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On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 1 19.2.2001

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Killer Bitter

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





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On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 1 19.2.2001

On Dit is the weekly student newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. Though the editors, reveling on the newly found power trip, have complete editorial control, the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily their own.

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About the cover: A glorious combination of Linley's paranoia and ancient National Geographics. It's name is 'Thankyou for flying with us. And have a nice day'.

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. Or, for a more pleasant aroma, email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

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On Dit, so good you'll have to share

Editorials

Penny

Hi guys,

I have to say that with this, my first editorial, I'm a little confused about what to say. I could go for the expected sentimental reminiscence of my first O'week maybe, or what my first impressions were when I was starting uni, and then attempt to spiel out some words of wisdom that 'it's your O'week and make the most of it' or some trite like that. But it just seems too cliché.

Or I could go for the other obvious choice: use this opportunity to make some kind of political statement about proper politics or student politics or both. But I've already done that in my rant about the Union in the campus section, and anyway, I don't want to become too self-indulgent.

So many things to think about.

So I think I'll put them both on hold for a while, and just talk shop. For anyone who doesn't already know: this is *On Dit*, the Adelaide Uni student newspaper, and Melissa, Linley and I are its editors. Part of our job is getting to write whatever we want on this page, and to fill all the other pages with all sorts of things that hopefully everyone will find interesting. We cover Uni news, higher education issues and current affairs, balanced out with a good dose of the inane student humour that is always so entertaining in a boring lecture. We also try to do real justice to this student life by providing pub and restaurant reviews, travel stories, a work section, and a chance for people who hold a strong viewpoint to explain it in the opinion section or alternatively dredge up their most embarrassing experiences in *Vox Pop*. Additionally, there are the review sections, which any seasoned reader will tell you is the true path to the free stuff if you are willing to write a decent review and get it in on time.

There are a couple of things that are new this year - The Adventures of Mayo Man and Wills Woman, Blast From The Past (where we reprint some of the most bizarre things written in the last 69 years of *On Dit*), the *On Dit* radio show and our new internet site for example - and a whole lot of things that are making their series return - Wayward, low quality paper and the infamous SAUA roundup, just to name a few.

I hope you like it. Really. Especially since it feels like I've put every minute of every day recently into getting this edition out. So while I catch up on sleep, I hope everyone has a fantastic time during Orientation, whether it be arriving at 9 am every morning to grab the free breakfast or being so ill after O'Hop on Monday night that you swear you'll never attend another University event again. Regardless, have fun and enjoy.

Linley

For our first edition, I have provided a section of blank page for a "do-it-yourself" editorial. Go crazy.

Melissa

So, I am turning 21 in approximately 29 hours and I don't really care. I can't work out if I don't care because of my inherent hatred of birthday parties and all things '21' or because I now have *On Dit* to think about and everything else pales in comparison.

21st birthday parties have always freaked me out a little. I've sat through enough cringeworthy speeches at friends 21sts (and given a few bad ones myself) to dread the day I had to go through the same thing. If only for avoiding the speeches and the inevitable photo board I am glad my birthday is going to be a bit of a non-event. If my parents were the type to put on a big shebang that involved renting out the back room in some second rate pub and putting an obscene amount of money on the bar, I don't think I would accept. I'm too selfish. I would rather have the money for myself and buy something useful. Stuff letting my 'friends' (15% of which are real friends and the remaining 85% people either I don't care about, don't like or haven't seen for years) drink it away in a night no one will remember. They probably wouldn't even buy me any decent presents.

But I think the real reason that my 21st is not being the milestone in my life that it is meant to be is simply because I just haven't had time and there are much more interesting things happening right now. *On Dit* really has been all consuming in my life lately. I know I speak for Penny and Linley when I apologise to all our friends and family for never speaking about anything else but '*On Dit* stuff' and always being 'too busy'. But this is the nature of the job and I don't think I would give it up for anything. After two solid years working towards gaining an Arts degree I was beginning to wonder whether the world really needed another one of my lacklustre, mediocre undergraduate essays. Probably not. Now I have *On Dit*, and forgive me for being corny, but it's like I'm now involved in something bigger and more significant than anything I could achieve on my own. And that's exciting, more exciting than turning 21 anyway. I guess what I am trying to say, in a long winded kind of round-about way, is that I am grateful to *On Dit* for kind of saving me for at least a year. I no longer have to spin tales about my far fetched plans to travel (London, South East Asia, all the backpacker cliches) when asked what I was planning to do with my life. Now I can bandy around the word 'editor' and 'major student newspaper' and that just has to impress doesn't it?

Wow, I love being an editor. It allows me to be self indulgent on a whole new level that I have never experienced before.

Till next time.....

Union CEO Leaves in Shock Mutually Agreed Termination Horror!!!

Up until recently, the Adelaide University (Students') Union employed Ian Cannon as its Chief Executive Officer. A recent statement received by *On Dit* from the elected Union President Tanisha Hewanpola, stated that Mr Cannon and the Union have '...mutually agreed to terminate their employment relationship, effective as of 5pm 9th February 2001'. When asked to comment on the separation Ms Hewanpola had this to say: 'Any organisation from time to time experiences periods of change, and all organisations experience times where members of their senior management decide to move on. At the moment, we're just experiencing one such occasion.' She went on to say, 'I would like to take this opportunity to thank Ian Cannon for his years of dedicated work on behalf of our organisation.'

When asked of what the Union would be do-

ing next, she stated, 'we are taking this vacancy as an opportunity to reassess the Union's strategic direction, and reaffirm its commitment to providing quality and relevant services to our members.'

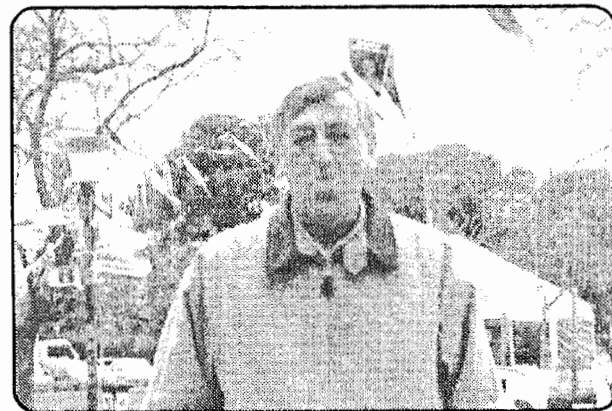
As the CEO is the manager responsible for the running of the entire organisation, a new person in this position could see the Union operating in an entirely different manner. Look out for some changes ahead.

