinda guy. On the other hand, there are some well-loved radio songs here particularly "Rock'n'roll is where I hide" and "Night of the Wolverine", which I think are two of the outstanding songs by Australian bands of the 90s. These stand among 14 other tracks which Dave and Clare selected as the highlights of the albums, the most recent three being the best represented.

The quality of the songs is consistently high, demonstrating a musical genius which you will already be aware of if you have listened to any of the better albums. But if you think that now that there is a compilation release, it's the obvious Dave Graney album to buy, you'd be wrong. The original albums (especially *The Soft'n'Sexy Sound*) sound just as good, and just as consistent as *The Baddest*. But now I have two different versions of Dave Graney

## Delerium Silence (single)

f1

The usual deal: dance beat, 'haunting' vocal, 3 versions - nothing special.

pleasure in my CD collection: the albums are compact explorations each of some particular musical style, while *The Baddest* is therefore a varied mixture which displays the considerable chronological development of the band. Sometimes it rocks, sometimes it is groovy, even loungy. Sometimes ironic, sometimes intimate, the lyrics are always worth listening to.



# Rhyme or Reason

Travis  
The Man Who  
Sony



Who exactly are Travis, you may be wondering? Well, Travis (a four piece formed in 1996) are "the cutest, Scottishest, indie band in the world" according to *Just Seventeen Magazine*. Well, I don't care much for the rest of the band, but the drummer is certainly a looker. It's a shame that his playing left little impression on me. Well, enough wondering what might have been. Psychology students may be interested to note that the CD's title was inspired by the book *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat* by Oliver Sacks. The band (on their website) also cite literary influences from Burroughs to Vonnegut, and along with dedicating the album to Stanley Kubrick (that's right guys, get in early now) it is probably for these reasons that some have described them as "cerebral art-school rockers". This tag, I feel, is as inappropriate and misrepresentative of the band's music as the "cute indie band" description above. So are Travis a boy band who play guitars? A bunch of weird noisicians taking over where DNA left off? Well, they're neither. Travis sound closest to Radiohead, particularly in the vocal department (Radiohead/Beck/Pavement producer/engineer Nigel Godrich even mans the faders on this album), with a bit of James and Oasis thrown in there. {For more on the Oasis connection, see the review for the single "Writing to Reach You"}

Following the opener "WTRY", the second track, "The Fear", is an immediate standout. It has an ambience that sets it apart from the other more standard pop tracks like "Why Does it Always Rain On Me?". "As You Are" is another nice offering, it reminded me of what Grant Lee Buffalo might sound like if they were from the UK. It even has a tasty guitar solo of sorts which are rare things these days, but the noisy moments let it down in my opinion. Why do so many bands feel they have to lay on the fuzzy guitars come the chorus? It's becoming too formulaic in my opinion.

The more upbeat "Driftwood" is supposed to be the next single, but to me it is nothing special compared to "Luv" which is a much better song, and coincidentally it is here where the similarities between singer Fran Healy and Thom Yorke are most apparent. Healy's lyrics are impressive and he certainly delivers them with passion, however he never quite seems to reach the lofty heights and vulnerability that are to be found in Yorke's voice.

The inclusion of a (not so) secret track at the end of the disc annoyed me. Again, it's becoming the standard thing to do. In the old days we had to speed through 20 minutes of silence before WC came to the closing jam/noise-fest/experimental pop thingy, and here it's barely ten minutes. Anyway, as the album's gloomiest, rockiest (?) track it is probably the best moment here. On the whole, *The Man Who* is quite an introspective album, one that you would want to enjoy alone in a comfy home environment rather than cranked at a party.

