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On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 3 5.3.2001

On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 3, 5.3.2001

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

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Wanna write?

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

Next Edition:

Deadline Wednesday 28th February
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With thanks to:

Grace, Leila, Lem, Mikey, Brad, Tristan and Susie for the proofreading. Dwan, Tanya Best. Hollander, we have lost your number, come down and see us. Everyone who has counselled us in the last week, you know who you are. Sarah, Mark, Jenny and Farmer Joe - thanks for doing that thing you do. Lauren for reliving the duck factory, Luke for the Maccas and the support, everyone who got their stuff in by the deadline. The Liberace Fan Club, George Orwell for writing *Vegetable Farm*, and all of our fabulous contributors. Thanks also to Melissa's legal team, but no thanks to whoever stole her scooter - the long arm of the law will find you!

Editorial

As editors, one of the hardest decisions you have to make is how discriminating you will be towards submissions. Do you place an emphasis on printing only the highest quality of submissions that you receive, relying on your own ability to judge "quality", or allow all the up-and-coming writers out there a chance to showcase their work, even if it may not be quite up to the standard that you'd like? Then there is also the highly likely third option: that you need to fill up your pages, so you can't always afford to be that choosy. It boils down to having to make some difficult decisions about what you prioritise, and although we agonise over it, it was really a decision that we made a long time ago (well, six months ago) when we decided to run for editors.

On Dit is one of the only ways that young or first time writers have a chance to be published, and as we are a newspaper that is funded by the students we feel that it is vital that everyone who wants to write is given the opportunity. We were voted in to this position to provide students with a service, which we hopefully accomplish by producing a paper each week that most people find informative and entertaining. But we consider our job to also include getting people involved in its production, and making the paper what it ought to be: a truly independent media outlet, and a forum for students to express their views.

With this in mind, our door is always open. Anyone can come down to our office with a submission or just an enthusiastic attitude, and we will always try to fix them up with something. Being a weekly paper, we are in a position of being able to take submissions from a large number of people, and we try our best to do just that.

But everyone starts somewhere, and no one is going to begin brilliant. Many of our contributors are first time writers or reviewers and of course we ourselves are first time editors. This is a huge learning curve for everyone involved and we will make mistakes, which is why we welcome constructive criticism. We need to know what we are doing wrong, what you the students like and don't like. We can only make this paper as good as our contributors and as relevant to the students as is possible through the feedback we receive in letters.

Whatever your opinion of the paper, please bear the above in mind. That said, if there is anyone who feels that there is anything lacking in this year's *On Dit*, the best way to remedy it is to start writing yourself. Come down to the office and get involved.

On a separate note, we are thrilled at the response we've had asking for contributors and reviewers to work on the paper, particularly from first-years, who may find wandering down into the basement to see us a little intimidating. It is encouraging to see so many people want to get involved. It's your paper people - write to us, write an opinion piece on something that's important to you, send in that funny anecdote you're always re-telling to your friends, or try doing a couple of reviews. And most importantly, tell us what you want to read. Because you're the ones we're trying to please.

If you've got this far, thanks for reading. We promise we'll be cynical again next week.

Penny, Linley and Melissa

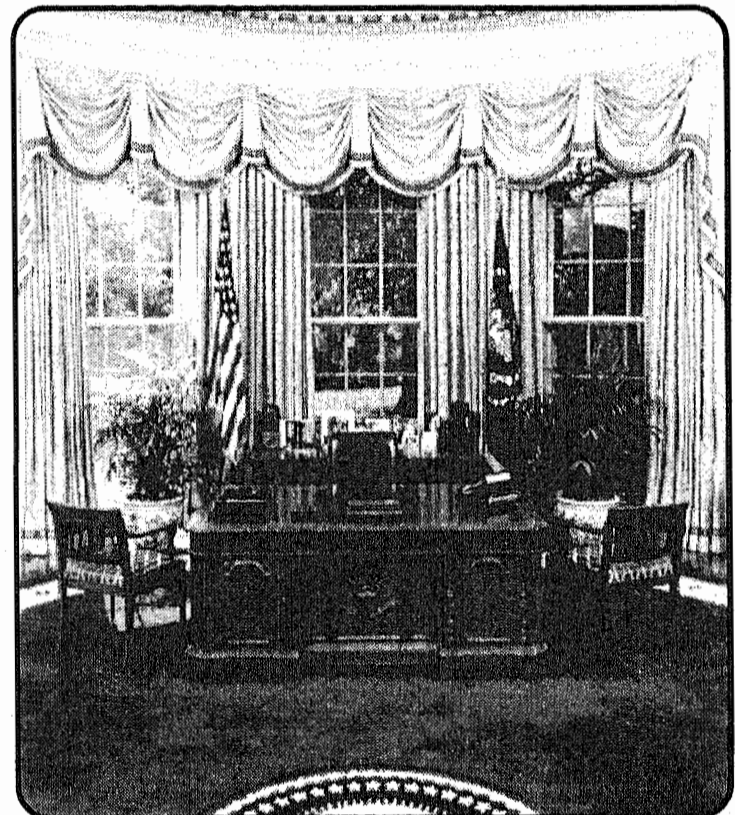
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A Short History of HECS and Fees

Prior to 1972 and the election of the Federal Whitlam Labor Government in that year, tuition fees were charged for all University courses and tertiary education. Apart from his commitment to bring the boys back from the Vietnam War, Gough Whitlam's commitment to free education was a significant factor in his election victory.

During an ALP policy speech in 1972, Gough produced one of the most significant quotes on the nature of education in this country:

"Education is the key to equality of opportunity. Sure, we can have education on the cheap, but our children will be paying for it for the rest of their lives... We believe that a student's merit rather than a parent's wealth should decide who should benefit... Education should be the great instrument for the promotion of equality."

So in a feat unbelievable in today's political circus, Gough kept his promise and tuition fees were abolished. In fact, between 1972 and 1987, tertiary education was FREE.

During the 80's, as the Federal Hawke Labor Government enjoyed some of the strongest political support in the history of Australia, moves were afoot to change the legacy of Whitlam. The first female Education Minister, Susan Ryan, thought the introduction of fees was a traitorous act by a Labor government and subsequently moved on (or was moved on) from the portfolio.

Enter John Dawkins. Only two Education Ministers have been so arrogant, zealous and, in my view, driven by vengeance and irrationalism: John Dawkins, Federal Labor Education Minister 1987-1992, and the Minister David Kemp 1996-2001.

As a portfolio, it is no wonder it has suffered under the ten years of superintendence of these two men. John Dawkins was Minister when the first fee for 15 years was introduced, the 'Higher Education Administrative Charge'. At \$250 upfront in 1987 and \$263 in 1988 this fee was a hard ask for many students.

The respective political and administrative touches were being put on the Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS) during 1988. The man credited for HECS was its architect, Bruce Chapman, an academic from Australian National University, (ANU). He still works on producing papers from the ANU Centre for Policy Studies.

During 1988 the legislative framework for HECS, the Higher Education Funding Act, worked its way through both Houses of the Federal Parliament and paved the way for the introduction of the tuition fees system we

know as HECS. As with most government programmes it is subject to the vagaries of policy shifts by parties and philosophical interpretations by ministers and shadows. The cost of a tertiary education is exponentially spinning out of the reach of many young people and their families. Combine this with the diminishing number of people accessing income support (24% national average, 15% Adelaide University), the brutal funding cuts, an increasing tendency towards corporatisation of universities and the lack of political will to create educational opportunity, and the mess is just starting to become apparent. What started as \$1800 per year for study fees has now blown out to \$3521, \$5015, \$5870 for each of the respective bands. The cost explosion cannot be tied to any financial or economic indicator, but certainly can be attributed to governments abrogation of responsibility to education as a foundation for a future Australia.

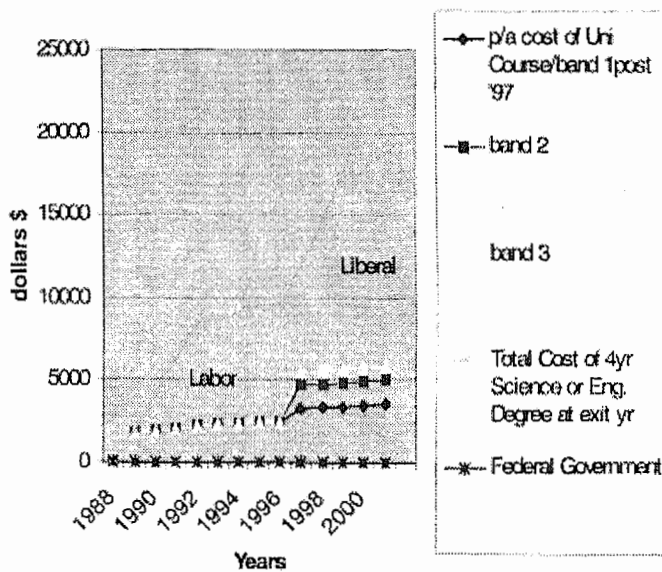
As an ever-increasing demonstration of government intransigence in 1997, a differential HECS system was introduced by the recently elected Federal Liberal Government. A mass of protests ensued, the largest in student history since the Vietnam War. Under the stewardship of Amanda Vanstone, the Education portfolio and the Tax Office put their hands deeper into the pockets of students.

The level of a student's HECS debt was linked to the course of study. Three bands were determined and courses came under the respective bands and were linked to a commensurate HECS level.

For example, at Adelaide, band 1 courses such as Arts, Humanities and Education attracted a \$3300 HECS fee for the year. Band 2 courses such as Science, Computing, Engineering and Business attracted a \$4700 HECS fee for the year. Band 3 courses such as Law, Medicine and Dentistry attracted a \$5500 HECS fee for the year.

Under the Labor Government's HECS regime, a student studying

Annual HECS cost and accumulated debt



Engineering from 1991 to 1994 would have left University with a HECS debt of \$9009. Another student doing the same course under the Liberal Government's amended differential HECS system will leave University with a HECS debt of \$21493. Make up your own mind about the direction of tertiary education in Australia!

One thing that is a certainty in education today is that it is becoming more expensive. The amount that you contribute to the cost of your course either through the upfront HECS or deferred option constitutes a significant proportion of the total cost. If you think it isn't much and that you will pay it off, consider this.

In 1991, starting engineering or a science degree as a 1st year and not failing any subjects or experiencing any unforeseen study problems, you would have an accumulated debt of \$9009. Depending on starting salary and subsequent increases factored in, the debt will see about \$50-60 a fortnight taken from your pay on top of income tax. This would take approximately 7-8 years to pay off.

In 1997, starting engineering as a 1st year and not failing any subjects or experiencing any unforeseen study problems, you would have an accumulated debt of \$21493. Depending on starting salary and subsequent increases factored in, the debt will see about \$60-80 a fortnight taken from your pay, on top

of income tax. The debt will take approximately 11-15 years.

If a young couple meet when at Uni and decide to marry, they already have a combined debt of \$40,000. They will need some luck getting a home loan. Debt is debt and HECS liabilities will increasingly be taken into consideration by financial institutions in assessing the relative risk of borrowers.

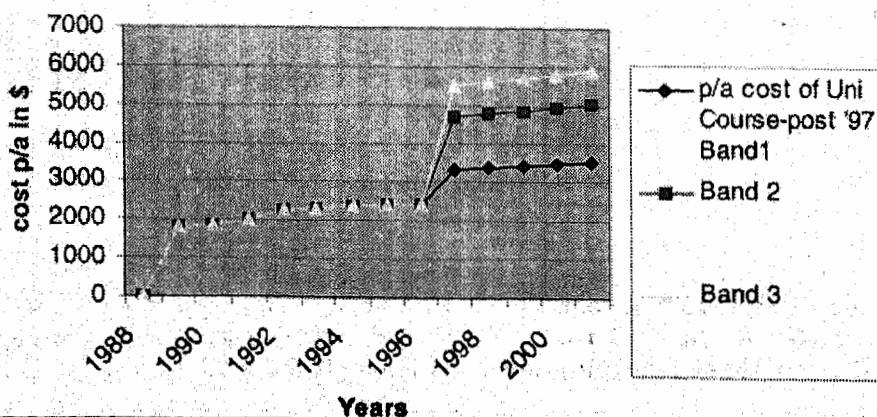
One really must question the legitimacy of the government's contract with students who defer their HECS and are subject to the changes described above. When you enter into a loan contract with the bank or credit union, there are terms and conditions, and if you are granted a loan from a bank, you are compelled to understand the terms of credit and the associated interest rate and payment schedule. In many cases your loan contract will tell you just how much your total repayment will be over the life of the loan. In fact, the term of the loan is also usually fixed for you. In the case of HECS, however, students are not made aware of the terms and conditions of the deferred HECS system and they certainly don't get a thorough explanation of the nature of the agreement they enter into.

The uncertainty of the HECS system represented by its fluctuating thresholds and varied percentages of payments compounds the problems of students feeling confident about undertaking tertiary study. A debt that is subject to changes of its terms and conditions on an annual basis is as secure as a loan from a loan shark. You never know when the rules will be changed. Students are at the mercy of the lender, which in this case is the Government. Students are clearly disadvantaged by the HECS regime with its changing repayment thresholds and fluid repayment percentages.

Do you think a \$20 000- \$40 000 worth of debt is a deterrent to higher education? The Commonwealth Department of Education and Training and Mr Kemp's functionaries don't seem to think it is.

Phil Harrison, SAUA Project/ Research Officer.

Increases in HECS



The Law Review:

In early 2000, a four-member Review Committee was appointed to "evaluate the quality of the Law School and its academic programmes in relation to international standards of Law education", with terms of reference including the quality of teaching, the quality of the curriculum, the effectiveness of the School's administration, the School's relationship with the profession, and a number of other things. The Committee received several submissions from students, staff, the profession etc and returned its findings in December last year.

In its findings, which can be found at www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/reviews/law_review.html, the Committee points out that Adelaide Uni's Law School has traditionally enjoyed a distinguished reputation. It was one of the first law faculties in the country, being established in 1883, and has a history of providing many of our State's and our country's finest lawyers, politicians and comedians (see Micallef interview, Edition 1 this year's *On Dit* for more information).

Unfortunately, according to the Review the Law School has faltered in its development, failing "to deal appropriately with many of the traditional challenges for law schools". This has resulted in the widening of a "gap between Adelaide and other Group of 8 [i.e. sandstone university] Law Schools".

In recent years the Law School has been trying damn hard to drag itself back onto the sunny side of the Go8. Its curriculum was completely overhauled in and around 1999, with subjects such as Criminal Law, Administrative Law, Contract and Torts (all essential parts of the degree) changing form completely.

Most were cut from full-year subjects (generally with two one-hour lectures and one hour of tutorial time per week) to become single-semester subjects, mostly with only one lecture per week and one two-hour "seminar" (with thirty or more students in a classroom environment). This programme was referred to as a combination of "semesterisation" and "seminarisation". In addition, the degree was extended by one semester and a new Legal Skills curriculum was added to prepare students for legal practice.

While these changes caused, and continue to cause, great confusion for those caught between the "old" and the "new" systems, the hope was that they would in the end result in a better Law School and a better degree. It is at about this stage that the Law Review came along...

Before we go into specifics, here is a particularly telling paragraph from the Review's report:

"The evidence presented to the Committee suggests that, although there are pockets of quality within the

School, based on the work of individuals, it fails to perform well collectively in any of the areas specified by the Review's terms of reference. In some areas, the School is performing badly in comparison to other leading Australia law schools, at cost to its reputation."

In other words, the Law School is not hopeless - but it needs a lot of work to get back on its collective feet again. Here are just some of the recommendations made by the Review (most of them paraphrased to some extent; some with *On Dit's* commentary, unbolded) which, if followed, might see that happen a little bit faster:

Recommendation 2: That students be given the option of doing the LLB by itself.

Rec. 5: That TER scores be the principal qualification for entry into Law.

Rec. 6: That the School implement systems to reward high quality teaching.

The review had some trouble dealing with inconsistencies in student assessment of the quality of the Law School's teaching, as the results of Student Evaluation of Teaching questionnaires (those things you fill out at the end of each subject) were generally quite positive. However, it felt justified in concluding that "the qual-



ity of teaching in the School as a whole is variable and does not meet the standards to which the [School] should aspire". Thus the encouragement of "high quality teaching" to rectify this.

Rec. 7: That the School do more to encourage research activities.

The Review found that the quantity of research being done at the School has been bad for a number of years, and needs improving through more systematic support for researchers and the establishment of expectations that all academics participate in research activities.

Rec. 15: That the School review the utility of "mixed format" classes (i.e. those involving both

lectures and seminars)

While the Review recognises the expense and sincerity involved in the decision of the School to "semesterise" and "seminarise" many of its subjects, it points out potential flaws in both the theory of these processes (as not all subjects are suited to the single-semester, seminar-heavy approach) and their implementation (as seminars are costly to run and require different teaching skills, materials and curricula to the old lecture/tutorial mode of teaching).

The Review takes note of student complaints about overcrowding of seminars, the lack of uniformity between seminars run by different teachers, the "way in which some seminars are basically run as lectures", and other problems present in seminarised Law subjects.

Rec. 16: That the School review its Legal Skills programme.

Rec. 17: That the School review its elective subject offerings.

The range of elective subjects offered each year was found to be inconsistent and not always useful for students intending to practice. For example, Family Law (an important professional topic) will not be offered in 2001.

Rec. 18: That the Law School review its Honours programme.

A 20,000 word thesis is pretty rough.

Rec. 19: That the School consider forms of assessment other than exams, as appropriate to individual subjects.

Rec. 23: That the Law School be reinstated as a Faculty, with a greater degree of autonomy.

As a Faculty, the School would apparently have the independence necessary to effect these recommendations.

Recs. 25-34: That the School work more closely with the legal profession.

The Review recognises that the legal profession can do a lot to assist the School in its main endeavour - that of preparing students to become lawyers. It found that cooperation

How bad is it?

between the School and the profession has recently been poor.

Rec. 35: That the School institute a period of structured dialogue with student forum groups.

The Review received a number of complaints from students and, without accepting all of them as valid, concluded that "the issue of student satisfaction should be confronted directly". Hopefully this will result in a more open decision-making process; one of the most common complaints from students during the period of change in 1999 was that they had not been consulted at all about the drastic changes to the structure of their degrees.

Recs. 36-39: That the School try harder to get International and Exchange students, particularly from Asia.

Rec. 40: That the University allocate to the Law School \$500,000 per annum for five years as special purpose funding.

Which would be nice.

While the bulk of the Review's findings are comprised of constructive criticism, and the Review pulls few punches in finding things to criticise, they do make clear that the School has been making genuine attempts to improve itself for some time, and that there is no malice involved in any problems that it may be experiencing. The Review ends on a bright note, proclaiming the confidence of its members that "the process of renewal in the School will be a source to[sic] great satisfaction to its staff, students and alumni and that they will assist the School itself to develop a reputation of which the University and the profession will be proud".

So, now the ball is in the Law School's court. The Review can only recommend future directions, it cannot order the Law School to do anything, and in any case there will be many who do not agree with its findings. Many no doubt wish to see the School either continue in its present course or go off in some other direction altogether. Ultimately, it is up to Law students to tell the School where it should be, and we can only hope that the School will take notice of their comments and of the Review in planning its future.

Linley Henzell

SAUA Roundup

Council Held 5.00pm on Wednesday, the 28th of February.

Well, this was one boring council meeting. Most of the interesting discussion was about two issues: *SHAFTED* and the SAUA Legal Service.

SHAFTED

The item that took up the most time was the discussion of the *SHAFTED* booklet put out by the Education Department of the SAUA to inform students of the ways in which the University is allegedly mistreating students. Apparently it's caused quite a stir amongst the University's staff, with academics and members of University Council coming into the SAUA office to get hold of copies.

According to President Tom Radzevicius, Vice-Chancellor Mary O'Kane was "quite disturbed" over the booklet, and wanted to know why the SAUA decided to make *SHAFTED* as antagonistic as it is.

Brad Kitschke responded to Council that this was because students don't know, and are not being told, about twenty to thirty different ways by which the University is mistreating students. For example, the partial privatisation of security on campus, the privatisation of the Uni health service, exorbitant ancillary fees (generally for essential course materials), inconsistencies in disciplinary procedures across faculties and a general lack of consultation with students over the running of the University.

Brad Kitschke added that there will be materials going out to the Schools of Law, Engineering and Medicine shortly, informing students of student-rights issues specifically relevant to them.

The question of the legal status of *SHAFTED* was raised, to which it was replied that the book-

let consists entirely of information previously sent out in SAUA press releases. It was suggested that the Vice-Chancellor's main problem with the booklet was that all the negative information about the University was gathered together in one place for the first time.

Legal Service

For those of you who are unaware, the SAUA has until this year run a free legal service; students seeking legal advice could make a half-hour appointment with a lawyer employed by the SAUA. This service was very popular, but in 2001 the SAUA's financial problems threw the continuation of the service into doubt. Then the Union agreed to run the service itself as part of its Student Care operation (which includes services like the Education Welfare Officers and the Housing and Loans Officer).

Some councillors pointed out that there is supposed to be a distinction between the SAUA and the Union: the SAUA, a semi-autonomous subsidiary of the Union, is a representative body (dealing with grievances, student advocacy and politics) while the Union's role is as a service provider. Thus, the legal service belongs in the Union; eventually, a resolution to this effect was passed.

In further discussions, the two *On Dit* editors present, Linley Henzell and Melissa Vine, were questioned about the term 'power struggle' appearing in their production notes for Edition 2. No answer was provided.

Mark Henderson, Activities and Campaigns Vice President, presented his budget for the SAUA Ball. Problems with the budget had arisen through a misunderstanding with Union Catering, who were

to be the providers of food and drink. Mark was directed by Council to collect quotes from outside companies to determine if the Union Catering quote was competitive.

James McIntyre was the only applicant for the position of the Students' Association representative to the Union Activities Committee. He was elected unanimously.

On Dit Editors Vine and Henzell successfully warded off a suggestion by the Education Standing Committee that they take an active role in the production of the Counter Calander. A rousing soliloquy by Mr Henzell convinced councillors that the suggestion was not viable. Ms Vine grunted 'I agree'.

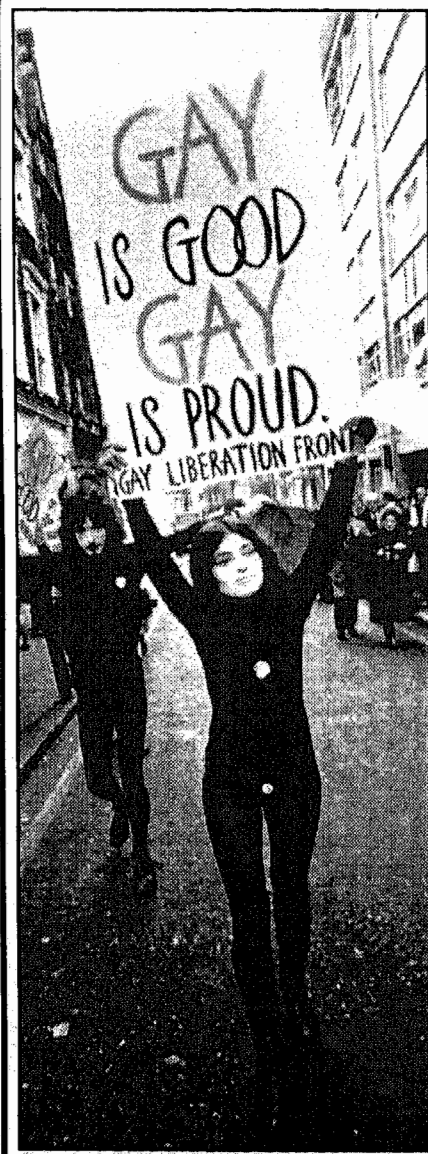
So that was SAUA Council for another fortnight. Looking forward to the next meeting where Orientation will be discussed, budgets analysed and honararia decided on. Should be a long and feisty meeting, and we are certainly looking forward to it.

Naming:

A large part of this meeting was held in camera (in confidential session), so we can't report on anyone who may or may not have been named during that time. However, Elise Duffield and Brad Kitschke were named (reprimanded) during the open parts of the session. They join Councillors Henzell, Hoban and Vine in the SAUA Council Hall of Naming. Congratulations all.

WANT BEER?

If you want to contribute something to the greater good of humankind then perhaps you would like to be an exclusive *On Dit* proofreader. All you have to do is come down to the *On Dit* office anytime on a Friday, Saturday or Sunday and help us with some proofreading. We may even share with you some of our stash of beer. Extra brownie points and beer for those who hang around and do an all nighter with us Sunday night. Come on, you know you want to. And we will be eternally grateful. You can put it on your resume.



Have you or are you 'coming out'?
Have you got a story to tell to others
going through a similar experience?

The Sexuality Department is producing a
COMING OUT BOOKLET

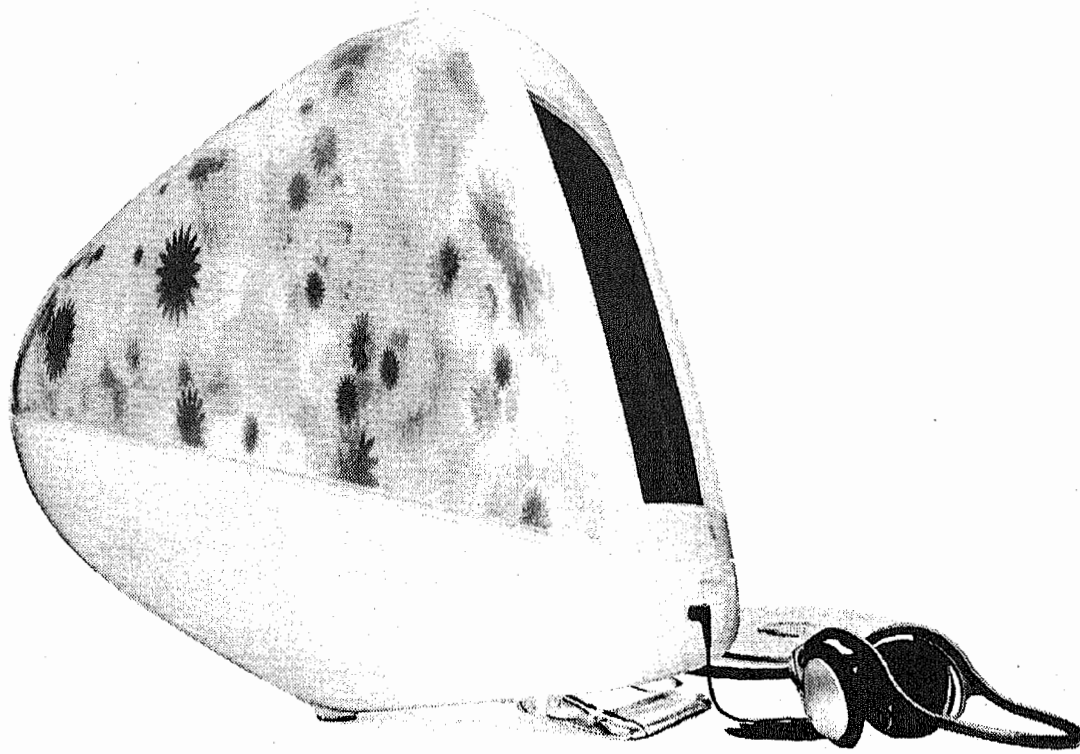
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BUSH

makes his debut

Washington D.C.: American President George W. Bush has made his inaugural appearance before congress this week. Breaking with tradition, President Bush requested to appear before Congress much earlier than is usually anticipated from an incoming Executive and Chief, who has to be officially requested by Congress to make an appearance. His reasons, unlike his policies, were clear. It was a chance for George W. Bush junior to lay down his views of a 'better America and cleaner White House' before a gathering of some of the most powerful people in the United States. The 43rd President laid down his strategic plan for the next 4 years, which foresees a budget surplus of \$10,700 billion spent on tax cuts, debt reduction and huge funding boosts for basic services.

In front of a group of some 250 people, made up of Congresspeople, Senators and the general public, Bush mapped out his plan to make America a fairer, safer, smarter and generally a better off country. It was Bush Junior's first major address to the nation, and comes only 39 days into his term in office. The speech itself went for just under 1 hour, and was continually interrupted by thunderous applause as he made yet another promise to improve the way all Americans live. This would seem an interesting phenomenon, since nearly 51% of

Congress didn't vote for Bush as the 43rd President. Bush painted many blurred and romantic images of the American future, stating that, "An artist using statistics as a brush could paint two very different pictures of our country. One would have warning signs: increasing lay offs, rising energy prices, too many schools, persistent poverty, the stubborn vestiges of racism". He continues to say, "Another picture would be full of blessings: a balanced budget, a big surplus, a military that is second to none and a country at peace with its neighbours". Bush wasted most of his time attempting to convince those stubborn members of the House of Congress why his budget should be approved as soon as possible. Yet leading Democrats appear unready to approve such a huge spending spree, and questions are still being raised as to where exactly \$10.7 trillion is coming from. Dick Gephardt, Democratic House of Representatives leader, claims that "If what we heard sounds too good to be true, then it probably is" and goes on to say that "President Bush's Budget numbers simply do not add up".