The lack of information that is coming out of the Union regarding the departure of the CEO leaves us asking the following questions.

What is the future of the AUU?

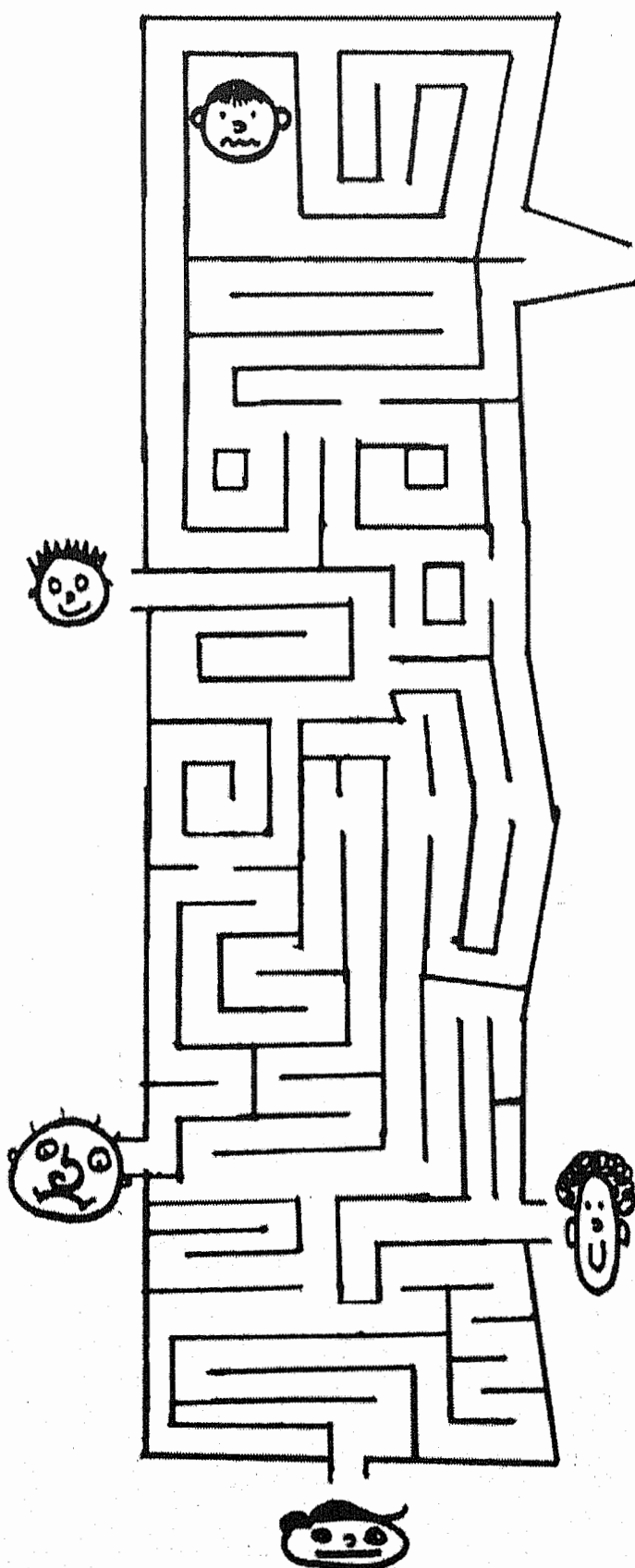
Will this prompt a review in the structure of the AUU?

Will the changes in Senior Management result in a more positive outcome for the Union's 'bottomline' at the end of the year?



Now that Ian Cannon has left will the relationship between the Union and the SAUA be as close?

Who will get his office?
Speculation mounts.



Find the Union a new CEO

First person to come down to the *On Dit* office with a completed maze to the correct CEO wins a prize! It could be anything! Gotta be in it to win it!



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SAUA Council Round-Up

SAUA Council is an event that occurs every two weeks during the academic year. The Office-Bearers who you, the students, elected in 2000 (well, except for all you first-years) get together with the general SAUA councillors and assorted hangers-on (the editors of *On Dit*, for example) and thrash out the affairs of the Students' Association.

The meeting on the 7th of February was a long one - from 5pm to about a quarter past eleven. That's over six hours of fun. Although much of the meeting took place *in camera* (in confidential session, which we can't talk about) there were plenty of issues discussed in the open.

President Tom Radzevicius started out the meeting with a speech pleading for a spirit of cooperation and an unthreatening atmosphere... which was nice, if ultimately futile. As the meeting wore

on, occasionally aggressive speaking and an attitude sometimes bordering on condescension was rather hypocritical in light of his earlier comments. But no worries, it was Tom's first real meeting, and we're sure that he will smooth out the cracks and be chairing like a pro in no time.

The Counter Calendar (Alternative subject guide) 'debacle' has finally been resolved with the editors receiving a small honorarium for their work. Sadly the Counter Calendar will not be published this year and its future is still under discussion. A confusing mess of mixed stories will probably mean we will never know why the CC will not go ahead this year, but Sarah Hanson (one of the CC Editors) took full responsibility for the failure, noble considering it was obviously not entirely her fault.

On a better note, George Taylor (Orientation Co-Ordinator) presented a budget for O'Week that made approximately a \$30,000 profit. This is something that Council has always demanded, especially considering the debt that the SAUA has to the Union. However, in no time at all her budget was being changed and huge chunks taken out of it. While it is important to ensure the kids have a great time in O'Week and as many of the events as possible are free, there are ways to change a budget without completely destroying the work done by George and the other O'Week directors. While it is Council's right to direct the affairs of Orientation, they should remember that a budget is only on paper, and in the case of something like O'Week can change up to and during the actual week. Councillors may have realised their mistake two days later when a ma-

yor sponsor pulled out, taking their \$8000 with them, and various other things happened to generally harm O'Weeks budget. The whole situation left us wondering why it is that someone has to cry before certain people will treat others with common respect.