The critical cynic in me desperately wants to write off Travis as a watered down Radiohead and say that if you liked *The Bends* and *O.K Computer* but were frightened/put off by those albums' darker moments, then *The Man Who* would probably be more your cup of tea. Don't get me wrong, I am by no means insinuating that this is a bad thing. On the other hand, if somebody has got to be the token mood band of the moment, then I wouldn't really mind if it was these guys.

dan V



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# THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS FREEDOM OF INFORMATION



cares... bad example. I want to know who really shot JFK. I want to know if William Henry Gates III (Hah!) is really Montgomery Burns in disguise. I want to know if Elvis is really dead. I want to know whether John Howard actually thinks he's doing a good job of running the country. I want to know what's going on in Area 51. And I want to know now.

But those are the Big Questions. Even Paul Davies himself wouldn't be able to crack them any time soon. In this difficult "sans-Ferrari" period that I'm going through, I'm left to ponder the simple matters - like why the Yahoo search engine reports several hundred thousand matches for the concatenation of "wishful" and "thinking" but nothing when I string together such simple words as "free" and "Ferrari" (well, nothing that's had the desired result at any rate).

When desktop publishing hit the mainstream, lots of people complained that the overall quality of the print media would decline and lo, did the masses rush to their DTP programs and spew forth garbage. The underlying principle: if you got enough monkeys typing on typewriters, you'd end up with Shakespeare one of these days. Replace monkeys with humans (Don't let that Darwin guy fool you, monkeys evolved because they couldn't get all four limbs around a keyboard) and typewriters with DTP. Et Voila, as the French are wont to say. Problem is, "where should we put all the garbage?" and hence someone created the Internet. (Don't let my blatant disrespect for facts throw you. History is for losers and, like I said before, research is for other people who have to prove you wrong).

As it is with all things new and improved, there came lots of new phrases and catcheries. Unfortunately, "Freedom of Information" was one of them. Somebody had this notion that

if, technically, everyone could access the Internet and it isn't owned by anyone, then the Internet and everything in it is a free-for-all. Great. Except for The Law. And limited bandwidth, slow connection speeds, lack of storage space (up until only recently, my own (ad-free) web site was limited to a pitiful 0.5Mb), copyright, downtime, software complexity, standards, congestion, expensive hardware, access fees, taxes, hackers, censorship, rights, economics, pornography, encryption and that little man called Bill. And Marc. And Steve and Larry, etc. (If you know the surnames to these people mentioned thus far, you deserve a prize. But you're not going to get one. Can you say "Ferrari"? No, I don't think I could let there be more than two paragraphs without the word Ferrari in it).

So much for information being free then, eh?

There are several ways to explain this phenomenon. But most of the time, it boils down to the fact that humans are inherently greedy and possessive of their information. There's probably a psychological term for this, but I refer to it as the "I've got a secret" syndrome. If it's a secret, then it's gotta be worth having, right? So obviously there is some value associated with this secret. Free isn't a value, it's a concept. Just like "nothing" is only an absence of "something". Sorta like the situation with my brain after a lecture, really.

Well, that's it for this week. If you were looking for a satisfying conclusion, which ties up all the ideas that I've presented in one neat bundle, then write your own. Better still, attach a better argument to it and submit it as next week's On Di[sk] article. After all, if I can do it, then so can a million monkeys with typewriters. Get to it then, or else you won't get your banana...

PhaseThree

<phasethree@iname.com>

Until somebody buys me one of those computers that the US Government is using to do their nuclear testing, a T1 connection to the Internet and a Ferrari (optional), I refuse to believe that there is such a thing as Freedom of Information. Even *On Dit*, the last bastion of every student's right to free speech, resembles a bundle of soggy toilet paper whenever it rains. Where's <http://www.ondit.com.au>? (Yeah, yeah... I know *On Dit* has a web site - <http://www.student.adelaide.edu.au/~ondit> for those of you who didn't already know - but it only lends more weight to my argument, wee small thing that it is)

Freedom of Information is when I can wake up and read that the whole Faculty of Arts has been burned down (Hey, this \*is\* the computer section after all... trekkies, X-Philes, geeks, nerds, engineers, (etc...)) and people who don't refer to the Internet as "Cyberspace" only. All you arty farty types can go and complain to your "Computer Literacy" lecturers about "those technocratic elitists" while we piss ourselves laughing all the way into the new millennium). OK, so no one

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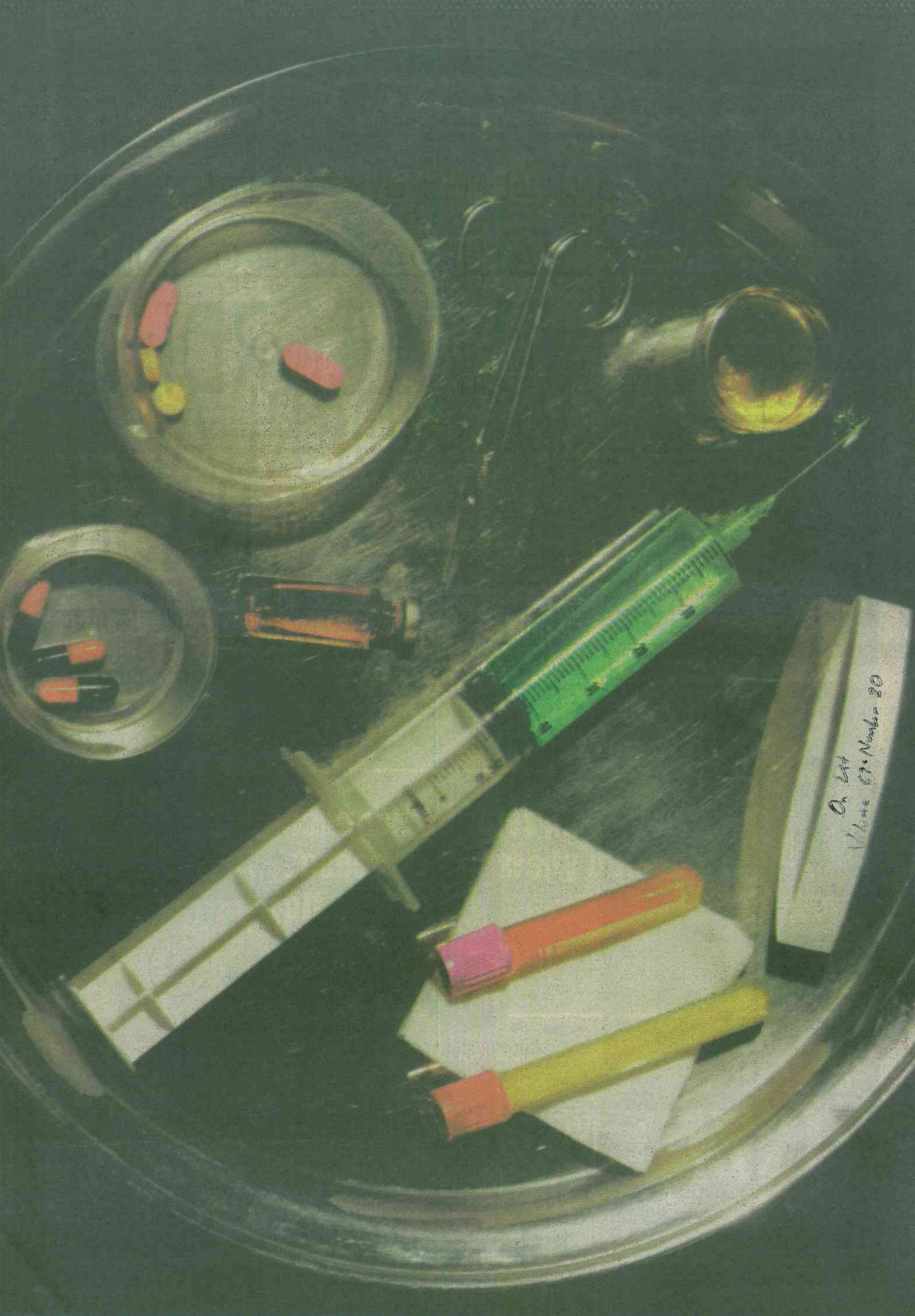
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