Lowering taxes, improving services and reducing fuel costs were not the only items on President Bush's busy schedule. Cleaning up the White House and re-claiming it as the pinnacle of a democratic America was also one of his top priorities. New York Senator Hillary Clinton watched on

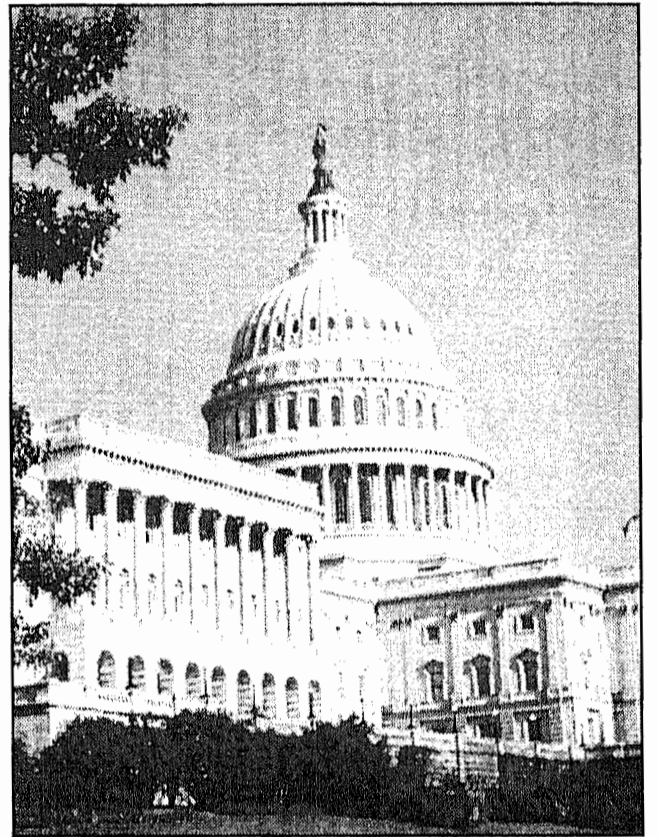
unamused as Bush dedicated himself to keeping the past out of the White House as well as keeping the Oval Office scandal free.

Bush has set himself extremely high goals so early on in his Presidency, and only time will tell if he will float or sink. There are two possible directions for America's new Commander-in-Chief: the first sees his budget being accepted and the national debt increasing as a result. The other sees his budget blocked and Bush suffering massive popularity slumps as a result of breaking election promises pertaining to tax cuts and oil price reductions. Either way it appears that Bush jnr. has rushed head on into his budget, while failing to fully consider how or where the extra trillions will come from to cover such extensive spending.

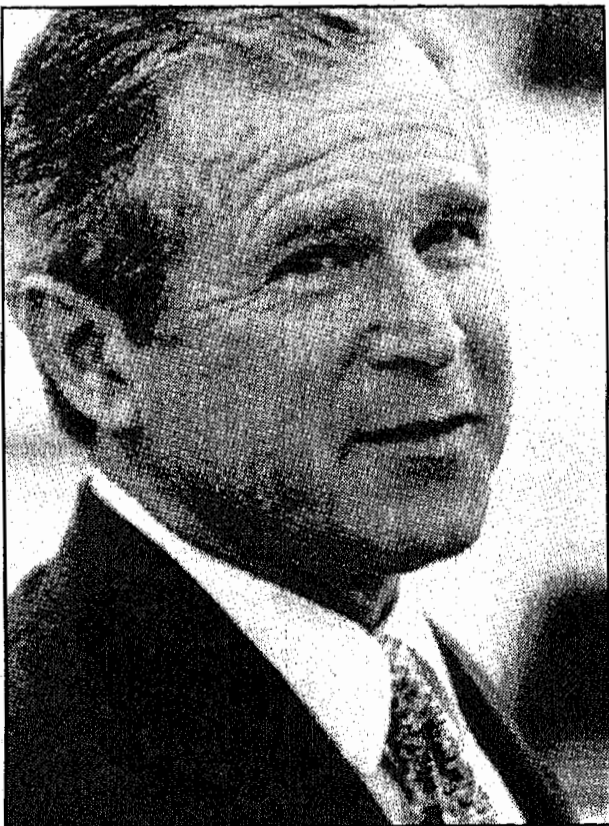
Foreign policy has so far been severely lacking in Mr Bush's strategic plan for his first term in office. With the Israel/Palestine situation becoming more violent, it is clear that ex-President Clinton has left a

legacy which the 43rd President of the United States may not be able to compete with. Bush is now the leader of the "Free World", but obviously lacks many of the qualities and qualifications his predecessors utilised to help better the American people and stabilise international crises.

Mitch Coidan



George W. Bush's Foreign Policy versus Australia



George W. Bush - Evil or Stupid? Or both?

George W. Bush is shaping up to follow in the footsteps of the great American isolationists by withdrawing the USA from political engagement with the rest of the world.

Bush's new Secretary of State, Colin Powell, has indicated that the US will in future be taking a far less active military role in global affairs. What this will probably mean is: less cooperation with the UN on peacekeeping and enforcement, but the same or more action where the US has a stake (especially economic or ideological) in the outcome of a conflict. Expect to see more involvement in the Middle East and South America, less in Africa and practically none in the Asia-Pacific region, which is where Deputy Sheriff Australia comes in. Also expect to see the US re-

turning to the good old days of assisting fascist third-world dictatorships to kill and torture their leftist opponents (as is happening in Colombia) while keeping their own hands only mildly dirty.

Some commentators, notably certain financial writers from *The Australian*, have expressed a hope that Bush's Republicanism (the Republicans are the nasty right-wing party) will set him on a course of free trade, possibly opening up the heavily protected US agricultural marketplace to foreign competition (at present, Australian farmers find it very difficult to compete with heavily subsidised US producers). This seems unduly optimistic; in the past, when US presidents have spoken of "Free Trade" they have generally meant "lower trade barriers when it's good for us, increased tariffs and subsidies when it's not". Expect the International Monetary Fund and the World Trade Organisation to continue in their role as arms of US imperialism for a while longer.

Another plank in Bush's foreign policy is the National Missile Defence

system, composed of extensive radar monitoring combined with Star Wars weapons such as particle beams, lasers and high-atmospheric interception vehicles to protect the USA from intercontinental ballistic missiles. Publically, the US government cites "rogue states" like North Korea and Iraq as the possible aggressors that NMD is supposed to protect against, but Russia and China are not happy and have threatened to renege on anti-nuclear treaties if the USA succeeds in neutralising their ability to attack it with ICBMs. The reasoning goes: if the USA is safe from nukes, it can go around making war with Russia, China or their client states without having to worry about retaliation, and that alters the strategic balance that has kept the world out of nuclear war since 1945.

This is of particular concern to Australia as our Pine Gap facility would form a part of the NMD project and potentially make this country a target for nuclear attack. Any refusal on the part of Australia's government to participate in NMD would endanger Australia's close defence ties with the USA which, considering the small size of our defence forces, would leave us vulnerable in an unstable region.

The forecast: scary all round.
Linley Henzell

Human Cloning

An Italian surgeon has claimed that he expects to clone the first human being within a year. Severino Antinori is best known for his work with in-vitro fertilisation, especially with older women. Following the cloning of Dolly the Welsh sheep he believes that cloning will soon become as socially acceptable as IVF. His team, which includes US and Japanese surgeons, is planning to operate on a couple who want children with the genes of both parents but IVF or normal conception is not possible. Unfortunately, the work being done on cloning sheep at the Roslin Institute in Edinburgh shows that success rates are very low and malformations not uncommon. While other scientists in the field believe that the risk is much too high and suggest that to begin work on humans would be irresponsible, Antinori is determined to be the first to clone a human. A strong catholic, Antinori will not be surprised if he is excommunicated by the anti-cloning Catholic church.

Fantastic

In what can only be interpreted as a desperate marketing ploy to win back the consumer snatched away by Coke and the newly 'cool' Pepsi, Fanta has launched four new flavours to tempt the palate. Yes 'Australia's favourite bottle of fun' (their words, not ours) now comes in Raspberry, Lime, Pineapple and Passionfruit. Despite the surge of new flavours to hit our shores it seems that Australia is still a bit behind the rest of the world, where some countries enjoy flavours such as lychee, grape, strawberry, fruit punch and mango. Who knows what flavour they'll manage to produce from the byproducts of industrial chemical production next?



One bottle of Horseradish Fanta, please.

On Dit 69.3

Stupid new Law threatens Freedom of Speech

Late last year, South Australia's Attorney-General Trevor Griffin introduced an Internet Censorship Bill into State Parliament. Expected to be debated in the parliamentary session beginning on the 13th of March, the Bill, if it becomes an Act, will:

- Classify all material available online, i.e. on the Web or other parts of the Internet, as "film". As the Australian censorship regime is harsher on films than it is on printed publications, this means that people can be imprisoned for putting something on the Internet that would be perfectly legal to print in a book or newspaper.

- Criminalise the online publication of any material which the Office of Film and Literature Classification would classify as "unsuitable for minors", whether the OFLC has classified it or not. This puts the decision to prosecute in the hands of the police. As online publishers cannot apply to the OFLC for a classification, there is no way to tell in advance whether material placed on the Internet is illegal or not. There is also no chance for the publisher to take the material down and avoid liability; if it's been on the web, they can be prosecuted for putting it there.

- Impose a harsher maximum penalty (\$10,000) on anyone publishing material "unsuitable for minors" online than can be imposed for showing an R-rated film to a minor (\$5,000). This applies even if the online content is only made available to adults, unless an "approved restricted access

system" is put in place (anyone with a clue about the Internet knows how ridiculous restricted access systems are).

- Not prevent minors accessing "unsuitable" content from overseas. In other words, it will not protect minors from unsuitable material, only prevent South Australians from publishing R-rated material online.

- Do some really stupid things, like make criminals of librarians or teachers supervising premises from which the Internet can be accessed. It is obvious that the Bill has been drafted by people with no understanding of how the Internet works.

- If the Bill is passed, it will be an offence for an adult to make available online to another adult any information that "would be" rated R by a non-unanimous decision of the Commonwealth Classification Board.

As was demonstrated early this year when SA police confiscated a book by Robert Mapplethorpe from a city bookstore before it was classified by the OFLC, only to have the OFLC later decide that the book did not warrant a restricted classification and should be available to minors, the police do not have the training or expertise to interpret classification guidelines. The recent controversy over the MA rating given to the film *Hannibal* demonstrates that even the official censors cannot be relied on to give consistent classifications, so it is hardly fair to force Internet content

providers to foresee the OFLC's decisions.

It would be nice to think that this legislation will only be used to prevent the publication of child pornography and similar on the Net, but unfortunately recent Australian legal history suggests otherwise. Politically motivated harassment of independent publishers is nothing new, as demonstrated by the *Rabelais* and *Polyester* cases, and this law would allow the government and the police almost unlimited scope to make life difficult for anyone publishing anything online. Restricted ("R") ratings can be given for controversial content concerning "adult themes", which encompass "suicide, crime, corruption, marital problems, emotional trauma" and several other things; one can easily imagine the government or police deciding to prosecute the publisher of a website exposing police corruption or discussing criminal activities, even if it is done in a way that would be perfectly legal in a printed publication, and this law could allow them to do so.

If you are concerned about this new law, write to your local MP or to the senators who will be deciding the bill's fate. You can also visit the anti-censorship website of Electronic Frontiers Australia, <www.efa.org.au>, from which much of the information in this story was obtained.

Hope for the homeless

Homelessness SA was launched last week. It is supposed to be the peak body bringing together organisations that are concerned with homelessness. Homelessness SA is a national first and aims to give a stronger voice on homelessness issues to the government and seeks to promote the rights of homeless people, and over 60 bodies now come under its umbrella. Lack of affordable housing, high unemployment and more restrictions on social security requirements means that homelessness is more of a problem than ever. Apparently 31 per cent of homeless people assisted by government services are aged under 25 and 4 per cent are ex-members of Union Board who have had their sleeping shrub cut down by the Vice-Chancellor.

★ MIR ★ The Happiest Place off Earth

Ageing Russian space station Mir is set to return to Earth in fine style in the near future. After around fifteen years in space, Mir is infested with mutant fungus (altered by exposure to high-energy space radiation) and starting to fall apart, so the Russians are going to try to bring it

down in the Pacific ocean somewhere between New Zealand and Chile. Unfortunately the station's flight path cannot be predicted, but the Russians have promised to try to avoid crashing it into Australia and scattering flaming wreckage all over us. Thanks Russia, nice to know you're trying.



Russia's crack team of space pilots will bring Mir down safely. Trust them.

Fairwear Campaign

What is 'Fairwear'?

Fairwear is a campaign run and supported by various community groups, churches and trade unions to bring an end to the use of sweatshop labour in the clothing and textile industry in Australia and over seas. The campaign began in 1996 in the eastern states to apply pressure to the government, retailers and manufacturers to improve the condition of out workers. The campaign is gaining momentum in South Australia (it already has mass support in the Eastern states) with the introduction of the 'No Sweatshop' label. This label is sewn into clothes that you can guarantee were not produced by exploited workers.

What is so bad about out-workers' work conditions?

Imagine sitting in a poorly lit and badly ventilated room for between 12 and 18 hours a day, 7 days a week, with a loud sewing machine as your only company until your children come home, at which point you have to enlist their help to make the ludicrous deadline set by your 'employer'. Imagine being paid as low as \$1 or \$2 an hour and not being subsidised for the cost of power, your machine's upkeep or THE COTTON USED FOR THE GARMENTS (the award minimum is \$10 p/h for 38 hours a week). Imagine knowing that sometimes you don't get paid at all because your employer knows you won't complain because you'll lose your job. Then imagine, seeing an item that you sewed for \$2.50 being sold for \$100 because the label

THAT YOU SEWED into the collar was fashionable. This is a TYPICAL experience for outworkers. \$2 an hour, 18 hours a day, 7 days a week is slave labour. And it is not fashionable, hip or cool, it is disgusting and not the Australian Spirit of a fair go for all.

Who are these workers?

The majority of homeworkers are women that want to work from home for various reasons, e.g. they have children or other relatives to look after, their English is poor (many are refugees), for cultural reasons, because of bad experiences in the external workforce (racism, sexual harassment) or because they can't find any other work. It is estimated that in Australia there are over 300,000 home based workers in the clothing and textile industry.

Won't prices increase?

There is no reason (other than out-right greed) for prices to increase. If a dress costs \$100, \$50 goes to the retailer, \$35 to the manufacturer, \$10 to the contractor and up to \$5 to the worker. This is hardly a fair distribution of profits.

Why should I care?

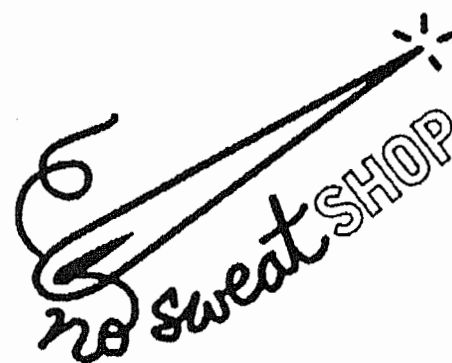
You may not know any homeworkers, but you do buy the clothes that they make. No one wants to contribute to the exploitation and oppression of anyone, and this is why you should care.

How can I help?

Contact the Fairwear campaign (Dale Street Women's Health Centre 8447 7033), check out the 'No Sweatshop' label website (www.NoSweatshopLabel.com), ask your favourite retailer to try and stock brands that have been accredited, write to the manufacturers etc. Or you could come into the SAUA and speak to Anais Chevrier, SAUA Women's Officer, about helping out via the Women's Department.

More food for thought...

Nike, Stüssy, Mooks, Diesel, Mambo and Rip Curl all use out-workers. As consumers we can pressure them to change their unfair work practices.



Don't buy anything without it.

Cross Campus Womens Network

On Thursday the 1st of March the first Cross Campus Women's Network (CCWN) meeting was held for 2001. The purpose of CCWN is to allow all women students, not just elected representatives, to get involved with women's issues, both on campus and beyond. The Network is run out of the National Union of Students state office Women's Department, with information distributed on campus by the Women's Department and/or Women's Collectives.

The main focus of the first meeting was to organise events for International Women's Day and to plan for the Fairwear campaign. For info on International Women's Day actions and the traditional march (10:30am, VICTORIA SQUARE, SATURDAY THE 10th OF MARCH), read the Women's Officer's Report and the Invitation to Pauline's World (also in this edition). Keep an eye out around campus for more info about the next CCWN, or contact me at the Students' Association on 8303 5406, or email me at: anais@arcom.com.au

Anais Chevalier

Protesting Pauline

The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide cordially invites you to a post war soiree.....

Well, ladies and gents, she's back... in Adelaide anyway. Yep, you guessed it, it's the notorious P person, the lady who rocked the world of Australian politics three years ago. Due to Ms Hanson's brilliant ideas on domestic "discipline" and youth policies we have decided to give Ms Hanson a theatrical display. So here's the plan: we're holding a CONFORM TEST. Basically, we want to portray "Pauline's Perfect World". Girls, let's see you with a good ole black eye and a baby on your hip! Anyone else should dress up how Pauline would like to see you in her 'Perfect World'.

So if you'd like to help, our old buddy Pauline will be in Adelaide at the Hyatt next Thursday. Yep, that's the 8th of March - and yes for all you who recognise the date it's International Women's Day (convenient for us, hey!) All willing street performers should assemble at 10:30am on the Barr Smith Lawns, dressed to impress in all your 50's attire!

RSVP Your friendly, pro-feminist, pro-inclusion, pro-equality, pro-union... Students' Association

For further information contact:
Anais Chevalier: Students' Association Women's Officer
Tom Radzevicius: Students' Association President
 phone: 8303 5406
 email: president@saua.asn.au



Cooking, Cleaning, Looking Pretty...A Woman's work is never done in Pauline's Perfect World

Petrol Shmetrol: Seb Gets Mad

I was doing ye good olde, tried and true Sunday evening practice of watching the news on multiple channels simultaneously, when I was struck by something small, soft and transparent. It looked harmless enough at first glance, but was instead the common ghoul of the university student - confusion. The news reader, though I appreciate that they are just reading off a screen in front of them, was telling me that in the latest opinion polls, the Liberal government was way down due largely to inflated petrol prices, ie. increase in petrol excise. They were speaking passionately about a rise of 5-10c per litre and how Australians were angry and wouldn't stand for it etc etc. I then got to thinking, as is also a good olde, tried and true Sunday evening practice for the uni student. I thought back to last week and a car trip I was enjoying from Henley Beach through the city and into the eastern suburbs. I got to thinking about petrol prices, and this is what I found confusing. I remember passing at least 5 service stations; two Shell, two BP and one Ampol. The Ampol near Henley beach was selling petrol at a price of 92.6c per litre, a price which initially flirted with my fascination about what it really would be like to actually fill up my tank. Driving on, I came to the BP opposite the Thebarton theatre, it was selling petrol at a rather nasty 99.4c per litre, I thought 'shit' and kept going. Onto West Tce and the new 24/7, open all hours, never closing (subway included) BP. This BP was selling their petrol at 93c per litre. Then onto the Shell (the Hungry Jacks one), and they were selling it for 88c. Through the city and onto Fullarton Rd and the Shell behind the

race course, where the punters were being asked for a cool 99c a litre.

Now in danger of sounding like I've got nothing else better to do with my time I did a little comparison. Two Shell petrol stations were selling petrol in the same city, at roughly the same time of day for 88c and 99c at two different places. Two BP petrol stations were selling petrol in the same city, at roughly the same time of day for 99.4 and 93c at two different places. Here we see a difference of 11c and over 6c!

It seems strangely ironic that the fate of our present government could be bogged in the petrol price shit, when it seems to me rather arbitrary as to what sort of prices we are charged. Sure, as a whole petrol prices have gone up some, but how much they have gone up seems to depend on which direction the black birds are flying at dawn. I may have missed the fundamental fine print here so please tell me if I'm wrong, but if McDonalds had such a range of prices on their burgers from outlet to outlet, as Shell or BP does on their petrol, we'd say it was a rort and we were being screwed. Now, the government has bowed to 'public pressure' and has subsidised petrol prices by 1.5c. I don't know about everyone else, but I'm sure the money used to drop petrol prices that exciting 1.5c could be better spent on the higher education sector. From the prices I observed that fateful summer day last week, 1.5c ain't doing much for the car drivers of Australia.

Seb Henbest 4th yr BSc



Sick of paying exorbitant petrol prices? Buy a smaller car! Then carry it.

QUEER ACTION AND ADVENTURE

with George and Rachel

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

ADVENTURE

The last part of the Feast trilogy is 'Hard Love' and 'How To Fuck In High Heels'. Hard Love is an explicit dyke sex drama with overwhelming lust, high passions and mixed emotions. 'How To Fuck In High Heels' is a camp and hilarious, raunchy sex-ed pseudodoco. It literally explains how to fuck in high heels and features dildos, stiletos and serious advice on how to have fun with it all! You have to book for this one because they're probably going to sell out. Contact Feast on 8231 2155 or your Sexuality officer, Elise on 8303 5406 and she'll make a group booking so you don't have to go alone.

ACTION

The sexuality department is in its third year of operation. Its primary function is to advocate for students on the grounds of sexuality issues. It distributes information about coming out, support, sexual health, sexual harassment and safer sex. It represents all students and is essential in existence at uni because this is the time that most students are becoming sexually active and aware. It exists because people are still not having safe sex, are still getting STDs, are being sexually harassed, are afraid of coming out and almost all of these people don't know where to go to get help. The Sexuality Department is there to help all of us and direct us to further help where appropriate. Do you know where to go to get free STD testing and treatment? What can you do if you're being sexually harassed? Where can you go and talk to someone about coming out? If you don't know, the Sexuality Department will guide you there.

STUDENT ACTIVISM REVIVED?

Last term the Razor Gang announcements led to a flurry of activity in the Student Activities Office as people tried to work out action to be taken to reverse or change the decisions. A national campaign by the Australian Union of Students has started (this week is a *National Week of Action*) and will continue up till the Budget. Details are on the following pages.

THE LAST WEEK of last term had a number of "fightback against the Fraser Razor" activities. Over hill and dale down at Underdale Campus a demonstration was staged at the opening of a new building by the Premier Mr Tonkin. There he made grandiose comments about education's future, Underdale's future in particular, and snide comments at the crowd of students that packed into the building for the opening.

Only minor disruption occurred as student chanted for a short time while different speakers took the platform as the student organisers seemed to generally want a quiet peaceful demo. That was achieved successfully so it seemed, although the blue-rinse crowd over-reacted to the occasional slogan shouted from students round about. The "guests" also laughed loudly and applauded at the jibes thrown by Tonkin at the students, most of which weren't humorous or witty.

After speeches were over the "guests" were invited back for cake, tea and biccies at the Students' Refectory (which had been closed to them for most of that day for preparations) so the students decided they were guests too. Besides it was their refectory.

The Refectory happily had balconies so as the guests tasted the savouries on real plates (not paper) students hung banners, chanted slogans and sang songs. Eventually the group of students moved down to their level and mingled with the guests and the savouries (someone was dancing on one of the tables with a guitar singing "We shall not be moved"). By this time everybody seemed to be taking it good naturedly and the day ended well (with a nice afternoon snack and demonstration in one).



A section of the crowd at Victoria Square - individual placards seemed to be the in thing.

larger number of banners than in other rallies and as many permutations of the names Fraser, Razor and Lynch you could think of, the rally stretching down most of the length of King William Street was an impressive sight headed by a flashing blue-lighted police car.

Once at Parliament House the crowd poured up the steps, on to the pavement and on to

the streets causing some traffic chaos and allowing some light relief for the chefs in the Gateway Inn and the construction workers working on TAA's building next door.

The people in the rally stayed till 5.00 which is, although it may come as a surprise, quite a feat, especially in wet weather when a hot tea is waiting at home.

The crowd dispersed around 5.20 and most people involved seemed to enjoy the experience (except the police), for some their first rally.

HOT ON THE heels of these demonstrations and media announcements by the Vice-Chancellors of Adelaide and Flinders Universities, came the meeting of the Adelaide University Council which makes decisions concerning



Mr Tonkin arrives at Underdale.

THE NEXT MAJOR event was the rally in Victoria Square which was preceded (for Adelaide University) by a meeting in the Mayo Refectory. Various speakers put their points of view forward and it seemed the Vice-Chancellor, Prof. Stranks, surprised many students with his semi-radical comments. Only a handful of students turned up to this meeting (8% of students) although the Mayo was somewhat congested.

More than a handful turned up to the rally in Victoria Square, although estimates of the numbers by the media varied widely. NWS 9 gave it as 600 (they must have turned up spot on 4.00 o'clock, taken a head count and left), *The Advertiser* had around 2,500, *Empire Times* (Flinders Uni. Student paper) in last week's edition had three different estimates on the one page, from 3,000 to 4,000 to 7,000! "Real" estimates put the number at around 4,000 to 5,000.

The rally, however, was a general success despite the dismal weather and students were bused from campuses as far as Salisbury CAE. The crowd was a little quiet at Victoria Square (the speakers saying the expected things) but became more vocal when there was the expected spontaneous motion to march to Parliament House. The march down King William Street grew in noise level and size as public servants joined the rally. With a

formulation and implementation of University policy.

Various resolutions were passed, one of the most controversial being a resolution that the University will not administer a loans scheme like the one suggested by the Lynch Committee. Council expressed its dissatisfaction at the lack of consultation with any of the universities or other educational advisory bodies. The public advertisement of Council's resolutions concerning fees and loans caused different reactions; an extract from a paper by the Vice-Chancellor follows, part of which cites a call by the Australian Liberal Students' Federation for the State Government to sack the University Council -

"The Council of the University of New England has adopted the same resolutions. Macquarie University has adopted similar resolutions but has drawn back from announcing that it will not administer a loans scheme of the type envisaged by the Lynch Committee. The University of Western Australia has recorded its strong objects to the proposal.

At the Liberal Federal Council on Sunday, 31 May 1981, the President of the Australian Liberal Students' Federation issued a press statement as follows:

"The South Australian Government should dismiss the Adelaide University Council for its refusal to implement recommendations of the Review of Commonwealth Functions. The Adelaide University Council recently resolved to refuse to collect fees from students studying second and further degrees and to refuse to administer the proposed new students loan fund. For the University Council to treat the Government and the community with such contempt and for it to seek to sabotage the Government's action in this way is sufficient grounds to justify its sacking. It is high time that Vice-Chancellors and University Councils were made aware that they can no longer continue to thrive on taxpayers' money and then treat the taxpayer with such contempt."

The Vice-Chancellor responded to this press release on the same evening on ABC TV news. The only newspaper accounts of the release appears to have been published in the *Canberra Times*.

It will be interesting to see what action the State Government will take, as part of the University's Constitution includes a section which does not allow the University to collect fees. Any change to this would require legislation to go through Parliament. The political ramifications of the State Government implementing Federal Government policy when it doesn't share its philosophy totally (as shown in the latest altercations on tax sharing and funding) are worth thinking about.

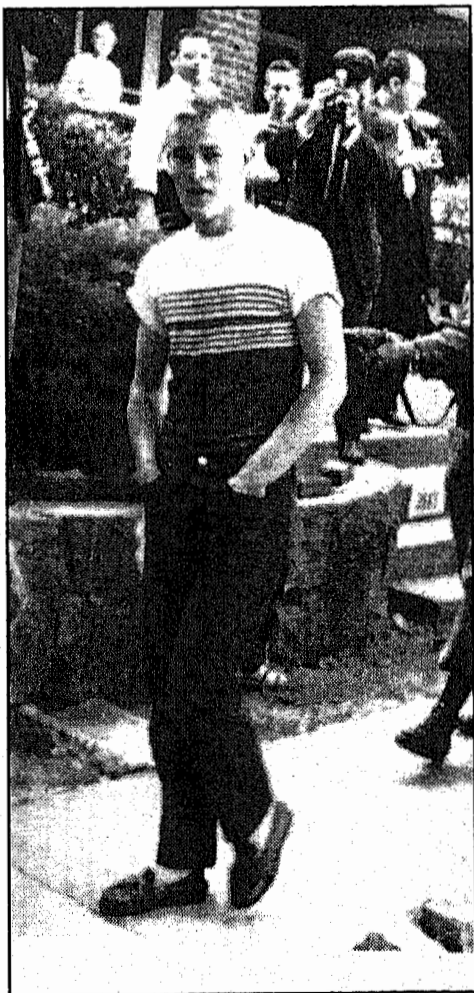
On dit suggests that students keep a critical and sensible eye on developments in the future. Ignore the political rhetoric on both sides of the fence, and use your nous in cutting through the junk. But be warned, the Federal Government has only just started, its political ideas and fulfilment of its philosophy have yet to be completed in the area of Education, as well as others. Paul Hunt

WHASSUP?! LIFE AS A WHITE HOMEBOY

People often ask me why I choose the lifestyle of the hip anglo-saxon homeboy. Is it the bitches? The hoes? The fly biddies? The phat crib? The shameless use of "Whassup?" and "Aight" at the respective beginnings and endings of poorly structured sentences? Perhaps it's merely the hand gestures? Well, let me tell you folks, it's all this and more. Lend an ear - or rather, listen up as I inform you of the many perks and very few drawbacks of being a white homeboy in the new millenium.

THE LOOK

Whilst there are many facets to being a homeboy, the look is your immediate impression on society. Let me draw you a mental image. Imagine the shirt: it's gotta be hip and stylish, yet not too flamboyant as some of you may recall was the fashion of the early 90's. Not too loose, not too baggy... depending on the level of homie class you hope to achieve (homie... class... contradiction?). The jeans have got to be baggy enough to make a statement, but let's not get carried away; methinks the crutch-on-the-knees image was about as much an interesting statement as a One Nation press conference. Hair has got to be controlled chaos - this is most important. You must appear as if you have simply catapulted out of bed, glanced in the mirror and exclaimed, "Perfect!" Only you will know that in actual fact the mess is a carefully engineered structural creation that the AU Architectural Department would be proud of. Facial hair? Same deal. Stubble city - once again carefully clipped and trimmed that morning to yet again give that 'I just fell out of bed and ran to the bus' look. Rugged is good folks, and will aid you in your quest to be a white homeboy. That's the first commandment. For those seeking it all, if you can find a pair of phat headphones to wrap around your neck, you'll be swingin'. Even if they're not attached to anything tech. Remember: image is everything, and thirst



A white homeboy of times gone by

is down there next to studying. Accompany the clothes with a porn-style Barr Smith pose and you'll be all good. (Being a porn-style pose expert, I'll be more than happy to assist those unsure of where to place their feet, and which hip to jut.)

THE LINGO

Colloquialisms are the key to completing the image. The golden rule is to always greet with a "Whassup?", or even the abridged "Sup?" when hooking up with your crew. Departing requires a "Peace out", or even the deeper "It's been real" if some semblance of a serious conversation has taken place. I've compiled an easy to read table below of all the terms and phrases you'll need to know on your journey from nerdy fresher with short shorts (who wears 'em?) and a Target T, to hip uni student with new jeans (designed to look old of course) and that all important edge.

If the homeboy in you just can't be settled, you can find a whole 'nother source of wholesome homie terms in hip-hop. My personal favourites are Black Eyed Peas and Jurassic 5, and I can often be found on the lawns indulging in these as I alternate between porn-posing and utilising my very own set of phat headphones.

THE PERKS

Being a white homeboy isn't just about the image and the talk. Perks are good. But where to start? There's the hoes, the hood, there's the gangland warfare. The gestures (I'd suggest the crossing of middle and ring fingers to form the 'W' symbol that represents the 'westside', or the old favourite one-finger salute.) There's the phat ride, the clubs, the hip hop beats, the homeboy (or even b-boy) breakdancing. There's the pure enjoyment and zest for life, but beyond all of these things is something far greater. There's the Posse. There's the empowerment of having a Posse. This entails a lot of fun and mischief, but as I have learnt recently the key to mischief is not the actual committing of anything even slightly illegal, but merely giving the *impression* that you've just executed something grossly punishable. Try it, it's fun, and it will without a doubt add to the spice of being a homie.

THE DRAWBACKS

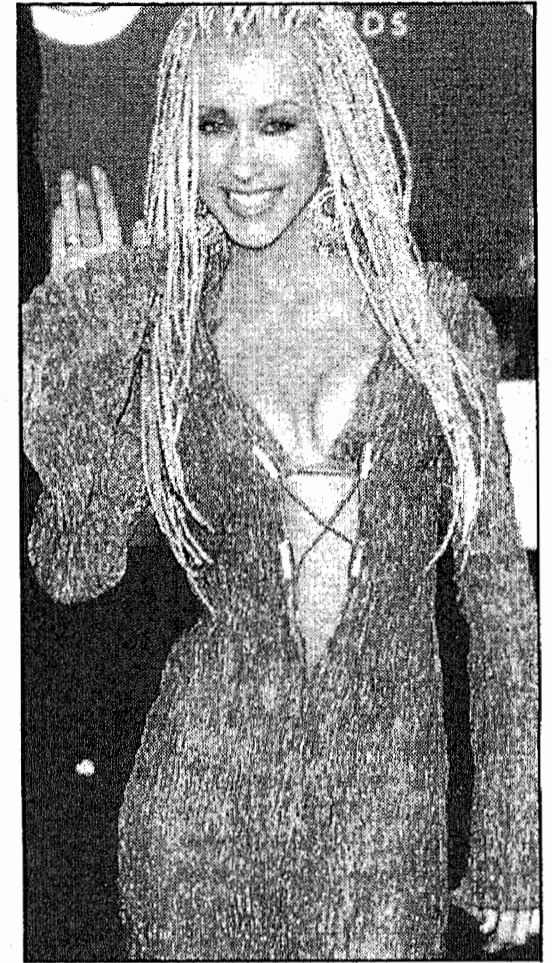
Not many, but I've noticed that a lot of girls don't like being called your "bitches".

In conclusion, be true to your roots and give the lifestyle a try. You might just like it. It's turned me around and it could change your life too. Before you leave though, always, and I can't stress this enough, ALWAYS remember to drop the charade at Centrelink. And during job interviews. Actually, scratch that. The dole is an important ingredient in the homie lifestyle. Just avoid job interviews. Peace out y'all. It's been real.

FURTHER READING

- *Whassup Y'all?* by LaStar Moses, 1998
- *Yo' Too Fat to be a Hoochie* by T-Money Richmond, 2000
- *Sup G? Life on the Outside* by Moshawn Harvey, 1996
- *Don't Y'all Disrespect Me, Ho* by KC Groves, 1997
- Any episode of *Jerry Springer*

TORY G.



A white boy needs a hoochie

THE COLLOQUIALISMS - TALKIN THE TALK

We've all seen him - the white man passing himself off as the g from da hood, with his boys, with his hoes, his bitches. But it don't mean nothin' if he can't talk the talk.

- *True dat*: Yes, that is correct.
- *Whassup?*: Hello, how are you going today?
- *Word!*: Absolutely, I agree whole heartedly.
- *Yeh I be down*: Yes I am happy with the situation at hand.
- *Aight*: Yes I am happy with the situation at hand.
- *Jiggy*: Yes I am happy with the situation at hand.
- *B-boy*: Gentleman.
- *Bitch, hoe, fly biddy*: Lady.
- *She fine*: I would gladly accompany her to dinner.
- *Represent*: Yes I too am from Yorkshire.
- *(Wiggida) Whack*: What a pity.
- *Da bom*: Well that certainly is the best thing I have seen.
- *Trip/trippin'*: What an odd coincidence.
- *Yall*: Everybody
- *Hood*: Suburb of residence
- *Pad*: Home
- *Slap skins*: To make love.
- *Whassup? Damn, did y'all see that fly biddy in da hood the other day? Word man, she fine. I'd be down to slap skins wit' dat bitch any day... she da bom*: Oh, good afternoon! Golly, did anybody perchance upon that charming lady on tuesday? My goodness, she certainly was one I would take to dinner. Moreso, I'd be overjoyed to get to know her more intimately, wouldn't you say? Yes, she certainly was the most beautiful girl.

Beginner's Guide to Beer at the Bar

Beerlines by Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

Most uni students will quickly become familiar with the Unibar. It's, shall we say, the "social hub" of life at uni. Many first-years however will not have had, in these early days, much exposure to the Unibar or any other bar for that matter. So it's worth passing on a few hints about time spent there, how to watch what you drink, and just bar protocol in general.

The first big decision is *what* to drink. If you're there for the first time with some newly-acquired friends from your course, you are probably out to impress them with your worldliness.

But beware!

There is a fair chance that beer will be the drink of choice, but there is no surer way of labeling yourself a "drinking dork" than to overstretch your capacity too early in your uni life. Fortunately a great saving grace of beer for the inexperienced drinker, is its relatively moderate alcohol content (usually less than 5%abv) and the hop bitterness which characterizes its taste.

Given time, you will acquire a liking for this bitterness, but on the first few outings it has a fortunate benefit of slowing down your consumption and thereby preventing you getting off your face in a very short time. The humble hop provides a useful little alarm bell. The gradual build up of the bitter taste in the back of your throat is warning you that you've had too much to drink. Heed this warning and you'll feel much better in the morning. Some beers have more hops than others. For example a Bitter is more bitter than a pale ale, and a wheat beer like White has the lowest bitter hop character. But all beers will give you this warning sign, something you won't get with the sweet

lollipop spirit mixers, many of which are over 5% alcohol.

Secondly it's advisable, early in your drinking career, to avoid prolonged drinking sessions. Having a quick couple of pints with your mates then leaving is a wise approach. If you do get locked into a longer session, make sure you've enough cash to also have something to eat. Food fills up your stomach and slows alcohol absorption which means you stay in control for longer. This will make you feel better but it won't necessarily make you pass a breathalyser test, or make you fit to drive. So remember, if you're a male and have had more than two standard drinks in your first hour at the bar, leave your car and catch the bus or a cab. For the females it's only one standard drink in the first hour (ain't life a bitch).

Also, beware the beer glasses! Beer off the tap is the best way to drink beer and drinking pints is pretty much the standard at uni, but a schooner at 285ml is a better choice for the inexperienced. If you are trapped in a shout, the difference between 285mL and the 425ml in a pint can pretty quickly add up to trouble.

For those with a tendency to over-indulge occasionally, there are a few things you can do to lessen the inevitable effects of the dreaded hangover. Firstly, drink water regularly during your drinking session and again before retiring for the evening. Any form of alcohol acts as a diuretic causing dehydration which you will realise the next day is *not* a good thing.

Secondly, eat something before you go to bed. This puts a little more sugar into your blood stream and helps prevent low blood sugar levels when you



Don't get too shabby, your feet might grow to an unnatural size

rise next day. Having a vitamin B tablet before bed also makes for a more pleasant awakening. The B group vitamins are important in the alcohol detoxification process, that's why Berocca gives you back the bounce. Beers which retain the yeast, like pale ales or cloudy wheat beers, are also useful in this regard as they top up your vitamin B, as you drink. (*We brewers think of everything*).

Remember that beer and the Unibar are there for your enjoyment, but they can be abused. In all good bars, the staff are there to keep an eye on you and will refuse service if you over-indulge.

At the end of the day, however, it's up to each student to handle drinking in a responsible way. A little thought and preparation beforehand will ensure that you enjoy these facilities *and* take care of yourself at the same time.

Welcome to life on campus, Cheers.

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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

O'Camp Reunion

**time: 5 pm
date: Thursday
8th March
location: UniBar**

Science Sammy vs. Genghis Khan

I haven't always lived in Adelaide. As much as I'd like to say that this City of the Churches nestled in our great Defence State has always been my home, I cannot. I used to live in Queensland until I was about 15. I am a full blood banana bender (and yes, I have bent a few full blooded bananas in my time) and this story is about something that happened in Brisbane at the school I used to go to, shortly before I came down here.

First, let me describe the school, because that is important and also boring, so I'll get it out of the way first. The point is that just about most buildings in Queensland are built on some kind of stilts. Something to do with flooding or ants or snakes or some distasteful little item of nature that thankfully we don't have any of down here in the good old Rose State because it's too dry and hot to breed anything but flies and people who don't indicate (Why is whichever way you're planning to turn your car in Adelaide always kept a secret? It's not an option like deodorant, it's an obligation like toilet paper). Anyway, the point is that most of the buildings are built on stilts, and the school that I went to had most of its dinky little prefab classrooms built on stilts.

Cut to year 9, the year where all us teenage boys are too old to be funky, too young to be sexy and all too aware that the girls who taunted us in year 6 by whining that 'Girls mature faster than boys,' were absolutely right. I had a mate in year 9 (because, as you may have guessed, I certainly didn't have a girlfriend) and my mate's name was Gino (named changed to protect his identity). Gino knew all about everything that could get you in trouble. He knew about firecrackers, he knew about slingshots, he knew about African Parsley, he knew about severing the wire about 200 metres down the track from the railway crossing so that the boom gates would go down, giving us an hour and a half of watching red-faced motorists from both directions vie for a turn to slalom across the tracks, before some poor council worker would have to come and stand there holding the gates open while one of his mates worked out what was wrong. He knew about hip-hop music and he knew about potato guns. Potato guns are these great little items that you can buy from Whiny Kids'R'Us that take little slugs out of potatoes and jam them in the barrel of the gun. You then squeeze the trigger and 'pop', you've got a great way to hassle cats or kids or, in this case, teachers.

So you've got me, Gino, a classroom on stilts, a potato gun and a carrot that looks like a bad Swiss cheese imitation. Add the teaching world's answer to Genghis Khan and a sweaty Brisbane Friday arvo at the end of term and the scene is set.

The Great Ruler Khan wasn't teaching a very good lesson that day. Being the leader of several thousand hairy, baby-eating barbarians probably doesn't bring out the best 'encourage and nurture' teaching instincts in a man and Genghis was in no mood for anything more than swift, silent obedience. Unfortunately, he had decided to teach in his native Mongolian and so not much was seeping in to either of the brains at the back bench in science room 6-C that afternoon. Outlandish words like 'igneous', 'sedimentary' and 'impending assessment' floated in one ear and out the other and then off out the window to find a pool and go for a swim. Gino was oiling his potato gun under the desk (not



Little Sammy and friends hell bent on destroying the Science Lab on stilts with their spud guns.

a metaphor) and I was vaguely watching him and also keeping an eye on Genghis, just in case he decided to flick a tomahawk over his shoulder to keep class numbers down (more a Victorian technique, rather than a Mongolian one, but Genghis was still a good shot). My eyes fell upon his bald patch and although I was staring in two directions at once (don't try it, you can't do it) I of course came up with an idea of how to make money and it wasn't a new concept for toupees.

"Hey Gino," I whispered "I'll bet you five bucks you can't hit Genghis right on his bald spot,"

I wasn't quite prepared for how quickly Gino would react to that little offer. Without a pause, he punched a slug out of his all too handy carrot and let fly. The oil must have helped because it flew straight as an arrow and pinged Genghis right in the centre of his bald spot. Even the birds outside stopped flapping as Genghis slowly turned around and looked at me. I was so surprised that Gino had actually made the shot that I'd actually risen out of my seat and was staring with what must have been a very cheeky grin straight at Genghis' head. Fingering his mighty scimitar where it lay on his desk, stained with the blood of many a brave and foolish warrior, he simply growled in a voice like a distant earthquake that I would remain behind after class.

After all the students had filed down out of the stilt classroom I was treated to a lecture by Genghis about respect for elders and then a few little ditties about how courageous he was as a young boy on the icy planes, learning how to hunt buffalo or wildebeest or small children or whatever from his elders and betters. Then he started going on about me and how I would never amount to anything of worth and how other teachers had noticed my great laziness and surprising lack of work ethic. He mentioned the words 'suspended' and 'terminated' a few times, which I've heard before, but they sound so much more threatening when the speaker

is picking his teeth with a sharpened-down finger bone.

Then he got down to business. To teach me the value of hard work, I was to get rid of all the contents of the old shelves at the front of the classroom. It basically contained huge number of jars containing all kinds of chemicals that kids had used for experiments over the years. So I donned a lab coat with 'dickhead' written on the back and some plastic glasses and got to work, emptying all the little jars from the top shelf down the sink with the tap running. Genghis oversaw this for a while, then went down to the back of the classroom to the locked cupboard where the real chemicals were kept. He brought back a litre jar of butter-coloured stuff floating in oil and plonked it next to me at the sink.

"Get rid of this next," he said and then left. I looked down at the carpark and watched him charge off the school grounds on his mighty battle stallion and then got back to work. The litre jar of buttery stuff looked like a pain in the

arse to clean, so I pushed it aside and emptied the other hundred or so jars. I had almost forgotten about it by the time I was ready to leave, but I removed the lid with no trouble and prepared to scrape it out and push it down the sink, but to my pleasant surprise, it slid out with all of the oil and plopped neatly in the bottom of the sink. I turned the tap on hard and let the water start to wash away the oil that covered it. I left the classroom and got a drink at the taps across the quadrangle that the year twelves usually pulled tight with a wrench on hot days to watch us come in from PE and have to fight over the one tap that they had left working. I found the working tap and had a drink. When I turned around I could see Genghis across the quadrangle staring up at 6-C. He looked puzzled and so I started walking across to show him that I had finished and had just been getting a drink and so didn't deserve a torturing. But he quickly ran up the twenty or so steps into the science room. I was about half way across the quadrangle by this stage and the blast knocked me right off my feet. When I looked up again, the roof had collapsed and pieces of glass, wood and geckoes were still falling like disgusting rain around me.

And that's why I live in Adelaide now.

Sam Franzway



Success! Science Building destroyed, Genghis Khan annoyed

Dear Students,

You will notice there is no letters section this week. This is because in the previous two editions of *On Dit* we, as editors, promised complete confidentiality to those who wrote in letters wishing to remain anonymous to everyone apart from ourselves. We consider this to be an important provision in students' rights to convey their views in letters to the Editor, and promised that anonymity would be protected.

However, Students' Association President Tom Radzevicius has now made it known to us that he wishes to see all names and student numbers of all letters submitted for publication. If a person who is not a student wishes to write a letter, they must obtain special leave from the President to do so.

We apologise to those who took the time and effort to write to us this week, and appreciate your contribution to the paper. We feel it is imperative that students be allowed to publish their views in the paper for the Students' Association to remain responsive to its membership, but can not in good conscience publish letters assured of complete confidentiality when this is not the case. If you submitted a letter that was to be published in this week's edition, please come and notify us in person, call us at 8303 5404 or email us at ondit@adelaide.smug.edu.au and let us know if you are happy for your letter to be printed under these new conditions (and please resupply your real name and student number). Everyone who gives us notification that they accept these conditions will have their letter printed in the next edition, provided that we are allowed to print it.

To outline our letters policy:

- All letters must 250 words or less
- Please submit your letter by 5pm Wednesday
- Your letter will not be printed if it is defamatory, racist, sexist, or homophobic
- Please put your real name and student number at the end. This will remain confidential if you so wish, except to the Editors and Students' Association President (unless we get sued)
- Please submit to: ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au, mail to *On Dit* c/ - Adelaide University, Adelaide 5000 or bring it down to the *On Dit* office. If letters are submitted on disk or by email, please put them in text or Rich Text Format.

To all of our readers and letter writers: once again, we are sorry that we can no longer assure you of complete confidentiality, and hope that you will continue to support the letters section in future editions of *On Dit*.

Sincerely,

Melissa Vine,
Penny Chalke,
Linley Henzell
Editors

'You Too Can Lecture Like Your Parents!'

the first exciting installment...

Have you ever feared that, come the time when you have your own sweet offspring playing around your ankles, you will go to gently chide them for wiping their cute button nose on your sock and will not have the right vocabulary at your fingertips to really do the job properly? Here in the Wayward Submarine we knew this would be one of your worst nightmares, so we are taking the time to broaden your university education by presenting a series of lectures entitled 'You too can lecture like your parents!'.

Published weekly in bite sized morsels, this introductory course will examine the structure and content of some of the most popular parental speeches of the day, including the ever versatile 'Out of Control!' and the guaranteed tantrum-starter, 'This house is NOT a hotel!'. Our step-by-step guides ensure that not only will you know *what* to say, but you will know *how* and *when* to deliver it for maximum effect. We have a team of dedicated professionals who have studied the structure and form of countless parental lectures over their respective lifetimes, noting, as they have matured, the various adaptations that come with developments like getting your licence, crawling home drunk for the first time and failing a subject at uni. With our comprehensive series of lectures

we hope to transform the nervous stutterer of 'Don't do that darling!' into the confident bellow of 'Get YOUR filthy little paws off MY expensive Persian carpet!! Do you think I have nothing better to do with my time than wipe up after YOU, you grotty cretin?!'

cur at any random time, in any obscure place, for any pointless reason. The genuine beauty of the parental lecture is that it can be sparked by the smallest, most inconsequential act, like leaving your shoes in the doorway, not closing the cupboard door or fail-

den beauty of the parental lecture is the subjects' overlapping qualities)

For maximum effect, choose to deliver your lecture at a completely irrational time of day, preferably when your offspring has friends over, is in the middle of a phonecall, leaving the house or just waking up. Alternatively, surprise them with it when they come home after a big night out, or simply let your creative genius fly and write them a long, comprehensive and menacing note in red texta. This will give you a chance to think up some really good combination insults. When your offspring phones to say they'll be home late, or worse, are sleeping at THAT friend's house, give your permission, but try to use as few words as possible, and throw in a couple of edgy silences for good measure. If you really want to scare them, end the conversation with a menacing notice of meeting: 'There are a few things I/your mother/your father (insert appropriate personage) have/has to say to you.' Beware of this ending however. Your offspring will do their best to go out and get drunk and will not spend their night trembling in fear as desired. However, rest safe in the knowledge that when you do get round to delivering the lecture, they will have a shocking hangover and your shouting will just make it worse.

To be continued next week...



Fun: something your parents never want to see you have

The first lecture in this new and exciting series is entitled **Plunder the Land!** and will begin next week. As preparatory reading, we have published the following guide:

'Setting the Scene for a lecture.'

The superficial beauty of the parental lecture is that it can oc-

ing to replace the roll of toilet paper. Start off by imagining that *you* are a parent. Do a few lecture warm-ups: 'Enough! Either you change or find a new place to live!' 'You're out of control! It's been like New Year's Eve the past three months!' (*Apologies: this sentence will appear again in the lecture entitled 'Out of Control'.* Another hid-

WATCH THIS SPACE!

We, your Wayward Editors, are proud to announce the inauguration of our very own TRACK THE DAKS competition.

Hidden in the dank recesses of the Barr-Smith Library is a solitary pair of underwear (for the benefit of the librarians who may stumble across them, the jocks are clean). However, the likelihood of even the oldest librarian coming across these infamous jocks is very slim, because they have been craftily hidden in a place where no random bookworm will find them. For fame, glory and a GRAND PRIZE, it is up to **YOU**, our perspicacious readers, to put on their thinking daks and imagine, "If I were a pair of jocks, where would I hide? Would it be in Subterranean Geology, or perhaps Endocrinology? Utopian psychoanalysis or Meta-beta-physics?"

WHERE ARE THE JOCKS HIDDEN?

If you happen to successfully track down the daks at any stage this year, you are to put them on your head and run proudly down to the *On Dit* office to claim your ticket to eternal glory. We'll be printing a clue each week, a map of the library, and anything else we feel like, so.....

WATCH THIS SPACE! Focus. Win. TRACK THE DAKS!

Stanley George

Say "NO!" to relationships because they're a complex cow.

Sarah Moller

Almost all of the women I know are convinced that The Solution to all of my problems can and will be provided by other women. "This place definitely needs a woman's touch" they tell me when they discover sentient mould at the bottom of my kitchen sink. "You *definitely* need a girlfriend" they titter as they marvel at my collection of blu-tack farm animals. What's worse, one-and-a-half out of three of my editors are continuously badgering me about the fact that I "need" a woman, and that half the chicks on the staff are ripe for the picking. "Do you want me to sort one out for you?" jabbers Melissa, "I can do that for you – I know *exactly* who you need."

What women like Melissa fail to realise is the fact that heterosexual men haven't the foggiest idea about what they need. Most of us bumble and curse our way through life, finding supplementary meaning in football and beer. As a result, men in bars everywhere fear and revile the very idea that any kind of resolution can be found lurking in the purse of the opposite sex.

Nevertheless, a billion years' worth of evolution dictates the fact that every man wants and needs to propagate his own DNA. To this end, most men furtively venture to the other side of the gender gap, hoping against hope that they will bump into a woman who is either stupid enough to put herself at his bumbling mercy, or smart enough to know that a thoroughly pussy-whipped male is both loyal and strong enough to protect her from predators like those crawley insects that nest under kitchen sinks.

But I digress. The point is that men are torn between two utterly conflicting expectations. The solution? There is none. Short of shock therapy and/or a lobotomy, there is no way that the modern male is able to reconcile these two urges – particularly in the post-*Dawson's Creek* world of feminine hypocrisy and serial monogamy.

The "relationship", it seems, provides the only passable course of action. An octangular plug for a rounded hole, if you will.

With all this in mind, I set out with my good friend Lachlan S. Croft in a beer-fuelled attempt to find Stanley George an acceptable mate. What happened next would soon become the talk of the *On Dit* office, and the subject of the five hundred or so words left on this page. (By the by, gentle reader, I must point out the fact that I never intended to divulge this information until a much later date. Unfortunately, the fact that the original column for this week proved too anti-Semitic for editor

Henzell has left me here, scattered and alone in the wee hours of Monday morning strapped for all ideas save a heart-wrenching testimonial to my undying love for Natalia Tamlyn.)

Natalia Tamlyn is, as far as I am concerned, the perfect woman. When I first saw her I was at a loss for words. I found myself turning to Lachlan S. Croft, as if in search of some distraction from the dark and smouldering vibe that shone from her every angle. Eventually, once I was accustomed the glare, I saw in Natalia the kind of darkness that I am currently finding utterly impossible to explain. Hers is the kind of beauty that transcends the physical – a Truth that only nightingales can sing about, or that long-dead poets went mad trying to express. A dark and shining resignation is one way of putting it. The glowing shadow of an exquisitely broken woman is another.

But, as is the case when fools fall in love, I am gushing like a goddamn hippie. Some descriptive discipline is in order. The facts about Natalia are as follows. She loves fantasy and poetry. She suffers from borderline personality disorder, manic depression, bulimia and chronic insomnia. The latter forces her to rely almost exclusively on marijuana for sleep, which means that she is almost always surrounded by an air of stoned quietude. She is perfect. Utterly perfect.

Sigh.

Sickening, isn't it? I am supposed to be a staunch believer in the futility of the subjective – that bizarre and intangible deal whereby nobody can possibly tell anybody else about how they truly feel. As far as this cold-hearted columnist was concerned any fuckwit hippie who tries to express his first-person self was wasting his time at best, and embarrassing himself at worst.

But here I am hanging my balls on the



line for all to see. What have I become? What has this girl done to me? Am I so hopelessly smitten that I have to abandon my exacting principles and surrender myself to writing schmaltz?

All of this occurred to me as Natalia and I talked about meditation, fate and the sorry state of Western psychotherapy. Lachlan S. Croft later pointed out to me that Natalia and I seemed to have hit it off – but I'm not so sure. I suspect that I was trying too hard to impress her (bad calls, forced laughter and such like).

Right now, as Henzell and Melissa pester me to finish, I am wondering what Natalia thinks about me, and if – by some bizarre twist of fate – she and I stumble across something more than just a complex cow.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney.

Natalia Tamlyn's real name is none of your goddamn business.

The *On Dit* editors, in particular Melissa, urge 'Ms Tamlyn' to contact Mr George via the *On Dit* office on 83035404. Save Stanley from entire weekends spent proofreading. Even obnoxious, arrogant New Zealanders deserve love.

I Hate AUSTRALIA

-Why one guy just can't wait to leave...

Yes, that's right Aussies: I hate you and your backward, racist, culturally impoverished nation. The depths of this hatred know few bounds. But I believe I have good reason to feel this way. However, before I begin to detail these reasons, you may wonder what I believe qualifies me to make such criticisms as I will, and offer them for public consumption. Well, firstly, I have been unfortunate enough to have lived in "Ostraya" for all of my twenty-five years; secondly, I have studied various aspects of comparative anthropology, culture, and politics in my seven years at this university. Having thus established my credentials, I shall now treat you to a generous helping of venomous and cynical, though well-informed, vitriol.

One aspect of this nation which has long troubled me is the deep and unshakable parochialism which permeates seemingly all levels of Australian society, and which is constantly and inescapably reproduced and reinforced via popular cultural production. One of my favourite authors, Jack Vance, once observed about parochialism that it "derives, apparently, from an innocent egotism, which, if verbalised, would express itself thus: 'Since I choose to live in this place, it therefore and perforce must be excellent in all its aspects'" (*Araminta Station*, New English Library, 1988: 9).

This seemingly simple remark reveals the roots of a phenomenon which, though it may indeed derive from such an "innocent egotism", is the motivation for a dismaying array of unpleasant consequences, ranging from the merely sad, pathetic and ridiculous, to the morally reprehensible.

The least of these consequences causes Australians to slavishly and uncritically support certain of this nation's cultural icons and identities, exaggerating their worth, achievement, or talent, while suppressing or overlooking any criticism of said icons or identities. Thus, we have sporting identities who are allowed to behave appallingly while receiving the plaudits of press and politicians, and the lack-witted adoration of the public.

One example is local teenager Lleyton Hewitt, whose unsportsmanlike behaviour would be embarrassing if seen in a 10 year old. Another tennis player, Pat Rafter, along with officials from Tennis Australia, was allowed to pursue a personal and professional grudge against fellow player Mark Philippoussis — which was taken-up with great enthusiasm by the sporting media. Philippoussis was hounded simply because

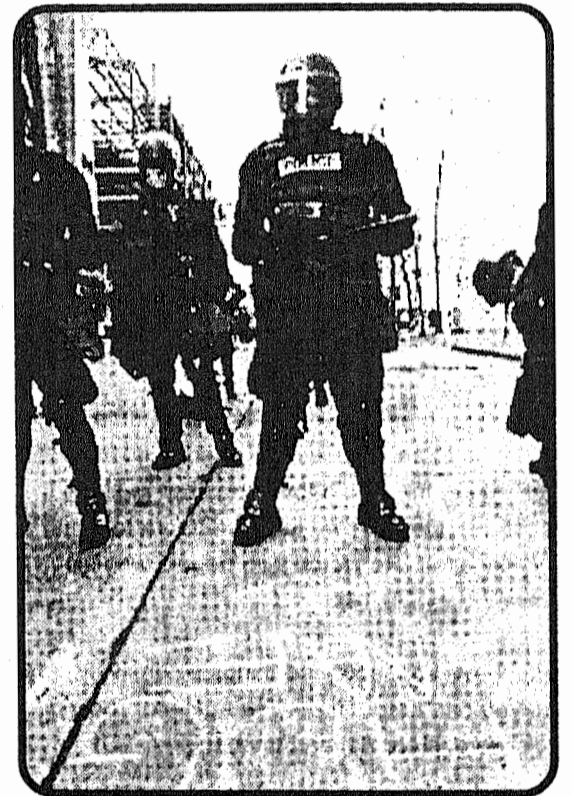
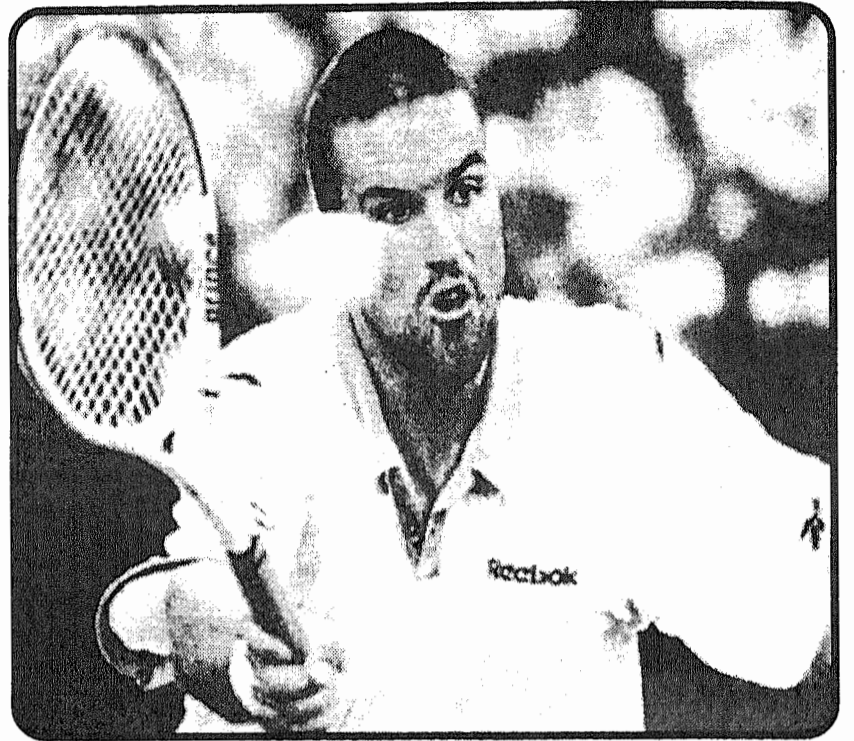
he did not wish to represent Australia in certain tournaments.