Five and a half hours later, and we didn't know quite what to make of all the commotion that had transpired. So we will leave our first roundup on this final note: protocol recommends one wears underwear when attending a formal situation such as a Council Meeting. You know who you are. Please.

The motions passed included:

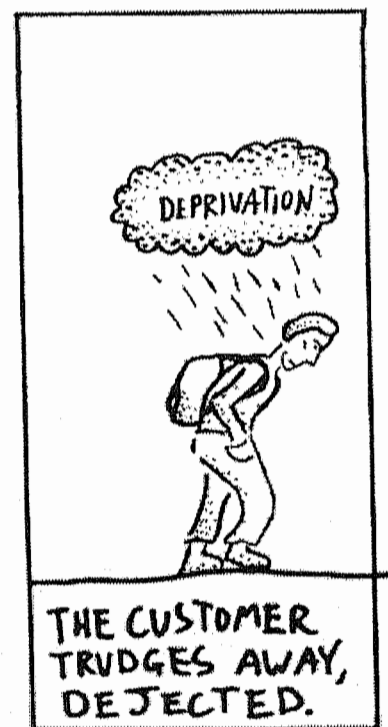
- A motion giving the state branch of the National Union of Students \$200 to print their O'Week publication. State president Joel Northcott came along to the meeting to put his position that NUS

Mayo Man & Wills Woman

The Story so far...

Last year the Union made a confidential deal with the Pepsi Corporation which saw Pepsi-Cola take pride of place while Coke became expensive and difficult to find. But then...

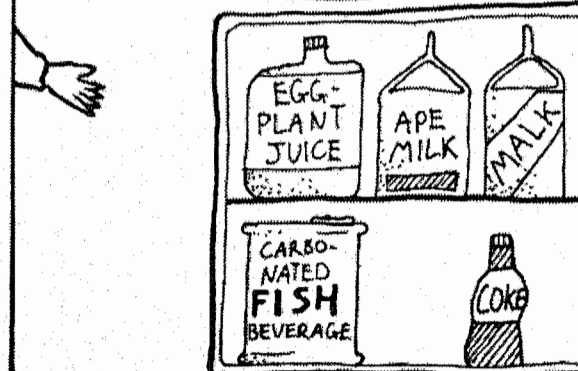
EARLY IN THE YEAR 2001...



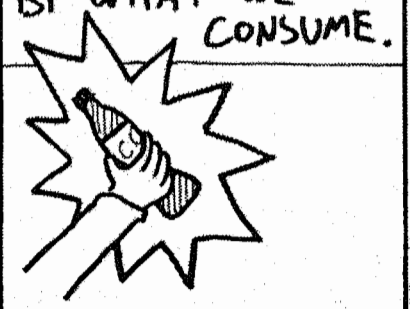
BUT! THE NEXT DAY IN THE WILLS REFEC...



... WHICH IS GOOD, BECAUSE I HATED HAVING TO RESTOCK THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE "FREAK DRINKS" FRIDGE EVERY FIVE MINUTES.



THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE HAS TRIUMPHED!
ONCE AGAIN WE ARE FREE TO DEFINE OURSELVES BY WHAT WE CONSUME.



SAUA Round-up continued...

needs to promote itself more effectively to students, and an advertising-free publication was the most appropriate way to do it. On the other hand, some felt that it was inappropriate for the SAUA to give more money to the NUS, as it already pays a \$50,000 + affiliation fee to the national body. Also, the 2000 NUS publication suffered from poor distribution and a general lack of organisation, and there was a fear that the same thing might happen again.

- A motion authorising the President to send a letter to John Howard condemning the Liberals' "Innovation Package". The package is a grossly insufficient piece of cynical election-year vote-grabbing (see the article in next week's edition for a discussion of just why it's so bad), and everyone seemed to agree on this after a little while.

- A motion reducing the price of many Orientation events.

- A motion about the choice of security companies to be used for various Orientation events, particularly O'Ball. But that was passed *in camera*, so we can't tell you anything else about it.

Finally, best of luck to all the organisers of orientation. You have all done a fantastic job and we know that O'2001 will be a smashing success.

Naming:

If someone attending a meeting is being noisy, disruptive, disrespectful or naughty, the Chair can warn them. If they do it again, the Chair can 'name' them, and if their antisocial behaviour continues they can be ejected from the room. At the 7th of Feb meeting the following councillors were named:

Sarah Hoban
Melissa Vine
Linley Henzell

Each week, we will be updating the table, and the winner at the end of the year will get a handsome prize in recognition of their success. The editors obviously hope to win this themselves, so we will each aspire to get ourselves named at least once per meeting.

Wish us luck.

Student Services Fee

Why do we pay the 'Student Services Fee'?

My relationship with the FEE

On the first invoice I ever received for my Uni career, I noticed an inconspicuous box marked 'Student Services Fee' sitting quietly in between the HECS fees column and the total invoice column, cunningly adding another \$270 to my year. And as I spend what looks like endless years at this Uni, one thing remains constant: this little fee remains the subject of ambiguity, annoyance, well-trained spiels about its necessity (from certain people) but general resentment as to why we are forking out this precious, precious money that we don't feel we'll ever see again.

I was at a party the other night when I ran into one such disgruntled student, who spent a good half hour whingeing about paying this fee for services he did not use, the state of Union Catering, and most of all his irritation at having to contribute money to sports clubs when he did not play sports. Nothing we haven't all heard (or said) before. The shock was not from this but the realisation that I was defending the Union fee to this guy when in the last couple of years I had made a sport of complaining about these things more than anyone else I know. The revelation threw all my fee-hating philosophies into doubt. Or maybe I had just been spending too much time around student politicians.

The FEE

First things first: for all the Freshers, this fee goes to the Adelaide University Union for the purpose of funding the Union, its affiliates, student care, catering and other operating expenses. Up until last year there was a vague honesty about it and it used to appear on your Uni invoice as the 'Union Fee'. However, in 2000 there was an attempt to remove the stigma surrounding the fee and make it sound more applicable to the every day student, and hence it was renamed the 'Student Services Fee'.

Sneaky. But not sneaky enough to fool me.

To make accepting the fee easier on everyone there is a detailed breakdown of where the money is going on page 10 of your student diary. The breakdown of the fee is divided into four sections: affiliate funding, student service centre funding, operating expenditure and the ever-flexible category of 'other'. There is also the especially ambiguous sub-category of other within the other (my two cents is that catego-

ry's the staff Unibar tab).

