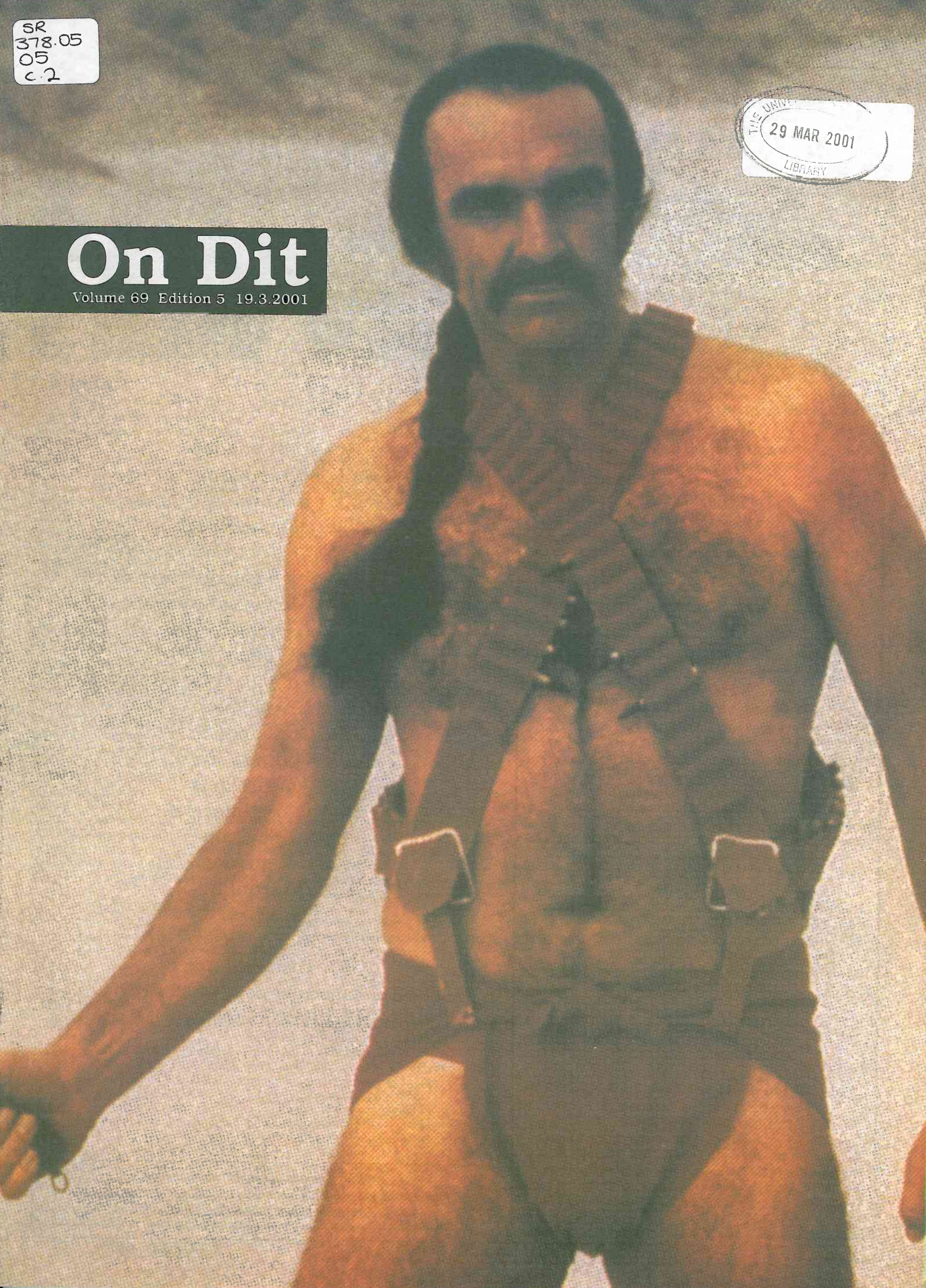


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# On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 5 19.3.2001





**On Dit**  
**Volume 69 Edition 5, 19.3.2001**

*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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**About the cover:** After he became too creaky for Bond, Sean Connery made some absolutely brilliant films. For example: 1974's *Zardoz*, a film about a giant flying stone head that vomits automatic weapons. Check it out at Alpha Video on Magill Road or at any other video place where quality psychedelia is stocked.

**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](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

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**This edition could not have been produced without the assistance of:**

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The Editors of *On Dit* unreservedly apologise to Phil Harrison for offence caused by a video review printed in edition 3.

# On Dit: Independent Media or Factional Puppet?



Last Wednesday's SAUA Council meeting was a pivotal one for the future of *On Dit*, your much-loved student newspaper. Two days earlier, SAUA Education Vice-President Brad Kitschke, along with Councillors Michael Hartstone and Jakin Ravalico, petitioned the President to call a special meeting of Council to interpret several sections of the SAUA Constitution related to *On Dit* and Student Radio, with reference to the Associations Incorporation Act 1985 (SA). The sections were:

## Part Eight

59.1 The Editors of 'On Dit' and the 'Student Radio' Director(s) shall have complete and unfettered editorial discretion as to the content of their respective publications/broadcasts.

59.3 The Editor(s) and Director(s) shall ask the President to refer material to the Association's Solicitors if they have any reason to believe the material may be defamatory. The President may require that the publication of such material may be delayed until the opinion of the Solicitors is obtained.

59.4 The Editor(s) of 'On Dit' and the 'Student Radio' Director(s) shall delete from any proposed edition of 'On Dit,' or 'Student Radio' programme respectively, any material which in the opinion of the Association's Solicitors is defamatory.

59.5 The Association shall not indemnify any Officer or other person publishing or broadcasting any material which is, or purports to be published or broadcast in the name of or on behalf of the Association, for any costs and/or damages incurred by that Officer or other person, except where an opinion was sought from the Association's Solicitors pursuant to Section 59.3 before publication and in the opinion of the Association's Solicitors the material was not defamatory.

## Part Two

Powers and Duties of the Students' Association Council

8.4 To supervise, direct and co-ordinate the work of all Officers and Committees of the Association.

## Part Three

Duties of the 'On Dit' Editor(s)  
The On Dit editors shall:

29.1 Be the publisher(s) of On Dit.

In the petition to SAUA President Tom Radzevicius, Education Vice-President Brad Kitschke and Councillors Hartstone and Ravalico requested that SAUA Council use its power to interpret the Constitution, after receiving advice from the Association's solicitors, and determine the meaning and extent of these provisions of the Constitution.

This is all in very technical language, so we'll explain. According to Councillor Ravalico, the meeting was

called for the purpose of clarifying who gets to decide the content of *On Dit* as well as who would be legally liable if *On Dit* was sued for printing any defamatory material. Most of the issues pertaining to editorial control had been resolved between the SAUA President and the *On Dit* Editors at the previous week's Media Standing Committee (MSC) meeting, with a mutually acceptable arrangement having been reached as to letters to the Editors. However, Councillors Kitschke, Hartstone and Ravalico petitioned for a special meeting about these issues before the minutes of the MSC meeting could be tabled at Council.

It was at this special meeting that the advice from the Association's Solicitors was distributed, as well as a motion that Councillor Kitschke had proposed regarding the definition of the above sections of the Constitution.

The Solicitor's advice outlined that the Editors are *not* the publishers of *On Dit* (despite a clear statement in the Constitution that they are) as they neither own nor finance the publication. The Solicitor identified SAUA Council as the publisher of *On Dit*, and gave the SAUA President publishing rights of the Association on behalf of the Council. The motion proposed by Mr Kitschke reiterated this definition.

Clause 59.1 of the Constitution specifies that the Editor(s) of *On Dit* have 'complete and unfettered editorial control.' However, the advice of the Solicitor stated that, as the word 'editorial' is not defined in the Constitution, Council has the power to define its meaning. Therefore, in the motion put by Mr Kitschke, a definition of the meaning of the word 'editorial' was proposed as being:

- The ability to set the general tone of content for On Dit.

- To prepare material submitted to On Dit by selection arrangement and annotation.

- To determine the theme of content of the paper to be responsible for the writing and collation of writing of material for On Dit.

- To govern the concept of the publication subject to direction from the Publisher of the Association.

In other words, the Editors have some administrative and creative responsibilities but have no real power over the content of the paper if Council so chooses; the power to so choose was delegated to the President.

Although the motion went on to place a number of firm restrictions on the ability of the President to censor material (basically, nothing can be removed for any political reasons, which seems fair), it is disturbing that this interpretation of the Constitution would offer *On Dit* no protection in the face of a Council determined to re-

move its independence. This doesn't seem to be the case at present, with Council quite happy to rule any political censorship unacceptable, but next year could be different. The Editors were about to discuss this matter at the Council meeting when a procedural motion was used to end the debate. Expect this to resurface when the SAUA Constitution is revised later in the year.

The most contentious point of the meeting arose when the anonymity of letter writers was discussed. Some Councillors expressed concerns that employees and appointees of the SAUA, in particular some sub-editors of *On Dit*, were writing letters commenting on the Students' Association when they were privy to more information about the Association than 'general students'. Council was torn over the issue of whether letter writers who were appointees of the SAUA should be able to remain anonymous to the public, or whether they should be made to put their names to their letters on any issue. The original motion advocated the latter option, but after much heated debate an amendment championed by Councillors Matt Anderson and Anais Chevalier was passed that allowed all letter writers to remain anonymous if they so wished, as long as they provided their real name and student number (or address and phone number if they are not a student) to the Editors and the President.

The meeting resulted in a workable short-term solution for *On Dit*: the Editors have few real powers, but in practice the status quo will probably be maintained - the Editors will basically be able to print anything they like as long as it's not likely to get the Association sued. Everyone is happy.

However, this arrangement is not necessarily permanent. It is crucial that in the upcoming Constitutional

Review the role of *On Dit* and its Editors be more specifically defined and that stringent restrictions are placed on Council's power to dictate the content of the paper. Placing ultimate control in the hands of a factionally dominated Council could destroy *On Dit*'s ability to act as an independent media outlet for students at Adelaide Uni, as has happened to other University papers. It is in every student's interest that editorial control of *On Dit* not be placed in the hands of a body controlled by highly partisan factions, but remains in the hands of an independent editorial team.

Another question remained unanswered. The no-doubt expensive services of the Association's solicitors were engaged to screen a Councillor's motion prior to it even being presented at a Council meeting - would any 'general student' be able to present a motion and have it pre-approved by the SAUA's lawyers?

Some things should be said about the conduct of the meeting - it was awful. There was yelling from the Chair, blatantly intimidatory conduct, disregard of procedure and all manner of infelicities.

## Quote of the Meeting #1:

Brad Kitschke: "If you can't do the numbers then don't turn up".

'Doing the numbers' is student polle slang for working out how the members of the various factions are going to vote before the meeting even takes place. It would be sad if an issue like media independence should be decided according to factional allegiances.

## Quote of the Meeting #2:

Tom Radzevicius: "Let's have some fucking professionalism."

This one pretty much speaks for itself.

## Naming

In tune with the controversial nature of the meeting the naming of naughty Councillors reached frenzied new heights, with SAUA President Tom Radzevicius at one point zealously naming seven people in succession. The competition was looking pretty stiff until Sexuality Officer Elise Duffield eclipsed the rest of the field when she was ejected from the meeting for disobedience. This spectacular effort on Councillor Duffield's part means that the rest of Council must raise the par if they wish to be in the running for *On Dit*'s "Disobedient and Direspectful Councillor of 2001" award.

The naming tally stands at:

### Ejected:

1 Elise Duffield

### Named:

3 Elise Duffield

2 Brad Kitschke, Melissa Vine, Sarah Hoban

1 Linley Henzell, Mark Henderson



# SAUA Constitutional Review

## Just like the Constitutional Convention, only smaller and without Bruce Ruxton

If you have been reading the Office Bearer columns in *On Dit* recently, you should have become aware of a Constitutional and Structural Review that the Students' Association is undertaking. The review is designed to refine the overall structure of the Association and to look at the current makeup of the Office Bearers, committee structure and support mechanisms. The terms of reference for the committee are as follows:

To review the structure and constitution of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, its departments, officers, all operations and to take into account the financial and industrial issues that may arise through the committee's analysis, in particular budget-neutrality and staffing.

Essentially what this review is about is analysing the current struc-

ture of the SAUA.

Last year the Adelaide University Union undertook an internal organisational review, aimed at streamlining the operation and relationships that exist in the current structure of the AUU. It is this review that has become the initiator of the assessment of not simply the AUU as a conglomerate of organisations, but for looking at our own association and its structure. The Students' Association will not at this stage propose changes to its structure that depend on the choices of other affiliates, namely, Clubs, Sports, Overseas, Postgraduates, Waite and the Roseworthy Council.

The SAUA should view this process as an opportunity to objectively look at our organisation. Moreover, to consider whether reform is needed to strategically position the SAUA in the

context of providing relevant grassroots student representation and service provision.

The current structure of the SAUA has its origins in a number of different time periods. As such it is quite fair to say that this structure has not been designed singularly to achieve its purpose: that is of providing strong, relevant and above all accessible advocacy, representation and service provision to students.

The structure as it stands is a mixture of 1970s, 1980s and 1990s representation. There are elements contained within the SAUA that hark from the activist structures of the '70s, the economic structures of the '80s and the interest specific structures of the '90s.

Does the core of the challenges facing the SAUA in terms of ensuring relevance lie in the unwieldy and

ambiguous nature of our organisational structure? After 30 years as an organisation, we need to analyse where we are as an organisation. Are we in a climate that is reflected by our structure? What can we do and not do as an organisation? Are our goals being compromised by the current structure? The purpose of this paper is to highlight one option out of many that are available to us to ensure that the SAUA retains its relevance and strength in the coming years.

I would ask all students to become involved in this process as it is fundamental to the running of the organisation and important as it affects all of the students of this University.

**Tom Radzevicius**  
SAUA President

# N.U.S.

## National Day of Action: Thursday April 5th 2001

Last week we talked a little bit about the background to the National Union of Students' National Day of Action, the demands we will be protesting for, and what we hope to achieve. This week we will explain the first demand of Free Education Now! No Fees for Degrees!

For years now, Australia's higher education system has been gradually moving out of reach for those people in society who are not wealthy. It may be difficult to imagine, but there used to be a time in Australia when tertiary education was free (1972 - 1986), when fees were abolished, and it was established once and for all, that education is a right for all Australians, and not a privilege.

Since 1986 and the introduction of HECS, Australia's higher education system has been dominated by a user-pays ideology and implementation, in which governments are constantly increasing pay-back thresholds and proposing to assume the benefit of full fees. Everybody knows that our education is no longer accessible for all, that students are not being provided with a livable income, and that matters are getting progressively worse. It's time to stop the rot (remember this year is an election year), and tell the government that our education is not for sale!

For more information watch this space, or contact your NUS SA Education Officer Marissa Meller-Harris on 0403325594 or e-mail [marissameller@hotmail.com](mailto:marissameller@hotmail.com)

# Free Education? Yes Please!

The National Union of Students believes that free education is indeed necessary, in fact it has been fighting in one way or another for free, accessible education since 1987. NUS believes that all people, regardless of economic, social, racial or ethnic background, should be entitled to equal access of Australia's higher education system - that is why we are opposed to the user-pays system currently in operation.

To decide whether or not free education is actually possible, it is worth noting that from 1972 - 1986 the Australian University system was essentially open to all people. It was clearly the closest we ever got to a truly accessible and equitable system, as students were not charged any up-front fees, and didn't have to enter into any 'loan' agreements with the government.

Free education could have worked, if not for - guess who? - the government. The 'positive potential' of the abolition of tertiary fees was systematically undermined by governments

refusing to provide active income support structures for those people who were not rich and attempting to access their free higher education. The demise of truly free education has led to what we experience now - privatisation of the higher education system, and a rapidly expanding user-pays system in which governments still refuse to support those wanting access without cold, hard cash.

Move on to 2001; students are struggling to with the implementation of deferred HECS, voluntary student unionism, full up-front fees for international students, up front fees for postgraduate students, and 25% of domestic undergraduate places being reserved for those who can afford to pay up-front and jump the queues. Currently, students do not have equitable access to higher education in Australia - access is ultimately dependant upon either your immediate, and/or future financial standing.

Free education did indeed highlight the need for adequate government support structures for those

wishing to undertake tertiary study. However as informed and intelligent individuals, we should not try to fool ourselves into believing that the mere implementation of a user-pays system has prompted governments to seriously review their provisions of student income support, as clearly it hasn't. It is no secret that "students cannot afford to feed a dog on youth allowance," and the user-pays system has instead encouraged us to become customers not students; consumers that only criticise the 'quality' of education being provided, rather than demanding and fighting for equal access.

Tertiary education is now shamefully becoming a privileged commodity - an optional accessory to go with essential material consumables such as clothes, houses, cars etc. However, unlike the urban myth of the obligatory perfect house and car, free education is not a myth. It is estimated that it would cost around \$6 billion a year to provide completely free higher education for every student. This fig-

ure is only a quarter of the amount recently pledged to upgrading our defence forces - it's a matter of priorities really.

Free education is possible, it did happen once, and would certainly be successful if only governments really cared about their 'clever country' and adequately supported students, whilst simultaneously rejecting the agendas and interference (funding) of corporatisations and private industry.

The ideology of my argument is concerned with the egalitarian, but idealistic, principles of equity and accessibility - and the user-pays system provides anything but. For this reason alone, education needs to once again be viewed as a public resource and not a private benefit - we should all have the opportunity to study at university regardless of where we come from, and who we want to be in the end.

**Marissa Meller-Harris**  
NUS SA Education Officer

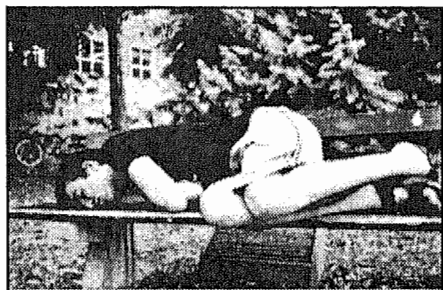


# The Last Rites of Public Education

Everybody's favourite Federal Minister, Dr David Kemp is visiting Adelaide on Friday March 23rd as he will be the keynote speaker at a youth conference at the Stamford Grand Hotel in Glenelg at 10am.

Dr Kemp as you may be aware, is responsible for higher education cutbacks that total in excess of \$1 billion from Universities over the last five years. These cutbacks are the reason why your tutorial is so crowded why you have to pay so much for your readings, and why there are not enough computers to go around.

In response to Kemp's ironic address on the future of youth, the South Australian branch of the National Union of Students in co-operation with your Students' Association is organising a demonstration to welcome Kemp to Adelaide. So for those of you who wish to help us tell Kempy his cutbacks are no longer welcome, you can meet other students at the tram stop to Glenelg in Victoria Square on March the 23rd at 9am. Keep looking out for more information; contact your Students' Association or your NUS SA Education Officer, Marissa Meller-Harris on 0403325594 or by e-mail at [marissameller@hotmail.com](mailto:marissameller@hotmail.com). Get involved. Get active. Let's get Kempy!



Higher Education: Dead, or just sleeping?

# I Fought the LAWN

## One student's run-in with the Informal Disciplinary Tribunal of Death

I have never been a particularly well-behaved student. Some of my earliest memories involve being told off or kept in during recess-time or spoken to for looking at my teacher 'in a rude manner'. Really. At University, though, misbehaviour tends to get lost in the crowd, making it more difficult to get noticed by the powers that be. That's what I thought, at least, until a certain faculty decided to get pissed off at me for the same kind of behaviour that got me into trouble in primary school. For the purposes of this article it shall be referred to as the Faculty of Lawn.

It all started one day in 1998 in a very boring lecture for a subject called Constitutional Lawn. I was sitting next to a friend who was entertaining me with some kind of witty commentary on the lecture material and was chuckling along with it. All of a sudden, everyone went quiet and I sensed an unwanted amount of attention directed at myself. The lecturer spoke:

"Excuse me, [my name here], do you have a question?"

(i.e. please be quiet)

I didn't have a question. So I said so:

"No, no. Please - go on."

This was not well received. What followed was fairly predictable - a couple of minutes of rant about how I was being disruptive, how if I didn't stop making noise in lectures I could be ejected, etc.

At the end of the lecture I thought it was all over. I admit I actually contemplated apologising for being rude, but in hindsight I am glad I didn't as

an apology might have stopped all of the fun that was to follow. You see, I was unaware of the way the Faculty of Lawn dealt with its problem students: the Informal Disciplinary Tribunal of Death.

They never actually called it that. When I found the summons in a brown internal mail envelope sitting in my pigeonhole all it said was "could you please come to my office at 4:15 on Monday the 7th to discuss a matter relating to Constitutional Lawn", on official-looking stationery with the course coordinator's name on it.

Now, I wasn't expecting anything serious - after all, what had I done? In my opinion, if a lecturer doesn't have the psychological resilience to stand up to sarcastic answers to sarcastic questions, they don't really belong in front of 200-plus of the most sarcastic students of all - Lawn students - and nobody else should have any sympathy for them either. So I rocked up to the office at the appointed time, knocked on the door and was told to wait outside. And I waited. And waited, as three other Constitutional Lawn lecturers walked past and entered the room.

"Interesting," I thought, not having expected the Spanish Inquisition.

They invited me in. My friend, who had accompanied me for moral support (and because he felt partially responsible for getting me in trouble in the first place) was told that only I was to enter. Which I did, to find that the four Constitutional Lawn people had sat in a rather unfriendly row facing the door. Two had swivel chairs pumped up to maximum altitude

while the other two, being very tall, didn't need any extra height to enhance their ability to intimidate.

I, meanwhile, got to sit myself down in a low, padded comfy chair where my head was at approximately belly-button level to the four academics. They proceeded to harangue me for about twenty minutes, describing me as a serial disruptor of lectures (which was not *entirely* true - I would have used the word 'occasional'), accusing me of being 'arrogant and impudent' (actual quote), and demanding an apology. I apologised for being "disruptive" (fair enough) but refused to apologise for the 'please - go on' thing which, as it turned out, was what had really, really offended the lecturer in question.

What could I say? When a lecturer asks something like "do you have a question?", the wayward student has two possible courses of action:

(1) Say "no" and shut up (this is a form of capitulation)

(2) Reply in a similar vein.

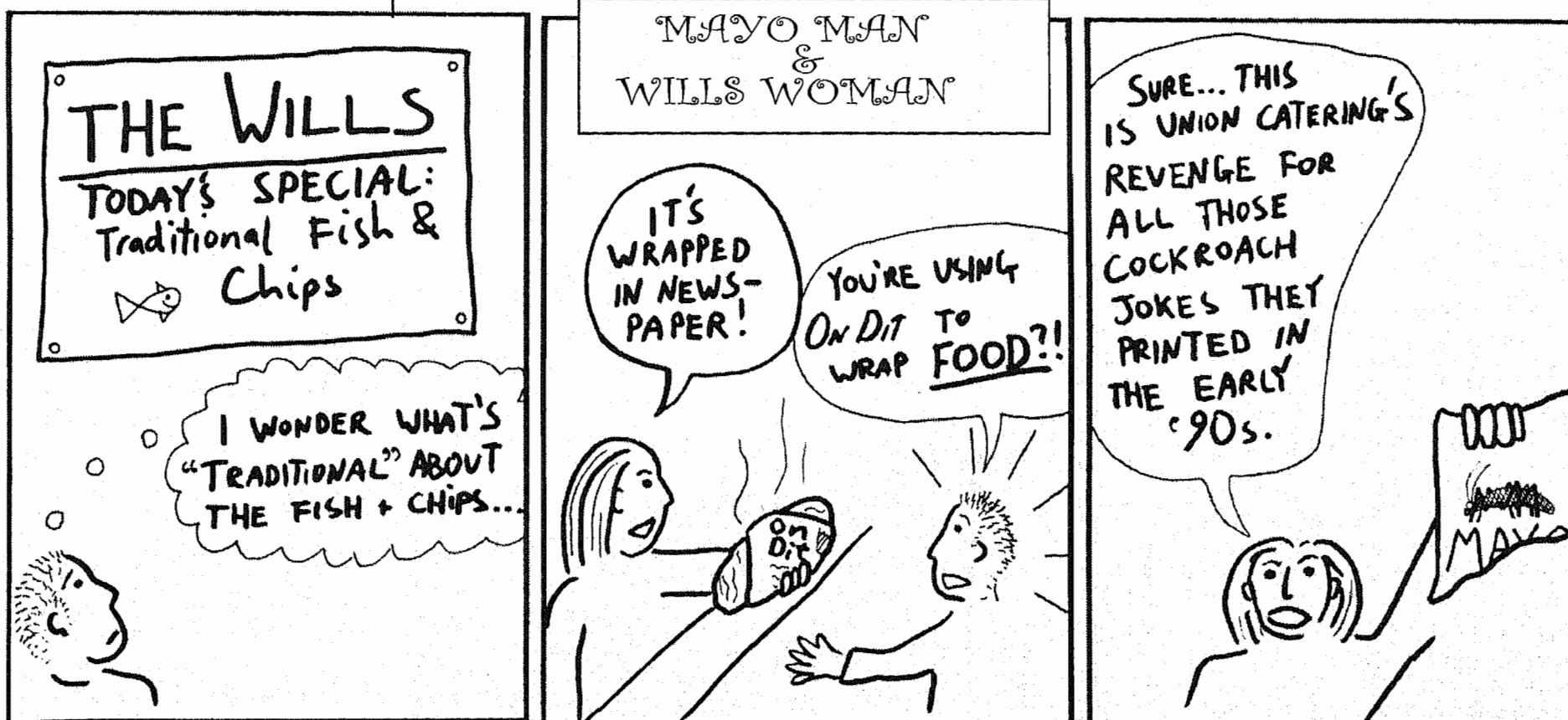
Eventually they got tired of trying to convince me to say sorry and decided to make up their own apology and pretend I had said it.

"Well, we'll assume you have apologised. You can go now."

I felt like denying it, but by that stage I was sick of the whole thing. So I just left.

I understand that the Faculty no longer does this.

Lyndsay de Hennezelle  
(not my real name)





# Reclaim the Streets

How often have you been in the middle of a major road... you look around and there's lots of people who seem happy to be there; they're having picnics, dancing to live bands, skateboarding, or just hanging out on couches with friends? You're standing next to a permaculture garden offering free plants to take home, someone on stilts walks by, and down the road a bit there's kids playing, people juggling, and frisbees flying. In fact, all around you, wherever you look, the street is decorated with colour, it's alive with rhythms and the sounds of people interacting, and you feel like you've stumbled across some crazy carnival in the middle of the city.



Yeah right... it sounds like the stuff of imagination, but it did happen for real on March 25th last year when Adelaide's first Reclaim The Streets party took over Hindley Street West and it's going to happen again on March 31st this year. You and everyone else are invited to be part of the realisation of "a collective day-dream".

Reclaim the Streets last year saw several hundred people gather in Victoria Square with a strong feeling of expectation. The myriad of colourful costumes, giant streamers and brightly painted banners followed a snaking dragon and a vegetable oil powered van to the secret location. Hindley Street West was then taken over as public space, much noise was made and revellery continued long into the evening. A safe, hassle-free environment was created in one of Adelaide's city streets, outside of the usual constraints of bureaucratic, hierarchical organisation.

This year, Reclaim the Streets, often referred to as RTS, will once again gather in Victoria Square at 12 noon and will then move en masse to a destination known only to a few organisers. Artists for the day include Batterz, Toaster, Sankofa, Home For The Def, Azur, Andrew Bunney and the Trade Union Choir. DJs Ollie, Rory, Snrub, and Morph will be there spinning discs. You can watch Capoeira demonstrations, listen to poets, check out some street art, and discover many other entertainment surprises. An open mike will be set up for people who'd like to bring their own instruments and perform.

## History of RTS

In her 2000 book *No Logo* Naomi Klein explains how the RTS movement came into being. It was the mid 1990s in the U.K. and the newly introduced Criminal Justice Act 1994 gave police far-reaching powers including the right to seize sound equipment and deal harshly with ravers in

any public confrontation. In response, new alliances were forged amongst various countercultures including the rave scene, squatters facing eviction, new-age travellers, and "eco-warriors" protesting the paving over of Britain's woodland areas by building tree houses and digging tunnels in the bulldozers' path. The common theme to emerge among these groups was the right to uncolonized space - for homes, for trees, for gathering, for dancing.

"Since 1995, RTS has been hijacking busy streets, major intersections and even stretches of highway for spontaneous gatherings. In an instant, a crowd of seemingly impromptu partyers transforms a traffic artery into a surrealist playpen." (*No Logo*, p. 312)

## Why reclaim our streets?

Reclaim the Streets parties are about a lot of things: challenging the dominant car culture and the corporatisation of our cities, reclaiming public space, having a good time and much more. A few of the issues are:

### Transport issues

RTS raises the wider questions behind the transport issue - about the political and economic forces which drive 'car culture'. Governments claim that 'roads are good for the economy'. More goods travelling on longer journeys, more petrol being burnt, more customers at out-of-town supermarkets - it's all about increasing consumption because that is an indicator of economic growth. The greedy, short-term exploitation of dwindling resources regardless of the immediate or long-term costs.

### Corporate control of public space

How much of our public space do we actually feel some sense of ownership over? How much of our public space seems to be strictly for commodity exchange rather than for the simple joy of being alive? How much of our public space is designed by stale bureaucracies and becomes a reflec-

tion of this mentality? Klein (2000) notes that the street has become the hottest commodity in advertising culture. Unlike any Grand Prix, V8 car race or horse trial, RTS parties give temporary relief from the cold lifelessness typically associated with urban centres, designed only for rigid market-based behaviour. RTS demands that we have some uncommercialised space in our cities. Partygoers attempt to fill the space left by commerce with an alternative vision of what society might look like in the absence of commercial control (Klein, 2000).

And... just in case you're still deciding whether to come to RTS, here's a few more reasons why to get out there and reclaim the streets in Adelaide again this year:

### Street parties are liberating

A street party celebrates temporary liberation from the established order; it marks the suspension of all hierarchy, rank, privileges, norms and prohibitions. Crowds of people on the streets seized by a sudden awareness of their power and unification through a celebration of their own ideas and creations. Street parties and festivals are not spectacles seen by other people, but the very opposite, in that they involve the active participation of the crowd itself. The very idea embraces all people and RTS as an event has successfully harnessed this concept. Klein notes that spontaneous street parties are an extension of the do-it-yourself lifestyle. RTS parties assert that people can make their own fun without asking the permission of any authority or using any corporate sponsorship.

### Re-establishing a sense of community

The privatisation of public space in the form of the car continues the erosion of neighbourhood and community that defines the metropolis. Road schemes, business "parks, shopping developments - all add up to the disintegration of community and the flattening of a locality. Everywhere becomes the same as everywhere else.

Community becomes commodity - a shopping village, sedated and under constant surveillance. The desire for community is then fulfilled elsewhere, through spectacle, sold to us in simulated form. A TV soap "street" or "square" mimicking the area that concrete and capitalism are destroying. The real street, in this scenario, is sterile. A place to move through not to be in. It exists only as an aid to somewhere else - through a shop window, billboard or petrol tank (London RTS).

### RTS is a global movement

RTS parties have been held in London, Berlin, Helsinki, Toronto, Geneva, Tel Aviv, Birmingham, Dublin, Berkeley, Sydney and many other cities around the world.

So, let us continue the carnival! Come dance in the streets of sleepy old Adelaide once more. On Saturday, March 31st converge at Victoria Square at 12 noon to move to the secret location where we're going to create a free family festival of fun, frolicking, funking, and freedom from fast traffic. Pack a picnic, wear a costume, bring your friends and whatever you can think of to transform the everyday street scene; armchairs, carpet, potplants, frisbees, works of art to exhibit, skateboards, kites, a game of twister etc... And bring your bodies ready to groove until the middle of the night.

For more info, check out our website: <http://www.freespeech.org/rtssadelaide>

Sandy Tofu

**RECLAIM THE STREETS**

**SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 2001,  
12 NOON  
meet at VICTORIA SQUARE**



# Mummy, why is Ryan so Special?

For several weeks now, the political phenomena known as the Ryan by-election has dominated the media, and one may be forgiven for questioning why the results of just one electorate are so all-important. The region has been swamped by a cavalcade of political attention, with both candidates and leaders from all the major parties actively seeking support. Residents of Ryan have become accustomed to letterboxes jammed full of pamphlets, telephone calls night after night from party members, and shopping trips made side by side with politicians and their media friends in tow.

The reason behind this attention is not merely an effort by politicians to have a bit of fun with the electorate, but the apparently enormous predictive power of Ryan for the next Federal election. As a traditionally safe Liberal seat, Ryan seems set to become the target for an anti-Liberal

protest vote which will see the seat safely handed to Labor. The Opposition have always downplayed their chances of victory, saying that although they are hopeful, a 9.5 per cent swing could be difficult to achieve. However, the latest opinion polls taken on Thursday indicated Liberal with 32% of the primary vote and Labor 37%, and after Labor's success in securing preferences from minor parties like the Greens, that 9.5% swing doesn't look too difficult at all.

John Howard has been nervously trying to avoid the Liberal protest vote from the Ryan constituents, something that could easily translate into national sentiment at the next Federal election. Anger over the complexity of the Business Activity Statement and general discontent still lingering from the introduction of the GST have teamed up with rising petrol prices and perhaps even the current economic downturn to make the

Liberals a target for resentment. The Liberals responded in part with letters to traditional Liberal voting households and 15,000 videos asking voters not to lodge a protest vote. Howard believes a protest vote will only encourage Labor's negative tactics and let them cruise into office without ever clearly outlining their policies.

The Ryan turf war does not seem to limit itself to only the major parties; Senator Bob Brown from the Greens says that there is a second tier-contest, that between the Greens and the Democrats. The Democrats have come under fire from some voters who hold them responsible for problems associated with the GST. A second problem comes from the leadership challenge between Meg Lees and Natasha Stott Despoja, which threatens to leave the Democrats and an unstable House divided if this cannot be resolved. The real contest of

the minor parties may prove to be between the Greens and One Nation. Both parties provide very clear positions on the political spectrum. The Greens are particularly strong in the seat of Ryan as 14.8% of the constituency attends a tertiary institution, which is the highest rate of any Queensland electorate. The Greens have always had a strong support base in students.

Being in an area that covers a large number of marginal seats, Ryan is used to withstanding a potent campaign, which will obviously produce a large number of informed voters. The results of the election should prove a very interesting indicator of political things to come.

**Elijah Lawson**

Sources: *The Australian*  
ABC Internet site: [www.abc.net.au](http://www.abc.net.au)

## News Bites with Leila Hallak

### Mir Falling Faster

The Mir space station, which is expected to crash to Earth next week, has lost about three kilometres in altitude in the past 24 hours. It will lose about another 20 kilometres before re-entering the atmosphere and plunging into the Pacific Ocean somewhere between New Zealand and Chile. However, in view of a number of technical problems on the space station in recent years, several governments have expressed their concern that Mir may miss its target. Launched in 1986, Mir is being brought to Earth because Russia can no longer afford to finance it.

{Source: [www.worldnews.com](http://www.worldnews.com)}

### Sharon Government to Relax Blockade

Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has announced details of his government's plan to ease the economic blockade on Palestinian territories. Internationally condemned, the blockade prevented the entry of goods such as raw materials and merchandise, but once lifted will allow Palestinians to move freely through and between towns, fishing will be authorised and goods will be permit-

ted to enter Palestinian areas. Also, work will resume on a power station.

Despite the announcement to ease the blockade, Palestinians still protest against the killing of their people, (345 Palestinians have been killed since their uprising erupted in late September). While seen as a step forward to achieving long sought-after peace within the region, Prime Minister Sharon said the threat of bomb attacks on Israel meant the internal blockade of major towns would continue. And that leaves many Palestinians dependent on international aid, including families who've lost their homes in the fighting who will now be living in tents delivered by the International Red Cross.

{Source: [www.sbs.com](http://www.sbs.com)}

### Shock Tactics for Gun-Toting Teens

In a tactic created to reduce the number of schoolyard shootings, American kids who take guns to school or threaten classmates with violence will be forced to view bodies of murder victims at the County Coroner's Office. This is part of a plan endorsed by the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors last Wednesday. Board

supervisor Mike Antonovich said "It is important to make young people realise the consequences of their actions...We need to restore responsibility to the classroom. Education is what schools are for - not a breeding ground for violence." The board felt that punishing students by making them see the dead could provide the traumatic shock they need. Since 15-year-old Andy Williams killed two fellow students and injured 13 others at Santana High School last week, police have had to arrest 11 other children in order to combat 'copy-cats' after making threats or bringing weapons to school.

The new law will apply to students from all 81 school districts and 13 community college districts that the Los Angeles County Office of Education oversees, from first graders through to 12th graders.

{Source: [www.theadvertiser.com.au](http://www.theadvertiser.com.au)}

### Ban Ensures Lees' Silence

Queensland Democrat party officials have banned 'not-so-perky' leader Meg Lees from handing out old newspaper articles in a controversial ruling on federal leadership campaign material. The ban came as South Australian deputy leader Sandra Kanck agreed to stop making any further comment on the leadership battle between Senator Lees and deputy leader Senator Natasha Stott Despoja, after previous shockers such as stating that women over 50 were resented because "their breasts were no longer pert".

While Senator Lees' supporters claim that the ban is a violation of free speech, federal party president (and Stott Despoja supporter) Dr. Michael Macklin told angry members to stay calm. The move against Senator Lees took place in Brisbane on Tuesday during a meeting for members to hear the senator put her case to retain the leadership. The two A4 pieces of paper with copies of newspaper clippings supportive of Lees' leadership are no longer being distributed.

### Australian Economy at All-Time Low, and We're Not The Only Ones

Hours after Australian Prime Minister John Howard claimed that our economy was "in good shape" last week, the Australian dollar plunged under US50 cents for the first time since the currency was floated in 1983. Our dollar sank to an alarming US49.99 cents, quashing rumours that the Reserve Bank was buying to keep it above the US50 cent level. And Australia is not alone, with bank share prices plunging in Tokyo, falling stock prices across Europe and slumping trade on the New York Stock Exchange. New York Chairman of First Albany Asset Management, Hugh Johnson, claims that the poor state of the US economy is being reflected in the faltering trade in company shares on Wall Street.

{Sources: [www.sbs.com.au](http://www.sbs.com.au) and [www.theaustralian.com.au](http://www.theaustralian.com.au)}

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# Why the World Trade Organisation is Evil: Part 1

By Ella McHenry

In a recent address to the Rotary Club of Canberra, foreign minister Alexander Downer sent out a reassuring message to all of us beginning to wonder about the real agenda of the World Trade Organisation (WTO) and the seemingly unstoppable process of globalisation. Globalisation, you see (with the WTO at its helm), will create a "world in which individuals and peoples are more aware of each others' concerns and, hopefully, more able to contribute towards improving the quality of life of each and everyone." Minister for Trade Mark Vaile is similarly euphoric about the benefits of free trade and globalisation.

Well, in that case, we can thank our lucky stars that the WTO didn't even let the salt and pepper spray settle on the streets of Seattle before launching into a new round of negotiations regarding the expansion of global rules on cross-border trade in services. The negotiations held in February after the Seattle protests dealt with what is known as the General Agreement on Trade in Services (GATS). These negotiations aim to remove all impediments to international privatisation of health care, hospital care, home care, dental care, child care, elder care, education - primary, secondary and post-secondary, museums, libraries, law, social assistance, architecture, energy, water services, environmental protection services, real estate, insurance, tourism, postal services, transportation, publishing, broadcasting and many others by 2002. And no, unfortunately, I am not making this up. How exactly this will contribute to the greater good I am not exactly sure. Over the past few decades the structural adjustment programs of the IMF and World Bank have been used to force many governments in the economic South to dismantle public services and allow foreign based healthcare and water corporations to provide services on a for-profit basis. This has not exactly done a huge amount to redress issues of poverty and inequity to date so there is really no reason to expect that it will in the future. The creation of new monopolies of corporate service providers based in the North does not strike me as a "process that offers great opportunities and rewards for all peoples of the world". The Australian experience of privatisation of services has not exactly been all hunky and dory either.

So is the WTO really serving the interests of the people or does their agenda serve the interests of multi-

national corporations? I think it is worth remembering that the WTO and its predecessor the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade were established following WW2 as a way of ensuring a lasting worldwide peace. This original function seems to have been obscured by the enormous amount of power wielded by multinational corporations. Public services comprise 70% of the economy. GATS allows for this lucrative market to be handed over to big business whose only objective is to make money.

The CEO of the world's largest for-profit hospital corporation, US-based Columbia/HCA, argues that health care is an industry like any other, not dissimilar to the airline or ballbearing industry, for example. He has vowed to destroy every public hospital in North America. If predictions from investment house such as Merrill Lynch are correct, public education will be privatised within the next decade. If the GATS 2000 agenda is passed it will comprise a major attack on our basic rights as enshrined in the UN Declaration of Human Rights. Under the GATS agenda, access to health care and education will not be granted on the basis of one's humanity but on the basis of one's wealth. And okay, things are pretty much like that at the moment but the really alarming thing about GATS is that once signed, governments will be unable to act in the public interest even if they tried. Indeed, if they were to they could be sued for hundreds of millions of dollars (loss of profit). At least at the moment if a government were to be elected with some belief in the concept of governments existing to provide services to people, measures could be taken to institute such services.

Furthermore, the GATS agenda goes beyond merely speeding corporate ownership of everything under the sun. Constraints imposed would apply to almost all government measures regarding trade-in-services. This means that labour laws, consumer protection regulations, licencing standards and limitations on access to markets (to name but a few) could be phased out as they constitute "barriers" to international trade and commercial competition.

I think it is worth remembering that Mr Downer is very fond of telling people that Australia is one of the world's oldest continuously functioning democracies. Yet he supports the WTO and its activities which undermine the ability of countries to function effectively as democracies with power focused squarely in the hands

of elected representatives rather than transnational corporations. He condemns the Seattle protesters and their counterparts in Nice, Prague and Melbourne as "globaphobes". Yet these protests are aimed at upholding human rights and ensuring that it is these basic and inalienable rights that are extended across the globe rather than corporate domination and exploitation. Have I just been seduced by the "palpably false" rhetoric of these so called globaphobes or does the GATS agenda pose a serious threat to the basic rights that myself and many millions of others hold dear?

All this may seem overwhelming but there is a growing movement against the corporate tyranny engulfing the world at present. In 1998 the Australian STOP MAI (Multilateral Agreement on Investment) campaign successfully reversed the Australian government's stance on the MAI which was said to have had an impact on the subsequent collapse of the agreement internationally. The protests we have seen across the world show that there is a growing movement aiming to end the domination of economic rationalism as the overriding wisdom of our age. The rights that agreements such as MAI and GATS would undermine were won only through organised people power. The same sort of approach seems to be the only way we will keep those rights. There is stacks of stuff happening that you can get involved in if GATS has alarmed you enough to get you active. The Adelaide M1 Alliance is organising to blockade the stock exchange building (the Santos building) on May the 1st as a follow up to the S11 protests and a part of a nationwide shutdown of the Australian Stock Exchange (meetings are every Thursday at 6:30 in the Canon Poole Room, level 6 of the union building). Reclaim the Streets will reclaim our public space from traffic and money making institutions on the 31st of March from 12pm at Victoria Square, the next campaign for Community Aid Abroad focuses on empowering people rather than corporations, and yes I know most people dismiss everyone at Resistance as a bunch of Cuba loving hippies but they do actually have some excellent campaigns, etc etc (this is just stuff I can think of off the top of my head). Organised people are a powerful force. And organising to protest against the corporatisation of the world is the only way we have the least chance of stopping 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

Friday the 30th of March is the Feast Quiz night. Pride is getting a table together and if there is enough interest they will book two. If you go up to the Rainbow Room (level 6 of Union House, opposite the Gallery) there is a sheet on the table where you can put your name down. Otherwise contact Les at [auprideclub@hotmail.com](mailto:auprideclub@hotmail.com).

Starting this Tuesday evening and running for six weeks is a series of workshops on Gay Relationships run by 'Inside Out'. The workshops will include a wide range of topics from; sexual health, intimacy and trust to power plays and negative dynamics. This is for young gay and bi men under 26 years. Call Dean or Leanne at Second Story on 8232 0233.

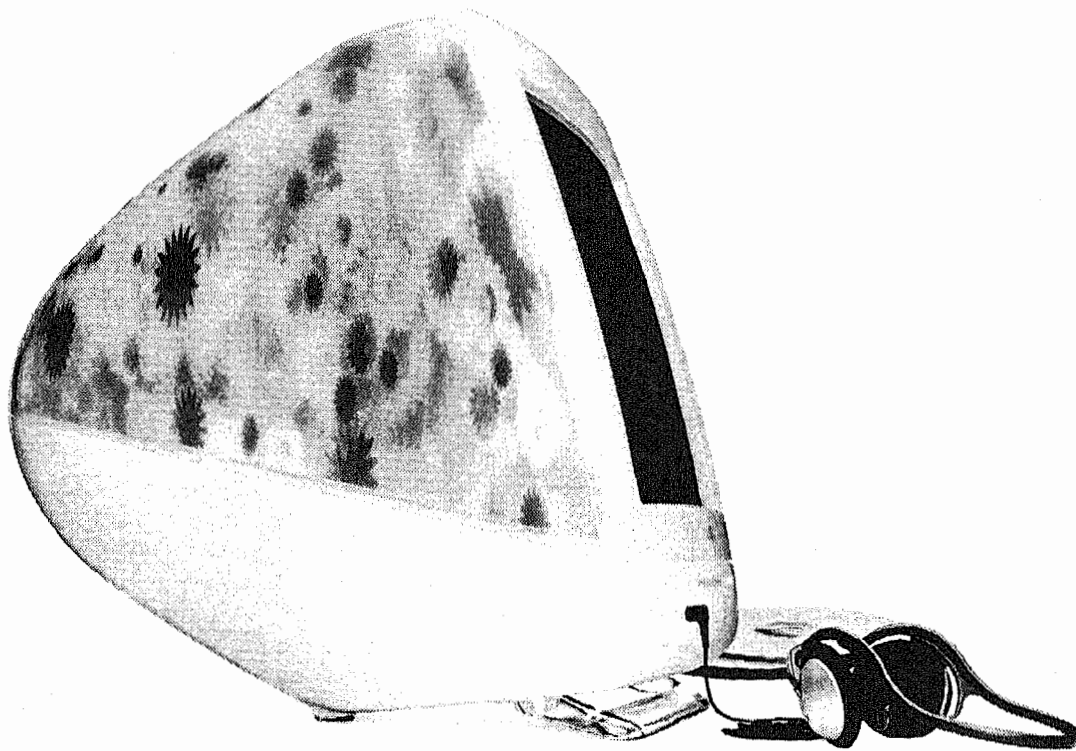
This Wednesday from 6pm until 8pm there's 'Talking About Female Sexuality' (TAFS). This is also for women under 26 years and is held at the Parks Youth Service. This week seems to be a games night, for more information contact Belinda on 8243 5677.

### ACTION

This weeks action is aimed at the Queer kids only. We try to make most of our actions suitable for any sexuality but some are specialised! Almost all queer kids will understand when we talk about how alone you can feel when you realise you are not hetero. If there is another person whom you have a feeling is not hetero then go and have chat with them. This may seem really poxy but it's a way of strengthening community bonds. All you need to do is go and chat to another person you suspect is bi or gay etc. You can chat about anything or even just say hi but make contact, this is so you don't feel too alone and helps others in the same position.



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# Dying to be thin

If you've ever watch TV or read the newspaper, you'd know that more and more women are suffering from eating disorders such as anorexia nervosa and bulimia nervosa, and that the will to diet just to be thin is even affecting very young girls. What is so hypocritical is that the same newspapers, TV programs and so called 'women's magazines' that purport to care so much about this issue actually perpetuate the culture that makes women believe that their bodies are wrong.

From the moment we are old enough to take in images, women are brainwashed into believing that they must become the 'ideal women' if they are to be of any worth. The ideal is of coarse unnaturally thin, white, 'feminine,' with perfect skin, even features and although she is sexually available for men, she's not too sexually dominant. The aim is to make women desire the unattainable, and then sell them products that claim to achieve these usually unachievable, and not necessarily desirable, ideals.

Anorexia and Bulimia are the extreme end of the eating disorder scales, but this does not mean that they are uncommon. In fact one in every two hundred girls becomes anorexic, of which fifty percent will recover, but perhaps never have a good relationship with food. Of the remaining fifty percent, forty five percent will have an on going problem with food, and five percent will die from starvation, heart failure or suicide. Eating disorders, or at the very least un-

healthy attitudes towards food and bodies are so common that very few of you reading this have not been touched by the legacy of eating disorders. This sort of anecdotal evidence is indicative of the prevalence of the problem in our society.

That our society shapes women who would rather die then be fat, is an indictment of the market driven forces which control the media and the dieting industry. Never forget that there is an entire industry revolving around 'helping' people starve their bodies. It is important that people don't fall into the trap of believing that eating disorders are just a mental illness that *just happens to overwhelmingly affect more women than men.* Some men do have eating disorders, and their experiences are just as difficult and valid as those of the women effected. However, the pressures on most men to conform to physical ideals at any cost, is nowhere near as prevalent as those placed on women.

For more information contact:

Anorexia Bulimia Nervosa Association Inc. - (08) 8212 1644

Wirringa Health Centre - 8303 5220

If you are interested in helping with body image/ eating disorder campaigns, on campus contact Anais Chevalier, SAUA Women's Officer on 8303 5406 or email me on [anais@arcom.com.au](mailto:anais@arcom.com.au)

**This article was written by Sarah McBractney, NUS National Women's Officer, with additional material by Anais Chevalier.**

## Big Fat Lies

- The post-1960 daughter sees more images of impossibly 'beautiful' women engaged in one day than her mother saw throughout adolescence
- Women are choosing success in losing 10-15 pounds above success in work, love and even fear being fat more than they fear death
- At any given time 25-50% of women are on diets, with 50% finishing, starting or breaking one
- 95% of dieters will regain the weight after the diet is over, plus extra
- When poor health is correlated with fatness in women it is due to chronic dieting and the emotional stress and self hatred associated with the stigma of fatness
- Recent studies show that women may live longer and be generally healthier if they weigh 10-15% above the life-insurance figures and refrain from dieting
- Studies show that dieting may be a sufficient condition in itself for the development of anorexia and bulimia nervosa
- America, which has the greatest number of women who have made it into the male sphere, also leads the world with female anorexia
- In Britain it is estimated that there are 3.5 million cases of anorexia and bulimia (95% are females) with 6000 new cases yearly
- In a recent South Australian survey, 46.6% of female high school students were as intensely preoccupied with being thin as were patients in treatment for eating disorders
- The anorexic patient is thinner now than previous generations of patients admitted into hospital
- The percentage of medically underweight women who think they are fat is 45%
- Up to 85% of western women overestimate their body size
- A generation ago the average model weighed less than the average American woman - today she weighs 23% less
- In India, one of the poorest countries in the world, the very poorest women eat 1400 calories a day, or 600 more than a western woman on the Hilton Head Diet
- The diet industry is a multibillion dollar industry and relies on consumers to feel insecure about their bodies and eating habits to buy their products

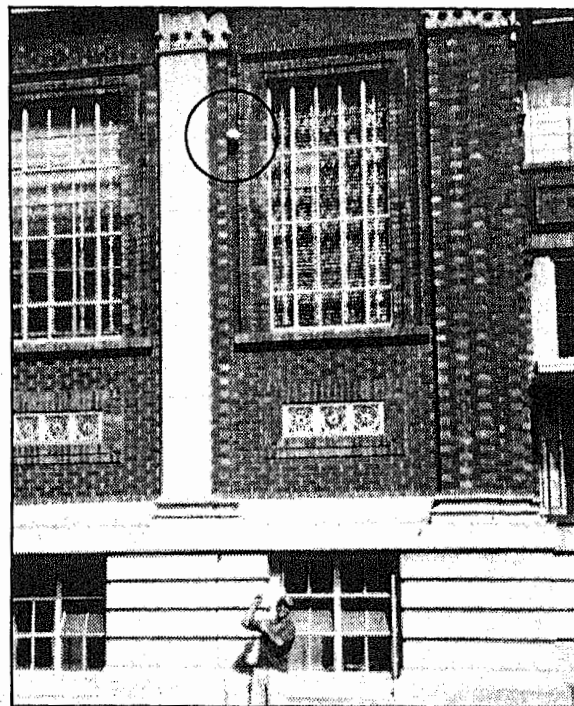
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[www.adelaide.edu.au/secretariat/  
student\\_elections/index.html](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/secretariat/student_elections/index.html)



## Barr Smith Library Eats Student's Ball

Late last week tragedy struck a group of students on the Lawns when their soccer ball became lodged near the top of the North-facing wall of the Library. This raises a number of questions:

Is the Library angry?

Is there any truth to the rumour that the ball's owner has had a Reserve Collection book out since 1997?

Has the latest round of funding cuts left the Library so hungry it has to eat sporting equipment?

As *On Dit* goes to print the ball is still there.



# Whose fantasy do you want to be?

## The Reality of Date-Rape Drugs

I have a confession to make, one of which I am not proud. Last Saturday night, while having a bit of a boogie, I left my bicardi and coke unguarded at a table. I stationed myself on the dance floor such that I could still see where it was and so I didn't think there was anything to worry about. After all, what were the chances of somebody spiking my drink?

That same night, I was horrified to discover the next day, a friend of mine spent most of his night on the street or over a toilet bowl in tears, vomiting, struggling to breathe and even at times losing consciousness as a small group of friends tried to help him from having to be hospitalised. The good news was that he made a recovery. The bad news was that he suffered tremendous personal pain and humiliation for no other reason other than making a tiny mistake. He would not be the first person to make it and he certainly will not be the last. In short, he, in a slightly drunken state, accepted a free drink from a stranger. Within minutes, he had become another victim of Rohypnol.

Rohypnol is perhaps the most dangerous date-rape/club drug currently available. Dangerous, because it is almost impossible to detect and very easy to slip into drinks. It has no detectable taste, odour or colour.

Rohypnol is the common name for Flunirazepam, and its street names include Roofies, roach, Mexican Valium and rope. In combination with other drugs or alcohol, Rohypnol can be lethal. Its sedative effects can begin within half an hour of ingestion and may last up to 8 hours. Victims often pass out or become so dazed that they can neither remember nor control what is going on around them.

The disturbing reality about Rohypnol is that there are people around who actually enjoy seeing people fall victim to this drug - it's like a perverted achievement. Ideally, they want their victims to lose consciousness completely so that they can rape them, and in some cases the victims cannot even remember what has happened afterwards. For those who do remember, it can be a harrowing experience from which they may never recover. For my friend, he said the worst part was knowing that people saw him being ill and acting strangely in public and assumed he was just another drunk loser - not a good look. He learned the hard way why it is so important to follow some critically important steps when out drinking at clubs. To read them they sound so simple that it is redundant to reinforce them. However, that night saw at least one intelligent, sensible person

became another victim of Rohypnol. It could have quite easily been two. I just happened to luck out. So let's revisit the checklist:

- DON'T accept drinks from strangers unless you have seen them buy the drink and hand it straight to you. Remember: not all people who slip Rohypnol (or other date-rape drugs, for example Fantasy) into others' drinks are sleazy old undersexed men. They come in all ages, shapes, races and genders.

- DON'T leave your drink unsupervised. Even if, as I did, you keep it in sight, you only need to turn away for a few seconds - perhaps when your eye is caught by some sex god/dess on the dance floor - for somebody to whip out the Rohypnol and slip it into your drink, where you'll never notice it.

- DON'T trust your drinks with others, even your nearest and dearest friends. While they may be people you love lots and trust with your life, if they're a bit drunk or drugged themselves they may not be able to exercise the same discretion they would otherwise have. Ultimately, you have

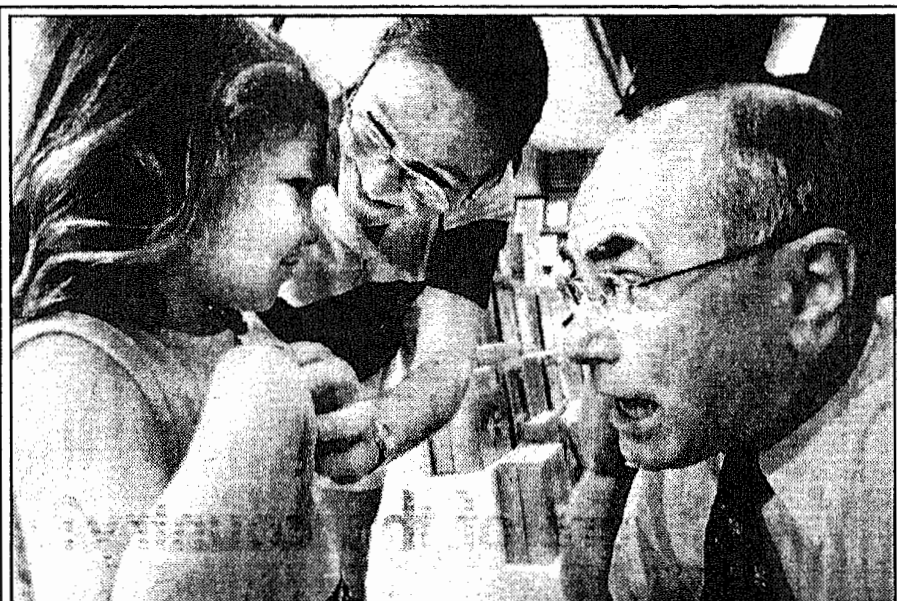


*Looking aggressive will keep others away from both you and your drink.*

to be responsible for your own drinks.

I am not writing this to preach, that would be hypocritical. I am writing to get the message out that I have learnt my lesson, a good friend has learnt his (in the worst way possible) and I don't want this to happen to anybody else. It is easy enough to avoid with a bit of careful planning and basic responsibility. It does not have to interfere with a great night partying at your favourite haunts. The preventative steps are not over the top when weighed against the possible results of falling victim to Rohypnol.

Sam Butler



## JOHN HOWARD CAPTION COMPETITION

John Howard has an almost magical ability to look bad in photographs, as this shot from *The Australian* so amply demonstrates. Unfortunately *The Australian's* sub-editorial team couldn't come up with a caption to complement the picture (or maybe they decided it didn't need one). So we set this challenge: send in your captions for printing in next week's *On Dit* and you could win a year's membership of the ALP courtesy of a certain member of the SAUA community. Enter now!

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# Parental Lecture Part 3

## Vital elements of the parental lecture: Hyperbole

Hyperbole: a difficult word to spell, an even more confusing word to pronounce (*hy-per-bol-ee*), yet still, no parental lecture would be complete without the wonderful colour that hyperbole adds. For those who aren't Arts students, hyperbole is basically the art of taking a situation and placing it into worst case scenario. For example, if you have not made your bed for the past week, then, probably in the middle of a lecture concerning how you could be so thoughtless as to eat all the cheese, your parent will throw in a sentence like 'Your bedroom looks like a bomb has hit it and I know for certain that there are cockroaches in your linen.' Now, you know the fact that there are *no* such insects in your linen (the wardrobe, however, is a different story...) and your parent probably knows this too, but the laws of hyperbole require that a parent must state the worst.

To digress, and you will find that both the matriarchal parent and English lecturers are adept at this, let me expand upon the various parental rules. When you become a parent, the previously dormant gene which disregarded the idea of rules becomes active, to the point that certain things cannot happen without parents react-

ing. This is the reason why your parent will comment, without fail, on how late you came home last night. You see, although you point out that you *told* them not to wait up for you, that they *could* have called your phone, that they *knew* you had a 21st to go to and it *is* a Saturday night, it is the genetic coding of parental rules that they will sleep only lightly until they hear you creeping in at quarter to six, and then they'll wake the whole house up by going boonta at you for being 'Out of control!'. They will say they're doing it because they love you. Here at Wayward we know they do it because it's the same principle as hitting someone's knee: they can't help it. Other parental rules include the strange hang-up that you cannot live in a room that has clothes everywhere, that you ought to attend all tutorials every week, and that it is completely appropriate to drive at 40km/h. Similar is the rule which makes your parents over-react ridiculously to the news that you have broken something (an appliance, furniture, the car) even though it's broken and there's nothing you can do about it. Likewise, it is programmed into the parental psyche to consistently bring up the question of moving out of home,

whether you actually live at home or not, as somehow there is a caveman urge that cave = security, therefore they may get you to listen to them if they threaten you about removing a roof from over your head. Sneaky, but an instinctive trick.

So, there are a few examples of the parental rule. True, the topic was supposed to be hyperbole, but you will note that very few parental lectures ever end on the same topic as they begin. You will have to accept this, as this is life, and follows the number one parental rule of all: As your parent, I am right. I am always right. Even when I am wrong, I am right, and you, dear child, are not.



Young delinquents at play. before the hyperbole strikes

## Beer Lines By Southwark Chief Brewer Tony Jones



People enjoying beer in a rustic setting

### Monky Beersness

One does not normally associate religion with beer. Yet it was from the monasteries of Europe, particularly Belgium and Austria that the craft of brewing took great strides in medieval times.

The knowledge of beer-making had been spread from the dry, grain dependent regions of Egypt and Sumeria by the conquering Greek and Roman armies. The Romans carried it with them to Britain and it was from those crude early wheat and barley brews that the un-hopped embry-

onic English ales developed.

Across the channel in Europe the Germans had taken an interest in the cultivation of the hop plant. Thus the hop found its way into beer as both a flavouring, and as would only be discovered later, a natural preservative.

Even today, when wines and many other beverages rely on the use of artificial preservatives like metabisulphite and sorbates, no such protection is required to keep beer in good condition.

In those times however, the humble hop was not universally accepted, its presence or absence being the basis for the very first division of style.

Ales, the brew of the Britons was flavoured with nettles, whilst beer (biere) was brewed with hops.

The English held scant regard for beer. It was the 14<sup>th</sup> century English soldiers returning from Flanders who first gained a taste for the hopped "biere" and demanded on their return to the homeland. But it was not universally accepted. In 1542 Boordes Dyetary recorded- "Ale made of malt and water is the natural drink of Englishmen. Beer, the drink of the Dutchmen, is composed of malt, hops and

water. Of late it is too much used in England to the great detriment of many Englishmen."

But beer was to be refined and differentiated much more in the ensuing centuries and much of the development was undertaken in the confines of the monasteries. In these times when the water was often unsafe to drink, monks brewed initially to meet their own needs. But in the middle ages monasteries and abbeys were also the principal centres of learning and study, and monks became the first brewing scientists. Monasteries also were the original traveler's inns and brewed relatively large quantities to provide an income.

In the abbeys of Belgium and nearby North Brabant province the dedication of these monk brewers lives on today. There are six abbey breweries remaining and these are all of the Trappist order. This is therefore the local name given to their unique style of beer, Trappistenbier, a style more generally known as Abbey beer.

Abbey beers are very full-bodied brews, more than likely designed to serve as a source of liquid nourishment in times of self imposed fasting such as during Lent.

The Belgian abbeys have tended to stick with the traditional top fermented and bottle conditioned formula. Some, though not all, employ the use of candy sugar, which imparts caramel notes and colour to the style and adds to the fermentable sugars from the grain. Some use fruits as well

and most are high in alcohol.

Perhaps the best known, and most readily available in Australia is the Chimay range, from the monastery of Notre Dame in the town of Chimay. The strongest of its range is Chimay Blue at 9.0% abv which is vintage dated and can be laid down. Chimay White, is an 8.0% alcohol, dry and hoppy beer with an acid finish. Chimay Red is a red-brown brew with a softer palate at a mere 7.0% alcohol. The other well known trappist offering is Orval. Their sole beer is a 4.5% alcohol, brewed from an all-malt mash with candy sugar added to the kettle along with Hallertau and English Golding hops, followed by a later dry-hopping.

Australia is a late comer to the brewing scene and has no beers of this style. Perhaps the closest we come is the complexity of a Southwark Old stout, or a Coopers Sparkling Ale.

Marketing types will tell you that these type of beers will never sell in volume, and that may well be true.

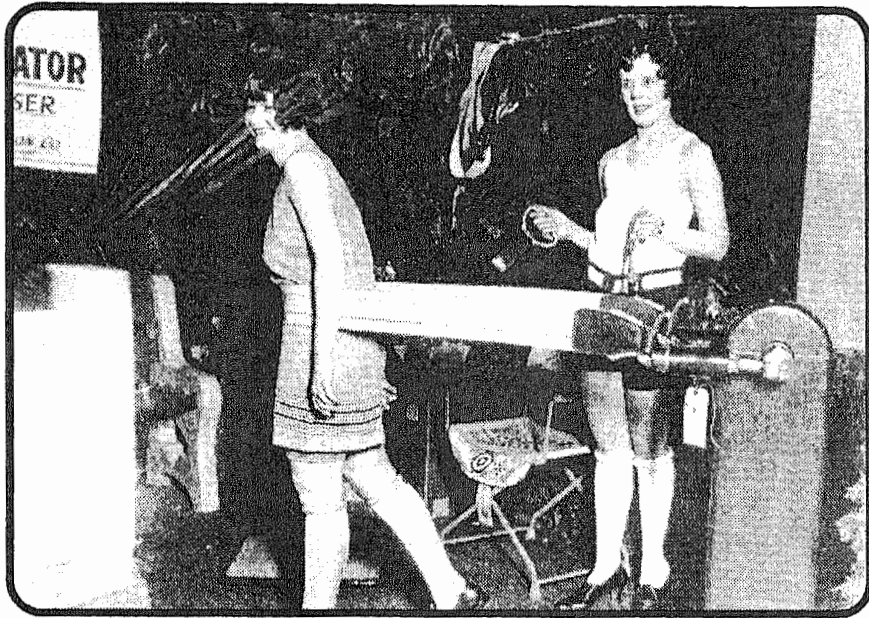
Yet all local brewers seem to have a story about the ghost of a fat old friar who wanders the depths of their cellars. Allegedly he whispers the recipes of the classic abbey style in a vain hope that one day, some wet eared young brewer will be moved to try his hand at imitation.

We can only hope.

For those with an interest the abbey style, the Stein Club will be tasting one of the Chimay range in the Uni Bar this Thursday. Be there.



# My Life at the Gym April 2000 - February 2001



*Some people will do anything for fitness...*

Let's get one thing straight before I even begin: I was never meant to be a gym junkie, because I am an inherently lazy person. Filling out those cards that say how much I can lift; going to 6 am aerobics classes; doing a forty-five minute cardio workout followed by a half-hour strength training session. Nope, nope, nope. Not for me.

Give me flopping around on a sofa in the *On Dit* Office, spending late (week) nights sitting outside the pub with my friends, and most of all sleeping, especially through the hours of 9am to 12noon (because as we all know, sleeping through those hours makes you far more productive for the rest of the day).

Yet last April, I let a strange bout of fitness fanaticism infiltrate my happily lazy life, and came dangerously close to become the thing I've always despised the most - someone who cares about their health. Luckily, now I have this job where I work a hundred hours a week (70 hours actual work and 30 hours mucking around), it is in no danger of happening again.

But I remember my period of fanaticism (which I managed to sustain for approximately 11 months) with a sort of fondness, and remember the days when I actually had energy, like a 70 year old who longs for the time they were able to walk without a cane. My time is over now. But for those people like myself who will never belong in the gym, I am passing on a few words of wisdom, and the lessons I learnt from my time of trying to fit in with the lycra clad crowd, in the hope they will have more success than I did pursuing the distant dream of fitness.

## Lesson #1 - The attire

In a gym, it is impossible to emphasise enough the importance of looking the part, as quite frankly, if you show up in your old trackie dacks and mid-ninties Sportsgirl T-shirts, none of the gym hacks are going to take you seriously. This could lead to ugly and potentially confrontational situations when the gym hacks try and assert their hack-status authority over you in the fight for the precious last treadmill. But don't worry, because this situation

can be easily avoided. Invest in a pair of not-too-tight lycra pants from Rowe and Jarman, get your friend who's going over to Malaysia to buy you a couple of 'Reebokk' T-shirts, and you're set.

## Lesson #2 - Picking your class

First of all, beware of any classes with the words 'pump', 'attack,' or 'hi-impact' in their titles. Just because you made the effort to join a gym does not mean you are automatically fit, and these classes may just kill you. Yoga and stretching type classes are a good place to start, as are classes with the words 'lite' and 'lo-impact' in their titles.

The most important thing: do classes with instructors you like and music you like. Sometimes I used to be on the verge of taking a 'not-fit-enough' break (the most embarrassing kind, when you are the only person in the class that stops and desperately gulps down water to the secret delight of your peers), when the instructor would start jumping around, 'disco inferno' came on and my sense of energy was renewed.

## Lesson #3 - Surviving the weight room

The weight room, aka the most intimidating place in the gym, is not a place where novices like us are welcome. On this point I can only say 'avoid at all costs', unless you are flanked by a member of gym staff. You might as well just do aerobic classes until you are fit enough to lift weights anyway.\* This place is out of your league, and the people in it are scary. Which conveniently leads me on to my next point...

## Lesson #4 - Beware the gym hack

Believe it or not, but there are people out there who go the gym *every single day*, and these people are some of the saddest people in the world. Gym hacks do not have any distinct demographic or any defining ulterior motive - the gym is their life, it's as simple as that. It should be easy just to feel sorry for them, if only they didn't have so much bloody attitude.

How to spot a gym hack:

1. They are in the front row of every class, never stop to take breaks, and do irritating things like adding extra height to their step in a step class or using a heavier weight than everyone else, just to make themselves look good.

2. They loiter around the lobby of the gym with all the other gym-hacks, and also spend a significant amount of time schmoozing the gym staff.

3. They have proper gym equipment: special walkman holders made from wetsuit material, those special gloves for lifting weights, large water-bottles, a variety of different gym outfits and possibly their own hairdrier, all stored in their own locker down in the change rooms that has their nickname stenciled on the door, just to prove that they are a permanent resident of the gym.

Gym hacks swan about like they own the place, they hog the equipment and they make the gym a less pleasant place for everyone else. And worst of all, they remind you of the level of fitness you will never attain.

## Lesson #5 - Personal training

After you have been going for a while, the initial adrenalin of your new found fitness will inevitably wear off. This is known as the 'six month slump', and you know the slump has struck when instead of going to the 7pm Tai-bo class you have religiously attended for months, you decide that you would much rather hang out at your friend's house and watch the fabulous Monday night television line-up. If you want to

get any more value out of your membership, now is the time for drastic action on your part.

Personal training sessions are not cheap, especially since prices tend to mysteriously fluctuate depending on what time of year it is, what kind of membership you have etc. Personal training takes you through all the weights, and leaves you to do all the aerobic stuff on your own at another time - which is good in that weights are generally the hardest part. The key is to find a nice trainer, who will take you around and load up all your weights for you, and then give you a very nice shoulder massage at the end of it all. The best part is that it makes you feel very exclusive. The worst part is that this exclusivity comes at a cost. But if you can afford it, I would give it some consideration.

That's it kids, your easy guide to surviving the ruthless world of the gym. It's not going to be easy, but I'm sure if you persevere, you will have more luck than I did in keeping passion alive.

Finally, always remember the counter-action rule. If you go to the gym in the morning, then eat junk food and drink beer for the rest of the day, you are merely counter-acting the exercise you have already done, rewarding yourself even. This is perfectly acceptable, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

**Penny Chalke**

\* Not factually correct, but fits in well with my argument.

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# Tyres and Scriptures

by Iordearl

I think the main problem is that most people have a hazy, amorphous recollection of their past. For example, most humans can't really remember too many details about their birth. When asked "What was it like when you were born?" They generally reply "I don't really know" or "How am I supposed to remember?" Even other instances, and often important ones at that (such as being born), are quite neglectfully remembered. One might ask why this is a problem – for once in your life, abandon your proclivity to be curious and just accept that it is a problem, a really big problem.

Having established that our detail-less understanding of our past is a gargantuan puncture in the superiority of our species, the next question one might ask is "how might we repair this puncture?" Here, your human inclination to be curious would be entirely justified. Here's a pillow to sit on (it will make the reading of this much easier): if whilst riding along on a pushbike which has airtight, airfull tyres you find yourself, perhaps after a comfortable, almost ecstatic ten minutes of riding, to be feeling the vibratory grind of the metal rims of your wheels upon the ground, you would not be justified in

asking "Why is my tyre flat?" Because it does not solve the problem. It is a curious, but useless question. You would, however be justified in asking, "How might I fix my curiously punctured tyre?" Because it is a question which might lead to a solution to your problem. There are, of course, questions you could ask at this time, such as "If I were to buy a car, would that aid me in my quest to get from A to B?" or "Should I walk the rest of the way?" But in a typical lecturer's style, I'll say that we are not concerned with these questions at this point in time. Just focus your mind solely upon the distinctive line of my allegorical dictations.

But here's the crux of the situation - the above analogy really is useless, it is really useless. There is no solution to the problem first outlined (the one about our inability to remember each and every detail of each and every event we encounter). There is a solution to the second problem, but big deal. I should like to pull the pillow just donned under your sore-pressed buttocks and promptly leave you in the position that you were in before you began to ponder this article. So here we are, back at the start, and by now, I have deadened your

curiosity and perhaps invoked some philosophical thoughts about time, being, and/or necessity.

You might recall that I wrote above "but in a typical lecturer's style". If not, look above with any grains of remaining curiosity you might have sustained thus far. When asked whether his new album was a political commentary, Green Day front man Billie Joe Armstrong uttered a few words which struck me as rather intelligent and indicated that he thinks about more than just doing nothing. He said, "Well, I'm not sure if it's a political commentary because I'm not much of a politician." And this is the main problem. How can I, who have never taken a single lecture in my short and meaningless existence dare to write something that a lecturer might say/write? How can someone dare to write a whole book about Beethoven's music when they have never attempted to compose one symphony, let alone nine and a bit? How can I claim that Billie Joe Armstrong's remarks struck me as being intelligent when really I haven't much experience in the art of intelligence? The key word here (excuse lecturer-prose) is *experience*.

If one gains experience in the area about which they wish to comment then they have the necessary qualification to script voluminous amounts of criticism and/or panegyric. Perhaps this needs to be rephrased – they have the qualification to write informed criticism, good criticism – criticism worth reading. As much as people praise Graham Cornes as a sports writer and benevolent human, as good as his used cars are, a book about Bradman written by Sachin Tendulkar would have a great few less punctures/gargantuan wrongities than one dictated to Graham Cornes' secretary.

If I may be permitted to say so, I think that I've almost gained the necessary qualification to write about those who comment about things/areas they have no idea about because I've made it my business to study them for a great few years. But then again, what right do I have to do so.....it's all too complicated, so have your pillow back, enjoy your week and keep your opinions informed. Or just say what you will when you will, it doesn't matter, no-one remembers anything anyway.

# I was dumped by SMS

"Beepbeep beepbeep." Yay, I thought, someone loves me. The beeps meant that I had received an SMS on my mobile phone. I was at home at the time and rushed to my room to get my mobile and read the message. I pressed the *display new message* button. It was from my boyfriend. Boy was I wrong about the someone loves me bit.

The message read:

MY LIFE IS VERY COMPLICATED RIGHT NOW AND YOU JUST COMPLICATE IT EVEN MORE. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANY LONGER. I'M SORRY.

The first time I read it, it just didn't click in at all. I had to read it twice before it sank in. I had just been dumped through an SMS. I just couldn't believe it and not just because it came out of nowhere.

It was almost incredible. My boyfriend had dumped me by SMS. And I thought that people who dumped their partners over the phone were cowards. It was shocking. I'd only been seeing him a couple of weeks and I think the 'my life is very complicated' bit was farcical and way too much of a cliché. The dumping wasn't that important to me as I hadn't been taking the relationship really seriously at all. But it annoyed me greatly that he was too gutless to tell me face to face.

I told my friends about it and every one of them agreed that he was yellow-bellied and obviously had no taste, thanks guys for cheering me up. When it happened to me I also thought it was an uncommon occurrence but that was not so. When I mentioned it in the *On Dit* office, there was a straw poll and just about everyone knew someone who had been dumped by SMS. These days of technology are making it easy for the wimps, I say.

I confronted him about it later, in person as I believe it should be, and he said he did it that way as he didn't want to see or hear me cry. I told him in no uncertain terms that there was no way I would've cried over him. He didn't seem happy but stuff him.

I know now that when I receive an SMS I'm not in such a hurry to read it.

Briony

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# Stanley George

*A derelict stereo is not unlike a woman – remove a magical number of tiny phillips head screws and the whole deal falls apart in your arms.*

*Anonymous*

There were only two left. "Two what?"

"Two pinecones, dimwit. You take the seven iron and I'll take the four wood." Hagemann took the club and aimed down Little Angas St, which was our fairway for the evening. He yelled 'Fore!' then drove his cone as hard and as fast as he could without missing it. It was a sweet shot. The clubhead lightly scraped the asphalt, sending tiny blue and orange sparks along a forward arch that stretched from his foot to his neck. The cone partially shattered on impact, making the only sound in the wee hours of that November morn, save the distant "pank" of the largest remnant landing on the roof of a carport three houses down. I followed suit with the iron, sending the cone on a low and dangerous trajectory that finally had it ramping off a speed bump almost a block away.

'Rock and roll,' I said. Hagemann and Rob the Chef (who seemed a little hungover) agreed. We gathered the clubs and empty bags and headed back into the House on Little Angas St.

On our way inside, Providence saw fit to bestow upon us something that would come to occupy us well into the fatter hours of the morning: a stereo and two stereo speakers.

'Grab it, you fucker!' I grabbed the stereo portion and motioned Hagemann towards the speakers, which were still attached. Once it was all inside, he and I proceeded to test out the speakers (which worked) and the stereo (which didn't). When philips head screwdrivers found their way into the fray the two of us became like two giggling schoolgirls who had just found a collarless puppy. Not surprisingly, it was less than half an hour

before Rob the Chef (who seemed a little hungover) asked to be driven home.

With Rob out of the picture, the remaining two of us proceeded to come to terms with the mechanics of our booty. We discovered that the machine could be separated into two parts: a box containing the tape-deck and a similar box housing both an equaliser and the CD-related mechanics (some of which now hang above my TV chair). Between then and dawn, Hagemann and I did nothing else but systematically dismantle that stereo until the whole thing was strewn across my lounge-room floor in a bizarre homage to what happens when two guys on acid come across abandoned electronic appliances.

The following morning the two of us nearly killed each other leaping for the blinds and frantically herding dozens of capacitors and wires and transistors and circuit boards under my couch, where I presume they have remained to this day. We saw fit to do all this because we were straight and it was daylight. More specifically, we had finally realised the true nature of the scene: a salvaged, but now completely fucked stereo was strewn across the carpet in front of a window past which any number of Nazis and godbotherers were about to walk.

Curtains drawn and bacon frying on the stove, Hagemann and I began to discuss how a stereo had arrived outside the House on Little Angas St. 'An angry lover,' I supposed, 'threw it out in a fit of jealous rage!'

'That's such a cliché, Stanley.' Replied Hagemann. I agreed, then countered that it was the most plausible explanation, and that reality is almost always clichéd. Hagemann took issue, arguing that cliché was the en-

emy of reality, and should be avoided, lest Hollywood reign for another hundred years.

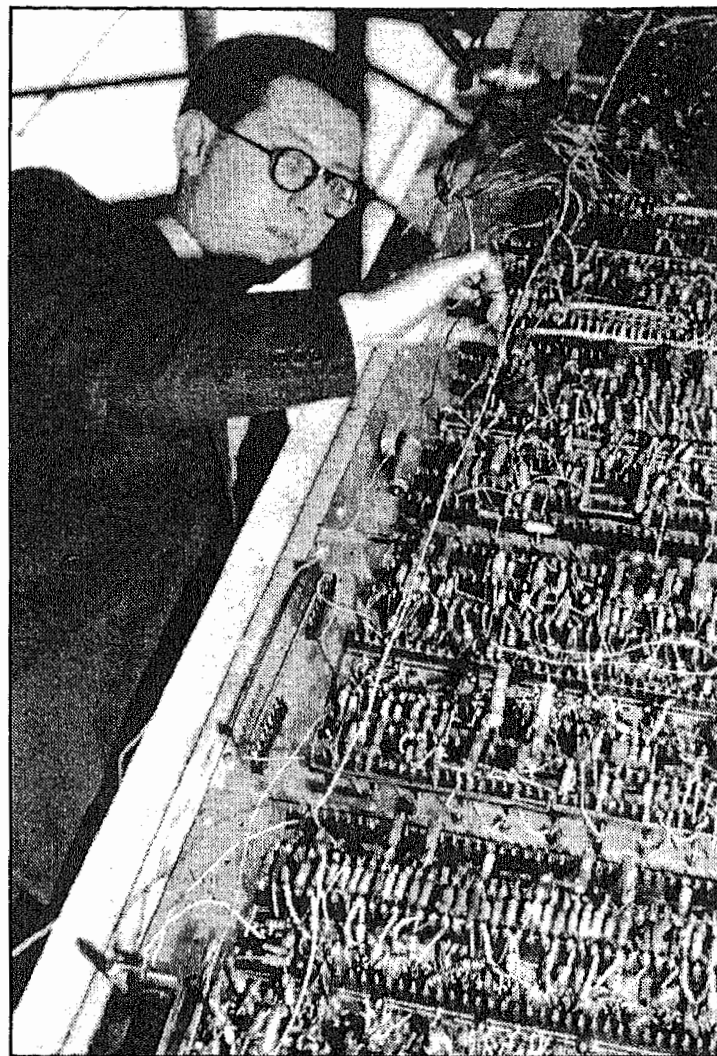
Such was our combined ability to get to the bottom of *anything* at that time.

For weeks afterward, derelict appliances continued to appear in exactly the same place. Two more stereos, a working CD player, a record player, a beta VCR and a stand-up vacuum became my property simply because I had noticed them next to my wheelie bin. As a result, I now have six sets of working speakers, three useless remotes and an unusual knowledge of stereo amps and equalising capacitors. In the process, I also became the unwilling owner of Luther Van Dross's greatest hits, two Elton John tapes and Kylie's newest album (which now serves as an ashtray next to my stove).

It was my good friend Lachlan S. Croft who finally arrived at an acceptable explanation for the electronic cornucopia that my trash area had become. 'It's all stolen, you moron! Burglars steal appliances, check if they work, then sell them. If the shit doesn't work it's just dead weight, so they dump it somewhere so a chump like you can hide it from the cops.'

'Oh.'

Up until that point, I was under the distinct impression that I was smarter and better-off than whoever



*Stan inspects his booty*

was dumping electrical goods in my yard. I had figured that one or more of my neighbours was really stupid, and that I was just cashing-in on their stupidity – a humorous case of survival of the least stupid.

But, of course, Lachlan S. was right. Burglars were behind the whole thing. I was merely the eager recipient of the scraps that fell from the burglars' overflowing table. Hell, these guys could even afford to throw away things that still worked: I sold that old vacuum for twenty bucks, not to mention the almost new set of 14" speakers that now sit next to my computer.

I'm sorry to say that little of note was actually learned from the whole bizarre episode. I could come up with a half-bright socioeconomic observation about the nature of crime and opportunism, but who can be fucked? I've got bigger fish to fry.

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

## Natalia Update

Some of you will remember reading about a certain 'Natalia' in Stan's column from a few weeks ago. In said column Stan professed his love and affection for a girl he had only met the night before. We urged Natalia to get in contact with our Stan through the *On Dit* office. We know Stan's readers have been waiting with bated breath to see if this love affair would blossom, so today we put you out of your misery.

The very day that the paper was released Natalia came down to the office to identify herself and leave her number. A terrified Stan eventually got in touch with her and they got together for a drink. Stan later brought her down to the office where Linley quickly pronounced her a 'babe'. They spent the weekend together, we suspect there was some boof action, but Stanley refuses to confirm nor deny. Rumour has it that the two spent last Friday night getting stoned, watching videos and snuggling. Come back Stan, we need you to proofread!

In an effort to make up for the lack of actual opinion in this week's *Stanley George*, Stan has asked for the following supplementary opinion to be included:

**"Simon Crean is a fucknuckle."**

*On Dit* apologises for the inconvenience, and hopes that the above opinion will suffice until next week.



# Sam has many opinions...

1. Cous cous is not a food. Nothing about it even tastes nice. It ought to be banned from dinner parties. If you are ever served cous cous, be sure to voice your views on the fact that it tastes like polystyrene. If you have a conscientious host, you will probably get an extra large serving of dessert because they know, in their heart of hearts, that cous cous is actually the poor cousin of birdseed.

2. The groundspeople are the backbone of our University. Politicians come and go, students reside in a transient haze, librarians and admin staff freeze whomever they look at, yet groundspeople are always there, cleaning up the post-lunchtime war zone and cutting that line between the grass and the pavers. Look at it next time and appreciate their eye for the meticulous and beautiful.

3. Cultivate a policy of NEVER running for the bus. It is humiliating and gives the bus driver a sadistic sort of satisfaction and the false impression that he or she is some sort of god.

4. If you want to get your photo in Falafel House, just ask.

5. Yoda Bottle Collector has been captured by the University administration and locked away. Perhaps it is an evil conspiracy by the groundspeople, who saw her as a threat to their job because she worked for nothing and enjoyed such rapport with the students. Perhaps the

groundspeople are working to bring down the university from the inside. Perhaps their backbone status is all a façade.

6. In the long run, fat people use more soap. But don't go on a diet out of concern for the soapy waterways of the world: just wash less frequently.

7. I know 75% of people on the lawns, even if I don't particularly want to talk to them. The other 25% look like people I know, so I guess I know them as well. Always call people by what you *think* they look like, as opposed to what their parents named them. You will invariably be wrong, but at least you will have the upper hand in any conversation.

7. Perfect the intellectual nod and the blatant statement and you too can bluff your way through a law degree.

8. Here's to Mia Handshin's column in *The Advertiser*. Not only does she use a quality range of reliable statistics: 'Everyone I know' or 'Out of all the girls I went to school with', but she really writes on only the most important 'youth issues' of our time: 'The other day, my mum and I were shopping at Burnside and I noticed that...'. Sometimes her research may even extend beyond local boundaries, like the time she ventured to the Unley *Metro*. And who can forget her saunters overseas, where she gets to write: 'When I was at a world youth summit in Brazil'. I truly feel that Mia

is the 'voice of youth' and she really represents us at all those highly important Youth Parliament things where huge steps are made for the good of humankind. I mean, when Mia speaks, John Howard listens. They are soon to co-author a paper entitled 'Doing it for your resumé'. Designed to motivate youth to get off their arses and do something worthwhile with their lives, this paper will sing the praises of doing things for the sake of your resumé. The authors' mission statement will simply be 'Mia says: If it will look good on your resumé, do it.'

9. What's the deal with those show ponies who do acrobatics on the lawns? Stop it, please. You make the rest of us feel ill.

10. In a survey of 300 ostriches over 8 years, they found that *not one* ostrich buried its head in the sand. Perhaps the person who successfully spread the rumour that ostriches do bury their heads in the sand ought to join forces with Mia and John to successfully convince a pessimistic world that you should join the Advocacy Moot Competition and be minutes secretary for the Chess Club for the sake of your resumé.

11. Fight Resistance. Hide the chalk.

12. On the topic of Resistance, a non-committal group of unconcerned students is starting a counter-move-

ment called Compliance. Their anti-mission statement is simply 'Apathy'. There will be no meetings at any stage of the group's existence. This way, no one will ever have to have the awful job of minutes secretary.

13. Three dance moves to save your life: Big Fish, Little Fish, Cardboard Box. Anyone who tries to thump this joke any further is an absolute dick.

14. Capsicum has no place on pizzas. It taints the delicate ham and cheese flavour and makes a crap pizza taste even worse.

15. In the last edition of *On Dit*, Bert Newton made the misinformed statement that Birkenstocks were 'hot'. Could this listing be related in any way to the fact that two thirds of the *On Dit* editorial team wear Birkenstocks, while the other third wears fake Birkenstocks? Let's have a bit of editorial impartiality please, especially over such an ugly sandal!

16. Write something for *On Dit*. Even if your humour is pathetic, you too will get the godlike thrill of the busdriver stopping for a running passenger when you see your name in print.

Sam O'Harrell

Sam O'Harrell's real name is Sarah Moller

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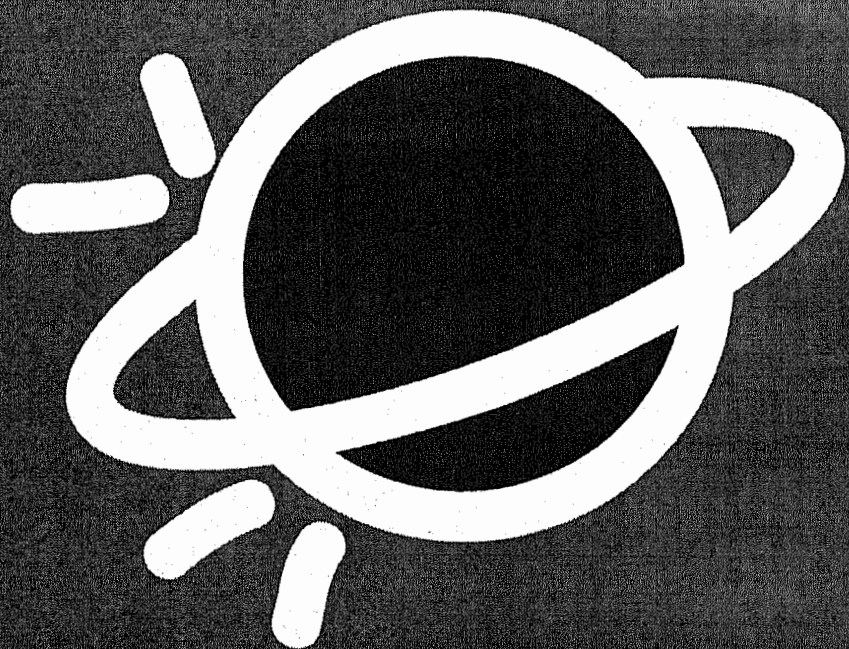
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# I said, 'oh.'

by Jessie MacGillivray

'I don't even know what hole that's supposed to go in' *Courtney Love*

So I was browsing through this okayish sort of street/skate shop on a certain famous Adelaide street notorious for its whores and drunken men and I'm thinking that there is some cool stuff in this shop, as far as stuff goes. However, a particular tank top caught my attention because the printed image on its front was so scary and shocking. It depicted a woman in bondage screaming out in absolute agony. She had on a sort of muzzle and around this image were various sorts of slogans and other wordy things like "women love getting hit and screaming out for more." So I'm thinking that's pretty dodgy, you know, that kind of makes me feel ill. Should a clothing store even be selling that shit? Doesn't that kind of belong in an 'adult' store? I decide to ask the (idiot) shop assistant whether he thought it might be offensive. "Excuse me, this top is like, really offensive to me and is degrading to women and men... I just thought you should know." Mr. Shop guy in response: "well you know, people's moral standards

have dropped a lot lately' or something to that effect. To this I pretended that he had a valid point and grimaced and said 'oh.'

Was I going somewhere with this? Oh yeah. Bondage is scary. No, seriously, when did we arrive at this place where to get something to be shocking we have to use images of hard-core violence against women on T-shirts? And did people's "moral standards" really get lost on the way to this place? I'd like to see someone with that T-shirt and ask them what they think about wearing it. Is it pure apathy? Do they really not care about the message they may be conveying? Remember when you used to wear a t-shirt of your favourite band or something you really believed in? Like Amnesty International or Don't Eat Meat and the like. Now the kids wear t-shirts with playboy bunnies on them and stylised girls with their panties on the ground declaring them a 'slut.' And the same girl performing oral sex on/sucking the dick of her male equivalent.

Hmm...

America's favourite rap 'King', 'Snoop Dogg' is making an actual porno film. Fred Durst (lead singer of American 'cross-over' rock band, Limp Bizkit) hangs out with girls in bikinis that he pays. Britney whatsherface is America's favourite good girl/bad girl/sister/whore who sings about wanting to be hit. And don't try and tell me that it means something else.

Very few female American performing artists get to make it big without including a bikini and some silicone in their 'image package.' America's all-time favourite female is Marilyn Monroe, a dead film star who played the girlfriend roles and was a 'sex kitten.'

So, am I a complete tight-arse bitch? No. I'm a pretty average woman (not normal). You know, I'm heterosexual. I like music, I watch Sex and the City every week, I wear short skirts, I shave my legs. I'm craving that perfect guy who's kind to his mother. I just happen to think that this culture (especially what we are

importing from the USA) is a little bit sick. Something is wrong. Girls wear stuff that's totally antithetical and unhelpful to feminism, that goes against all that our mothers and our aunts and our grandmothers fought for. Untalented rap men are given god-like status for degrading women. Rapists get 5 years max, then get out on good behaviour after 9 months. Girls' individual and collective self esteem is lower than ever. Taking a rape charge to court involves a second, mental rape for the girl.

I know there are people who truly care about the un-masked degradation of women in our culture, but those people must be in the minority. What I want to know is, am I a prudish idiot stuck in 1994, or are there more of you than I realise out there who actually give a f\*ck about shit? Is sex still fun or is it all about power and sadism? Are girls happy to keep playing the girlfriend, or are we ready to leave all that behind?

## Why I hate Hate

by Rory Spreckley

Recently in *On Dit* there has been a spate of hate related material; I hate Adelaide \Australia, I hate trots and so on. Hate is a very strong word and is I believe used too indiscriminately in today's society; just ask Jedi master Yoda. Hate leads to many bad things- intolerance, racism, war and lots of other nasties in the world. I admit I have my fair share of hate, the Country Liberal Party in the N.T. or the Business Council of Australia. But I definitely do not hate anyone whom wishes an end to the impoverished lifestyle of third world citizens.

For the record, demanding for the cancellation of third world debt is indeed not radical nor is it merely a socialist agenda. What is radical is the fact half of the world does not have access to running water and many third world residents are so malnourished that they must pick seeds out of animal shit in order to survive. Groups that are active in this coalition are Christians of all kinds, Muslims, Charities such as Oxfam and

Community Aid Abroad, The Red Cross, Amnesty International and The United Nations which, frankly are not leading bastions of the socialist movement. Lenin would be turning over in his display case after such a comment. What they can be labelled is "Humanitarian", an agenda definitely not worthy of hate.

Now don't get me wrong here, cancelling the third world debt is not the be all and end all of the third worlds problems. Critics will claim that corruption by the local elite will lead to the spending of money on other areas, weapons, oppressing minorities and so forth. **Solution** = in much the same way the IMF (International Monetary Fund) implements S.A.P.'s (Structural Adjustment Programs) now, demands can be placed upon nation governments to spend money appropriately. For those who don't know, the IMF places certain budgetary restraints (S.A.P.'s) on countries when delivering capital loans to ensure they can pay it back. These all include a cut-

ting back of already fragile social services such as health and education. Kofi Annan stated that in 1998 alone 11 million children died from preventable causes in countries with a high level of debt

### Here are some stats for those concerned:

- Africa spends 4 times as much on debt repayment than it does on healthcare. Worst case is Tanzania, which spends 9 times more on debt servicing than healthcare.

- Zambian per capita GNP is \$390, but it owes \$720 per capita to foreign investors.

- The IMF, The World Bank, The American Development Bank and the Asian Development Bank could cancel 100% of all debts owed to them by High Indebted Poor Countries and all except the World Bank could finance this from their own capital.

- In 1999 Sub Saharan Africa paid \$15.2 billion in debt service= \$42 mil-

lion a day (For those of you thought the State Bank debt here was bad!).

- There are 16,000 AIDS infections every day worldwide. 95% of these occur in the highest indebted regions of Africa, Asia and Eastern Europe. 95% of all AIDS orphans are African.

- Western Countries have poured millions into the fight against drugs, but many heavily indebted countries rely on the drug trade for wellbeing, often quoted example is Bolivia which 40% of the workforce rely on the drug trade to survive.

This is a mere glance at all the third worlds problems, for further information check out <[www.jubilee2000uk.org](http://www.jubilee2000uk.org)>. All the statistics in this article have been taken from this website.

P.N. 1. The author of this article would like to point out that he is not a "trot". He is in fact a member of the ALP (a very non-trot party).

P.N. 2. Beware Dark Side!



# I'm a genie in a bottle...

## Exercising his Right of Reply

Dear Eds,

I am writing in response to a number of letters that were written concerning the letters page of *On Dit* in the last edition.

The concerns raised are valid and this letter I hope will go along way to assuaging these fears. Firstly, it has never been, nor ever will be, my intention, nor that of the Students' Association, to censor comment or criticism of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, or Adelaide University Union.

The delay in the printing of the letters in the previous edition was based on the lack of information provided by some of the authors of the letters, with regards to their student numbers and names. Because we could not prove the bona fides of a number of authors of the letters, I felt uncomfortable in allowing the letters to go to print as it would place the Association in a tenuous legal position given the nature and content of the letters. It would open the Association up for possible legal action if the letters were proven to be defamatory. The legal advice received fully supports the action of ensuring that it is possible to trace the legitimacy of all material submitted to *On Dit*. This is supported by the Associations and Incorporations Act 1985.

SAUA Council last Wednesday passed a resolution that in essence codifies the situation that has existed for a number of years. The resolution reaffirms the Association's Council as the ultimate publisher of the paper as laid out in the Associations and Incorporations Act 1985. The Students' Association would be in violation of the Act if this was not the case. The resolution also expressly prohibits the President of the Association from censoring material that criticises the Association, its Officers and operations, provided it is not actionable. I am fully in support of the motion that was passed at that meeting.

Yours sincerely,

**Tom Radzevicius**  
SAUA President

## Above and beyond the call of duty

In regards to James Simpson's letter last week regarding the "inappropriate" behaviour of our President Tom Radzewhatever, I must agree. We do need a president who represents us accurately. But who better to represent us than a man of our own heart? A man who is prepared to sac-

rifice his reputation, his health, his sobriety, for us. This hard-working president of ours is always "on-duty," - always ready to drink a beer, gesture inappropriately, even fart at will if he wants to, in order to accurately represent the common student. Mr Simpson, don't undermine the democratic process of student elections - Tom Reddyforbeer is our President, representing both you and me, ordained by God, and you should respect that we elected him, lest he smite you down.

Proudly,

**Richard Taverner, supporter of anyone who is funny**

## The Original Mayo Man Speaks Out

Dear (I am Mister) Ed.

I am writing in response to Ms Ford's damning letter concerning the redevelopment of perhaps this University's finest eatery - the Mayo. Her letter was littered with inaccuracies and misconceptions, put quite simply reading her letter very nearly made me lose my very tasty Mayo lunch.

Let me first reply to some of what Ms Ford has said. Firstly, the price of a serving of rice from the Mayo is \$1.00 (steamed) and \$3.00 (fried), never to my knowledge has the price been \$3.90. Secondly, if you don't like the seafood basket then don't buy it. The Mayo provides a very wide range of delicious meals. The seafood basket being only one of upwards of 20 dishes for sale in the bain maries on any given day with most of these dishes changing daily.

Furthermore, Ms Ford's scandalous attack on the student body was quite unfounding; she may well be an 'average uni bum', eating last week's corn flakes, and without standards, but this does not describe the vast majority of Uni students. It is disturbing to think that simply being strapped for cash will result in one being labelled a moldy cornflake-munching, standard-less bum. The Mayo still caters to those who are living on a shoestring, the chips, wedges and let's not forget log are all still available, and did I mention \$1.00 for a hearty serving of steamed rice. Last week saw the winding-down of a promotion that saw M&Ms (of all varieties), Snickers, Bounty, and the whole happy Mars family selling at prices cheaper than many supermarkets.

As for the redevelopment, I give it a double thumbs up. The place looks nicer, the food is better, the range across the board has increased dramatically (welcome home Coke/Farmer's Union) and once again the hordes are returning to drink the fine, gravy-

like nectar that flows from the Mayo.

Ms Ford was probably right in saying that we are the ones paying for the redevelopment and I for one am more than a little happy to see my money being spent in such a positive manner. Creating a profitable catering service is one of the main ways by which the Union can generate funds that can then be redirected to the students in such ways as the mythical student discount. It is pleasing to see such positive steps being taken by the Union to claw catering out of the pit that it appears to have dug itself into. I wait in anticipation for the redevelopment of the Wills (which, rumour has it, will bring alcohol to the bottom level).

Yours sincerely,

**Stephen Mitchell**  
2nd-Year Mayo Employee

## Destroying Inzone

Dear Eds,

As has been reported in *On Dit*, the Adelaide City Council has recently been doing all it can to destroy what is left of our city's nightlife. As a musician and connoisseur of fine local music their attitude to bill posting severely restricts my range of nighttime activities. Not only is it now extremely difficult to find a good band to see, but I will be fined \$200 for publicising any of my own performances.

After considering gang violence, mindless graffiti and property damage I came up with a better solution. This weekend I think my drinking companions and I will be buying up some longnecks of Sparkling Ale and spending the evening and early hours on the ACC town hall steps. This of course also avoids the completely excessive prices we are all paying for a pint at the bar.

Perhaps if you or any of your fine readers find themselves aimlessly wandering the city streets late at night they might wish to join us in a memorial service to the death of this town's nightlife.

**Patrick Tapping**

## We are Resistance. Hear us Roar.

In response to Rowan Roberts' letter 'Why I hate Trots', the demands of the International Women's Day Collective were not listed in order of importance. However, the cancellation of Third World debt is a serious issue for women, and given that it was listed among demands for IWD in every city in Australia, it is also clear that the women's liberation movement as a whole agrees with it, and

not just the socialist section of it.

Third World poverty affects women disproportionately to men. How could cancelling Third World debt be to the 'detriment of other women' when you consider that of the 1.2 billion people all over the world living in extreme poverty, 80% are women. The cancellation of Third World debt is neither 'impractical' nor 'irresponsible.'

Third World countries got into debt in the first place by imperialist countries like the United States and Britain invading and colonising them, while exploiting the countries as cheap or slave labour and stealing their natural resources. The growth of Third World countries was stunted, as they had no industrial infrastructure, and in many cases they were forced to accept loans in order to survive. In other cases, loans were taken out by dictators, such as Suharto in Indonesia, and siphoned off for their own purposes.

The interest rates of these loans are exuberantly high; the Third World has no chance of ever paying them off. In Bangladesh, 80% of the annual budget goes to paying off *just* the interest of their debt. Furthermore, it is the International Monetary Fund's economic structuring which forces Third World countries to focus their budgets on paying off their debt, and consequently the countries are unable to develop themselves industrially or place sufficient funds into health and education. Hence the reason they are Third World and unable to break out of the cycle of poverty, even though the First World could easily afford to cancel their debt.

Furthermore, it seems incredibly hypocritical that in the First World big businesses can declare themselves bankrupt and be exempt from paying off their debt, yet a peasant baby born in Indonesia today will still be paying the debt incurred by Suharto for the rest of her life.

The IWD collective and march is inclusive of all women, and Rowan would have been welcome even if she did disagree with one demand. Actual activism is much more productive than arguing from the sidelines. Rowan herself is pigeonholing feminists and socialists by suggesting we don't wear deodorant, shave our legs or sleep with men (all of which we do and it has nothing to do with our politics). This stereotype is usually used by which we do and it has nothing to do with our politics). This stereotype is usually used by conservatives attacking the women's liberation movement, and is very counterproductive.

**Lisa Lines and Kate Wilson**  
Resistance Club

P.S. Resistance is a Marxist-Leninist organisation, not Trotskyist.



# you've got to rub me the right way

## Anyone can rock to the Rhomb

Eds,

I couldn't let the opportunity slip by without addressing some of the concerns Geriatric had from last week. The Orientation Ball was a success I believe and not in just a purely financial sense. Financial responsibilities are thrust upon the directors from the time of their appointment on. "Keep the budget down", "make it affordable for all", "make money so that we can pay off the SAUA debt to the Union" were just some of the options given to the directors. This in itself is not a problem: a commercial event requires recognition of facts and of the need for the event to be cost recoverable. You ask why AU students only had a \$3 discount and not charged just \$10: commercial responsibility and responsibility to the dictates of SAUA Council meant that ticket prices had to be more than \$10. Prices must be attractive and charging the public \$40 would have resulted in very few attending. Yes, more students might have but their contribution would have not covered costs and then a debt to the Union would have resulted. Vicious circle time; debt means fewer services and higher Union fees and undoubtedly a letter of protest from yourself. Let's compare anyway. The Flinders O'Ball was \$18 + GST for 4 bands while \$22 got you 14 bands. Seems a fair deal to me. Crowd surfers were removed from the premises. A system was in place whereby people were warned twice and then evicted. As a new system, we thought it only fair that people be given warning. As a result crowdsurfing was down dramatically on previous years. To answer your inane complaint regarding the general age of attendees, I'm sure you were born old. First years are pretty young looking to me. To sum up, if you don't like it run for the position yourself. It's called participation.

Yours,

**Darien O'Reilly**  
2001 O'Ball Director

## Love From the Leprechaun

Dear Eds,

It was great to see the grass on the Barr Smith Lawns getting into the spirit of St Patrick's Day. I like green.

Love,

**Leprechaun**

## Appeal for Musical Instruments

Dear On Dit Editors,

We are a Christian-based band made up of some young Sudanese in Adelaide who have come from an area of great danger. Our concerns as a musical group are to alert the Australian people to the horrendous humanitarian situation in Sudan. Through music, we believe that the message about our suffering people in Southern Sudan can be conveyed, and that the feeling of true love, friendship and joy that Christain's share can be projected.

We are keen to sing in Churches, especially at services organised to pray for peace in our country and at other religious festivals and gatherings.

At the same time, we welcome invitations to perform as live music entertainment for any suitable occasion. Our African rhythmic sounds of drums, guitars and other instruments will make everyone join in, dancing and swaying to the music. Our speciality is performing at social and cultural festivals and events. For booking and other arrangements, please contact Deng Manyuon on 83619449 or send emails to [deng.manyuon@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:deng.manyuon@student.adelaide.edu.au)

On the other hand, every time we wish to perform we have to borrow instruments or hire them. Hence, I would like to seize this opportunity to appeal to the readers of this newspaper that if you are about to throw away or take any of the following musical instruments into the next garage sale, would you please consider offering it to the Nile Band. We are looking for any electronic or nomal guitar, Keyboards, Bongo Drums, PA systems, Bass/guitar amplifier and microphones.

Being new arrivals on refugee status, our resources are very limited. We do not mind considering fund raising.

**Deng Enock Manyuon**

## Literary Genius

Eds,

I was glad to see that Oxford University Press has gotten around to republishing George Orwell's forgotten classic *Vegetable Farm*. Furthermore it is a brave paper that publishes such insightful analysis. The only problem is that I went to the Barr Smith Library to borrow it and could not find a copy. I only hope that they have ordered some in so another generation can enjoy Orwell's satirical genius.

**Big Brother**

## Letters letter Four

Dear Tom Radzevicius,

Could you please explain the motivation for your desire to know the name of every letter writer to *On Dit*. While I can understand that the Editors have this information, as it they who can be (and in the case of interstate student papers, have been) arrested and/or sued for the publishing of unsuitable content, I am at a loss as to your need to be privy to this information.

How can we expect *On Dit* to remain an open and free outlet for public speech when contributors will need to ensure that the content of their letters does not cause offence to the SAUA President? As for preventing non-students from expressing their views, that I believe can be summarised as petty and short sighted. In the likely event that a non-student is addressed in a letter to the editor, that person should have a complete and unrestricted right of reply, not requiring the permission of anyone.

If you feel you can justify this supression of confidentiality and freedom of speech, then please reply. Otherwise remove this pathetic attempt for a feeling of self importance and return *On Dit* to the level of quality and independence for which it is known.

Yours etc,

**Ian Milne**

## So young and so bitter

Clementine,

You sound a tad bitter in your letter "Refectory is such a pretty word" (On Dit 69.4). Is this because you once had a job with Catering only to be passed over this year? Sounds like the ravings of a disgruntled ex-employee to me.

Seriously though, some of your basic assumptions need to be challenged. The average Adelaide University bum is more likely to be found chugging lattes than drinking meths from a brown paper swaddled bottle, thus is more likely to buy food with a semblance of taste. One only has to look at the Gallery to see that this is true.

Prices do not seem to have gone up, indeed, in the Equinox they have decreased. The Mayo prices have remained relatively static while the taste quotient has increased. Yes, the days of the vegetarian steak and black bean sauce are behind us but log remains forever.

I despair that quality is anathema to your fine self.

Yours,

**Tonto**

PS: In reference to the article "Relationship" On Dit 69.2: Have a bad relationship did we dear?

## LETTERS POLICY

• Letters should be around 250 words, and must be in by 5pm Wednesday.

• We like to get letters by email ([ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)) or on disk. We had a modern version of Microsoft Word installed the other day which lets us read Word 2001 documents etc so it is all good. You can also bring letters in RTF format. You could also drop it off in hard copy. Letters submitted in hard copy are expertly transcribed by the monkey we keep chained to one of our keyboards.

• You must give us your real name and student number; make a note on the letter if it's not for publication. This information will be revealed only to us and the SAUA President (unless we get sued)

• Don't even try making up a fake name/student number combination to slip something past us! The SAUA has machines that can check these things.

• Also: don't make your letter defamatory, racist, sexist or homophobic. If it's any of these things we won't be able to print it!

So get writing kids, a healthy letters page makes for some very interesting reading. If you are lucky you might even become notorious and go down as an infamous *On Dit* letter writer, joining such characters as Shotgun Jim, Alan Anderson, RedDread and Michael McCulloch



# Doing it for the kids



## Tom Radzevicius - President

### Student Representative Elections

The long awaited student representative elections are fast approaching. Nominations opened on Monday and are open until the 28 of March. Nomination forms are available from your departmental office. Copies of the rules and regulations of the elections are available from each department or from the SAUA.

The elections shall be held from the 2 to the 6 of April. All Departments across the University will be

having polling booths in their respective areas for students to vote. The committees that students will be elected to, will be the faculty, department and school boards that require student representatives. If your department is not having elections then contact the SAUA, as all of them are required to hold elections. Any positions that are not filled by the elections shall be filled

through an appointment process undertaken by the SAUA. Further information will be forthcoming as we get closer to the elections. Don't forget, if you want to have a say in how the department that you are part of is run then it is imperative that you nominate or that you vote to ensure that a student is there to express your concerns to the University.

### Cooperative Proposal - Log of Claims

Last week I had a discussion with the Vice Chancellor regarding a Log of Claims that the Students' Association is drafting to present to her. This document is in response to the feedback we have obtained from the Education Department's "Shafted". The Log of Claims contains a number of priorities that the Students' Association has put together to improve the material conditions of the University.

We are hoping to ensure that the University is kept on it's toes and that the demands and wishes of students are listened to, and more importantly acted upon! In the coming weeks we shall be finalising this document before signing off with the Vice Chancellor on the Log of Claims.

If anyone has any other issues or comments for the Log of Claims then please contact me on 8303 5406 or email your suggestions to [tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:tomas.radzevicius@adelaide.edu.au).



## Mark Henderson - Activities/Campaigns Vice President

### SAUA Black Tie Ball

Yes, it is here! The inaugural SAUA Black Tie Ball is this Saturday night and you should have your ticket. If you don't, though, come on into the SAUA and get it. If you have been living under a rock for the past month or so and don't know what the SAUA Black Tie Ball is then I will explain it. The SAUA Ball is a Black Tie dance which will be held in the Union Cloisters on Saturday the 24th of March. It begins at 7:30pm and tickets are \$35. These tickets include not only

GST but also beer, wine and soft drinks and a buffet meal. It will be a cash bar from 11:30pm and the event will finish at midnight, (when my car turns into a pumpkin).

If you have any questions, I will be in the SAUA all week and we will be selling tickets at lunchtime on the lawns and at any other time in the SAUA office, (that's the one in the corner of the Cloisters).

### Union Cinema

This week the event in the cinema will be put on by the Sexuality Department. They will be showing the movie *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* for a gold coin donation. As I have told you in previous weeks, this is at lunchtime

on Wednesday so head up to the cinema after you have bought your SAUA Ball ticket and be ready for the movie to start at 12:15pm.

### ASC

There will be an Activities Standing Committee meeting at 12 midday on Wednesday. This will be held in the Margret Murray room which is one of the meeting rooms on level five of Union House, (that's the one with the UniBar on it for the uninitiated).

### BBQ & Raffle in the Bar

This year the Activities Department is working with the UniBar to provide students with a free BBQ in the bar on Friday afternoons. In conjunction with this we will also be running a raffle. The tickets are 50c and the prize is a carton of Coopers Pale. If you are interested in either of these things, please come along to the bar on Friday afternoon. The BBQ will begin at about five o'clock and the raffle will be drawn by seven o'clock.

### Contact Me!

I would love to hear from anyone who is interested in activities at Adelaide University or Prosh. If these people can get in touch with me or come along to the ASC meeting on Wednesday, we will welcome you with open arms. The best way to get in touch with me is to send me an email on [mark@saua.asn.au](mailto:mark@saua.asn.au). If you can't do that then come in to see me in the SAUA office or give me a call on 8303 5406.

Have a fun week and don't forget to come along to SAUA Ball. Remember: Miss SAUA Ball... That's a Paddlin'



## Georgie Perks - Environment Officer

### World Forestry Day

The 21st of March is World Forestry Day. Woodlands once covered nearly two fifths of Australia, and were filled with many and varied species of native flora and fauna. Today they have become the most threatened of all Australia's wooded ecosystems, with them being cut down for agricultural and pastoral use. They suffer from little public recognition and poor levels of protection.

Today, about 90 percent of Australia's temperate woodlands have been

eliminated. There is a desperate need to change land use and management practices in regions where there are still some forests left.

What you can do - Write a letter to the Premier of South Australia, GPO Box 2343, Adelaide 5001 urging him to:

- Strengthen the Native Vegetation Act and the Development Act
- Protect woodland remnants as a comprehensive reserve system.
- Create a Biodiversity Act to protect threatened communities.

For more information contact the Conservation Council of SA ph 8223 5155.

Another way you can help is by reducing your energy consumption, as flicking that switch may incinerate native forests. Around 90% of our electricity in mainland Australia comes from burning coal. Eventhough a new law was passed by the Federal Government in December that energy companies must buy an additional 2% of their electricity from renewable energy sources - this includes forestry "waste". Think about sending a letter with your next electricity bill asking the power company to boycott buying electricity made from burning native forests. You also have the option of buying 100% renewable energy by purchasing an accredited Green Power product. Call 13 6206 for further info.

Georgie Perks  
Environment Officer, SAUA  
8303 5182, [environment@saua.asn.au](mailto:environment@saua.asn.au)





## Brad Kitschke - Education Vice President

### STUDENT FORUMS

Over the next few weeks the SAUA will be finalising details of our 2001 student forums. We will be holding these forums over a series of two weeks in each faculty, asking students to attend to give us input into what issues most affect them. These forums are part of the SAUA's ongoing commitment to the Academic rights blitz, and a demand from the University to publicly address the issues raised by the

SAUA in "Shafted"

### DAVID KEMP ACTION

On Friday 23rd David Kemp Minister for Higher Education will be a keynote speaker in Adelaide for a conference titled "youth and out future". All three university campus student organisation have organised an action to protest outside the conference. The theme will be the "Death of Public Education". Students from all three campus' will be meeting at Victoria Square to travel to Glenelg on a tram with the National Tertiary Education Union. We will be organising a mock funeral for public Education, and hope that anyone who attend can dress in black. Anyone interested in attending or who wants more information can contact me on 08

8303 3898 or e-mail [education@saua.asn.au](mailto:education@saua.asn.au)

### NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION

On Thursday April 5th the National Union of Students will be coordinating a National Day of Action demanding the Federal Government reverse the corporate control of universities and the detrimental effect of their education agenda. The NDA will be held in every capital city around Australia and it is hoped that we can harness the anger which students are feeling for the way the Liberal government has treated students through the implementation of their anti student and anti Higher Education policies. For more information contact me in the Students' Association. Details for the NDA will be finalised and included in next week's column.

### CORPORATE LAW SURVEY

As stated in last weeks column of *On Dit*, the SAUA Education Department and the Law Students Society is conducting a survey into the way the subject was taught in 2000. If any students have any comments to make regarding anything to do with Corporate Law, please contact me, or the Law Students Society on 8303 4678

### QUALITY OF EDUCATION SURVEY

Over the next two weeks, the Students Association will be conducting a Quality of Education Survey. What we want to know, is what are the issues that affect students, and what issues you are most concerned about. Members of the Education Department will be handing out surveys and information in lectures and around uni for the next few weeks. We are hoping to get as much information from students as to what they see as the biggest problems with the quality of their Education.



## Anais Chevalier - Women's Officer

Straight into it...

### Women's Standing Committee Meetings

The next WSC meeting will be on the 26th of March at 5pm in the Women's Room (basement of the Lady Simon Building, just off of the Cloisters). The meeting is open to all women students and will be a good opportunity to get involved and active in the SAUA!

### Totally Women Powered Radio

TWPR airs at 9pm on alternate Saturdays (the next show is on the

24th of March). The show is run by myself and the fabulous Elise Duffield and will be focussing on all things XX (chromosomes, that is!). If you have any ideas, events etc. that you want to talk about on air, or are an artist/performer that wants some exposure, come and see myself or Elise in the SAUA or contact us on 8303 5406.

### NOWSA

NOWSA is the Network of Women Students in Australia women students' conference, which is held in the mid-year holidays each year. This year the conference will be held between the 16th and 20th of July in Sydney. Anyone

that is interested in attending this conference can contact me for more details, get a pamphlet from the SAUA or the Women's Room, or come along to the Women's Standing Committee meeting where it will be further discussed.

### Absolutely Fabulous Lunchtime!

On Wednesday the 4th of April the Women's Department will be screening episodes of Absolutely Fabulous from 12 noon 'til 3pm. Further details to follow...

### Coffee in the Lawns

On Thursday the 5th of April (what a busy week!) the WSC and the ASC (Activities kids) will be holding a coffee stall on the lawns and DONUTS will be available! Part of the proceeds will go to the NOWSA travel pool.

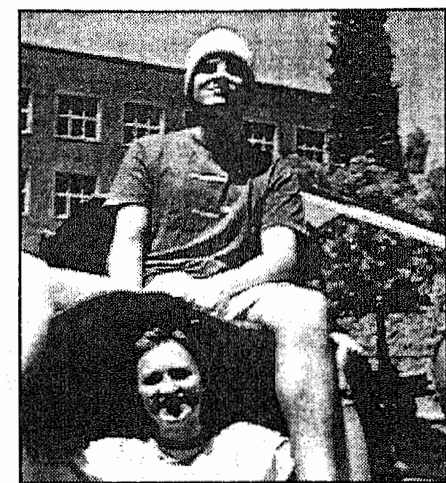
### Women's Room Clean-up

To continue the good work begun in the holidays there will be another working bee on the Women's Room on the 29th of April starting at 1pm. For further details, call or email me ([anais@arcom.com.au](mailto:anais@arcom.com.au)).

### Plenary on Formal Meeting Procedures

On the 29th of April (after the working bee, time to be set according to attendees availability), a plenary will be run by Union President Tanisha Hewanpola, on formal meeting procedures. This is an excellent opportunity for any women who currently, or in the future will, use formal procedures. For more info... CALL ME!

Keep yourselves busy, I know I will be...



## Elise Duffield and Sam Butler - Sexuality Officers

Hi all. We miss Bert Newton already!!

### COMING OUT BOOKLET

This Friday, 23rd March is the deadline for all submissions for our Coming Out Booklet. We've received lots of answers to our questionnaires and a few articles so thank you to everybody who submitted something, it took a lot of courage and we're very appreciative. But there's still a few more days to get stuff in. Remember: You can leave things at the SAUA office in

Elise's or Sam's pigeon hole, or you can e-mail us ([boysexo/girlsexo@saua.asn.au](mailto:boysexo@girlsexo@saua.asn.au)), OR: you can now submit pieces in our boxes situated in the SAUA office, the Rainbow Room and the Barr-Smith library.

### ACADEMICS LISTEN UP

The good news is that SAUA Council approved our pamphlets on how to avoid homophobia and heterosexism in day-to-day teaching, so over the next couple of weeks we will be photocopying over a thousand copies to distribute

to all academics. If you're still finding that your tutor or lecturer is persisting with his/her homophobic ravings, please please let us know about it.

### MOOFIES

This Wednesday 23rd March, your Sexuality Department is presenting, for your enjoyment, "The Rocky Horror Picture Show", at 12:15 in the Union Cinema. Admission is by gold coin donation and you can see one of the funniest and most outrageous comedy musicals of all time, so do come along - it can be a great study break.

### FEAST QUIZ NIGHT

The annual Feast Quiz Night fundraiser is on Friday, 30th March at Kaos cafe, Hindley Street. This year's theme is the greatest decade of all time, the 80s. Pride has booked two tables of 12 and both are filling up quickly, so if you'd like to be part of a great night of drinking, socialising and fabulous prizes, either contact us at the Department or Pride, at [auprideclub@hotmail.com](mailto:auprideclub@hotmail.com).

### T-SHIRTS

There's still plenty of our "Hate Free Zone" T-Shirts available for \$16 from the SAUA office, in all sizes. They look great, even if we do say so ourselves!

Stay sexy,  
Sam and Elise



# VOX

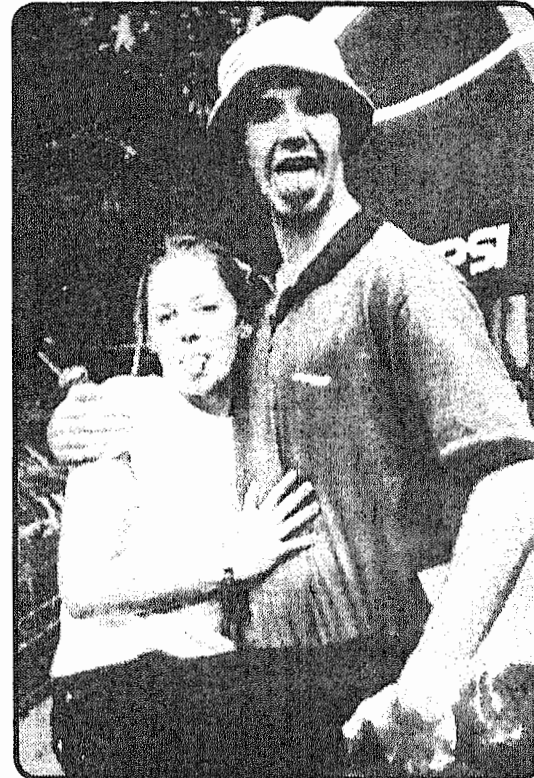
## QUESTIONS

1. What surprised you most about university life?
2. If you were stranded on a desert island and you could only take one **each** of the following; a person, CD and type of food, what would they be?
3. What relationship advice would you have for Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta Jones?

Daniel and Amy

*Getting close and personal at the Wills*

1. D: The lack of violence  
A: The drop in alcohol consumption after semester 1.
2. D: The Crocodile Hunter, Rage Against the Machine and ice cream Mars Bars.  
A: Peter Combe, Peter Combe's greatest hits (uncensored from Thailand), Marijuana cookies (so I can soak up all the Peter Combe and be totally alright with it).
3. D: It's definately a paper bag job.  
A: It's not cheating if you cover your dick in peanut butter and get your dog to lick it off.



Zarah and Emma

*Enjoying the wonders and woes of Union Catering in the cloisters*

1. Z: The amount of high heels.  
E: Variety of food.
2. Z: Zack De la Rocka, Ill Communications (Beastie Boys) and Tacos.  
E: Mark Walburg, Portishead Live and Salt and Vinegar Chips.
3. Z: Invest in Viagra.  
E: Make sure Michael doesn't do in his back mid-bonk.



John and Janine

*Posing for the cameras outside a Salisbury re-hab centre*

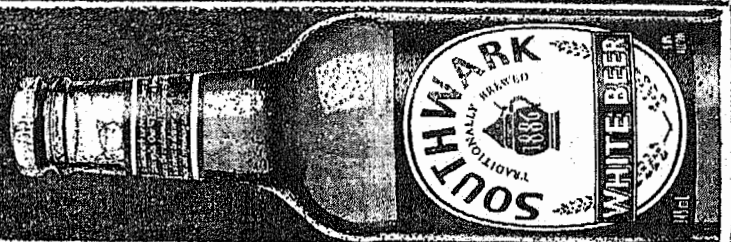
1. John: All the great pranks we pulled. When I started uni, in 1907, we took apart the lecturer's pennyfarthing and then put it back together on the roof of the library. It was hilarious.  
Janine: University? That's only for boys isn't it?
2. John: Mark Taylor, 'Mark Taylor's Greatest Hits', & whatever Mark Taylor's favourite food is.  
Janine: Mabye you should ask my husband that question.
3. John: Don't let the pressure of being a famous couple get the way of a healthy sex life. For example, Janine loves it when I chuck on my Don Bradman outfit and wave my 'cricket bat' in her face.  
Janine: When it comes to relationships, I will always remember what my grandmother told me: 'Don't start dating until you're married.'

## BEER

Congrats to this week's winners of ten pints of beer at the Unibar, Mark, Paul and Richard. Come on down to the On Dit office to collect your prize.

A big thankyou to the generous people at Southwark for donating all that wonderful, wonderful beer.

BREWED WITH WHEAT.  
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.





# POP



Bec and Tim

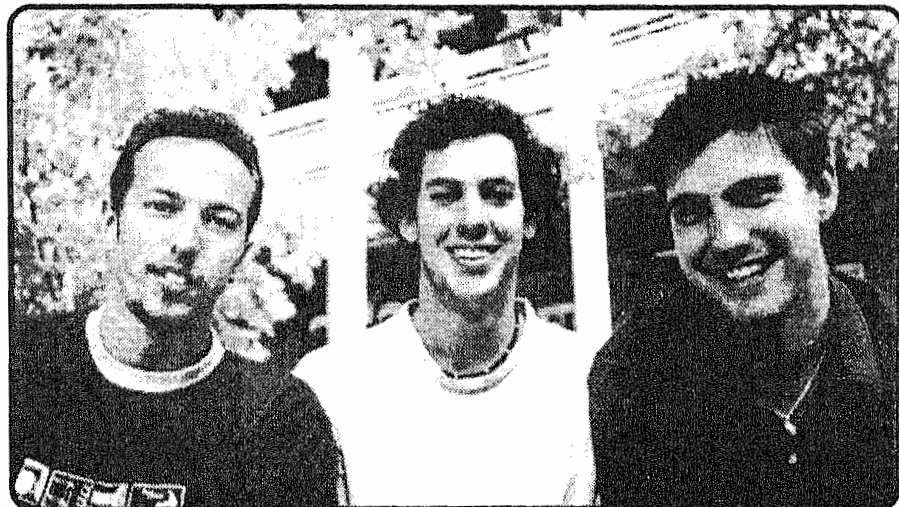
*Awaiting a surgical separation*

1. B: The quality Schnitzel at the Uni Bar.  
T: You can sleep in a lecture and they just don't care.
2. B: Gilligan (he has a cool hat), the theme to Gilligan and I wouldn't need food, I'd just eat Gilligan.  
T: Krusty the Clown's pet monkey, something by Christian Slaughter and bananas for the monkey.
3. B: You eat prunes, you don't marry them.  
T: Monkeys have no drawbacks.

Mark, Paul and Richard

*Feelin' blokey*

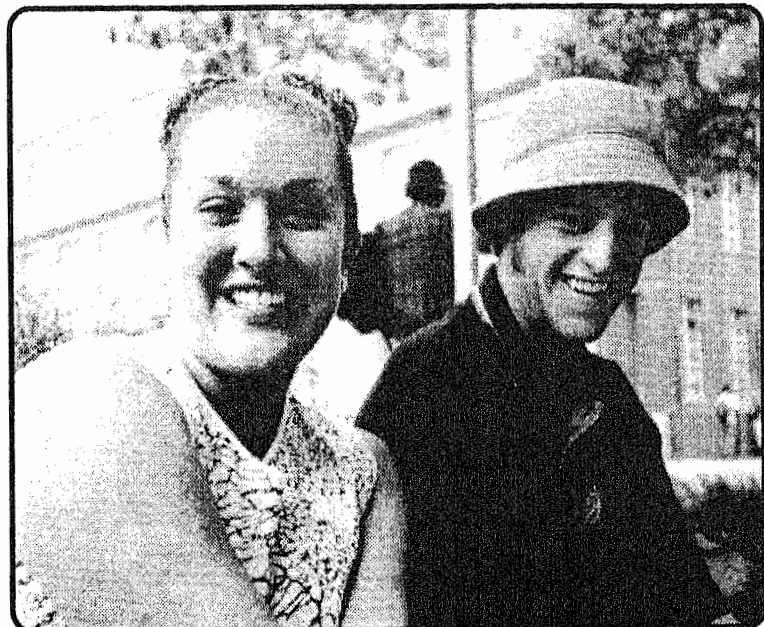
1. M: The large number of good lookin' girls.  
P: The lack of good lookin' girls.  
R: The amount of beer I can stomach.
2. M: Buffy, Blood Sugar Sex Magik (Red Hot Chilli Peppers), Lasagne.  
P: I'd take Mark coz he's as beautiful as any chick around, Cat Stevens so I could sleep my days away and roast beef.  
R: Salma Hayek- Live in Fillmore East (Jimmy Hendrix) and a twister from KFC.
3. M: I'd tell Michael Douglas; "When you're onto a good thing, stick to it."  
P: I'm not very good with relationships.  
R: Its got to be a school girl uniform and a whip. (Then Mark said) For which one?



Anna-Bell

*Slightly pissed off at having her studies interrupted*

1. How relaxed the campus atmosphere was compared to school.
2. Ben (my labrador), Odyssey No. 5 (Powderfinger) and Samboy BBQ chips.
3. I think they should break up. It's disgusting.



Nikari and Scott

*Grinning foolishly outside Horrace Lamb*

1. N: The laid back approach that lecturers take.  
S: The way you're not pushed for anything.
2. N: Adam Sandler, Elvis Presley's Greatest Hits, fried rice.  
S: Jenna Jamison, Rage Against the Machine and chicken.
3. N: Do whatever makes you happy.  
S: If it works, stick with it.



## Pub Review: The Grace Emily

**Where:** On Weymouth Street, past Light Square, nearer to West Terrace and just up and across from the Cumberland on the Northern Side of the Road.

**Who goes there:** All sorts, especially musicians and (to use a cliché) alternative types.

**Atmosphere:** Relaxed and fun bar area decorated with a mix of elaborate depictions of Krishna and rotating lamps featuring Glenda Jackson (?) in various positions. Nice crackling fire in the winter, and lots of random chat potential at the bar. Further back the Grace provides a pool table and subsequently a lowly-slightly-or-

ange-lighted soft-couch area, complete with raised floor upon which many of the musicians attending do perform. In fact, I would guess that the main thing about this establishment would be its musical content with local bands, or solo artists, or acoustic acts or various folk jamming blues at least four out of seven nights a week. Another lovely little thing is the beer garden out the back, which is a very nice place for a cold one on a hot night.

**What it serves:** beer, spirits, softdrinks, chips and nuts. The general fare of pub. Various Coopers on tap.

**Why we like it:** Because there is a picture of the Virgin Mary on the Girl's toilet door.

**Any complaints:** Being largely a place where musicians gather, it can become very much the site for an Adelaide "scene" and in that, could be construed as slightly exclusive. This varies, however, as to what is on and who is there, and generally the Grace is a nice place for a drink.

**Prices:** Prices are the usual pub prices. There are no drink specials, but as one advocate said: "its just special to drink here..."

Lauren Gordon

## Restaurant Review: Suree's Thai Kitchen

**Where:** Corner of Unley and Commercial Roads, opposite a charcoal chicken emporium (well it couldn't just be a 'shop' on Unley Road, could it?)

**Who Goes There:** The Young and the Restless, the Bold and the Beautiful, the Old and Infirm and small children with curry pouring out of their mouths while squealing, "Mummy it burns", to the embarrassment of their well-heeled parents.

**Atmosphere:** Well, it is hard to say because the evening that I attended, the entire block was suffering from a black-out and candles were the only lighting, until we were finishing desert. But I'll soldier on: the atmos' is intimate, without screaming

"Proposals-R-Us", and tastefully appointed, while still being a bit up-to-the-minute (you know you're getting old when you proclaim your desire to discover exactly where a restaurant buys its cutlery).

**What it serves:** Due to the aforementioned black-out, we were restricted to curries and salads, but this cloud had a silver lining! The food was sublime. Curries that put the emphasis on flavour, not third degree burns (I like curries hot, but other spices, etc. must be detectable), warm Thai salads that make you wish you were born there, and traditional desserts like banana's wrapped in rice paper and fried and home made Thai ice cream! Apart from this, there were

also stir-fries of every description, that I am sure would have been fabulous.

**Why we like it:** Great service, excellent food, charming atmos', friendly staff, and did I mention the fabulous food?

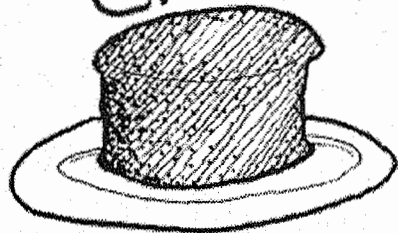
**Any complaints:** Apart from the slight impediment to the variety of fare, there should be a black-out every night.

**Prices:** Between \$10 and \$17 a main-course and you can get a bottle of decent wine (Peter Lehmann Semillon Chardonnay) for \$20.

**Summing up:** What, you didn't read the rest of the article? I LOVED IT!

Anais Chevalier

## CHOCOLATE CAKE



I have noticed over the past few weeks the absence of a recipe section in *On Dit*. Admittedly, the inherent reluctance of the student population to do anything beyond the strictly necessary could be a reason for this omission. However, I am a

great believer in the virtue of cake as an agent of comfort and happiness, so I have decided to remedy this absence with a weekly cake recipe. To eat cake is to take shelter from the evils of the world and I think that is something we could all do with.

This week's is the perennial favourite, the chocolate cake. My next door neighbour Terrie supplied this recipe which is without doubt the best of its kind in the world.

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup cocoa
- 1 cup boiling water
- 190g butter
- 1+ cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups self-raising flour
- 1 cup milk

### METHOD

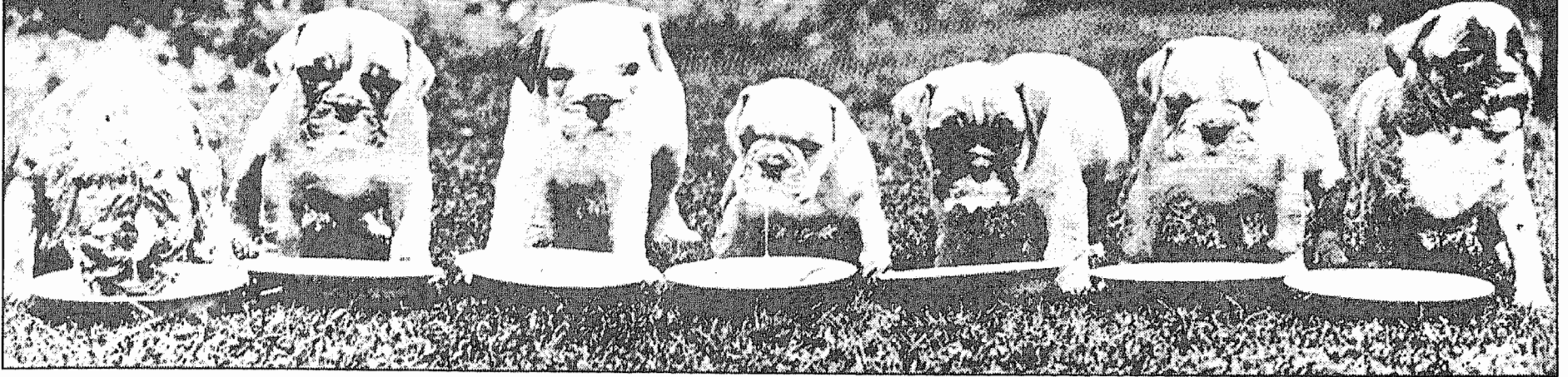
- mix water and cocoa until smooth
- cream butter, sugar and vanilla
- add eggs one at a time, mixing between additions
- beat in cooled cocoa mixture
- sift in flour and mix well
- add milk, mixing until all ingredients are well combined
- pour into greased tin and bake 30-35 minutes in a moderate oven (180 degrees)
- to test whether the cake is cooked insert a skewer into the centre and see if it comes out clean - if not, cook the cake another 5 or 10 minutes

Ella McHenry





# Consumer Watchdog



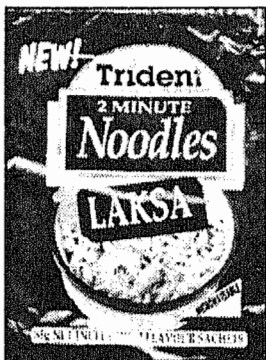
## Instant Noodles



### Fantastic: Oriental Chicken

Well, what can I say. Whilst being terribly excited about the packaging and the fact that they weren't round noodles but mini-fetuccini, they didn't grab anyone at my house as 'fantastic'. 'Eatable' was the best I got from them. Although it could have been the flavour we picked. But having only three fantastic flavours to choose from (oriental chook, veg curry, and mild spicy beef) we didn't really have a lot of room to move in the flavour department. They also claim to be 98% fat free, but I'm not sure what that means either. It's still 8gms per packet.

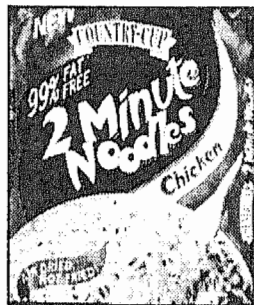
Rating: 6.5/10



### Trident: Laksa

Trident's packaging looks mighty exciting (red which says 'eat me'), and they also have four zesty flavours to choose from, chicken being the most traditional. Not wanting to be traditional, we tried Laksa, wondering, Can we do at home (in 2 minutes) what they do at restaurants (in 30)? The answer is...no. But they give it a good go. They're not too spicy, and I guess if you took the time to add some sea food and chicken, it would actually be pretty tasty. But never in two minutes.

Rating: 7/10



### Country Cup: Chicken

Good ol' chook flavour. We couldn't resist the warm invitation from Country Cup. They make you feel just like you did at your grandparents' country house in a cold winter's night. (Mooommm! Did my grandparents even have a country house?)

And so, having to choose from three warm traditional recipes (chook, beef and oriental for those oriental winter's nights), we give this cup a worthy thumbs up. My sister thought they didn't taste so artificial. So did my grandma (who seemed to have faint memories of her grandparents' country house too).

A well deserved 8/10



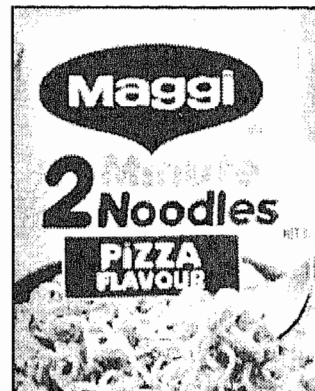
### Heinz: Vegetable

My personal favourite. They come in four brilliant flavours (spicy chook, beef, chook and veggies) and I love them. Of course, that could have something to do with the fact that they are pretending to be 'healthy' so they have less than 1gms of fat (I'd rather get my fat from other food groups, like the chips or chocolate one). But they also smell really good. And surprisingly enough, they don't taste any different from the other 'fatty' ones. A breakthrough from the Heinz people. Normal tasting (almost) fat free 2 minute noodles.

I am impressed: 9.5/10

We love noodles. Two minute ones thank you. They are quick and yummy. Well, most of them. And nowadays, they are also almost fat free! Not really though...

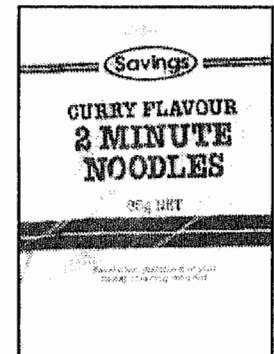
Six major brands seem to monopolize our two minute noodles industry (at Coles anyway), so we didn't really have much choice in the brands, but boy are there flavours! Seeing as it would fill up an entire edition of *On Dit* to comment on them all, we tried to choose wisely and pick an exemplary variety from each brand. So here is my Sunday night...



### Maggi: Pizza

Yes people, you have read right, pizza flavour. Why? I don't know. It's quite beyond me why anyone would want to eat pizza flavoured noodles. If you want pizza, buy one. Maggi has the biggest range of flavours, in their well known yellow packaging, ranging from pizza, to fried onion (once again, why?) and even cheese. So having 9 flavours to choose from, pizza seemed the most appropriate one. We didn't think it tastes like pizza. In fact, we're not too sure what it tastes like, but it could have been worse. I guess it depends on what you like on your pizza. I like kalamatta olives and boccocini, and it didn't taste anything like that. Some people might want noodles on their pizza. To each their own.

Rating for flavour creativity: 8/10



### Savings: Curry

We couldn't leave the no frills people out of the race. And we all seemed to think the noodles tasted just like the other brand names. I don't like curry, so I didn't think much of them. But the rest of my curry loving family thought they were fine. Not great, just fine. They wouldn't rush out to buy them, but when there is nothing else to eat...they would definitely be fought over. And they were decidedly ahead of 'Fantastic'. They offer the typical flavours (chook, beef, oriental, shrimp and curry) and for what is worth, it's not a bad buy.

Rating: 7/10

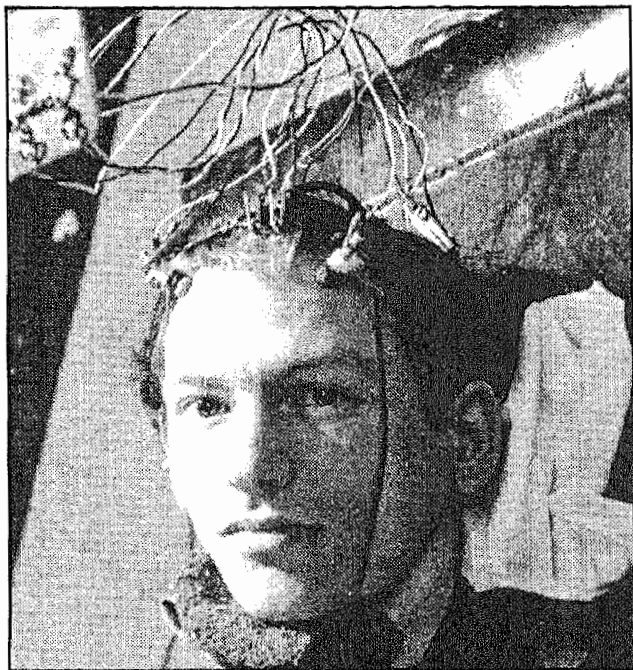


Well, there they are. And we are all noodled out. In my attempt to be fair, I managed to get my family and anyone who was passing by my house to have a taste. So this is the product of many different taste-buds and people. Young and old. Tall and short... I hope you are now better equipped for when you are ready to venture into the world of 2 minute noodles. But don't take my word for it, go and try them for yourselves. Don't bother with the pizza though. It was the last straw for my little sister's stomach, and they were awful returned...

Viv Torres-Opazo, family and friends....



# Work - The Devil's Cream Pie



*Sell your body to science and reap the rewards*

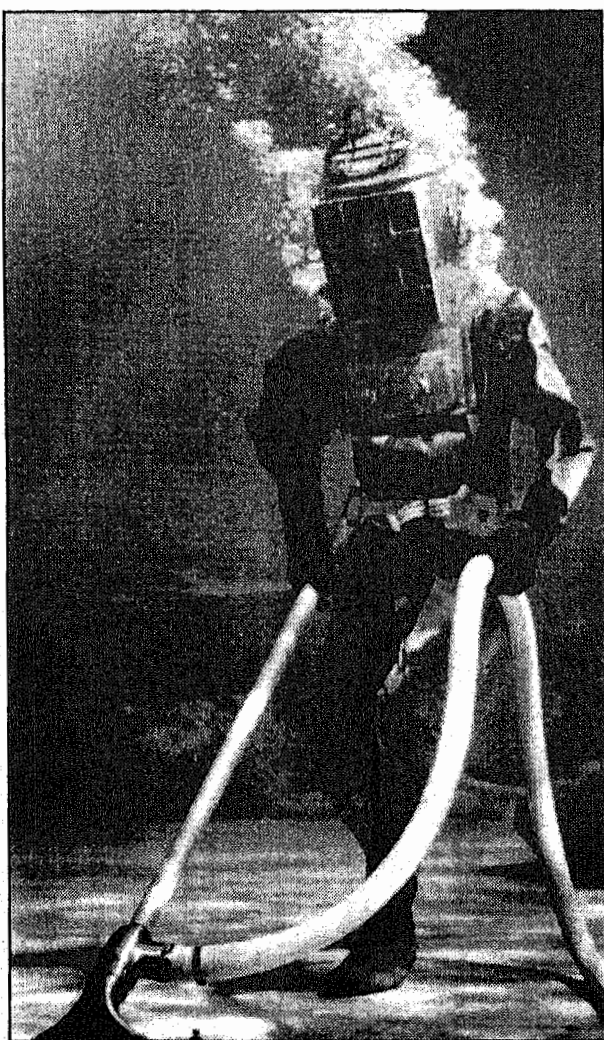
I hate working. I really, really loathe it. I've been working in some form or another since I was twelve. That's eight years of laborious, boring tasks to my name. I hear people who talk about work ethic and character building. That used to be me. I was the one who turned up fifteen minutes before my shift started. Can't find anyone to do the tedious Sunday morning dish pig shift in the nursing hovel? My hand shot straight up. Pride was a big factor in my eagerness. I was driven by a desire to be seen as an efficient, reliable worker. Sturdy, if you will. The kind of person of whom an employer would say, "She's one of my best. Good old reliable Clementine." Then something changed, and for all of my lucky employers things went horribly horribly wrong.

You see, since beginning my descent into the void that is employment hell (VEH), I have come to realise that there is no such thing as a work ethic. People don't work to instill in themselves some higher regard for humanity and suffering. There is no pride in the workforce. People work to survive because starving isn't pleasant. I have suspected this as being the state of affairs for quite some time now, but its full impact really only hit me last week. It was a Saturday and I was due to go to work that night. Due to insufficient funds and a dire rent money/too many parking tickets situation, my house had no food. I'm not talking about the kind of no food that is enjoyed by students living at home that really means there's plenty to eat but nothing chocolatey or scrumptious. This was lone rotten apple on the shelf time. Even the can situation was dire, with most of them having rolled out the door somehow. I couldn't even rely on my staple diet of pesto and pasta, because the pesto had gone mouldy the week before. And as for Stanley George's hard-on for cheese, well Stanley, our Coles Tasty Cheese block was finito, and we were left with only the remnants of Savings plastic cheese slices. Now, I have a fairly good job at the moment and my weekly wage isn't that bad. I've also managed to perfect the art of creative acquirement of food from various outlets, through genius, skill and blatant hustling. But I've come to terms with the fact that even I can't survive anymore. Yes, work may be hell, but I'm in my

season of purgatory. I have eight outstanding parking tickets, debts to the amount of \$563 and \$1 to my name until next Wednesday. It's time for me to find the worst kind of work of all - the supplement job.

The supplement job is something that's familiar to me. Many a time in my past eight years of financial poverty have I had to rely on further work to feed me, clothe me and generally satisfy my wanton lust for shopping. They've mostly been bad. In fact, they've all been bad. At one stage, I had the unfortunate business of working three jobs at a time. In the morning, I loaded bakery trays and served irate mothers sticky buns for their equally annoying, dirty children. For weeks, the stench of icing clung to my hair along with the smell of burnt plastic from the bun wrapper sealing machine whatsit. I hated that job. Lusher's Bakery the place was called, but I preferred to think of it as Slapper-Bitch-From-Hell-Who-Always-Bosses-Me-Around-Because-She-Is-Bitter-She-Never-Got-Out-Of-This-Two-Bit-Town's Den of Sin. We didn't get along very well, and one day she sent me home with my £19.50 for the week with the polite recommendation that I didn't return. I creatively acquired lunch from the Den of Sin that day, and merrily went about my way.

During this horrible episode of my working life, I also had the misfortune to be supplementing my minimum wage with the equally minimal enjoyment of scrubbing dishes at the local nursing home/rock under which relatives leave their decrepit parents to die. Kingsgate Nursing Home was and still is one of the saddest places I've spent time in. Rich with the stench of old people and their stale spittle, my day



*Pool Vacuuming - money for the taking*



*There's always a market for selling girdles*

started with running breakfast trays to all the residents as they lay in their lonely four by six rooms pretending they were happy with the situation at hand. Later on, they would emerge slowly down the stairs to kill time in the dayroom before trundling into the depressingly dank and mouldy dining room. Apart from scrubbing all of their messy dishes, I had to put up with the sight of them sitting in the same places night after night. They actually had a seating plan. God forbid the nursing home staff allow them to mix and socialise. Instead, tables of four were planned out with the craziest ones on one, the listless and lifeless on another, and those still retaining a brain on some more. When one of them died, a new resident was moved in. Minimal shuffling of places took place. When one tried to move to a different table, they were kindly asked to move back to their place "to make it easier for the staff". Very very depressing. Add to all this the already depressing state of having to scrub dishes for six hours on a pathetic wage of £2.15 an hour, and you can see why the summer of '94 sucked for me.

No sirree bob, I haven't had the best experience with the supplement job. As well as the aforementioned seasons in hell, I've been a function worker (for those in hospitality, you'll understand exactly why this is bad - people drunk on free alcohol should all burn and die a horrible horrible burning death) and in contention with Kingsgate for the worst supplement job of all was my time as a donut icer for a certain doughnut shop. Stay far far away. You don't want to eat there. You don't want their coffee. After all this, I'm unfortunately going to have to start looking again. What will it be this time? Panel beater? Parts Identification Officer? Perfume girl at Harris Scarfe? Let's hope none of the above. Perhaps if I'm lucky, I'll get something like my last supplement job - phone sex worker extraordinaire. But that's a story for next week...

**Clementine**



# Sweden to Amsterdam: Adventures with Hitch-hiking

I had never been hitch-hiking before but had always wanted to try it. It was with this in mind that my travel companion and I decided to hitch from Stockholm (East coast of Sweden) to Goteborg (pronounced Gothenberg IN ENGLISH; on the West coast), a distance of some two hundred and fifty kilometres by road. Our intended destination was Amsterdam and flying was just too damn expensive, thus when we heard of a ferry operating between Goteborg and Amsterdam we eagerly jumped at the decision to hitch to Goteborg.

The plan was to get up very early, catch a bus into town, get the subway to the city's outskirts where all the big rigs supposedly left to go Westward and hop on for the ride. With a little luck we would make the entire journey that day. Now if I've learnt anything about travelling it's that it is the true definition of the word plan: (plan) a construct designed to put the mind at ease by implying one's control over one's destiny / immediate future; never eventuates, hence sayings like 'things never go to plan'.

We slept in after a big final night's party in Stockholm, then caught the wrong train. When we finally got out to the truck stop it was late in the afternoon and there were no trucks leaving, just arriving. Three hours went by and our spirits were beginning to dwindle. Then, our first ride. A lady in her mid 30's who had travelled extensively herself. She was very nice, very normal, and we began thinking that it was all going to be real simple from here. Then she had to turn off the highway and we had to get out into the cold. Reality Check #1.

After an hour or so wait, with obligatory cursing at all the fucked-up, stuck-up, Volvo driving snobs who failed to stop and take us closer to our destination, someone finally did. This guy was a classic; shaved head, black t-shirt, driving a large, loud American car at twice the legal limit and never short on something to say. He also had a slab of beer under his seat that he would occasionally refer to, to quench that long-drive-induced boredom. What a character. We didn't mind, however, as we were now well on our way and gaining ground FAST. Alas, all good things come to an end and we found ourselves again on the side of the road, this time mercifully close to a diner and petrol station.

As night was quickly looming, we decided we would have to eat before setting off again, not knowing if we would get the chance to do so again for

quite some time. After taking our fill it was curbside again, raincoats donned to keep out the light drizzle. After trying to get another ride during the last hour of light failed, we decided to head into the forrest which bordered the left side of the road to find a cosy spot to sleep. Reality Check #2 - cosy spots to sleep on the ground in the forrest are few and far between. We uncurled our sleeping mats, took out our sleeping bags and tried to sleep on the uneven, ant-infested ground with rocks jutting into our backs. We did get some sleep, but not much. At dawn, we were jolted into action by the rain pelting down on our heads.

Curbside once again, this time bright and early, surely, we thought, we would get there today. We got a ride shortly (ie. in less than 3 hrs) and were deposited some km's down the road at a proper truck stop. There were about thirty big rigs in the parking lot and we were SURE that one of them would take us to our destination; all we had to do was ask everyone if they were heading to Goteborg or in that direction. After an hour of asking and getting puzzled looks (as suddenly no one spoke English any more), we decided to get out of the rain and get some coffee.

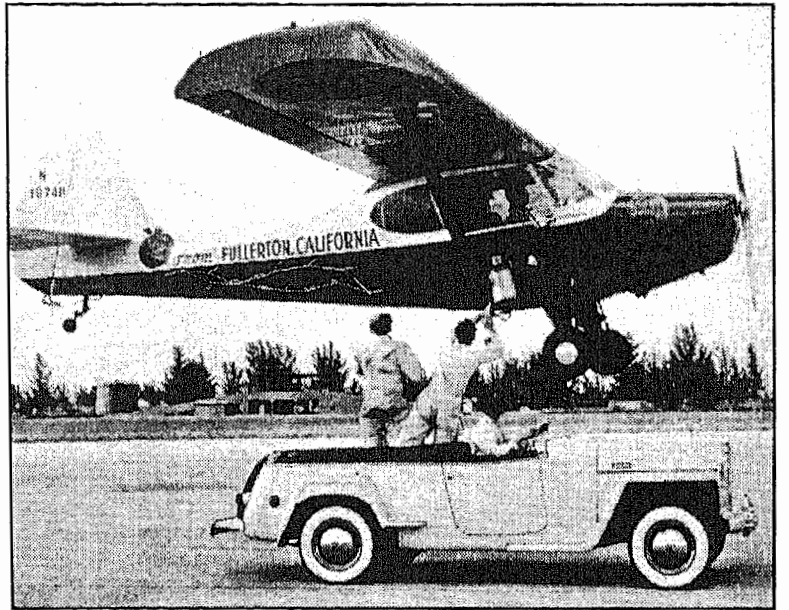
The comfort, warmth and free coffee refills that the truck stop diner provided were somewhat destructive of our plans. We sat there for four and a half hours drinking coffee after coffee and playing cards. I have never been so high on caffeine in all of my life. We were giggling like seven year old school kids at a teacher sitting on a whoopi cushion, completely oblivious to the cold outside, our mission and, most importantly, our fate for the night if we did not make it to Goteborg.

We decided to brave the cold and the continuous rejection and try our luck again. It was after another hour or so that a truck driver proficient in English informed us that the reason we were getting strange looks from everyone was that Goteborg, in Swedish was pronounced something like 'yettebory' (with an occasional phlegm noise) and no one had ever heard of a 'Gothenberg'. You truly do learn something new every day, don't you?

So after our brief tutelage we indeed managed to scab another ride.

We were close now, very close, but in the middle of nowhere and it was getting dark. We started walking in the rain and eventually came across what appeared to be a hotel. As we had been surveying the surrounding area for a comfortable (and inconspicuous) place to sleep and had not yet seen one, we decided to head for the hotel.

Ready to fork out ludicrous amounts of cash, we were saved by a man heading just a little way off from Goteborg. This guy approached us even though we were not obviously hitch-



We're getting to Amsterdam no matter what

hiking at the time and seemed really suss. In the car he was REALLY friendly, offering us accommodation at his shack where he was heading to meet some workmates. He painted a picture of paradise, saying we were welcome to stay however long we wanted, there was a golf course and a pool and we would be his guests. We said thanks but NO THANKS. We wanted to go to Amsterdam. This guy was not too keen on letting us go, especially with no place to stay for the night but we convinced him anyway.

We now found ourselves at a servo on the outskirts of Goteborg at 2 am, about 10 km from the town centre. We walked the streets for a while looking for a place to stay but the place was dead, no lights, no people. Then we found a school and decided to stay the night there. Our first choice of sleeping position turned out to be occupied by a - to this day - unidentified armadillo-rat type creature making a strange noise, 'there, there little fella, you were here first'. We sat on some benches and played cards in faint light. Far from relaxed, we were feeling a little uneasy as we heard (human?) grunting and moaning from somewhere close by. After a while it subsided and we agreed that it must have been some teenaged love birds following their parents orders to not do IT 'under my roof'.

Another near sleepless night and it was back to the servo for dodgy coffee and the best apricot danish I have ever had - no shit. A guy in a little VeeDub was kind enough to move all the shit he had in his passenger seat and take us into town. Reality Check #3 - see above definition of the word plan.

Turns out that the ferry service stopped TWO YEARS AGO! The buses were all booked out, the train cost more than a flight, so off we hitched to the airport. The next flight was the following morning so we turned to the coffee and cards once more. A few hours later, we padlocked our backpacks to some seats and proceeded to get the best, warmest nights sleep in ages.

In the end, we hardly saved any money and got to Amsterdam four days later than we could have, but we got to experience the freedom, the thrills and the unpredictable existence that is hitch-hiking.

Mike Paradowski



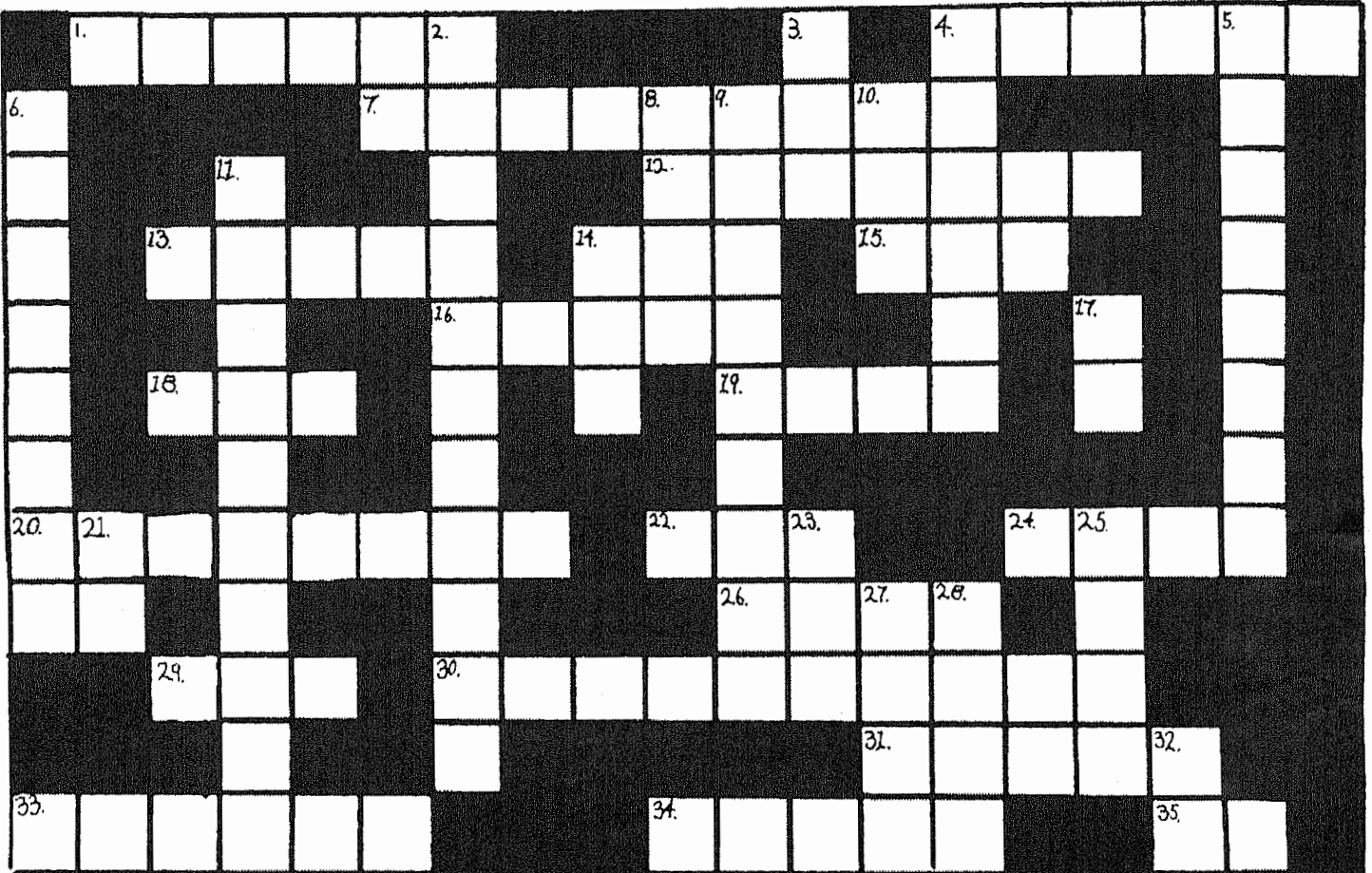
Take me to Goteborg!



# The On Dit Crossword

## ACROSS

1. Campus Watering Hole.
4. A cute name for 22 across.
7. Name of the library.
12. The bestest section in the entire *On Dit* history including Vox Pox and all those crap editorials.
13. Morticia's husband.
14. What you call your male lecturers when you need an extension.
15. The thing you shout when you have finished your Spanish exam. Bullfighters also shout this.
16. The parking ticket inspector is your \_\_\_\_\_.
18. This: *On* \_\_\_\_\_.
19. Statement usually heard at supplementary exams:  
"I went to a tutorial \_\_\_\_\_".
20. Boost your career to the annoyance of others by getting involved in student \_\_\_\_\_.
22. Too many chips from the mayo will make you this.
24. 14 down got into a bit of a pickle with this last year.
26. If you enjoy Mechatronic Engineering then you are this.
29. *On* \_\_\_\_\_.
30. Excuse for not going out into the world of work.
31. If you are a student your car is probably a \_\_\_\_\_.
33. The planet that comes after Saturn. If you know this then refer to 26 across.
34. \_\_\_\_\_.
35. \_\_\_\_\_ *Dit*.



## DOWN

2. SAUA President. Tom \_\_\_\_\_.
3. *Better Homes and Gardens* teaches the gentle art of this.
4. Henzell, Vine and \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Smokers and Cornelia Francis have one of these.
6. Troll is the abbreviation for this word. See Pauline Hanson for a fine example of this.
8. On hot days you wish you

- could \_\_\_\_\_ in the Torrens, but you would probably die.
9. Vice-Chancellor. See 5 down.
10. Arts students might like to find a sciencey type to help out here: number that follows one.
11. Come out from their nests of festering ambition during election week. Student \_\_\_\_\_.
14. This year's King Hacky-Sack. Last year's Education VP.
17. \_\_\_\_\_ *Dit*.
21. \_\_\_\_\_ *Dit*.
23. That little number you slaved so hard for in year 12 that now counts for SHIT.
25. Everyone's favourite refectory.
27. Random word that is a bit like a certain organisation encouraging pokies and grey hair.
28. Remedy for 22 across.
32. Could you be bothered finishing this crossword all the way through?

### On Dit Crossword Competition

Bring a completed crossword down to the *On Dit* office before Wednesday 5pm and be in the running to win one of a number of amazing prizes! Winners will be announced next edition, and get to choose from the following list of rewards:

- One bottle of Savings Brand Window Cleaner
- One aerosol can of Home Brand Non-Stick Cooking Oil (belonging to Student Radio Director Luke Toop)
- Several hundred sheets of badly yellowed A3 paper
- One item from the *On Dit* box of mystery useless objects
- Your choice of back issues of *On Dit* from February & March 2001
- One Reject Shop sombrero, slightly crushed
- Several weeks' worth of press release faxes from Bob Brown, Greens Senator (we have hundreds)
- The August 1991 edition of *Dolly* magazine
- A number of beer bottles emptied during our last marathon layout weekend
- A number of bottlecaps
- A date with the Union Board member of your choice (to be confirmed)

# Blast from the Past

This week's Blast from the Past is the Student Radio top 12 list from 20th July 1981 (Volume 49, no 15). It may have been 20 years ago, but the students of Adelaide could already listen to the glorious sounds of Small Ads, The Ears and Scuba Scuba by Revillos.

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through local  
ents or community  
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lived to the community  
relation to schools  
the decision making  
would go back to the  
themselves.

Gamin' slot (the J car is bigger)  
must be worried.  
Well more power to Ford and  
its *Lasar*; I'm getting sick of  
driving the geriatric offerings of  
our local makers and it's about  
time they shaped up or shipped  
out.



- 1) The Ears - *The Lollyhater* (Missing Link)
- 2) Men At Work - *Who Can It Be Now* (CBS)
- 3) Jona Lewie - *Louise (We Get It Right)* (Stiff)
- 4) Revillos - *Scuba Scuba* (Dindisc)
- 5) Small Ads - *Motorway Madness* (Bronze)
- 6) The Riffs - *Army Zombie* (EMI)
- 7) Jackson Zumdish - *Flyblown* (Agro Fish)
- 8) The Lambrettas - *Good Times* (Rocket)
- 9) XTC - *Strange Tales* (Virgin)
- 10) Talking Heads - *Air (Sire)*
- 11) Joy Division - *Transmission* (Gap)
- 12) Devo - *Girl U Want* (WEA)

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- ### STUDENTS'
- President (1)  
Linda Gale  
Paul Klaric  
EVP (1)  
Julia Gillard  
Finance and Adminis  
Officer (1)  
Mark Jamieson  
Local AUS Secretary  
Alan Fairley  
David Murdoch  
General Executive M  
Janet Townend  
Leonie Nowland  
Rory Mahoney  
Women's Officer (1)  
Deej Ezemini  
Education Officer (1)  
Gordon Brown  
EPAC - General Mem  
Jane Sloane  
Bill Morton  
Jackie Wurm  
Chris Sen  
David Loftus  
Peter Whittle  
Rory Mahoney  
On dit  
Chris Barry, Tim D  
Robert Gordon



# STUDENT RADIO - 5UV, 531am

Big News! Persian New Year is this Tuesday, and they'll be taking over the airwaves for the night, so your next fix of Student Radio will be courtesy of Flinders Uni on Wednesday, from 8pm. But never fear! We will return this Saturday with a gargantuan four hours of bliss: beginning at 9pm with Anais, Elise and guests for the **Womens' Show**. They'll be followed at 10pm by Alana and Izzy for some blues,

and then **Ashes to Ashes** with Mike and Ashley at 11pm to review the local scene and bring you up to date with gig and album reviews. Jon will be finishing up the night from midnight till 1am with a focus on unusual, experimental and obscure artists.

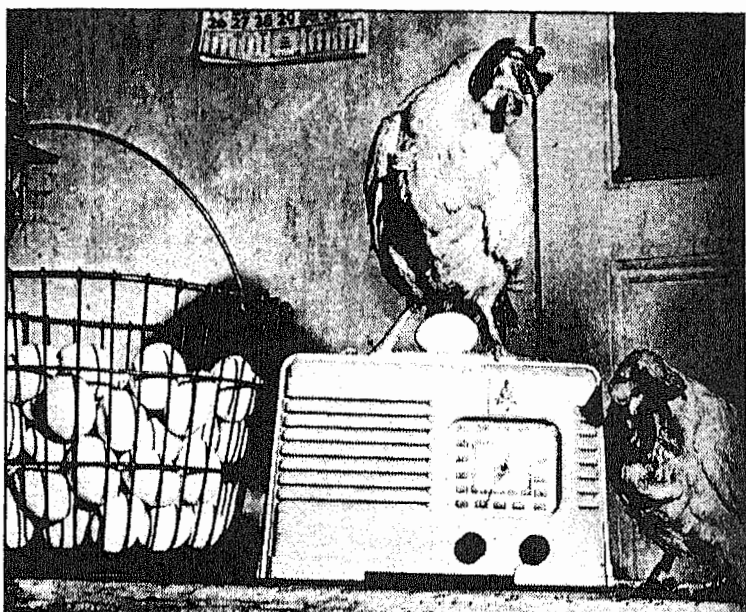
Next Monday you'll be able to listen to **Well Powdered** with Alix and Jonathon at 9pm for film reviews and current affairs as well as some new

music. They are followed by **Heresy** with Michael and Michelle at 10pm for an hour of the latest metal releases and news. Then begins **Local Beats**, with a concentration on local electronic producers and DJs. **Dork In A Cup** with Luke, Sam and Coralie kicks off at 11pm, with some of the best new dance music and the ongoing radio drama, "Captain Action Pants." At midnight, we close off with the eclectic selections of **The Void**,

concentrating on cutting-edge electronica and local electronic music producers.

There's not just something for everyone, there's anything for everyone who can tune into 531 AM on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights! A happy Persian New Year to you all, and remember: mono is the future.

Luke Toop



Student Radio - so good it'll increase your yield by up to 180%

SHOW PROFILE

## NOISEGATE

Every second Saturday,  
Midnight-1am

Noisegate is the experimental music show on Student Radio. Hosted by Luke since 1996, when he took over the previous experimental show, 'Surface Noise', which had been running for 2 years, it is the longest running show on Student Radio.

It isn't as hard-edged as it used to be, with a much greater focus on electronic oddities and deep beats. There is the occasional burst of Merzbow, Masonna and Non, or other concrete-mixer-inspired noise music. You'll also

hear some surrealist improvisation a la Nurse With Wound and Corpus Hermeticum, and there'll be the traditional Coil special during the year, once we get in some of their latest releases. What else is planned? Well, there's a heap of interviews with Big Chill artists to be put to air soon, and a rundown of worthwhile artists who make their music available via MP3.com, Napster and other internet facilities. Which reminds me: check out [www.speedbass.com](http://www.speedbass.com), especially if you are a Squarepusher fan...

## Byte Me v1.05

HSV vs FTE

([www.hsv.com.au](http://www.hsv.com.au)) ([www.fte.ford.com.au](http://www.fte.ford.com.au))

I've decided it's time for the first of hopefully many website duels. The duels will take a specific format, and the contestants have to be on a similar topic. The format will consist of website comparisons, followed by content comparisons. While I guarantee that the website comparisons will be totally objective and unbiased, I can make no such claim for the content contest.

With the Clipsal 500 looming over us, and me being a bit of a revhead, the first duel will be between the Holden Special Vehicles (HSV) website and the Ford Tickford Engineering (FTE) site. Just as they battle on the track, now shall they compete on the net.

The HSV website has a fairly standard and unoriginal layout, opting for a left menu frame, with the traditional banner ad and title frame across the top. This contrasts to the FTE site which has dabbled in something a little bit different with a tiny and very basic menu on the opening page, with many of the content links embedded within the main graphic. Once you proceed to one of these pages, however, it takes on

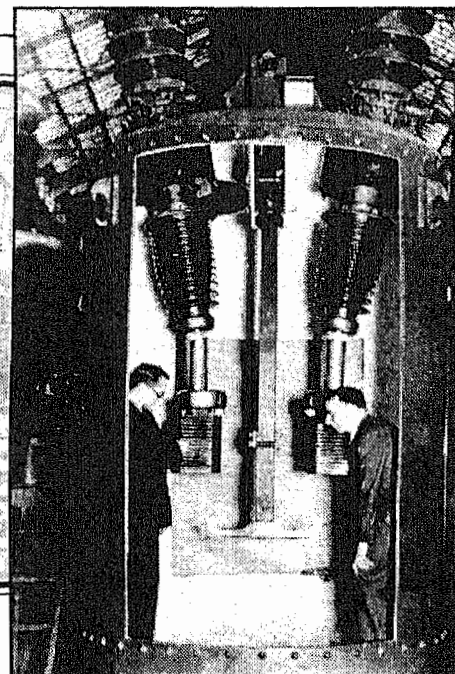
a more familiar form with a navigation bar across the entire bottom of the screen and a title bar across the top.

The HSV site has the red and black Holden colours used throughout the site, giving it excellent readability and clarity, whereas the FTE site suffers problems in this area with the grey text on white background. The FTE site has a fairly sparse look and style to it, which with the white background, is this site's main problem.

Content wise, there is a simple and obvious difference. HSV has heaps and heaps and heaps, whereas the FTE site's sparse style has spread to the content levels as well. FTE are at a bit of a disadvantage however as they only have 2 models to talk about, and HSV have at least 8. Link that with HSV's record sales and complete domination of the Australian Performance market, and you have got to give FTE a bit of a break. I admit I'm a Holden boy, but my opinion is that while FTE has a really good site, HSV have got better stuff to put on it..... a battle that will rage forever.

Simon Saint

**NOISEGATE**  
1,583,127 Watts of  
Pure Mono Noise  
beaming from the  
Student Radio  
Noise Mechanism  
(right) to your  
home, car or  
workplace  
radio.



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

The Sexuality Department is producing a  
**COMING OUT BOOKLET**  
for students coming out or questioning their sexuality.

**WE WANT YOU...**

...to write articles, poetry, stories or anything else you can think of about your experiences and thoughts to do with coming out.

You can hand in your submissions to the Students' Association Office  
(Ground Floor, George Murray Building)  
Ring 8303 5406 (SAUA) or 8303 3899 (Sexuality Officers direct line)  
or email Sam on <[boysexo@saua.asn.au](mailto:boysexo@saua.asn.au)>  
or Elise on <[girlsexo@saua.asn.au](mailto:girlsexo@saua.asn.au)>  
We would love to hear from you  
(anything you submit can be anonymous)



# GENERATION TEEVE

## Realiteeve: A Window into the Failings of Others

We all have our weaknesses. Mine are myriad. Generally I'm Little Miss 'Foreign Correspondent', or Little Miss 'Political Interview on the 7:30 Report'.

But we all have our weaknesses. And mine are myriad.

I'll discuss how Buffy seduced me (vile temptress) another day. Today's exposed weakness is Reality Television, affectionately known as Realiteeve.

Due to the Incredible Slackness of Being, I can't yet account for the popularity of Realiteeve from the Network's point of view. An interview is (hopefully) pending.

My own theory is that Realiteeve offers us a window into the failings of others, and makes us feel better about ourselves. The formula seems to be: put ordinary people into extraordinary circumstances, film them, and edit to highlight their worst features and failings. Like the Smelly Bastard who is the first to laugh at the poor sod who fell off their chair because it diverts the teasing and vilification away from him for a few minutes, we love to gather around the magic moving picture box in the corner and yell obscenities at the flawed characters contained within. And to us they *do* seem to be 'characters'.

### Through the Critic's Combine Harvester: The Beginning

Journeying back to dig up the Cro Magnon remains of early Realiteeve, a finger can be pointed at

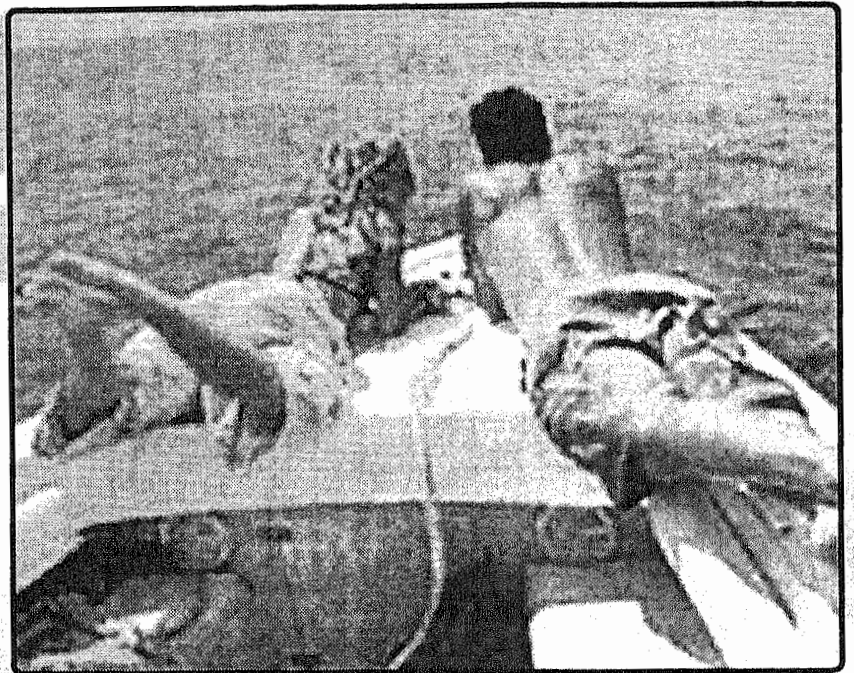
those stupid fucking home movie monstrosities such as *When Things Fall Down*, *When Machines Attack*, or *When Relatives Combust* (my own personal favourite). Regular readers will already be aware of my attitude towards these programmes, and other such 'World's Crappiest', so I don't need to swear at you all again.

Another early precursor is said to be those home Internet camera thingies where folks set up a bunch of webcams around their house and invite strangers to watch them. Most of the ones I've seen have been boring, and not porn: girl on couch; boy on phone; empty room; cat eating breakfast.

### Through the Critic's Combine Harvester: Teeve From Hell

The earliest modern manifestation of Realiteeve that I can think of would be the heinous and obnoxious *House From Hell*. It was so bad that right now there is some German or Chinese version of Tim Ferguson cracking lame jokes on a 'World's Worst Television' show, and introducing *House From Hell*, whilst the audience at home tut tuts to themselves and remembers fondly their respective versions of the DAAS ("I'll let you treat me ruff ruff ruff ruff ruff/If you let me be your cocker spaniel pup").

For those who never saw it, a bunch of strangers were chucked together in a house with cameras everywhere, and the resulting shenanigans broadcast. It was a good idea.



*Temptation Island: sociological experiment or complete pap?*

From a sociological point of view, observing the group dynamics of share housing could be really fascinating. But it wasn't done from a *sociological* point of view; it was done from Andrew Denton's point of view.

I couldn't stomach more than a handful of episodes, but I *did* manage to see the inhabitants stripped of their privacy and dignity on several occasions. The worst incident I saw was when they made them drink pig's blood milkshakes—but daily doses of lesser torture occurred. Is this good television by *anyone's* standards?

I haven't seen *Big Brother*, so I don't know if the idea is similar, or more benign. Having been subjected to the *Big Brother is Coming* special, twice, I feel like I've been given the punchline before I've even heard the joke. So, everyone involved is gonna end up a megastar—we know *this* already, and we don't even know who they *are* yet. It takes away any reason to *watch* the programme. There is a danger in letting the hype become bigger than the product.

### Through the Critic's Combine Harvester: The Odd, the Sad, and the Horny

*The Villa*: whack a bunch of strangers in an exotic location, soak them in booze for a week, and see if anyone gets it on. Honestly, Norgshots aside guys, did anyone *actually* find this entertaining? Every fucking episode was the same, with different players, and every five minutes they'd

recap the action (or lack thereof) in a vain attempt to disguise the dearth of actual content.

*Temptation Island*: similarly themed, now we're trying to *break up* established couples. Deliberately doing shit to make people stray from their loved one is really poor form. Granted, people are going to cheat—hell, I was sleeping with a guy who'd been cheating on his girlfriend since we got completely arseholed at a drinks night last September, but there were no fucking cameras around. Surely it is easy to resist temptation when the evidence can be broadcast worldwide?

I *do* like the host however: he's like an American Steven Jacobs (chuckle. I like 'em little and cute).

*Pleasure Island*: This is a 'Part II', which means that someone, somewhere, saw the first one and said "Yes please—more of that." Fat slags with their Norgs swinging about being groped by a group of pasty, chubby Englishmen in g-strings which don't cover their bollocks properly IS NOT ENTERTAINMENT. I watched the first instalment; I screamed, I winced, and I begged for mercy—and that was all before the first commercial break. Oh the horror.

Next week: more islands, simulacrous superstars, and an insider's view on realiteeve.

Teeve: Stop the programme, I want to get off.

Jayne Lewis

## Survivor Roundup

Well it was double trouble this week (or should I say bliss?) as we were treated to two nights in a row. In Episode 6 most people would have been anticipating the crocodile accident we were lead into believing would occur. LIES AND TREACHERY! It was all creative editing. Instead Mike inhaled some smoke and simply passed out on the fire, burning his little hands. Thus, no Immunity Challenge, and the tribes evened up for the merger. Ogakor couldn't really have asked for anything better, as due to Kucha's tight-knit nature they surely would have been picked off one by one if they'd entered the merger 6-4. Food really was a focus this week, whether it be from Jerri's disgusting Fried Green Tomatoes or Kucha's foray into the tantalising world of chicken feed. Worst of all was the gratuitous product placement of Mountain Dew and Doritos as the Challenge reward. Pffft. Still, it was redeemed by the teary scene as Mike left. Even I couldn't help crying. In fact, I'm nearly crying now.

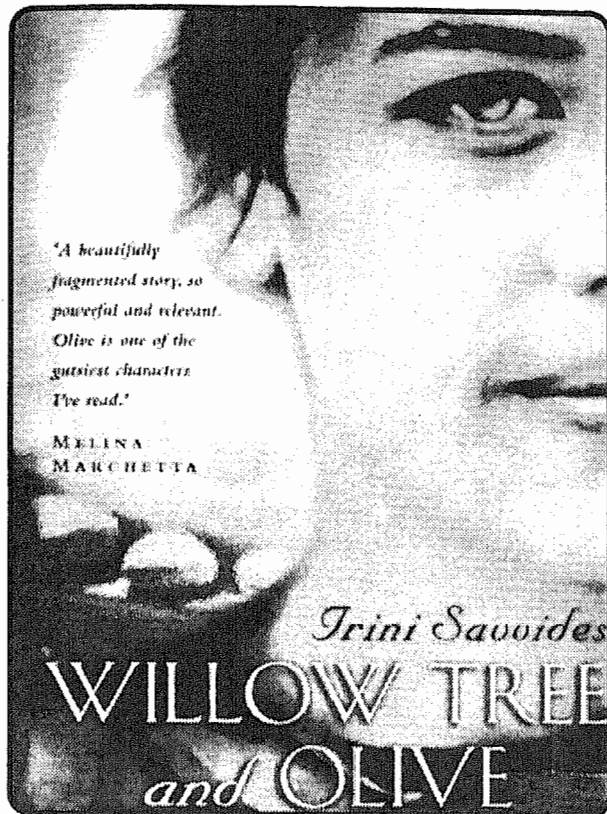
Episode 7 was arguably one of the best yet. The girls and boys were divided up prior to merging and despite promises of fighting and mean behaviour they couldn't have been more chummy. Still, they were probably all looking for info. The big food ritual of cooking for each other was an anthropological dream. Now the greatest part of this episode was definitely the Immunity Challenge, "The Perch". Some contestants stayed for 10 hours standing on poles in the middle of the water, tempted by all manner of goodies. Oh, the anticipation! No doubt they would have been there a lot longer if Tina had not conceded to Keith after a little begging. Obviously strategically he needed the vote a lot more. And it worked. When the vote came and old party lines split it down the middle between Colby and Jeff, it was Kucha who lost out. Pearly-white teeth Texan Colby had of course not had a vote cast against him, and conniving Jeff had to say goodbye. At least Jerri's still there to liven things up.

This makes things soooooo much more interesting. The undefeatable Kucha has been reduced to a measly four, while rocky Ogakor has five. Next week's politics will undoubtedly be the juiciest yet, as Kucha fight's to stay in the game.

*Teeve Anagram of the Week*  
**Reality Television: I**  
*violates entirely.*



# Mind-expanding Stuff...

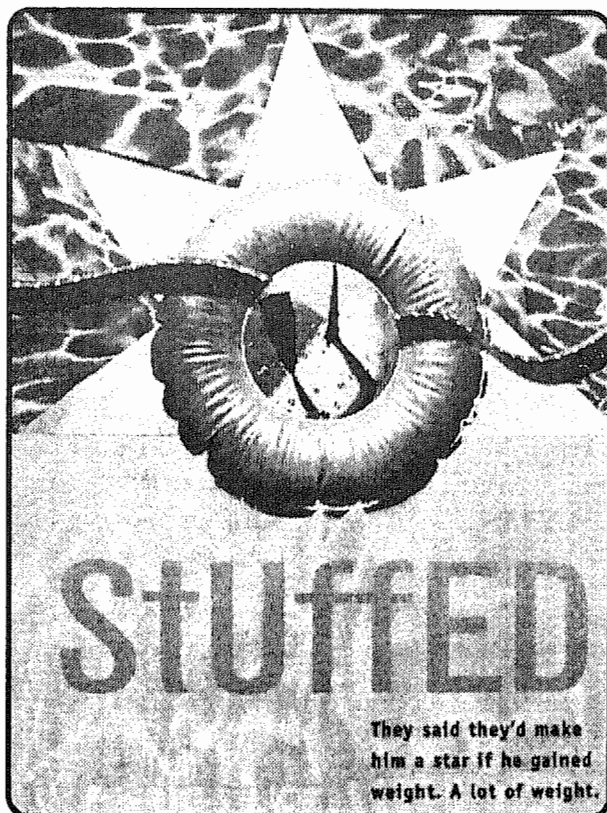


## Irini Savvides *Willow Tree and Olive* Sceptre

Despite the proverb warning us not to, many people do judge a book by its cover. As one of those people I read the small quote from Melina Marchetta, author of *Looking for Alibrandi*, on the front cover of *Willow Tree and Olive* and immediately assumed this would be a book tackling similar issues to *Alibrandi*. The first third of the novel disappointingly lived up to this assumption. Olive is a Greek Year 12 scholarship student at a snooty private school who stresses about debating competitions, exams and university choices. Engaging in a love-hate relationship with her ethnicity and associated customs, Olive uses this ethnicity to set herself apart from, and to deride the Anglo-Saxon blonde rich hyphenated-surnamed girls at school. Finding companionship in another scholarship outcast, Kerry, Olive involves herself in all the customary Year 12 rites of passage as a strong, sarcastic and capable person with fixed and firm plans for the future. To *Alibrandi* readers this will all sound very familiar.

It comes as a refreshing shock, therefore, when Olive's inability to deal with a terrible secret in her past results in her suffering a life-halting breakdown. From this point onwards, *Willow Tree and Olive* emerges as a unique and satisfying novel in its own right. First-time author, Irini Savvides' treatment of Olive's suffering is fresh and raw using diary entries, letters and fragments of disjointed poetry to intersect the chapters documenting Olive's descent into depression and breakdown. Olive's inevitable recovery occurs only after she flees to Greece where the tragedy of her past looms. In immersing herself in Greek customs, mythology and history, Olive not only finds appreciation for her ethnicity but also unearths an historical Greek poetess from whose work she draws the strength to confront the memories of her past. Savvides' depiction of Greece through the juxtaposition of mythological references with Olive's contemporary observations provides for some interesting reading. Once this novel stops depending on previous novels for ideas, it is an engaging, thought-provoking and bitter-sweet read which deals with many pertinent adolescent issues.

Alex Stillwell

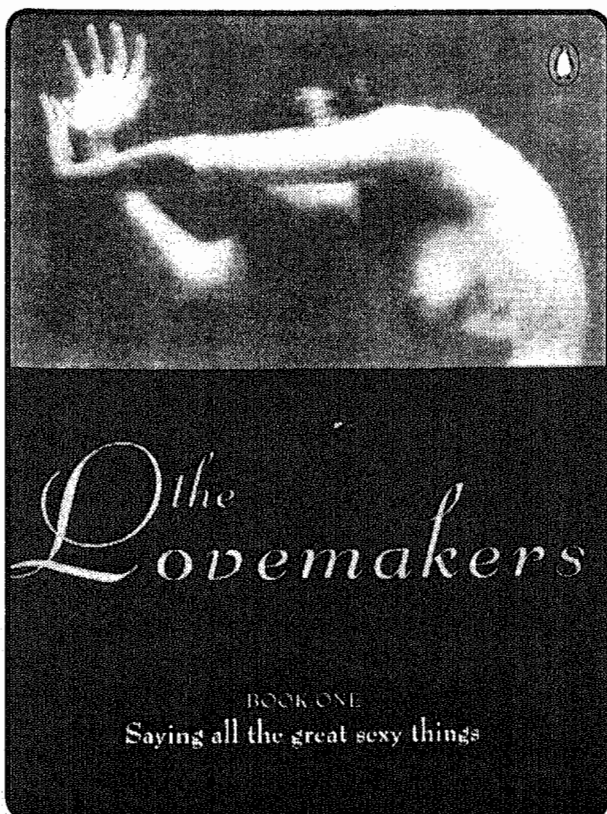


## Gordon Graham *Stuffed* Duffy & Snellgrove

This book is a literary soap opera. For this reason, readers who enjoy the melodramatic characters and short, witty scenes of *Neighbours*, *Home and Away* or *Days of Our Lives* should immediately purchase the novel. Even Garvey Quinn, the book's central character, is a hunky big-jawed soapie star with an athletic body and well-shaped pecs; at least, that's his body shape before he gets a movie offer requiring him to transform himself into a human walrus. The book follows his journey into the elephantine, exploring his growing respect for various acronyms including VB, KFC and PCGC (Particularly Creamy German Cakes). The author, Gordon Graham, has made various important choices regarding the novel's form which, for me, detract from the book's appeal. For example, the decision to omit quotation marks proved frustrating: I quickly got tired of re-reading paragraph openings once the speaker had been established. This was especially annoying in a narrative that's driven by an overload of dialogue. Also, creating a

narrator who is dumb and unlikable is a mistake for any author. Garvey is a thoroughly unprofound teenybopper whose obsession with physical appearance and daytime television drove me insane. How are we meant to relate to someone who watches teleadvertisements for kicks? Garvey's narration is refreshingly interspersed with passages from Bryan Mars, the real-life failure whom Garvey portrays in the film. His chapters are, interestingly, written in the second person, and successfully map the tragic downfall of a national hero. The book's handful of sex scenes are hilariously bad. Full of testosterone driven lustfulness, boobs and the removal of moistened bathers, they are ridiculous enough to be thoroughly entertaining: those looking for sad novelistic voyeurism should turn to page 57. It's an easy read, but hardly riveting. Buy it for soapie addicts to increase literacy, but nobody else – unless they enjoy sentences like the following: "At least the movie version doesn't call for me to get that fat, and I'll make damn sure they stick to their contract about getting me a personal trainer and top medical advice and I'll work like a bastard to get back in trim, fucking oath I will". That just about sums it up, really.

Philip Thiel



## Alan Wearne *The Lovemakers* Penguin

It was with a fresher's enthusiasm that I agreed to take this book off Emily the literature sub-editor, despite its dubious title, mammoth 3cm thickness and the fact that it was a verse-novel. Indeed, if one was to judge this book by its cover (come on who doesn't?) one would come to the conclusion that it was going to focus on sex.

This brings me to my first point about *The Lovemakers*. It is quite deceiving in its packaging, and it is as much about Australian people as it is about their sex lives. It in essence is about the lives of various working class people in outback and suburban Australia in the "1960's, 70's and 80's" - yet my impression is that it was set mostly in the 60's.

Which brings me to my next point. Much of Wearne's writing uses slang and language structure from the era in which the poem was set and/or written. He fails however to make this accessible or even understandable to readers such as myself who belong to a different generation. This is a major fault, and along with the books length and

range of storylines made it quite hard to follow at times.

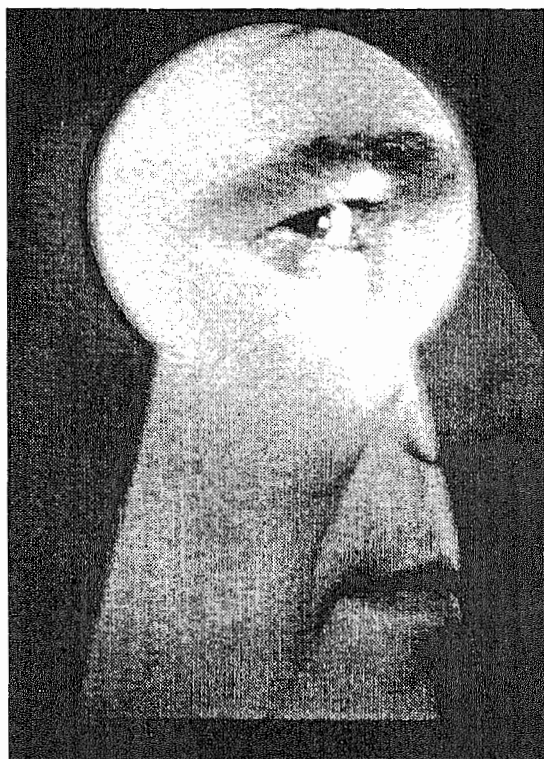
Wearne has divided his book up into Parts, then Titles (of poems) and then sub-headings. He also revisits his poems and storylines, so there is for example "*Catholics for friends (i)*" (in Part 2) and "*Catholics for Friends (ii)*" (in Part 4). While this does to some extent sustain your interest in the different stories throughout the novel, it also gets quite confusing.

In fact I found the first half of the book, while occasionally interesting, was a hard slog to read, and it was only when I got to Part 4 (there are 8 Parts) and Wearne started to develop some of his characters, plots and storylines that I began to enjoy this book, and the style Wearne's poetry. He creates out of the stereotypical interesting, complex and intriguing characters, and his style is one that you gradually become accustomed to. Once you do, you begin to appreciate his use and knowledge of language, especially in creating and developing character relationships.

I recommend this book to people who like reading about Aussies from the past, but be prepared to skip some of the poems if they bore you.

Rosie





**Harry, He's Here to Help  
(Harry, Un Ami Oui Vous Veut Du Bien)  
Directed by Dominik Moll  
Palace Cinema  
Opens 15th March 2001**

Michel (Laurent Lucas) is exhausted – his wife is tired, the car is hot and the children are nagging. During a break from the arduous drive to their ramshackle holiday home on which the renovations are far from complete, Michel serendipitously meets an old classmate, Harry (Sergi Lopez). Michel can't remember Harry, but Harry recalls Michel frighteningly well, and invites himself and his girlfriend Plum (Sophie Guillemin) over for a drink. Harry reminisces about

the poems and stories Michel used to write in high school - in fact Harry even knows many of them by heart! The stress in Michel's life is clear to Harry who is very keen to help improve the situation, particularly so Michel can resume writing. But Harry's giving nature is a little unnerving for Michel and wife Claire (Mathilde Seigner) and it soon becomes clear his intentions may not be as good as they first seemed. Tension mounts as this ever darkening plot unfolds, played out in the serene European country side. Performances are competent, particularly Sergi

Lopez as the unsettling Harry, and a combination of creative cinematography and eerie soundtrack heightens the sense of apprehension. In the style of Alfred Hitchcock, director Dominik Moll has created an entertaining and unsettling journey, exploring the juxtaposition between a man with too many problems and a man with overzealous solutions.

**The bottom line:** A combination of black comedy and suspense, this competent, well shot and entertaining French film is worth a look.

Julia Bolton

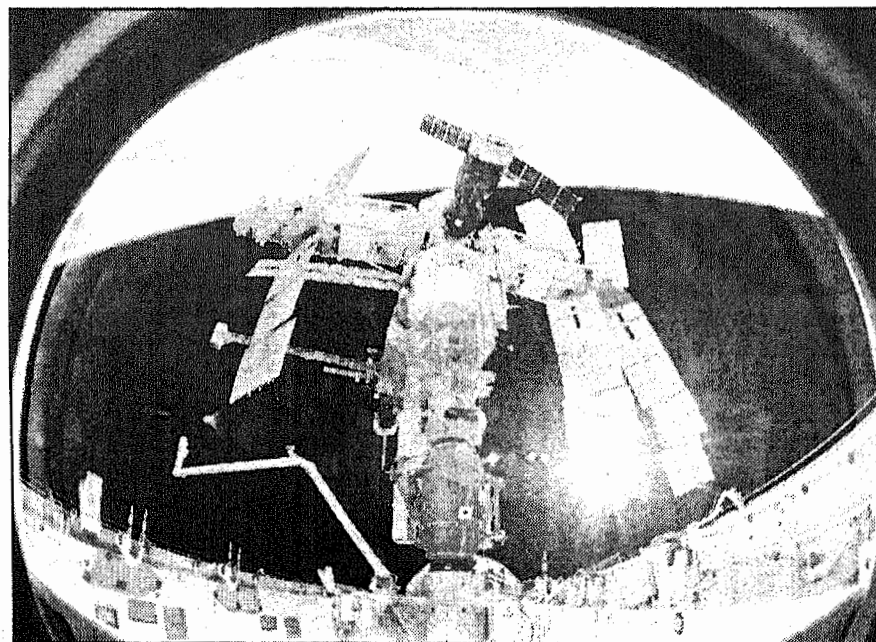
**Mission To Mir  
IMAX  
Now Showing**

This latest offering from IMAX filmmakers Toni Myers and Graeme Ferguson takes us on a journey to the Russian Space Station Mir, which has been occupied by international teams of scientists since 1986. Filmed in space by the astronauts using the special giant-screen IMAX film, *Mission to Mir* gives viewers a rare look inside the space station, and the relationships formed by the crew. The film guides audiences through the daily activities, from scientific experiments to sing-a-longs of Russian folk songs! Astronauts such as Norm Thagard, John Blaha and Shannon Lucid, the first Americans to spend time on Mir, provide first-hand accounts of their experiences living and working with their cosmonaut colleagues and the personal friendship forged by the former Cold War rivals as they orbit the Earth. "Even five years ago, would anybody have imagined that the Americans and the Russians were going to spend long periods of time on

a space station together?" wonders astronaut Shannon Lucid. "But there we were, three people from two different countries working and living together for four or five months – and having a really good time!"

Besides showing how the astronauts survive life on Mir, the film delves into the rigorous preparation astronauts and cosmonauts undergo prior to their missions. Viewers are given a first time look at the Russian cosmonaut community, Star City, and the training program the Mir crew are subject to. The IMAX team also makes an unprecedented trip to the launch pad in Baikonur – a site once so secret that it was not located on any maps – to film a thunderous lift-off of the Soyuz rocket.

*Mission To Mir* is a fascinating film using the IMAX technology to achieve spectacular visuals. The crisp, clear, huge images, coupled with flawless 6 channel sound, make the film more of an experience than a documentary.



From the eerily serene docking of Space Shuttle Atlantis with the Mir space station, to the two resounding lift-off scenes, which shook the seats in the theatre, the audience are transported from the theatre into the film.

Having said that, beware of the soundtrack, a dirty mixture of country music and soap-operatic sentimentals, it didn't do the film justice.

mars

**The Emperor's New Groove  
Selected Cinemas  
Now Showing**

Yet another Disney film to roll off the assembly line, *The Emperor's New Groove* is actually a vast improvement on their recent efforts. The emperor Kuzco, voiced by David Spade, is a spoilt young man who has his every whim catered to. He decides that he would like to wipe out the local village to make way for his summer house and water slide. Meanwhile, his chief advisor Yzma (Eartha Kitt) has been busy trying to usurp

his throne. Realising this, Kuzco has her "let go" and in revenge Yzma turns him into a llama. Alone in the jungle, Kuzco the llama must enlist the help of the disgruntled yet gentle peasant Pacha (John Goodman) to return to his human form and regain his throne.

Of course, the biggest complaint that most people have about Disney films is the annoying moral message that always turns up at the end of the

film. This movie is certainly no exception, but don't let this put you off going to see it. David Spade is hilarious as always, and it is really obvious that the animators have used his mannerisms to create the character on screen. There are the usual heartwarming moments and a god-awful theme song by Sting, who should have known better but obviously wanted to follow in the footsteps of Elton John.

This movie is almost a return to form for Disney, as they have sadly disappointed me ever since the success of *The Lion King*. I had never thought of the llama as a particularly cute and cuddly creature (don't they spit long distances?) but after seeing this movie, I wanted to rush straight out and buy a lovely little stuffed piece of commercial merchandise.

Mickey Mouse's Ears



## Memento Palace/Nova cinemas Opens 12th April

*Memento* is an incredibly well put together, intricate and thoroughly mesmerising thriller. And not only that, it's also a damn entertaining couple of hours. Starring our very own Guy Pearce as Leonard Shelby, *Memento* tells the fractured tale of a man who, after witnessing the violent rape and murder of his wife, loses his short term memory. From one moment to the next, Leonard is unable to remember what he has just done or said. In order to function in a world that thrives on memories, he becomes ultra-organised, relying on polaroids, tattoos and notes to navigate his life. Bent on killing the man who murdered his wife, Leonard tries to sift the truths from the falsehoods, as it becomes increasingly obvious that he cannot rely on those around him to tell the truth. Things are never what they seem, and the closer Leonard gets to learning the truth, the muddier the water becomes.

Guy Pearce has certainly shaken

off his soapie roots in this performance, which would have been a hard act to pull off. Of course, he has put in some stellar performances since his *Neighbours* days so I should hardly have been surprised. Carrie Ann Moss plays the mysterious Natalie who may or may not be trusted. Then there is Teddy (Joe Pantoliano) who begins the story dead, and appears to be the villain - or is he? These two put in credible performances, but it is certainly Guy Pearce who mesmerises.

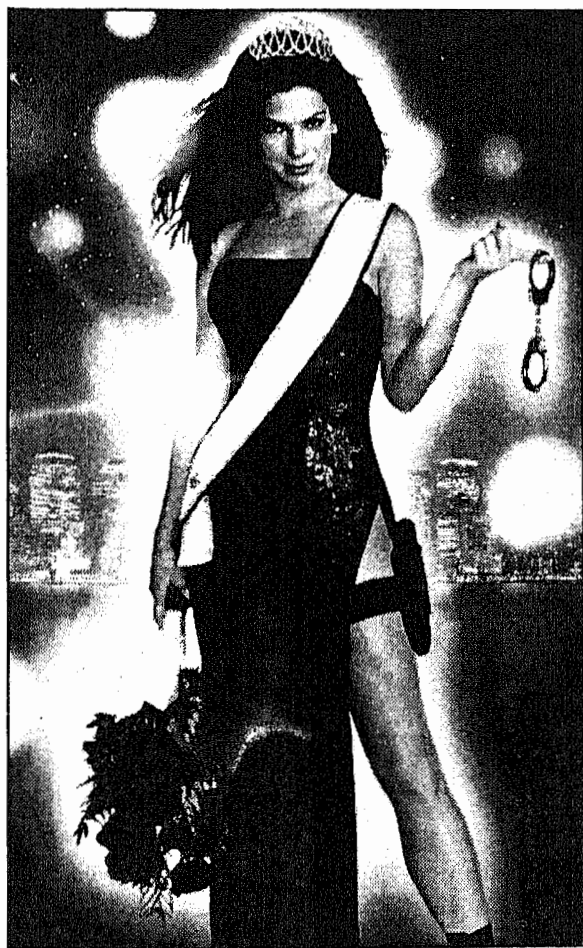
The most interesting and original premise of this film is perhaps the way it flashes from the present to the past, with each scene being explained by the next, which then overlaps the following one. It unfolds in alternating



scenes of colour, with the hotel room scenes in clear-cut black and white, and the real world painted in colour. The horrifying reality is that Leonard must rely on what is concrete, the polaroids and the notes that he

makes. But can he really rely on those when he cannot rely on his memory? Does the camera lie? And what exactly is the point in revenge when he won't even remember it?

Poptart



## Miss Congeniality Selected Cinemas Now Showing

As soon as this rather cheesy number landed in my pigeonhole I grabbed it and held onto it with both hands, for it soon became evident that trashy films are rather popular around the office. I sensed that a film starring Sandra Bullock about a bomb threat at a Miss USA pageant had to be either surprisingly good or so-bad-it-is-actually-amusing. This film is certainly a mixture of both, with a little bit of mediocrity thrown in.

The rather incredible plot follows Special Agent Gracie Hart (Bullock), a woman who has never had any contact with a brush or a mascara wand. Totally


lacking in social graces of any kind, Gracie can wrestle any man to the ground, yet manages to get overlooked in her workplace despite the fact that she is obviously smarter than most of the guys there. When there is a bomb-threat at the Miss USA beauty pageant, obviously Gracie is the only choice to go undercover as Miss New Jersey. Pageant consultant Victor Melling (Michael Caine) is hired to transform this "Dirty Harriet" into the perfect contestant.

Sandra Bullock actually manages to pull off a character for the first time, and displays a surprising talent for physical humour. She is, however, utterly unconvincing as an ugly woman. Any idiot can see that her hair has been tangled up and a particularly ugly pair of glasses slapped on in an attempt to make her look "butch". Michael Caine looks pretty

interesting in a variety of lavender and pink shirts, managing to scare the hell out of Benjamin Bratt's manly FBI agent character. William Shatner is woefully underused as the pageant emcee, as is the wonderful Candice Bergen as the former beauty queen determined to keep her "scholarship pageant" running.


Of course, if you really love quirky arthouse films or sharp-edged satire, then I recommend that you go and hire *Drop Dead Gorgeous* instead. For those of you who like a bit of Hollywood schmaltz, you should certainly check out this film, even if only to see good ole Captain James T Kirk singing the pageant anthem.

Poptart



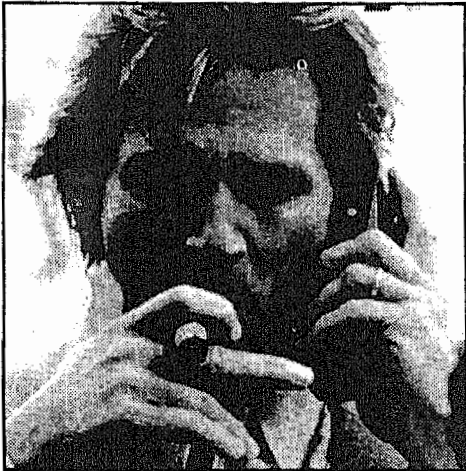
# CYBERWORLD 3D

Coming soon to IMAX is CYBERWORLD 3D, a compilation of computer generated imagery for the huge IMAX screen. It includes scenes from ANTZ, that Simpsons Treehouse of Horror episode where Homer goes 3D, and plenty of new material. IMAX has given us a stack of double passes to the preview which we will be giving away in the next edition. Stay tuned!





**Simpatico (2000)**  
**Director: Matthew Warchus**  
**Jeff Bridges, Nick Nolte, Sharon Stone, Albert Finney**  
**Columbia TriStar Home Video**



Based upon the play by Sam Shepard, *Simpatico* tells the story of three friends who won big at the race-track yet somehow managed to lose each other. The three friends are Lyle (Jeff Bridges), Vinnie (Nick Nolte) and Rosie (Sharon Stone). Lyle and Rosie have married and live on a palatial estate down in Kentucky, while Vinnie is a shambling alcoholic who pretends to be a private detective but really just follows people around.

The one thing Vinnie does have is

a collection of incriminating photographs which he plans to use to blackmail a sleazy bookmaker played by Albert Finney.

*Simpatico* is an absorbing, character-driven drama which unfolds slowly. We learn about the three friends through flashback sequences – their happy times and financial success betting on horses, and the circumstances surrounding the compromising photographs.

The three central characters give impressive performances. Sharon Stone is especially good as the embittered Rosie, even though she only appears near the film's end. And Albert Finney is excellent as a lecherous track official – this guy should make

more movies! Nick Nolte seems to become more and more rugged with each film. He looks great in this – his hair is a tangled mess, and he wears a dirty trenchcoat from which he frequently produces a bottle of bourbon from which to swig.

One of the most interesting aspects of *Simpatico* is the role reversal which takes place between Vinnie and Lyle. Vinnie goes from looking like a disheveled bum to resembling an investment banker, and Lyle goes from the appearance of a slick dealmaker to an untidy couch potato.

*Simpatico* won't rock your world, but it passes the time.

James Trevelyan

I quote, 'Prepare yourself, for what we are about to witness may be too complex for the human mind to comprehend', as said by the character Roger Crumpkins (played by Yahoo Serious) in the movie *Mr Accident*. If you can follow the storyline, in between all of the stupidity and unrealism, it follows Roger in his everyday life as a maintenance man for an egg factory. Sounds boring? You're right on track. However, there is a small twist in the movie when he meets Sunday Valentine (played by Helen Dallimore). The ditzy blonde who has an obsession with intelligence outside of Earth becomes the

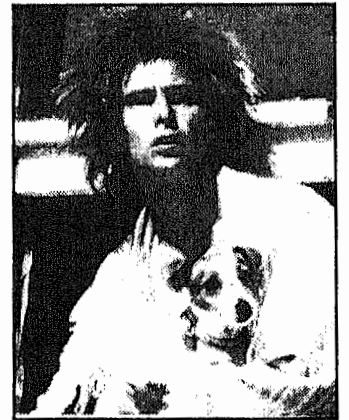
love of his life. But, unfortunately, nothing can be that simple. She is also the girlfriend of Roger's boss, Dexton (David Fields). So the story follows Roger and Sunday's quest to be together, with struggles against Dexton (David Fields), not to mention Roger's clumsiness (hence *Mr Accident*).

If you feel that your patience will withstand the duration of the whole movie, go hire it. You may even be able to laugh at the stupidity of it all. If the stupidity can't make you laugh, watch for the cute dog; he's awesome and a load of laughs. Plus, there's a guest appearance by Flacco from *Good News Week*. To make up for the bore-

**Mr Accident**  
**Yahoo Serious, Helen Dallimore, David Fields,**  
**Garry McDonald**  
**Roadshow Entertainment**

dom a little, there are a few wild tracks, including *28 Days*. A movie for egg lovers out there, literally! However, I warn you: do not hire this movie hoping it will be like *Young Einstein* or *Reckless Kelly*, as the quality is not even comparable. Good luck to all who hire!

Karina Carslake



When a movie is released straight to video, you know not to expect anything fantastic. When it's a video-only release starring big-name actors, you know to expect even less. Actually, *Cecil B. Demented* isn't all that bad, once you get past the fact that it is

Whitlock. She is kidnapped by the underground director Cecil B. Demented (Stephen Dorff), who forces her to star in his no-budget film about destroying mainstream theatre. It's an interesting concept, especially when the cast of the movie includes a Satanist,

**Cecil B. Demented (2000)**  
**Director: John Waters**  
**Melanie Griffith, Stephen Dorff, Alicia Witt, Ricki Lake**  
**21st Century Pictures**

crass, anal and predictable (Gee, small problems there...). Melanie Griffith is bitchy Hollywood superstar Honey

a militant lesbian, a straight guy who wants to be gay, and a porn actress who co-stars with a gerbil. Stephen Dorff is solid and amusing as the manic nut-job director, just about carrying the movie with his melodramatic fanaticism and weirdness. Melanie Griffith does the best she can in what is a shallow and over-simplified role with an inherently annoying tone. One thing you have to give the actors credit for is the energy that they put into their parts. Unfortunately, a definite indication of the quality of the acting is when the cast is subjected to Pizza Haven-style branding, and they react with a bit

of, 'Ooh, that smarts. What's for dinner?' No Boondock Saints response for these tough cookies. It is an enjoyably brainless movie, if you can ignore the pervading feeling of tackiness. This isn't that lovely lo-fi incompetence of a truly cheap movie, but a distinctly nasty and grainy undertone. Nevertheless, there are some genuinely funny moments in *Cecil B. Demented*, particularly in relation to the way this so tounge-in-cheekedly pays out the film industry and the filmgoing peoples for some of the puerile drivel produced and avidly consumed.

D-Yin Lin

**The Maker (2000)**  
**Director: Tim Hunter**  
**Matthew Modine, Jonathon Rhys-Meyers, Mary Louise Parker, Michael Madsen, Fairuza Balk**  
**Columbia TriStar Home Video**

It's hard to tell what the producers of *The Maker* were thinking. While I sat and watched one and a half hours of my life slip away into a mindless oblivion, I didn't care. I just wished they'd never got together in the first place. Starring Matthew 'You-probably-remember-me-from-those-telemovies' Modine, Jonathon Rhys-

Meyers, Mary Louise Parker and 'that chick from *The Craft*' (also known as Fairuza Balk), *The Maker* does little to prove the producers were thinking ANYTHING. The storyline centres on 18-year-old Josh (Meyers) and the struggles he faces as an average glue-sniffing, drug-taking, mail-stealing, diet rootbeer-drinking teen. He's in

love with a policewoman twice his age (God help us if Parker had to ever defend us from evil); his best friend Bella (Balk) is a coke-snorting lesbian; and his brother (Modine in what is undoubtedly his most wooden performance ever), with his crooked ways, shiny car and dark glasses, vaguely resembles the devil. To top it off, Josh has been suffering from *Blair Witch*-esque nightmares for most of his life and lives with his adoptive parents because his real ones allegedly died in a car crash (stick around for the not-so-unpredictable twist). Apart

from Modine's 'business associate's' wannabe Antonio Banderas accent and a relatively funny 'peeing' scene, the film (and I use the term loosely) has little going for it. It's about a struggle for identity, it's about sibling rivalry, and it's a waste of time. Bottom line: It's not your average teen flick; it's much, much worse. We'd all be better off watching a few *Party of Five* episodes; at least they're without bloody shooting scenes.

Leila Hallak



**Vlad the Impaler: The True Story of Dracula (2000)**

**Director: Joe Chappelle**  
**Rudolf Martin, Jane March, Peter Weller**  
**21st Century Pictures**



*Vlad the Impaler: The True Story of Dracula* is, as the title suggests, a movie about the original Dracula, the man from which all the myths are derived. It is told retrospectively by Vlad Dracula himself who is played fairly blandly by Rudolf Martin, while he is being questioned by the men of the Orthodox Church in Romania in the mid 1400s.

The story begins during Dracula's childhood when his father, the Prince of Romania, is killed attempting to bring peace to their country. Vlad and his brother Radu are kidnapped by the enemy but - confusingly - the Sultan of Turkey raises the favoured Radu yet releases Vlad, who vows to avenge his father's death, unite his country and liberate his brother.

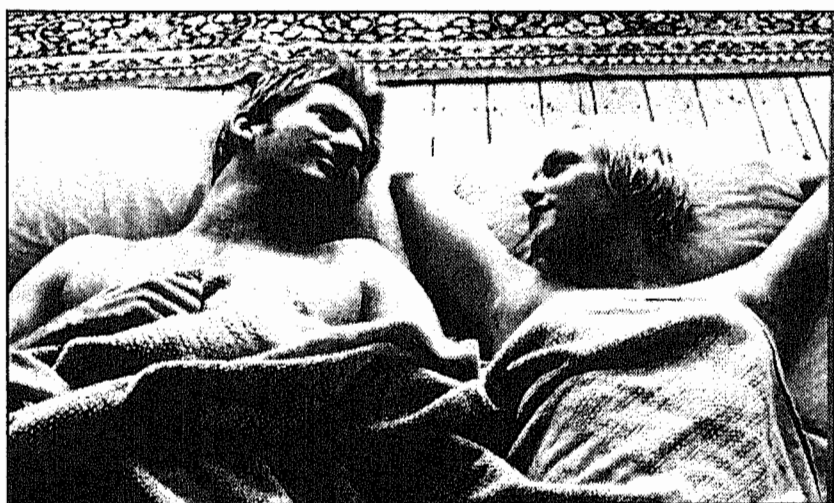
Initially, Vlad's execution of these vows seems noble and justified, especially when he is seen to fall in love, marry and raise a son. But this changes as Vlad grows fanatical about justice, impaling lawbreakers upon stakes in town squares. Discovering this, his wife (played by Jane March) fears for her and their son's safety, in the company of such a 'monster' whom rumours claim stocks the blood of his enemies in his cellars.

Meanwhile, the rumours and debates as to whether he is the Messiah or the Anti-Christ that began with his birth continue, and Vlad suddenly has another problem: to gain support as Prince he used the armies of the King of Hungary, showing an alliance with the Catholic Church. This infuriates the Orthodox Church who demand allegiance. So when, led by his brother, the Turks invade, Vlad is not able to deal effectively with them, and his life and country falls apart.

This film often seems bewildering and contradictory. The *Blair Witch*-like filming and the inconsistent accents of the characters add to the disarray. And the clever, truth-based story building to connect the plot to today's legend of Dracula is not enough to save the film, especially as it is ruined by the lack of restraint in mythology, allowing Dracula to rise from the dead and walk the world forever at the end of the film.

The bottom line is that you probably won't enjoy this video unless ancient battles, gore and myths intrigue you, and you pay close attention throughout. The high point for me was that it only lasted ninety minutes!

Natalie Atkinson



**Better Than Sex**  
**David Wenham, Susie Porter**  
**21st Century Pictures**

Whilst not entirely believable, *Better Than Sex* is quite a sweet little film about a one night stand that turns into more.

If you're prepared to suspend your disbelief to the extent of believing that a bloke is ever going to spend the entire day (and the next, and the next) with a chick he just met and went home with the previous night, you'll enjoy the film as being romantic and lovely; but quite frankly I just didn't buy it. I also didn't buy the cabbie who seemed to see all and know all (without having to sneak around with a Polaroid and spy equipment).

Performances from the cute-and-pixie-like Susie Porter and the ordinary-boy (goddamn I just love that

song) David Wenham (from *The Boys*, I'm fairly sure) are believable, and the script is for the most part realistic—that is, if you can get past the central premise that Wenham's character is going to stay the next day rather than make a hasty post-coital retreat accompanied by a throwaway 'I'll call you later'. And I refuse to believe that anyone is going to call out 'I love you' upon orgasm, no matter how good it is (or for that matter that anyone prefers their vibrator cold).

Aside from that, *Better Than Sex* is a pleasant flesh-fest which will go nicely with popcorn.

Jayne Lewis

**VIDEO QUIZ COMPETITION**

Do you know a lot about films, especially films that were made a while ago? Can you answer the ten very, very difficult questions below?

Well, do so. Then bring your answers down to the *On Dit* office this Wednesday at 3pm for a prize draw that could see you walking off with **a sixpack of beer!**

Even if you don't have all ten, bring your pitiful half-arsed attempt along anyway just in case nobody else does - you could win by default!

1. Who starred as *The Next Karate Kid*?
2. Which actor provided the voice of the Devil in *The Exorcist*?
3. *Barb Wire* steals its plot from which Hollywood classic?
4. Who wrote the novel *L.A. Confidential*?
5. Name Johnny Depp's directorial debut.
6. Which substance was used as blood in the original *Night of the Living Dead*?
7. Name Eddie Murphy's character in the *Beverly Hills Cop* movies.
8. In *American Psycho*, which song is playing during a gruesome axe murder? Title and artist, please!
9. Which James Bond was Australian? (Hint: he may be on the cover of this week's *On Dit*. Or he may not.)
10. Who is rumoured to direct the next *Batman* film?



# WASH your Face IN Orange Juice

**Australia and Germany International Craft Triennale**  
**9 March - 22 April**  
**Art Gallery of South Australia**  
**Gold coin donation entry.**

Ever thought of wandering in to see what all that wine and cheese is doing behind the closed gates of the Art Gallery on a Friday night? With half my tickets to a free show passed their used by date, I decided to give it a go and just try it out.

I arrived as everyone was filing out. The director of the Frankfurt Museum of Decorative Arts, Sabina Rundle took us downstairs to check it out. There were so many people that it was impossible to see anything except the lovely Sabina, dressed in a simple open neck white cotton shirt, and a long crumpled wonderfully white cotton dress.

They had chosen two sorts of artists or craftspersons represented, she said. There was the functional and highly crafted, and there was the artistic which played around with the whole idea of form. Well, I liked the feeling of Germany in the really simple bookcases on the side. We went into the next room.

Imagine this, an artist from the DDR makes a necklace out of gold to make you feel like you've got a star around your neck? Do you get the feeling? I couldn't see until later - but then you see it is sort of tarnished and plain and special at the same time.

One secret is to get to know the artists. But there is something else. With these things there is also the experience of the art that you can't know from just talking and looking at it inside a glass case. She took off her ring and handed it around for anyone to see. When I got it she had gone on to take out some men's jewelry made out of paper. Everyone was so interested in the new stuff there was noone to give it on to. And it was true you had to try it on, it was smooth... different and unexpected...like a found object, just as she said.

I am a bit doubtful of the traveling vase made of steel wool, but I'm willing to go back for another look.

So go along.

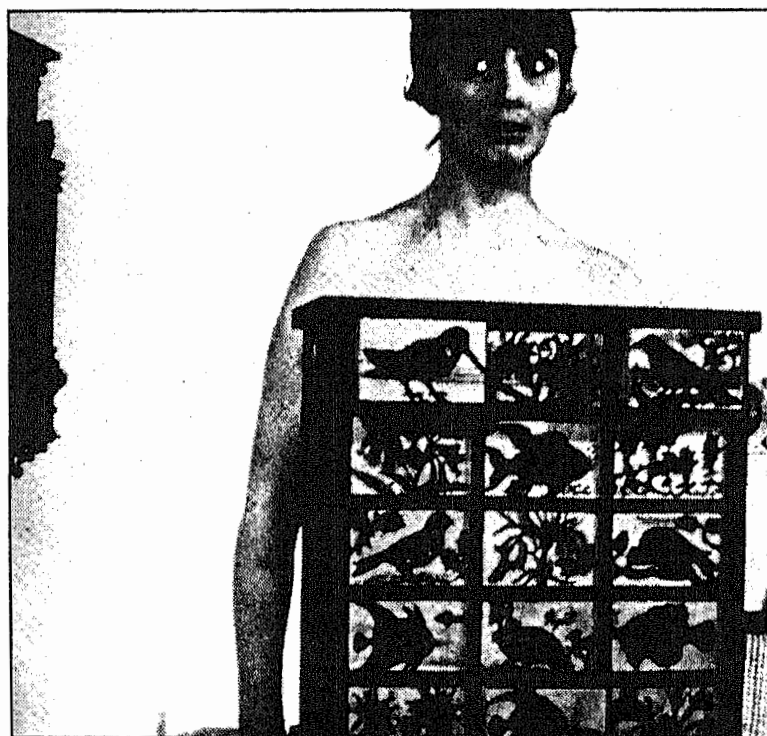
The Neutron

## ON DIT COVER ART COMPETITION

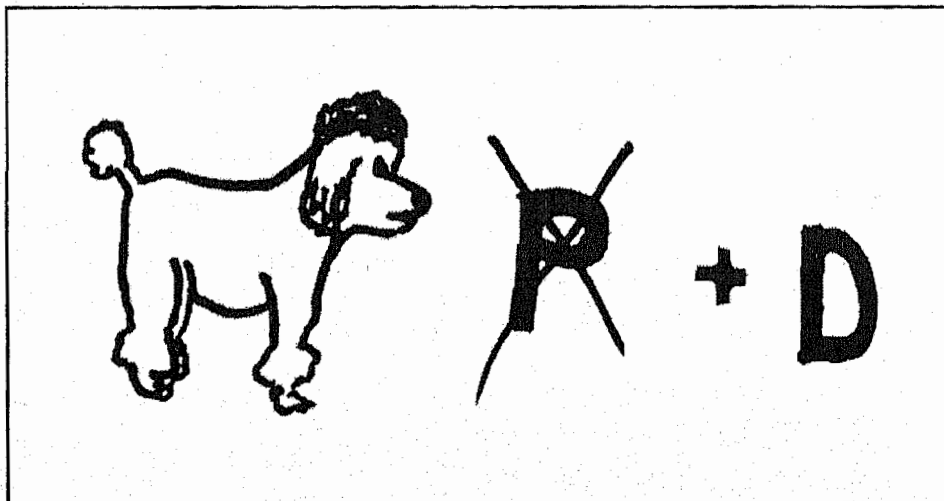
Want to see your artwork in thousands of copies of *On Dit*?

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

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



## Doodle OF THE WEEK



Excellent Doodle huh? But I reckon you can do better. In fact I'm sure you can. Why not bring your doodle down to the *On Dit* office and prove it to us. Come on, anyone can do better than this poodle thing. We might even give you a prize. Being featured in *On Dit* brings the kind of notoriety and fame that you can't get enough of. Go on, do it for yourself. Do it for your family. Do it for your resume.

**Dissonant Melodies**  
**A collection of photographic images by Mark Kimber**  
**Greenaway Art Gallery**  
**2-25 March 2001**

The way in which someone can photograph dummies and make them look appealing is amazing. Mark Kimber's images ARE amazing. By setting up six male mannequins and using makeshift theatrical props, Kimber delves into issues regarding masculinity, role models and generational differences (apparently it's a personal thing...seeking a connection to a father figure, frustrated by the image who steps just beyond reach...or so we are told).

The title "Dissonant Melodies" corresponds to the titles given to the works, alluding to musical scores such as "A Distant Lullaby" and "A Foolish Rhythm". Just looking at these works may, however, make you think more along the lines of 'disco'.

Focusing on aspects of hairstyle, clothing and limbs, and using nothing more than torchlight to play-up these features, these photographs show figures that loom from the darkness; giving the impression that they are about to vanish. Lurid, electric colours produce dream-like, life-size images, very much out of focus but rather enticing portraits (if you will). That is to say, fabulous oranges and purples emerge from darkness making these fuzzy but still comprehensible images impossible to ignore. In fact, just defining the outline of some figures is, in some situations, a bit of a challenge. The eyes of these models are averted from the viewer, as though occupied with another something; intriguing, solemn, mysterious....

Put simply; appealing colours, intriguing images....an enticing air of mystery. Have a look, take it in....you might be glad you did.

kp



# Clean your teeth With BUBBLEGUM

## The Time of Ashes

UrbanMYTH

Theatre 62, Sir Donald Bradman Drive

March 24-31

1pm and 7pm shows

Tickets available through Bass \$20 for adults and \$14.40 concession

UrbanMYTH's upcoming production *The Time of Ashes* looks set to be another thought-provoking account of youth issues, but this time with a distinct twist. The company normally involved in exploring more minority or underprivileged youth issues has this time set its sights on the world of white middle class conservative Catholic school life. Director Brendan Ross clearly has justification in the choice: "We explore many fields of youth issues, but really ignore that very large one. It's sort of reverse discrimination. There's a lot of interesting relationships in the Catholic schools of twenty years ago, such as the relationships between Catholic priests and the boys, and while there's no sexual abuse in this play, it does call into question the whole notion of adults as role models, how we trust that." The new theme does allow urbanMYTH to continue its focus of youth exploring youth themes. This

time however the company is using four professional actors with its team of eight younger thespians, a relationship Ross hopes will provide increased experience while still allowing young people to "drive the show and celebrate what they're all about." The team has been rehearsing intensively for 3 weeks and feels well prepared leading up to the opening night this Saturday the 24th March. Set in the 1978 Don Dunstan era, and framed by an opening scene set in 1998, it runs for an hour and a half.

An incident during rehearsal highlighted the relevance of the conservatism and coming-of-age themes. Originally this piece was intended to have a boy's choir, and we approached a school about it, but not long ago one of the parents from the school found out there was some swear words and a reference to marijuana, and all of a sudden there was a knee-jerk response. "The principal was forced to take a stance on this and withdraw the choir. The funny thing about this is that there is a character of a principle in the show who for conservative reasons decides to cancel a concert that the boys in our show were staging."

This incident of course led to a need to rework the play, but luckily the company had the opportunity to work in close collaboration with playwright Sean Riley. Riley worked with the actors while rehearsing as part of the process of developing the script. All this makes the play sound very appetising indeed...

## Divining

Leigh Warren and Dancers

TXU Playhouse

March 14-17

Having not been to a professional dance performance since seeing the Australian Ballet Company render *Swan Lake* as 12 year olds, we approached Leigh Warren and dancer's latest production, *Divining*, with great trepidation. What value could a performance that boasts no elaborate tutu costumes, the likelihood of no straight guys, and no interval possibly offer to people such as ourselves who clearly lack artistic comprehension? Well, after attending the performance last Wednesday at the Playhouse in the Adelaide Festival Centre, the answer became shamelessly obvious.

*Divining* is the latest from a line of highly acclaimed performances by the Leigh Warren and dancers group, who have been churning our winners throughout the duration of their 9 years in existence. Although longstanding, the group is also quite dynamic with new members being admitted frequently, which would be conducive to inspiring new ideas and keeping performances from going stale. *Divining* is currently in its second season, the original being their performances at the Adelaide Festival last year.

The beauty of *Divining* resulted from its simplicity: purely minimalist stage layout, props, lighting, costumes and themes. This left the audience to focus on what was really central to *Divining*, the awesome power of Simon Tedeschi's performance of Scriabin on piano, and the performer's physical and emotional response to this expressed through dance. The use of live piano heightened the affect of the performance, as Tedeschi was in full view of the audience where we could scrutinise his every move and witness the involvement he, along with the performers on stage, had with the piece. Plus, I doubt cynics would have been quite as impressed with any 'deep emotional responses'

evoked by a backing tape.

The piece drifted from a pensive feel to moments of corybantic frenzy, the choreography reflecting this with movements shifting from sensual and sublime dream-like sequences to moments of tempestuous, sexually charged commotion. Rather than carry a plot throughout, to us it seemed that *Divining* provided something similar to anthropological observations that explored the ways in which different people act in interpersonal relationships. We felt very relived to speak to Rachel Jenson (a member of Leigh Warren and dancers), who confirmed our interpretations of theme. She explained that it was Warren's intention to bring out each dancer's personality through the choreography and to highlight the differences between their behaviour within social situations.

Leigh Warren and dancers' *Divining* was a performance that leaves the viewer in awe of the sheer power human form and movement has to portray ideas and interpretations of music. This performance is visually spectacular, with plenty of solos as well as more complex interactions between larger amounts of dancers. Between the hard work of the performers and Tedeschi, *Divining* treats the audience to one hour of uplifting dance, highly recommended for even the ballet lovers among us.



## Bonnie and Bel

## The Removalists by David Williamson

The Bakehouse Theatre Company

The Bakehouse Theatre

March Wed 07 - Sat 10 Wed 14, Fri 16, Sat 17

Thurs 22 - Sat 24 @ 8pm

Never one to shy away from a domestic, David Williamson (*Third World Blues*, *Emerald City*, *Dead White Males*...) uses a particularly eventful day-in-the-life of an aggressive, antagonistic and deceitful family unit to comment more broadly on society. The action starts when Fiona (accompanied by sister Kate) asks Sergeant Simmonds and Constable Ross to investigate the beating she received from her husband, so that she and her daughter can move out, taking the furniture with minimal fuss - hence the play's title. The police agree to help out in order to fulfill their hidden agenda - bedding the beautiful duo. This leads to a riotous second act as Fi's shocked husband tells his side of the story - challenging his wife's version of events and dishes the dirt on Kate, whilst being beaten to a pulp by the Sergeant. Tightly scripted mayhem ensues as the characters chase around verbally abusing each other, whilst the removalist soliloquises about the lack of recognition he receives for his skilled work!

In addition to the caustic sarcasm, devilish and distinctly Australian hu-

mour, Williamson unearths plenty of darkness for this black comedy. Using the police force as an example, he explores the misuse of power and hypocrisy in institutions, that are supposed to help the vulnerable, not victimise them. Focusing on topics we can all relate to, Williamson also looks at familial tensions and sexual politics.

This multi-level play is brilliantly realised by the Bakehouse Theatre Company. The set and props consisted of boxes of various shaped and sizes (bearing the logo Wridgeways: The Removalists) leaving the audience to exercise their imagination and/or concentrate on the plot and characters. The minimalist lighting and sound had the same effect. Despite this added pressure, the actors never failed to create captivating characters. Under the direction of his daughter Erin, Peter Green made the audience cringe and laugh at his domineering, sleazy Sergeant. Zen Ledden played the perfect insecure, side-kick Constable with Grand Canyon proportioned mood swings. Cathy Adamek was supremely snobby as wanna-be socialite Kate, struggling to overcome her town-bike reputation. Teresa De Gennaro perhaps slightly underacted her role as on again/off again wife. However Phil Spruce skillfully compensated as her drunken/tormented/abusive husband.

Bottom line? There is something for everyone in this powerfully constructed Australian classic black comedy.

Sarah O



# The On Dit Music Interviews...

Thrashing up in Ireland and Boogeying down in N.Z.

## ASH

Mark Henderson is the bass player in one of the most celebrated bands to emerge from the UK. A founding member of Ash, he kindly took some time off from playing pool and drinking beer to talk to On Dit, as midnight approached in Ireland. . .

When he's not playing bass in Ash, Mark Henderson likes flying aeroplanes, dreaming about becoming a fireman, fiddling with computers, playing pool and drinking quadruple vodkas with equal parts cranberry and orange juice. Born in Northern Ireland, Mark had been playing in bands with front man Tim Wheeler since they were eleven, which is in his own terms, 'a fucking long time'. He contemplates this fact for some time, 'That's twelve years we've been playing together! I've never actually thought of that - we've been playing together for twelve years... That's half my life!' Tim continues to write around 90% of Ash's output on an acoustic, before presenting it to the

rest of the band. Mark attests that he thoroughly enjoys the ensuing demo sessions.

Talking briefly about the band's influences, Mark admits that Nirvana were inspirational throughout Ash's formative years. Whilst still admiring the American band's 'honesty', Ash progressed smoothly into their own style. 'I wouldn't say we were as ground-breakingly diverse or pushing musical barriers as much as Primal Scream, but we do our own thing. What we put out is purely what we are up to and what we like doing'.

Mark is not impressed with the quality of UK releases over the past two years. Popular and proficient bands like Blur and Radiohead fail to impress this bass guitarist, who gives his compatriots quite a serving. 'Most of the stuff you hear about is pretty shit and bland. At least Blur try to do some different stuff even if they aren't that good, (Sub-ed Note: What?!?) at least they're interesting. I think the



Ash... far superior to anything else out there

stuff like Coldplay and Travis is all so fucking boring. It's really not that inspiring. Radiohead's last album was just wank' (Sub-ed Note: Double What?!?). Not surprisingly, Ash prefer to listen to more unknown and underground bands.

Ash have a reputation as an excellent live act, and Henderson is quick to agree saying, 'We have good fun on stage . . . sometimes it takes us a while to warm up but once we get going, I think we're quite unstoppable'. Intimate gigs and huge live shows are equally preferred, with Mark citing 'on stage' as his favourite place to perform. A superstitious Irish boy, he likes to change his socks and put on

some 'lucky' underwear, before going on stage.

Mark is thoroughly excited about the new album, claiming that the latest single 'Shining Light' is probably the weakest track. He asserts 'We wanted to put out the worst song first. It's good, but the rest of it is even better!' The new album was recorded in Spain because the band grew sick of the cold Irish climate. Rumours that Ash will be coming to Australia for the Livid Festival, a national tour and perhaps even for a New Years Eve show in Sydney are in the mill. We'll just have to wait and see what happens then, won't we?

M. D.



King Kapisi... our newest Aussie import

## King Kapisi

which began at the ripe ol' age of 13. So far it has been a constantly growing popularity in his exposure to supporting acts such as Public Enemy, Spearhead, Beastie Boys and the Black Eyed Peas, but with the release of his first LP *Savage Thoughts* his product is creating quite a buzz. 'I

came over here [to Australia] not expecting anything. I've just been quietly flabbergasted by the interest and the response from people who have listened to the album.'

And where did this all start? Kapisi's family had a band and he

spent much of his youth in an environment of singing, dancing and performing, and was completely enthralled by the idea of this lifestyle. 'I can remember being so small I couldn't get up the stairs while looking at my family on stage and knowing...thinking "I've made up my mind now this is what I want to do".'

Being raised in a musical family has not only given King Kapisi the inspiration for his music, but also made him strong yet modest in his thinking. This healthy understated personality not only makes for great rhymes [no distanced reality for this rapper] but also makes for an altruistic decision making process. 'As a musician, what I'm afraid of is that one day I'll run out of ideas...right now I'm just making music for myself and I'll produce a little for my friends. I've heard people guest on other people's records and it just sounds

whacked...sometimes I might, but it's important to the artist because they're putting their all into that music so I'd have to too'.

Unfortunately, the Everlast gig that King Kapisi was to support has been cancelled but he has promised to venture our way on a tour soon enough. So I asked what the Adelaide crowd should expect from a live gig. 'I don't apply myself to anything that I don't feel and don't believe in. If you're going to get up on stage and be useless there's not any use in getting up on stage. I have a motto: "Go hard or go home". People are giving their time and money so I'm not going to get up and disappoint them'.

The last words: 'Hopefully people who listen to my album will like it and it will take them somewhere different'.

Prof. Booty

Ever wished your parents were musically inspired and encouraging? It does happen...sometimes. For example King Kapisi, a 26 year old of Samoan heritage living in New Zealand, has been gifted with the ability to follow his talents in hip-hop music,



# Suvome

Suvome (rhymes with *home*) are an Adelaide band comprised of husband and wife, Tobin and Jenni Lush, and Mark Scruby. The trio produce a unique sound which, although has been compared to Portishead and Massive Attack, can only truly be described as "electronic stuff with a girl who sings." I recently got the opportunity to chat with Mark, the band's guitarist, as they prepare for the release of their new album *Subomu*, the Japanese pronunciation of Suvome.

Mark met Jenni and Tobin in 1997 when he started his own recording label, Modern Recordings. At this stage suvome consisted of Jenni, Tobin and Jason, a DJ. The band recorded tracks on two compilation albums released by Modern Recordings. After his experience with the group in making these LPs, Mark decided the next Modern Recordings CD should be a suvome album. This project came to fruition in 1999 with the release of *The Sunlight Embassy*, for which Mark played guitar on sev-

eral tracks. Soon after the release of "The Sunlight Embassy," Jason left the band to join the navy and Mark stepped in, bringing "more guitar and real instrumentation" to the band. Over the next four or five months the group wrote six songs, despite Mark living in Adelaide and the others in London. Thus forming the suvome we see today with vocalist, Jenni, guitarist, Mark and electronic programmer and lyricist, Tobin.

While Mark agrees *The Sunlight Embassy* could probably be classified as trip-hop and is grouped with Portishead and Massive Attack, he emphasises the diversity and uniqueness of the new album. With singing on only four of *Subomu's* seven tracks the style varies from "pure electronic" to dance to guitar with a Stone Roses vibe. When asked about being widely compared to Portishead, Mark confirms they were an influence on the band but have had less of an effect on their new material. Suvome focus on very different beats to Portishead



A Local Success: Suvome

with a less "jazzy style" based more heavily on a "cut and paste" manner which could be likened to the Avalanches' approach to music. The group lists a wide variety of other musical influences including DJs, electronica, Suede and even The Verve, which no doubt contributes to the individuality of their music. As a result, Suvome have found a captive audience of a broad spectrum of music fans, including followers of "purely electronic stuff" and those who enjoy "alternative indie-guitar stuff."

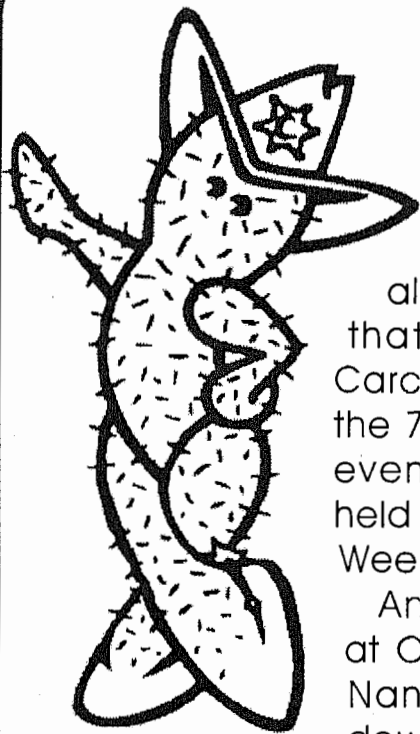
Suvome is currently increasing their presence within the live scene but have found "opportunity is limited ... to get music happening" in Adelaide. While Adelaide has a

healthy electronic scene, a relatively small percentage of the population follows this type of music. Suvome have found that UK residents are more active in seeking out new music and are more open to new bands so they are leaving for the UK in early May. Make sure you catch suvome before they leave our fine shores.

**Subomu will be launched at the Crown and Sceptre on Friday, March 23 with special guests The Radar B (ex-Mammals of Consequence), Modula and Alpha 60. It will be available for purchase around the country from Monday, March 26.**

Stacey Thomson

## OFF THE COUCH

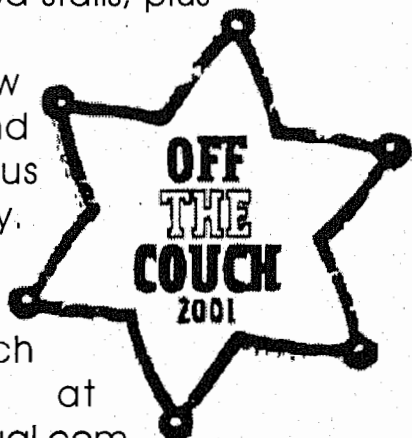


Off the Couch is a FREE, all ages, youth music festival that is being presented by Carclew Youth Arts Centre on the 7th of April. It is an annual event and this year is being held as part of National Youth Week (April 1-8).

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

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

at [www.offthecouch.savirtual.com](http://www.offthecouch.savirtual.com)



RI State of Sound presents

# SOUTHWARK Sessions

at the Seven Stars

Southwark Pints for the price of schooners all night

free entry doors open 8pm

First 50 thru the door get a free schooner of Southwark White

SAT 31/3/2001  
100% ROCK MONDO  
Blood Sucking Freaks  
Roadkill 66  
Sprawl  
3-28

SAT 7/4/2001  
UPBEAT AND ECLECTIC  
Digit  
Roger the band  
Snap to Zero  
Career Girls

SAT 21/4/2001  
GUITARO BIZARRO  
AYON  
Bergerac  
Diplomat  
Krystapinzch

SAT 28/4/2001  
SURF, SWAMP & SKA  
GT Stringer  
Johnny Seven O.M.A  
King Laddy  
The Been



BANDS & VENUE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE



# Live Reviews

## The Big Chill

On Thursday March 15 *The Big Chill*, the UK's leading multimedia festival, made its Adelaide debut at the Adelaide Unibar. From its humble beginnings in 1994 it has become a most successful festival, club event and record label. Unlike many other electronic music festivals, the *Big Chill* focuses more on creating a laid back atmosphere through the use of different media. With no less than eight acts on two stages, fans were in for a big night.

Of the first few acts, it was unfortunate that there was not much of a crowd. Instead, there were scattered groups of people trickling in to the venue, nevertheless chilling out in the relaxed atmosphere being provided by Textured Beats, Treva Whateva, Pete Lawrence and local DJs.

With the recent success of their song 'Slip into Something' and Triple J airplay, it was no surprise that Kinobe drew in the biggest crowd of the night. Leaving Julius behind in the UK to finish off the next album,

Kinobe played a very eclectic DJ set, mixing up everything from hip-hop to disco to electronica. The crowd really took well to the songs, and people began to get up and dance, while a very *enthusiastic* Tom Middleton stalked the crowd with a video camera throughout the set.

The main room was quite packed by the time Hexstatic took over the controls, with their brand of electro-breaks. A truly multimedia act, they synchronized images with individual sounds, to create mind-blowing visuals (something that they are well-known for). From the very first song, the crowd new they were in for a treat, and by mid-set almost the whole audience was dancing. Gathering a great crowd response after every song, Hexstatic were really a surprise highlight for the night.

Owner of the *Tummy Touch* record label, Tim had the unfortunate task of playing at the same time as Kinobe and then Hexstatic. Unable to draw in the same crowd, he did however

play an excellent set of electronica and breaks.

As Hexstatic finished to a very appreciative crowd, a flow of people drifted to the second stage to witness the undeniable talents of Luke Vibert. As is the case when two headliners play at the same time, the audience had to move from one stage to the other, resulting in smaller crowds. Not deterred, Luke played an up-tempo set of electro-mayhem, in stark contrast to the chilled sounds coming from the other stage, and kept the people dancing till the very end.

Tom Middleton picked up straight after Hexstatic, and at the same time as Luke Vibert. Although there wasn't much of a crowd left, Tom (one half of the now-split-up Jedi Knights) played a supremely smooth set of electronic chill-out. Never losing his sense of humour, Tom blasted Simple Minds' 'Don't You Forget About Me' (from the *Breakfast Club*) through the speakers, much to the delight of some, and total shock of others! Finishing up with

more ambient sounds, Tom Middleton's set was the perfect end to the event, with people sitting down and putting their feet up, poignant and superb!

Overall, the night was brilliant. Adelaide doesn't get to see many of these sorts of tours (recently losing the 'Vibes On A Summer's Day' shows), so it was a shame to see such small numbers. When asked about crowd attendance, Katrina (co-founder and promoter) responded, "Well, it's a bit disappointing. I think in the UK we have a bit of a Midas touch – we announce a gig, and people just turn up. The thing with *The Big Chill* is that the crowd must have an open mind – it's not icy-chilly. The DJ's can do whatever they want with the music and the visuals."

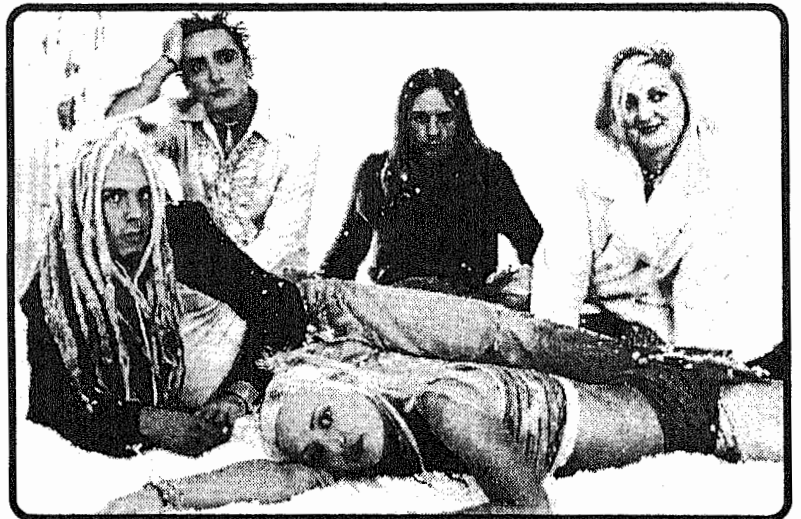
Whether it will come back next year is not sure, but if it does there are two people that will definitely be there at the front!

Grace / Mars

## The Mavis's

To celebrate their new single 'Happiness' and their forthcoming album 'Rapture', the Mavis's were kind enough to grace us on the 17th of March, to an intimate and enthusiastic crowd, including ourselves, Mavis novices. Upon arrival, we couldn't gain access to the main arena (because we were early), so we headed upstairs, via the reliable Union House lift. Upon arrival we found we were backstage... and promptly left. The warm-up consisted of two games of Gun blade NY, and Area 51 (a very lame game). Oh, and not forgetting *Timothy*, the warm-up band. This local band impressed the crowd, including us, with a blend of original material, which had Greenday-esque vocals, with hints of Pearl-Jam and Bluebottle Kiss. One notable standout is the high level of comedy from the

lead guitarist during song breaks. From what he said their single can be obtained from most hardware stores, which we strongly suggest if you're into some local music. Now for the main event. In their hour long set, the Mavis's played a variety of tracks, which included new stuff of their new album, (being released in May hopefully), as well as some old favourites such as 'Naughty Boy', 'Lever' and 'Cry'. Becky looked as cute as a Barbie Doll, Matt was at his sweat soaked best, prancing around stage, Josh and Nick rocked hard and back on the drums, Andrea looked as desirable as ever, cruising away on the drums. A couple of noticeable crowd pleasers included their cover of the Divinyl's track 'Boys in Town', and their encore, which had Matt and Becky sing an acoustic duet. Proving that the



Mavis's still had their trademark variety, ranging from girly pop to hard rock, to something a little mellower. In summing, thanks to the band for playing, the Unibar for the pre-event

gaming and the security for letting us backstage (even if they realised they didn't) and the lift for such a smooth entry backstage.

Jase and the Jester.

## Heresy Heavy Metal Gig

There are times when life can become so frustrating that a release valve is needed – an outlet to vent all our impotent bottled-up rage accumulated from yet another shitty week at work/uni/rehab. With this thought in mind I made for the Seven Stars Hotel hoping for a low budget karma cleansing. Here I found a group of about two hundred rough looking black clad metal heads who were all thinking the same thing – that sometimes there is nothing more soothing than having your ears ravaged by a seething wall of noise.

To help achieve this Nirvana-like state of sonic oblivion Deaths Boundaries took to the stage. Their set was made up of fairly standard death

metal with plenty of technical riff work and double kick drumming. For a young band these boys showed a lot of promise for better things to come.

Embryonic Soul played next and I was instantly bewitched by the beautiful voice of their female vocalist Mel. The band gave us a talent-laden set of grungy rhythmic metal as they focused their musical powers on skill and style rather than all out speed. When required, Mel would utter the most shrill and mind-piercing screams that added an extra level of intensity to their songs. Their forthcoming LP will certainly be a worthy purchase.

I looked to the band list and realised that it was time to buy some ear-

plugs. Omnium Gatherum offer one of the fastest and most chaotic death metal experiences in Adelaide and we were not to be disappointed tonight. It was a metal storm – eager headbangers risked whiplash to pay homage to this frenzied four-piece.

And then came the climax to my night of musical mayhem as Virgin Black arrived, spectre-like, upon the stage. Clothed as though returning from a gothic funeral this band draws much of their inspiration from personal suffering and grief. Their style was both mellow and melancholic – with lead guitarist Samantha swaying to the dark beats as though hypnotised. Vocalist and keyboard player Rowan sang his lyrics with an angelic

opera-like voice that deteriorated into furiously deranged screaming at the zenith points of their set. It was truly uplifting to watch such raw emotion displayed by this amazing group.

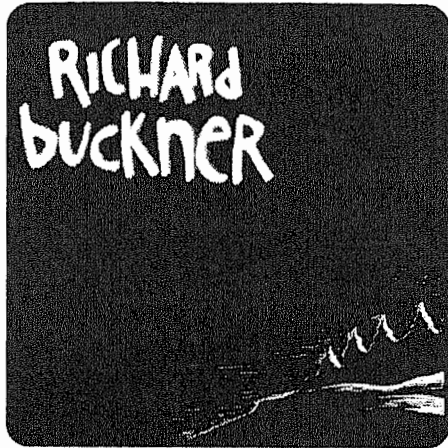
All too soon the night was over and I was left feeling tired and content. But at the back of my mind the cravings had already returned – the need for more of that delectable metal burning me up. "You've gotta help me" I gasped, shaking some poor girl by her shoulders "I need another fix – and quick!"

"That's easy" Michelle replied "all you have to do is tune into my radio program Heresy on 531AM ten o'clock Monday night ok? Now get some sleep you pathetic junkie!"

The Bard of Blasphemy



# All the boys think she's a spy...



**Richard Buckner**  
*The Hill*  
Overcoat Recordings/Spunk

For fans of that particular brand of alternative American music exemplified by outfits like Calexico and Neutral Milk Hotel the name Richard Buckner will be a familiar one. Or perhaps not; it's easy for an album or two to slip under the radar of even the most avid fan.

Buckner has been around for a while, and though I have several diligent friends who have tried to point me in his direction many times, happenstance has always prevented me from acquainting myself with the man's work. Well, that's all changed.

*The Hill* is Buckner's latest album. It is also that most amphibious of musical beasts - a good concept album. It is meandering journey through a Faulkneresque town, examining the harsh, splintered relationships of the inhabitants. If Tom Waits wrote a musical version of *Under Milk Wood* it would probably come out something close to this. Sparse and coolly folksy in its instrumentation, *The Hill* is carried by the conviction Buckner's singing, like a prophet calling to the wilderness.

**Jonathon Dyer**

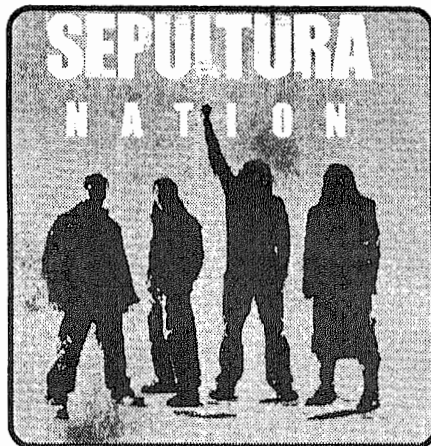


**King Kapisi**  
*Savage Thoughts*  
FMR

It's nothing incredibly new but it's definitely a refreshing change from some of the ugly gangster or sell-out hip-hop going around. Banging the drum for his Polynesian heritage King Kapisi brings diverse influences [jazz, blues, rock] through his rhythms coupled by very honest, strong yet re-

spectful lyrics. The current single 'Screams From Da Old Plantation' is treading the airwaves with its catchy Samoan guitar line, and playful rhymes. Most interesting is the track 'Shellshocked', which riffs and dark rap say Bad Brains to me but apparently this was non-intentional. Mellowed out later by the track 'Method Of My Madness', a lush love song written for Mrs Kapisi and to make up for the 'soppy, soppy love songs that say nothing' that overwhelm our music charts. This is a really solid effort from an artist who will hopefully take over from the terribly in-bred commercial hip-hop world of today.

**Prof Booty**



**Sepultura**  
*Nation*  
Roadrunner

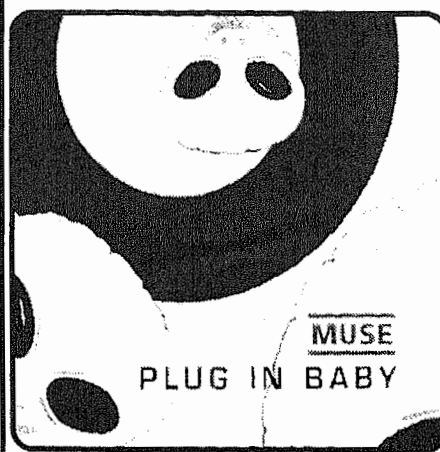
As a big fan of Sepultura, I would definitely say this album is one of their best. This album steps beyond Sepultura's boundaries and delivers a new stage in their development as a metal band. Gone are the bestial lyrics/vocals of Max Cavalera and 80's glam metal riffs by Andreas Kisser (Not that they were bad). Instead *Nation* provides fans with a new listening experience; each song has an intelligible meaning and the composition demonstrates master musicianship. *Nation* is not stuck in any one metal stereotype, Sepultura fill many shoes- tribal, thrash and melodic.

*Nation* features varying guest artists, evidence to their diversity. Dr Israel a New York reggae artist performs vocals on the song "Tribe to a Nation", and Jello Biafra of Dead Kennedy's fame also performs on my fave song "Politricks". The Finnish string quartet Apocalyptica whom covered Metallica songs a few years ago also feature on this album. They turned one of Andreas' guitar riffs into "an anthem for the Sepultura Nation" in the words of Derek Green. Other lesser-known Brazilian metal bands such as Pavlihao 9 and Hatebreed have also been given a leg up by appearing on this album.

**Rory Spreckley**

Release Date: March 19th

## CD Of The Week



**Muse**  
*Plug In Baby (Single)*  
Taste Music, FMR

It's only a single, but it easily qualifies for our CD of the Week (OK, so I'm bending the rules a bit....whatcha gonna do about it?!?)

Why aren't Muse big? They should be. Maybe their second album, scheduled for release in June, will elevate them to the stardom they deserve, who knows? There is no doubt, in this

reviewer's mind, that Showbiz was one of the strongest releases of the past few years and if Muse come anywhere near that level of emotion this time around it will definitely be an album to remember.

Enough bollocks though. I've had my rant. On to the music...

With five new tracks, this single is virtually an EP. 'Plug In Baby' is the perfect choice for the first single. It contains one of the catchiest guitar riffs I've heard for a while, drawing influences from cascading classical passages. Matt Bellamy's voice is remarkable as usual, effortlessly hitting notes way above most people's register. Energetic and catchy, it is Muse at their best. 'Nature\_1', a regular in Muse's setlist for a while now, has a Spanish-guitar feel and broods without exploding. The weakest track, 'Execution Commentary', is intentionally under-produced but is fast-paced and interesting. The single closes with 'Spiral Static', a Radiohead-esque, swirling emotional trip and a beautiful instrumental entitled 'Bedroom Acoustics'. Brilliant. Can Muse go wrong?

(Make sure to tune into On Dit Radio, Monday (19th March) from 9pm and we may have a special surprise for you....)

**Jorm**

## Singles

**CREED**

*With Arms Wide Open*  
Wind Up/Columbia

Already having achieved the status of the world's biggest rock band in every country except Australia, Creed are again attempting to make it in our fair country a mellow hard-rock song about the joys of fatherhood. Well, hopefully this one should do it, and the guys will get the recognition they deserve.

**Lukey**

**First Day On The Run (Single)**

**The Fauves**  
Shock Records

This little ditty from Melbournians, *The Fauves*, will have you grooving where you stand to its eighties style synthesized rock before the Mexican Desperado-esque intro is through. From *Thousand Yard Stare* it is the ballad of a couple's "rolling" of a certain fast-food franchise and the consequent day(s) "on the run".

**Simpson, You're Fired**

**Everlast**

*I Can't Move / Deadly Assassins*

Tommy Boy / FMR Records

This is the second release from Everlast's latest album, *Eat at Whitey's*, and it doesn't let down. 'I Can't Move' showcases his unique style of soulful, acoustic hip-hop that has brought him much acclaim, while 'Deadly Assassins' (featuring B-Real of Cypress Hill) explores the harder edge of hip-hop. In addition, there's three live cuts including his triple-platinum tune, 'What it's Like'.

**mars**

**Ash**

*Shining Light*  
Festival Mushroom

Catchy and repetitive, this sounds like a return to old form for Ash. Less *Nu-clear Sounds*, but not quite 1977 'Shining Light' is a competent single. Some good B-Sides but the 'Jesus Says' remix is quite disappointing.

**Jen**



# ...She's got Bette Davis eyes

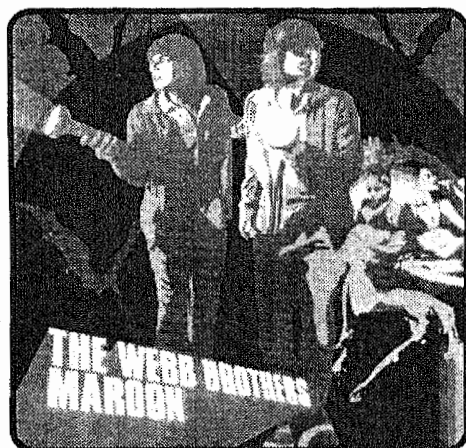


Various Artists  
**Save The Last Dance**  
Festival

This soundtrack commits what is to me the worst musical crime; it is bland. I suppose some would call it smooth R & B but I just find it boring. I haven't actually seen the movie yet but I'm sure that it is better than this dismal effort. The most striking track is the first song 'Shining Through' which features the talented Jill Scott on vocals. It blends Cyndi Lauper's 'True Colours' with some rap vocals - interesting but in my view gets no cigar. Anyone who messes with Cyndi has to do better than that.

Even though the rest of the album features efforts from such notables as Ice Cube and Montell Jordan, it seems that none of the artists have submitted anything near their best. If you see the film you may wish to buy the soundtrack, but reserve your judgement until then.

## Poptart



The Webb Brothers  
**Maroon**  
EMI

Having never heard of The Webb Brothers before last week, I won't claim to know anything about them. Their music sounds a bit like a cross between *The Beach Boys* and *The Rentals* and a bit 80s-ish. Track # 2, 'I Can't Believe You're Gone' and track # 5 stood out for me, although they both (like a fair few of the tracks on the album) went on and on a bit too long. Track # 7 was another highlight; a short instrumental track that sounded like circus music. The harmonies are all fairly original and the

vocals are both interesting and clean. If you are into slow, anthemic music then you will find this album good to chill-out to.

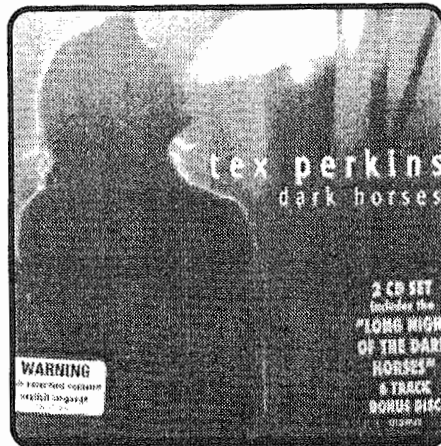
## Louise Teale



Sparks  
**Balls**  
Festival Mushroom Records

Sparks, with their eccentric vocalist and unnervingly scary keyboardist (the brothers Mael), are one of the few eighties bands to still be around without reverting to cashing-in on their past glory days. Another album of all new material is sure to keep the fans happy, but I doubt any new fans will hop on board. With the title track's chorus proclaiming, 'Balls! All you need are Balls. To succeed are Balls. All you need are Balls,' one is immediately not sure where to place Sparks on a time line of musical evolution. The synthesised eighties sound is still apparent though updated to nineties standards. 'More Than A Sex Machine' has already received a little airplay. An Australian exclusive bonus CD-ROM provides live footage of some of the Sparks greatest moments including 'This Town Ain't Big Enough For The Both Of Us' which was recently revamped with Faith No More.

## Jorm



Tex Perkins  
**Dark Horses**  
Grudge Records

This solo effort from The Cruel Sea and The Beasts of Bourbon's front man is well executed with affecting lyrics and music to sit-in-a-dark room-to. I've heard The Cruel Sea described as 'gothic country' and this album could define the term. Think The Cruel Sea meets Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. The tracks are often quite simple in their structure, but all are beautiful. Some stand out tracks include: 'Fine Mess' (this is almost vintage Cruel Sea, though it maintains the laid-back rhythm of the album), 'To Us', 'Blissfully Blind' and 'Ice in the Sun'. Through the liberal use of piano and percussion to contrast each other, with Perkins' voice acting as a medium between the two, a rich sound is woven together that produces many varieties, but unmistakably comes from the one album. The low moods of some of the songs are complemented beautifully and the spirits are lifted by the final track, 'Another Rain Song'.

This album is great when you just sit and listen to it from beginning to end. While not being one to groove and grind to, as smooth background music, it works.

## Nai

# IMPORTANT MUSIC STUFF

Music Meetings

Due to the hoardes of people trying to cram into the pitifully small *On Dit* office for music meetings, the venue has been changed to the Unibar. Still Wednesdays at 1pm, just at the Unibar. Not office. Comprehende? Good.

On Dit Radio

This week is a big one for *On Dit* radio (9pm Monday night, 531AM). While always playing the best of the *On Dit* music section, Mark and Jenny have successfully persuaded the elusive *On Dit* Editors to be their special guest stars. Futhermore, there will be giveaways. Good giveaways. So tune in.

# Singles

The Go-Betweens  
**Surfing Magazines**  
VIRGIN/EMI

This is a double a-side single with 'Surfing Magazines' and 'German Farmhouse', both of which come from their comeback album *Friends Of Rachel Worth* and have also been getting a little airtime on JJJ. The a-sides are good, but what's really good are the three live acoustic b-sides which were recorded in a café in Melbourne.

## J Luu

One Dollar Short  
**Board Game EP**  
Rapido/Festival Mushroom Records

California-style punk by a Sydney band is what listeners of One Dollar Short's new EP 'Board Game' will encounter. Quick, energetic punk in the style of The Ataris and Blink-182, this EP starts off with the catchy, JJJ-played release 'Board Game' and also contains the softer, more melodic tune 'Perfect Day'. For anyone who likes punk - check it out. One Dollar Short will be at the UniBar with The Ataris on April 12.

[www.onedollarshort.com](http://www.onedollarshort.com)

## Micky Dub

Sonique  
**I Put A Spell On You**  
Colossal Records

This re-release from the dance act who brought out the hits 'It Feels So Good' and 'Fly', has made its way onto a couple DJ mixed CD's for the first time around. This single is similar to the other two, and has smooth string samples backing Sonique's soulful voice.

## Jester

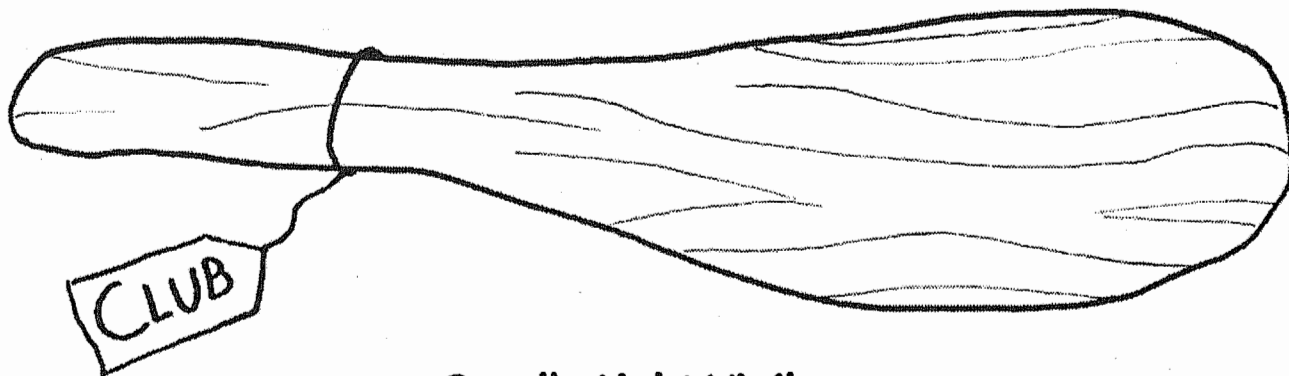
Toploader  
**Dancing In The Moonlight**  
Sony

Toploader are here, finally! One of Britain's best new bands of 2000, Toploader are basically a UK group who put out the sort of music that your dad would be grooving to in the 70's - Rod Stewart etc. This is a great song though, and fans of mid 90's brit-indie should go nuts about it. Can't wait for the album.

## Trev



# Clubs



## Eddie Club

AGM Eddie club (Edmund Rice Camps)

Thursday 22nd March 5pm WP Rogers room, level 5 Union House enter via the Games room and the WP Rogers is along the passage way.

Any further details contact Ben Heathcote on 83320241

## Hindu Youth

IGM for AVISHKAR (Hindu Youth)

March 26th Monday, 12 - 2 pm North Dining Room

Veena Pillai 0403 170962

Alok Narayan 0402 855 846

## M.S.A Positions

Nominations are now being accepted for M.S.A committee positions.

Available positions:

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

First Year Representative

Clubs Association Delegate

3 General Representatives

Nominations close 4pm Friday 23rd March. Nominations can be made in the M.S.A. clubroom

Mike Spence

Returning Officer

## Candle Light Vigil

CANDLELIGHT VIGIL AGAINST RASCISM

Wednesday 21st March on the steps of Parliament House.

5.45pm - 7.30pm

with guest speakers

For more information contact Bek Cornish (NUS SA Welfare Officer) on 0412 562 105

Some candles will be supplied

community. We see reconciliation and mutual respect as the key to Australia's future.

Our Goal: "A united Australia which respects this land of ours; valued the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander heritage; and provides justice and equity for all."

In 2001 we intend to have regular events, including musical performances, debates, seminars, information sessions and more.

## UANTAR

UANTAR - University of Adelaide for Native Title and Reconciliation

Our Role: Raising awareness of indigenous issues, and respect for indigenous culture within the campus

Our next meeting is on Tuesday 20th March at 1.00pm in the Post Graduate's Students' Association, Level 1, George Murray Building. Anybody is welcome to come along and can join for \$2 (students) or \$5 (staff).

# Classifieds

## Relaxation

### 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.

DEVELOPING A LIFESTYLE THAT REDUCES STRESS AND WORRY

WHEN: Tuesday 20 March. 1.10 - 2.00pm

WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building  
FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN

## Looking for Love

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

## Hovelicious

### HOUSEMATE WANTED

Person required to share four bedroom house in Unley with two girls and one boy. Large rooms, big kitchen, lounge and study. Nice area with midnight shopping centre at the end of the street. Two bus lines, nice people. \$75 per week plus expenses.

ph 83573568 or 0438693267

### Baby Stuff for Sale

For sale baby furniture & clothes. Highchair in excellent condition \$75 (cost \$130), baby rocker in excellent condition \$50 (cost \$75), sturdy wooden drop-side cot+ mattress \$50, robust toddler table & two chairs \$25 (can take weight of adult, cost \$70), assorted designer clothing size 000-3, summer & winter from 50 cents, excellent selection of toys from \$1. Phone Sylvia 8265-2928 (ah) or 8303-8914 (w).

## Just a reminder to everyone out there...

We are happy to print your classifieds. But if they are essentially of a commercial nature, then baby you can pay us for an ad because, quite frankly, we need the money.

Requirements for classifieds are:

- 50 words or less

- email to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or drop them down to the On Dit office

- have your classified in by Wednesday 5pm.

## Palatial

### HOUSE MATE WANTED

North Adelaide fully furnished house with b.i.r. Wanted 1 person to share 3 b.r. house. No pets. \$80 p.w. + exp. Working & studying, 23-30 yrs. Excellent location.

Ph 0419 998 379 or 0407 077 102.

## Need a Bed?

Urgent sale due to moving: near new Q/S wooden slate bed+bed head including brand new mattress \$400, new Qualcast electric mower \$50, 6

place wooden dining table \$50, spring base single bed+mattress \$50, new molded plastic dog kennel to suit small dog \$25 ph 8252 2394 or mobile 0417 889 369.

## Beetle Bargain

Beetle Collection for sale. I have over 350 different varieties of native and exotic beetle. All fully annotated and preserved in individual formaldehyde bottles.

Forced to sell \$120 o.n.o. Will sell separately. If interested, please call 8303 3408 and ask for Mary.



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# Killer Bitter

With 25 IBUs, there's nothing in South Australia as bitter.