However, these examples pale into insignificance when compared to the disgusting political ends to which Australian parochialism has been put. Among the worst recent examples is that of Prime Minister John Howard proclaiming that the Aboriginal struggle for justice, and pursuit of an apology concerning the Stolen Generation was "un-Australian". This particular example not only makes me despise this country, but actually makes me *ashamed* to be Australian.

Of course, the other shameful face of Australian politics currently is One Nation, and the segment of the Australian population which this party and its ugly, destructive rhetoric represents. That Pauline Hanson could be considered a serious political figure by any Australian, let alone approximately 10% of voters, never ceases to amaze me — until I remember the ignorance and stupidity which typifies the redneck extremes of the Australian electorate.

Part of what annoys me so much about Australia is the smug self-congratulation which oozes from almost any discussion of Australia in the media. Australians love to tell themselves what a lucky country this is, and how egalitarian our society is, and how generous we all are. Well, I have to agree to a point. Australians are lucky — lucky that they have gotten away with genocide, and lucky that they just happened to inherit a good system of governance from the British Empire, and lucky that they still have a great standard of living when they are so lazy and ignorant. I also agree that Australia is egalitarian — towards the white, the heterosexual, and the middle- and upper-classes. And yes, Australia is overwhelmingly generous — so damned generous in fact that the word 'sorry' might possibly incur a financial obligation that is too expensive.

I could continue this elaboration of the reasons for my hatred at great length, but unfortunately space is limited. Rather, I shall merely gloss over a few more of my complaints. Firstly, the obsession of Australians with sport and the idolisation of sports-people, to the detriment of others in society who contribute far more. Secondly, the homophobia and sexism of Australian culture, which still sees women trapped under the glass ceiling, and payed less for the same work,



Idolising sportspeople and hidden brutality: two reasons why Australia sucks

and which continues to see non-heterosexuals denied fundamental rights to equality and freedom from violence and harassment. And, thirdly, the cruelty of Australians who wish to deny refugees asylum from the horrific conditions which exist in less fortunate parts of the world.

There you have it. Merely some of my reasons for hating the country of my birth; reasons which, among others, make me long for the day when I can renounce my Australian citizenship after I migrate to the European Union. Until then, I am stuck in this cultural desert, and forced to live with you, for whom I feel little but contempt.

DWB

PS: You will notice that I have decided to remain anonymous as the author of this piece. I wonder why. Please don't let that stop you from writing in to tell me what you think of my opinion.

Hollander Greets his New Readers

Good Morning all. No, you're students, aren't you? Not Morning then, you won't be up, at least I hope not; the day a student wakes up before noon is a day I for one don't want to see; Good Afternoon then, or possibly Good Evening. This is Dr Hollander here, lecturer in charge of Genre Studies, Beekeeping Law and Punctuation. What, the cry may spring to your collective mouth, is an academic doing in what is, after all, a student newspaper? And my answer to such a question would be 'Well, why not?' After all, you lot, you *students*, have long since invaded what I always looked upon as the exclusive province of my colleagues and myself. I attended a faculty meeting yesterday, only to discover that students had been given seats around the departmental table; in fact one of them had taken the faux-Edwardian green upholstered one that the last Head of Department died in and that I've always been rather fond of myself. I gasped in horror, of course, and took a few dramatic steps backwards, clasping one hand to my seething brow (do I mean seething?), when one of my colleagues informed me that this was not in fact a recent development, and that students had been present at such meetings for some years now, in fact for some decades - unlike, he added with unnecessary malice, me (me as in me, that is, not him calling himself me, being to himself a me, as are we all; to ourselves, that is, not to him...is that clear? Good). I had, owing to a small oversight, not actually attended a faculty meeting since the mid nineteenth-fifties, so the presence of students was naturally a shock to me. This was nothing, however, to the shock I received when I discovered that many of the young people within the Barr Smith were not, as I had initially assumed, new if rather disconcertingly young professors but actual students. Good God, what can be wrong with you? Throughout my undergraduate years I never even realised that there was a library.

This ghastly invasion of realms that were heretofore closed to you is

based, I cannot help but believe, on the fallacy that universities are for students. This is clearly not the case. University courses fall into two categories, the general and the specific. The general, such as Arts, can obviously be of no practical use to anyone except those who wish to be academics themselves, invaluable though a detailed knowledge of the imagery of the caduceus in the works of George Eliot may be to the inner life of the spirit. The specific courses, such as Law and Engineering, can be learnt by competent students as easily from books as from lectures, and those who are not competent shouldn't be studying them at all. It is clear from this that universities exist primarily for academics, to keep the dangerously lunatic off the streets and in the lecture theatres, to publish thick quarterly periodicals in which our maunderings may be available to the public (or rather, other academics), in short, to give a home to those unsuited to Life. Such as me. You, on the other hand, you blithe and carefree visitors to the dank and gloomy world that I and others dwell in all our lives, you are entirely irrelevant to the world of academia. You should be practising the sort of things you are suited to: raucous drunkenness, for choice, or (if you're that sort of student, and I really do hope you're not) having earnest discussions about politics and the meaning of life or, more commonly, Life.

Since, however, you have invaded my sphere, I am determined to do the same to you. Besides, the faculty newsletter has a new editor and she refuses to print me.

Maundering piffle, she said, or would have if she had the courage or the vocabulary; 'not really relevant' is what she actually came out with.

I can therefore only endeavour to invade these fine pages to make my opinions known. Well, I assume they're fine pages. I don't read them,

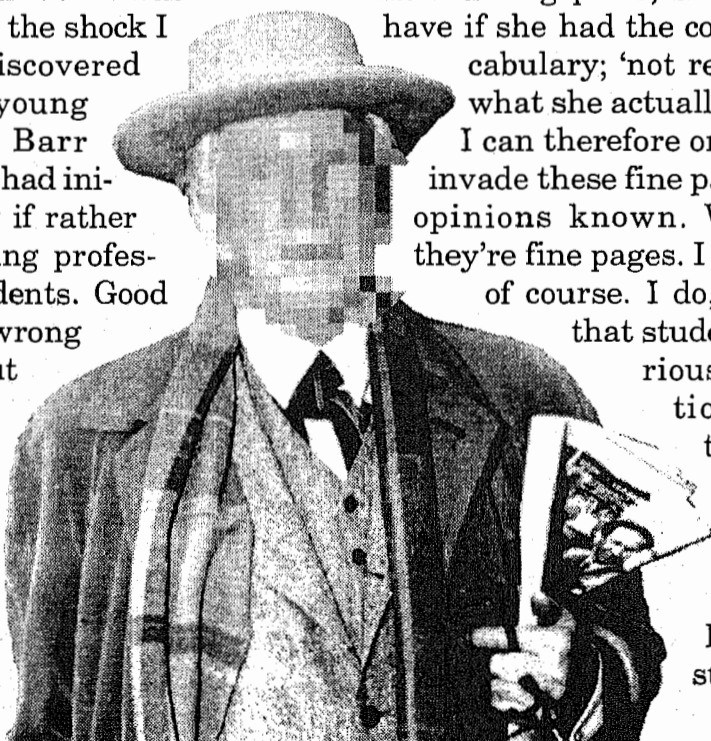
of course. I do, however, know

that students have a notoriously short attention span, something

around seven hundred words, I believe, and since

that's how much I've written, I'll

stop. Ta ta.



Lost (again)?

Sick of getting lost trying to find your way around campus? You're not the only one! Okay, so you're given a huge tour on your first day, but realistically, with all the other important stuff going on - free food, beer and other alcoholic beverages, O'Week activities etc, who really has room in their heads for unimportant stuff like the location of buildings and the (weird) names?

The Big Day arrives (for some). Whether it's just trying to find preliminary lectures, or trying to find the 'real thing', there's nothing more frustrating than wandering around the (huge) Uni campus for hours on end wondering where the hell you are and where that is in relation to where the hell you're actually supposed to be.

After coming to the realisation that you're totally and utterly LOST, you decide to ask that helpful-looking person over there where to go, seeing as they seem to know their way around okay. In most cases, they'll be more than happy to tell you where to go - all the while rattling off vaguely familiar names of buildings, some of which you may remember hearing from your first day - not that you know where they are now, of course. 'Go to the Student Centre, they can help you. Go out past the lawns, up past the Barr Smith, across Hughes Plaza towards Napier...' blah, blah, blah. To the already lost and bewildered fresher, this 'helpful' information disintegrates into a load of funny sounds and, smiling gratefully, he or she heads off in the direction the helper is pointing.

After getting hopelessly lost yet again, our frustrated student (you) finally finds an official-looking person in some building or other, usually behind a desk, and usually looking extremely busy, and begs for assistance. You're told to see your 'course supervisor' or the 'faculty office' on Floor X of Building Y. "See the who, where?" you wail. Looking irritated at having to deal with such a new person when they have much more pressing matters to attend to, our not-so-friendly-anymore office worker gives details of where to go, this time incorporating directional words into the tirade - "Go left past the Ligertwood, turn left again just before Napier, take a right past Hughes, iewaovi nfhear n fkjvfo udihv a vhfihafn..." Smiling innocently you give up and head back to the place where you feel you should have stayed in the first place, the place every student knows the location of - the Unibar.

So how do we fix this major problem? Surprisingly with something quite simple. Paint. All we have to do is paint every building on campus a different colour - yellow for Napier, green for Hughes, blue for Schulz. Imagine how much easier it would be for the multitude of lost and confused newbies to make it to class on time!

So, who wants to help me paint?

VOX

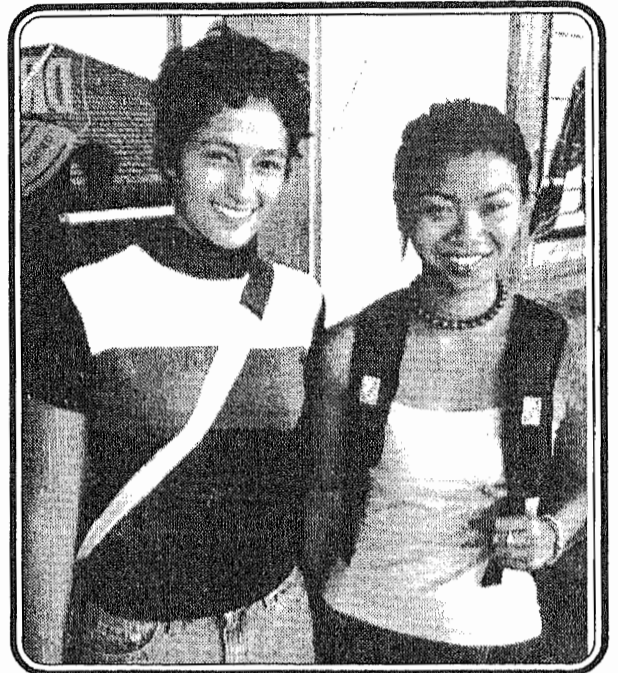
QUESTIONS:

1. What do you miss about the 90's?
2. What's the worst TV show on-air at the moment?
3. How did you feel the day John Candy died?

David & Alistair

Remembering Don Bradman

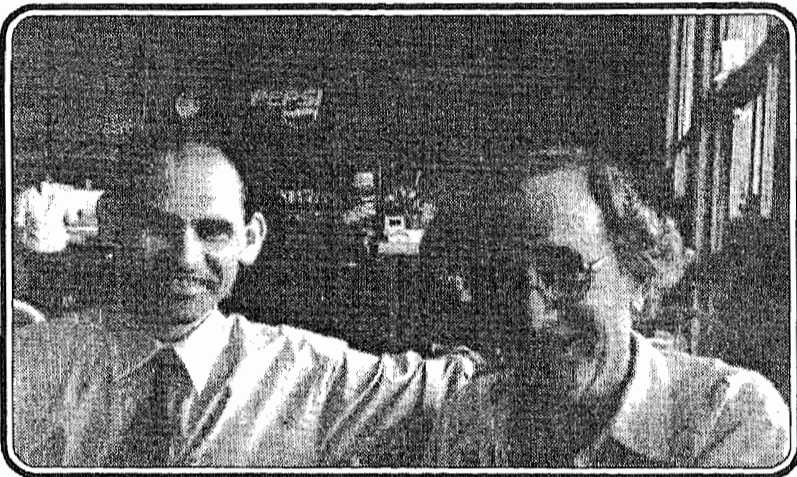
1. D: The lifestyle I had at the time.
A: Don Bradman..
2. D: *Temptation Island*.
A: All TV is bad.
3. D: The death of John Candy is nothing compared to the death of Don Bradman..
A: John Candy? I met Spike Milligan once...but I haven't met that man. What's the name of that hotel up Glen Osmond Road?



Saumya & Rani

Enjoying the view and so much more

1. S: Salt 'n' Pepper.
R: MC Hammer and my Reebok Pumps.
2. S: *Temptation Island*.
R: No way, that's a wicked show! The worst is *Home & Away*.
3. S: It was a day I forgot very quickly.
R: Mortified - I quite liked him. *Uncle Buck* rocked!



Karla

Knocking back a quick ale

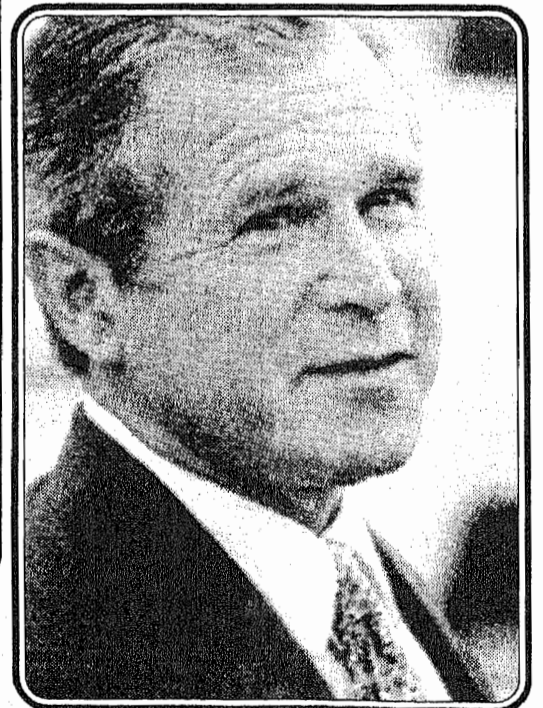
1. I miss the clean cut Macauley Culkin.
2. *A Current Affair*.
3. I felt really sad - the movie *Uncle Buck* was a personal favourite.

George

Still working out how to spell his dad's first name

Please note: These are authentic Bush quotes. We're not joking.

1. "A tax cut is really one of the anecdotes to coming out of an economic illness."
2. "We'll let our friends be the peacekeepers and the great country called America will be the pacemakers."
3. "I know the human being and the fish can coexist peacefully."



BREWED WITH WHEAT.
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.



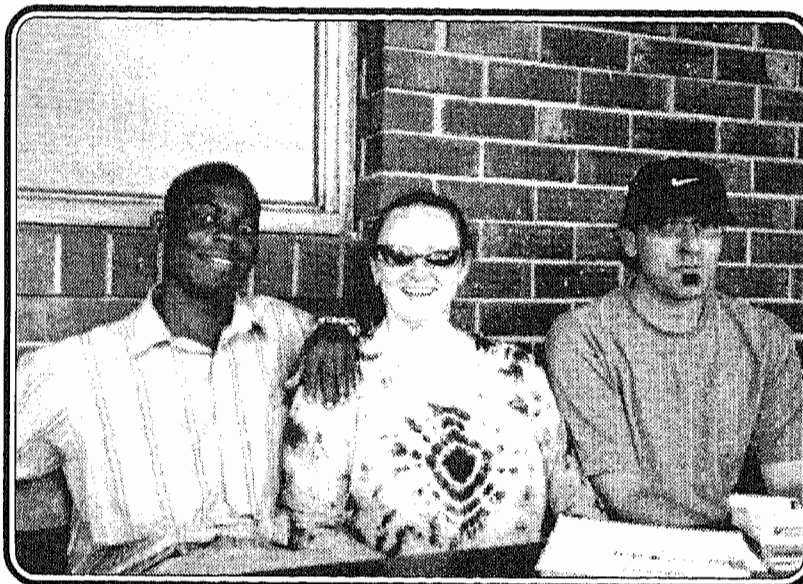
POP

HUMOUR = BEER

That's all it is guys. Give us a response that makes us laugh, and we'll give you ten free pints of Southwark beer.

This week's winner of this fabulous bounty is...George W.! In the case that George is unable to collect his prize, the prize will instead be awarded to... Sunday, Polly and Alloy!

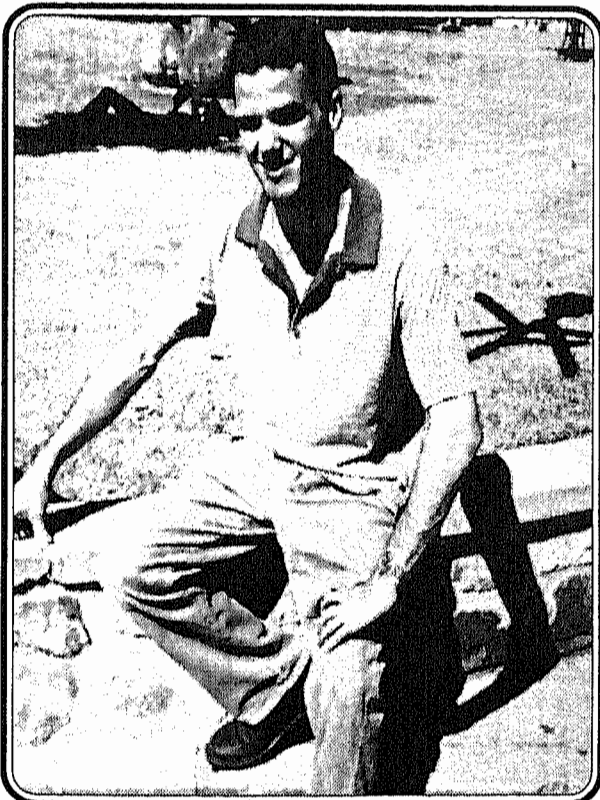
Congratulations, and thanks to the generous people at Southwark for providing the prizes.



Sunday, Polly, & Alloy

Considering the relationship between Stan Zemanek & John Candy

1. S: M.K.O Abiola - he died in jail in the year 1999.
P: I miss being 20!
A: I can't remember any of it.
2. S: *Airport* - I didn't watch it but I was told it was terrible.
P: *Beauty & The Beast*. Stan is a misogynistic prick.
A: *Beauty & The Beast*. Stan is a fraud.
3. S: Wasn't he an American president?
P: It was as though the sun passed behind the clouds, and was only to emerge much darker than before.
A: It was a gut emotion - terror.



Jack

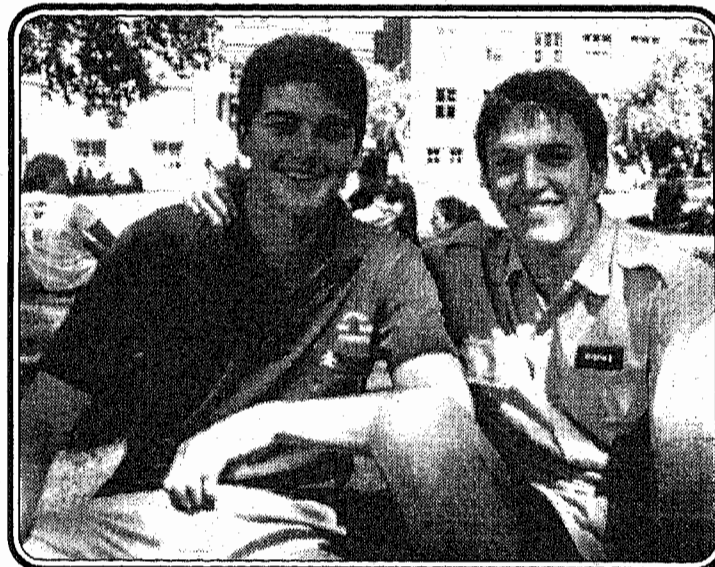
Contemplating times gone by

1. My innocence.
2. *Midday with Bert Newton*.
3. I felt as if someone had thrown a spear through my heart.

Owen & Thom

Lounging on the lawns

1. O: Ace of Base.
T: New Kids On The Block.
2. O: *Home & Away* - it's not too flash.
T: *Survivor*.
3. O: Complete apathy.
T: What? Who was he?



Donna and Anjali

Just chillin'

1. D: Hypercolour T-shirts.
A: I miss writing years with the '19' in front.
2. D: *Home & Away* - it's a shocker.
A: *The Bold & The Beautiful*.
3. D: I felt that I should go on a diet.
A: When who died?



Got to Love That Duck!

An On Dit Nightmare Job Story

It was summer 1997, and I had just returned home after completing the first year of an arts degree. Desperate for cash, I began looking around to see what employment small town country Victoria could possibly have to offer a wayward uni student on summer break; waitressing at the local pub perhaps; supermarket check out chick; helpful pharmacy assistant. If only my search had led to such bland yet palatable employment. But this was not to be. No, fate had a much more interesting fundraiser in mind, and it was all to do with ducks.

Now, during that fateful summer, the biggest employer in my small town was none other than a duck farm. Luv-A-Duck, as it is so aptly named (as one cannot help but love them), employed people from all over the district and beyond, and was the perfect place to earn that bit of extra cash over the holiday break. It wasn't an entirely attractive prospect, as I had a faint idea what it might involve, but my fellow I'm-home-from-uni-to-earn-cash types assured me that the pain was not so great that the money could not dull it. However, I beg to differ.

I applied for the job, and was soon after interviewed by a tough old bird (as we say in the business) called Nancy. The only prerequisite to my employment was the passing of one small test: the smell test. For years before this,

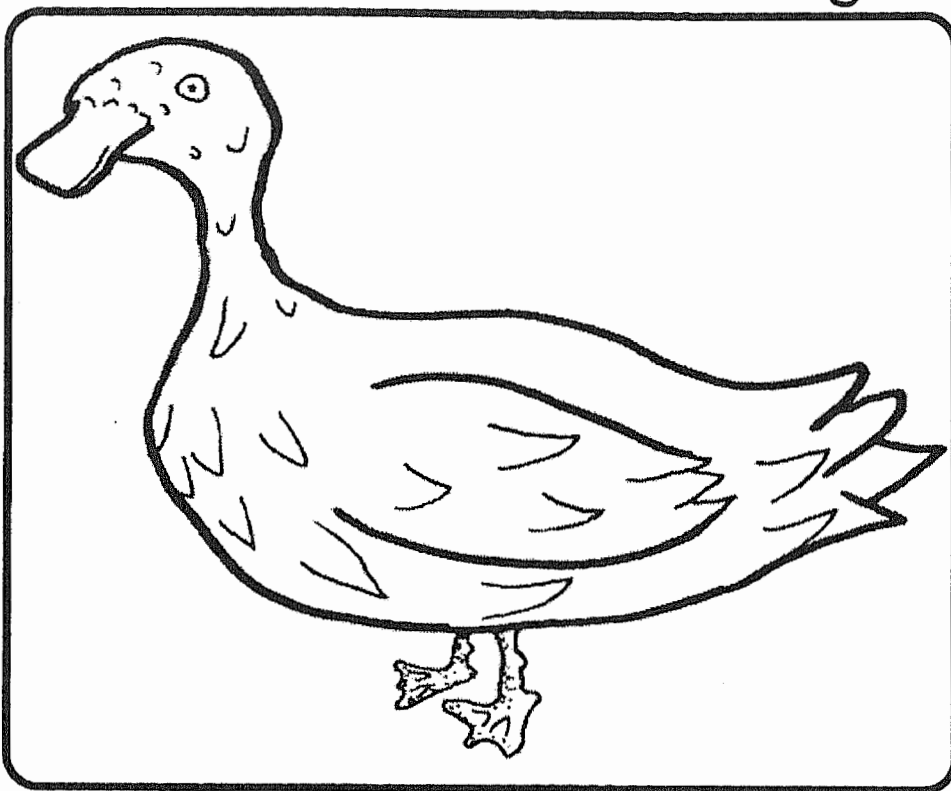


Figure 1: An intact Duck

I had driven past the site of the farm, and occasionally upwind, had from a distance, smelled that tasty duck aroma. What I didn't know, however, was what it was like from the inside. Entering the room was akin to some bizarre carnival sideshow: duck after naked duck hung upside down by its feet, moving slowly but surely around the assembly line. Heads still on, they were all staring at me, wondering if one day soon we might come into closer contact. It was all very Monty Python. Somehow I managed to contain myself despite the horrific stench and my em-

ployment was set. I was Luv-a-Duck's newest employee.

As it was, Luv-a-Duck raised ducks from the hatching-out-of-egg stage, through to the package-nicely-for-mum-to-cook-for-dinner stage. My belief before I began was that I would work in the wonderful world of packaging, where the ducks were long dead and gone, and had no remaining personally identifiable features. Of course, if one believes Murphy's law, the worst situation will always eventuate (or something of that nature) and so it was here. Arriving to work on my first day I was informed

that no, I would not be working with plastic, instead, I was, in fact, to be a gutter. Armed with white gumboots, a long plastic apron, hairnet and earplugs, I was to delve my cotton glove covered hands into the still warm body of duck after duck and remove the contents. One was reminded always to keep one's mouth shut, as one did not want the unthinkable to happen. And so it was, for days and days. Standing on my dirty blue crate, so as to reach the right orifice, ear plugs in to block out the screaming of various nearby machines, with at least 2 metres between me and the next person. Four days a week, ten hours a day, minute after minute after minute. The psychological as well the physical effects were extreme. Apart from having fingers swollen to the size of large carrots by every weekend, at the time, I was reading '1984' and started having paranoia attacks that Big Duck was watching. Dreams brought me ducks that grew bigger and bigger as they approached, until when they reached me, they were human size. Worst of all, it was the smell that haunted. After six long weeks of gutting, I had finally achieved my golden egg, and it was time to say goodbye to duck hell. They say what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger, but really, give me telemarketing any day. And never give me duck for dinner.

Lauren Gordon

Bringing Back Memories?

As the *On Dit* jobs section is only just starting to reveal, there are more disgusting jobs out there than most of us would ever like to know about. These jobs, often tucked away in the dank corners of our society, deserve to be brought into the public forum.

And that is what the *On Dit* job's page is here for.

We've all had them, and now is the time to share them. Relive the job you'd rather forget in 800 words or so, and come and drop it down to the *On Dit* office or email us at ondit@adelaide.smug.edu.au. Others need to be warned.

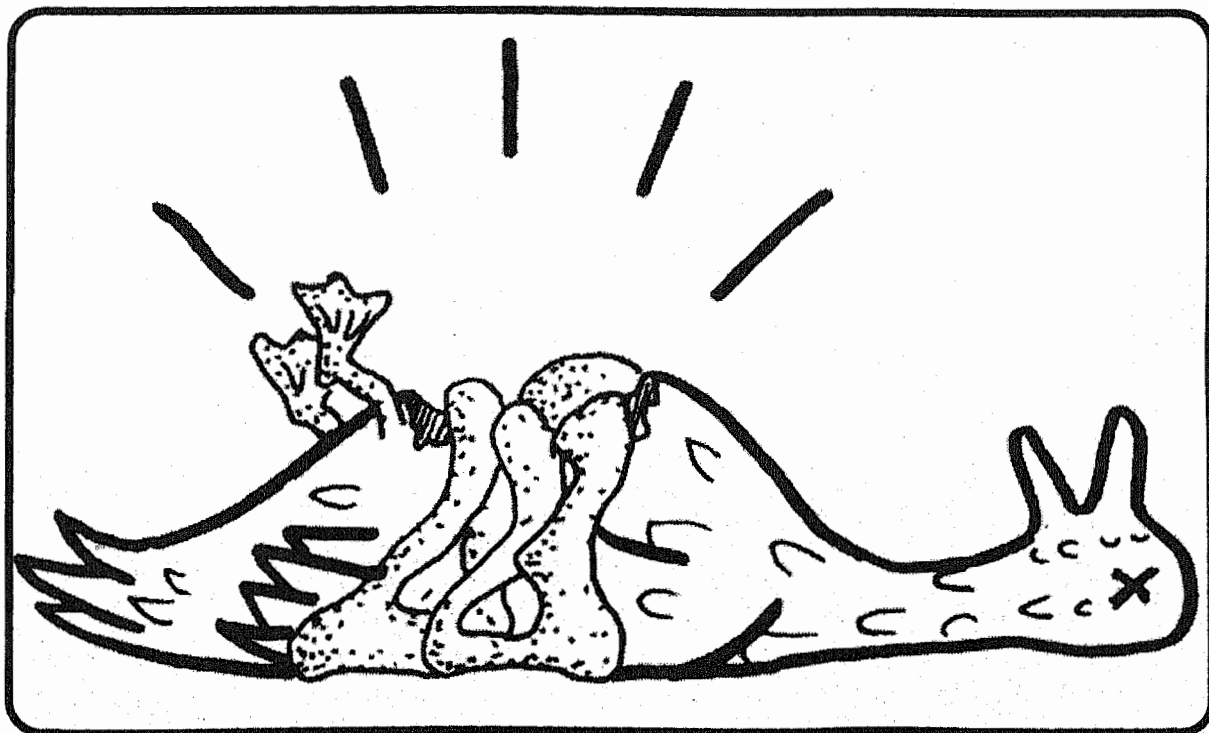


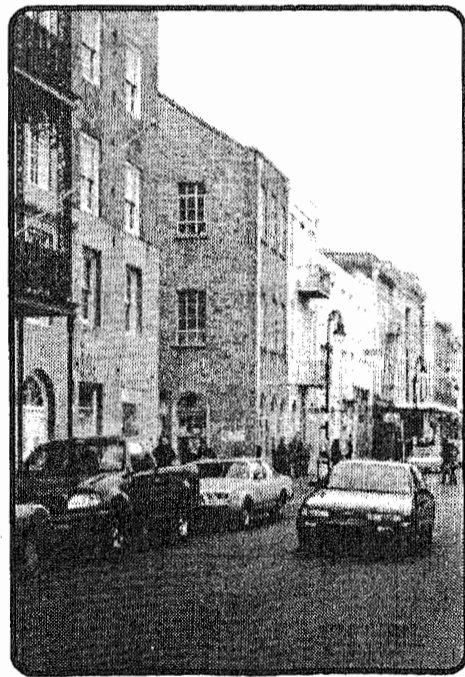
Figure 2: A Duck well on its way to being your dinner

New Orleans

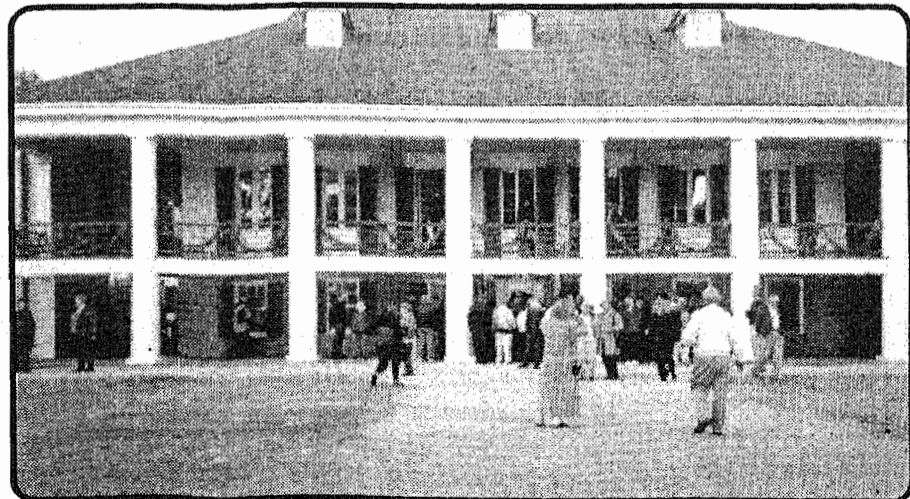
It was three hours after I was supposed to have set foot in New Orleans. But instead, I was on a grounded aeroplane in Los Angeles waiting for a hydro-tubulator-compuster or something to be mended, entertaining myself with little packets of nuts and the latest *People* magazine. If you were in Europe, and it was announced that the hydro-tubulator-combustor thing had broken and the fuel was leaking, you would have hoards of people running frantically to break down the emergency exit. But not here, because in America, as the very nice Los Angeles native I was sitting next to informed me, this kind of stuff happens all the time.

That was the first of three delayed flights due to 'mechanical problems' I got to experience. And approximately five hours later I landed in New Orleans.

New Orleans may not be the largest, most glamorous or 'beautiful' city in America. Personally, I believe that honour goes to New York, New York and San Francisco. But New Orleans has a charm that is definitely unique, stemming from its history as a French settlement.



Bourbon St (above) the heart of jazz; and the *Interview with the Vampire* sugar plantation (below)

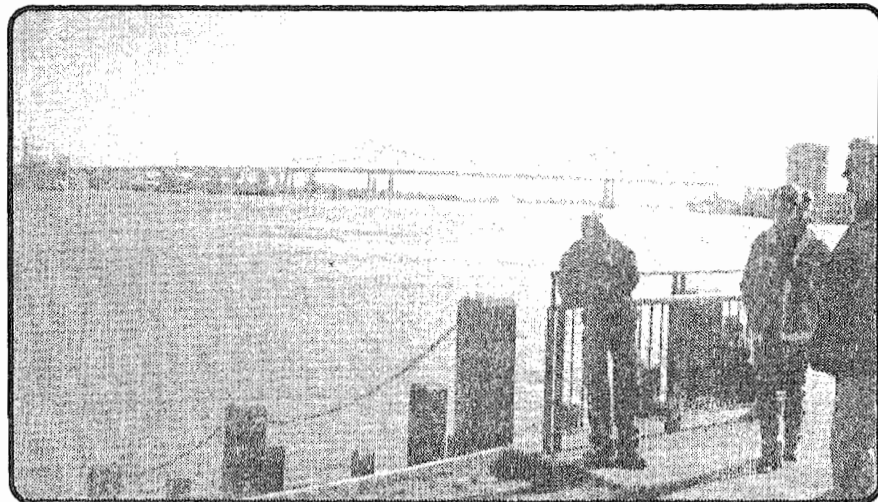


For anybody who may not know, New Orleans is the state capital of Louisiana and is situated in the deep South. Southern U.S.A is markedly different to the East and West coasts - 'traditional' values still dominate, racial and political ignorance is still high and believe me, the Confederate flag is still flying. It was more than a little disturbing to see a side of the country that we only get snippets of on television. I have a nasty feeling that this may be the Real America.

While New Orleans encompasses those sad characteristics, it is lucky to boast a French heritage. This is reflected in the beautiful architecture of the city. It is also located at the mouth of the awesome Mississippi River. New Orleans is known as the home of jazz, and its large and predominantly African-American population comprise this scene.

Bourbon Street, world famous and located within the French Quarter, is without a doubt the heart of this jazz epicentre. On this reputation, I went to Bourbon Street expecting something pretty spectacular, and received a rude shock instead. This was because right next to the countless jazz clubs were even more countless strip joints, and quite a few that I suspected were a little more as well. Yucky looking ladies in fish-net stockings chain smoking outside suspicious looking entrances was not something I had prepared myself for and I could not get over just how seedy the place really was - like Hindley street times a hundred.

The other thing that was immediately noticeable was that there were shops devoted to Voodoo all over the place. Though I suspect ninety-nine per cent of these are for the benefit of tourists, a few do hold legitimate foundations in the Cajun and Creole people, who have a long history in New Orleans. These three elements - jazz clubs, strip joints and Voodoo stores - comprise the overwhelming majority



The Mighty Mississippi...putting the Torrens to shame

of the French Quarter, which at night made wandering the streets a little scary.

But there was also a romanticism over the whole place that made you forget the seediness and charmed you over: a lone saxophonist playing on a street corner at midnight, a bunch of friendly musicians doing an impromptu performance on the sidewalk, or a kid tap dancing down the street, hoping to earn some quick cash busking.

Jazz is certainly the most defining of features in New Orleans, and its sound follows you throughout the city. Even if you're not a fan, you can't help but get tingles when you walk past a shoddy entrance with a worn sign above it reading 'House of Blues', one of the most famous jazz clubs in the world, and know the sounds you can hear wafting from inside are most likely those of the best jazz musicians in the world.

Amazing.

New Orleans also has some amazing restaurants, where Cajun and Creole cooking reigns supreme. Much of this includes seafood, which unfortunately I didn't try because (a) I refuse to eat seafood and (b) I am far too stubborn to renounce the anti-seafood policy I have held since I was five. Instead, I stuck to a hearty soup called Gumbo. Gumbo comes in many variations but is consistent in that it was always brown and always very salty. And it contained meat and not fish, which was all the convincing I needed. Up to the point, we had been scraping by on the national diet of burgers, pepperoni pizza and fries (an automatic side dish to every meal we had), and we more than appreciated the Cajun and Creole alternatives.

New Orleans also encompasses many other attractions that are unique to the deep south. We were lucky enough to have Christmas dinner in the vast sugar plantation, home to Brad Pitt in *Interview With A Vampire*. We also rode the street car through the garden suburbs, some of which were 'locked suburbs' (where there were gates and security guards blocking off the roads - seriously) and because we were there on Christmas Eve, we got to witness one of the long-



The House of Blues

standing city traditions - the entire bank of the Mississippi being lit up by a line of bonfires along its shore, which looked spectacular and appeared to be raging out of control. Actually, I think they did start to rage out of control, which was when the fire-trucks arrived and our group announced a sudden departure.

And then there were the many qualities which we all love about America - drug store/liquor shops/souvenir stores, a GAP within fifty metres of wherever you might be. There's the conversations with the locals, such as ignorant Americans asking questions like - "So, do y'all ride Kangaroos to school?". But my particular favourite was when I managed to walk right into an episode of gang warfare, with two hoochies having a showdown surrounded by about fifty gang members. The Police pulled up and started randomly arresting people, just like on C.O.P.S. It was really exciting.

I could go on and on about the different things I loved about New Orleans, but I've run out of time and space. All I can say is, if you ever get the opportunity, go and see the jazz, eat the food and soak up the atmosphere. If you embrace the laid back lifestyle and get stuck into a couple of daquiris, you'll have the time of your life.

Penny Chalke

Bread, Cheese, Sex and Wine

Bar of the Week

Frome Road

Rhino
Room

Where: Frome Road, above Urban Cow Studio, near Almaf and on the top floor of a great big purple building.

Who Goes There: Well, where should we start. How can we be diplomatic. This place is chock a block full of pretentious wankers. There. I couldn't be more diplomatic than that. There is definately an 'in crowd' which consists mainly of friends of the bands that play and people cool enough to be accepted, and everyone else is just a hanger on.

Atmosphere: Dark and moody with low couches and seedy lamps, the atmosphere in this place rocks. I've heard it to be described as a little try-hard but I like it. There are usually enough seats for everyone which makes it an ideal place to go with friends and be able to chat and it's a pretty small venue so there is the sense that you are somewhere exclusive. You can dress pretty much how you like but most people are posing in their most alternative and/or glamorous gear.

What it serves: They have a large range of classy beers and a whole shelf of Cooper Pale Ale. There are also usually a few drink specials which change from time to time and you can order wine by the glass. They have a wide range of cocktails but sometimes they will substitute lemon juice for lime juice in their Cosmopolitans. Terrible!

Why we like it: Because it is just so smooth. Bands that play are always interesting and far from mainstream. They also have many interesting 'theme' nights where any number of things could be happening. Nude life drawing, wine and cheese nights, open mic. Monkey Business on Wednesday nights is always a bit of fun, half the night is improv stuff and then a

feature act - usually widely known local comedians or even an interstate act now and then. Well done to whoever books the acts, they are always entertaining. Sometimes they even act as a venue for theatre acts - admirable. Kind of a champion of the struggling artist - very cool. And they sometimes hang a sheet down the side of the building and project films like Batman. This is either really cool or a really lame gimmick. You decide.

Any Complaints: Like so many other bars in Adelaide, the bar staff think they are just too cool for school. Just because you are skinny and pretty and wear an 'alternative' t-shirt does not mean you are better than me. Treat me with some respect please. And there is just a tad too much faux animal fur in whacky, crazy colours.

Prices: If someone is playing then you usually have to pay a cover charge. This can be especially annoying if you pay it and get up there and the band stops playing 10 minutes later. What a rip-off; this has happened to me more than once and it is not really good enough. Understandably many of the bands that play are kinda obscure and not many people come to see them and so they need to make money on the door, but charging someone \$5 for 10 minutes of entertainment is just not on. Drink prices are reasonable considering what they serve.

Summing up: Ignore the people who think they are cooler than you and enjoy the atmosphere and some first class entertainment.

Abigail M

Cafe

Belgiourno

Restaurant of the Week

...somewhere down south

After a huge week, I was looking forward to spending the weekend in bed, rejuvenating my organs for the onslaught that next week's O'week would bring. Then my mother called. "Your bus for Mt. Gambier leaves at 8:15 tomorrow morning darling. See you there!" Needless to say, I was rather reluctant to spend six hours cramped into a sweaty bus seat with stale air circulation and one appallingly bad movie to keep me entertained. All this for the sake of a "family occasion". But I was pleasantly surprised - although I wouldn't want to live there, Gambo's really not a bad place to visit on a rare weekend if you can stand the trip up there (and I have sympathy for my friend Simon, who estimates he has clocked up at least 500 hours on the bus of hell and doom). Anyway, if perchance you do happen to find yourself in Gambo on a random family holiday, I am now in the position to be able to recommend a really nice restaurant for you. I can't actually remember where Cafe Belgiourno is located, but I'm sure some of the friendly locals will direct you. Asthetically pleasing, you may want to book ahead so you can secure a table on the verandah/balcony. The staff are really friendly here, so even if you haven't booked they'll work their hardest to accomodate you anyway even when they're really busy.

Belgiourno is a cafe not a restaurant, so unfortunately there's no table order service. However, they do run accounts so you can basically let the evening run rather than pay for every little thing as you go. Plus they have a fancy schmancy touch screen thingamajig that will run up your order for you. This can be fun to watch, especially after a few drinks. Ah, technology today. As for the menu, food flows as a bounty from the Mountains of the Gods. Same goes for the wine. Seriously, the

selection of food on the menu is so vast, which is surprising considering the kitchen is really small. That's another interesting thing about Belgiourno - the kitchen is placed behind the actual counter so you can see all the food being prepared and ensure nothing dodgy is going on, like reusing leftovers, taste testing, or anything to do with bodily emissions. Plus, Belgiourno has been declared to be home to the best pizzas in the nation - no mean feat. As it was a big night out with the fam, and the head honcho was paying (hehehe), we ordered quite a lot of food. Beware any kind of starter bread dish - they charge at least \$5 and the servings will be pretty small. However, all the other dishes are quite large. I had a Caesar salad for \$7.90 as an entree. It was yummy. I can't remember the name of my main, but it was a chicken dish with pine nuts and spinach (these came garnishing the chicken, but also were stuffed into it) on a bed of risotto for \$16.90. By the way, the prices clearly don't suit studenty outings, but as you will most likely not go to Gambo with students but with family, it is a moot point we all know your parents will pay. Let's hear it for the familial unit! Although I didn't get to see personally if the pizzas were that great, by brother assured me no greater slice of heaven had ever passed between his lips.

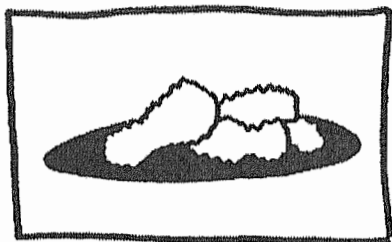
I was too full for dessert by the end of my gluttonous feast, but I did indulge in a few tia marias with cream. An especially nice way to end the meal, and for only \$4.50. Cafe Belgiourno was a really nice place to eat, and it also afforded me the chance to catch up with the fam. If you do find yourself down on the Mount, you'll find a great atmosphere at Belgiourno, with a really extensive menu. I know I liked it. Thanks dad!

Consumer Watchdog...

...an afternoon with the Mayo bain marie

As any cluey student trotting into the Mayo will have noticed by now, not only does everybody's favourite nosh trough have a new-look format, but its bain marie section is veritably overflowing with all sorts of new flavours to titillate the tongue. Here, your discerning Consumer Watchdog reviewed some of the new taste sensations as well as some of the old favourites.

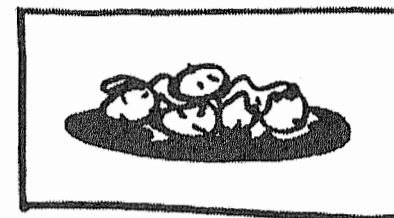
dog would eat it for lunch and give it a 6.5 out of 10.



Wingdings

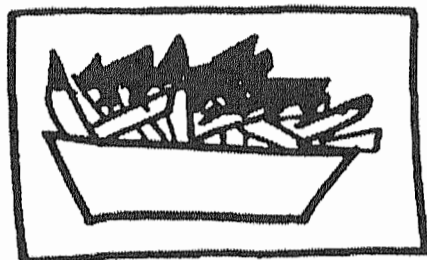
Mmmm - we love these. The fact that we pitched up at 5pm made them even better, as the oil had had a chance to permeate and marinate the chicken. Beware there is a bone sneakily hiding inside the chicken. Beware that excessive eating of these will cause you to gain a stone within three days. But damn it, it's worth it. These are the very definition of greasy goodness. 10 out of 10. Must be eaten at the end of the day.

examination, there did appear to be carrot in it, so at least we know that the Mayo, if nothing else, is keeping some carrot farmer in socks and underwear this year. The overall taste wasn't the best, but the aftertaste enticed one to keep eating. Would we eat it for lunch? Yes, if we had no other hot dates. 8 out of 10. If the hot dates were calling, we'd give it a miss because of the attractive orange stain which indiscriminately coats teeth, tongue and lips. 4 out of 10.



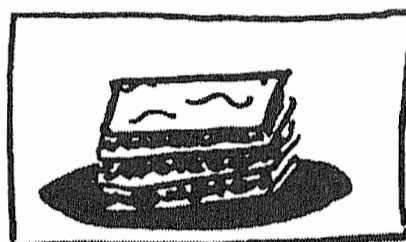
Gnocchi

By this stage our taste-tester was starting to feel slightly under the weather, but the double-cream with regulation grass-clipping appearance of the gnocchi inspired her to plough on. On first taste she was thrilled: 'My favourite', she cried. On second taste, the queasiness returned, and on third taste, she declared she could not keep eating something that resembled curdled cream. Apparently it looked and tasted gorgeous at lunchtime, so our taster conceded that it would have made a nice side dish. A bit of a regretted choice. 5 out of 10.



The Mayo Chip

The quest for the perfect chip is one which has seen fast-food giants travel to all corners of the globe hunting down the saltiest salt and the tastiest tuber for their golden slivers of fried heaven. Little do they know that the holy grail lies right here, in the bain maries of the Mayo. The Mayo Chip: perfection in the crunchy exterior, coupled with soft, warm, potatoey goodness in the centre. Economical sustenance in an environmentally friendly package, topped off with a delectable gravy or a sensitive sauce, a relish if you're strong hearted or just enjoy them plain. Perhaps once a week they might be a little bit soggy, but that's our only complaint. 9.5 out of 10.



Lasagne

The fact that this dish consistently sells out within the first hour of luncheon at the Mayo speaks for itself. White sauce is smooth and silky, as it should be. The meat chunky to the point that it could almost be described to be like 'meatballs'. If you like oil then this is the dish for you! Try squeezing each 'meatball' for an oily surprise. Sometimes the top layer looks a little bit dry, but this won't stop us giving this favourite a rousing 11 out of 10.



Warm Thai Squid Salad

Perhaps we were at fault by rocking up three hours after lunchtime and expecting the squid to be both warm and salad-like. No evidence of salad at all. In fact, the less said about this sweet and fishy dish, the better. 2 out of 10.



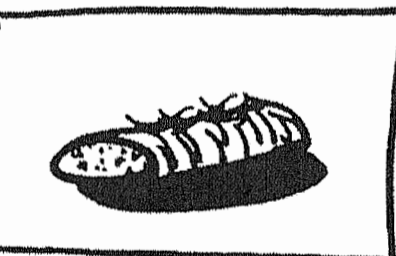
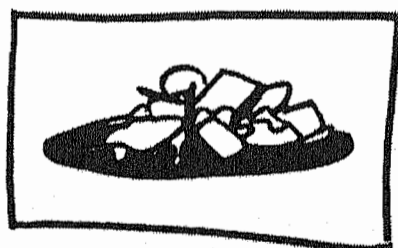
The Schnitzel

Mmmmmmm...these are great! Don't go near the 'beef' ones but the chicken ones are 8 or so inches of pure pleasure. This baby is pure chicken breast crumbed and deep fried to perfection. Who could ask for anything more? The servers will try to persuade you to have 'Schnitzel and chips' or 'Schnitzel and Salad' but don't be fooled, the joy lies purely in the Schnitzel. Ask for it plain, in a bag, so you can munch away at it while walking. Especially good are the days when the chefs get creative and decided to do a Schnitzel Parmie. Yummy, these babies are the normal Schnitzel covered in tomato paste and then spinkled with cheese which creates a nice crust when it has been sitting in the bain marie for a good long time. These can be eaten straight from the bag as well. But remember to lick out all the tomato bits which get stuck to the inside of the bag. A really pitiful 2 out of 10 for the 'beef' and oh yeah, 10 out of 10 for the chicken.



Sauteed Beef with roasted garlic and mushrooms

It must be said that there has never been a good looking stew, so it's fair to say that the Sauteed Beef with roasted garlic and mushrooms resembled... However, looks can be deceiving and this was certainly the case with this dish, as the meat was actually nice. For those who want fibre with their proteins there was definite evidence of three different types of vegetable - mushrooms, the Mayo's favourite root, the carrot and the grass clipping which may be shallot in cunning disguise. It was slightly sweet to taste and the sauce was of a variety that sticks to the Mayo plate in smug greasy globules. Definitely not bad however, to the extent that your Consumer Watch-



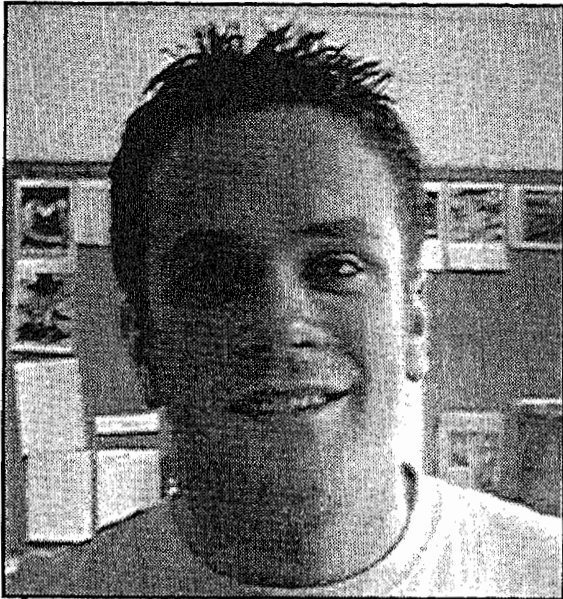
Meatloaf

Many famous people have had a great deal to say about this loaf of meaty goodness, and the Mayo Loaf certainly looks up to the criticism. Wrapped in bacon with a garlic sauce, it sits in gravied splendor, its regality marred only by the light sprinkling of what appears to be grass clippings which delicately dust its glistening brown exterior. Its interior was not so visually pleasing: it looked much as it tasted - like undercooked hamburger patty decorated with randomly placed cubes of carrot and corn. These are no doubt added so that the discerning luncher would feel satisfied that they'd had the goodness of meat and three veg for their repast. Tastewise, not only was it mushy but it was a trifle too sweet. In its favour, it wasn't oily, but then this was made up by the fact that it was gluggy. A bit of a last resort for any luncher: 3 out of 10 on the grounds that 'I don't like log'.

Goulash

Now, this dish is worth trying for the simple fact that when ordering it, you get to say 'goulash'. What a fine word that is. And not only is it verbally pleasing but this Mayo treat is a fine burnt orange colour, a quality which immediately distinguishes it from its brown and beige counterparts. The word for this goulash is 'chunky'; any Hungarian coming in from a hard day behind the plough would be delighted by the sheer size of the chunks of meat and vegetable. Evidence of capsicum is a welcome change from the Mayo carrot, and the meat itself is tender and tasty. Tomato also gets a guernsey, and on second

So there you go, your refectory uncovered. Were the revamps really worth it? Yes and no. Aesthetically pleasing as it may be, there's clearly something telling about the fact we still love good ole chips, wingdings and the 'sagne. But we do like the wood lino effect.



President Tom Radzevicius



Academic Progress Appeals

If you are a student that is struggling through your degree and are brought before a faculty review board and summarily told that you are being precluded on the grounds of poor academic progress you can then take your case to the Academic Progress Appeals Committee (APAC). The APAC is the peak representative body for decision making on academic progress. There has been a fair amount of conjecture and confusion surrounding the role of the committee, which I sit on, and the University is currently working on trying to straighten this out. For your information the confusion stems from the grounds on which the committee can uphold or overturn an appeal. It appears at the moment that the only grounds that the committee can overturn a faculty decision for preclusion is if the process undertaken by the faculty is flawed. Currently I am in discussions with members of the University in order to clarify these issues. I will be writing an article shortly outlining this issue in detail

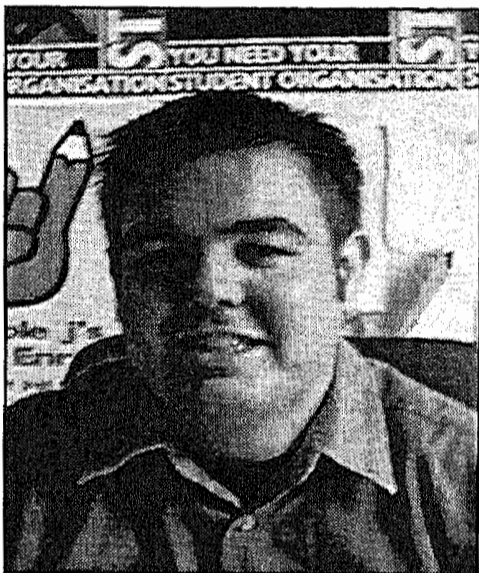
Constitutional and Structural Review

At the SAUA council meeting last Wednesday, Council reinstated the Constitutional and Structural Review sub-committee. The committee is designed to oversee a full review of the constitution and structure of the SAUA. The Committee held it's first meeting last week and I shall update you further with relation to when and how your submissions to the committee will be received and documented. It is important that the process is as inclusive and

comprehensive as possible and to that effect the involvement of general students is paramount. If anyone is interested then please contact me on 8303 5406 or tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au.

Student Representation on Central Committees

This issue was raised at a committee called Student Affairs committee that is designed to address student focussed issues. There is currently being drafted a follow up to last years general policy on departmental student representative elections, dealing with student representation on central university committees. The policy is essentially designed to ensure that there is a uniform system of ensuring that students are present at the highest levels of decision making within the university. I shall be closely involved in the process over the following months so if anyone wishes to find out more then please feel free to contact me.



Education Vice-President Brad Kitschke

Academic Rights

Last week you would have seen posters and material being distributed in Engineering, Medicine and Law about the SAUA's Academic rights blitz. We will be continuing with the campaign over the next five weeks, and are hoping that students will get involved. In week two we will be launching the campaign to all Humanities students, and Economics, Commerce and Science.

Law School Review.

The University undertook a complete review of the Law School in 2000.. It findings are not complete and students can respond to the report in the same way that they could to the original review. If anyone wants to see a copy of the review or wishes to raise any concerns regarding any of the recommendations please feel free to contact the SAUA.

Corporate Law Student Survey.

Over the next three weeks the SAUA, in conjunction with the Law Student Society will be undertaking a survey of students who studied Corporate Law in 2000. We will be asking students to offer information to us about the manner in which the subject was taught and assessed. Once all the information is collated we will be lodging an appeal to the Law School. If anyone would like to contribute any information please contact the SAUA Education Department or the Law Students Society.

Counter Calendar.

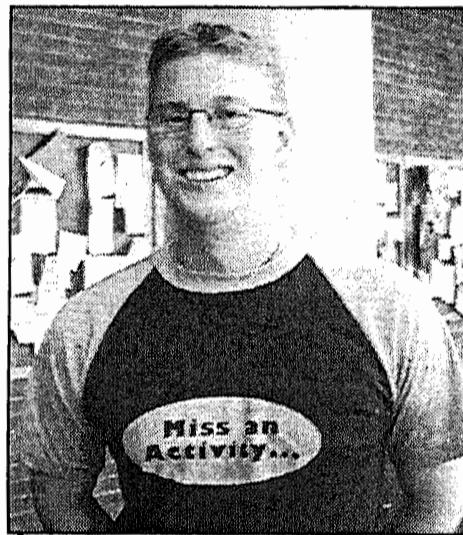
The counter Calendar or Alternative Subject guide is a service of the Education department which gives a students perspective on subjects and courses. The calendar was not printed in 2000 for 2001, however this year the Education department is starting early. Positions for Editors of Counter Calendar will be advertised in *On Dit* in the next few weeks.

National Day of Action.

On the 5th of April the SAUA will be supporting the National Union of Students national day of action. The National Day of action will call on the government to provide a livable income for students and make a firm commitment to Higher Education. The theme is "Out of the Classrooms and onto the streets" We will provide more information about the specifics of the campaign in the next edition.

Student Grievances.

As everyone begins to settle into University some of you may find that you need help, information or advice. Remember you can always drop into the SAUA at any time you have a grievance, a question or a problem. Please do not hesitate in contacting me on 08 8303 3898 or e-mail education@saua.asn.au



Activities/ Campaigns Vice- President Mark Henderson

Activities T-Shirts

This year's Activities Department T-Shirts are now available. They look remarkably like the one that I am wearing in that awful photo embedded in this column. If you would like one it will cost you just \$16 and we have a range of sizes to choose from.

St. Patrick's Day

Get ready for the celebrations that are only a couple of weeks away. If you haven't heard yet, we will be holding a day of fun on the lawns on the 16th of March to commemorate St. Patrick's Day.

SAUA Black Tie Ball

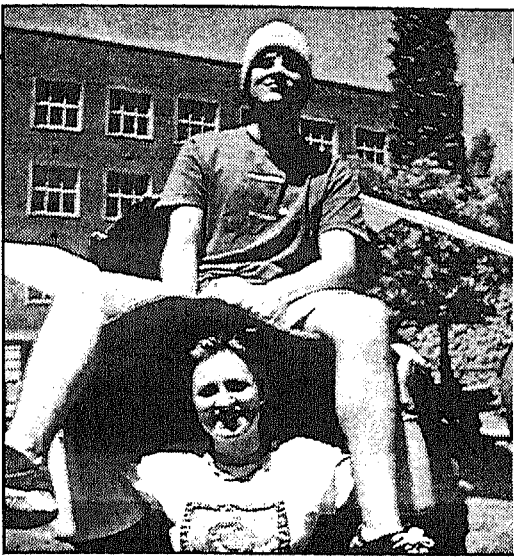
If you haven't heard about this yet then you haven't been around in the past two weeks. The SAUA will be holding their inaugural black tie ball on the 24th of March. Tickets will be \$35 including GST and this includes drinks and a buffet meal. If anyone is looking to hire a tuxedo for the evening, the kind people at Spurling Formal Hire have offered to give anyone with a ticket their corporate prices. Take your ticket up to the Mall and have a look at their range.

Prosh

Prosh this year will be held from the 14th to the 18th of May. This may sound like a long way away but preparations will begin soon. I am looking for some people to become involved in this so please come and see me if you are interested in becoming a Prosh Prankster this year.

Activities Standing Committee

On that note, if you are interested in becoming a helper for the department come and see me. I am either in the office or not far away most of the time. If you can't catch me in the office then leave a message or email me on mark@saua.asn.au. I will get back to you as soon as is humanly possible.



Sam Butler and Elise Duffield Sexuality Officers

Hey all the sexy people, welcome to a new week! Excited?

Coming Out booklet

During this week you'll be seeing some advertisements

floating about in On Dit and around campus asking for submissions for the (still as yet untitled!) Coming Out Booklet. As it says, it can be completely anonymous and can be about anything at all related to coming out. We would really like to hear from you, so please get your stories, poems, articles, artwork or whatever into us asap (Sam: boysexo@saua.asn.au, Elise: girlsexo@saua.asn.au) There's also our office in the George Murray building or give us a buzz on 83033899.

Pride

Last week Pride had its first meeting(s) for the year in the Rainbow Room on the 6th floor of the Union Building. If you didn't get a chance to get along and would like to become part of Pride, Adelaide Uni's revitalised lesbian/gay/bisexual/transgender social and action group, then give us a buzz or contact Les at aupride@hotmail.com. Or just head up to the rainbow Room sometime. There's plenty on the agenda for the Sexuality Department and Pride to achieve together, so why not get involved?

FEAST

The final fundraiser film for FEAST is showing this Friday at the Mercury Cinema at 8pm. Called "Hard Love and How to Fuck in High Heels", it's described as "an explicit dyke drama with overwhelming lust, high passions and mixed emotions." Come along and don't forget, the more people who do the cheaper the tickets!

Finally, we should let you know that we still have plenty of condoms, dental dams, copies of BLAZE and other sex-related stuff still left over from O'Week.

Stay sexy,
Sam and Elise.

Environment Officer Georgie Perks

Clean up Australia Day was held last Sunday the 4th of March. It is great to see the Tbrrens area looking a little cleaner. Thanks to all the environmentally active students for being involved. Looking for another way to get involved in environmental causes? There are a number of Environment Conferences coming up this month. From the 22nd to the 23rd of March the



Australian Institute of Environmental Health is holding a conference in Hahndorf. For something a little lighter, you may be interested in attending the National Parks and Wildlife Festival on the 1st of April being held at Belair National Park.

Why not attend a conference and get away from Adelaide at the same time? The Global Young Green Conference (the first international gathering of young environmental activists and Green Party campaigners) is being held from the 7th to the 9th of April, preceding the Global Greens Conference in Canberra. Don't forget Students and Sustainability, the biggest environment conference for the university year, being held in the mid-year break in Newcastle. A group from the environment department will be attending. For further information on any of these events, feel free to contact me in the SAUA on 83035182 or environment@saua.asn.au.

Australian Conservation Foundation

You may have seen a group of girls sitting at the Environment table during o'week. They are from the Australian Trust for Conservation Volunteers, and work full time for Green Corp on environmental projects like planting a wetland in Mount Barker. You can get involved by attending daily programs, or by joining Students for Conservation.

Environment Department t-shirts and SAUA cups

I don't know whether you all saw the Environment Department t-shirts during o'week, but I still have some for sale. It is a white bonds style t-shirt with blue bands, and dolphin on the front. The most important part is the message on the back:

"Save our environment

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure

Reduce, Repair, Re-use and Recycle"

For only \$16 it is a must for everyone, so wear it proudly and show you care!! I will sell them in environment week as well. The 30th anniversary SAUA cups are a part of the environment portfolio. This is because they are re-usable and can be brought to many Students Association events throughout the year, rather than using disposable plastic cups. Also, don't forget to purchase SAUA unlogged books instead of exercise books.

Womens' Officer Anais Chevalier

International Women's Day

On the 8th of March each year International Women's Day (IWD) is held with a different theme each year. The theme this year is Women Against Corporate Tyranny and focuses on the plight of women as workers (paid and unpaid). The traditional march will be held on Saturday, 10th of March at 10:30am, from Victoria Square. For more info, come into the SAUA.

Just some food for thought:

Women are 70% of those living in poverty; are 65% of the world's refugees; own 1% of the world's resources; earn 1/10 of the world's income; do 2/3 of the world's work (paid and unpaid). This year's IWD theme seems quite appropriate to me.

Fair Wear Fashion Parade

If you were basking in the sunlight at lunchtime last Tuesday, you may have noticed the small stage and mic set up on the Barr Smith Lawns and/or the BBQ later on. This was to raise awareness for the Fair Wear, a campaign working to close clothing and textile industry sweatshops, both here and overseas. A 'No Sweatshop' clothing label has been launched and if it is the label is present on an item, you can be sure that it was not made by exploited workers, if the label is not there, you can't be sure of its origins. If you look around you'll notice that very few companies have signed up with the 'No Sweatshop' label. But you can change this. Write to the company expressing your displeasure and/or get involved with the Fair Wear campaign, I have lots of info and contacts in the SAUA. For more info read the Fair Wear article somewhere in this fine paper.

One final note

Recently, the War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague, which is investigating the fallout from the Balkans conflict, condemned three army officers to imprisonment for between 15 and 25 years, for rape. These officers had set up 'brothels' for their soldiers, using captured Muslim women as (and I know this sounds sensationalist, but it is the only correct term) sex-slaves. These women were repeatedly raped and abused by their captors. Some of the victims were as young as twelve years old. The ruling from The Hague is a landmark because the act of rape was viewed as a Crime against Humanity.



Union President Tanisha Hewanpola



Hi folks,
I take it that everyone is well and still excited at the prospect of being back at Uni (at least I hope you still are, or else it's going to be a very long year!)

Anyway, there are a few things that I would quickly like to address this week:

Childcare funding

Last year the AUU was arguably quite neglectful in failing to fund the University childcare programmes to any great extent. Inaccessible childcare facilities can act as a massive impediment to students accessing higher education (especially for sole parents and mature age students). And not actually being able to afford childcare is probably the most significant way that it becomes inaccessible. With that in mind, thought is currently being given into means by which we are able to maximise for

our members the effectiveness of the funding we intend to contribute. If anyone has any suggestions please feel free to contact me (email: tanisha.hewanpola@adelaide.edu.au).

Legal Service

From this year onwards the legal service which has traditionally been administered through the Students' Association will be brought back to the Union. This is a significant and exciting development for us, and we hope that this will enable students greater access to these services, through offering less confusion about who to go to in order to access welfare services. For the moment appointments can be made through the Union reception (ph:8303 5401), and I'll keep you informed when more permanent operating procedures are established.

Student Services Fee Percentages

I understand that there is some considerable confusion regarding the student services fee for this year, and

who is exactly is eligible to pay what percentage. University administration has been advertising two substantially differing breakdowns, and because of that there is much uncertainty.

This is one of the reasons that the student services fee invoicing has not yet occurred. Rest assured that we will be clarifying these outstanding issues immediately, and the invoices will be sent out by the end of the week. Further, the due date for the student services fee has been extended to the 26th March to make up for these delays. Sorry for any inconvenience this causes, but I would prefer for students not to be overcharged through rushing the process.

Anyway, on that note, I have a busy week ahead of me, and now that tutes and seminars have started for most of you, you all ought to be busy as well (especially if you actually attend!)

Good luck, till next week!

Seti@home

<http://setiathome.ssl.berkeley.edu/>

Ever wondered if there really is life on other planets? Well, now you have the chance to find out for yourself. The Search for ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence (SETI) has come to your home via the internet. Seti@home is a site where you can download a program that processes information gathered by SETI's powerful radio telescopes. Once you have downloaded the program, you download files containing raw data that your computer can process when it's not doing anything else and send the results back when they are completed.

You can set the Seti@home program as your screen saver, and when the screen saver is activated, your computer begins to process, displaying its progress all the time. If you want to find those aliens faster, you can set the program to run constantly, however you need to have a minimum of 64Mb of RAM to even try and run anything else at the same time. Even on my Celeron 600, 64Mb is not enough to run games at the same time.

SETI's clever idea of harnessing the power of the internet to save on computing costs allows anyone with internet access to join in the fun of searching for those pesky aliens that keep dissecting our cows and keeping the X-Files on TV. The site from which you access the program has literally millions of little facts about searching for aliens as well as what SETI is looking for and what they have found. For those with a little science in them this site is a gold mine!

<http://HSX.com/>

HSX.com (Hollywood Stock Exchange) gives you the power and thrill of the stock market mixed with the glamour that is Hollywood. Get yourself started with a two million dollar music and movie profile, plus a few freebies just to move you along. It costs nothing to invest in this market, and all you get out of it is a lot of fun, and maybe even some pride when your stocks go through the roof. Buy stocks in everyone from Britney to Tool in your music portfolio and check all the movies before they're even made!

HSX not only has the standard stock market thing, but it also has the option of paying \$50 (real money) and becoming a 'Virtual Executive Producer'. This basically means that you get to download behind-the-scenes stuff and check up on how your movie is going while it's being made. The one

that you get your name on the credits of the movie when it's released on DVD! Not enough to coax \$50 out of my pocket, but you go for it if it's your thing. If you dig all things famous, check out HSX.com to feel like you're really part of the action.

Simon Saint

Glossary v3.0

RAM: Random Access Memory, a bit in your computer that has the space for the CPU to process stuff

CPU: Central Processing Unit, the brain of your computer, it does all the thinking, using the RAM as an area to do this

Celeron: A new(ish) type of chip made by Intel. Some people believe that while Celeron is fast, it is not as powerful as Pentium. Celeron chips have the advantage of being able to run faster than they are supposed to, however if you do this it voids your warranty and burns out your chip

Mb: Megabyte, a unit of size of memory

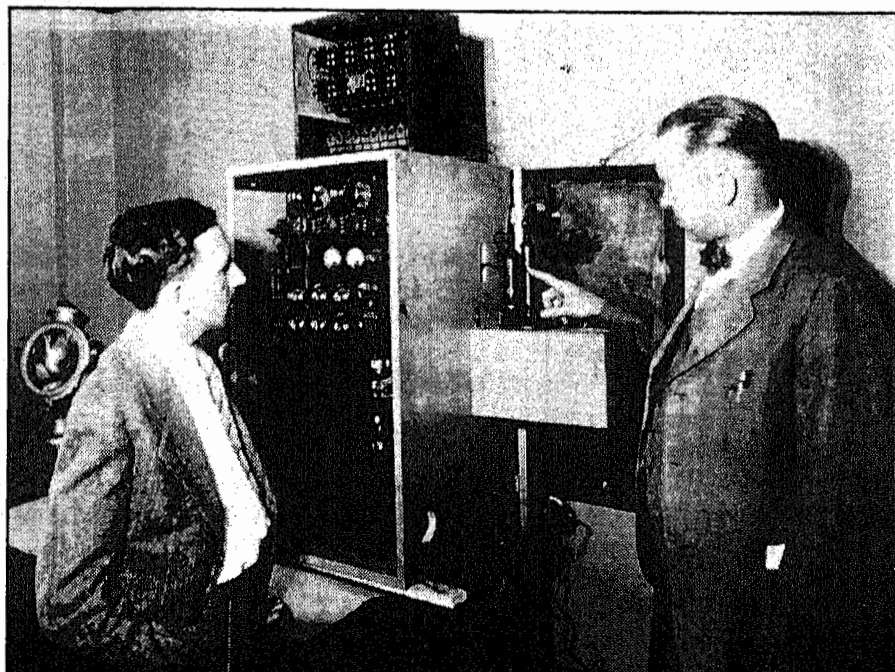
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BYTE ME

**The Internet Section
v1.3**



Help find the aliens... before they find us.



And this is the part that connects it to the 'inter-net'

Student Radio Director

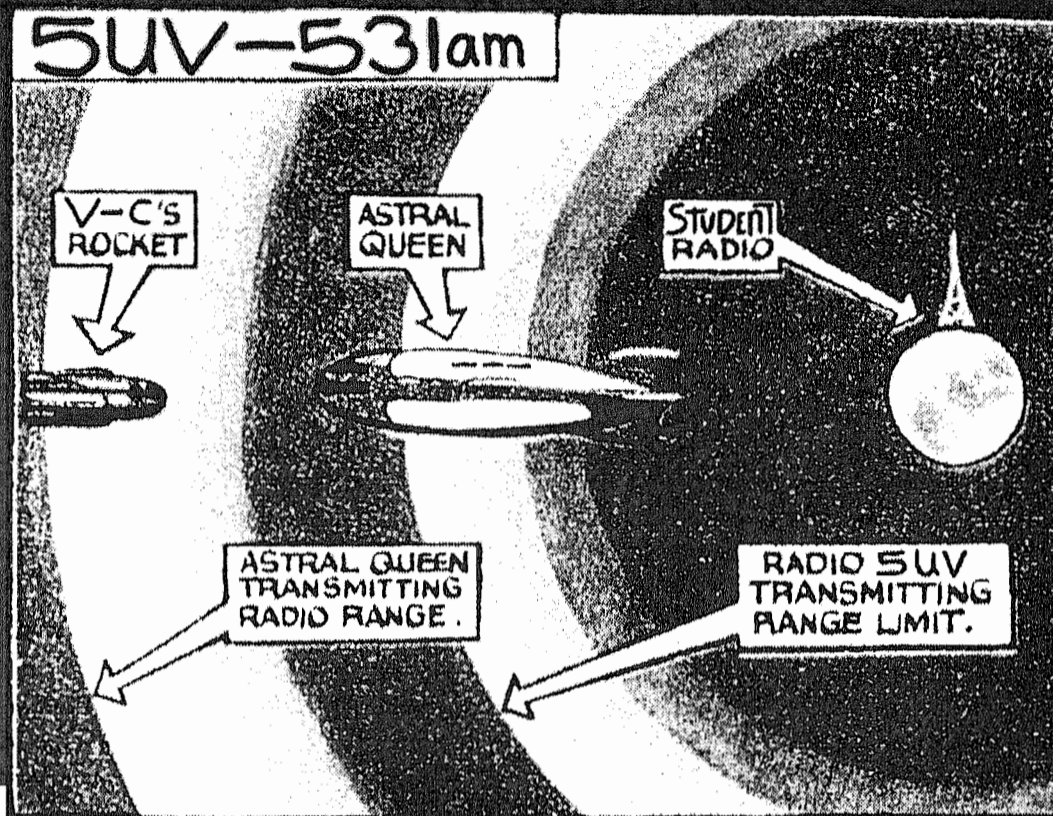
By the time you read this, Student Radio shows have already started going to air - so many unfortunate people have already missed Urban Legends with Jakin and Stacey, Logos with Mark and Damien, and Hybrid with Celia Brown on Saturday night. You may even have missed *On Dit* Radio, Cinemania, Dork in a Cup and Local Beats/The Void on Monday night. Well, you can set it all straight by listening to Local Noise (local bands, going live to air EVERY Tuesday at 9pm) and then Crud Radio (Mullet sightings! Crud updates! Porn reviews! Prizes for lucky contestants in such games as Beat the Bog!)

followed by The Michael Tunn Variety Hour (Lots and lots of the latest punk with Tim and Liam) and Sensory (which can only be put to air after midnight

due to obscenity laws meant to protect children...) How do you make up for lost time? Tune in to 531AM every Monday, Tuesday and Saturday night from

9pm to 1am, and you'll find yourself listening to Adelaide Uni Student Radio. Flinders and UniSA have nights during the rest of the week as well, so you can listen to the only radio shows made by students, for students. A little side note: The Big Chill is coming to Adelaide. Our own UniBar is going to host Luke Vibert and Hexstatic, among others, on Thursday March 15. Adelaide Uni students get in for \$16.50. At that price, you would have to be mad not to go. Stay tuned, we'll have interviews with the artists involved going to air as soon as possible.

Luke Toop



Show Profile I TOOK MY PROZAC

A.K.A. *Girl Does Radio*

It's new. It's very, very new. And it's also fairly fun. "I Took My Prozac" is one girl playing all sorts of tracks, ranging from Lazy Susan, Motor Ace and Dido to Pearl Jam and a fortnightly "Dodgy Track". With competitions a-go-go, live and local acts galore and lots of giveaways, "I Took My Prozac" aims to be listener-friendly, as well as interactive. Got any juicy (non-defamatory) gossip? Let us know. Feel the need to vent on air? We're listening. You can also call, send an email to radio_girl@itookmyprozac.com or send mail via homing pigeon to 5UV with your requests.

We're airing for the first time on Tuesday, 13th of March at 11pm and would love you to listen in then or fortnightly for the rest of the year. Come on... you know you want to.



Generation Teeve

Digital Television: Hoax of a Nation

Choose Life

Government rhetoric about the 'greater choice', and the access to more 'information' for all Australians that the 'digital revolution' will bring about always reminds me of the opening sequence from *Trainspotting*. *CHOOSE LIFE*, my friends, because, given the restrictions on digital broadcasting imposed by our good friends the Federal Government, such talk is meaningless twaddle.

Minister for Communications, Senator Richard Alton, claims that "Digital broadcasting offers tremendous opportunities to revolutionise the quantity and accessibility of information, by massively expanding the amount of information able to be carried on a TV signal". Yet his Government has banned the creation of new channels until 2007, and has limited the capacity of datacasters. Basically, the expanded information amounts to little more than extra camera angles on your screen during the AFL grand final.

The Technological Lowdown

Confused by mumbo jumbo? Don't know the difference between your HDs and your SDs? The guy at Radio Rentals trying to convince you that you *can* own a digital television, *today*, even though your Mum said you couldn't? Never fear—your faithful teeve columnist is here to talk you through the technocrap surrounding the whole sordid affair.

Until 1st January 2001, all television networks broadcast programmes in analogue format. What this means technically, I haven't a clue. But, from the beginning of the year, networks began to broadcast in Standard Definition Television (SDTV), and within two years they *must* begin to broadcast at least 20 hours per week of High Definition Television (HDTV) as well.

In the space on the broadcast spectrum that it took a station to produce their *one* analogue television channel, they can now produce either *one* HDTV channel—which would provide improved, cinema-quality picture and sound with an extremely high resolution—or alternatively, in the

same space, they could produce up to 4 SDTV channels—which provide a slightly better picture quality than existing analogue channels (this is called 'multichannelling'). This is achieved because digital information can be compressed more than analogue information (or something to that effect), and therefore *more* information can be squeezed into a smaller space.

To receive HDTV is impossible at the moment because you need a specially-built magic picture box which costs around \$20,000, and none are currently available in Australia. Besides which, networks are not required to broadcast HDTV for another 2 years, and even then they only have to broadcast 20 hours a week. Does \$20,000 for 20 hours each week sound like a fair deal to you?

At the moment you can only buy the set-top boxes, which allow access to SDTV only by converting the signal in such a way that your existing analogue teeve set is able to show it. SDTV, as mentioned above, is inferior in quality to HDTV, but still gives you a better picture than your analogue teeve. The good news is that even if, like me, you have a VHF television circa 1983 that your parents bought when the house burnt down, you can still use the set-top thingies because they work via the antenna-socket. The rub is that the set-top boxes needed to convert your teeve costs around \$700 at the moment.

Initially the Government was only going to allow broadcasts in HDTV. They changed their mind under consumer pressure because of the cost, and possibly because other countries have either tried HDTV and it was a giaganto-failure, or have rejected it outright as being unfeasible and/or just plain stupid. Rest assured that analogue transmissions will continue until at least 2008, and that broadcasters must broadcast in both HDTV and SDTV.

Datacasting: The New Teletext?

Digital television allows the broadcast of text as well as pictures. The datacasting industry, touted as the *next big thing*, was envisaged as being like a CD-ROM on your teeve.

The datacasting industry, however, has been restricted severely so as to not provide actual competition for the existing networks. They cannot broadcast in genres considered 'programmes'—such as drama, sitcoms, or lifestyle *et cetera*—but may provide clips of these, or news, sport, weather (or whatever) for up to 10 minutes. Alternatively, they may broadcast programmes of any length, so long as viewers can only access them from a menu on the screen. Educational programmes and access to internet sites remain unrestricted.

The Big Exposé. Alternative Title: Why You've All Been Gyped

On the 1st January 2001, only 500 or so set-top boxes were available in Australia. More are to be imported during the following months, but only because the networks have subsidised the costs of import and production.

As mentioned, the cheaper set-top boxes allow for SDTV

Television Anagram of the Week

NewsCorp International:
Nice winner as total porn
Or: Reptilian owners cannot

improved picture quality, but not HDTV or its cinema-like benefits. What's more, you need a *truly huge* teeve set, with a screen at least 90cm, to get the full benefits of HDTV. Not only is HDTV just for those who can afford the \$20,000 magic picture boxes themselves, but forget it if you have a small-to-medium sized lounge room. With average sized teeves in average sized lounges, you would be unable to even tell the difference between HDTV and SDTV or, for that matter, a really good quality analogue set. Apparently you also have to be really close to your gigantic digital television to even notice the improved quality and resolution.

If you *do* want to go the whole rigmarole and fork out for a HDTV set, remember that HDTV broadcasts will be in widescreen format, so if you have a normal set the image will have those black bands at the top and bottom. Buy a widescreen.

Choice magazine, however, recommends that for the time being consumers buy a really good quality, wide-screen, analogue teeve set, and wait a few years until the price of the converter boxes comes down.

A Glorious Future?

The Federal Government has put the legislation in place, but claimed in a press release dated 30 June 2000 that it is the *industry's* responsibility to promote digital television, via "an extensive consumer education campaign". Perhaps this is only reasonable since, under pressure, the Government has given existing networks a 'no competition' guarantee until at least 2007, in exchange for them footing the bill for digital broadcasts.

The networks also demanded restricted datacasting services, allowing nothing which could be a threat to their programming. Isn't it funny how successive Federal Governments since the early 1980s have de-regulated and warbled about 'market forces', 'globalisation', and 'competition', telling many industries to take their chances with the free market on their own (until one of their relatives needs to be bailed out, of course), but are now falling over themselves to protect wealthy television station owners (all together now: 'who wants to be a millionaire...').

For my own part, I fail to see why I need *The 7:30 Report* or *Popstars* in glorious HDTV. The whole digital rigmarole is only worth it for movies, and if you are serious about the digital thing, cinema-quality yadda yadda etcetera, you probably *already* have a DVD player, a really cool big screen, wide format teeve, and home cinema speaker system. It's expensive, yes, but still much cheaper than the \$20,000 needed for HDTV. If you want it, set yourself up with all the existing equipment, wait a couple of years, and when the price of the set-top boxes comes down go for SDTV and hire films on DVD.

Digital teeve: just say no. For the moment.

Jayne Lewis

Survivor Roundup

The biggest shock of Episode 4 was the alliance switching in Ogakor, and how can we blame them? With a saddening little losing streak they've been reduced to a pitiful five member squad compared to Kucha's mighty seven. We all know that's going to make a big difference when the merger happens in terms of tactics towards the end. Colby, who has an eye on keeping the team strong, has opted out of the Jerri-lead Young People's Alliance (name created for the purposes of this article) and switched to the Tina- and Keith-lead Older Persons Union (ditto). Tactics are chipping the polish from the "you can trust me" veneer. Thus, after the heart-stopping voting deadlock of Keith vs. Mitchell, Mitchell got the boot, due presumably to his weed-like strength and lack of contribution (and perhaps even that odd-looking growth on his chin, that's enough to lower any team's morale...). How long can the scheming Jerri last in the face of this new faction? And when will Amber finally speak?

Still, no roundup could be complete without analysing Mike's disturbing bloodlust. He's moved on from mere fish to slaughtering roosters and pigs, making Kucha the tribe with the least brownie points from the RSPCA. The real question is, when will Kimmi the vegetarian reach breaking point? Judging from the shorts from next week, it's going to be soon, and juicy! Could she be next? But what about Mike? He might be the food hero now, but many in the tribe, not least bitchy young Jeff, would like to oust this self-made leader from power. Next week should be most interesting for Kucha...

Mikey Fyfe

Perry, Wake Up To Yourself

Poptart's Trash... Film Gossip for Fun and Pleasure

This is a new weekly (depending on whether I can be arsed doing it that often) column devoted to trashy gossip, stupid quotes, and basically anything that is said or done by famous movie-type people. Of course there may be the occasional legitimately interesting tidbit of information, but I assure you that they will be few and far between. Of course, I am not responsible for any gossip which turns out to be misleading or just plain wrong, so don't come down to the office baying for my blood. If anyone wishes to pass any items my way, I shall do my best to get them printed for you (Tom and Nicole gossip is definitely welcomed).

* Not only is there a film version of Spiderman in the works, directed by Sam Raimi and starring the delicious Tobey Maguire and a redheaded Kirsten Dunst, there are two more superhero films in the works. The movie version of *The Hulk* (he is no longer Incredible, just hulky) is to be helmed by director Ang Lee of *Crouching Tiger* fame. So you can imagine a rather athletic and agile Hulk flying through the air in gravity-defying stunts. It seems also that Darren Aronofsky, who recently directed *Requiem For A Dream*, is rumoured to be in charge of the latest of the Batman movies. It may even rival Tim Burton's nightmarishly dark vision of Gotham city.

* Jennifer Love "Big Tits" Hewitt has been following co-star Alec Baldwin around the set of her new movie like a puppydog. Since Alec is newly single after his break-up with Kimmy, the young Miss Love has decided she wants to snatch herself a Baldwin. She also spent long hours filming sex scenes with Ray Liotta, claiming that she found herself "attached to his crotch for a good nine hours."

* Get set for a new version of a classic Doctor Seuss, with the writers who worked on *The Grinch* scoring a seven figure deal to make *The Cat In The Hat*. Hopefully we are making our way towards a version of *Green Eggs And Ham*.

* Russel Crowe again opened his big gob after the director of *Proof Of Life* claimed that the star's romance with Meg Ryan had had an "indelible and very destructive effect" on the movie. Good ole Russ in return called the director "impolite, impolitic, and imbecilic", following it up by calling him a "knob" for good measure.

* News of the week is definitely the discovery that Pamela Anderson is dating new (or is that old) flame, Michael Bolton. Yes, you are reading that correctly, it is he of the long locks and vomit-inducing songs. Try really hard not to picture the two of them together. It's going to give me nightmares for weeks.

* Lisa Kudrow opened her mouth again and let the world know just how incredibly dim she is. When talking to *Instyle* magazine about being a blonde, she said, "Blondes are lighter, and that lightness attracts people. When you have dark hair it can be depressive. When it's light, you're smiling." ????

* A new movie is in the works that follows the Manchester music scene from the punk of 1976 to the post-acid days of 1992. Called *24-hour Party People*, it stars *Human Traffic*'s John Simm (nice one Bruvver) and *Snatch*'s Lenny James. This film delves into life in the Manchester music scene regarding the story of Joy Division and the artful dodging of Shaun Ryder.

* *Hannibal* has been both delighting and revolting audiences all over the globe. I was particularly taken by one reviewer who said it was "The most boring two hours in a cinema since *Police Academy 6*. No plot, no style, no interest. The audience I was with were bum-shuffling so much it looked like a dance routine."

* Apparently Hugh Grant has yearnings to be a rock star. Can you picture good old floppy fringe boy as a rock god? He said, "I've always wanted to be a rock star who is sent women's undies. I've been sent underwear by a man, and I wish he'd stop, but I'm too polite to say anything."

Well, that's all the gossip from the wonderful and incredibly wacky world of movies for this week. Just remember: try not to think too much about Pammy and Michael and what they are probably getting up to right now.

Songcatcher Now Showing Trak Cinemas

Songcatcher is essentially a film about music history - in particular the roots of rock, bluegrass, folk and country. Set deep in the heart of the Appalachian mountains in 1907, the film revolves around the headstrong and feisty musicologist Lily Penleric (Janet McTeer) and her search for personal and academic fulfilment. Frustrated by being passed over (once again) for a promotion by her all male University colleagues, she packs up her life and heads for the hills to visit her sister Elna (Jane Adams) who teaches at the local school. On her arrival Lily discovers the mountain folk have a musical goldmine - a collection of ancient Scot-Irish love ballads lovingly preserved and passed on from generation to generation by the women of the mountain. Intent on realising her academic dreams Lily sets about 'catching' the songs with the help of local Viney Butler (who is played in the most delightfully wicked way by screen veteran Pat Carroll) and the young orphan Deladis (screen virgin Emmy Rossum). Lily's single-minded ambition is pleasantly interrupted by local musician and all round good guy Tom Bledsoe (Aidan Quinn) who views her work as a threat to the local culture, but after a few drops of the local brew, a barn dance, and a punch up they fall in luuuurrrve - aaaaahhh!

Although *Songcatcher* is essentially a love story, writer and director Maggie Greenwald manages to explore various themes throughout the film's duration. She cleverly juxtaposes the everyday experiences of modern women with the daily battles of the mountain women, exploring their relationships with their husbands, their culture and their sexuality. This film also highlights the age-old debate of progress versus tradition. The mountain people are visually represented as 'primitive' simple folk, fighting to maintain their land and their traditions as large coal mining companies threaten to develop their hillside community.

Set in the rugged terrain of South Carolina, *Songcatcher* is visually splendid and has a toe-tapping soundtrack to boot (you can't help but clap along!). If you love music, period dramas or just a good love story you'll thoroughly enjoy this film, I certainly did. An all round warm fuzzy!

Karen Turner

13 Days Coming Soon Academy Cinema

We all know how much Americans love a good patriotic romp through the morals of war. Once again the fate of the world is left to a group of cool-headed individuals to look around the hot-headed military men offering to solve everything by blowing the living snot out of everything not dressed in red, white and blue, and find a more moral solution.

Throw in the 'Prince of Thieves' Kevin Costner sporting an accent that makes him sound like he's running though an Adam Sandler skit, grainy black and white references to the era of JFK just to remind us that this really did happen (even though they're about as accurate as a *Today Tonight* re-enactment), and two and a half hours of military jargon and what do you have? The newest in a long line of military thrillers, *13 Days*.

Basically, the Americans are pissed off about the Soviet army positioning a whole bunch of surface-to-surface nuclear missiles in Cuba, putting about half the population of America at risk, *13 Days* deals with the behind the scenes battle fought by John F. Kennedy (played by an extremely convincing Bruce Greenwood), his brother Bobby Kennedy (Steven Culp) and Kenny O'Donnell (Costner), all three determined to solve the problem without the situation escalating into World War III. Not to mention how to explain to the public that they had operational nuclear missiles pointed at their doorsteps, with no window for evacuation.

Where the big surprise comes in all of this is that once I got over Costner's ludicrous accent and the fact that this movie was directed by the guy who did *Cocktail*, I actually found *13 Days* to be surprisingly suspenseful and entertaining. The convincing performances and, although at times confusing, fast paced script supported by strong performances gave what could have been just another ego-inflating tribute to the American president enough to stand out from the rest. The only complaint I have is that it could have been about an hour shorter. No-one wants to hear an accent that bad for 2 and a half hours. 3+ stars (and stripes) out of 5.

Adam Moore

I'm lucky, He's lucky....



Jesus' Son
2000 Dir: Alison Maclean
Billy Crudup, Samantha Morton
Denis Leary, Dennis Hopper
NewVision Entertainment

'Fuckhead' is the pernicious phrase used frequently in this 1970s charmer. Fuckhead (Billy Crudup) has no vocation or imminent prospects. A wanderer, a drug abuser and a regular swindler, most of the events in his life are aimless and mostly whatever he touches turns to shit. Sporadically, though, he is blessed in his barren, empty existence. Michelle (Samantha Morton), a fellow drug user, enters his life. They become acquainted, sharing moral and hurtful times; but their endeavour to be together is hopeless. Fuckhead's ineffectuality in committing to Michelle is something he cannot seem to overcome. Maintaining a positive focal point becomes a real challenge for Fuckhead.

Positive

The cardinal aspect I most admired about *Jesus' Son* was the central performance from Billy Crudup (*Inventing the Abbotts*, *The Hi Lo Country*, *Without Limits*). This film merits viewing just for his disconcerted character. The scene involving the

rabbits is most amusing; watching this whimsical, tender and incautious hipster habitually destroying his life was a strange treat. He seems to have no sense of bearing, and seems destined only to drift.

Samantha Morton (*Sweet and Lowdown*) is quite agreeable; her screen persona is dazzling, erratic and gorgeous. These two leads share a real chemistry which can be rare in film. The most important thing a director must remember when developing the two lead or supporting characters is that they must *spark*. The characters in the films of David Lynch and Quentin Tarantino are *always* fascinating to watch.

Denis Leary (*Judgment Night*, *The Ref*) and Dennis Hopper (*Apocalypse Now*) offer convivial supporting roles which they are most suited for, I think.

Negative

I had trouble with one of the rehab center characters, played by Holly Hunter. I have never liked her as an actor; I find her ineffective at generating interesting characters. Whenever I see her onscreen I can't help but wonder, 'Why the fuck is she in this film?'

Matthew Herfurth

The War Zone
2000 Dir: Tim Roth
Ray Winstone, Tilda Swinton
Lara Belmont, Freddie Cunliffe
Siren Home Entertainment

Acclaimed British actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with *The War Zone*, a dark, brutal film about incest and how it tears a family apart. Roth has chosen difficult subject matter for his first film, and handles the material well. In its stark, depressing realism, Roth's film reminds one of fellow British actor Gary Oldman's superior directorial debut, *Nil by Mouth*, which also stars Ray Winstone. It also resembles the films of Ken Loach.

The War Zone focuses on a family which has recently moved from London to rainy North Devon. The mother (played by Tilda Swinton) has recently given birth to a third child, who they have named Alice. Jess (Lara Belmont) is the teenage daughter who has a terrible secret: her father (played by Ray Winstone) rapes her on a regular basis. The sulky Tom (Freddie Cunliffe) discovers this terrible truth about his sister and his father, and confronts Jess about it. Initially, Jess pushes Tom away, but soon comes to rely upon him more and more as the incestuous relationship begins to turn the family home into the war zone of the title.

Based upon the novel by Alexander Stuart - who also scripted - *The War Zone* is certainly not for those easily shocked or offended. Indeed, the film's climactic scene, in which Jess' father rapes her in a deserted bunker by the sea as the unseen, appalled Tom looks on, is decidedly hard to watch. Roth took a chance by using non-professional actors to fill the roles of Jess and Tom, and it is one that really paid off: both Lara Belmont and Freddie Cunliffe deliver excellent, naturalistic performances.

The War Zone is certainly an unsettling, disturbing film. But incest is a reality which this film attempts to illuminate, and it does in a powerful, provocative manner. This is compelling viewing indeed and a refreshing change from mainstream Hollywood cinema. I, for one, look forward to Roth's next feature as director.

James Trevelyan

Midnight Five
2000 Dir: Rolfe Kanefsky
Alexis Arquette, Tamara Craig Thomas
Jennifer Lambert, Karim Prince
21st Century Pictures

This would-be heir to *Scream* seems to have been dropped on the head as a child. Whatever the case, *Midnight 5* is yet another movie about movies. You know, these are the rules, these are the film-obsessed characters dissecting the classics, this is film trivia to show how clever we are, this is the plot that defies it all, yadda yadda yadda. It does try to be quick and bright but stumbles and falls into preachy.

Midnight 5 is five people who go to hire a video but encounter a rude clerk who won't let them hire a movie as it is past midnight. (Get it? *Midnight? Five? Ha ha ha... whatever.*) The resulting petty argument escalates to a hostile store takeover that is treated like a joke until the police arrive and one of the five accidentally shoots another dead. Oops.

The acting in this movie is actually pretty good. Too bad that the characters aren't developed and none are particularly likeable. No rapport is easily

established with any of them, but it's not like the writers haven't tried, with little bits of life story inserted between the shooting and the filmspeak. There is just no depth and no research put into the characters, which becomes especially obvious when the hotshot police negotiator seems more like an angry mother dealing with children. The ending is refreshingly unexpected, providing a twist or two to the plot.

'*Midnight 5*' deals with what is a fairly common question these days, 'Where do movies end and life begin?' It unfortunately seems that they don't know the answer and that's about all that they wanted to tell us in an hour and a half. Thanks guys.

D-Yin Lin

We are neither famous nor good looking. Hopefully our film will still make some money



You're Lucky, We're all Lucky

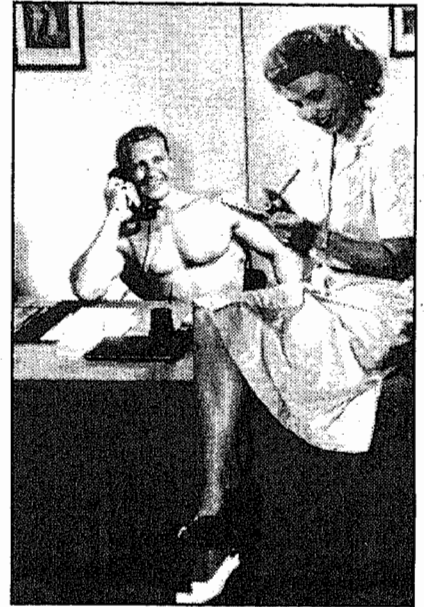
PORN VIDEO OF THE WEEK

CORPORATE Fantasy



I like my porn hardcore and dirty. Even though when I watch hardcore dirty porn I am usually cringeing and wincing and exclaiming how much that all would hurt, I still like it. So when I watch 'R' rated soft core porn like *Corporate Fantasy*, I'm usually disappointed. If I can't get some extreme close ups of something sordid then I am just not entertained. The plot, although generally irrelevant, focusses on an advertising firm which becomes the playground for a group of young, insatiable account execs who are working nine to five to set new standards of promiscuity in the office. Despite a plethora of beautiful, willing women to choose from, all the guys are after the new woman in the office, Daisy. They make a wager to see who can bed her first, but none of them realise quite what they have gotten themselves in for. Daisy is quite a woman. *Corporate Fantasy* had all the right components: girl on girl action, orgy action etc etc, but it was all done in a soft blur and all the penises were carefully obscured. Why is it that it is ok to show a girls bits'n'pieces in an R rated flick but not a guy's? It is just one of the many contradictions of the sex industry. If you are a real porn lover then don't bother. Go straight to the X rated section and get some classics like *Breast Abnormalities* or *Girls Who Love Black Cock #34* for some really hardcore and dirty porn action. Always an entertaining night in.

This review is dedicated to Phil Harrison.



So, what exactly is it that Centrelink staff do all day?

The Beach

1999 Dir: Danny Boyle

Leonardo Di Caprio, Virginie Ledoyen

Tilda Swinton, Robert Carlyle

Twentieth Century Fox Entertainment

Richard (Leonardo Retardo) is a young backpacker who is on a quest for something fresh, exhilarating and perilous. Bangkok, the gateway to South East Asia, is where he embarks upon his journey.

Danny Boyle, who obviously has an infatuation with *Apocalypse Now*, has delivered an interesting movie about one traveller's quest for adventure. Viewing this film the second time around, I have mixed feelings. The novel by Alex Garland is far more rewarding, I think. Nevertheless, *The Beach* does take us on an entertaining, absorbing journey in which we unveil a lost world where the inhabitants are attempting to lead an isolated, utopian existence.

Positive

I thought Leonardo's performance was quite good. This is not his best movie, but it's not bad. I liked Richard's alienation. Di Caprio displays depth of character, which is rare in the performances of young actors nowadays.

Negative

Keeping the island a secret becomes almost impossible. Sal (Tilda Swinton), the leader, tries to keep the island under control but, in certain incidents, tension occurs between the island's inhabitants. An example of this is the shark attack, which is most distressing. After a while, most of the islanders don't seem to express much concern about the characters that have been attacked. They eventually become uncomfortable in the presence of those injured in the shark attack, and move them away from the general community where their agonized cries will not be heard. This done, they just carry on as before. Selfish! These characters are attempting to create their own world, which is naturally doomed.

Matthew Herfurth

Green

2000 Dir: Karl T. Hirsch

Hyrum Patterson, Matt Gallagher

Karl T. Hirsch, Dana Millican

Southern Star Distributors

Short, cheap and frequently clever, director, writer, producer and star Karl T. Hirsch's *Green* (aka *Whatever*) is both stoner comedy and self-exploration psycho-drama, being a look at one night's shared drug trip between four friends, and the self-discovery that emerges from it.

The four's separate trips are portrayed in four different and eclectic segments: student filmmaker Ralph (Gallagher) criticizes his life in the form of an arty student film (his trip begins in front of one of his own laughably bad and incoherent efforts), hosted by himself. Permanent stoner Eric (Patterson) recalls his past and ponders his future in an eclectic blend of animation and other styles. Failed actor, bad poet and self-confessed Smiths disciple Dave (Hirsch himself) reveals his true na-

ture through a combination of Rollins-esque spoken word and performance pieces. And Joanna (Millican) reveals her string of failed relationships and attempts at marriage in an almost self-repeating loop of set-piece scenarios.

As is usual for a low-budget independent comedy, some of the production values can get a little dodgy (there's some shocking dubbing and lip-synching on display here), but for all that, *Green* is a clever, enjoyable, well-acted - if a little self-indulgent - piece of introspective cinema. Oh, and roll through the credits for a cute little tag scene at the very end, too.

Gerard van Rysbergen

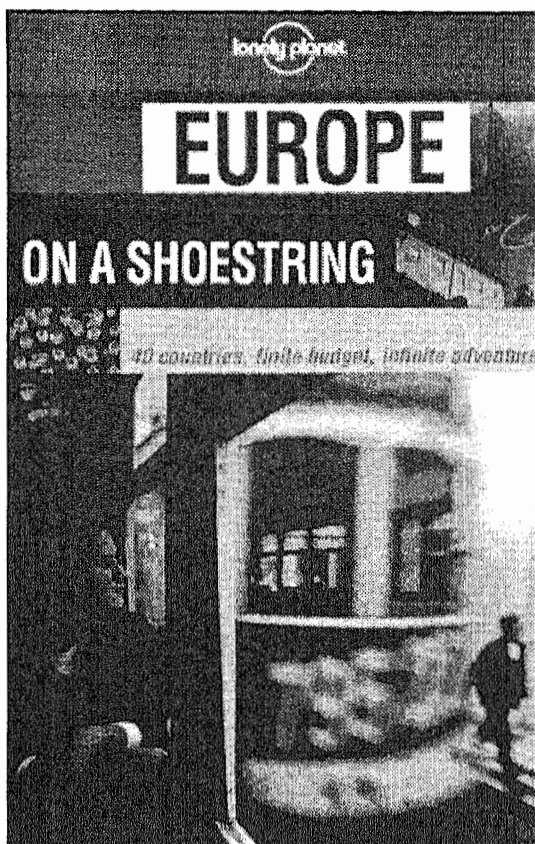
ROCKY HORROR GIVEAWAYS!

Come down and get them!

We have 2 Rocky Horror DVDs and 1 Rocky Horror Video. All you have to do is come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday @ 1:30 pm and tell us the character who said the quote at the top of the page and the actor/actress who played the role.

Easy Peasy.

If there are too many people we might just make the questions harder...be prepared!



Europe on a Shoestring
2nd edition
Lonely Planet Publications

Lonely Planet has always been synonymous with clear, practical and informative travel writing. The second edition of *Europe on a Shoestring* is no exception to this rule, covering almost every aspect of European travel in a straight forward and concise manner.

The guide is set out in the typical Lonely Planet format. Information on individual countries is divided into various sections. 'Facts for the Visitor', for example, covers everything from history to weather. 'Getting There and Away' gives a starting point for researching travel to and from the destination, and 'Getting Around' overviews the transport options in the area. The guide covers 40 countries, some of which I had never heard of before (don't tell me *you* knew where Andorra was!).

The writers of *Europe on a Shoestring* have paid particular attention to the needs of travellers on a tight budget. Inexpensive options for travel, ac-

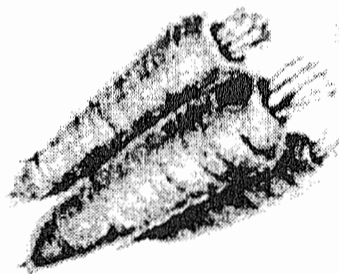
commodation, food, etc are given where possible. Locations of hostels and camping grounds, cheap cafes and restaurants, and details of discounted rail/bus passes are just some of the money saving tips that are included. The introductory chapters at the front of the guide also offer general advice for cutting costs in Europe.

The only disadvantage of *Europe on a Shoestring* is its weight. About the same size (and nearly as heavy) as a brick, the guide would weigh down a backpack quite considerably. If you plan to take the guide with you overseas, you'll need to allocate space in your suitcase/backpack for it.

Europe on a Shoestring is ideal for first-time travellers, backpackers and people on a budget – in other words, Uni students!

Emily Heidrich

George ORWELL



Vegetable Farm

OLIP

George Orwell
Vegetable Farm
Oxford University Press

Ever since its first publication in 1951, *Vegetable Farm* has been overshadowed by its more popular predecessor, *Animal Farm*. Thankfully, Oxford University Press has decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the book's first publication with this handsome reprint.

Vegetable Farm tells the story of a vegetable farm where the vegetables rise up against their cruel human masters and institute a vegecentric rule of "leaf good, skin bad". When the farmers refuse their demands for equal treatment and the setting aside of the turnip patch as Vegetable Autonomous Space, the vegetables revolt in an orgy of bloodletting and destruction of property.

With a slower storyline and longer time-frame than *Animal Farm*, due largely to differences in the respective metabolic rates of animals and vegetables, *Vegetable Farm* manages to equal and in many ways surpass Orwell's more famous work.

Scenic, suspenseful and elegant, the writing carries its allegory of orthodox Stalinism with both subtlety and graceful power. It is through books like these that those of us who grew up in the dying days of the Soviet Empire can truly appreciate the grip of terror in which it held the rest of world during its peak.

In particular, the dilemma of the mushrooms provides a chilling insight into the Communist mindset as the farm's cabbage-dominated leadership is forced to determine whether fungi, which have no leaves, should be allowed to survive or be condemned to a gruesome death. Do the leafy plants slavishly adhere to the demands of ideology, or are they willing to accept minor deviations to their ideals of correctness in order to save the lives of their most faithful servants? Read the book and find out.

Farmer Joe

Writing: WHAT'S ON in March

- 6 March**
FRIENDLY STREET POETS
Come along and listen to the work of local poets, or even read some of your own material! Readings start at 7.30pm at the Box Factory, Regent Street South. Admission is a \$4 donation. For more info, contact David Cookson on 8327 2459.
- 15 March**
(entry deadline)
VERNACULAR
Described as "the next big thing in Australian literature" at the Newcastle Writers' Festival, *Vernacular* is a new publication calling for submissions of unpublished poetry, short stories, political satire, etc for their upcoming edition. Entries should not exceed 4000 words. For more info, contact Mark Garnett on 8431 3352, or Michael Groff on 8443 8675.
- 17 March**
SELF-EDITING WORKSHOP
See what you said and discover your story – these ideas form the basis of this Saturday workshop, conducted by John Emery. The workshop will be held from 1-4pm at the SA Writers' Centre. For more info, contact SAWC on 8223 7662.
- 30 March**
(entry deadline)
NEW SA POETRY PRIZE
The SA Writers' Centre and Seaview Press have joined forces to create a new SA poetry competition. The winner will have one volume of their poetry published by Seaview Press. Guidelines and application forms are available from SAWC on 8223 7662.
- 31 March**
POETRY WORKSHOP
Poetry from creation to publication – develop your work with Jude Aquilina at this Saturday workshop, held from 1-4pm. For more info, call SAWC on 8223 7662.

Shakespeare's Hamlet - Four Funerals and a Wedding



Please enjoy this photograph from another rendition of Shakespeare's Hamlet entirely.

Allied Artists Directed by
Martin Laud
Eynesbury House
Wednesday to Sunday 8pm.
February 24 - March 11

The scene is Denmark circa 2005, and the young prince Hamlet has returned home to find his father dead, his mother married to his uncle, his hopes of taking over the family business thwarted, the whole family boozing it up and the ghost of his father causing havoc. He can't trust his friends and his girlfriend's dumped him. Welcome to *Hamlet - Four Funerals and a Wedding*, an irrepressibly energetic production chock full of murder, suicide, betrayal, incest, more murder, a double cross or two, unrequited love and even more murder. Complete with modern technology (mobile

phones of course!) and set to a fantastic futuristic freak funk soundtrack, this is Shakespeare for the new millennium.

This production is a modern take on one of the English world's best known and loved plays but one which (thankfully) remains true to the original language and script, although minor scenes and subplots have been left out in order to reduce the original 4 hour epic to a more audience-friendly 3 hours. The futuristic staging in the historic grounds of Eynesbury house makes for rather an eclectic mix but one that serves to emphasise the universality of the play's themes, which remain relevant regardless of historical or cultural setting.

The outdoor setting is used to full advantage to stage a very physical and action-packed production. Brant Eustice delivers a strong performance, playing a Hamlet suitably full

of frustration and anger although at times he fails to fully articulate the psychological tension between Hamlet's introspective indecision and his hot-blooded desire for revenge. Christina Page as Gertrude powerfully conveys the sufferings of a woman in mid life crisis who is torn between the men in her life, whilst Ben Passehl and Michael Allen are wonderfully shallow and swaggering as the cigar-smoking, boozy Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and provide the perfect counterbalance to Hamlet's angst ridden depths.

Hamlet - Four Funerals and a Wedding is a strong debut production for the newly formed Allied Artists and one that is definitely worth a look, so pack a picnic, a bottle of wine, some good friends and enjoy a night of Shakespearean murder and mayhem under the stars.

Alexandra Winwood

RAW COMEDY

Raw Comedy Numero One

For those of you who don't know, Raw Comedy is a talent search for budding young stand-up comics from all over Australia. It's pretty big business - the winner gets to perform at the Edinburgh Festival in Scotland.

Now, stand-up comedy is a hard task - it's either really good or very, very bad. I must admit, I was a bit apprehensive about going along to a Raw Comedy heat because nothing is worse than sitting through unfunny comedians. Luckily I was very pleasantly surprised - the contestants were excellent, original and very funny indeed. Only two of the expected six wanna-be stand-ups actually turned up on the night but Lehmo (the compare) managed to keep the show together. All the guys managed to coax audible laughter from the audience - Tim House kicked off the evening with an energetic performance, but points for originality have to go to Fin, the English stand-up poet whose eloquent blend of literary genius and satire kept the laughter rolling (my personal favourite was his poem about smoking, "Advance Ashtralia Fair"). To flesh the evening out a couple of comedians from previous Raw Comedies gave impromptu performances which helped keep the crowd entertained. PJ O'Brien's is an intimate little venue and a couple of beers go down nicely with the light entertainment.

The bottom line: Get a few friends together and go for a drink and some darn funny entertainment (but do be quick, because next week are the finals, featuring Adam Hills, before the rest of the heats are held in Melbourne).

Julia Bolton



Some of us have to try damn hard to be funny.
To others, it comes naturally.

Raw Comedy Numero Two

Raw: synonyms: crude, rude, rough, unprepared. Well, the last heat for this stand-up comedy competition proved to be all of the above, and not in a negative sense!

Thursday night found 11 hopefuls strutting (or stuttering) at Boltz, in a setting that echoed the competition's theme. The scarified walls boasted a trashed keyboard and remnants of an 80s computer. On stage, a rusty microphone stand lurked, an unexpected test of the performer's professionalism: the pros grabbed the mic and quickly disposed of the stand. The less fortunate ended up wrapping the mic wire round it, waltzing it around the stage.

The different comedy genres varied widely, and included political (mass yawn!) and social satire plus quirky parodies. Inevitably there were masses of gay jokes and perverted humour which were amusing or irritating depending on the strength of your

stomach and whether you were intoxicated.

One of our three favourites was David Stockridge with well-articulated jokes about his childhood in Elizabeth. Luke Whitby engaged the audience's attention by proposing the merger of late night TV and ads (sex sells!) and kept it with his 'gangsta rap serenade' - Aussie style. Kate Burr amused both genders with witty anecdotes covering cricket and post-natal probs. Results? Luke was runner-up, with the psychotic and psychedelic Newton Pubebooba gaining 1st place.

Once again, the night was capably MC'd by Justin Hamilton, with help from Lehmo. Special thanks to Justin and the crew for great hospitality! See you for the finals: this Tuesday, PJ O'Brien's!

Sarah O and Walice



ON DIT COVER COMPETITION



Are you an aspiring artist who craves the exposure that only *On Dit* can provide? We want your photographs, paintings, prints, **WHATEVER!** Be creative and see your art grace the front cover of *On Dit*. Wouldn't that be **WONDERFUL?** Is there any more that any artist could want from life? I don't think so.

Bring your entries down to the *On Dit* office. The competition closes on May 9th, so be reasonably quick or you could miss out.



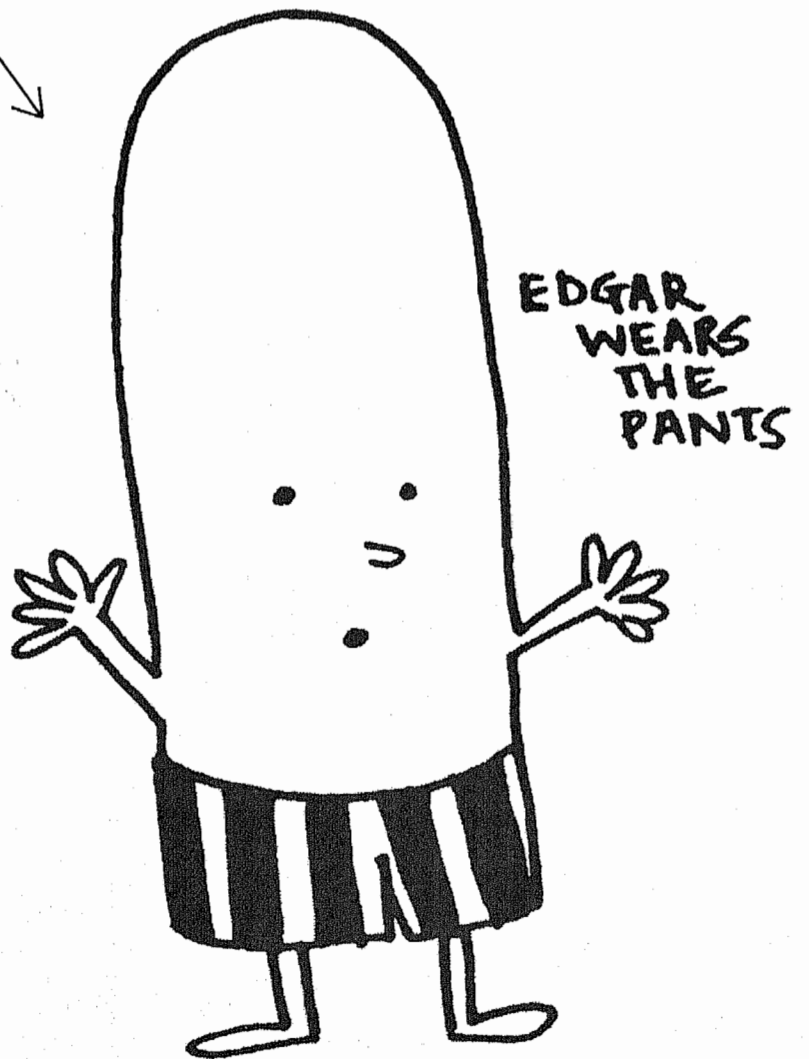
Doodle OF THE WEEK



Isn't this drawing *great*? Do you reckon you could produce something *even better*? We don't believe you. So you'll have to prove it to us.

Submit your doodle of the week to *On Dit* and you could be in the running to win fabulous prizes. We can't tell you what you'll win, but the word "fabulous" is probably a truly horrendous understatement, so spectacularly opulent will the prizes be.

Enter now.



Motor Ace

Motor Ace has to be the most talked-about Aussie rock act at the moment. With their debut album, *Five Star Laundry*, released this week and a swag of successful singles out already, it's hard to find someone who hasn't heard the name. I recently had the chance to chat with bassist Matt Balfe, where we discussed everything from picking bananas to Coopers beers and all that's in between.

I began by asking him about the beginnings of Motor Ace, which is a story in itself. Matt and guitarist Dave Ong were working in Queensland picking bananas when they met Damian Costin, who was then drumming in an Abba cover band (the humiliation!) The three of them hit it off and decided to return to Melbourne where they met Patrick Robertson, who was already fronting another band. After jamming together a couple of times, the four decided that this line-up was something special, and thus Motor Ace came into being.

They recorded a demo with local engineer Craig Harnath, which made its way to Mushroom records. What followed can only be described as a fairy tale beginning for any band, when Motor Ace were signed to Mushroom after a six-month courtship following their first show.

Since then Motor Ace have released a debut EP, which spawned two high-rotation radio tracks: 'Chairman Of The Board' and 'Criminal Past'; and 3 other singles: 'American Shoes', 'Death Defy' and 'Hey Driver', which all appear on the new album. Not only that, but Motor Ace have even found time to record a cover of label mates 28 Days' 'Never Give Up', which appears on the 'Death Defy' single, along with a B-side 'End Is Real' which didn't quite make the album. When asked about the cover, Matt told me that it came about after the Style Wars tour in 2000, in which Motor Ace played alongside 28 Days. The cover is definitely in true Motor Ace

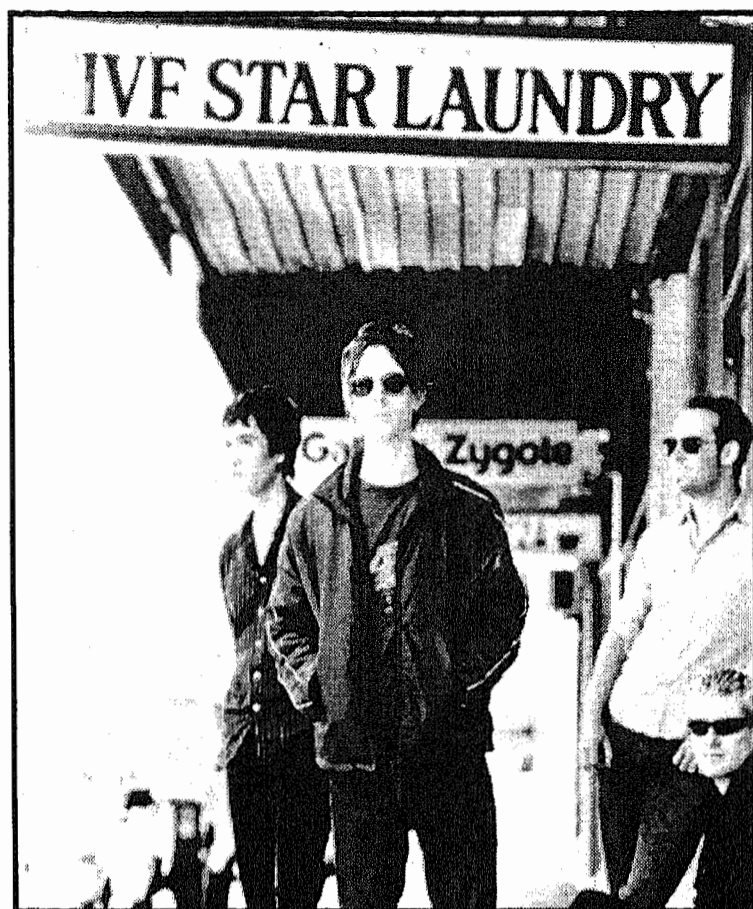
style, much adapted from the original and well worth checking out. At the same time, I'm told Machine Gun Fellatio, who were originally part of the tour but withdrew due to illness, recorded a cover of Motor Ace's 'Criminal Past' entitled 'Don't Touch My Arse'. Not surprisingly, it's said to be incredibly hilarious, in true Machine Gun Fellatio fashion.

When we finally got to discussing the new album, Matt told me that the songs on the album were influenced by British guitar bands, like Blur, and American sonic rock, like the Foo Fighters, although the album definitely has its own distinct sound.

Five Star Laundry was recorded with Craig Harnath in Melbourne and sent to the UK to be mixed by engineer Chris Sheldon, who is most notable for his work on the Foo Fighters record, *The Colour and The Shape*. Matt said that this was the main reason for using Sheldon, as they wanted to generate a "big rock" sound similar to what was so prevalent on *The Colour and The Shape*.

In Matt's opinion, the album demonstrates a more diverse side of Motor Ace, including some quieter songs and more complex guitar work than has appeared so far on the singles and the debut EP. They wanted to show people that Motor Ace can appeal to a wider audience and isn't just a big rock band. He says the next single to be released, 'Lorenzo', is a quieter song, which will hopefully open the doors to commercial success, after having previous singles chart just outside the Top 40.

Also included on the new album are two previous tracks: 'Chairman Of The Board', which shot



Motor Ace into the national spotlight when it was picked up by Triple J in 1999, and 'Criminal Past', both taken from the debut EP. Matt told me that this was done to give fans value for money, ensuring they could have all their favourite songs on the one CD – which is good news for all of us, and sure to boost the album's success.

Motor Ace will be on the road for the next 13 weeks, touring to promote the new album and supporting Blink 182 on their Australian tour. One thing is certain: it will be a great few months (of hard work) ahead for Motor Ace, in what will undoubtedly be a huge year for the band.

Toby

3 Doors Down

Things have happened quite quickly for American band 3 Doors Down. From humble beginnings playing local clubs and bars in their home town of Escatawpa, Mississippi, they have now become an international success story. To celebrate this success, the band's bass player, Todd, decided to give us a call at *On Dit* and talk about the life of being a rock star.

"We knew each other growing up, went to school and just got together and started playing music" says Todd in his low southern drawl. "In 1997 we made a demo and started playing around with it and started to get a lot of gigs, and then we just moved on to attracting the record companies with the following we'd gathered. We got our songs played on the local radio stations, and that sparked the interest of the record companies. They just came down and scooped us up, and we've had a hell of a year since!"

Luckily for the guys, gigs had always been easy to get, thanks to dedicated support from the fans.

"We always had a lot of support from people back home" says Todd. "We could go just about anywhere in town and play, and sell the whole place out! We just had a lot of people who would come and see us play. [At first] we didn't have enough material to play for the whole time they wanted us to play. They'd want you to play for a couple of hours, and we could only do around an hour of original music, then we had to pull some covers out somewhere. We were doing anything from Metallica, Bush, Pearl Jam, and just stuff that was hot."

At the time when they started out, there wasn't much of scene in their home town. Luckily though,

the guys were able to make their own scene, and make their mark on the community.

"I think people are always ready for rock'n'roll" continues Todd. "For a while, it's been a lot of the angry rock. I think some it is great music, but I think people are ready for rock'n'roll again; to get back to basics."

And with influences like Led Zeppelin, Van Halen, and Pink Floyd, 3 Doors Down are well educated to bring things back to basics.

As part of that mission, the guys have been filling a heavy tour schedule, most notably with the band Creed, the biggest rock band in America at the moment.

"We're getting ready to go on our biggest tour yet this spring" says Todd, "and we're going to take a band called Oleander, and also Fuel. They're both great bands, and it's going to be a great tour. We've already sold out a couple of the venues that we're going to play, and I'm really looking forward to that right now, man. With such a huge surge of popularity in recent times, the band have had some interesting experiences, but at the same time they've been trying to keep things real."

"We don't try to be something we're not" explains Todd, "and we just don't think about it like that. We're thankful we're able to go out and play our music and people enjoy it, and they can get some-



thing out of it. That's basically all we're trying to do. We're not trying to be something we're not. The success is great and all, but who cares, without the fans we wouldn't even exist."

To assist the guys in that struggle to keep things real, they've forged very strong relationships with each other.

"Yeah, we hang out like a big bunch of family. We get along really good. It's still fun for us" says Todd.

Hopefully soon, the guys will get the chance to come to our shores, and let their fantastic sounds loose on our airwaves.

"We all want to come so bad, man" yearns Todd. "It'll probably be after our summer tour, and we're all really looking forward to coming out."

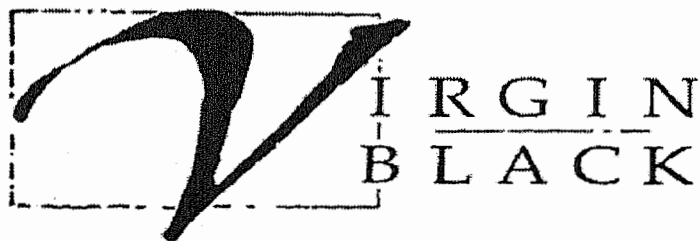
Make sure you check out 3 Doors Down soon; they're going to be huge!

Luke Balzan

Local Metal

Although it has never been considered an important city for music, Adelaide has some of the best heavy bands in Australia, if not the world. Unfortunately, a lot of people don't even know these bands exist, and buy the 'next big thing' from America without a second thought.

However, on Saturday 10 March there will be the rare opportunity to see some of the best, and most diverse, heavy bands in Adelaide playing together. Representing most facets of the local metal scene, **Virgin Black**, **Omnium Gatherum**, **Embryonic Soul**, and **Deaths Boundaries** will be playing at the Seven Stars Hotel from 7pm. The show is all ages, so bring ID if you want to drink.



Virgin Black's style of elaborate, operatic dark metal has won it support with international bands like Paradise Lost, Cathedral and Entombed, as well as appearances on *Falling on Deaf Ears* and *Down Underground* compilations. Its music has also received worldwide distribution and radio airplay.

Over the eight years of its existence, Virgin Black has experienced several line-up changes. Drummer Dino Cielo joined the ranks shortly after the release of the first demo in 1995. After several changes of bass players, Ian Miller, a long-term fan of the band, finally filled the role in 1999.

Ian and Dino joined guitarist Craig Edis and main songwriters Rowan London and Samantha Escarbe in the recording of Virgin Black's debut full length *Sombre Romantic*. With Rowan as producer and Ian as engineer, Virgin Black was able to keep the technical side of things all in the family, creating a sound that combines the doom metal of the band's first demo and the dynamics of the 1998 EP *Trance* in a high quality and adventurous release. Virgin Black hopes to show the sophistication of *Sombre Romantic* to the rest of the world.

listen.to/virginblack
virginblackoz@hotmail.com

DEATHS BOUNDARIES

Rejecting the trendy, money-driven music industry, Deaths Boundaries hopes to recapture the rawness of the traditional metal underground. Although a relatively young band, through hard work and tireless gigging, Deaths Boundaries has earned a strong reputation in the local scene.

Fast and technical, and driven by the intricate guitar work of Lenny DeRoma and Marten Pine, Deaths Boundaries' '80s-inspired thrash metal has become popular with older and younger audiences alike.

The band's efforts have culminated in the recent release of a five-track EP, *Divide and Conquer*. Demand for the CD has exceeded

Deaths Boundaries' expectations, and the band plans to launch *Divide and Conquer* interstate this year.

www.chariot.net.au/~deathsboundaries
lennyd@chariot.net.au



EMBRYONIC SOUL

Embryonic Soul is not easy to categorise. While it has been compared to bands like Tura Satana and Manhole, its ability to play with bands as diverse as Omnium Gatherum and Somersault indicate that such a categorisation is far too simplistic.

Founding members Mel Bulian (vocals/guitar) and Grant Walker (guitar) formed Embryonic Soul after leaving their previous project Sick Nursery in 1997.

With ballsy female vocals, massive riffing and moments of gentleness, Grant's melody-based influences combine with Mel's flat-out heavy influences to create a sound that is unique in Adelaide.

Embryonic Soul took a year off in 1999-2000 due to line-up difficulties, but has since returned with a vengeance after original drummer Adam Falland returned to the fold after some time off, and with the addition of new bass player Joshua J. Lamont (ex-Atrium). It has played the Segression and Virgin Black CD Launches, and plans to tour interstate.

Embryonic Soul has two demos to its name, and is currently mastering a full-length, planned to be released nationally in May this year. It is an album that allows Embryonic to experiment with the extremes of its sound, providing something for all sections of their constantly increasing fan base.



new website coming soon...
embryonic_soul@hotmail.com

omnium gatherum



Although one of the most brutal bands on the local scene, Omnium Gatherum acknowledges the clichés of the extreme metal scene, and actively mixes musical styles and influences to avoid the limitations of the 'death metal' pigeonhole.

Still with its original line-up and dating back to 1997, Omnium

Gatherum combines the ferocity of John's drumming and the technical skill of Rocco's guitar and Justin's bass with Brad's oscillating growl to create a sound that has earned it support with Blood Duster, The Berserker, Alarum and Earth.

Omnium Gatherum recorded a four-song demo tape that was sold at its first gig, released another demo in 1999 which has sold over 500 copies, and has appeared on the *Down Underground 3* compilation and a Polish sampler called *Fuck the Weak*. The band is now on the verge of releasing its debut full length *Rectifying Human Rejection*, which will be available through Life Fluid.

With worldwide distribution and interstate demand for the band, Omnium Gatherum hope to take their savage technical death grind to new audiences.

www.arcom.com.au/~omnigath
omniumgatherum@arcom.com.au

Dionysus

I've Been to Nice...



Dry & Heavy
Full Contact
Valve, Beat records

If you are looking for the perfect cd to fall asleep to, or to listen to while sitting out on the porch with a smoke in your hand, then give *Dry & Heavy* a try. I found that just a couple of tracks of this are enough to relax me completely, to the point that I was unable to move from the couch (or that could just have been the beer). A mixture of reggae and dub, the tracks are mostly instrumental with the occasional sparse vocals. The beat is continuous and lazy, particularly in the single 'Dawn Is Breaking'.

While it may sound strange at first to have a Japanese reggae band, it actually works really well. Imagine Portishead crossed with Bob Marley and you'd be halfway there. Grab this album and find a big couch to sink into and turn it up really loud. Coma-inducing fun for the whole family!



The Avalanches
Since I Left You
EMI

Searching for a smooth blend of samples and instrumentals? Perhaps a mixture of hiphop, electro and funk? Well look no further - The Avalanches have produced all of this and more in their fun-filled studio album, 'Since I Left You'. From the opening track it's clearly evident that happy tunes are not far away.

DJ Dexter is the main soul responsible for these crisp sounding tracks, with the combination of more sampling for vocals and speech. People might be familiar with the sounds of 'Frontier Psychiatrist' and 'Since I Left You', but to experience the diversity of this exciting Australian act it's necessary to listen to the album from beginning to end. There is a holiday type feel amongst some tracks including 'Live At Dominoes' and 'Electricity'. Other gems include 'Two Hearts in 3/4 Time' and 'Extra Kings' (there has to be a game show sample in there). Now playing as a six-piece, with new keyboard player James de la Cruz, The Avalanches' live shows are notorious for high energy chaos and free flowing loose knit sounds. Masters of funk-ed-up, electro-rock groove. A disc for all ages.

Trent



Motor Ace
Five Star Laundry
Mushroom

This debut album from Melbourne's Motor Ace is not only very anticipated but also very, very good. It easily lives up to expectations, with each song a gem laced with great melodies and pop hooks. The album opens with the rock singles 'Hey Driver' and 'Death Defy' before the title track which still has its feet firmly planted in rock, while dabbling with falsetto vocals and a more stripped back arrangement. At this point the record takes a sharp left turn with 'Lorenzo', a much slower and pensive track, followed by 'Budge' which is the quietest song on the record and a beauty. The single 'American Shoes' follows and then we get a taste of some great guitar work on 'Siamese'. The album includes the two most successful songs from Motor Ace's debut EP, 'Chairman Of The Board' and 'Criminal Past', while 'Enemies' and the closing track 'Money and Sympathy' are definitely stand out songs on a great record.

Toby

Album of the Week



Soulwax
Much Against Everyone's Advice Festival

The Belgian rock scene, in fact Belgium itself, is not really famed for delivering international stars, and thus it is refreshing to hear a band like Soulwax. The brainchild of two brothers, Stephan and David Dewaele, the band offers a humorous and eclectic brew of sounds, mixing catchy guitar licks, strings, samples, loops and a dash of electronica. The strongest

feature of the album is its diversity: the band seems to experiment with so many styles that the album is sure to have at least something you'll appreciate.

Triple J listeners may have already heard the first track, *Conversation Intercom*, which received some airplay last year, or even the title track *Much Against Everyone's Advice* which has popped up recently. *When Logics Die* has smooth, seductive strings and piano, much like the ballad *More Than This*. *Overweight Karate Kid* shows off a quirky sense of humour, using a playful sense of words that in my opinion stems from their bilingualism. *Too Many DJ's* contains another humorous commentary on the music scene, set against a rather funky jungle beat, and should be released as a single.

To me the best songs are *My Cruel Joke*, a compilation with Tracey Bonham and *Scream*, although that's probably because they appeal to some Radiohead-esque gritty edge I like to see in songs.

In any case, you're sure to find something on this album that will appeal to you; it's definitely worth your time (and moreso if you can score it for free!)

Michael F

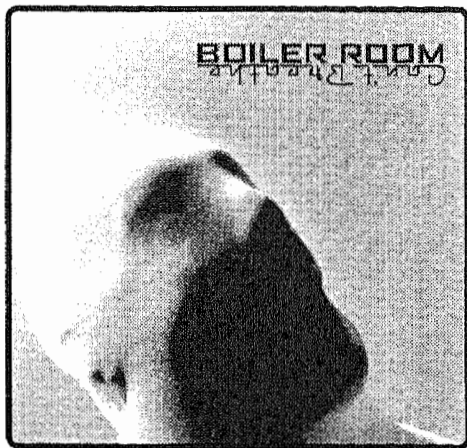
HEY PEOPLE!

We have a pile of giveaways, not only for our Album of the Week Soulwax, but Motor Ace's brand spanking new album (released today) too! Our thanks goes to Cheree at Festival. Want to get your hands on a copy of either of these albums? Then come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday 2pm. But be quick - giveaways have proved popular lately!

Not only that, but Mr. Sacha Sewell - the man who brings us the many great concerts we see on our fine University campus - has kindly donated a couple of giveaway passes to Motor Ace's show in the Unibar on March 8th. Isn't that nice of him? *On Dit* office. Wednesday. 2:15pm. I don't think I need to tell you how fast these will go!

NB. We reserve the right to add and/or change competition rules at any time. You have been warned.

...and the Isle of Greece Singles



Boiler Room
Can't Breathe
Tommy Boy/Festival

The music industry is currently saturated with rap-metal hybrids (or nu-rock, as it's now known), and I always treat any release from this genre with caution. After a couple of listens though, Boiler Room have proved to me that they are above average. Luckily for them, Boiler Room tend to rely more on the rock side of things rather being a rap band, which can only be good. In fact, they sound a bit like a cross between Tool and Slipknot (minus the extreme screaming vocals), having plenty of heavy grinding guitars and some great melodic sections. In fact, I was surprised that *Can't Breathe* was so good. Not necessarily the album of the year, but I assure you that I'll be listening to whatever else Boiler Room have to offer.

Lukey



Jennifer Lopez
J-Lo
Epic, Sony

Someone has been spending too much time around Puff Daddy, and even if that relationship has ended, the damage has been done, as it is the obvious rationale behind Jennifer Lopez's strange transformation into J-Lo. With this, her latest 'self-titled' album, Lopez presents us with a mix of fifteen pop songs very much in the vein of her previous record *On The 6*. No doubt

that everyone has heard her latest single 'Love don't cost a thing' - if you listen to any commercial radio at all it is almost impossible to avoid. Furthermore, the song has proven to be a hit with the 'Teeny-Bopper' crowd (ah, the wonders of marketing).

However, the rest of the album lacks a bit of excitement, many ranging from the formulaic soft, slow ballads to the boppy beats that anyone can dance to. It's nothing spectacular, but if you're fond of a techno backbeat and a bit of Latin influence, and think a song titled "Si ya se acabo" and "Carino" would be right up your alley, then this album is the one for you.

Tori and Cate



Outkast
Stankonia
BMG, Arista

I should probably preface this by saying that I do not have a good opinion of rap or hip hop. That said, I am open to being proven wrong. Outkast are certainly not going to challenge this at all. The stand-out track on *Stankonia*, and the one that lured me to stick my hand up for this cd is the single "Ms Jackson", which is currently being thrashed on Triple J. It has an incredibly catchy hook, but it is one that will probably wear quite thin after a few listens.

The rest of the album is pretty forgettable, despite this group being hailed as the next big thing in the hip hop scene. It has the usual rap vocals, with charming lyrics like "Lick my blunts and spit, like she do my dick". The lovely (and in my opinion more talented) Eryka Badu actually supplies vocals on "Humble Mumble".

If you are a fan of rap, don't let my opinion of Outkast sway you from purchasing this cd. For those of you who are looking for something that challenges the genre, you certainly won't find it here. I would not hesitate to dub this album "Stinkonia".

Poptart

Badly Drawn Boy
Once Around The Block
XL Recordings, Shock

A brilliantly smooth and mellow semi-jazz number from Manchester's Damon Gough. The follow-up to the memorable 'Disillusion' (the one with the New York taxi video), this one is equally memorable and catchy. The Avalanches also provide a laid-back remix of 'The Shining'. BDB should have made a few people sit up and take notice by now.

Jorm

Slash
Mean Bone
Koch/Shock

Stop Press: Slash is back! The guitarist that had kids head banging all throughout the 80's has lost Axl Rose, got him self a new band, and is still turning out great sounds. Maybe the music isn't quite as good as *Guns'n'Roses*, but believe me it still packs one hell of a punch. A great riff coupled with a fantastic solo, and that sensational tone that Slash is famous for makes 'Mean Bone' a great song. Rush out and get it today!

Lukey

Disturbed
Stupify
Giant/BMG

'Stupify' is fairly low key industrial rap-metal cross-over. Buy it for the great B-sides: the ferocious live version of 'The Game' and the super-catchy 'Down With the Sickness' from Disturbed's album *The Sickness*.

Dionysus

U2
Stuck In A Moment You Can't Get Out Of
Island, Universal

Another perfectly crafted pop offering from, arguably, one of the greatest bands ever. A return to their power ballads from *Achtung Baby* and *Zooropa* days. Live versions of 'Beautiful Day' and 'New York' are included along with a good 'extra guitars n' bass' remix of 'Beautiful Day'. The question must be asked; can U2 ever go wrong?

Jorm

Aerosmith
Jaded
Columbia/Sony

Those masters of cock rock, Aerosmith, are back, but perhaps with considerably less cock. Their last album, *Nine Lives* was good, but the stuff from the *Armageddon* soundtrack was pretty average, and it seems that *Jaded* is along those lines. Still, it's not too bad, and hopefully the new album, out late in March, will be okay too.

Lukey

Pretty Violet Stain
Never Come Down
Warner Music

This is standard, 'deep and meaningful', alterna-pop, if you like Travis, you'll probably like this. With lyrics about being part of a nowhere generation, this single is sure to be on JJJ's high-rotation play-list in no time. You've been warned.

Nai

ON DIT RADIO

That's right kids, the Student Radio season has begun and On Dit Radio has arrived! Hosted by Mark and Jenny, On Dit Radio plays everything that's being reviewed in the On Dit music section and gives a run down on all that's happening in the music world. Tune in Monday nights at 9pm, on 531AM, and hear the best of the section you love to read.

Clubs

Lacrosse: the little brother of war

When the Iroquois tribes of North America wanted to settle disputes or test the prowess of their warriors they played Lacrosse. Games would take place over vast distances between tribes. Over the years the game has taken on new meaning and is today one of the fastest field sports in the world. Teams compete from Australia, Canada, US, Iroquois Nationals, England, Scotland, Germany, Czech Republic, Sweden and Japan in the Lacrosse World Championships, and Australia consistently ranks in the top 3.

The Adelaide University Lacrosse Club was founded in 1889 and is one of Australia's oldest lacrosse clubs. The Blacks provide field and modified lacrosse for students and graduates of the University of Adelaide and general community. The club is located near park 10 grandstand opposite the lawn tennis in the University playing fields North Adelaide (off War Memorial Drive). The club is a founding member of the Sports Association and Lacrosse SA.

Apart from competing very successfully in the local Lacrosse SA competition (currently we are the men's and women's B grade premiers) the club plays Melbourne University (the world's oldest lacrosse club) in an annual inter-varsity competition. In 2001 the rumour is we will be going to the Gold Coast to play Melbourne and then on to the Paradise Tournament.

Over summer we compete in the mixed indoor lacrosse. With modified non-contact rules it is a chance for players to get together and keep fit in a friendly relaxed way.

The club provides equipment for new members at a low cost and also hires out team uniforms.

The playing list for the club starts with novice first year members and goes through to state and national champions.

If you've seen the game and were to shy to come along now is the time to give it a go!

New members day 6pm Thursday 1st March at the clubs home grounds.

For more info contact Daren on 0414 499 146 or Don on 0438 363 640

LACROSSE THE FASTEST SPORT ON 2 FEET!

Adelaide University Football Club

The Blacks

Training has started, Tuesdays & Thursdays 5.45pm

Park 10, Mackinnon Parade (near the Old Lion)

All welcome

8 teams

Season starts April 7

Social life starts earlier

AU Sailing Club is having its 2001 Annual General Meeting on the 16th

of March at 5:30pm. The venue will be the W.P. Rogers Room.

New members are welcome and can join on the night.

Nominations will be called for the positions of:

Commodore

Secretary

Treasurer

Social Conveynor

Boat Storage Officer

For any further information regarding the AGM or the Sailing Club in

general, feel free to contact via email either:

Sam at dralyagmas@hotmail.com or

Reggie at reggiem@camtech.net.au

Classifieds

LEARN DEEP RELAXATION

WHEN: Every Monday for Semester 1. 1.10 - 2.00pm

WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building

FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

Mesmerise

2nd Thursday of every month from 10pm @ Supermild 182 Hindley street west. Free Entry all night. DJ Craig, DJ Luc@s and DJ SpinDaDecks. Playing mellow ambient tunes from the likes of; mogwai, portishead, verve, spiritualised, cocteau twins, slowdive, apex twin, seefeel, godspeed you black emporer, tortoise, ambient techno and beats, mazy star, massive attack, primal scream, dj krush, nightmares on wax, art blakely, radiohead, tori amos and much much more....

I need help to work out which forms to submit to the Family Law court; I would be willing to pay a Law Student with knowledge of Family Law to tell me which ones to complete. Please call Christine on 8268 4371.

GIRLS... WANT TO EARN SOME CA\$H?

THE EXERCISE PHYSIOLOGY RESEARCH UNIT is conducting a research project comparing exercise performance and metabolism during different stages of the menstrual cycle. The study will require volunteers to complete 4 exercise tests on the exercise bike. Each experiment lasts about 1 hour. We need women who: are aged between 18-30 years, have regular menstrual cycles, are not using oral contraceptives, are non-smokers, are not involved in regular sport or exercise.

\$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 (8303 4569)

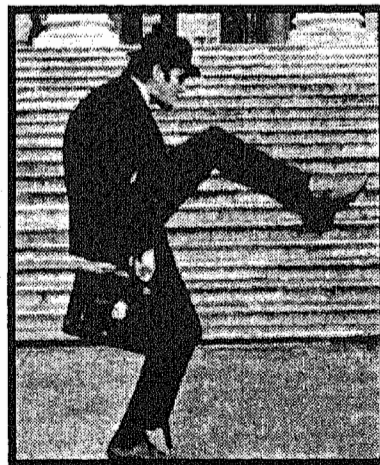
Gnosis. 10 week course 'Introduction to Gnostic Mysticism'. Includes: The Esoteric Path, Self Knowledge, silence, the Imagination, Meditation. 6pm Each Monday from 12th March in the 'Margaret Murray Room' level 5, Union Building, Adelaide uni. Free of Charge. ph: 83512578

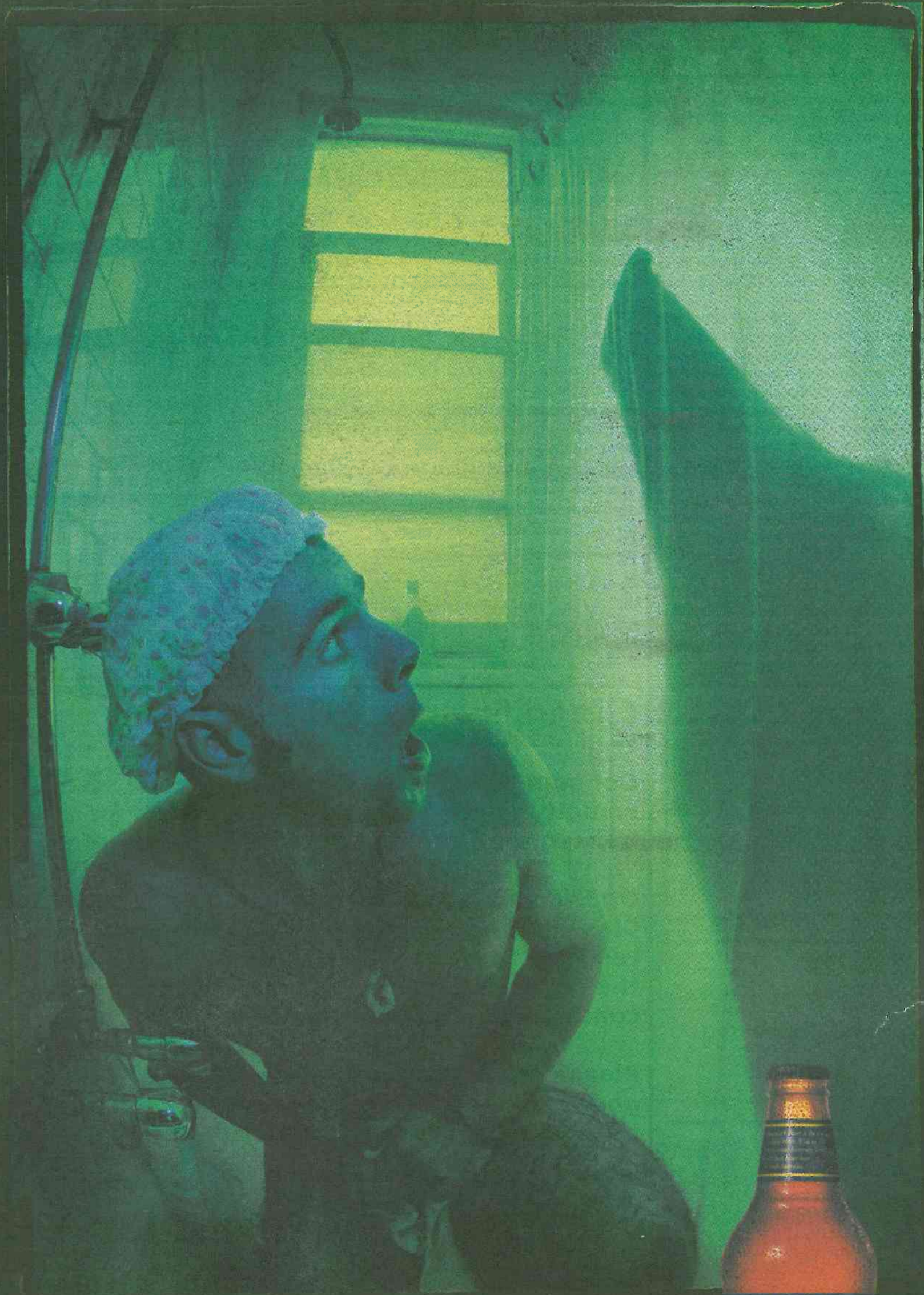
Classifieds

Got something to sell? Does someone else have something you want to buy? Looking for a housemate? Looking for a pet? Looking for love?

On Dit's classified section can help you out. Classified Ads should be short (under 50 words), relevant to students and to the point. We reserve the right to refuse to publish ads of an essentially commercial nature in this section.

Please email your classifieds to ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or drop them down to the On Dit office.





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