However, the fee does fund a lot of very useful things, such as the Education/Welfare Officers, Equal Access Scheme, Employment Service, Tertiary Institute Child Care Centre and the maintenance of Union House, including the theatres and the craft studio. Any person would say these were worthwhile things, even if they didn't realise it until they needed them.

And, as it inevitably comes up at election time, part of the fee is used in the name of representation. By this I mean a portion of your fee funds student advocacy; the Students' Association and its many affiliates, NUS (the National Union of Students) and of course, fighting that godforsaken source of all evil, the Liberal government and their anti-student agenda. So kids, if you are a Liberal and are a little angry about the fact your money is helping to work against them - tough.

And yes, since I was a fresher the fee has risen to \$297. But before we all start moaning bear this in mind: the fee has only risen with the GST as it was specifically stated by the Commonwealth Government that it would be taxed, even though students' already have a hard time, what with prices going up and not receiving any of the tax cut benefits (perhaps an anti-student agenda isn't such a far fetched statement after all). And think of this: Union Board is well aware that raising the fee, for whatever the reason, won't go down well with anybody. Therefore, they have kept the hike to an absolute minimum and charge only GST, while the Union covers the cost of inflation. And by my basic calculations, this means that my actual Union fee without GST is \$270, exactly the same as when I started.

Why do we all complain?

Why? Because we don't like parting with our money? Because we would rather spend it all on beer? Actually no. We all complain because we place an emphasis on value for money, and the question is, are we getting it?

The answer is: that's entirely self-determined.

Here's what I mean. If you attend every bash the SAUA throws this year, queue up for free beer and barbecues every time they're on offer, utilise the services provided by the Union like the aforementioned Education/Welfare Officers or get a job in Union Catering then by a simple definition you are getting your money's worth.

If you are choosing not to use the services provided, should you still pay? What about the possibility of a partial fee system? I don't know. But I do know the tried and tested

argument that you don't hear anybody asking for the part of their income tax back that goes toward funding the public transport system just because they drive every day. I digress but the point is: public transport is a public service that is there for everyone that needs it, which one day might be you. The Union is the same.

Arguing this argument feels a little strange to me though, as from the insights I have had into the workings of Union Board and student politics in general I have never before felt the need to defend any of it - quite the opposite. Like all student representation in this country and every politics related activity in the world, there are factions that use a little thing called a caucus (sometimes binding) to vote through decisions that have little or nothing to do with the greater good. And like politics every where else, the factions represented on Union Board often cut deals with each other over Union issues with factional interests in mind. The worrying thing is this particular method of voting will often spill over decisions regarding the Union fee. I don't say this to depress anybody or even drown in my own cynicism (though it looks like I will). It's the way things are.

Why we should pay it anyway...

The way I see it, not so long ago, education was free, quality of courses was high, and you actually had to get a reasonably good TER to get into Adelaide Uni. But those days are gone. And if students don't care, nobody does - the State and Federal Governments continue to cut our funding, non-student people prioritise the more prevalent issues in their lives, and our Uni is selling itself out more and more to commercialisation. Our contact hours get cut, teaching quality goes down, TERs go down and the value of our degrees goes down. Read all academically orientated students: this will one day affect HOW MUCH YOU EARN.

Believe it or not, but there is only one organisation at Adelaide Uni dedicated to preventing this, the Union and its affiliates. Despite its flaws it is pretty much the last thing at our disposal to try and protect the quality of our education. So if you can't be bothered to stand up for your own rights, you might as well let the cheery Union and SAUA folk do it for you. Think about it: \$297 is a lot of money, but a possible \$100,000 HECS debt is even more. And in the meantime, just try and get the most free beer on the lawns that you can.

Penny

DEATH OF THE CAMPUS? The University of Australia Online

The "University of Australia Online" plan, released in January shortly before the Liberals' "Innovation Package", involves setting up a new national institution responsible for delivering University courses over the Internet. By 2010 the UAO would have enrolled up to 100,000 students (the focus is on undergraduates, although postgrad education is contemplated), each of whom would be paying half the normal rate of HECS for their course.

The courses to be offered online would be developed by existing public universities (who would receive royalties), and would be available as entirely online degrees or as parts of a standard degree.

This idea is part of Labor's plan for a "Knowledge Nation", which involves "maximising the use of new technologies across all areas of endeavour, with a workforce trained to realise the potential of those technologies". Basically, Labor wants to increase the general level of technological literacy amongst the population, and encouraging people to use computers is one way of doing so.

This will allow Australia to fill a forecast future lack of graduates in key industries, particularly information technology.

There is also the hope that Australia will be able to position itself as the world leader in the field of on-line education, which some people think is going to become important in the years to come.

Needless to say, there are a few problems. Here's a list of just some of them:

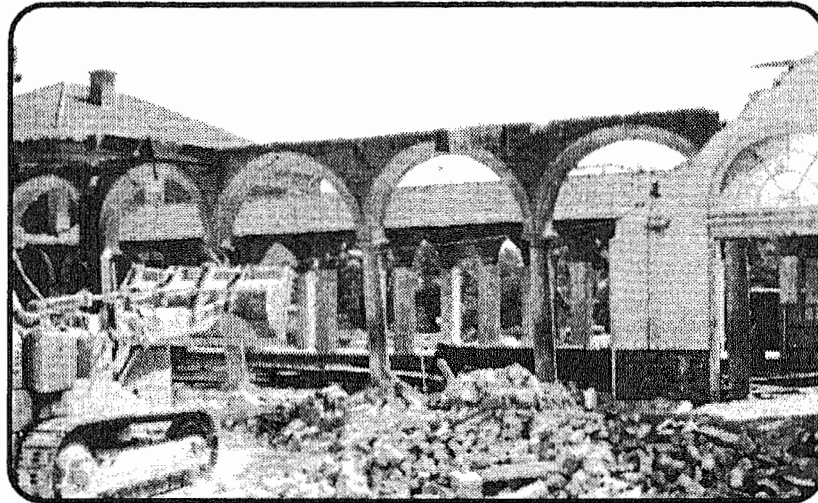
- Buying and maintaining a computer with an Internet connection is not cheap, especially for students, and there are numerous technical

problems as well (see accompanying article).

- Kim Beazley pointed out that UAO will be of particular benefit to rural students, students with children and students in the workforce. But isn't this a cop-out? Wouldn't it be better to concentrate education resources on making standard Uni more accessible to these groups rather than offering a cut-price alternative? And if that alternative is present, will the pressure be taken

obvious that a purely online course could never offer the same level of interaction and resources as one taught through lectures, tutorials and practicals.

- Whether or not the UAO courses are actually any good, there will inevitably be initial employer scepticism about their quality. There is a danger of creating a two-tier higher education sector, with some people forced by money, distance, time etc to take a less valu-



We won't be needing this anymore...

off universities to provide accessibility through things like childcare, after-hours lectures, etc?

- It's hard to imagine some courses being taught on-line. Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Science subjects with practicals, etc all require a large amount of special equipment or contact time to be taught properly. Will the rural students, parents, workers etc be effectively excluded from certain courses?

- According to the National Tertiary Education Union, research shows that on-campus teaching results in "better outcomes" for undergrads. It seems reasonably

able on-line course while only those already privileged can afford to study at a real Uni.

- If a small course is being taught on-line there will be less pressure on universities to maintain it themselves, leading to some courses becoming on-line only.

- The whole project will be plagued with technical difficulties for the first few years at least. The Law School recently tried to implement its own on-line learning project - it failed horribly and may become usable in a couple of years at the earliest. Expect UAO to suffer from just about every technical

problem in the book before it starts working.

Some of these complaints are mere speculation, or suspicions about problems that may or may not occur. And the plan is not without potential benefits:

- There are plans to offer free university preparation courses online

- 100,000 extra uni places would be nice

- Widespread computer-literacy is a good thing

- Giving students the *option* to study on-line can't be bad, as long as resources are not drained from off-line courses and as long as cost and reduced accessibility don't remove the option of normal study.

Still, there are plenty of problems with on-line teaching no matter how well it is implemented. Will the UAO still be on the agenda come election time? We'll have to wait and see. Especially considering that, according to Big Kim, it is "subject to maintaining a balanced budget over the course of an economic cycle".

It's wonderful that Labor is actually coming up with new ideas about higher education, and it's probably fair to say that the worst that they could do will still be better than anything the Liberals are likely to pull out. But they're going to have to do better than this.

Linley Henzell

Sources:
The Australian
The National Union of Students
The National Tertiary Education Union
www.alp.org.au

Technical Difficulties...

Whilst on the surface the University of Australia scheme seems to be a step in the right direction, once you scratch the surface it becomes obvious that it is wrought with possible problems. Despite the fact that the Internet is fast becoming the world standard for all forms of media, it is not yet something that everyone has access to.

The Internet is still somewhat unstable, especially when accessed the cheapest way, by dial-up through a modem. Dial-up, while suitable for most people's needs, is plagued by disconnections, slow transfer rates, and a dependence on the pre-war Australian copper phone lines. This means that students studying through UAO may not be able to access the necessary online resources when they need them. Downloading the necessary resources would take forever over a

standard dial up connection. Text books, video, and audio downloads could mean that a student might need the computer connected to the internet for days on end.

For the regular battling student the hourly bill of studying online at could quite possibly wipe out an entire meagre Youth Allowance instalment. The current cost of internet access infers that many students would be excluded from accessing the online university satisfactorily.

Not only may students have

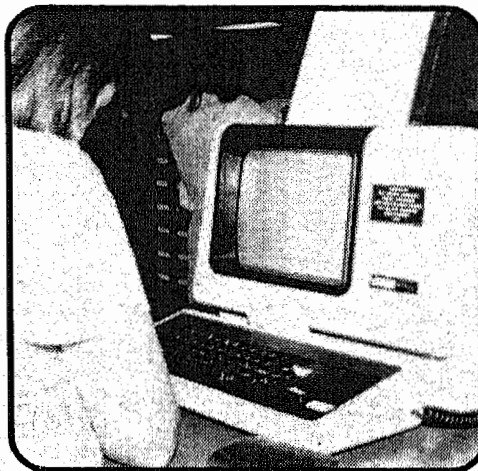
problems from their end of the connection, but also imagine the problems that the 'virtual university' may have at its end. All of us have lined up to enrol and waited and waited and waited. Imagine a server trying to cope with possibly 100,000 enrolments, all at once - the congestion would be horrendous. It takes a good while on the best of today's servers to post a form, let alone waiting for a server that's processing thousands at the one time.

Net congestion may be at its worst during the enrolment process, but assignment hand ins

could also be troublesome, not to mention vital communication with lecturers and tutors. How annoying would it be to start uploading an assignment well before the cut off time, only to find out it was officially handed in late because the congestion (not to mention other potential technical problems) has caused the upload to be so slow as to take you past the hand in time!

While the technical problems of the online university can be solved, they will be costly to fix. One of the major factors that the Labor Party will have to look at is subsidising Internet connection costs to students who are given places at the university. But hey, I still attend University in the real world and pay full HECS for the privilege to skip a face-to-face lecture rather than not download the notes from the web.

Simon Saint



Is this the way of the future?

7 possible reasons why TER's have dropped so low

We here at *On Dit* will not let the important issues pass us by. One such issue is the disastrous year our University has had in the TER stakes, which quite frankly, made our degrees all look pretty crap. The reasons surrounding this crisis have been kept elusive and hush-hush, and as a consequence, little has been released to the University public about what has caused the massive drop in entry requirements. But as you can see, they can't stop us speculating. So here goes...

Reason #1: There are too many stairs at Adelaide Uni. You have to go up-down, up-down everyday, and it gets extremely annoying and tiring. The joys of higher education are not worth the effort of having to run around all day like you're on a treadmill, when obviously your choice of lifestyle (ie being a student) would indicate that exercise is the last thing on your mind.

Furthermore, the ATM in Union House is rejects 99.9% of cards, so you have to trample further up the Barr Smith stairs to use the one in Hughes Plaza. People can't be bothered to do things such as this.

Likeliness Rating: 7/10

Reason #2: All the ugly buildings. We live in a superficial society, and things need to have an aesthetic appeal. Look at some of our buildings: Schultz (the foul green one), Jordan (the foul black stump one) and Ligertwood (the foul granite mock-medieval one).

When you compare buildings such as these with the brand spanking new City-West campus, no wonder people don't want to study here.

Likeliness Rating: 5/10

Reason #3: Our Vice-Chancellor is a temptress who has placed a jinx on the entire University to rid it of all students. If you don't believe me, check out her extremely scary portrait in the Mitchell building. The portrait also features a snake, and in case you didn't know, snakes are a traditional representation of evil (a fact garnered from the authoritative source of *Harry Potter*).

Obviously, the jinx is only getting started and won't come into full force until the temptress finds herself a new, cushier job at an interstate uni.

Likeliness Rating: I can't say. I don't want to be cursed.

Reason #4: Resistance is right. It's all one huge conspiracy.

Likeliness Rating: 1/10

Reason #5: The obvious appeal of going straight into the workforce. We mean, why go to Uni when you can rise through the ranks in the retail or hospitality industries? After scrambling around after the size 10 tank top or specially made cheeseburger all day every day while your

friends get to hang out on the lawns swilling beer, how could you not want to spend your whole life doing that? Furthermore, the money's quick and easy, and you may one day rise to the lofty height of store manager.

Likeliness Rating: 6/10

Reason #6: The Law school. It is already well known around Adelaide that the law school is an unmitigated disaster, after being bombarded by a damning law review and lots of bad press last year. Well now we are going to give it some more. If the fact that the TER for reserve place law has dropped from 99.6 to 93 in one year hasn't made alarm bells ring, then nothing can save what's left of what used to be one of the best law schools in the country. It can just not be stressed enough times: if you in any way are considering law as a career, do it at Flinders. Maybe people are finally starting to understand that.

Likeliness Rating: 9/10

Reason #7: A long long time ago, approximately three years, the University made a choice to over-enrol on many of the courses, and has spent the last two years compensating for it by under-enrolling, which had the effect of falsely inflating TER's along the way. Because degrees work in three year blocks, the effects of this particular mistake have been remedied. Hence, the University has decided to create the same problem all over again by over-enrolling this year. Good one guys. And this is the real reason that TER's have dropped so much. But we left it till last because the truth is always so unexciting. We hope you don't mind.

Likeliness Rating: 9.9/10



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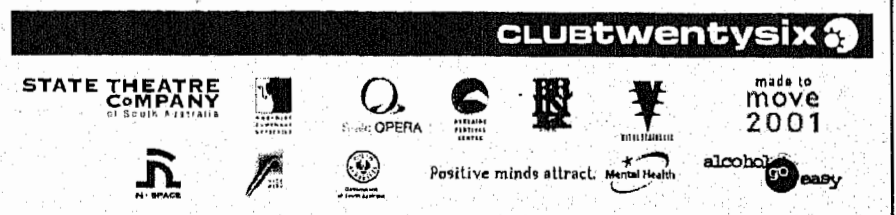
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Israel vs Palestine: the next round

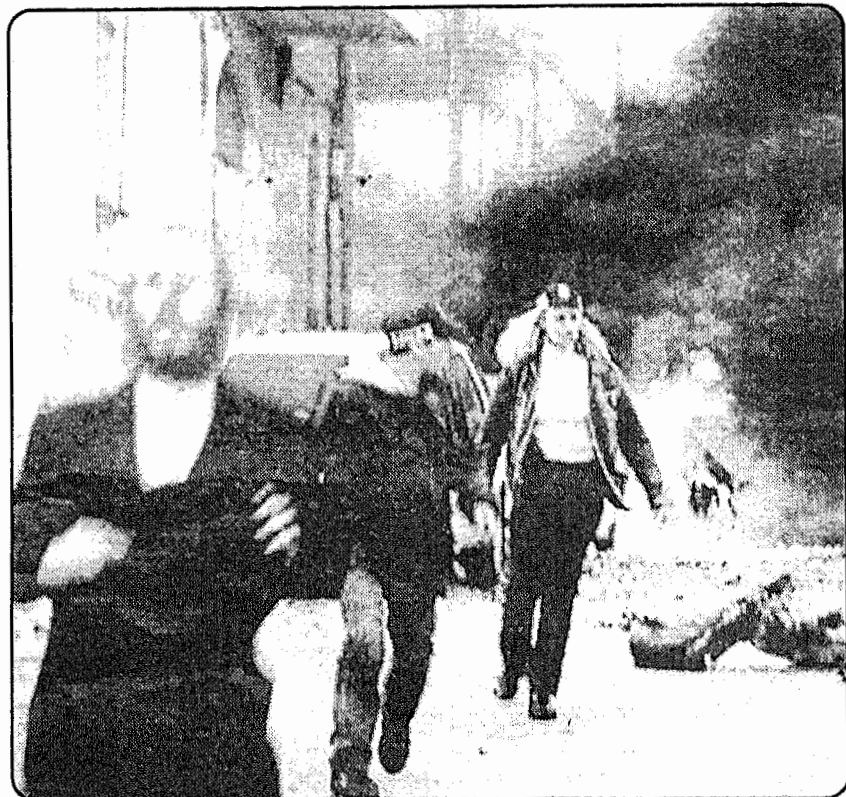
As just under four hundred lay dead in the midst of the latest episode of the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, one wonders when, after the loss of so many lives, the opportunity for real peace will begin to emerge. Decades of peace talks between the Israelis, Palestinians and the ever-present American government only seem to have achieved a 'band aid' affect, with temporary stand-offs usually followed by an increasing amount of bloodshed. The fight for land, freedom and identity has been raging for generations, and while Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat and the recently defeated former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak strove to inch forward to a peace agreement, the appointment of Ariel Sharon as the new Prime Minister of Israel brings with it a new uncertainty.

Sure, his surname may seem totally Oz, and his first name is reminiscent of a cute little Disney mermaid, this man is no huggable character. An army commander for most of his life, Sharon was a master at strategic planning and, after retirement from the army, was appointed to Defence Advisor, Minister of Agriculture and Defence Minister respectively. Instigating revolutions, Israeli settlements and invasions on nations such as Lebanon,

Sharon proved he was a 'True' Israeli and fought to give his people the best opportunities for land possession. Unfortunately, his right-wing hardline ideals have the ability to drastically bring any peace talks to an abrupt halt. His landslide victory has meant any form of negotiations with Palestine would most likely prove to be increasingly difficult. In one pre-election statement, Sharon referred to Arafat as "a liar, a murdered and a bitter enemy," refusing to give up or share areas such as the Gaza Strip and West Bank which was captured by Israel in 1964.

It's hard to believe, as Sharon's main slogan states, that "only Sharon can bring peace." This man instigated a twenty-two year conflict with Lebanon; when newly-appointed American President George W[ho the hell let him in the Whitehouse?] Bush rang to congratulate Sharon on his landslide victory, Arab newspapers were proclaiming him to be a terrorist, a racist and a war criminal... not far wrong, seeing as a commission held Sharon responsible for the massacres of Palestinian refugees by Israeli militia.

For now, Israelis and Palestinians alike hold their breath while the world waits and continues to ask



Prime Minister-elect Ariel Sharon says that peace talks will not resume while attacks, like this car bomb explosion, persist.

questions. Will peace ever prevail within the war-torn and bloodied region, or will the 'peace' Sharon continues to rave about lead to more bloodshed? When will we all stop seeing the Israeli military use automatic weapons and tanks against Palestinian children hurling rocks?

Most importantly, when will the world stop mourning the deaths of 12 year old boys, their mothers, fathers and sisters?

Leila Hallak

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contact details for Leila Hallak, our Current Affairs Sub-Ed.*

Divine Intervention?

Ever get the feeling that Ronald McDonald's popularity is making him bigger than Jesus? The latest news out of Texas indicates that you're not far wrong. Houston's Brentwood Baptist Church has decided to open a McDonald's franchise on its premises, in the hope of either nourishing its existing parishioners or hoping to entice new blood. It is believed to be the first time McDonald's has ever opened up in such a hallowed location. Complete with a drive-through window, suggested names for various fastfood items include "the McMoses" and "the McFriars". See you in hell, Ronald.

Hey all First Years, Welcome to Uni!!

Just to get you acquainted with the way things run around here, here are some facts you may find interesting....

- In 2000 the number of funded University places for Australian students was reduced by 4000
- Current students, yes you, are paying \$1.23 billion more HECS per year than students did in 1996
- The Coalition are offering to increase places next year by a measly 2000 (is this a core or a non-core promise?)
- By 2002 federal government funding for universities will have fallen \$650 million. Thanks, Mr Howard.

**Remember kids, this year is a federal election year!
Have fun and good luck**



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Fun With Youth Allowance

People make mistakes, even editors of major publications make mistakes. A mistake has been made. This article was meant to be published in the Little Red Orientation Guide but due to a mistake it wasn't.. So we are publishing it now.

Here it is. Melissa Vine, a seasoned Centrelink 'customer,' will help you navigate the layers of bureaucracy and bullshit and see if you can get some money.

Youth Allowance, Austudy, Newstart.... whatever, they all sound very appealing. I mean, the government throws more money at you per fortnight than you earn slaving away at some greasy hell hole, and you don't have to do anything. Well, you have to fill out a few forms and stand in a few lines to start off with but hey, it's free money right? It all sounds so simple, you are a bit pov, can't afford to pay the rent, go to Centrelink and they fix everything. It is not this simple. In fact trying to work out if you can receive benefits can be so time consuming and complex, I've known people to completely give up and get a second job. Approaching Centrelink directly to see if you can receive the Common Youth Allowance (which is what they call it these days) is often a waste of time. They will bombard you with so much information, endless pamphlets with perky looking young things pictured on the front and then tell you to read it all but you probably won't get a cent anyway. Intimidating. It is better to know a little bit about the system before you even begin to apply so you don't waste so much of your time. Often the people at the counter don't know much about the whole thing anyway and might tell you you are ineligible when in fact you aren't. So, first here are some simple rules and then some information to help you assess what you are entitled to.

Working out if you can get the YA

You can receive Youth Allowance if you are....(and don't get too excited, there are heaps more assessments to get through even if you qualify here)

- aged between 16 - 24 and study full time
- aged between 18-20 and look for work full time
- studying part time and looking for work
- over 25, study full time and recieved the YA before you turned 25
- 15 years old and qualify as independent
- undertaking any other approved activity

What if I can't get YA? How will I eat?

If you do not meet the criteria for YA you may be eligible for another form of government assistance.

- Austudy is for students over 25 who have not recieved YA
- Newstart is for those who are over 21 and unemployed and undergo approved activities, i.e. looking for a job.

The Parental Means Test

If you want to get YA and you don't qualify for the independent rate, then you are going to have to undergo a parental means test. This is basically to work out how much your parents earn. It involves lots of forms. Once your parents earn over a certain amount then your payments are reduced. It involves an income test (taxable income, any maintenance received, income from negatively geared property, income from any drug/weapons ring they control etc...). It can also involve a Family Assets test which assesses personal, overseas, farm and business assets or a Family Actual Means Test for those whose parents are self-employed, have claimed a business loss or have interests in a trust or company. Unless your parents are completely destitute you won't get anything this way. Hint: if they're divorced, say you live with the poorer one.

The Independent Rate

You definately want to try and get the independent rate. It means that you don't have to get your parents to fill out endless forms and you also qualify for the highest rate of YA. So, you are classed as 'Independent' if you...

- are over 25;
- have been in a de facto relationship for more than 12 months or are married;
- have earned the equivalent of a Commonwealth Allowance for 18 months (not continuous) since high school (about \$13,800 on group certificates);
- have a child;
- can get an employer letter saying you've worked 15 hours a week minimum for a 2 year period since high school;
- can get an employer letter saying you've worked 30 hours a week for the last eighteen months;
- can show that your parents are unable or unwilling to support you (this may involve a lot of pain and dealing with social workers).

The De Facto Relationship

Sometimes you get more money if you are living with your partner because you become classed as Independent and get the highest rate of

payment. However, if you already qualify for the Independent rate then telling Centrelink you have a de facto could reduce your payment as your partner's income also affects the amount of money you get. Same if you get married.

Other Things You Can Get

If you get the Youth Allowance or even if you don't you may qualify for some of these extra benefits (which can come in very useful):

- Rent Assistance - try to get as much of this as possible. If it means telling them you pay more rent than you really do then so be it. If you are in a share house situation then say you pay the most rent because you have the best room or your own bathroom or whatever. If someone in your house doesn't get Rent Assistance then say he/she doesn't pay much rent so that the rest of you can get more. As long as it all looks legitimate on the lease and you have arranged a story with your housemates before hand in case they come a-knocking, poking their stinking noses into your business.
- Remote Area Allowance - you can get extra if you live in Woop Woop. The Hills are not Woop Woop.
- Health Care Card - more forms to fill out, but this comes in useful because it means you can get cheap prescription medication (about \$3.30 for anything). It is especially good for women on the Pill because those can get expensive.
- Interest Free Advance Loan - you can get an advance on some of your YA, usually about \$250 and \$500, but then you have to pay for it out of your YA payments in following weeks.
- Supplement Loans - these are evil. Avoid them. They sound all happy and the government throws an obscene amount of money at you for a while, but I promise you, it will come back and bite you in the buttocks.
- Travel Allowance - if you live in a different city to your parents you can claim travel allowance. This is basically two return trips per year back to the old hometown at the end of each semester.

Crappy Things About the Youth Allowance or Why you shouldn't vote Liberal

- You can only be classed in a de facto relationship if that relationship is a heterosexual one
- The Government does not consider you to be independent from your parents until you turn 25. 25!! I wish my parents would support me until I was 25.
- It assumes that just because your parents earn over the threshold they will support you financially. Yeah Right. Most people I know who live away from home and don't get YA don't get any money from their parents either and have to work doubly as hard as those who get YA. This means they have less time to study, therefore get poorer marks, it is harder for them to go on for further study, have a less impressive resume and therefore don't have such good job prospects and they end up stuck in some shit kicking dead end job and their whole lives are ruined.
- The rich people who can afford the good lawyers and accountants can usually get away with declaring only some of their income and hiding the rest away in obscure assets and trust funds and so their children get an allowance making it harder for people who really are struggling to receive any help at all.
- There are a million inconsistencies between the Youth Allowance, Austudy, Abstudy, Newstart etc etc.... For example, people on Austudy can't receive Rent Assistance but people on YA and Newstart can. Why? We shall never know...

If you want any more information then you are going to have to deal with Centrelink yourself (an unpleasant option I know, but necessary). Call them or go to their website at <www.centrelink.gov.au> Don't take everything in this guide to be the complete and absolute truth. The rules and eligibility criteria are always changing and no one can keep up. Remember to write everything down, including the name of the person you spoke to and the time. People do make mistakes and you don't want to be the one paying for them. Also, don't try to cheat them. There are some ways to bend the rules, but never tell them a lie which you cannot back up if they come to check things out. They have databases linked up with the uni, with the taxation office and all sorts of things. If you tell them your income is less than it is, or that you are studying part time when you are not - they will find out. And then you might have to pay some horrible debt back to them. Be nice to the people who work there. If you are friendly and polite then they are much more likely to go out of their way to help you out. My last piece of advice is to talk to as many people as you can and read as much as you can to try and understand the system. Go and talk to Chris Gent (one of the Education Welfare Officers) - he knows where it's at with the CYA. There are some loopholes and when you know the system you will also know how to work around the system.

...and had a smashing time

Forget blue hair. Once the mark of the hardcore Big Day Out was to don cheap coloured hairspray for the year's biggest music festival, in an effort to display to the world just exactly how alternative and "Triple J" they were. Sadly folks, gone are the days where there was much merriment to be had at the expense of these "alternababes", as the dye they had so lovingly applied began to run down their prepubescent backs in great splodges and swirls. There's a new fashion must have for the 21st century kids. Welcome to the string bikini.

Yes indeed I was perplexed by the amount of girls, many of them sans any kind of a chest, that paraded themselves around the Wayville showgrounds in their cheap lycra two pieces. Is it really necessary to flash your wares all over the shop? Forgive my bitterness; I myself made the fashion faux pas of wearing jeans which was not really a very smart choice for 40 degree heat. Later still I was reminded of their inept performance as they became uncomfortably filled with grass from the mere act of lying down. Still, I knew enough not to sweat it up in the boiler room with nothing to protect me from the roving hands of others but my steel capped Doc Martens. Add to this the over prominence of the bucket hat and one would be forgiven for assuming they were at a year seven graduation bash. I say bring back the good old days of rock music festivals that consisted of holey band t-shirts and cut off shorts. Now we have the post-grunge, post-alternative, post-post-hardcore style of the music extravavangza, and where does that leave us? With a superfluous hat and a lycra sheath.

Anyhoo, I began my Big Day Out expedition running late (as usual). I had planned to catch Nitocris, but due to circumstances beyond my control (a sudden case of narcolepsy) I unfortunately missed them, and instead stumbled into the end of Frenzal Rhomb's set. Now, I've heard a good deal of criticism about our Australian punks. Some say they have no musical talent, others say they are just a bunch of whiny boys with the mental capacity of a bread maker. Bully to those music snobs is what I say. Frenzal Rhomb may not be the most musically irreverant band out there, but bloody hell they're fun to watch. For someone who harbours a secret joy of teeny bopper pop music despite her former firm declaration of "SAFM is shit" (it was the nineties, everybody was saying it), Frenzal Rhomb appeals to my desire to jump around to boppy tunes. They just happen to be beating the shit out of John Howard dummies whilst I do

it. Actually, as far as performance goes, I think Frenzal Rhomb was right up there with the best of them. There's nothing worse than going to see a band so wet you wish you had just stayed at home in your food stained T-shirt listening to their al-



Hot and stinky in the Boiler Room

bum while you absent mindedly picked at your toenails. Instead, Frenzal Rhomb incited the crowd into, ironically, a frenzy, and prepared them for the rest of the day. All in all, a good start for the lineup. Following their set, I wandered over to the Resin Dogs and prepared to learn something new about the *exciting* world of music. Having never seen the Resin Dogs before, or even taken any particular notice of their music, I was pleasantly surprised by their performance. As with Frenzal Rhomb, their crowd skills seemed to be highly polished, as they performed TO the audience, rather than indulged in delusions of their own grandeur and importance. An enjoyable early afternoon by all accounts it seemed, but my day was yet to be entirely fulfilled. I was counting down the minutes to the number one must see on my list: Coldplay.

Hailing from England, