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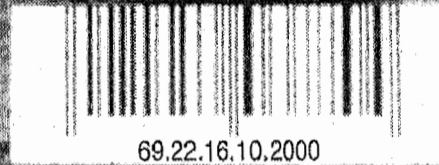
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EDITORIAL

Approaching, as we are, the end of the academic year, one could be forgiven for thinking that Orientation Week 2001 couldn't be further away. One would be wrong.

Last week's edition of *On Dit* contained an advertisement calling for applications for the 2001 Orientation Week Directors, and these will be decided at a SAUA Council meeting this Wednesday night. In addition to this, the Orientation Coordinator, together with other SAUA Office Bearers and staff members, has already been working towards next year's Orientation for some weeks.

You may think that it is nice to see work already being done, but the sad fact of the matter is that it is already too little too late. It is a simple truth that Orientation as an event has now reached the stage that it is far too significant a commercial event to be treated in the arbitrary, ad hoc fashion it has in the past. If the Students' Association is truly serious about implementing sensible risk treatment strategies, then the structure of Orientation, surely the SAUA's greatest financial risk for the year, must change.

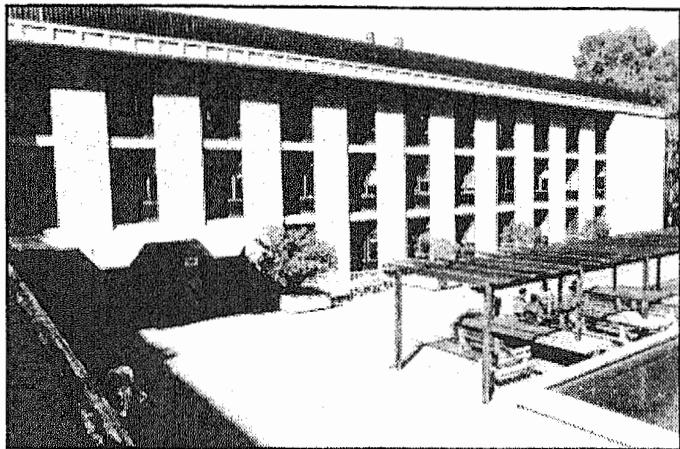
The first step in this endeavour must be the redefinition of the role of the Orientation Coordinator. The present electoral process leaves the SAUA unable to fill the position any earlier than September, which is far too late in the year to concentrate on the acquisition of the substantial sponsorship fundamental to running Orientation at a profit, regardless of the quality of the candidate filling the position. Seeking the sponsorship dollar after it has flown is self-defeating and, ultimately, unprofessional. Allied to this cloudy scenario is the present ill-defined nature of the role of the ACVP within Orientation, which also must be confronted.

The position of Orientation Coordinator must be removed from the electoral process as soon as possible. Whilst perhaps not worthy of full-time status twelve months a year, someone must fill the role at least partially for most of the year, with an early appointment being absolutely essential. How the Coordinator would be appointed is admittedly problematic: SAUA Council should make this type of decision, but the intrinsically political nature of that body may lead to factionalism dominating the appointment to too great a degree. This matter should be addressed urgently in any Organisational Review the Students' Association undertakes in the future.

The time for a full and frank review into and restructure of Orientation has come. Until this is done, the danger of another disastrous Orientation, plunging the SAUA even further into debt, is simply too large.

Law Review Fallout

By Stephen Mullighan



Last week, the Law Review Committee visited the Nth Tce campus to gather more information for its final report into the School. On Thursday afternoon the Committee met with students in order to gather feedback from students on aspects of the school students like and dislike, and on Friday afternoon a forum was held in which the Committee discussed their preliminary findings.

In introducing their recommendations, the Committee highlighted the challenges which face higher education provision, and noted that the University has for the most part failed to meet those challenges successfully in the Law School. Furthermore, they felt that there was a widening gap between the University's Law School and those of other Group of 8 Universities. Overall, it has been found that the Law School has performed poorly, although there have been some good individual performances within the School.

The first group of recommendations centred on the provision of the degree by the University, specifically in reference to students undertaking the mandatory double degree. The high TER scores for a reserved place in the Law School conflicts with the low entry score for first-year students who have already begun another degree. The recommendation here is to use matriculation scores from secondary school to qualify a student for entrance into the Law School, with secondary entry procedures to ensure equity in access to the School, and to ensure that quotas are met as well. There should also be a provision for a 'stand alone' LLB, so that student do not necessarily have to study another degree. For double degree students, they should still study one year of their other degree before beginning Law. These recommendations are to ensure that the University becomes more flexible in offering the LLB.

The second group of recommendations focussed on teaching and research standards. These specific recommendations would ensure that the quality of teaching is monitored through the introduction of better Quality Assurance schemes, the provision of assistance to all teaching staff to ensure a high standard of teaching, and incentives through

awards and promotions. Research is to be similarly encouraged, with assistance to be provided to younger members of staff in order to gain access to grants schemes, and students to be encouraged to take up doctoral studies. There is also to be the introduction of supervisory guidelines, to ensure that both doctoral student performance and overall grant performance is increased. Teaching and learning, curriculum development, and assessment were covered by the next set of recommendations. The Committee stressed the importance of reviewing the 'mixed format' method of teaching, as the difference between lectures and seminars was becoming blurred, as shown by the high number of students complaining about seminars 'being like extra lectures'. There should be more interaction with students, both in foundation subjects and also for electives. The Legal Skills subject came in for a fair amount of criticism in the meeting with students and the Committee, and this was reflected in the recommendations. The area should be revisited, as the lack of advocacy training in the current curriculum also led the Committee to propose that organised moots form part of students' assessment, as well as research. These could both form an alternate means of assessment to examinations. Further on curriculum development was the concentration on the Schools recent 'semesterisation' of subjects, as well as the confusion that surrounds electives. Semester subjects should not necessarily revert to being full-year, yet these subjects should be reviewed to ensure quality and content of teaching is not being compromised. Electives must be prioritised in terms of the immediate relevance of what is being taught, and the process for studying them clarified and simplified. The dual honours system was also questioned by the Committee, who found it at times both confusing and misleading. It needs to be able to be compared to other honours systems, sufficient resources must be supplied to it, and its length should also be reviewed. The School's involvement with the legal profession has been one of the more contentious issues surrounding it for the last year. After the seemingly unex-

plained - and certainly unresolved - withdrawal of the placement scheme initiated by staff member Dr Bob Moles, many of the School's student have been crying foul that they have no formal introduction to the profession by the University. Furthermore, the committee cited that the previous good relationship between the School and the profession appears damaged through the perception that the University's Law School is under-performing. Without wishing to enter the contentious debate as to who was right or wrong in that saga, the Committee referred to it, as well as the lack of involvement with the Law Society, as problems which have exacerbated this perception.

The Committee recommended several steps to alleviating these problems. These included: having nominees of the Chief Justice and Law Society on the School Board; encouraging interstate/overseas visiting lecturers and giving them honorary titles such as fellows; the Dean and staff to regularly liaise with the Law Society; the School and the Law Society to begin a partnership program, offering voluntary yet relevant experience to students; involving the Law reform Commission with the School; and organising mooting competitions. The last of the recommendations referred to the administration and structure of the School, and included some fairly brash changes. The committee recommended that the next dean of the school be a Professor, that the position should be externally

advertised, be for a five year period, renewable, and that the person be appointed with consultation from the staff and profession. The committee also recommended that the School be a stand-alone faculty, and hence be removed from PALACE (faculty of Performing Arts, Law, Architecture, Commerce, Economics and the Graduate School of Management). If it were to be a new faculty, then its board should representation from the profession, academics, alumni, and students. Also, after a new Dean was appointed, a strategic planning process should occur, to ensure the School finds it feet again swiftly and collaboratively. Lastly, it was recommended that the University provides a funding injection of \$500,000 every year for five years to ensure that the School meets its objectives.

Overall the findings and subsequent recommendations from the Review Committee seem to promise a means of revitalising what appears as a wallowing academic zeppelin. There is, of course, some controversy in the recommendations; no doubt the \$2.5m sought by the committee will be unavailable, and the School as a stand-alone faculty should keep the Academic Structures Working Party busy, let alone the English Department in searching for a new, euphemistic acronym. It does, however, open the door to a new Law School, one which students will want to attend, and one from which graduating students can feel assured that they have received the highest-quality education.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY HONOURS & GRADUATE PROGRAMS

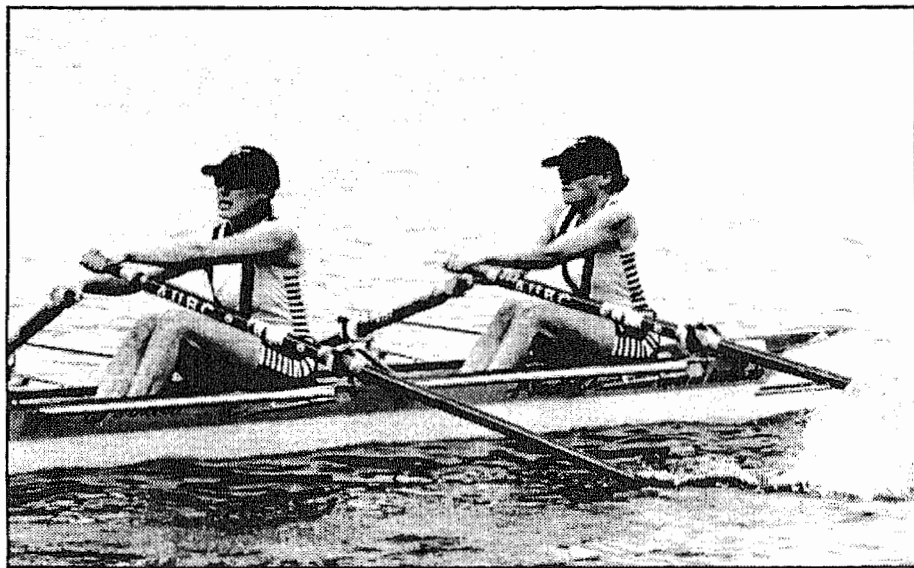
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Intervarsity rowing

By Tim Harland



After months of early mornings, intensive fitness training, and visits to Baker's Delight, during the first week of term a group of 20 Adelaide Uni students plus managers and coaches headed east to Ballarat for the Australian University Games. A record number of female crews were entered, including the prestigious Women's Eight, the Lightweight Quad Scull, the Four and the Double Scull. The men lacked the numbers this year, entering only a Double Scull, but they made up for this with a very good performance.

Victoria turned on its finest weather, with 30 Kt crosswinds making

competition difficult. The women's eight struggled with the conditions in their heat, coming third to Melbourne and RMIT; however, they improved markedly to win their repechage comfortably advance to the A Final. The somewhat inexperienced women's four missed their repechage due to equipment failure but improved considerably over the course of the week. The women's double, meanwhile, qualified for the A Final, while the lightweight quad didn't need to contest qualification races. Against the three eventual placegetters, the men's double finished fourth in their heat. With

the vociferous encouragement of the Adelaide Uni Hockey teams, the men battled through tough conditions to post a win in their repechage against some of the crews that had beaten them in the previous day's racing.

The day of the finals came with perfect glassy conditions, and the stage was set for some exiting racing. First out of the blocks was the men's double. Despite more crowd support, and a fast start seeing them in second place through the first 500 m, the crew battled to stay with a field containing Atlanta Olympians and national representatives, and finished sixth. The women's quad scull was the next Adelaide boat to race. There were high expectations for this combination, that were borne out with a bronze medal. The women's double rowed well against their far heavier opponents to come fifth. The women's eight were full of confidence after their comfortable win in the repechage, but had the might of Melbourne University to overcome. Boasting a line-up of senior and Under 23 national representatives including Amber Halliday and Elizabeth Windle, the crew made an excellent start. They were in third place at the halfway

mark but finished strongly to take the silver medal, a length and a half down on Melbourne.

With the racing out of the way the rowers were able to relax and enjoy the party like the rest of the competitors had been doing all week. They took to this with gusto, as the many anecdotes (few that would make it past the censors) from that evening reflect.



For more club info, visit club central: the basement of the Lady Symon Building.

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of one of these sections (*On Dit* experience not essential):

Campus News • Current Affairs • Wayward • Roseworthy/Waite • Vox Pop
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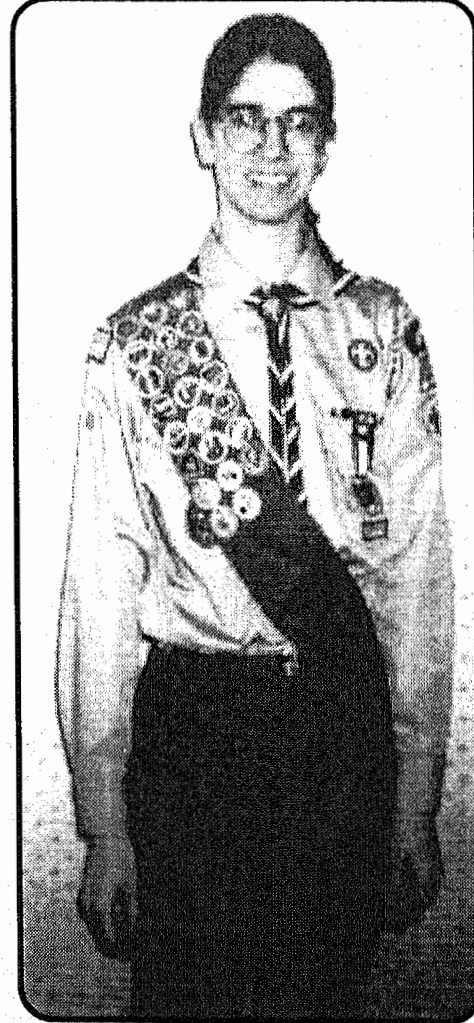
**Don't care for the glory of being
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<ondit2001@hotmail.com>.**



"Each sub-editorial position is worth one badge. This collection is my passport to a cadetship at the Sunday Mail!"

Light on the Hill?

By Mercedes Dumptruck

It's going to be a quiet old Christmas this year in the Reith household.

Just imagine it - a bowl of gruel each, no presents, the stereo in hock and the only sound the agonised cries of eldest son Paul as he is repeatedly beaten with a rolled-up copy of the Remuneration Tribunal Guidelines.

Peter Reith - cheery scourge of the workers, grinning demolisher of the republic, has never traded on personal popularity to get where he's got in federal politics.

Let's face it, his hatchet-man image may not have got him many goodie baskets from the electorate, but at least he doesn't get pestered to appear as Father Christmas at primary school fetes.

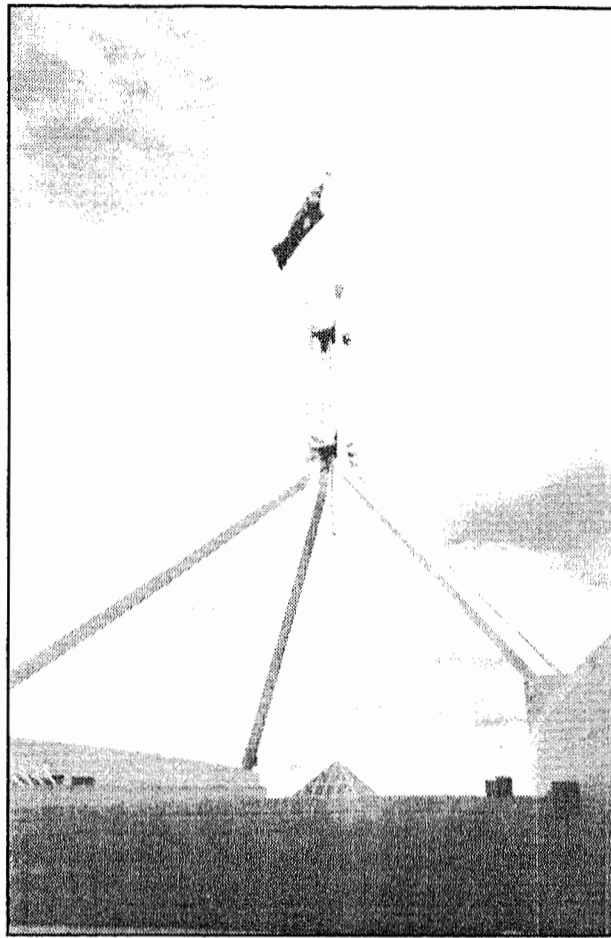
This time, however, he is in serious trouble.

In 1994, he gave the number of his telecard to eldest son Paul, who was studying at Melbourne University. Paul used the

card to make calls to his dad and his girlfriend - and apparently kept right on using it for several years, long after he became a

stinking filthy rich merchant banker.

By last year, he was living in London's ritzy Notting Hill and



was presumably using the card to call the paramedics to Paula Yates' flat just around the corner every time she overdosed on

Drano.

(By the way, here's a good Yates joke: Police searching the apartment found evidence of both Ecstasy and Angel Dust. They're still looking for the other daughter.)

Anyway, the word on the street is that junior Reith gave the number to some girl he was sharing a house with.

She gave it to someone else in return for staying with them, and that person, we can only presume, went and posted the sucker in every phone box in Earls' Court.

All in all, very unfortunate for Mr Reith, who didn't find out how much fun everyone had had at his (great) expense for about five years.

It's easy to feel a bit sympathetic for Reithy - after all, he did get investigated by the cops and completely exonerated.

But hang on, how many of us get a full police investigation when somebody nicks our credit card? This was a no-shit investigation, too - it involved a whole mess of federal rozzers and about \$15,000 worth

of pen-pushing over five months. Mr Reith's colleague, the Prime Minister, was clearly sniffin' the wind a little bit ahead of Mr Reith.

After offering Reith his 'full support' on Tuesday, the battler's PM was making very different noises later in the week. On Thursday, he said he was 'as a taxpayer, very angry' about the whole thing.

When John Howard begins a sentence with the words 'as a taxpayer,' you know the stakes are pretty high.

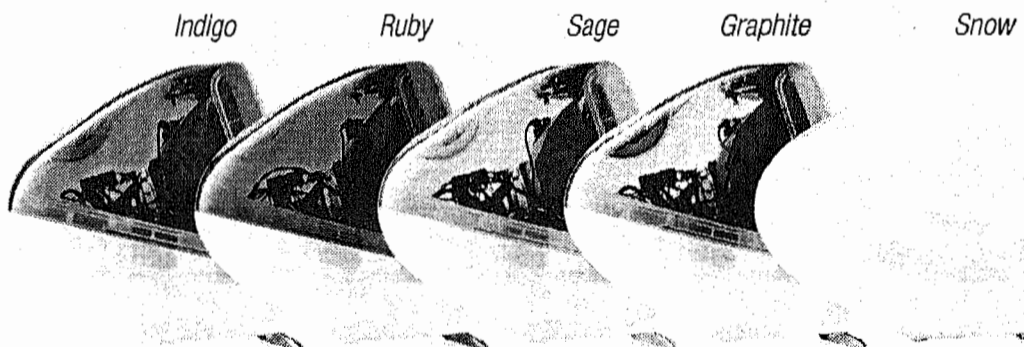
By Friday, he was saying he didn't want to have to sack Peter Reith, but ... 'Prime Ministers have to make some tough decisions sometimes'.

No wonder Reithy finally decided that day to make the long lonely walk to the bank manager's office. His problem now, apart from the mortgage, is that no-one can take him seriously as an anti-rorting crusader. His stern approach to employees who rip off their bosses would have to ring just a bit hollow as the people deliciously recall Reithy red-handed, caught slipping his kiddies the keycard.

Perhaps young Paul is destined to be the new target of the famous Reith Wrath.

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University Statistics for boys

328,646 attempts at lyrics or poetry, in attempt to prove to cutie that you're sensitive. Same number of attempts to learn guitar for outdoor soirees.

4 brain cells used during swotvac panic.

12 Haircuts given by drunken friend with clippers.

14 braincells used during essays/exams.

14,340 fantasies of blowjobs from cute person in tutorial.

14,341 times smiling at cute person in tute that you hope will give you a blowjob.

2,765,327 times sneaking glimpses at cute folk on lawns during spring and summer.

2 ingestions of funny white powder offered by person at party.

124 times vomiting into hands, buckets, taxis.

2,760 times hearing farts of housemates.

1 time getting biffed in jaw by bouncer/ Mr Plod after smartarsing off in hope that'll impress that cute person.

2,760 times giggling at farts of housemates.

76 times swallowing pride and asking parents for loans.
63 times swallowing of No-Doz/amphetamines in desperate attempt to study at the last minute.
1 time swallowing small piece of cartooned cardboard.

12 applications of deodorant. Most before 21sts in case the beer goggles work.

76 t-shirts of obscure bands. That'll impress that cute person.

7,280 times falling hopelessly and irredeemably in love. Why don't nice girls/boys like me?

72,777 bends of elbow while drinking to put off essays, assignments or just because you can.

48,760 times leaning at bar at pubs, bars or dance clubs while watching the cute bartenders and thinking: 'They like me.'

136 tummy aches from diet of old apricots and 2-minute noodles as, once again, beer proves more vital than food.

2 masturbatory experiences with wrong hand. Once when totally stoned.

15 pools of semen generated by that cutie from the tute. Damn those wet dreams.

14 full moons or pressed hams. Usually on pub crawls.

15,897,411 motions, furiously scribbling notes that end up being illegible or having cask red spilt over them during swotvac.

1,322,760 times removing undies from buttcrack. Can be from deliberate wedgies or panic during exams.

830 times pickle gripping, clearing the cock snot, romancing Mrs Palm, etc.

8 headjob experiences. End after not giving partner any option of semen disposal and using ears as handle bars.

236,656 scratches, rearranges or general itching of genitals/underwear due to lack of laundry experience, general hygiene problems or poor bedwear.

24 shags including several in parks and gardens after shabby twenty firsts and pub crawls. None last over ten minutes.

76,000 times flipping the bird.

215 bends while begging for extensions because of 'sick' relatives or work.

42,115 bends while begging for blowjobs.

2 pairs of jeans worn for 3 years.

22,895,323 steps to bars & pubs.
8,798 steps to lectures, etc.

Face it, at University you start off a number and end up being another statistic, proving to the funding Gods that University should continue.

We all know the boring stats; engies have 35 contact hours a day and 4 pairs of long white walk socks, Arts students always have 89 essays on coalmine canary literature due last Monday, Law students have 9,863 mobile calls to make (usually during lectures), while Med students have only a few more years to go before they can go start killing off the elderly, Science students have just another 13 Monty Python sketches to remember and Economics and Commerce students have that boring accountancy shit to stay awake through. Here are the statistics that really make the campus go round. Grlls next week.

African Parsley

By Sam Franzway

These kind of stories usually happen at around this age. Fifteen always seems to be the high point of childhood - too old for skateboards, too young for cars. Responsibility still means remembering to take out the garbage on Monday nights (or most often Tuesday mornings).

This happened to a friend of mine called Shaun in year ten. Shaun had already made the discovery that little plastic packets of strong smelling leaves could bring great pleasure and enlightenment, along with a huge desire to consume great quantities of salty things that go 'crunch'. But fifteen was when he made the mental breakthrough that not only could you burn the stuff, but you could also grow it and sell it, and I mean the actual wacky tabacky itself, not some dried lawn-mower clippings to year eights who didn't know any better. That little prank turned out to be a bit of a danger, because year eights looking for a share in the weed market sometimes possessed protective older brothers, who always possessed indignant sandwiches full of knuckles which would give Shaun a good talking to after school a few days later.

So Shaun graduated to growing and selling *The Real Deal*. A little plant in the back corner of the yard grown and cultivated at regular intervals brought in a lot better than his weekly pocket money and earned him a reputation around the school yard as one who 'had it'.

That's just to set the scene. Shaun's life was not constantly taken up with horticultural practises; mostly, he was an average 15-year-old. He went to school, he watched TV, he did his homework when threatened, he hated Maths and did Home Economics instead of PE.

The Home Ec teacher was about ninety-five and reminded everyone she taught of their own grandmothers, shortly before being sent to a home for forgetting to get dressed in the morning once too often. The Home Ec centre was her domain, her kitchen and dining room. Each cooking area to be used by the students had its own little porcelain plaque with a bible saying affixed to the wall.

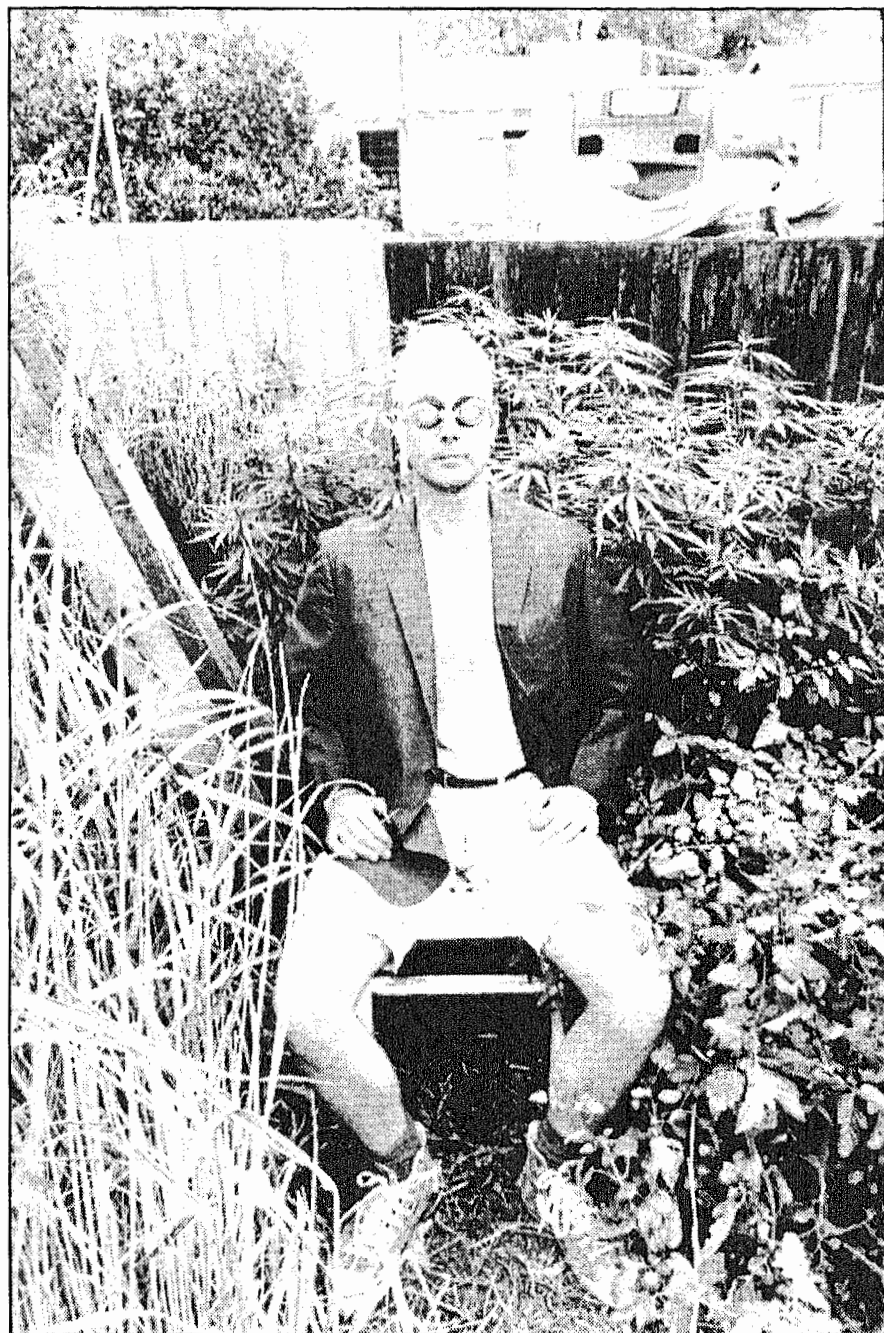
There was a linen cupboard, three washing machines and two dryers for washing the school's football guernseys. The balcony had even been converted to a little garden for dear old Mrs Dwyer to grow tomatoes and basil and rosemary in. Everyone who did Home Ec loved it because it was like visiting your own grandmother (when she was dressed). She called everyone 'dear'

and got a little too excited sometimes when talking about pot roasts and had to have a sit down. The best part about doing Home Ec was that for the last lesson of the year, she would cook everyone in the class a huge stew or a pie and invite people to help set up the chairs into a big dining room complete with table cloths and place settings. People could even invite friends from other classes if there was enough food.

To say that she wasn't like a teacher at all wouldn't have been entirely true. That term Shaun threw one

first school-funded and protected marijuana plantation. Shaun planted his seed with care and watered and fertilised it as lovingly as he did the plethora of other skinny green plants that grew there, all mysteriously nameless to him and all providing the best cover possible for the constantly fat-tening, constantly trimmed bush that languished and flourished among them.

It was unfortunate that Shaun did not pay more attention to the more legal tenants of his secret garden, for over a two week mid-semester



We can't show you this man's face, because he is a horticulturalist.

too many carrots at the kid who carried a briefcase (every school has one) and had to come in every day after school for a week to water the balcony garden to teach him the value of food. Needless to say, our hero noticed the richness of the soil and privacy which the garden held and within a short time had volunteered, in as sweet a voice as his puberty-wrecked vocal chords could muster, to keep tending to the garden. Mrs Dwyer, fully believing that a stint of hard work had set a scatty mind onto the right track, agreed with wobbly-jowled enthusiasm. And so began probably the

break the tomato plant sprang into life and bore its fruit, so when he returned on the afternoon of the first Monday back, he discovered, to his prickle necked horror, Mrs Dwyer kneeling on an embroidered cushion, filling a plastic bowl with cherry tomatoes.

'Oh, hello dear!' cooed Mrs Dwyer, pulling her portly frame to her feet 'It's lovely to see you right back here like clockwork. Here! I've been harvesting these lovely baby tomatoes! Won't you have one?'

Shaun took a tomato and ate it without a word, the phrases 'expelled' and 'criminal record'

flitting through his mind.

'You most certainly have done a wonderful job of keeping our little garden here, go and get yourself a tupperware box to put some of these in to take home for your mother. Chopped in half and tossed in a salad - there's nothing more tasty!'

Shaun breathed a little sigh of relief as he clattered through the carefully labelled cupboard for an icecream container: maybe she hadn't noticed. But, he was celebrating too soon, because she had.

'Oh Shaun dear, I meant to ask you, what is this interesting plant here behind the tomatoes? I don't remember putting it in myself at the beginning of the semester, I thought that you must have planted it.'

'Right, think quick,' said Shaun's brain 'Make up something!'

'That's your job!' said the rest of his body.

He looked around. He sweated. He looked around some more. His twitching eyes fell upon the slightly untidy spice cupboard.

'Oh, um, I just found a packet of seeds in that cupboard,' he gestured limply. 'I thought they might be nice to stick in the ground.'

'What a wonderful idea! What a clever lad you are.'

'Thanks Mrs Dwyer', Shaun picked up the container of tomatoes and headed for the door. The further away from school the better.

'Oh what's it called by the way?' she asked as she waddled back to the balcony.

'Oh, um, African Parsley.'

And so the legend of African Parsley was born. Mrs Dwyer helped Shaun cultivate his own little creation and he showed her how to trim it back and trim it back so that the buds bristled and clumped all over the seven-leaved smoker in the Home Ec centre. In return she taught him the names of other plants in the balcony box.

'And this one here is basil, dear. It's very nice in spaghetti sauces. Every year we have too much of it and so I take it home and dry it out in my shed. It makes at least a jar of it that I can use until the next lot grows!'

It was a shame that old Mrs Dwyer was not looking at Shaun at that moment, because she would have been mightily impressed by the large light bulb that suddenly lit up above his head.

'Well, you know Miss, you could do the same thing with the African Parsley, dry it out when all the buds get big and fat.'

'Is that so! Well I'm taking out the basil next week, I'll do the same with the parsley and bring it back

African Parsley (continued)

By Sam Franzway

to show you in the last week!' She virtually jiggled with delight and for a moment Shaun thought she was going to clasp him to her grandmotherly mega-bosom. Fortunately all she did was clasp her hands and take a big satisfied breath.

The next week she uprooted all the basil plants along with the little green porcupine that nestled among the now bare tomato plants and took them home to dry in her deceased husband's tool shed. Shaun even helped her carry the big rusty garbage bag to her off-white Corolla.

Over the next few weeks Shaun led a silently nervous existence, busting to ask Mrs Dwyer about the crop every day, but having to hold back to only once a week. On the last week of school, his mind was not on the end of year tests, but on each Home Ec lesson and how to make off with the jar of buds that grew bigger in his mind each time he imagined it.

On the morning of the last Friday of the year, Shaun could stand it no longer: he had a right to Mrs Dwyer's shed full of skunk - if she didn't have it today, he would find out her address, and collect it on a Saturday - even have afternoon tea if he had to.

As he marched into the Home Ec centre, a delicious, yet strangely familiar smell greeted his nostrils. Mrs Dwyer was standing over a pot as big as a laundry basket, slowly stirring a thick brown stew. On the bench around her were numerous damp chopping boards, the remains of onions and capsicums, screwed pieces of butcher's paper and various jars and shakers of herb.

'Oh hello Shaun dear! I'm just cooking up a goulash for the end of semester lunch.'

Shaun sniffed the air deeply again, a bemused expression crept onto his face. There was no mistaking the

smell- musty, juicy, earthy and green all at once. It was then he noticed the half empty packet of Saos on the counter, Mrs Dwyer helped herself to two.

'I've got a surprise for you dear!' said the jolly old woman through a little snowstorm of crumbs. She held out a large, empty seal-lock sandwich bag with a few dark green and brown specks in the bottom. A smell thick enough to swallow wafted out.

'I wanted to keep some for you to have a look at, but I accidentally spilt the lot into the pot! It doesn't seem to matter though - it has given it such an earthy flavour!'

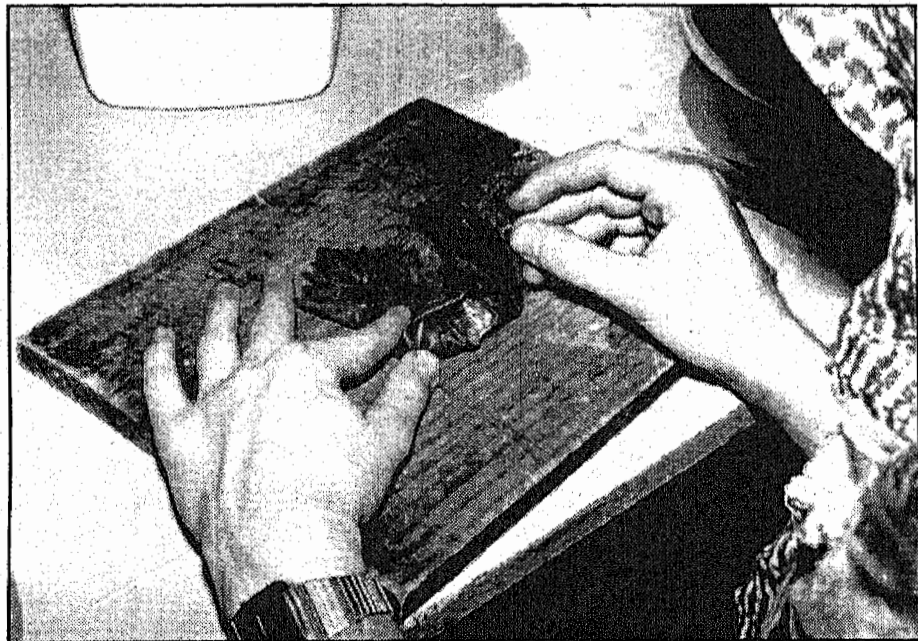
She dipped her pudgy finger in up to the knuckle and scooped some into her mouth.

'Mmm!' she said and grabbed another Sao. 'Run along now and don't forget to invite some friends for lunch today: I think I may have overcatered!' she called after him as he walked, grinning, out of the door.

On any other day, perhaps Mrs Dwyer would have minded the 20 extra guests to her end of year luncheon, but that Friday she was more welcoming to them all than anyone could ever remember their own grandmothers being.

She ladled out bowl after bowl of rich smelling goulash to each student and served out huge hunks of bread and Saos galore, singing the merits of Shaun's African Parsley until the red eyed bunch were slumped, giggling like a plague of Tickle Me Elmos on the Home Ec floor, bread crumbs and goulash stains on their uniforms, happy, bleary smiles on their satisfied faces.

Everyone agreed that the Ganja Goulash was the best thing they'd ever eaten and those students that could remember the way home were entirely untroubled by their report cards.



Home Ec gets green



YOUR DOG ON COMMERCIAL RADIO



YOUR DOG ON STUDENT RADIO

STUDENT RADIO APPLICATIONS 2001

Student Radio needs applicants for next year's shows now. If you're interested in doing a radio show, recording local bands, promoting events and having fun during O'Week, the fill out the application form below and hand it in to the SAUA Office (Ground Floor, George Murray Building.)

Interviews with you and your co-hosts will take place during the end of year holidays. So, if you're interested, now is the time to get your name on the list!

ANY QUESTIONS?

Email the 2001 Student Radio Director at: Luke.Toop@student.adelaide.edu.au, or leave a message in the Student Radio pigeon-hole in the SAUA Office.

AU STUDENT RADIO 2001 APPLICATION FORM

Names of the people involved in your radio program:

.....

Holiday contact details:

Address:

Phone

Email:

What do you want to do on your show:

.....

Do you have any previous experience we should know about?

.....

What ideas do you have for Student Radio next year?

.....



What pissed me off this week

By Dale F Adamant

I think that this very newspaper made the call, way back in 1993. You remember, back when General Franco's mate Juan Antonio first announced that the world's biggest sponsorship shindig, the Summer Olympics, was winging its way to 'Sydernee'. At the time *On Dit* stated that this country had seven long years to come up with a better national chant than that most obnoxious of offerings.

'Aussie Aussie Aussie. Oi oi oi.' We failed.

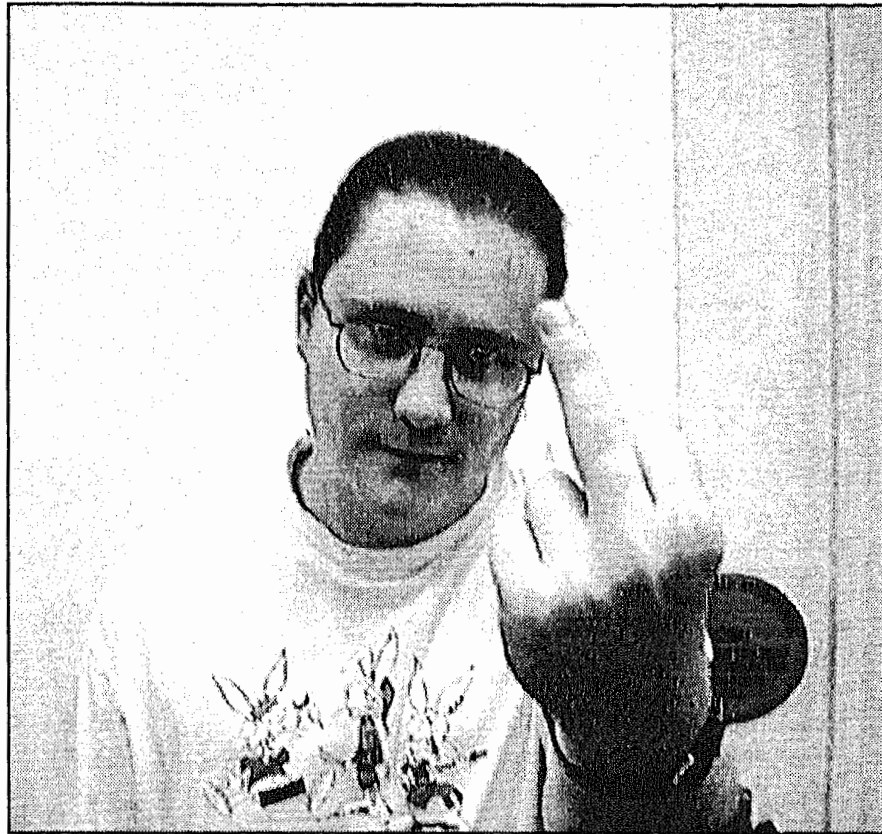
Seven years, my fellow countryfolk. Seven fucken years, and what happens when the world's media descends upon us? We scream 'Aussie Aussie Aussie ...' down every camera in sight. Forget the years of human rights abuses perpetrated against our indigenous population. Forget the White Australia Policy. Forget Whitlam's sacking. Forget even the 1984-85 test series against the West Indies. This was, without question, the lowest point in this country's history. Christ, it was embarrassing.

But that's not the worst of it. Not by a long shot. As the athletes spent the last couple of weeks winding their way around the country for ticker tape parade after ticker tape parade, the chant accompanied them. Even more disturbing, however, was a seemingly new phenomenon that went with them: the chanting politician. Suddenly every politician in sight - State, Federal, whatever -

was leading enormous crowds in chants of 'Aussie Aussie Aussie'. It was really weird.

I think Michael Knight - and yeah, I *really* believe he's quitting politics for good - kicked the whole thing off during the first

open slather, with everyone wanting to get a piece of the action. Knight himself pulled out an even weirder variation during the parade for the Olympic volunteers the next day. When I watched him lead a chant of 'Vollies vollies



parade in Sydney. Bob Carr, seeing a man who is clearly a Premier-in-waiting working the crowd so well, followed suit. I can just see the advisers running up to him now: 'Mr Carr, Knight's just pulled out the 'Aussie Aussie Aussie, oi oi oi'. You better do the same, before you lose this crowd completely.' From there on it was

vollies', I thought for one beautiful moment that he was celebrating Dunlop's finest sporting shoes. I was wrong. Just more rampant populism.

I thought I'd seen the strangest thing I was ever going to when I saw John Howard crowd surfing at the closing ceremony, but I'm beginning to think this tops it.

Any politician who finds themselves in a spot of bother in the future only needs to trot out a quick chant of 'Aussie Aussie Aussie', and everything will be smoothed over. I can't for the life of me work out just why Peter Reith's paying back that fifty grand his son and a bunch mates racked up on his phone card one night in a London pub (it's amazing just how quickly those calls to the Venezuelan speaking clock add up). Surely all he needed to do was assemble the Press Gallery on the steps of Parly House, get the cameras running and lead them all in a quick chant. Even the most aggressive of Oppositions would let him slide after that. Same thing with Bronwyn Bishop and all of those metho-soaked pensioners kicking off in old folks' homes. If only she'd thought of it.

I've thought for a long time that rational political debate in this country was dying a slow and unpleasant death. The sight of politician after politician chanting 'Aussie Aussie Aussie' in an attempt to gain some sort of political currency is only proving me right. This is the first nail in the coffin. Mark my words, it can now only be a matter of time before we see the the chant of 'you're going home in the back of a divvie van' from the Opposition the next time a Government MP resigns from the Front Bench. And when that happens, I'll be on the first plane out of here.



Hey.

Next week is the last *On Dit* for the year. Which also means that it's the last chance for you to get your letters in.

Got something to get off your chest? Want to tell us we're boring? Want to tell us that we don't use enough really funky and interesting fonts? Want to call Dale a reactionary neo-conservative fascist? Or maybe you just want to say something nice about us.

Get writing. Letters can be mailed to us C/O- the University of Adelaide, SA 5005, e-mailed to ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au, or dropped off in person. Get 'em to us by Friday October 20.

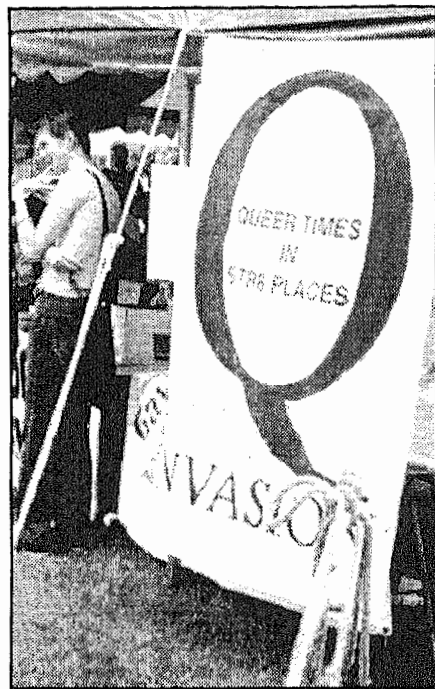
The Sexuality Department: what's it for?

By Sam Butler, SAUA Male Sexuality Officer 2001

*'I like my beer cold, my TV loud,
and my homosexuals fa-laaaming!'*
- Homer J Simpson

I'm not naive. There are a lot of students at Adelaide University - possibly even the majority - who do not believe in having a Sexuality Department within the Students' Association (in fact, considering the recent student voter turnout, there's quite a few who don't believe in having a Students' Association, but that's another story.) Similarly, there are those who believe that, if a Sexuality Department must exist, it should not be hijacked by those mincing, netball-playing pillow biters, and hairy, Ani di Franco-worshipping carpet munchers who drone on and on and on about the legitimacy of queer relationships and how non-heterosexual people everywhere are still being shafted. I mean get over it! We all know that queers have achieved equality just like women have, right? Nope and nope. Trust me on this one: true queer activists do not campaign because we have nothing better to do, or because it's en vogue at the time, and once the appeal has worn off we'll return to the quiet obscurity in which some people believe we belong. We're not all militant, socialist, vegan separatists, but we are active because we don't like constantly being told that we're inferior when we know we're not. We uphold all the academic cliches - subverting the dominant paradigms, challenging the heterosexist sexual hierarchy, combating the oppressive hetero-normative society

etc - because even though they are bantered around *ad nauseam* to the point where they become all but meaningless, what they represent are vitally important causes. It is true that we have legal, medical and cultural institutions that privilege



straight men and women and their relationships, and downplay, ridicule or even deny relationships people of the same sex share with one other. For example, it was only as recently as four years ago that legislation was passed in this state, insisting, that a de facto relationship could only legally exist between 'a man' and 'a woman'. Would it have killed legislators to use the more inclusive term, 'two people' instead? Considering how frequently both major federal parties pander to conservative religious groups, mainly because

their members constitute a large proportion of voters, I guess the answer is yes it would have, but such rigid reinforcement of heterosexuality in the definition of a 'legitimate' partnership is archaic when compared to the laws of such places as The Netherlands, Scandinavia, and even New South Wales. Tertiary students are in a rare position of privilege. We can be political without being politicians. Contrary to popular opinion, not all students get involved with the SAUA to pad out their CVs. In fact, putting down on my CV that I was Male Sexuality Officer is probably more likely to send potential employers running away in fear rather than have them gawk in admiration of my past work experience. We have enough intelligence and information at our hands to be motivated to take action, whilst still not being overly cynical and pessimistic about how much we can/cannot achieve. For queer students, university is often a far more welcoming and supportive environment in which to be out and proud than school that precedes it, or (some) work environments that succeed it. University is a strong foundation for queer students who wish to get political. To me, this all seems a fairly strong argument to recognise and accept not just a Sexuality Department, but a Sexuality Department with an openly queer bent (so to speak). Queer Departments exist in several universities around Australia, including the recent development of one at the University of South

Australia. But wait: it's called a 'Sexuality' Department because everybody has sexuality issues; surely any queer focus is discriminatory and disenfranchising to people who identify as heterosexual? To this I would respond: When was the last time a young teenage male woke up one morning terrified, thinking to himself, 'Holy fuck, I'm attracted to women, I think I'm ... straight!' got kicked out of home and disowned when he told his family, or, unable to deal with his fear and shame, hanged himself. The reality is that all people have sexuality issues - some people just have more serious issues than others. By saying this, I don't mean at all to suggest that sexual assault of women (lesbian, bi, transgendered and straight), safer sex practices and general knowledge of sexual health information are not important or do not apply to all people, no matter who they are and what they do in the bedroom. An effective Sexuality Department is, and always should be, an easily accessible point of reference for anybody looking for relevant information and/or resources. But when it comes to lobbying, campaigning and promoting, queer sexuality must be at the forefront. We're on a tight budget and must prioritise accordingly. Homer likes his homosexuals flaming. He also laments that 'the whole world's gone gay!' Sadly, it's not true, but the Sexuality Department will work hard next year to try and make the world just a little bit queerer.

Hey you.

Is there an edition of On Dit you missed this year that you'd like to get your hands on?

Back issues are available now from the On Dit office (basement of the George Murray Building).

But don't delay - copies are limited.



Human rights under Howard

By Tanya Plibersek

Since the current government took office in 1996, Australia has been criticised by a number of United Nations bodies on several occasions for both failing to report properly and for breaching the substantive requirements of UN conventions to which we are signatory. This year alone there have been three major criticisms from the United Nations. The first was about the mandatory sentencing regime in the Northern Territory in particular. The second was in relation to the treatment of illegal immigrants or refugees, particularly in relation to the two-year waiting period for social security benefits. The third and most recent was on our record of addressing disadvantage suffered by indigenous Australians.

Australia's response, instead of attempting to improve our record in this area, has been to withdraw from the United Nations processes to a great degree. This is an enormous shame. Australia has had a good history of promoting human rights in the international arena. The first Secretary-General of the United Nations, Doc Evatt, a leading Australian, was someone whom most Australians were very proud of in the early days of the United Nations. Of late, however, our status as a country at the forefront of human rights has changed. When the government announced that it would not ratify the Optional Protocol to the Convention on the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women, and when the United Nations committee released its report into the state of indigenous disadvantage in Australia, our standing in this area was shaken quite dramatically.

When the Committee on the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women met to consider the third periodic report that Australia produced on meeting its obligations under CEDAW, the comments of the committee were damning. The report was late and the committee made a number of unfavourable comments, including that it was 'concerned about the government's apparent shift in attention and commitment to the human rights of women and the achievement of gender equality', and further that it was 'alarmed by policy changes that apparently slowed down or reversed Australia's progress in achieving equality between women and men such as in housing and child-care programs and in employment assistance'.

The government's further refusal last week to sign the Optional Protocol to CEDAW allowing women to complain to the United

Nations if they ran out of domestic options will further entrench this government's reputation for turning back gains in equality for women. The irony is that on the same day as Australia was announcing that it was refusing to sign, Saudi Arabia - not a country known for its promotion of the equality of women - was signing this optional protocol. Dame Beryl Beaufort said that it was 'very unfortunate that the government had refused to ratify the optional protocol'. She said that Australian women needed the extra protection of recourse to the UN 'because we never know what sort of government we may have in the future'. I do not think she was looking too far into the future.

The government has also been subject to criticism from the Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination. The committee has twice used its urgent early warning and action procedures to criticise the government's Native Title Act amendments, its policy on land rights and the changes to the position of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Social Justice Commissioner. In the report of the committee handed down in March this year the committee expressed its concern over the government's 'unsatisfactory response' to the two earlier decisions of the committee relating to indigenous land rights. The committee has expressed 'its serious concern' that the government's policy 'risked creating an acute impairment of the rights' of indigenous Australians. It has also expressed its concern about 'the apparent loss of confidence by the indigenous community in the process of reconciliation' and recommended that the government 'take appropriate measures to ensure that the reconciliation process is conducted on the basis of robust engagement and effective leadership so as to lead to meaningful reconciliation'.

Since the report was tabled, many hundreds of thousands of people have marched across the Sydney Harbour Bridge and in other capital cities calling for reconciliation and a formal apology. Yet this government continues to deny those things to the Aboriginal community and instead has spent several millions of dollars contesting the claim of two Aboriginal people in the Northern Territory for acknowledgment of the abuse that they suffered at the hands of the institutions they were taken to when they were taken from their mothers. The committee has specifically



expressed its 'concern that the government does not support a formal national apology and that it considers inappropriate the provision of monetary compensation for those forcibly and unjustifiably separated from their families'. The committee also expressed its grave concerns about mandatory sentencing in Western Australia and the Northern Territory. Of mandatory sentencing the committee said:

The mandatory sentencing schemes appear to target offences that are committed disproportionately by indigenous Australians, especially juveniles, leading to a racially discriminatory impact on their rate of incarceration. The committee seriously questions the compatibility of these laws with the state party's obligations under the convention and recommends the state party - that is, Australia - review all laws and practices in this field.

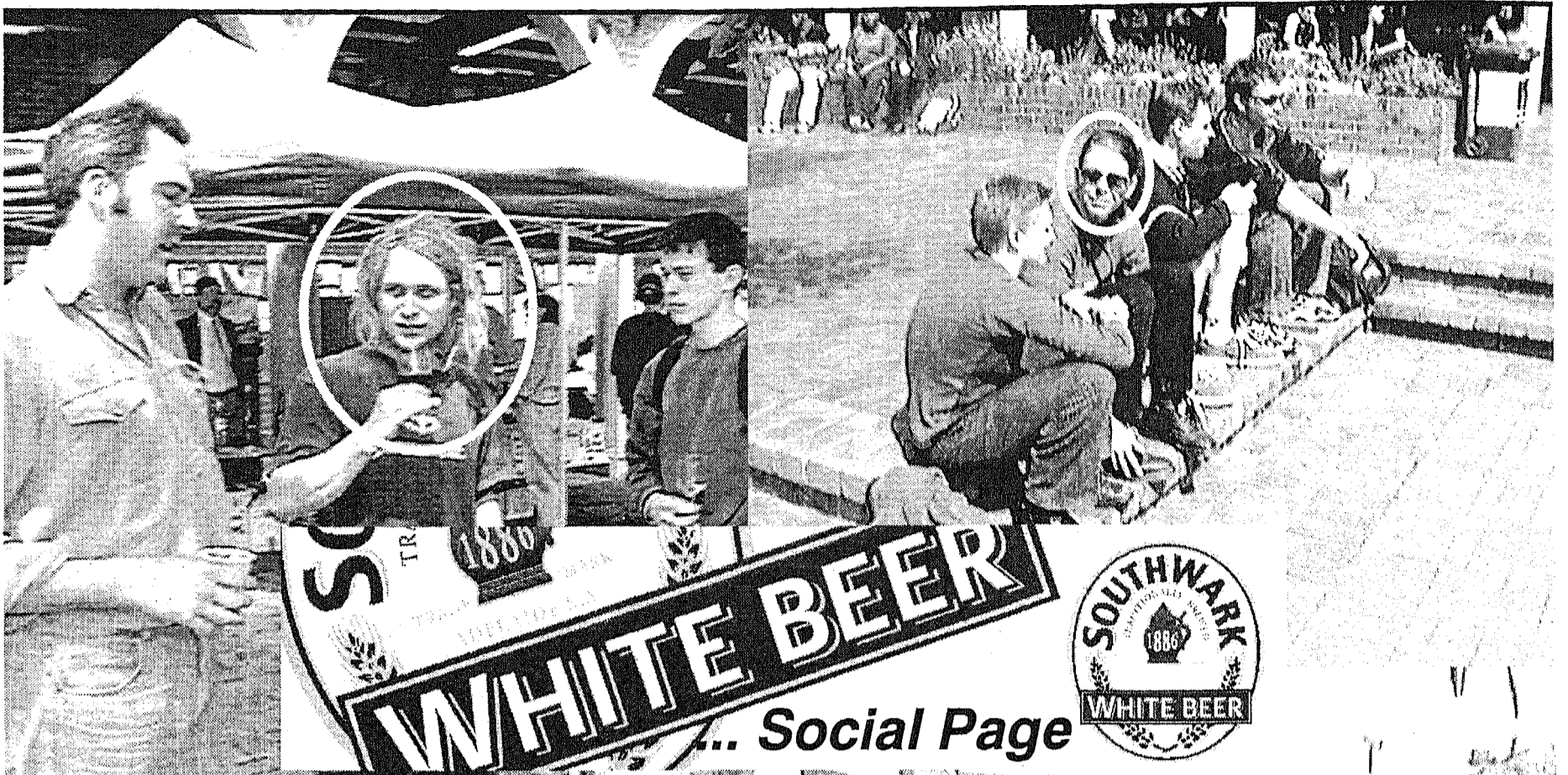
The racial discrimination committee also criticised Australia for the treatment of asylum seekers, whom the Minister for Immigration continues to refer to as 'illegal boat people' and 'queue jumpers'. The committee recommended strongly that Australia implement faithfully the Convention on the Status of Refugees and the protocol thereto. The two-year wait for benefits by these people was brought up by a number of non-government organisations that appeared before the United Nations committee. Mandatory detention under the Migration Act raises questions of compliance with article 9, paragraph 1 of the covenant, which provides that no person shall be subject to arbitrary detention.

The committee also urged Australia to be more mindful of ensuring that asylum seekers are aware of their legal rights and making sure that they have access to those legal rights. After these criticisms, instead of taking a little time to

reflect on our record in this area, the government has picked up its bat and ball and decided to go home. The Attorney-General said that, by comparison with countries where people 'have their arms cut off', Australia is a model citizen. Of course, if you come from a country where you have your arms cut off for belonging to the wrong political party and arrive in Australia the wrong way, you are very likely under this government to be sent home to have your arms cut off.

The Department of Foreign Affairs received a letter from the Minister for Immigration asking whether we should re-examine our participation in the convention on torture. The Department wrote back saying that perhaps it was a bit of a disproportionate response given that it has only been used seven times.

There has been a great deal of criticism of Australia's stand in saying that we will re-examine our participation in the UN treaty and the UN treaty system. Some of the criticism has come from Philip Alston, the brother of the communications Minister, who is also the head of the law department at the European University Institute. He said: 'We really are inviting some of the thugs of the world to come along and say "Jolly good Australia, we're right with you, we also agree that we shouldn't be held accountable for our human rights record."' Australians, and Australian women in particular, must continue to be vigilant on the protection of our human rights, and our stance on human rights in general. A new piece of graffiti has been sprayed near my office, probably by an outraged woman, which reads 'Everything you have taken for granted is slipping away'. This graffiti highlights for me the crucial importance of our activism and vigilance. It is only through keeping a constant watch on the Government's activities that women's (and human) rights will not be wound back any further.



• Free Beer •

Is your face circled?

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

• Free Beer •



Victor Harbour (again)

By MP



Welcome to Victor. The locals are friendly here.

For the last three or so years at Easter and the Labour Day long weekend, me and the boys have ventured down to this geriatric seaside paradise to contribute to the mayhem going on at the Victor Harbour Holiday Centre.

This time, we arrived to threatening gale force winds and promising rains in the mid-afternoon on Saturday. Usually it gets cold at night down at Victor, damn cold. I'm talking tracksuit-pants-underneath-my-jeans-three-jumpers-a-jacket-and-a-beanie cold. But this long weekend looked special, it looked as though we'd get this beautiful weather, reminiscent of a winter's day dawning in the Swiss Alps, all day AND all night.

After pitching the tents, one of which was surely a '70's model which looked like it might stand up for an hour or two at most, we did the only logical thing and got stuck into some beers.

This time at Victor there was one other noticeable difference: it seemed as though we were a damn site more prepared than all the other times that had come before. Like, for example, the time when we tried to light the barbeque with the collective mind power of 3 pounding, hung-over heads for lack of a conventional lighting implement. After receiving help from adequately prepared campers, we proceeded to flip our bacon with a twig, all well and good, but FUCK, we had a hard time flipping the eggs! Anyway, none of that this time, cos we had EVERYTHING. After we had drunk enough beer and sat in the cold long enough to

tell ourselves that we could no longer feel it, we trekked over to the barbie. Paradise lost, Paradise found. Meat, meat and more meat ... and beer. Best of all, the warmth of the barbie. Feeling damn satisfied and thirsty for more, it was back to the tents. While many of my slightly-less-poor friends turned to the bourbon for comfort, I tucked into some luxurious red wine, cask style. After a short sing along to some great guitar playing, courtesy of the largest number of guitarists that I've ever had the pleasure to sit around with, it was off to the Crown.

Now, I'd just come off crutches a few days earlier and wasn't up to walking around much, but rain, hail, shine or dodgy foot, the walk to the Crown is always a good one, and it's usually around this time that my night becomes blurry, extremely blurry.

Next thing you know and it's Sunday morning, and what the fuck?! I've slept all the way through until 11 o'clock. The (relatively) long sleep didn't do any good however, and I imagine I felt somewhat like The Woodies did after losing the olympic doubles (there HAD to be a mention of the Olympics somewhere, didn't there). But as I poked my throbbing head through the door of the tent, right before me, like a saviour on a cross, one of my good friends was holding the kettle and asking who wanted coffee. I NEEDED coffee. Black coffee, strong coffee ... and a

cigarette. I needed one more thing to complete my recovery, and as Cypress Hill once said 'I love you Mary Jane'. Ahhhh. Then another cigarette and all's well again.

I decided not to drink straight away, though, and after an awesome traditional bacon and egg sandwich breakfast it was off to Granite Island with my friend and the two Swiss backpackers who were our guests for the weekend. I enjoy my hazy days and this was one of the finest, laughs-a-plenty had by all. The weather was even behaving itself with the odd glimpse of sunlight to offset the freezing wind, which was, as you'd expect, at it's worst on that goddamn-way-too-long bridge.

Returning to the tents late-afternoon we encountered a rather subdued campsite. Someone had arrived with a 'Hello Australia'-type home-made invention. The Dominator. World's strangest, and most ominous looking bong. Try everything once is my philosophy and later that night I almost regretted it. Almost.

Time to fire up again and get stuck into the beers, and what the hell, the wine as well. With two drinks in my hand and cancer sticks a-plenty, I was set for another good night. We all ended up at the Crown again, which was a lot quieter than

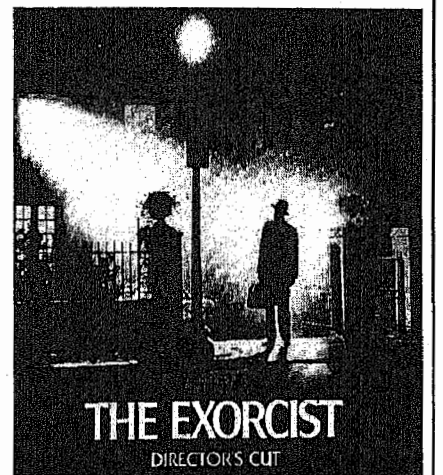
the other night, but a LOT warmer than the campsite.

All of a sudden, I find some local lad looking down at me from his 6"4 vantage point with beer all down his shirt claiming I spilt his beer and demanding I buy him another. Now, I'm not an aggressive person, I've never even really been in a fight but my heart didn't even skip a beat when he grabbed me by the shirt and screamed his slurred demand again. I just repeated to him in my same dead-pan voice that I DIDN'T spill his beer and it must have been HIS fault, that I had FUCK ALL money and that there was NO WAY in hell that I was going to buy him a beer. That made him madder still. I think I must have been in some sort of temporarily insane state, cos this guy was huge and was gonna beat the fucking shit out of me.

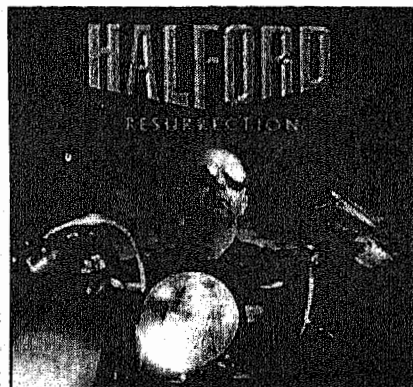
Then my friends and several bouncers stepped in, I bought MYSELF a beer and proceeded to have a wicked night. That is, until about 5 in the morning when, sitting around the campsite still drinking, I was enticed into another Dominator and fell into a deep yet comfortable coma.

I'm looking forward to Easter for another awesome weekend, but I still can't believe that that old tent survived the whole ordeal.

TIVOLI HOTEL
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 LAST TOUR BEFORE MOVING TO THE USA
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DJ SICK PUPPY
ALL AGES / 7pm
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THE EXORCIST
 DIRECTOR'S CUT



TICKETS AT THE DOOR.
 PHOTO I.D. REQUIRED TO
 PURCHASE ALCOHOL

Got a story? The last edition for the year comes out on the 23rd of October (deadline 18 October). That makes this your last chance. Get it in.

You write 'em, we print 'em

Female engines go the hack: Part 1

Dear *On Dit*,

Just a short note to Heidi and Erin about the biggest pile of crap we've ever read, namely 'Women in Nontraditional Fields', published in the recent Women's Edition of *On Dit*. It is really a giant step back for feminism as it's segregating even further. I used to think feminism was all about equality - but according to you, apparently not. As you two may or may not be aware of, many women are not suited to these so-called non-traditional fields because of their genetic makeup and lack of spatial skills. Many of the women not suited to Engineering recognise this, which is why the university offers a variety of degrees suited to other talents. You have however, omitted to point out, or may be you are not aware, that there are some women who have highly developed spatial skills that are more than capable of completing and enjoying their engineering degrees - even if you are not. It seems that when you enrolled in your engineering degrees you expected someone to make allowances for your own inadequacies, ie, from your point of view - being female.

Why does it matter about role models? Who's to say that we don't see ourselves as role models for future generations of women engineers, and also male ones for that matter? Oh and about that lovely generalization 'it is because they are weak, not focussed enough, because they have allowed it to happen.' This is (of course) so much different to how a male feels whenever he falls short of others' expectation - what a crock. I don't know who you interviewed, because every female we've talked to is quite happy to be in a male dominated area - if you don't like males and their behaviour, then that's your problem - They're not going to change - Please leave all the happy females doing engineering alone and go and solve your own self esteem problems cause we're having the time of our lives!

Two not so very alienated and inadequate female Engineering students

Part 1

Dear Eds,

I found the article 'Women in Non-traditional Fields' by Heidi Ryan and Erin O'Donnell to be both narrow minded and outright rude. They have no right to tell us Engineering and other 'Non-traditional' students how we feel, how we find it hard to cope in our fields of study, how we are 'grappling with issues which were

addressed within other fields in the 1960s'. Some of the women in non-traditional fields may have these feelings, but they are definitely in the minority, and frankly they would be more suited to studying 'Australian Feminist History', Sex, Gender and Politics' and 'Film, Feminism and Psychoanalysis' towards an Arts degree. Unlike the 'inadequate and alienated' women mentioned in their article, I have many role models, both male and female, to whom I aspire. I also see myself as a role model to future generations who are determined to succeed in whatever they choose, whether it be Petroleum Engineering or Dress Making.

What are these stresses which we are supposed to be under 'from within the faculty and external media'??? I find the faculty of Engineering to be extremely supportive of me and my endeavours. Also, I have never been bothered by the media knocking on my door at three o'clock in the morning. In fact the media has totally ignored me - Gee that must be really stressful.

The minority of female students who can't cope with the stresses of Engineering, should stop whinging about how the system is to blame for their own inadequacies and start preaching their feminism elsewhere. We don't want to hear about it!

Iluv Eng

Dale Adams on S11: Neo-conservative or weedy fascist? Part 1

Dear Eds

I was horrified to see Dale F Adams' (Adamant?) take on the S-11 protests.

What incredible ignorance.

Oh well. I suppose that this is the kind of odious reactionary neo-conservatism that we have come to expect from this little fascist.

Yours in unity,

Patrick

Part 2

Dear eds,

Dale Adamant will, one day, make a good journalist for the Advertiser, that is, if he ever learns to write. In his piece entitled 'What pissed me off this week' Dale made little attempt to address the real issues surrounding the S-11 protest in Melbourne, showed a lack of historical understanding and hid behind ad homonym. The article began promisingly enough with an excerpt from the S-11 web site. This was followed with an e-mail from a disgruntled Melbournite who's child care bill increased somewhat due to traffic

jams brought about by the blockade. How is this irate motorists account of a drive home relevant to the issues? Well I'm not quite sure but I'll answer the attack anyway. The inconvenience caused to the parent is unfortunate, after all, \$150 is a lot of money. However, traffic is often blockaded in major cities. Witness, most recently, the Olympic torch relay. Should we all be outraged by this? At any rate, if the loss of \$150 is all that this person has to worry about then think of the people who have lost their homes and livelihoods thanks to the clearing of their native forests or the poisoning of local river systems. What about those who spend twelve to fourteen hours a day in an unsafe factory working for starvation wages? Then there are people who have lost their lives for attempting to form, or being members of, a trade union. Yet others have died at the hands of death squads for speaking out against the damaging impact of multinationals. Losing \$150 doesn't seem so bad now does it?

So let us turn to Adamant's ad homonym. He wrote, 'Thousands of people descended on the city, blocking the streets and, like as not, engaging in some really poor street theatre'. Which street theatre, in particular, he is referring to, and how this diminished the message of the protesters, is not stated. In fact I don't even think he was there. I was, though, and was very impressed with what I saw. The 'Snuff Puppets' did a fantastic piece about the way Nestle is killing babies with its milk formula products. Another memorable action was that of a troupe of exploited workers dragging about a giant go[[d] dollar under the careful supervision of a vicious boss, whip in hand. Throughout the protest 'solar powered people' mingled with the 'Monsanta Clauses' under the watchful eyes of 'sergeant love' and the 'pollution police'. These were joined by furry stilt walkers, tortoises proclaiming 'slow 'ain't bad', and 'footy players against corporate tyranny', to name just a few. Perhaps Dale would have preferred activists to do a performance of 'Cats', 'Grease' or 'Chicago'.

Dale then proceeds with an account of how jealous he is of rich people. Whether or not he is implying that protesters were similarly minded is unclear. Speaking for myself I see nothing worth emulating in people who's greedy lives are spent institutionalising misery and death around the world. 'But that's just human nature.' The author follows with a paragraph verging on nonsense. He writes of 'shat off' people 'desperately needing to rationalise what they were doing'. Dale, this is what is known as explaining one's point of view. It is at this point that Dale shines with an inar-

ticulate discussion of the 'fucking meaningless term' globalisation. I'll try and help you out Dale. Granted, 'globalisation' is a word with a myriad of connotations a great many of which are very positive. Yet this now banal term intentionally serves to obscure and confuse public debate surrounding the corporatisation of the global economy. The type of globalisation familiar to economists is a process, both consciously directed by the governments and mega-businesses of the wealthiest nations in the world and, contrary to the interests of the majority of people. It is in response to this aspect of globalisation that protesters are mobilising.

Of course Dale does not end here. A champion of the equilibrium model of society he sees no benefit in the great unwashed getting uppity against their betters. So what if some people's actions are directly responsible for any number of global crises? To make note of the fact is just creating an 'us against them mentality'. We are then informed that the WEF does deserve some criticism but that protesting is not the way to do it. In Dale's esteemed words 'Sorry, but the time in which this form of protest achieved anything meaningful is pretty much gone.' Let's not mention the former Yugoslavia for the time being eh? (For an alternative perspective on events in this country see www.tenc.net). We should also keep quiet about the Bolivian governments back down from privatising that country's water supply after mass civil disobedience. Of course there are many other examples. Some milestones for civil disobedience: the right to form unions; the burning of gold licenses at Eureka; the Suffragette movement; the end of British rule in India; the end of apartheid in the USA and the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam.

Dale then contends that no one in the conference gives a shit about the protests. If such is the case then why are these bodies now choosing slick spin doctors to speak on their behalf? Indeed The World Bank has a sweet talking representative coming to Adelaide next month, (Town Hall, November 8, 5.20pm), to justify that organisations despicable record. At any rate this is beside the point. The aim of the protest was not to make the corporate fat cats see the light, it was to raise awareness amongst 'ordinary' people about the goings on in these corporate clubs and to encourage debate. To this end the protest was highly successful.

As to the charge of protesters being thugs, well the vision speaks for itself. Where are the images of protesters attacking police and why were there so few arrests (about three I think)? The findings of the police Ombudsman will publicly clear up this misin-

Giz a C...Giz a L...Giz a U...Giz a B...

AIAA

American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics Annual General Meeting 2000 Thursday 26th October 1.10pm Davis Room S117 Engineering South Building

All members are invited to attend (feel free to bring lunch)

Annual Elections will be conducted at the AGM

The following positions are open for nominations:

Executive Committee (must be full student members of the AIAA)

Chairperson

Vice Chairperson

Secretary

Treasurer

Women's Officer

Additional Committee Members

Activities Committee (5 members)

General Committee (5 members)

To nominate for any of the listed positions please contact AIAA Faculty Advisor Dr Gerald Schneider by either:

* Delivering a sealed envelope addressed to Dr Schneider, containing name of nominee and position you wish to nominate for, to the Dept of Mechanical Engineering 1st Floor Engineering South Building or * Seeing Dr Schneider in room S 205, Engineering South Building.

Nominations close 5 pm Thursday 19th October.

AU Football Club

Upcoming Events

AGM Wednesday December 6 at the General Havelock starting at 6.30pm. Come along, hear the news and vote those you don't like into positions of power.

Team photos for 2000 can be collected from Mr Chocka Bloch's office (2nd floor 233 North Tee - Commerce Office). Earlier years pictures can also be collected.

Best & Fairest Winners

Div 1 - Evan Arnold

Div 1 Res - Tom Charlton

Div 7 - Marius Danielak/Brent Parfrey

Div 9 Sth - Joe Scammell

Div 8 - Brenton Rigden

Div 9 Nth - Derek Goulet

Div 7 Res - Wes Legrand

Div 8 Res - Tom Lehmann

Lawn Tennis Club

The Tennis Club plays on eight grass courts located at Park 10 (situated between Memorial Dr, Bunday's Rd and MacKinnon Pde). We play in the Metropolitan Lawn Tennis Association (Saturday afternoon Men's and Women's competition) and the Saturday morning Men's Lawn Tennis Association

Film Society Programme

All films will be shown in the Union Cinema, level 5 of the Union Building on Thursdays (unless otherwise specified).

Free for members: membership is \$3 at the door.

Orlando

19 October, 7pm

1992. Dir: Sally Potter, starring Tilda Swinton (*War Zone*).

Based on Virginia Woolf's novel about a youth in Elizabethan England who becomes immortal and changes into a woman. A striking film on many levels.

Plus short: *The Match That Started My Fire* - a group of women talk about their sexual awakenings.

Furusato

26 October, 7.30pm

1998. Dir: Koyoma Seiji. Sattring Kato Yoshi (*Tampopo*).

The developing relationship between a young boy and an old man whose village is facing destruction to make way for a dam. In Japanese with English subtitles. Gold coin donation.

with teams entered in a range of divisions. These competitions run from late October to April.

This season the Committee plans to expand the social activities of the club. We cater for all standards of player, so regardless of your experience or ability, feel free to contact us. Teams comprise four weekly playing positions (four singles and two double ties) so its a good idea to have five or six available players - so its a good idea to get a team together with friends or associates.

For Uni students, the fee is \$65 pre November 1st, \$80 post; for others \$130 pre November 1st, \$150 post. Contact John Matthews: phone 0417 456 657 or email johnmatthews@hotmail.com.

Mature Students Association

BBQ. Lunchtime. Thursday. Good value. End of year show. October 27 at the Brecknock. Tickets available at times advertised in MSA rooms. \$15 to members.

You write 'em, we print 'em cont

formation soon enough.

Finally, Dale states that 'Any chance attempting rational debate on some pretty important issues was lost'. Rational debate with whom Dale? Do you mean with the representatives of the 1,000 largest corporations in the world or with the economic rationalist trade ministers? Can we expect this debate to be aired on the mainstream media, maybe with Noam Chomsky on one side and Bill Gates on the other. Do a bit of homework Dale. When dealing with opposition the standard tactic of any PR campaign is to establish meaningless 'dialogue' and go about business as usual. Co-opt a few critics to make the whole process look legitimate and wash down with hollow rhetoric about concern for human rights and the state of the environment. These institutions cannot be reformed as their primary reason for being is to exploit for profit. The world can only be better off without them. Dale, I hope you get that job at the *Tiser* in which case I'll never have to read your work again. Thanks to Zane for writing something decent about S-1 1, keep up the good work as environmental officer. Melbourne Indy Media has put together a documentary of the protest called 'Melbourne

Rising'. It will be playing at the Mercury Cinema on Friday, October 20 at 8pm. S-11 Adelaide meets every Thursday at 7pm in the chapel up the stairs in the Lady Symons Building.

Toby

LSS: sham, sham, sham

Dear Ed,

I'd like to voice my concerns about this week's Law Students Society elections. Two of the four presidential candidates are heavily affiliated with mainstream politics, including Union politics which has absolutely no place in the LSS

Whatever happened to the LSS being a non-political organisation - a fundamental principle which seems to have conveniently disappeared from the Constitution? The LSS should be concerned with education advocacy and the provision of important services such as the Careers Guide. It should not be used as a vehicle for pushing political ideology, which as far as I'm aware is not representative of the entire student body. Why should we have to endure the Sir Robert Menzies Memorial Law Ball?

I encourage all Law students reading

this to think carefully before deciding who to vote for. Given all the shit going on in the Law School, we must have an LSS committee that will represent *our* interests, not David Kemp's, to the faculty and nationally through the ALSA council.

Julie Height

Elle Dit kerfuffle: Part 1

Dear Eds

I was most amused to read the interview with David Penberthy and Steve Jackson, the 1990 editors of *On Dit*, in last week's edition. Mainly I was pleased to note some former student pollied admitting that the main reason they got involved was to shag other student pollied, a tradition that continues proudly to this day. My only question was, wasn't Natasha Stott-Despoja the 1990 Women's Officer?

John Gardner

By Young Adults, For Young Adults

Part 2

Dear Eds

I was appalled to see that you

chased up those bastions of the most foul - the Boys' Club - Penberthy and Jackson.

'I like the ladies' ... 'We both wanted to shag a prospective Womens' Officer' ... why did you print this? Surely you want to disassociate yourselves from this kind of attitude.

Well, maybe not Dale. He clearly wants a job with the *Tiser*, anyway. But Eva and Darien, surely you could have done better.

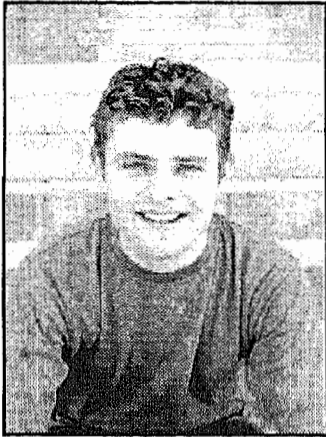
Tania

Dear Tania

In regards to whether or not we support the attitude of Messrs Jackson and Penberthy, there is a disclaimer on the article (and in our production notes, for that matter) for a reason. Why did we print it? Well, given that our last edition was a Women's Edition, we thought it would be interesting to speak to the people who first brought an *On Dit* Women's Edition ('Elle Dit') into being, and ask what their motivation was, and what they thought of the experience. We're sorry if you don't like what they had to say, but we can't change history for you.

Name the first thing that comes to mind...

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



Law Review

This week the Law Review Committee came on campus to speak to several stakeholders, including students, of the Law School. On Friday the Committee held a forum where they divulged the preliminary findings of the Review to an open audience of all interested parties. There were about 40 people in attendance, including Law students, academics, and University management representatives. The findings of the Committee addressed a broad array of issues, from academic and course structure to staffing and course content. The full report will be available in the near future, when the Committee has had time to draft its findings comprehensively and conclusively.

Student Representation on University Committees

For the past few months the Student Affairs Committee, which includes all representative affiliate heads, has been drafting a paper on the status of student representation throughout departmental, school, and faculty committees and boards. It highlighted the lack of student representation on some of the committees/boards, and proposed that a process be enshrined in University policy so that these committees have student representatives on them. Last week the paper was endorsed by the Academic Board, and will go to the Vice-Chancellor for approval soon.

This will ensure that next year these Committees and Boards will have student representatives on them, ensuring that University decision-making is conducted in a representative, democratic, and accountable fashion.

If you would like any more information about these issues, or you have any other query, drop in and see us in the George Murray Building, or call 83035406. You can email me on stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



As the whispering winds of Spring ruffle the feathers of our final term disquietude, I like to sit back and ponder upon such trifles as....

Ballarat

Last week I was on leave. I was in Ballarat. I was there playing hockey for Adelaide Uni at Inter-Varsity. We didn't win the competition. But we all got sore legs and rampantly shit-faced. If you get the chance to go on IV, go. It is really good.

SRSC and Student Representation

The 'almost' inaugural meeting of the Student Rep Standing Committee occurred Thursday last week (I say 'almost' because it has happened before, but not for a long while). Everyone must be bored of me continually bringing this up, however I'm not afraid of your boredom. A couple of good issues were touched on such as (1)

Photocopy Card chargers in the CAT suit and Med, plus (2) the recording of lectures. The purpose of this meeting was less to discuss issues, and more to get the wheels turning so that next year it can be more full steam ahead (perhaps I've mixed my metaphors here).

A paper written between the SAUA, PGSA and OSA was endorsed by Academic Board last week. This paper is directed such that the University must ensure that there are student reps on all departmental and faculty committees/boards. Between this paper and the convening of the SRSC it will be exciting times for representation in 2001.

Counter Calendar

I am pleased to announce that the Counter Calendar (you know the alternative subject guide) will appear, for the first time ever, on the internet instead of in printed form.

This will allow the information to remain accessible all year round and for updates to be made throughout the year. This new format will also see an end to the traditional problems of getting the publication out to 1st year students before they enrol.

There will be more information soon, so stay tuned....

Bookmarks

I will once again be offering (free of charge) student bookmarks closer to the exam period.

These bookmarks have study tips and exam strategies written on them. Pop into the SAUA if you're interested

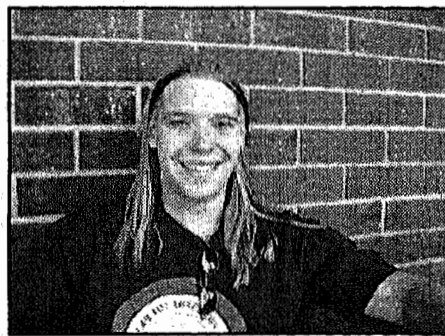
Exams

Timetables are of course up. I fear exams.

Grievances

Its that time of the year again. Got problems with your assessment or with any aspect of your studies then get your hands on a blue 'Grievance Procedures' booklet at your Faculty Office, or in the SAUA. Remember if you need to speak to someone, make us your first port-o-call. Arghh

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Hello all. It is nearly the end of the year! That means that exams aren't far away either!!! But the good news is that there are still a few opportunities to have some fun before the year ends.

O'Camp Reunion

For all you O'Campers there is an end of year get together. You can talk to all those people that you have forgotten about and find all those people that always wanted to see again. The reunion is being held at the Kent Town Hotel on Friday the 20th of October at 8:00 p.m. It will be great to see as many people there as possible. Even if you didn't go to O'Camp you are welcome too.

Tequila World Record

This may be the only chance that you ever get to have your own *official Guinness World Record*. The concept is simple: 1 - Get lots of people in a line (we need 132 people to break the record) 2 - Give everyone a shot of tequila

3 - The first person drinks 4 - After the first person drinks the second person drinks 5 - After the second person drinks the third person drinks... you get the idea. This is on the last day of the year, Friday the 27th of October. The event will be on the lawns, registration will start at 12pm and the event will begin at 1pm. It will only cost \$1 to enter.

Clarification

I would like to confirm that the Piss Weak Games was indeed organised by the Union Activities Committee and that I am sorry for any misconceptions as to the ownership of the event



Cheapest photocopying on Campus
At the SAUA (just off the Cloisters)



Foreshadowed motion...

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hello everyone, I really hope that you have enjoyed women's week and special thanks to everyone who helped out during the week. It worked really well, was most enjoyable and informative. No thanks to the weather for raining on our parade.

Reclaim the Night

In the late seventies a British public service announcement informed women that if they wished to stay safe they could stay at home. Understandably angry with this announcement women got together to organise a march calling for an end to violence against women and children. Thusly, Reclaim the Night was born by those outraged by such paternal treatment.

Twenty years on, the march has become a tradition- every year on the last Friday of October women and children come together to Reclaim the Night.

This year Reclaim the Night falls on the 27th October, preparations are beginning now and the night looks like it will be a lot of fun as well as an important demonstration against the violence levelled at women and children both on the streets and off.

Beginning in Light Square and finishing in Elder Park the march will be finishing in a festival with various bands, foods and other activities (including Mel Watson and Sam Lohs).

Please take the time to join the march and celebrate women's strength. We ask that men do not take part in the march but we welcome any encouragement and messages of support from the sidelines! In particular, a group of men (men against sexual assault) will be standing on the corner of Rundle Mall cheering us on... please feel free to join them and show your support. Remember, violence against women remains the province of us all, together it can be overcome.

We are in desperate need of marshals, BBQers, fairy flossers etc so anyone who would like to get involved please, please, please do not hesitate to give me a call.

Feast Festival

For those of you who are not familiar with the Feast festival, this is the Annual Lesbian and Gay Cultural Festival. I have received great deal of information about what's on and where and it looks fantastic! The festival runs from October 20 - November 12, keep an eye out for any more information.

I hope you have a wonderful week.

Zane Young, Environment Officer



Give the planet a break!

World Buy Nothing Day is Monday November 27th. It's our day to give the planet a break from consumer spending, the economic disease which is killing the planet. Even if you buy things in advance beforehand, it is better not to spend money at all on the day. More information in the coming weeks.

website: www.adbusters.org

Go paralympians!

Cheer on the real heroes of athletic prowess in Sydney. These amazing athletes are often forgotten in all the hype of the five-ring circus, and need your support! But keep watching out for dodgy sponsors!!

Yes save trees!

Very soon, a paper audit of the University will begin. We will be surveying faculties and departments, and making sure their impact on the environment is minimal! Let me know if you would like to help.

Study without hurting the environment!

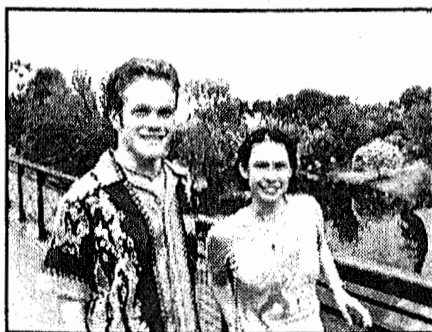
Good luck with your studying! When you're having study breaks, avoid Allens, Nestle, Nescafe, Maggi, Reflex, and Kleenex products. Nestle owns Maggi and Allens and are responsible for millions of infant deaths in South East Asia. Kleenex and Reflex products come from irreplaceable old growth native forests in Victoria and Tasmania. Shell and BP are responsible for the executions and genocide of thousands of Nigerians. McDonald's are the world's biggest Amazon destroyer, and KFC cook battery hens. Stay away from them all, until they clean up their act!

The environment doesn't have exams!

Throughout SWOT VAC and exams, the Environment Organising Group will continue to meet at 12pm Wednesdays and Thursdays in the Students' Association office. All are welcome.

zane, SAUA environment officer. environment@saua.asn.au

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Howdy everyone,

hope that you all had a fantastic Women's Week, we found it to be extremely informative and fun.

We have been recently involved in talking to students on campus about what their major issues are regarding their sexuality on campus. We have found that a lot of students have serious concerns regarding the attitudes of small minorities of students on campus to queer and questioning students. For those of you that are unaware there have been a number of what we would call hate crimes directed at students on campus. Essentially, what this means is that the perception that Adelaide Uni is an essentially tolerant environment is not as true as could be. We find it disturbing that in the year 2000 people are still being persecuted for their sexuality. That is why programs such as Campus Watch and the Sexuality Department are important in raising awareness of these issues on campus. Campus Watch is an integral part of the safety and security of students on campus through the increased level of

visibility of students who find security important. If anyone is interested in becoming involved in Campus Watch and increasing the level of safety on campus, come into the SAUA and have a chat with Phil Harrison or us.

In other news, our video is finally finished. We have had a number of people from outside community groups who have expressed a high level of interest in obtaining a copy. So if anyone is interested in gaining a copy please come and see us.

That's about it for now, we hope that the study is going well

Stay safe, stay sexy.



Cheapest photocopying on Campus
At the SAUA (just off the Cloisters)



VOX

QUESTIONS

- 1) What is your favorite method of procrastination?
- 2) Do you have a favorite seat location in the exam room and why?
- 3) What is your best excuse for missing an exam?

Mutz, Kobe and John
Harrassing the Vox Pop Guy for free beer

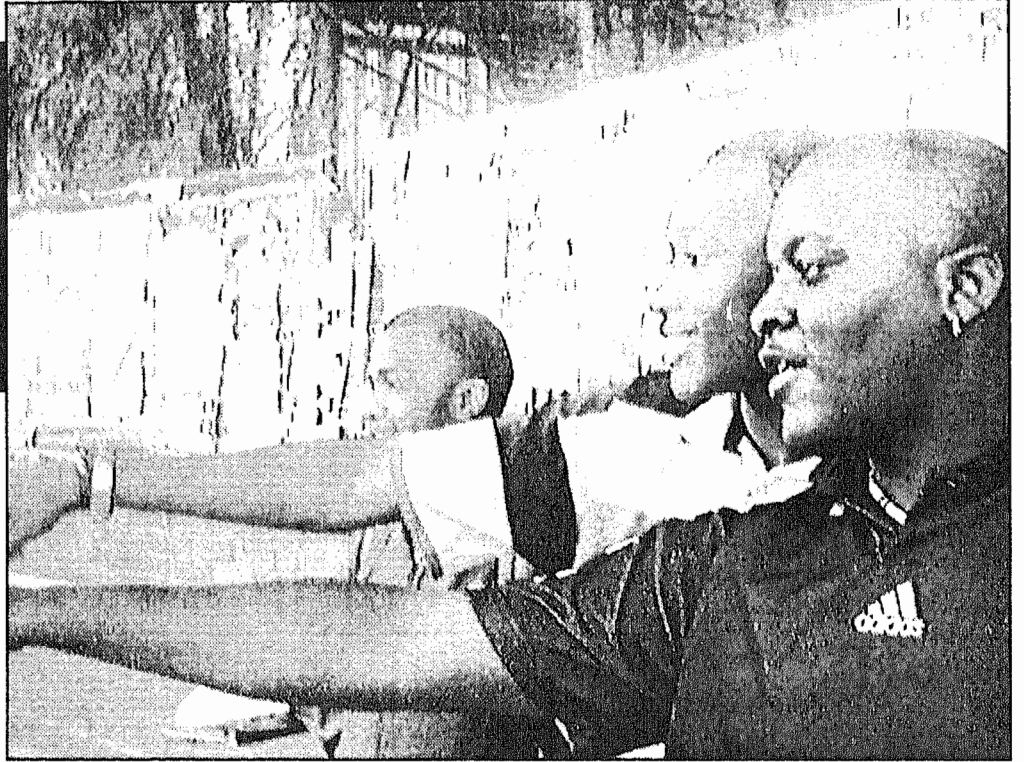
- 1) All: Watching chicks walk past.
- 2) Mutz: In the middle.
- John: Next to the wall.

Kobe: At the back so I can leave quietly.

- 3) Kobe: My girlfriend died.

John: I didn't know that the Centenary hall was at Wayville.

Mutz: I slept with your wife.



Letter Box

Being anything but tranquil while smoking a joint

- 1) Nick off.
- 2) I said piss off.
- 3) Listen, I am not going to answer your questions!



Cheryl

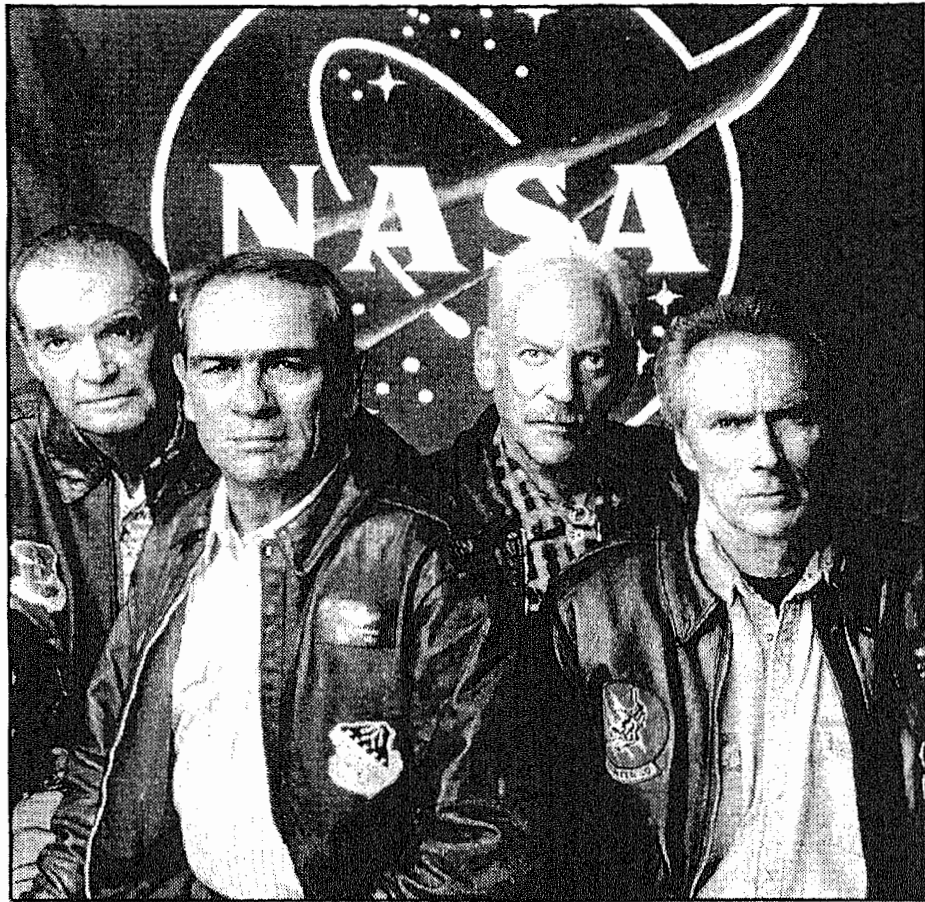
Contemplating nothing

- 1) What I am doing right now.
- 2) About the mid-section. I am not too close and not too far.
- 3) I was cooking popcorn when I spontaneously combusted.



“So. You missed an edition. Most unfortunate. But you do know that you can get back copies, don't you? Yes. Just pay a visit to the *On Dit* Office. Basement of the George Murray Building, behind Unibooks. Next few weeks. Truly. Well, we don't want the book munchers to get them now, do we?”

Ahhhhh, Mr Bond



Grumpy. Old. Men. In space.

**Space Cowboys
Now showing
Selected cinemas**

I found this film depressing. Not because it had a sad ending (which it didn't really), or even because it was bad (which it was, although not to any great degree). It depressed me because there are so many far more worthwhile ways to spend money than by creating things like this. Like building a life-sized replica of Bonython Hall out of butter, or cooking the largest pancake in the world, or breeding a race of guinea pigs with suction cups on their feet so they can crawl on the ceiling. All of these things would be more or less pointless, but not quite as pointless as *Space Cowboys*.

The story goes: in the 1950s the four pilots of the elite air force unit 'Team Daedalus' had their training to be America's first astronauts cut short, and were replaced by chimpanzees. They remain bitter for the next forty years, but when something goes wrong on board a Russian communications satellite and Team Daedalus member Clint Eastwood is the only one who can fix it (apparently he designed part of the Skylab space station, and the Soviets stole his design) the four now geriatric teammates get another chance to make it into space.

Can Clint and his arthritic friends pass the physical tests, outwit NASA bureaucracy, come to terms with their inner demons and steer a space shuttle into orbit all in about two hours? As the film is not called

'Sea-level Cowboys', one would imagine that they can.

And that's the film. It isn't terrible, it isn't the most gratuitous waste of celluloid ever. It's just dull. The good guys are obvious, the villains are obvious (gee, I wonder if that sinister Russian military officer with the Stalin moustache is acting in the best interests of humankind); even the occasional jokes, when the film slips inexplicably into mild comedy mode, are obvious. The frequent gross violations of the laws of physics and good sense also tend to be obvious.

True, the special effects are kind of cool (if totally unrealistic at times), and there are a couple of minor twists that almost make the film interesting for a few seconds each. But ultimately there is little to justify *Space Cowboys'* existence. If you really like the idea of watching Clint Eastwood be tough and righteous and a little bit pissed off while demonstrating that he really has a heart of gold, all in a film he directed himself, go for it. But don't say I didn't warn you. Otherwise, you have better things to do with your time. Trust me.

Linley

**Love, Honour, and
Obey
Now showing
Selected cinemas**

I quite enjoyed watching *Love, Honour and Obey*. The gags were amusing. The banter between the gangsters was fun, especially the

bouncers discussing impotence and marital aids. And the music throughout set a great mood, except for the dodgy Liam Gallagher track. I was pleased to see criminals singing karaoke too. If this is representative of how crooks all over the world spend their leisure time then it would explain an awful lot about the sort of people I've seen at karaoke bars on Hindley Street. However, as I left the cinema, I felt a bit cold about the way that a gangster film, replete with graphic torture and death scenes, was presented as a fun, happy-go-lucky comedy.

People got executed, and then the executioners walked away chatting about karaoke, and the whole immorality of their lifestyles is forgotten. I hate films that exist only to push a moral barrow, but at the same time I didn't find any vestige of fulfillment in watching this sort of amorality. It didn't make the viewer think at all, which is fine if you've got pizza and beer and are watching it on video, but I generally expect a bit more from something I pay \$10 to see on the big screen.

Love, Honour and Obey won't change your life, and it won't annoy you either. It's just a bit innocuous though, unless of course you have exam revision to avoid and you need to turn your brain off.

John Gardner

**Time Code
Now Showing
Palace Nova Cinemas**

Whilst 'real time' films have been done before, *Time Code* almost lives up to its publicity hype of being 'a revolution in filmmaking'. The film was shot 60 times over 60 days, with each of the four strands being filmed at precisely the same time. The actors were not given a script, but instead had synchronized watches, maps, charts, and basic character and premise outlines - the rest was good old fashioned improvisation.

Structurally the film is quite interesting: four cameras showing four films on the screen at the same time. For those who are worried that *Time Code* will be too art-house, I assure you that it is not difficult to follow. Director Mike Figgis raises and lowers the sound on each of the films depending on what is happening. Although the publicity material claims that no two members of the audience will see the same film, you are coaxed fairly solidly into viewing what they want

you to view.

The plot is quite simple - almost too simple, even for a film of this structure. The movie follows the characters solidly for 93 minutes as they hold and attend auditions, talk, fuck, you know, whatever. Being forced to improvise has brought out some outstanding performances, and *Time Code* is really a character study more than anything else.

One interesting thing is that sometimes two cameras will be showing the same thing from only a slightly different angle, and at other times the same thing from *completely* different angles. There is *never* a cut or a break, though; if the camera operators want to film something different, they move the camera around to where the action is.

Figgis believes that the expensive studio process of making films, with script development, funding, *et cetera*, is detrimental to the creative process. He views the freedom that digital cameras bring as being a way to, in a sense, rediscover the 'art' of filmmaking.

Time Code is one of those films that a lot of people will see purely on the basis of curiosity, and they will be rewarded when they do. It is truly a film like no other

Jayne Lewis

**Saving Grace
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas**

Saving Grace. The hydroponic way! What do you do when your husband conveniently departs for the next world, leaving you with a mountain of debts, his mistress, and the threat of losing first your lawn mower and then your house? This is the dilemma faced by Grace Trevethan, resident of the sleepy but picturesque village of Port Liac, on the Cornish Coast. As the saying goes, desperate times call for desperate measures, and in this case, making the best of your green thumb! Together with her caretaker, Grace scraps her prizewinning orchids, converts her greenhouse and begins a new kind of cultivation - one that, if all goes to plan, will enable her to pay off her debts, keep her house, and let her return to the sheltered life she had been living. Or so she hopes, because, after all, she's found something worth more than gold. 'All things bright and beautiful - the lord god made them all', including plant species worth millions of money, and so Grace embarks on a money making venture of the illegal substance kind, a journey that

So good of you to 'drop in'.

produces hilarious results, not to mention the amazing effects on all involved. The residents of Cornwall have never felt so good, and it's all because of Grace!

Winner of the 2000 Sundance Film Festival Audience Award, Nigel Cole's film, *Saving Grace*, is one of the most engaging and entertaining films I have seen in a long time. The cast is superb, the dialogue incredibly witty, the scenery breathtaking, the plot continuously captivating and the effect - intoxicating! With an array of eccentric characters, the film has something to offer everyone. From the doctor who has found that the uses of marijuana extend far beyond medical ones, to the two upstanding members of the church group who discover that Grace's new 'tea leaves' have a wonderful aroma that not only makes their tea taste fab, but makes them absolutely ravenous afterwards, the fresh humour of this film, coupled with its unique handling of the drug theme, will make it an instant hit.

Grace's green thumb is a roaring success, as is her crop, and the whole town gathers together each night outside the pub with their deckchairs to watch the green house as she lights up the produce of her 'joint venture' for the evening. Everyone knows, even the town's policeman, who decides that, under the circumstances, he'll 'turn a blind eye' to the matter. After all, the villagers of Port Liac take pride in their apathetic contempt of the law, and Grace wouldn't be the first person to blatantly ignore it. The only problem remaining is the trouble a middle-aged woman in a white suit has finding a dealer in the hardcore London area of Notting Hill!

Grace's new-found gardening venture teaches her how to live again, brings love and happiness back into her life and gives the residents of Cornwall something to inhale. Great cast, great film, take some munchies and go have a laugh.

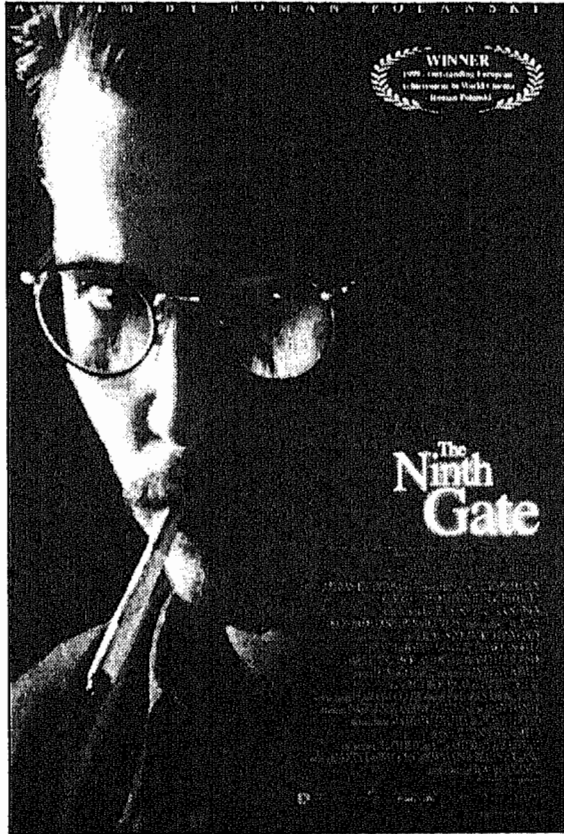
Sarah Attar

The Ninth Gate
Now showing
Selected cinemas

I, like everyone I know who has seen *The Ninth Gate*, am ambivalent about the film. Written and directed by Roman Polanski (adapted from the novel *The Club Dumas* by Arturo Pérez-Reverte), it

obviously had an enormous budget - yet I did not feel that Polanski had 'done' enough with it.

The Ninth Gate is lauded as a detective thriller'. It is the story of Dean Corso (Johnny Depp) and his search for an extremely rare book, *The Nine Gates of the Kingdom of Shadows*, which is rumoured to conjure up the Devil when interpreted correctly. Corso does not believe in the Devil, he is just interested in the money offered to him by a collector, Boris Balkan (Frank Langella), to compare the three surviving copies of the book



(Balkan is convinced his copy is a fake). As Corso's quest takes him around Europe, he discovers that the book was supposed to be co-written with the Devil himself, and that the earthly author was burned at the stake, along with all but three copies of the book, for his crimes in consorting with Satan. Corso is, naturally, increasingly intrigued. The material Polanski had to work with could have been handled in one of two ways: *The Ninth Gate* could have been a classy detective thriller, except Corso's quest was just all too easy. Or the film could have been a supernatural thriller, except that it completely lacked the necessary atmosphere, and the mystical parts - in the guise of the mysterious (and ambiguous) Girl (Emmanuelle Seigner) - and the whole entering the Kingdom of the Devil thing, were not fully explained or played up enough. Overall *The Ninth Gate* left me unsatisfied and unfulfilled because it had so much at its disposal, yet failed to deliver on all counts. Depp is, as always, great to watch. The man has so much talent, and is

a natural on the screen. I really love him in comic roles, such as the wonderfully kitsch *Sleepy Hollow*, but he manages to bring his usual quiet dignity to *The Ninth Gate*. Wait for it to come out on video, though.

Jayne Lewis

Centre Stage
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas

Released just in time for the 'chick flick' oriented season at cinemas (apparently a ploy, along with cheaper tickets, to compete with the Olympics), *Centre Stage* hits its mark very well. It's a film that's hard to imagine getting a major release any other time, yet during this silly season it's being pushed as the leader of the pack.

With an acclaimed director like Nicholas Hynter aboard (*Madness of King George*, *The Crucible*), one might expect at least a modicum of excellence. Sadly, one would be mistaken. Hynter does his best with the material he's given, but to be frank, he's not given much. The story is a bog-standard, massively predictable melodrama/soapie set within the walls of a major American Ballet School. It's the kind of story that goes beyond being comfortably familiar, becoming

tediously so.

There's a self-conscious klutz who becomes the darling of her graduation piece, an ice-queen bulimic who finds salvation through true love, an over-eater who gets

chucked out, a self-obsessed ballet-star who kinda learns his lesson and to respect the previously-mentioned klutz, a rebellious black student who gets to shine, and on and on ad-bloody-infinitum. You know exactly where all this is going from scene one. There's not a lot of point in mentioning much of the cast as a) they're not memorable enough for me to remember who was who and b) most of 'em are newcomers and/or professional dancers, so you probably wouldn't know who they are. The only notable actors in the cast are Peter Gallagher (*House on Haunted Hill*, and oodles of other things) as the Ballet Company director, and Donna Murphy (*Star Trek: Insurrection*, *Murder One*) as the hard-yet-(surprise, surprise) caring instructor, both of whom are wasted in minor roles.

The dance orientation of this film probably accounts for the generally low acting standard, as most of the cast were presumably hired for their movement skills and not their thesping. Most of the cast are unmemorable, except for reasonable work from Amanda Schull as Jody, the 'ugly duckling', and Ethan Stiefel as her seducer, teacher and mentor, Cooper. Also of note is the aptly named Susan May Pratt, for her truly bad 'performance' as the bulimic bitch, Maureen - oddly enough, she's actually an actress, not a dancer.

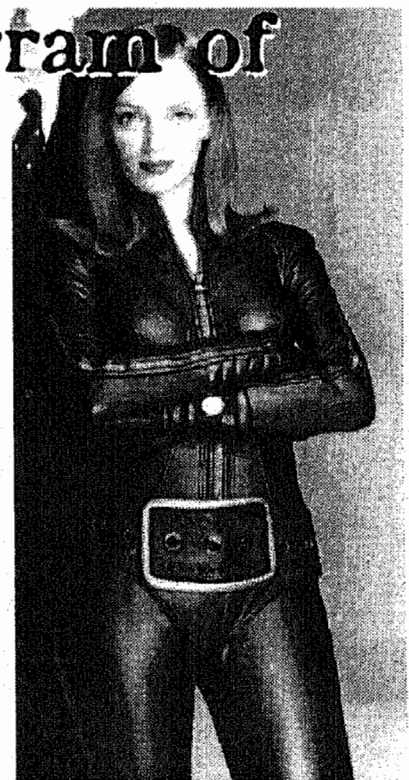
The film is mildly redeemed by some spectacular dancing in the final act, but this on its own is not enough to make it worthwhile. Hynter deserves better, and so do we. For dancy-heads only, but *Fame* still did it better.

Gerard van Rysbergen

Film Anagram of the Week

Uma
Thurman

Unhurt
mama



The beauty of Video

The Hurricane
1999 D: Norman Jewison
Denzel Washington, John Hannah, Deborah Kara Unger, Liev Schreiber
Roadshow

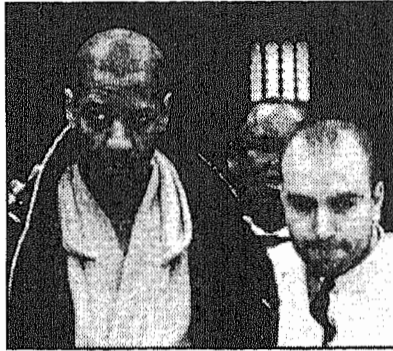
Promising up-and-coming young negro boxer Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter was framed for the murder of three people in Paterson, New Jersey in 1966. He spent the ensuing nineteen years unjustly imprisoned while vigorously maintaining his innocence. Finally he was able to clear his name, although the real killers were never brought to justice. *The Hurricane* is Rubin's story.

American Beauty
1999 D: Sam Mendes
Kevin Spacey, Annette Bening, Thora Birch, Wes Bentley
DreamWorks SKG

The winner of five Oscars, *American Beauty* is the first film from British stage director Sam Mendes. It is a rich, multi-layered tale of urban despair, emotional crisis and ultimate redemption. And it is also a razor sharp black comedy whose very title suggests something of an oxymoron.

Kevin Spacey is superb as Lester Burnham, whose disillusionment at the apparent futility of modern life recalls that of *Fight Club*'s unnamed narrator. Lester lives in a large house in a respectable neighborhood redolent of wealth and privilege. 'Sharing' his life are

Denzel Washington stars as Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter - 'the man the authorities tried to blame' - and he delivers a dignified, multi-layered performance which will really knock your socks off. Veteran director Norman Jewison renders the material a trifle too heavy-handed and a little obvious, but he has still managed to craft a deeply involving, empowering tale with a truly impressive cast including the eternally pissed off-looking Dan Hedaya, Harris Yulin, Clancy Brown and Rod



Carolyn (Annette Bening) his wife, and Jane (Thora Birch), their depressed daughter who is 'saving for a boob job'.

Next door live the Fittses. Colonel Frank Fitts (Chris Cooper), formerly of the US Marine Corp, is an angry, intolerant man who is unable to stop behaving like the demanding authority figure he once was. Frank's wife Barbara is a shy, retiring woman constantly in her husband's menacing shadow. And their son Ricky is a quiet, strange, yet uncannily incisive young man who falls for Jane and films her with his video camera, to her initial displeasure.

Lester is in the grip of a midlife crisis. He despises his job and feels alienated from his daughter whom he fears he does not understand. And his relationship with his wife is in a state of advanced disintegra-

sentences and one living under an assumed identity, with some expected embellishments thrown into the mix. What this amounts to is a fairly low-key but nevertheless polished film dealing with the underworld crime in, as the title would suggest to most, Essex, Britain.

The audience is introduced to this world of violence and treachery by the young naïve narrator, Billy Reynolds (Charlie Creed-Miles), who becomes a driver for Jason Locke, a volatile thug fresh out of prison.

While Jason was doing his time and keeping his mouth shut, his former drug-trafficking partners were becoming rich off the business he created. After five years inside, Jason is determined to equal and even better their 'achievements'. He reforms his gang and calls upon the shifty pilot and drug smuggler Mr. Dyke, who owes him a favor, to

Steiger, who starred in Jewison's Oscar-winning 1967 film *In the Heat of the Night*.

While Rubin is in jail he writes a book, entitled *The Sixteenth Round*, which proclaims his innocence and presents him as the victim of racist cop Della Pesca (Dan Hedaya), who has had it in for Carter since the gifted boxer was but a small boy. Carter's book is read by a young boy named Lesra (Vicellous Reon Shannon), who is deeply moved by Rubin's unfair plight. Galvanized into

tion; he feels that *she* does not understand *him*.

Then he meets the sultry Angela Hayes, a coquettish friend of Jane's. Lester is instantly besotted with Angela and, when he overhears her tell Jane that she - Angela - would sleep with Lester if he 'worked out a little', Lester embarks upon an ambitious personal physical development program in order to win over the kittenish young temptress. This commences an oft-hilarious odyssey of personal discovery for the immature Lester, who quits his job and shuns all responsibility, seeking only to smoke pot, eat junk food and play with his remote control car - to do all the things he enjoyed as a young boy.

Meanwhile, the increasingly unhinged Carolyn begins a torrid affair with the sleazy Buddy Kane (Peter Gallagher), the 'real estate

this end.

Jason's girlfriend Lisa plays Lady Macbeth to his Machiavellian prince, reminding him constantly of his supposed friends' readiness to desert him in his hour of need, and thus fueling his ever-increasing rage and determination to become king of the castle once more.

Before long the blood starts to flow, double crossings emerge and loyalties are tested. With each new act of violence, Billy recoils from his position in the gang. But of course by then he knows too much and will be treated as a liability should he gain the courage to leave - a liability best dispensed with.

Although the film is certainly violent, it is not as graphically depicted as in some other crime films like *Scarface* or *Goodfellas*, and this fact may disappoint or even bore those who like their crime flicks heavy on the red vino

action by this outrageous abuse of power, Lesra campaigns strenuously and lengthily to free The Hurricane and restore him to his rightful place of honor. Lesra is supported in his moral quest by his idealistic social worker educators Lisa (Deborah Kara Unger), Sam (Liev Schreiber) and Terry (John Hannah), who vow to stand by the wronged pugilist come hell or high water.

This is an uplifting and inspirational film. It is a more than worthy biopic but, more importantly, it is an important social document.

Denzel Washington is *The Hurricane*. And *The Hurricane* is beautiful.

James Trevelyan

king'. And, in the midst of all this familial turmoil, Jane and Ricky discover beauty through the tentative romance which evolves between them.

American Beauty is a stunning, revelatory film. Alan Ball's Oscar-winning screenplay is as much a poignant comedy as it is a modern tragedy. Everyone is great in this - Mendes really knows how to get the best from his actors. We can even forgive Peter Gallagher for making that *House on Haunted Hill* dreck! Veteran cinematographer Conrad L. Hall won a much-deserved Oscar for his cinematography, which captures some wonderful fantasy sequences cued by Lester's lecherous longing for leggy Angela. Unusual, uncompromising, and unforgettable.

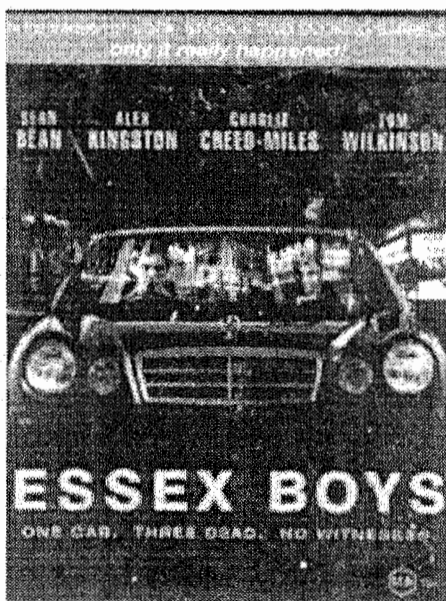
James Trevelyan

and in the non-stop action department.

Instead, director Terry Winsor emphasizes the implicit violence that arises out of the tense, edgy characters, particularly via the exceptional performance of Sean Bean as Jason, who appears on the verge of beating up just about everyone on screen. But it is Alex Kingston's portrayal as Jason's faithful girlfriend Lisa, who is at once supportive and kind, and cruel and cunning, that commands the screen with a subtle hand.

Great cinematography and a cool original score also add to the atmosphere and although the film's overall effect is one of restraint, those of you who enjoy films pertaining to the seedier, messier side of crime could do a lot worse than give *Essex Boys* a look.

dan V.



Essex Boys
1999 D: Terry Winsor
21st Century Pictures
Sean Bean, Charlie Creed-Miles, Alex Kingston

Essex Boys is a film based on a true single event which left three people dead, two serving life

Kind of like Pay TV



The Virginian
1999 D: Bill Pullman
Bill Pullman, Diane Lane
Warner Home Video

Mission to Mars
2000 D: Brian De Palma
Gary Sinise, Tim Robbins
Don Cheadle, Connie Nielsen
Jerry O'Connell, Peter
Outerbridge
Touchstone Home Video

De Palma's latest is an ass-kicking, jaw-dropping special effects extravaganza. Sure, it is highly derivative, borrowing from other science fiction films such as *The Abyss* and *Apollo 13*, but this does not detract from what is an immensely entertaining and enjoyable thrill ride.

It has been said that the western was born out of America's desire to better understand itself. This may sound like romanticized polemic, but there is an element of truth to it. The western hero represents all the things Americans like to think that their country and flag stand for. Similarly, the western villain inevitably personifies the timely anxieties of the nation. The west is a myth and it is far older than Hollywood (which, ironically, is itself a kind of western myth). Myths are lies threaded with truth. The American west has been mythologised time and again for more than two centuries, and it's worth bearing in mind that the west was still a fairly unsettled region at the end of the nineteenth century. In 1885, twenty years after the end of the Civil War, Wyoming was still a territory of the United States. It is this lawless province that serves as the setting for Owen Webster's story

Mission to Mars centers around a salvage mission undertaken by four intrepid astronauts - Jim McConnell (Gary Sinise), Woody Blake (Tim Robbins), Terri Fisher (Connie Nielsen) and Phil Orlmeyer (Jerry O'Connell). They seek to rescue a crew who journeyed to Mars and disappeared without a trace. What the salvage team discovers on the angry red planet will blow your mind. The special effects in this film - courtesy of Industrial Light and Magic and Dream Quest Images - are so good that you will simply not believe your eyes!

Gary Sinise, previously seen in De

The Virginian.

The Virginian is an archetype and classic of the western genre and has been the subject now of two film interpretations. The most recent is a Turner Network made-for-cable production that remains remarkably faithful to the original story.

The story is simple enough. A good man finds himself pushed to the limit by amoral antagonists and circumstance. Bill Pullman plays the Virginian of the title (we never actually learn his name). He embodies the heroic ideal - cocky and self-assured but not boastful, proud but not conceited, honest to a fault. Near the beginning he is pitted against his antithesis, Travis (John Savage), a Northerner who has taken an instant dislike to the Virginian. In Travis the Virginian 'finds his measure'. Diane Lane plays Molly, the Virginian's love interest and the moral anchor of the tale.

Palma's last film, *Snake Eyes*, is excellent as the steely McConnell. And Connie Nielsen, superb as Russell Crowe's sultry love interest in the brutal *Gladiator*, does some good work as Blake's wife, Terri Fisher. And is it my imagination or does Jerry O'Connell - portraying space explorer Phil Orlmeyer - resemble a young John Travolta? Veteran Canadian director Brian De Palma has crafted another thoroughly watchable movie. While *Mission to Mars* lays on the sentimentality a little thick at times, it is still lots of fun to watch. Unfortunately, the score is pretty awful; a breathtaking scene over-

The Virginian marks Bill Pullman's feature debut as director. He displays a remarkable sensitivity to the material, never overstating the message, and allowing the audience to work things out for themselves. The film is a pleasure to experience; it is superbly shot (on location around Calgary, Canada), while the script beautifully captures the measured cadence of late Nineteenth-Century speech. Pullman and Lane exhibit a chemistry on screen, while Savage and Dennis Weaver offer strong performances. Strictly speaking *The Virginian* should be classed as a 'revisionist' western - many of the traditional faults of earlier westerns have been addressed in the production. But the film exhibits all the attributes of the traditional, mythical westerns without irony. As Ronald Reagan would say, it's a good yarn.

Jonathon Dyer

flowing with nail-biting tension is utterly destroyed by assaultive, blasting organ. Who is playing that shit - Doctor Phibes?!

Incredible to think that De Palma has been making films for the last thirty-eight years, bringing us some of the greatest suspense thrillers of all time. This is his first foray into the science fiction genre, and he has acquitted himself admirably. The screenplay was co-written by Graham Yost, who also penned *Speed* and *Broken Arrow*.

Watch out for an unbilled cameo by Armin Mueller-Stahl.

James Trevelyan

G r a t N o s t

the gratuitous nostalgia column

Scarface
1983 D: Brian De Palma
Al Pacino, Michelle Pfeiffer
Steven Bauer, Mary Elizabeth
Mastrantonio
Universal

Violent, crude and shocking are the words I use to distinguish this cocaine-sniffing epic. The screenplay is by the famed Oliver Stone, and veteran director Brian De Palma brings us an overlong political prisoner tale.

Tony (Al Pacino) and Manny (Steven Bauer) are the central focus of this story. After being accepted into America, Florida becomes their home. Tony has a dream - the American Dream - of becoming opulent, powerful and prosperous.

Ascending up the criminal ladder, Tony becomes more puissant and his paranoia level increases. A ravishing but snotty woman called Elvira (Michelle Pfeiffer) enters Tony's life, and he becomes spellbound by her. His inexperienced sibling Gina (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) is an untainted girl. When she becomes involved with some of Tony's client's, he becomes frenzied.

Scarface is brimming with rapacious and power hungry characters. For these criminals, their rise to power comes almost too quickly. Tony is a disgrace to his mother because of his way of life; she banishes him from her sight. He cannot trust anyone and seems to be one messed up character. Forceful and enraged, all he needs

is himself, according to one scene where he shouts those words in anger.

Michelle Pfeiffer is an acceptable actor and she uses her attractiveness in the role of Elvira. There is very little spark among the two leads; feuding between them is facetious. This is one of those movies where there is a spectacular finale that should not be missed.

Al Pacino has only given one hurtful performance in his career, the 1985 stinker *Revolution*, in which he sauntered around the whole movie like a zombie. *Scarface* is one of the best performances in his mesmerizing career.

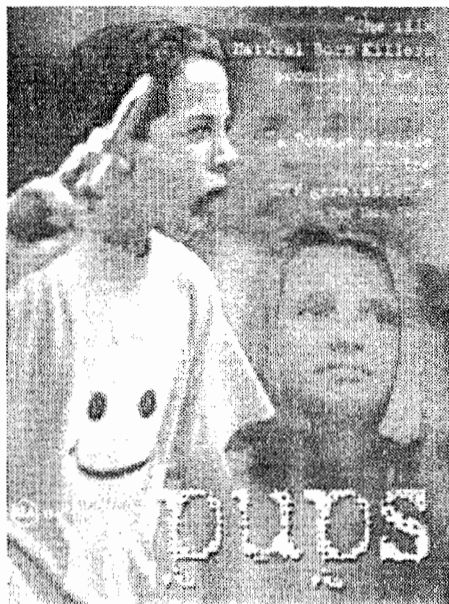
Pacino is an influential performer who studied at The Actors' Studio. Soon after he received his break in *The Panic in Needle Park*, playing

a heroin junkie beside Kitty Winn. In the 70's he churned out classic after classic, including *The Godfather* and *The Godfather Part II*, *Scarecrow*, *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Bobby Deerfield*, and *...And Justice For All*.

Brian De Palma's career spans almost forty years. He made his debut with *Wotan's Wake* (1962), and continued on with other fantastic titles including *Carrie* (1976) with Sissy Spacek, *Dressed to Kill* (1980) with Michael Caine, *Blow Out* (1978) with John Travolta, and *Casualties of War* (1990) with Michael J. Fox. *Scarface* is one of the finest endeavors he has managed in his tidy career.

Matthew Herfurth

But with a fast forward button



Pups
1999 D: Ash
21st Century Pictures
Cameron von Hor, Mischa Barton, Burt Reynolds
21st Century Pictures

Describing what happens in *Pups*, a film produced, written and directed by the enigmatically named Ash, is easy. Thirteen year old Stevie

is talking to his camcorder with a noose around his neck. After calling out to anyone who will listen, he rifles through his Mom's cupboard where he finds the coolest toy ever invented, namely a .44 Magnum. Enter young girlfriend Rocky. Off they go to school, casually discussing their marriage plans. On the way, Stevie decides to rob a bank. Rocky protests, but he does it anyway. Soon after when another gun presents itself, she picks it up and gets right into the spirit of things. The cops come on the scene, and FBI negotiator Bender (Burt Reynolds) pops a few veins trying to ensure the trigger happy fools both inside and outside the bank don't waste anybody. Now, describing what happens beyond the screen is a different story. I hate to make too many comparisons, but imagine the socio-political relevance of D-Fens' psycho spree in *Falling Down* crossed with the quasi-philosophical slacker ennui of *SFW* or *Kids* and you're almost there. What

makes *Pups* stand out from the crowd is obviously the age of the protagonists and the sheer thoughtlessness that precedes their very serious action. This is no planned criminal venture; it's almost completely random, and the kids are often as surprised as the hostages at the events that are unfolding.

Ash has crafted a minimal script with what appears to be much improvisation. Cameron von Hor is fantastic as Stevie. At first glance Mischa Barton's performance as Rocky seemed a little disjointed, but I found this actually enhanced the surreal atmosphere. Reynolds also puts in a fine performance as the negotiator. Although the make-up of the hostages seems a tad contrived, they form an integral part of the story. One of the standouts is Wheelchair Man (Adam Farrar), a crippled ex-serviceman afflicted with Gulf War Syndrome, who gives the kids advice on how to buck the system. Between the lines, there's a lot of

social commentary to be found. Apart from the obvious references to the issue of gun control and how America raises its children, there are allusions to the mass media saturation which Baudrillard refers to as 'hyper-reality'. For instance, Stevie realizes the extent of his actions only after watching himself live on television waving his gun around, with the images on the screen becoming more enticing than what is *actually* happening. Indeed, one of the duo's demands is that MTV's Kurt Loder (played by himself) is sent in to interview them.

This raises the most disturbing issue of *Pups*: the fact that, from what we're shown of him, Stevie's basically an intuitive kid with asthma who watches too much TV/movies/internet, has bad dreams and whose mother leaves him to his own devices. How many kids out there do you know who fit this description?

dan V.

Toy Story 2
1999 D: Lee Unkrich, John Lasseter
Featuring the voices of:
Tom Hanks, Tim Allen
Joan Cusack, Wayne Knight
Don Rickles
Disney Home Video

It's pretty much a universally-accepted rule that movie sequels are never as good as the original. People go to see them in the vain hope that they'll possess some of the qualities that made the first so appealing. Box-office ratings rely on this fact. Every rule, however,

has an exception and, in the batch of semi-recent movies, *Toy Story 2* would be it.

Unlike *MI:2*, *Toy Story 2* is every bit as good as the original. Disney and Pixar have again presented us with interesting characters, a strong storyline and terrific animation. The story begins as Andy leaves for Cowboy Camp, giving Buzz (Tim Allen), Woody (Tom Hanks) and the rest of the toys free reign of the bedroom. Disaster strikes, however, when Woody is 'toynapped' by toy collector Al McWhiggin at a yard sale. Trapped in Al's apartment, Woody discovers he is a

valuable collectable from a 1950s TV show called Woody's Round-Up.

He also discovers other toys from the show, including Jesse the cowgirl (Joan Cusack). And so it's up to Buzz and Co. to rescue Woody from ending up as a Japanese toy museum exhibit.

The best thing about this film is the characters. According to co-Director, Lee Unkrich, the writing team 'went even further with this one and spent a lot of time plumbing the depths of a toy's psyche'. Well, I'm not quite sure what this process involved (how deep to plastic brains go?),

but it must have achieved something. *Toy Story 2* builds upon what we learned about the toys in the first movie. Although the toys retain their original charm and wit, their development as characters is evident. I must also put in a special word for Mr Potato Head, who's clearly the funniest toy in the film.

More than 22 million copies of the original *Toy Story* were sold in the US. The sequel may not live up to those figures, but it is definitely worth a watch. If you missed *Toy Story 2* at the movies, catch it on video.

Emily Heidrich

Monkey Goes Wild in Heaven
Siren Entertainment
D: Yusuke Watanabe.
Masaaki Sakai, Shiro Kishibe
Toshiyuku Nishida, Masako Natsume

This is the episode which launched the phenomenon which is *Monkey* into the international arena of classic television. Everyone knows or has seen a glimpse of a *Monkey* episode at some time in the last 10 years and either thinks that it is the most hysterically funny and well-produced piece of serial television they have ever seen, or that it is just an outrageously tacky 80's Japanese program.

I have to say that it is a marvellous mixture of bad dubbing of English voices over the original

Japanese dialogue, great kung fu-style fighting and hilarious low-budget stunts. Of course, the storylines are usually hard to follow and understand, but then who cares - it's *Monkey* and all we want to see is Sandy and Pigsy (Monkey's two companions) and Monkey (Masaaki Sakai) trudging across the continent looking for pointless fights. And who isn't a big fan of Monkey's magic wishing stick, which looks like a giant painted toothpick, and his little cloud which looks a little too much like an enormous mass of cotton wool? And how could anyone possible go past that theme song?

The original episode discussed here, however, begins with Monkey moving around Gondara (mysterious land before time) looking to beat up anyone and

everyone who he doesn't like the look of.

Of course, this creates a lot of noise which displeases the Emperor of Heaven who demands to see Monkey, the rogue creating all the havoc. The emperor then offers Monkey a job guarding the Peach Gardens of Heaven, where the peaches take 9,000 years to ripen. Anyway, Monkey eats all the peaches (how predictable), which of course upsets the Emperor who banishes monkey to Earth.

Monkey then starts a fight in which Sandy (Shiro Kishibe) breaks the Emperor's cup of wisdom, and Pigsy (Toshiyuku Nishida) attempts to seduce the Venus Princess. As a result all are banished to earth, with Pigsy being transformed into a 'pig monster' (hence the name,

I'm guessing).

Buddha is then upset by Monkey's attempts to become Emperor of Heaven and so entombs him in the Himalayan Mountains for 500 years in order to learn some patience.

Confused? Well that's the way we like it! Take it or leave it, *Monkey* is just plain good fun for those of us who just can't get enough 80's Japanese television, which always promises to be kitch, crass, dodgy and low budget.

Overall, the original *Monkey* episode, previously unreleased, is a good place to start for new *Monkey* fans, and a great place to go back to for die hard fans. 9 out of 10 on the *Monkey Magic Scale*.

Mitch Coidan

57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

Crock TV

I lasted pretty much all year, but I can't resist any longer. I just have to write something on the phenomenon that is 'Reality TV'. This morning's (Saturday, 14 October) edition of *The Advertiser* had a 'news article' on the construction of the set (they even call it a set) for the next series of *Survivor* – perhaps the archetypal program of this new breed with the million dollar prize. The obvious place to start is the name given to the concept itself. I don't know that there could possibly be a bigger misnomer than 'Reality TV'. I've seen poorer fantasies paraded as Hollywood blockbusters. Take the plethora of 'stranded-on-deserted-island-must-survive' shows. Sure, there's nothing real about being stranded on a deserted island, but even if we grant them the ridiculous premise, there's nothing real about contriving the participants to consist of a bunch of highly-strung, extroverted personalities who wouldn't get along if they met on the street. Orchestrating pseudo-controversy is hardly difficult, nor all that entertaining.

But, apparently, these shows rate. Or at least, I assume they do since there's currently a new one coming out just about every fortnight. So I'm clearly on the wrong side of the bargain here – I should get involved in producing one of these shows. In the first instance, I'd love to be there sitting in a bar with the dudes making up the pitches for these shows. I'm assuming it would be in a bar. I think it's a safe bet that alcohol is involved, if not prescription medication. Surely it would involve a group of half-tanked buddies starting off every sentence with the phrase 'So there's this guy, right...'. The next thing you know, there's an island, everyone's getting pretty naked, splinter groups are forming around the folks with the

bad attitudes, and bingo: Reality TV? Crock TV.

True 'Reality TV' would be something along the lines of a show I'm thinking of pitching myself: *Student House*. It won't be contrived – no throwing together of opposing personality types for a paltry four week live-together experience.

I want to emphasise the reality in 'Reality TV.' So we'll just be setting up the HandyCam in the corner of the lounge room of an inner suburban bungalow inhabited by, say, me and one of my old housemates. The first episode will be entitled 'Pasta, Beer and Simpsons.' It will start off with me in the kitchen cooking pasta. That scene will run for about 45 minutes. No dialogue, because no one else is home. We'll cut to an action scene: my housemate Thurston cruising through the local drive-through, ordering a six-pack. Back to lounge-room: pasta is served. Thurston and I eat the pasta sitting

on the couch watching the Simpsons. We'll have to get Fox's permission to air an entire Simpsons episode in the middle of our show – but it should be fair use, since our appropriately timed laughter will be interspersed. Fade to black. That will be the feature-length premiere episode. I'm thinking of following that up with 'Dark Room' – the one hour episode consisting entirely of footage of the lounge room with the

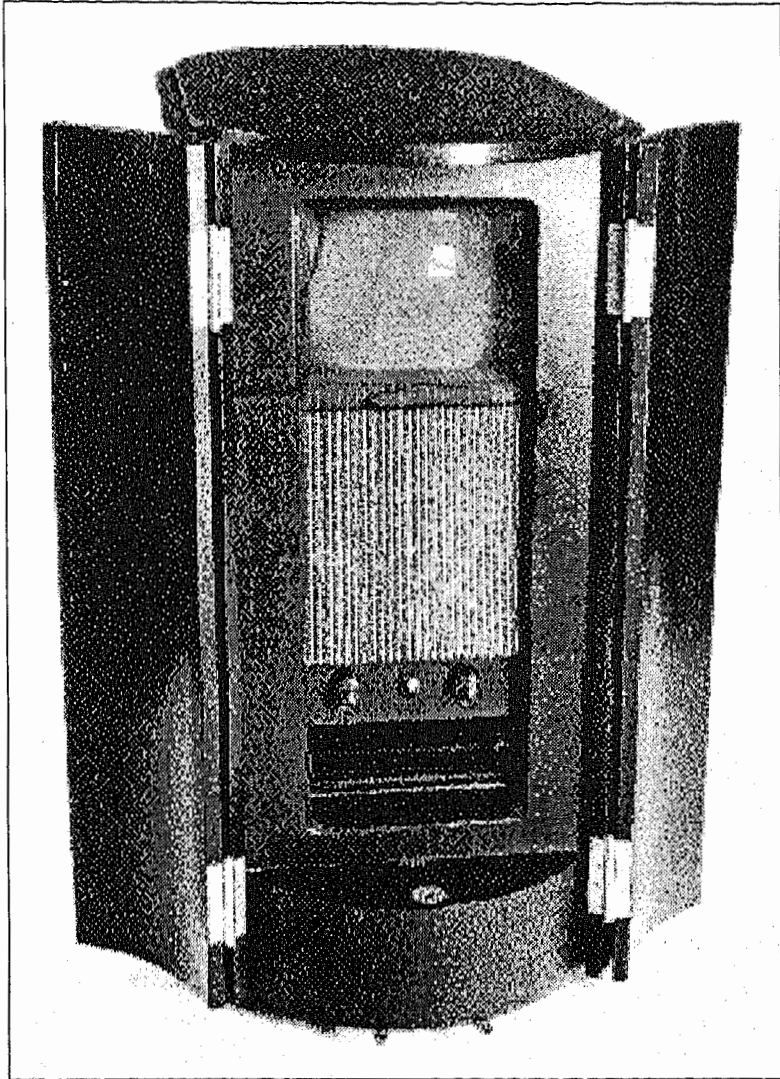
lights off because no one is home. Get the idea? Clearly there's actually *not* a potential TV show lurking inside every 'real life'. (Or, maybe my life is just exceptionally boring, and it really would be cool to put a HandyCam in *your* lounge room.) In contrast, if you stick a

of the first series of *Survivor* was on the show. Looking bizarrely like a caricature of himself, Newman graced us with all the subtle wit he could muster, and looked physically uncomfortable 'interviewing' (and, damn, do I use that term loosely) a homosexual. I don't know who the

Fatman part of the team was, but he came across like the work experience kid, and the third element of the team was some other Einstein who would have appeared to be reading the teleprompter, though it wasn't clear that he could actually read. If it had been even marginally more interesting, I would have written the presenters' names down, but it wasn't and I couldn't justify the energy at the time. Thinking it couldn't get worse, I stuck through the ad break, and the next guest was some Australian cricket player or other. After his second or third racist 'joke' (and, once again, I use that term pretty loosely), I tuned out because the entire left side of my brain had fallen asleep. I

channel-surfed back through for the closing segment, though, only to catch Newman make the odd homophobic reference, and Work-Experience-Boy read the scripted outro off the teleprompter. The credits rolled up over four halfwits in bad suits, and my brain refused to work at all for the rest of the evening because I had insulted it so badly.

Paul Hoadley



group of guaranteed-not-to-get-along twenty-somethings miles away from civilisation, it might get interesting, but it's hardly real.

Sam and the Surgeon

Speaking of *Survivor*, I tuned in to about fifteen minutes of Sam Newman's new schlockfest *Sam and the Fatman* last week. So it's related to *Survivor* for two reasons: (a) I survived, and (b) the winner



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Not just another jungian mandala

A disturbing photograph of a happy, five year old Anne Frank lobbed in the office this week, indicating the opening of the exhibition: *Anne Frank: A History for Today*. A victim of the Holocaust, Frank's diaries were published in 1947, since when, as the accompanying press release states, Frank has become a symbol of the need for the preservation of freedom, the maintenance of human rights, and a pluralistic and democratic society. A timely reminder indeed, given the current events in Israel/Palestine. The exhibition runs until December 3 at Edmund Wright House, 59 King William Street).

Peter Sheedy, well known South Australian contemporary dancer and choreographer, recently received both an *Asialink Grant* (valued at \$10,000) and an *ARTSA Emerging Artist Grant* (\$2000). Under the *Asialink* grant Sheedy will take up an 11 week residency at the National Institute of Art in Taipei, Taiwan. He will use the *ArtSA* grant to fund a new work, 'Pretext,' to be performed during

the 'Ignition' season (6-12 November at Australian Dance Theatre, Balcony Theatre, Gouger St.).

Feast 2000, Adelaide's Lesbian and Gay Cultural Festival (Oct 20 - Nov 12) has launched a website at <www.feast.org.au>. Those with a Shockwave plug in are treated with a flash screen entrance highlighting the Festival's tomato image and its 'key words: Hard, Juicy, Ripe, Firm and Plump. All 107 *Feast 2000* events are listed on the site, which received more than 15,000 hits in its first 8 days. The *FEAST* audience should reach 65,000 this year, so get on-line and see what's on offer.

Bakehouse Theatre have also launched a website at <www.bakehousetheatre.com> where you can access their year's program. Check out their site for information on the up-coming 'Festival of One' season, opening late November.

Speaking of Festivals, Adelaide's flagship keeps producing a paper trail of press releases. They've

recently announced their 2002 artistic team, who will be supporting Artistic Director Peter Sellars. Fresh interest will be brought to the Festival through equal weight being given to artforms not traditionally associated with the Festival: architecture, film, food, and the intersections of art and technology. The Festival will be investigating three themes, of truth and reconciliation (Howard should love that), ecological sustainability (capitalists everywhere will rejoice), and the right to cultural diversity (I assume, then, that MacDonaldis may not be the event's 'culinary sponsors').

Adelaide Theatre Guild's You are here opens on Saturday night with three 'fast moving, bite-sized tidbits' conceived by ex-Adelaide Uni Graduate Andy Packer (assistant director of State Opera's recent 'Romeo and Juliette'). The evening includes Edward Albee's 'The Sandbox,' the mocumentary film 'Theatre is Dead,' and the monologue 'Submission.' Showing at the Bakehouse Theatre (255

Angus Street), Oct 21 - Nov 4 @ 8pm, book at Bass.

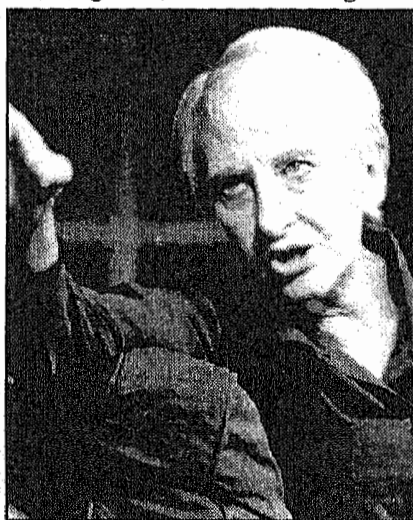
\$500 is what you'll receive if you can win an *Artery Development Grant*. Administered through Carclew Youth Arts Centre, the Artery grants are intended for artists 26 years and under, to initiate, develop or complete a short term project (in any art form: music, fashion design, visual arts, writing, multimedia design, dance, poetry, film-making, etc.). Applications close @ 5.30pm, Nov. 30. Contact Carclew on 8267 5111.

The *Adelaide Festival Centre* has opened an 8 week Open program of new performance art. Commencing with 'X-Stacy' (a look at the dance party scene, youth drug culture and fractured family structures), the season includes events from *Feast*, and *Ursula*, which looks at virginity and is jam packed with enough violence and sex to assure you that it is indeed another Howard Barker play presented by Adelaide's excellent *Brink Productions*.

Treading the boards again

After a sell-out season in Melbourne, 'Collected Stories' is playing to packed houses in Adelaide as our love affair with the deserving Ruth Cracknell continues. Following upon the literary genre that brought Cracknell to us last year with 'Vita and Virginia,' Donald new play is based on an event that took place in the British early 90s when poet Stephen Spender sued novelist David or acknowledgment, an episode of Spender's life into a novel. provocative question: Who owns copyright on our own life Cracknell is definitely the audience's darling, and she delivers archetypal Jewish New York writer, Ruth Steiner, who inhabits others as grist for their literary mill. This inevitably the same time as it isolates the writer. Into Steiner's life comes wanna-be, who begins as a besotted creative writing student year relationship.

Norris, a 1998 NIDA graduate, acquits herself splendidly in gushing girl to sophisticated woman in parallel to Steiner's Cracknell and Norris are well-matched foils in this character Cracknell in 'Vita and Virginia') deserves recognition for both her casting, and for the direction which marries well the play's issue with the intimacy of the characters' the play's purpose, production thrusts If there is any it is with the Margulies' script tightly written, neous, almost to Although an excellent writing, with earstantly re-emergas explanation or Margulies goes exposing too the idea. Confor a ripping yarn that fairly hurtles along, especially in the closing scene, making for powerful argument and characterisation. Whatever your prejudices, if you can find a seat before it closes on Saturday, Cracknell and Norris's performances are top-shelf product.



Margulies' courts in the Leavitt, alleging Leavitt had inserted, without permission What ensues in Margulies' script is a dramatisation of the stories?

from the outset. She plays a somewhat cantankerous its the edge occupied by writers who live their lives to results in an emotional distance, which ostracises others at Lisa Morrison, (played by Sarah Norris), a brash young and develops into a peer and confidant through their six

her portrayal of Morrison, carrying off an evolution from decline from feisty master of her art to vulnerable age. dance, and director Jennifer Hagan (who played opposite her portrayal of Morrison, carrying off an evolution from decline from feisty master of her art to vulnerable age. dance, and director Jennifer Hagan (who played opposite

Collected Stories North Side Theatre Company TXU Playhouse until Oct 21

BYRON BAY SUMMER LAW SCHOOL 2000

December 2000 will see the third Byron Bay Summer School hosted by the School of Law & Justice at Southern Cross University between 8 and 22 December 2000. Byron Bay is one of the most beautiful locations in Australia, boasting magnificent scenery, golden beaches and a relaxed atmosphere. One week intensive units (undergraduate) on offer are:

- Introduction to American Law (8/12 - 16/12)
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- Sexual Orientation and the Law (16/12 - 22/12)

Places are limited. For more information contact: Norsesearch Ltd, PO Box 157 Lismore NSW 2480 Ph: (02) 6620 3932 Fax: (02) 6622 1954 Email: nsearch@scu.edu.au http://www.scu.edu.au/schools/lawj/



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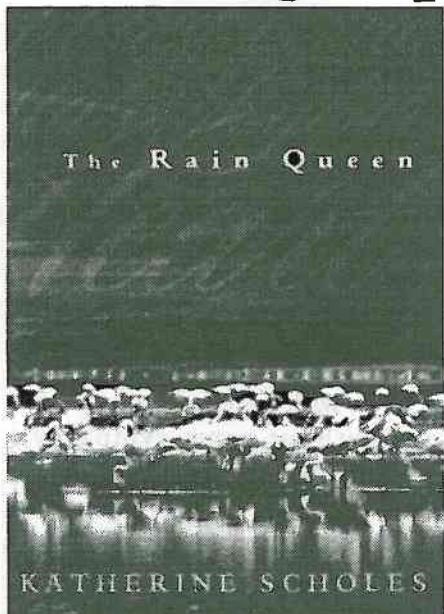
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Farley Wright

Staying up late and not reading textbooks



The Rain Queen
Katherine Scholes
Pan Macmillan

Rising to her knees, Annah peered over the bushes. As her eyes adjusted to the strong backlight of the fire, she could see the dancer's clearly, their faces as well as their bodies. They moved with their eyes half closed, lips parted, lost in dark ecstasy. There were young women - their breasts bouncing, careless, flicking up strands of beads. And men - warriors with painted skin and long thighs - their organs hanging, swinging. Annah stared, bound by the spell of

the fiery drum-driven skin ... 172
Annah has a dream - to follow in the footsteps of her missionary aunt and travel to deepest, darkest Africa as a nurse, to heal the natives. Her rich, society mother disapproves, but the beautiful, red-haired, strong-willed Annah goes anyway. She is sent to a remote hospital, run by a handsome (tanned, strong-armed, blonde-haired) missionary doctor and his devoted (slight, dark-haired) wife. Enter sexual tension and drama, and Annah is sent away, to an even remoter hospital, which she must set up on her own. Trial. Trouble. Enter The New Young Chief. Ebony-skinned. Handsome. And ...

a Cambridge-educated lawyer. Could this be love? Sex scene!!! Tragedy! More tragedy! Heart-warming finish. *The Rain Queen* reads rather a lot like a very long *Women's Weekly* serial. It has a pervasive theme of strong, talented women and the bonds between them (even some very soft feminism) - but the ladies are also beautiful, and the men are handsome. Chuck in love, lust, friendship, Christian charity, and bravery in the face of adversity, and you've got the lot. It's corny, but not all that badly written - for what it is. All in all, not a bad way to pass a very slow evening.

H

A Kick to the Head
Rhyllie Winn
\$21.87

Cancer hits anyone anywhere and at any time. But ... it will never happen to me ...

Rhyllie Winn is 46 when he's diagnosed with a brain tumour. A kick to the head brings about a recount Rhyllie's struggle against this disease which not only threatens his life, but the farming livelihood of he and his family.

This autobiography reflects on both the medical and human sides of cancer and deals with these from the point of view of a father and husband who feels greatly responsible for the well being of his family. Having lived all his life on the land Rhyllie had grown up working a hard farming life. This comes to an abrupt end with his diagnosis of cancer. In dealing with his disease, Winn encroaches on a topic that is seldom uncovered in our society; the fragility of men in the face of illness.

While this story falls into the typical mould of a survivor of tragedy, Winn's quick wit and great ability to tell a yarn make this a very easy book to read. He really comes across as the type of guy that this country is apparently renowned for: bloody hard working and always keen to tell a yarn. If a dry sense of humour and good story appeal, then it's definitely worth the read.

Erin O'Donnell

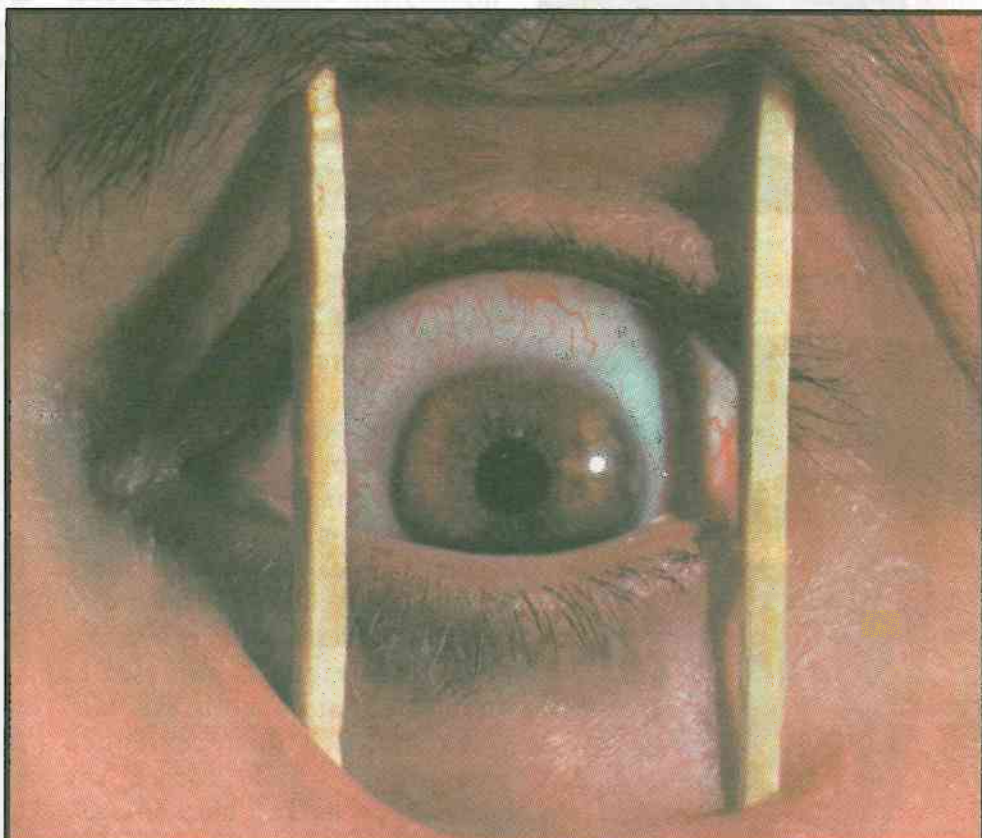
Big Stone Gap
Adriana Trigiani
Pan
\$20.78

Get yourself comfy. A big lounge chair in front of a crackling fire would be the perfect place to read this type of romance. Set the scene to lull the afternoon away reading, then, if the idea of a story of a girl trying to find a man and her identity at the same time is your sort of thing, read.

Ave Maria is apparently happy with her spinster status until her life is thrown into turmoil by the death of her mother. With the passing of her mother, Ave Maria discovers that the man who she had always believed to be her father is not her biological father. This triggers the discovery of her true heritage and a greater understanding of her mother's Italian origins. Along the way Ave encounters several marriage proposals and toils with her romantic desires. All of which is very predictable.

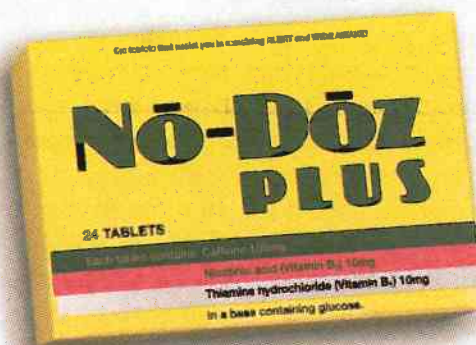
To the credit of the book, it probably is quite a pleasant read; however, this type of romance really isn't my thing. The over-dramatization of this very simple story line became truly irritating by the end of the book.

Erin O'Donnell



Or

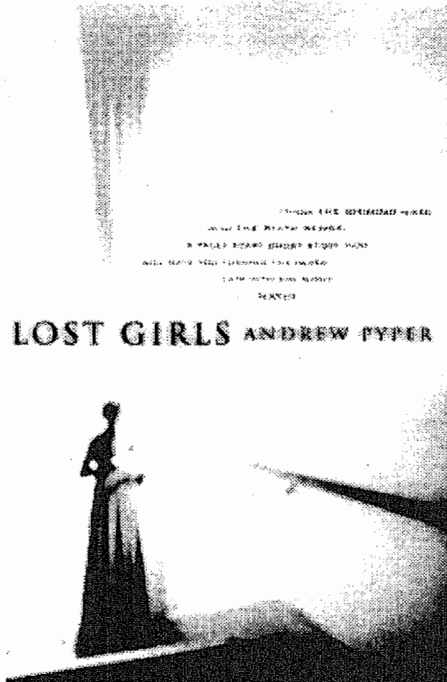
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Lost Girls
Andrew Pyper
Pan

'What your audience loves most is to shake their heads, tell each other how the world is going to hell, pass on all the rumoured details of the worst crimes of the day before finally declaring they can't listen to another word about it, it's all too awful, why does the news always have to be bad news ... So maybe the public has a right to know, Ali. Or maybe all this - 'I swing my arm around to take in the semicircle of furry microphones and black-eyed cameras' - is nothing but slightly shameful family entertainment.'

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Lost Girls is Andrew Pyper's impressive first novel, a tale of mystery and death set in Murdoch, a small and unremarkable lakeside town in Northern Ontario, Canada. You could describe this book as a ghost story, a murder mystery, a trial drama, a detective yarn, or a psychological thriller, and not be far

wrong; however, it would be a shame to do so. While having its foot in the camps of a few different types of fiction, *Lost Girls* is, at the end of the day, too well written to be reduced to any one of these categories.

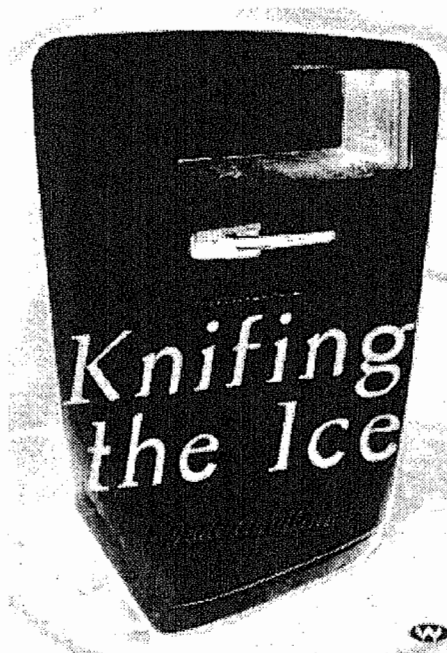
The story centres around one Bartholomew Christian Crane, an ambitious, talented, and seemingly conscienceless criminal defence lawyer who suddenly finds himself plucked from the big smoke and thrust out in the middle of nowhere with the job of defending an apparently-guilty fruitcake who is charged with the murder of two missing girls, in a case which could make or break him.

The locals are strange, and it seems that someone is out to get Barth - or is he just going cocaine-mad? His client is uncooperative, the girls' bodies have yet to be found, and things keep coming back to the

story of the ghost of the lake - a woman murdered fifty years earlier. It seems that Murdoch must face its ghosts - and so must Barth. Will this case bring him to the moral nadir he seems destined for, or will he choose redemption?

Suspensefully written and relentlessly compelling, *Lost Girls* is hard to put down. It's a dark story, set in a grim and sordid world; a world it views with unveiled cynicism, but not without some sympathy - perhaps even tenderness. Intelligent, perceptive and even lyrical, *Lost Girls* is darkly funny, spiked with a wry humour which well suits its isolated, laconic protagonist. It is perhaps for this reason that, despite his singular lack of redeeming features, it is hard not to hope for Bartholomew Christian Crane, and for justice in the end.

EM



Knifing the Ice
Jude Aquilina
Wakefield Press
\$16.95 (Pre-GST)

ences, the art of poetry writing - a witty interpretation that I won't ruin for you by going into any detail - and bellybuttons.

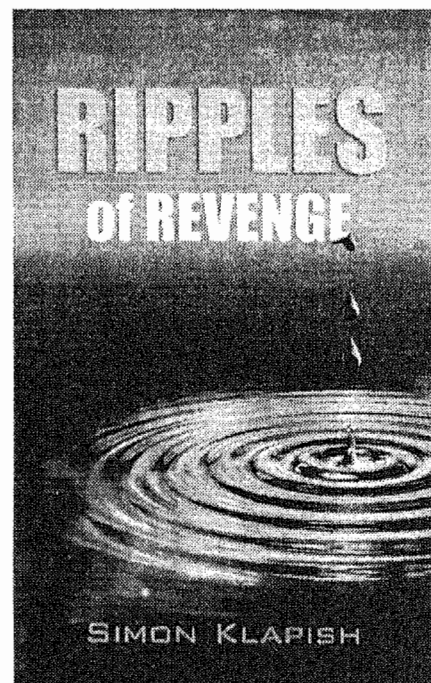
Aquilina writes in a sensual, highly descriptive manner that is laden with feminine imagery. Fruit, the moon, musical instruments and a fridge gain curvaceousness and fertility under her interpretation. Feminine imagery is also used to frame derogatory labels like 'tart' - exemplified in an extended metaphor which forms the singular poem 'To a Black Fridge'. A tribute to modern poetry: conceptual and shape poems abound in Aquilina's book. Obviously not to everyone's taste, but you may be surprised. As Aquilina beautifully puts it in 'Present Tent':

*Some poetry
padlocks pages together:
with bleeding fingers,
we must chisel openings.
These poems sit aloof,
in corners of bookshelves
like uncracked safes
at the bottom of rivers*

*Some poetry
travels like a circus
from hand to second-hand;
sits on your bedside after the show;
spills coffee; visits your friends.
In the ring of perpetual poetry,
there are surprises
for every audience
and the magic remains
after the tent is gone.*

This book is magic.

Prudence Hart



Ripples of Revenge
Simon Klapish
Waterfall Books
\$15.95 (Pre-GST)

Ripples of Revenge by Simon Klapish is quite possibly the worst book of any type I have read since high school. The man has obviously read one too many Tom Clancy 'thrillers' and mistaken them for high art. I don't know which of this novel's two obvious features are more offensive: the complete lack of control of and respect for the English language held by Klapish, or the way in which he takes a halfway interesting concept and massacres it by justifying his theme with a hackneyed and horribly convoluted boys-own fighty-fighty-bang-bang-chuck-in-a-sex-scene-because-it'll-sell plot.

His premise is that when something bad happens to someone, then they'll

want revenge. And when they seek that revenge then someone else will be affected, and so on. Get the title?... *Ripples of Revenge* ... geddit? Unfortunately the dialogue is so tortured and the characterisations so pastiched that the whole thing becomes unreadable.

An example of Klapishism: "Scotty, put up the antenna light-weight when you've eaten and let's see if we can get comms of any sort with base. HF is supposed to work over really long distances if the atmospherics are right so let's test it out." "Okay sir, but I reckon we've got 'buckley's chance'," Corporal Scott replied, using common Australian terminology that meant that chances were extremely slim.'

Klapish considers himself a political expert as well, putting together scenes of diabolical plotting in the upper echelons of the British civil service that seem like hasty patch-ups of *Yes Minister* and *House of Cards* without the jokes or the credibility. The sex scenes read as if the author is fantasising while writing, which provides a very disturbing experience for the reader. The army scenes in northern Australia where, Ozzie reservist troops are having a secret battle with those dastardly Indonesians (or at least, as Klapish put it, 'soldiers who seemed to Lieutenant Harwell to be of that racial persuasion'), are among the worst. Klapish is a former infantry officer, and if all of the ex-grunts out there are thinking about writing books this puerile, then my opinion that we need more women in the army now is strengthened.

John Gardner

Sunk Loto

Sunk Loto are certainly emerging as a force in the Australian music scene of late. The success of their *Society Anxiety* EP and a recent national tour with Adelaide's own Testeagles have proven that this band are going to be around for some time to come. Thankfully fans haven't had to wait long for a full length serving of sonic stimulation (gotta love alliteration!) as the debut album, *Big Picture Lies*, will have just been released by the time this article is published. 'After the Testeagles tour we actually finished recording the album,' says Dane, the hard-hitting drummer and brother of vocalist Jason. So what have the guys from Sunk Loto been up to in the meantime? 'We've just bought a rehearsal room and we've been jamming really late every night getting the sampler going with the music. Trying out the new tracks for the album tour.' And if their gigs are

going to be anything like the ones with the Testeagles, it would be a shame to miss it. Dane is quick to state his feelings about that tour. 'That was awesome. It's really good to play with a really good Australian band.' And how did these two acts get along? 'We're really good friends,' replies Dane. This can be evidenced by the recent remix the Testeagles did of Sunk Loto's first single off of *Big Picture Lies*, 'Make

You Feel'. Interestingly, their few gigs in Adelaide have provided the best and worst of their live experiences. With the Testeagles in front of a home crowd the intensity was unforgettable. 'I think that was probably one of the best shows we've played; on the Testeagles tour. It's just a really healthy music scene. Everyone's really cool down there.' If you were lucky enough to catch them at the O'Ball this year you would have to agree they are exciting live. But this does not bring back happy memories. 'We had a really bad show that day. We were pretty pissed off because we had such a bad gig. The effects were really bad and I went through the snare head halfway through the set. It was a hire kit and I kind of broke the snare. It was still great. We got a good crowd reaction.' And would they ever consider doing an O'Ball type gig again after those dramas? 'Definitely!' is the quick response. Moving the topic onto the debut album Dane explained the relatively simple songwriting process that they employ. 'It's kind of a joint thing,

Someone will come up with a riff or a bass line or a drum pattern and we build it from there. No one really dominates the songwriting'. 'We wrote about 15 songs, put about 13 down and the album's got 11 songs on it.' As for the remaining tracks they weren't included because of their feel. As Dane says, 'they didn't fit on the album. Maybe for B-sides or whatever.' First albums are usually notorious for compiling the back catalogue of a band. Not so with Sunk Loto. 'They were all pretty much new, fresh material that we hadn't really played with before.' But not everything is new. They have kept Paul Mc Kercher at the helm production-wise. 'We've worked with a few producers and they've really pushed you to do their ideas even if they're not working. Pauly is really good to work with because he'll suggest an idea and if he knows it's not work-



'We start out with a bass riff'

ing he won't force it. He lets us do our thing and we let him do his.' However, Michael Barbiero was chosen for mixing duties over both Paul and Ulrich Wild (who worked on a couple of tracks on the *Society Anxiety* EP). 'It's great to work with those people. Paul really knows where we're coming from. Michael's awesome for mixing. He totally brought out a new level of the album that we hadn't heard before instead of just making it sound 'right'. I think the more

'rocky' warmer a n a l o g u e sound that Michael pulled was a lot more suitable for us. Ulrich's got a real polished sound.' They have even kept Simon K at Killart Pix to design the album cover. 'He's really nailed what

we're after for all the products,' says Dane. As for personal influences the result is quite varied. 'There're too many to name! I don't know ... Faith No More, Frank Sinatra, Radiohead. Everything that's good! I love Mr. Bungle. I saw them on the *California* tour. That was awesome. At the moment I've been listening to a bit of Perfect Circle and *Kid A* (Radiohead).' Inevitably though, Sunk Loto end up getting compared to such bands as Korn and Rage Against The Machine. 'Every band is gonna get compared to everyone when they start off. Eventually people realise that they have got their own style. But it's good to be compared to such good bands. I love Rage Against The Machine. I'm not too sure about Korn's new album.' With bands such as these in the spotlight in the US at the moment the overseas response looks as though it will be positive too.

Do Sunk Loto see themselves breaking into the American market? 'That's kind of the plan. We did a little showcase for Sony when we were in New York at the CBGB's. I think they're pretty keen on releasing the EP and the album a few months later over there.' The won-



'We'd do another O'Ball honest.'

ders of technology could see the rest of the world sampling their album shortly via mp3s. I mention that some rare material like 'Cloud 9' is freely available. 'That was actually the first recording we ever did. Someone got a hold of it and put it on Napster.' Dane's thoughts on mp3 trading are mixed. 'I've got a lot of different opinions on it (Napster). I think it's ripping artists off but it's also good for people to sample music. I can't really pass judgement on that. I haven't got a big problem with it.' With such a bright future ahead of them it seems like nothing really bothers these guys. And why should it? Many people would love to be in their position. 'For now we're just doing a few gigs like Livid and the Spontaneity Festival and probably do an album tour, but we haven't got a date for that. We'll start writing new material and take it slowly for the next album. I think we'll be releasing our next album pretty soon; in like, a year or two. We've only written one (new) song and it's half in the process. It's still the same (sound) but with a different edge to it. A different angle, like the EP to the album.'

Jorm



Sunk Loto
Big Picture Lies
Epic/Sony

This debut release is very impressive. Fans of their *Society Anxiety* EP will not be disappointed even though there is a slight change in sound. Sunk Loto have gone for a

less 'hectic', polished sound and aimed for a warmer, more compressed feel. Drummer, and youngest member, Dane is quick to agree. 'Definitely. It pretty much came out like that. We don't really plan anything when writing it. We just let it flow. If we've got too many mellow or heavy songs, as long as it feels good and sounds good we'll do it.' By far the standout track, and the one that most encapsulates the 'new' Sunk Loto sound, is the opener 'Shiver'. Possibly one of the most mature songs they have written, it is moody and can quite easily leave you with a shiver down your spine, especially during the bridge.

Thankfully, all of the material is new with no songs from the EP making the album. Different styles are explored from the all out

screaming mayhem of 'Spherical Hostage' to the mellow feel of 'Empty Days (With Animals)'. '11' even hints at hip-hop leanings. Note must also go to 'Sunken Eyes' and 'Human Ashtray', the latter being included on the 'Make You Feel' single. There are plenty of good songs on offer and the choice for singles isn't too hard. 'I think it's kind of a toss up between 'Shiver' and 'Sunken Eyes' for the next single. There should be a few singles off of the album, even 'Empty Days' - the mellow song.' If that isn't incentive enough the first few pressings contain a limited edition bonus disc with one unreleased track, 'SFA', all of the band's filmclips to date, namely 'Vinegar Stroke', 'Lift' and 'Make You Feel', and some interesting footage in the life of Sunk Loto.

Monster bullshit skunkhour

Skunkhour have been one of Australia's premier bands for much of the past decade, through a string of EPs and three albums (*Skunkhour*, *Feed* and *Chin Chin*). But it has been quite some time between the releases. *Chin Chin* in 1997, the release of 'Home' last year and the current single 'Kick in the Door' (with its accompanying film clip which is basically a leg man's ultimate clip being shot almost entirely at the knee level of a bevy of beauties). After *Chin Chin*'s big singles of 'Breathing Through My Eyes', 'Weightlessness', and 'Tomorrow's Too Soon,' one might have expected a breakthrough album. Their record label did not agree and so with a change of label (to Universal) Skunkhour are ready to take on the world again. Their new album is due late this year or early next year and a tour expected in late October or early November. I caught up

with guitarist Warwick Scott (holder of an economics degree but only learnt to play guitar at uni), who has been passing his time between releases writing television soundtracks and advertising jingles for various products including hay-fever tablets and sheep dip, with Michael Sutherland (the band's drummer). The band hadn't been writing much material, but recently the songs have come thick and fast and with the members maturing as writers with the album promising 'better crafted pop songs' and 'less weird' than some of their previous efforts. And no, the name of the band does not have anything to do with the 'green stuff,' but rather is a reference to a poem about skunks by 1920s American poet Robert Lovell. Warwick admits that the band do ask for the assumptions about their name origins from some of the songs that they write. But the basis of the band's name is from an

Kick in the door
Skunkhour
Universal

With a title like this you'd expect a song with energy, but this is no 'Kick Out The Jams' and Skunkhour are no MC5. Not that this is a bad song, it's just that it doesn't seem like a single; although it is growing on me. A slap bass solo is always a good thing, Primus have made a career out of them. Maybe the band is holding back another more energetic single to coincide with the album's release later in the year. Singles are supposed to make you buy the album or, if they are released prior to the album's release, at least have you anticipating the release. As an album track this would be a good song but it won't recruit the masses nor will it satisfy fans of older Skunkhour. Five track single with the obligatory two remixes of the previous successful single ('Home') and two fillers including a cover of 'Girl U Want' by Devo. By the way, nice tea cosy in the film clip, but a film clip based on women's legs has got my vote for clip of the year.

Schnapps

early name for a band that contained some of Skunkhour's members which was Skunk. They wanted the name of the band to be more meaningful and the band's drummer was studying English at uni and read the poem and the name stuck. Living in Sydney has been a pleasure during the Olympics (TM) as no one is allowed to drive or park anywhere and with all the people everywhere has given a feel of Australia Day everyday. So provided the TV wasn't turned on, and the stories of 'heroes' and 'battlers' weren't seen then Warwick thought the Olympics were great with a personal highlight being the guy from Equatorial Guinea who had never seen a 50m pool before. Skunkhour have been a pretty environmentally conscious band since their inception and many of you would remember the use of the song 'Tomorrow's Too Soon' in the Wilderness Society's advertising over the past few years. Warwick sees the lack of action over problems as the world's greatest environmental concern. Taking the ozone hole as an example or the River

Murray situation in Australia he says that Australia is in a position to start afresh. For those of you who saw the band perform at Indifest (and saw Dave Graney's egotistical performance going 30 minutes over causing Skunkhour to only have time for a 15 minute set before the ludicrous curfew time of midnight) or at the Planet (of all places) will know what a great live band they are. But alas the fire breather that was with them that night at the Planet is no longer with the band, and they are pretty set with their five piece line up. So fans of Aya's brother Del on rapping vocals will be disappointed that there will be no return to the duel vocal/rapping style. Warwick was very enthused with the idea of a cock rock revival and said it was definitely time for the Gunners to put aside their differences and reform to the once glorious beast that they were. So perhaps we can expect a cover of 'Kick Start My Heart' or 'Paradise City,' or maybe even Warwick's guilty pleasure song 'I Was Made For Loving You,' to move Skunkhour to worldwide prominence.

Schnapps



STUDENT RADIO 531 AM STUDENT RADIO 531 AM

Hey kids, it's been a while hasn't it?

Joni and I have been off in the Bahamas on a working holiday. We are trying to set up an offshore tax haven into which we are going to siphon off our radio budget. But we will save that story for another day.

Student Radio in the meantime has been going along at a startling pace. The shows are getting tighter, the music faster, the banter more witty and the action more extreme. Who would have ever thought that AM radio could be this intense?! For those of you who don't really know what it is that we are talking about, we have nothing left to say to you.

Last week was women's week at the university and what a week it was! Student Radio was out on the Friday bringing you the unique sounds of Totally Wimmin Powered Radio. We would like to thank and all those who cared enough to listen. The broadcast was fantastic and it was good to see so involved in what is traditionally a very male dominated form of media.

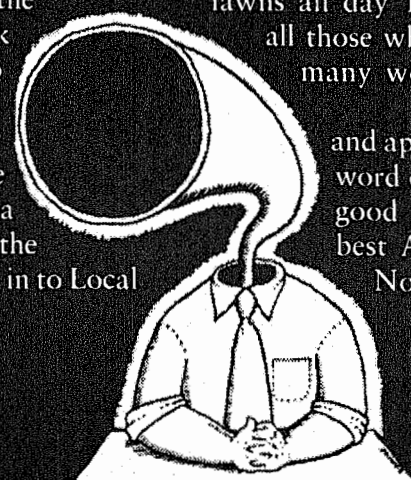
As the year draws to a close, it is nearing that time when you have the chance to put pen to paper dio star in 2001. Applications will be out soon so make sure you keep an ear to the ground for the Student Radio still has a few weeks left so make sure that you tune in to SUV on 531 AM and get a leave the airwaves for another year. Don't forget to tune in to Local Beatz on Monday at 11 pm for the tronic artists playing live to air. Or if you are more of a bands and pubs kind of person why not tune in to Local

That is all from us for another week,

Elly Wright and Joni Queen

Adelaide University Student Radio Directors 2000

PS keep your ears open for a very special Student Radio event soon to be announced ...



lawns all day Thursday and all those who helped out many women getting

and apply to be a ra-word on the street. good fix before we best Adelaide elec-Noise on Tues-

Lo-tel

Things have been happening quite quickly for Lo-Tel. Since their formation a couple of years ago, they've acquired a contract with a major label, and have already had two hit singles, the latter of which was featured on the soundtrack to the Australian movie *Looking For Alibrandi*. That single's success, helped by high rotation on radio, pushed Lo-Tel to national fame, and have now just released a highly anticipated third single, 'A Pop Song Saved My Life'. An album is shortly on the way, as well as a national tour. In amongst all that, Lo-Tel have managed to take some time out of their busy schedule to have a bit of a chat with *On Dit* about their road to stardom.

'It all started about four years ago when Dave and I met', muses singer and guitarist Luke. 'I'd been writing for a little while at that stage, and Dave came along with an engineer and producer, and we co-produced a bit of that stuff and spent about 18 months working that up, and once we had a swag of songs we knew we needed a drummer, and we met up with Darren.'

'Yeah, that was about two and a half years ago, February 98,' adds the band's bassist, Dave.

'It clicked immediately,' continues Luke, 'and sparks flew, and we just worked up the set.'

The band was signed shortly after the line up was finalised, in October 98. 'It was a fairly short period from when the band actually became a band and when we got signed,' says drummer, Darren. 'We did a bunch of showcase gigs, about 8 or 9, before we were actually signed.'

'We were confronted by the head of Murrum records at about gig 2,' laughs Dave. 'He was supposed to come at gig 8, but he snuck in!' 'We did quite a bit of rehearsing, and worked up a show before we got out there,' says Darren, 'But live, we were still pretty green when we were confronted.'

'Since then we've done more touring,' says Dave. 'We're starting to work into it now. Since the release of 'Teenager', I think it will get much heavier.'

'The most major touring we've done was just after we got signed,' adds Darren. 'We did about 8 shows on the east coast. Apart from that it's just been a few shows here and there, promo stuff and all that.'

'The reactions are getting stronger, especially when the people start to recognise the songs from radio,' says Luke. 'I was even surprised

when we first started at the amount of people who came up to us after the shows and said how much they liked some of the songs. It's good.' Well, now it's time for Lo-Tel to start getting worked up for the release of their debut album, *Planet*

'We've been working on the album for about a year now on and off,' says Darren.

'We did about two or three months concentrated,' Dave cuts in, 'and then it was a matter of which songs we did or didn't like and finding

made us ... patient!'

'It's pretty exciting hearing our song on the radio now,' says Darren. 'It's really exciting when you walk past a shop or something and hearing it playing, or something.'

'I was walking somewhere in Bondi one time, and I heard someone driving past with their stereo blasting, and I thought it was like doofer stuff, and I was thinking what a wanker. And then all of a sudden I heard myself screaming, and realised it was our song!' laughs Luke.

'I haven't heard too much of our stuff on radio yet,' says Dave, 'but the first time I heard us was in the car, and I had to pull over so I didn't crash.'

'Yeah, you get very emotional about all that stuff,' muses Darren.

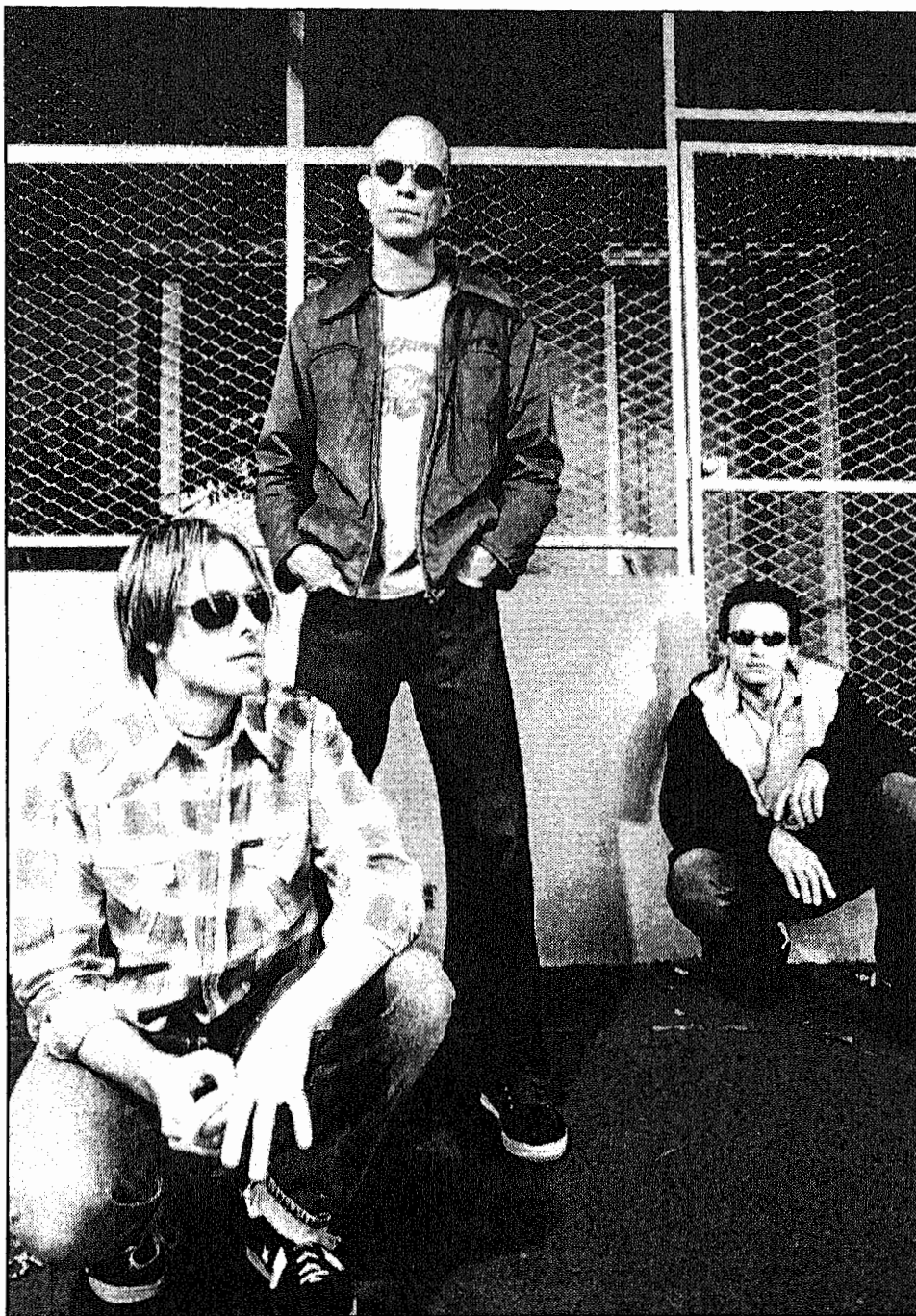
Now that the band have finally completed the album, they're about to embark on a large scale national tour, part promotion and part fun.

'We'll be playing in Sydney, Melbourne, and then up to Brisbane before we jump on the Superjesus truck,' says Dave, 'and we'll be supporting them for six weeks around the country.'

So does Adelaide get a look in amongst all this? 'They certainly will. There's about four or five gigs in Adelaide, being the hometown of the Superjesus. It'll be great; we'll all be looking forward to it. It's our first big tour across the country in the car, so we'll really know we're in a rock band then!'

After all that, Lo-Tel will try to get on a few of the festivals, before some more touring, headlining their own tour, and even a tour of New Zealand. At the very start of their career, it is clear to see that Lo-tel will be around for a while yet.

L.A.



Rock shot par excellence

of the Stereos. 'Yeah, we're a little edgy,' says Dave. 'Fingers crossed, and all that sort of stuff. I feel like I'm sitting in an exam. I'm getting university flashbacks! I mean, we really like it, so we just hope that everybody else does! I think it should do fine.'

'The fact that our singles have done well is a good indicator that people have heard of us. If people have taken the trouble to buy some singles one would hope that that would equate across to the album. We're all very apprehensive, but yeah, since the people have bought singles, maybe they'll buy albums! Right from the very start, we knew what we wanted the album to sound like, and we'd done demo's of each song and stepped it up as we went along. We're very happy with it.'

time to correct things. It's been a long drawn out process getting everything finished. New songs came up, and others got re-recorded. The whole thing has

Lo-Tel Planet of the Stereos Murrum/Sony

After releasing three very successful singles, Lo-Tel have finally released their much anticipated debut album. The Sydney band are currently running with all their successes and they too

are keenly awaiting the release of *Planet Of The Stereos*. The album begins with their latest single, 'A Pop Song Saved My Life', and is a very 80's pop sounding song. The other two singles already spawned from the album, 'Teenager Of The Year' (which featured in the movie *Looking For Alibrandi*) and 'Genre Casting' are vastly different from both each other and from the third single, which showcases the band's diversity. The album does this to a greater extent, and has songs from the very slow 'Sweet Janelle' to the pumping rocky 'Crucifix', to more mellow stuff with 'Fashion', and more pop stuff with 'Hudson N.Y.' which is also the next single to be released. Definitely a something for everyone type of deal.

Overall, I thought that the album was quite good. Plenty on there to keep everyone entertained. No matter what style you're into, you'll be able to listen and appreciate this album. Lo-Tel have done a very good job on this one. Make sure you catch them when they play here soon with the Superjesus.

Goin' orf at yo' lokal

Tendahook & Maple Holdfast Hotel

End of term had finally come. Two whole weeks without having to come to uni. Perfect. And what better way to kick it all off than watching a couple of great local acts. I headed down to the Holdy, a place where you can be guaranteed a good time.

The crowd was a bit thin for the Holdy when I got there, but it was still early at that stage. The first band up was Tendahook, one of Adelaide's finest acts. As anyone in a band would know, being an opening act isn't the greatest of things, but despite having poor crowds, Tendahook still gave a great show, as per usual. Playing a blend of alternative pop rock, Tendahook utilise the standard rock line up, as well as having keyboards which broadens their sound considerably. They never fail to perform well, and are a very tight band. Their music is quite catchy, and they have something for everybody. A standout for me was when the keyboards synthesised the drums, and the two instruments played together (a very good sound, I must say!). Once again, Tendahook played a great set, make sure you catch them soon!

Maple were on after Tendahook, and by that stage the Holdy was starting to fill up. Maple have built up a fairly loyal following over the years, and are now starting to reap the benefits of their hard practice; they recently won a massive bands' comp in Victoria, and have recently had a song added to Triple J rotation. A band with accolades like that would be expected to give a pretty decent show, and that they did. After a couple of their infectious Aussie pub rock songs, the place was starting to go crazy.

The crowds began to get into the groove down the front, including a couple of stoned guys who had a very interesting dance indeed. As always, Maple satisfied everyone present with their great stage show. They're currently finishing off a CD which will be out soon, and is sure to do amazing things. Make sure you get down to see these guys before they really take off!

Although I couldn't stay for the final band, the hard rocking Mower, I had a great time. Being one of Adelaide's finest live band venues, the Holdy is always a house of fun. Get down there and support the local scene!

L.A.

Downpour, The Bro's & Third Stone In-Zone

I had been waiting for this night for a long time. For about two months, the night of the 30th of September had been highlighted in my diary. But why is that, you mayask? Well, if you are any kind of classic rock fan, then you'd be bound to know. That night was the night that the Jimi Hendrix Experience tribute band played Adelaide!

On arriving at the In-Zone, I was welcomed with the sensational \$1.50 beer happy hour, and already I was in a good mood. Heading straight out the back, I was greeted by the hard pumping sounds of Downpour. I hadn't seen these guys before, but after a couple of songs, I'm sure I'll see them again. Their style is hard rock, including some quite heavy songs in their set. Though the crowd was small (it was still early), just about everyone present was into these guys. The songs were pretty pump up, and I was really getting into it. Like all things though, it soon came to an end, but I'll definitely be catching them again.

Up next was a fairly new band who currently call themselves the Bro's. All of the musicians have been around for ages, but the line up is new. However, when you hear them you'd think that they've been play-

ing with each other for years. Their style was a Black Crowes rock crossed with good ol' Aussie pub rock. By now, the In-Zone was filling rapidly, and everyone was getting into the music. In fact, these guys were so good that I was smiling for the entire set! Make sure you watch out for these guys, and check the press to see if they change their name, cos the Bro's are certainly worth seeing.

Finally the time that everyone had been waiting for had arrived. It was about midnight, and finally, Third Stone came out on stage. With incense sticks burning, the scene was set. The show began with a bang. The guitarist, also named Jim, came out to cheers from the crowd, and he immediately began to show his stuff. Third Stone have been around for ages, and used to play heaps of gigs around Adelaide, but over the years, they haven't played as often. They now only do it one or two times a year, but when they do, they really give it their all. Made up of Jim and Tom from Loving Tongue, Big Tom's Blues Band, and Raven Black Night fame, and Rino, a fill in drummer for those bands, Third Stone have ample experience, and know how to give a good show. The set included all of Hendrix's classics, like 'Fire', 'Foxy Lady', the sensational 'Bold As Love', 'The Wind Cried Mary', 'Manic Depression', 'Stone Free', and my all time

Pornland Farewell gig UniBar

This is actually the only time I have seen an *entire* Pornland gig: I either get lucky halfway through (as in that wonderful New Year's Eve gig way back in '98), or I don't arrive until halfway through. Pornland have graced my life for several years now and over the past couple of years I have seen the Porn boys really develop and grow in terms of both their music and their live gigs. Potential has been reached and a thunderously wonderful gestalt has been achieved. Over the past year I think they have *really* come together as a group, working each other and the crowd like pros.

As always, they funk you like you've never been funk'd before - these guys funk you 'till you can't walk straight; they funk you good and proper leaving you desirous of more. They know how to work a crowd, and, as always, put on a bloody marvellous show.

Only one thing sullied the evening, and that was the obnoxious bunch of fuckwits moshing and crowdsurfing. Like, who the FUCK moshes to funk?

Those of you who persisted in such unruly behaviour *even after* the band stopped playing mid-tune to ask you to stop because you were hurting innocent people (who were just trying to dance, and have a good time) might notice some bruises on your bodies that match both the shape of the toe of my boots, and my housemate's elbows. This was empowering to say the least; good little riot grrl that I am.

I for one will miss Pornland dearly, and wish them all the best in Melbourne. I can only hope that they are triumphant and successful so that the next generation of Adelaide funksters will have a chance to experience the group orgasm that is Pornland live.

Funk yo' mamma.

Jayne Lewis

Hendrix favourite, 'Little Wing'. Many times throughout the set, my breath was taken away. If you closed your eyes, it was like listening to the real thing.

As most Hendrix fans would know, Jimi often played the American National Anthem, 'The Star Spangled Banner' before getting into 'Purple Haze'. Third Stone however, like the great Aussies that they are, played 'Advance Australia Fair' instead, and that was certainly one of the highlights.

After about two and a half hours of Jimi Hendrix, the guys started to wind it all down. Jim put down his screaming guitar, but the crowd would not shut up. To satisfy them,

he picked up the guitar once more and swung into 'Red House'. It's not often that a local act gets an encore, but it's great when they do. Unfortunately though, once 'Red House' was over, that was it. Third Stone packed it all away for another year. If you are a Hendrix fan, make sure you see these guys when they play next, and make sure you catch them in their other bands, cos their influences show through!

Well, it certainly was a great night. Sensational bands, great performances, and as always, plenty of fun at Adelaide's best venue, the In-Zone Nightclub.

L.A.

Giveaways

Giveaways

Thanks to Cherie at EMI we have 5 copies of the new album from **At the Drive In**. Come in Wednesday 2pm and tell us something connected to drive-ins to get one. Hard huh?

Thanks to Simon at BMG we have 3 copies of the new album from **Disturbed**. Come in Wednesday 2pm and tell us something disturbed to get one. Difficult? You betcha.

Muse are playing Thursday the 19th November at the Governor Hindmarsh with fellow Englanders Feeder and Oz rockers Rumanastone. Get in the spirit of things by collecting one of 3 freebies courtesy of Cheree from Festival by answering the simple question, 'Who's your muse?' Listen to the freebie then get along to the Governor Hindmarsh.

The world is fucked



At the Drive-In
Relationship of command
Grand Royal/Virgin

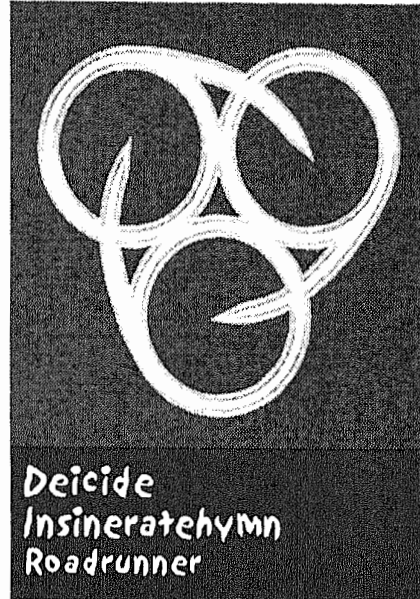
Now here's an interesting release. At The Drive-In are a new band who originate from Texas, USA. Already, they have been highly acclaimed by some of the leading world music press. NME did a cover story on them and hailed them as the next Nirvana, while Kerrang said that their album *Relationship Of Command* was the most exciting release since *Nevermind*. Well, that's a fair bit of a call for anyone to make. Often, the media make comments like that before they think about it, and it puts incredible pressure on the artist in question. Nirvana left a pretty big hole to fill. While I think that no band, not even At The Drive-In, will ever take the place of Nirvana (I am a grunge child after all), they certainly will help to fill it up. And as to the question whether they are actually any good. ... read on.

My first impression of the album is a less aggressive Rage Against The Machine. The vocals are similar, and the music is on the same line, for the first track at least, but as the album unfolds, there is plenty more to be discovered. The second track, 'Pattern Against User' is more subdued but still pretty angsty like it's predecessor, 'Arcarsenal'. Track three is the single, 'One Armed Scissor', already getting loads of airplay. Up until that point, the album is not too bad. Nice, average, etc. But after that, it gets a lot better. They move away from the generic sounds into some unexplored territory. 'Sleep Walk Capsules' mixes angsty grunge rock with some funk grooves, and even a bit of rockabilly. Next, the album takes a twist with 'Invalid Litter Dept.', a much softer mellow track. With guitars screaming over a piano, this track is quite nice. Some feedback follows, and it's into the punk sounding 'Mannequin Republic'. After that we get a phone message, followed by another funky song, 'Enfilade'. By this stage, I was quite surprised at the bands diversity. The next three tracks are a mix of pumping hard and fast songs, while

the final track is a very soft Beatlesque ballad sounding tune. A very nice way to end the album.

Well, after a couple of listens, I'm still not sure whether they're the next Nirvana, but they definitely are a good band. The album made a very entertaining listen, and I'm keenly interested in anything else they have to offer. Make sure you check them out soon, At The Drive-In.

L.A.

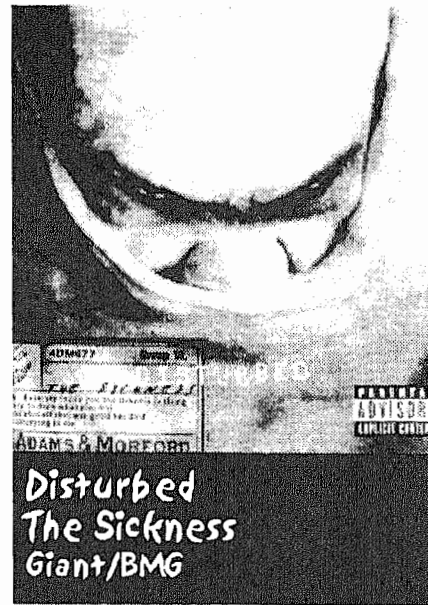


Deicide
Insineratehymn
Roadrunner

Benton is back with what must be nearly his last album (if he goes through with his apparent promise to kill himself by age 33). Yes, the man could easily be pigeonholed as 'crazy' (he has burnt an inverted cross into his forehead) but there are many that would just call him admirable for sticking to his belief. Anyone remotely interested in 'heavy' music will surely know of Deicide. They have remained one of the most extreme death metal bands in the industry for many years now never failing to be controversial and shocking. This album is no exception. With songs such as 'Bible Basher', 'Refusal of Penance' and 'Forever Hate You' it is clear to see that the anti-Christian message still dominates Mr. Benton's mind. This time, however, it is slightly more subtle. Don't get me wrong, anyone who takes a glance at the lyrics will quickly understand what is being said. It's just that the song titles themselves (apart from the ones listed earlier) aren't as decisive compared to, say, 'Kill The Christian', 'When Satan Rules His World' and 'Satan Spawn, The Caco-Daemon'. Benton has even said himself that he wasn't 'trying to be Satanic, it's more about me.' The most interesting thing about the album isn't its brutal edge or speed. In fact, for a change there are a couple of slower tracks (which aren't slow!) described by the band as 'scathing swamp-stomp', namely, 'The Gift That Keeps On Giving' and the aforementioned 'Forever Hate You'. It is because of these tracks that

fans will remember this album. It's good to see a 'straight ahead' death metal band add some diversity into their songwriting, no matter how small. A solid offering.

Jorm



Disturbed
The Sickness
Giant/BMG

Heavy music is on the way back. After the huge success of bands like Tool, Sevendust, Creed, Korn, Limp Bizkit, and the ever-present Metallica, heavy rock music is making its way back into the mainstream. Over the past few months, there has been an influx of heavy bands, many copying the styles set by Korn and Slipknot, incorporating rap and metal, and others having a more traditional sound like Slayer and Sepultura. A great deal of these bands won't cut it as long term acts, but every once in a while, along comes a great band. Disturbed are one of those bands. Having a more traditional style with a couple of samples thrown in for good measure, Disturbed are surprisingly good. *The Sickness* is Disturbed's first LP, and from judging its quality, there'll be plenty more to come.

Right from the start, with the opening track 'Voices', you know that this is going to be a good album. Some great guitar riffing and excellent vocals, with both husky singing and screaming, set the pace for the remainder of the album. The second track 'The Game' has a radio friendly feel to it, while still containing plenty of attitude. Other standouts on the album are the current single, the pumping 'Stupify', 'Down With The Sickness', with some excellent rhythm happening, the violent 'Conflict', and the heavy, slow moving epic 'Droppin' Plates'. As an album, Disturbed have put together something special. I was quite pleased with this release, and will keep my ears peeled for any new releases, and maybe, hopefully, an Oz tour ...

L.A.

The Singles Bar

The Dave Graney Show
Melbourne Mafia
Shock

What an odd collection. '... Melbourne Mafia' is fairly standard Dave Graney - smooth and creamy vocals that are in no hurry to get anywhere. The thing is, well, it's really not as interesting as some of Graney's other work, yet it sounds pleasant enough. I reckon I could just about listen to Graney all day 'cause his voice is like dripping honey, but I preferred the work he did with the Coral Snakes (Yeah, I like his old stuff ...)

The B-sides are strange and vaguely unpleasant, if such a thing is possible with Graney. He drifts into vaguely country and western territory - shall we say the outskirts or somewhere near the county line? He should stick to the kinda jazzy crooning he does so well.

Jayne Lewis

Doves
Catch the Sun
Heavenly

'Catch the Sun' is the latest offering from the album *Lost Souls* which has been shortlisted for the Technics Mercury Music Prize 2000. Already a radio hit, 'Catch the Sun' is a sublime pop tune that competently combines good vocals with polished music. The strong vocals rise above the slick sound of the band, incorporating shades of Dave Grohl, Tim Rogers and a little pinch of Noel Gallagher. The B Sides, 'Valley' and 'Down To Sea', are slightly more relaxed and even dispirited, yet are also good tunes nonetheless.

Jen

Maxim
Carmen Queasy
XL/Veloccity/Shock

The basic facts are: this is the first single to emerge from Maxim, known as a member of the Prodigy; it features the lyrical content and vocals of Skin from Skunk Anansie; it's off the impending album *Hells Kitchen*. The single sounds quite reminiscent of Tricky, so I'd describe it as Tricky trying for mass market, although it preaches the opposite if you listen to the lyrics. It's a piece of nice production, it's dark and a little haunting and has good dynamics. It's rock-electro, 2000s version of yob-rock plus a little conscious. This track was made for car sound systems, but remember not to take it too literally boys. G

Prof. Booty

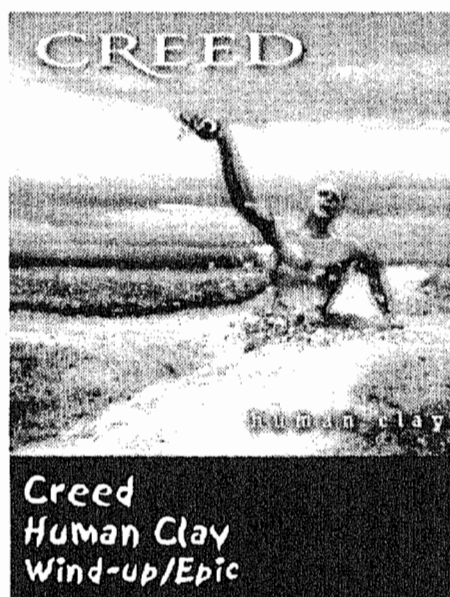
and so am I



Bjork
Selmasongs
Polydor

Selmasongs is the soundtrack to the film *Dancer In The Dark*, in which Bjork makes her debut appearance as an actor. The album showcases Bjork's versatility as an artist. The soft and evocative orchestral sounds of 'Overture' open the album, creating an ambient tone. 'Cvalda' is fascinating, original and very Bjork. In 'I've Seen It All' Bjork's amazing voice is matched with that of the brilliant Thom Yorke, as the two launch into a duet. Unfortunately, 'I've Seen It All' doesn't make nearly enough use of Thom's vocal qualities, and is a little disappointing. 'In the Musicals' is characteristically powerful, and '107 Steps' is strange. Comprising of Bjork randomly singing numbers to a full orchestral backing, the latter is very interesting. Probably one for the fans, or those who thoroughly enjoyed *Dancer In The Dark*.

Jen



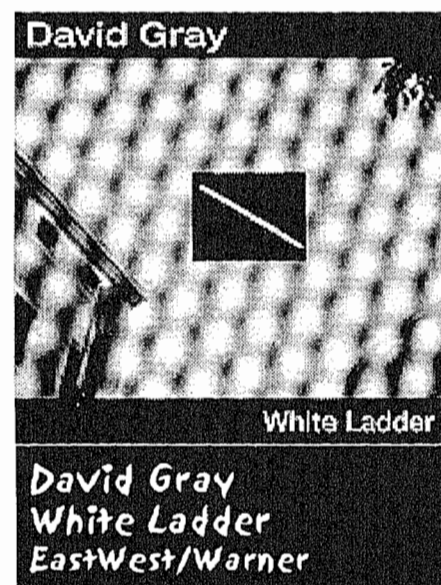
Creed
Human Clay
Wind-up/Epic

Now getting this CD was a surprise. Having been officially released last year, it is quite strange that has popped up for review yet again. Creed have had a huge amount of success in the US with their album *My Own Prison* (spawning the mega single 'What's This Life For'), and also with this album, *Human Clay*. Unfortunately, Creed were (and still are) fairly unknown in Australia, and both their albums have made virtually no impact here at all. Well, after

recently having their song 'What If' on the soundtrack for *Scream 3*, the record company has decided to re-release Creed's fantastic second album. At the moment, Creed are one of the biggest bands in America, being only behind Metallica and Korn. Now they have another chance to let this popularity flow over into Australia, and let me assure you they deserve it!

For those who haven't heard Creed before, you are seriously missing out! Their style can be described as overall heavy, but their music also has soft elements, similar to early Stone Temple Pilots, Collective Soul, and even a bit of Sevendust and Tool. The album opens with a heavy driven song called 'Are You Ready', which is a great pump up song. Next is 'What If', the song featured on *Scream 3* soundtrack, and another wild heavy song. Other major standouts are 'Beautiful', a softer number, but still laden with heavy riffing, 'Say I', an excellent blend of soft sections with heavy parts, similar to 'What's This Life For', 'Higher', the inspirational first single, and the final track, 'Young Grow Old', a very heavy song. Overall, the album was quite good, and worth a listen. Hopefully Creed will get more recognition here with the re-release of this album, and they can have the success they deserve. If you like heavy rock music along the lines of STP, this one's worth getting. I recommend it fully.

L.A.

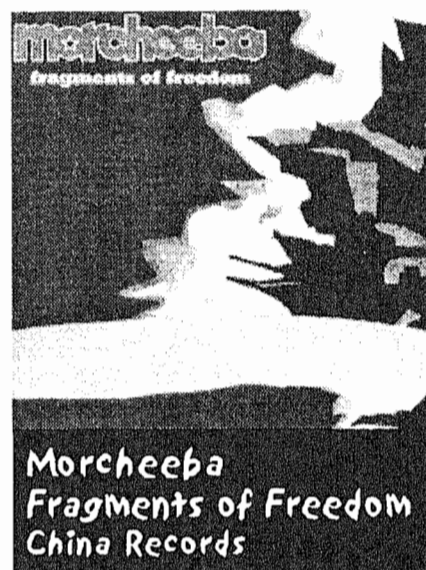


David Gray
White Ladder
EastWest/Warner

Billed as the next Van Morrison, David Gray has released *White Ladder* to substantial critical acclaim. Gray is good but, in my opinion, does not compare with the great Van Morrison. Awash with highly romantic lyrics, *White Ladder* is resolutely sentimental. Gray gives his tender lyrics an edge by employing contrasting sounds. 'Please Forgive Me' mixes dancey beats with Gray's distinctive folksy vocals, in a strange but enjoyable

blend. 'Babylon' is by far the best song on this album, and throughout it Gray's dynamic voice is matched sweetly by soft background beats. This amalgamation solidifies his vocals, cementing the lyrics and their delivery as the centrepiece of this great album.

Jen



Morcheeba
Fragments of Freedom
China Records

The first time I listened to this album I hated it for so many reasons: the soft, girly vocals; the occasional bursts of dodgy rapping; the rhyming lyrics; the disco inferno songs about love; the lightweight poppiness of it all...

And the next time I chucked on *Fragments of Freedom*? Well, everything had changed. I don't know, maybe it was the situation: I was cooking strawberry pancakes for dinner (it was a desperate food situation: best to not ask) and I loved it - for most of the same reasons that I initially hated it. Maybe it was that I was cooking. Maybe it was the strawberry pancakes. Maybe I was delirious with hunger (you think up any other use for low joule strawberry jam stupidly bought by unthinking housemates). Maybe it was a combined sugar overload and I just couldn't take it anymore.

Whilst I still have issues with the dodgy rapping on some tracks, overall I have grown to love Morcheeba's unapologetic pop sensibilities, from the syrupy lightness of 'World Looking In', 'Rome Wasn't Built in a Day', and 'Let it Go', to the calypso-inspired musical interlude of 'A Well Deserved Break', and even the dancey, Planet Bimbo-esque 'Love Sweet Love' and 'Shallow End'. And I defy you to not wiggle your collective bottoms just a little to the infectious groovy 'Coming Down Gently'.

The disco-inspired goodness of *Fragments of Freedom* is the perfect accompaniment to cooking, and no doubt a plethora of other activities as well. But low-joule jam should never disgrace the cupboards in a student house.

Jayne Lewis

The Singles Bar

Strawpeople
Drive
Sony

Remember that early nineties classic by The Cars that went 'who's gonna drive you home [pregnant pause] tonight?' Well now you can get a happening new cover of it featuring Bic Runga! Hurrah! And it's even got a digital version of the video clip. Hmmmm.....Strawpeople aren't a terribly bad electronic outfit.

Stan

Shawn Mullins
Everywhere I go
Columbia/Sony

Watch out fans of contemporary adult oriented rock; Shawn Mullins is back! To those who can't remember who this husky voiced young man is, cast your mind back to last year's huge hit 'Lullaby' (if you flicked over to Triple M at any stage, you would have heard it). The new single, 'Everywhere I Go', is a continuation of the style that made Shawn famous; happy easy listening with a rock edge. Quite nice, in fact. The sort of music you can play on a relaxing Sunday afternoon.. Plus, you get 'Shimmer'. Excellent!

L.A.

NOKTURNL
Unveiled
Mushroom

This slickly produced EP from Alice Springs band Nokturnl could be the start of a bright future. The songs found on this disc show a good blend of diversity, experimentation, energy and talent. The catchy yet still heavy riffs and bass line of the opening track sit well with the more hip hop sounding 'Same old song'. The title track is a bluesy psychedelic monster that blows you away at top volume, and by the time the Machine-Gun-Fellatio-meets-Moby-esque '100 Fresh disciples' rolls along, I am more than a little impressed by what Nokturnl have done on only a five track EP. My only criticism of Nokturnl could be that at times the rapping sounds a bit mechanical. A very good value for money release though.

Frenzal Rhomb
War!
Sony

This is a fairly ordinary first single. Not bad ordinary, just ordinary. Frenzal deliver what we expect. More interest is the wackycartoon deal that comes with it, but you can probably get that off a Rhomb- website anyway. Hang out for the album in November - it'll be grouse.

Stan

Goodbye for now ... wish you were here.

Artery Grants

Do you need dollars to start or finish an artistic project next year? Young people 26 years and under are invited to apply for an Artery Development grant of up to \$500 to initiate, develop or complete a short-term project in any art form. Artery grants are open to young South Australian artists who have not previously received a grant. Applications close 5.30pm Thursday 30 November 2000. For an application form contact Carclew Youth Arts Centre, 11 Jeffcott St, North Adelaide, SA 5006, Telephone 8267 5111. For more info contact Beajaye on 8364 2626 or email odeon@adelaide.on.net

Arts Summer School

Meet inspirational arts industry practitioners, gain insights and develop invaluable business skills for your continuing journey as a professional artist. When? 22, 23 and 24 January 2001 at the Roma Mitchell Arts Education Centre, Light Square, Adelaide, SA 5000. Cost is \$50 (\$40 if you book before 1 December) and includes lunch, morning and afternoon tea. For enquiries, call (08) 8293 1155. Places are limited, so be early. Brought to you by the Helpmann Academy.

See Audrey

Palace Nova Eastend Cinemas are proud to present, for a limited season, an enchanting Audrey Hepburn classic double feature: *Roman Holiday* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Cinema goers can see both these classic films for the price of one movie, and everyone who comes to see the double feature during the opening week will be eligible to win Breakfast for Two at the Radison Playford Hotel.

Undergrad Council Members

The appointed day for the election was Wednesday 4 October 2000. There were five candidates for the two vacancies for Undergraduate Members on University Council, the vacancies being for one year from 6 March 2001. I declare the following candidates elected: Elysia Turcinovic and Stephen Mullighan. Susan Graebner, Returning Officer

EFCSA Meeting

Annual General Meeting, 3.10 Thursday 19 October: nomination and election of EFCSA executive

and office bearers. Both meetings will be held in the EFCSA office, B11 Security House. Email efsa@adelaide.edu.au. Visit <http://getit.at/efsa>. Sponsored by Carlton United Breweries.

Free Movie Tickets

Win tickets for you and nine friends to see *The Dish!* The dish is based on the true story of Australia's extraordinary but much unnoticed involvement in the Apollo XI mission in July 1969, brought to screen in the way only the creators of *The Castle* can.

For your chance to win 10 tickets to see it simply email greaterunion.dish@axcite.com.au and tell us in less than 100 words what your greatest achievement that has gone unrewarded is.

Library Hours Extended

The Barr Smith Library will be open longer for four weekends at the end of semester 2, from Saturday 21 October to Sunday 12 November (inclusive). The extra hours will be: Saturday and Sunday 9am - 1pm, which means that the library is open 9am - 5pm on both days.

OSA Writing Competition

The OSA Short Story Writing Competition is on ... cash prizes to be won! First: \$100, second: \$60 and third: \$40. The winning contributions will also be published in the OSA's 2001 International Student Handbook. Please drop in entries of a maximum of 500 words to the OSA office or email entries to OSA@adelaide.edu.au before the deadline of 5pm Friday October 27. NB: You must be an international student to enter.

Terms and conditions are on display in the OSA office (Level 1, George Murray Building, phone 8303 5852).

Relax, Man

Free relaxation courses every Monday of Semester two, 1.10 - 2.00pm at the Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Bldg. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Scholarships

The Queen Elizabeth Hospital scholarship opportunities in 2001: Postgraduate Research Scholarships and Vacation Research Scholarships (applications close Tuesday 31st October 2000) and Honours Research Scholarships (Applications close Friday 24th November

2000). For details contact the Research Secretariat, TQEH, phone: (08) 8222 7836 / (08) 8222 6870; email: natalie.howard@nwahs.sa.gov.au or gwenda.graves@nwahs.sa.gov.au; or visit <http://www.nwahs.sa.gov.au/research/Scholarships.htm>

Seeking Visual Artists

City Sites is a public arts employment and education project which seeks participation from young visual artists aged 17 - 26 years to work under the guidance of professional artists. The project aims to create works of public art over a four week period, from January 15 - February 9 2001. An information session at Carclew (11 Jeffcott St, North Adelaide 5006) at 10am on Friday 10 November 2000 must be attended. Applications close 5pm Friday December 1 2000. For a job specification call Carclew on 8267 5111. For more info contact Belinda MacQueen at Carclew on 8267 5111 or email bmacqueen@carclew.org.au.

Women

We need women who: are aged between 18-30 years; have regular menstrual cycles; are not using oral contraceptives; are non-smokers;

are non-exercisers. The Exercise Physiology Research Unit is undertaking a series of experiments designed to examine the effects of the menstrual cycle on exercise. The project will involve: measuring your fitness on an exercise bike; monitoring your menstrual cycle; seeing how the menstrual cycle effects your exercise performance. A \$100 honorarium will be paid on completion.

If you are interested please contact the Exercise Physiology Research Unit: Leanne Roberts, Medical School South, Room S334, phone 8303 4569.

Graduations

Expecting to graduate soon? All students who successfully complete their award requirements by November will be eligible to graduate in December. If you expect to graduate you must lodge an Application for Admission to an Award form (email graduations@adelaide.edu.au to request a form) no later than the 13 October 2000. For more information and a timetable of December Ceremonies, please visit the Graduations Website: <<http://www.adelaide.edu.au/studentadmin/gradinfo.htm>> <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/studentadmin/gradinfo.htm>

on dit

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

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control and an inclination to be cantankerous. The opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

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Fiona Dalton

Printing

Cadillac Printing

Thanks

Jayne for holding the fort, murder in the dark, the chick in the bath, Cakehole, Dirtbox and the Beanie of disgrace, Dave P, George, the Kid Karzis, Richard V, Pegboy Slim, the Chardonnays, Liss for the entertainment, Dr Amy, Ginger Beer, the Winston chicks, and no thanks to whoever hid Dale's pants.

UniBar

Upcoming Events

T Model Ford
with **Matt Walker & Ashley Davies**

Friday Oct 13

\$15

Pennywise

Friday Nov 17

Tickets @ VenueTix

Blast off with...

\$1

Southwark White,
Southwark Pale,
West End Draught

for 15 minutes after the bell
until the end of term

...the only place to meet on campus...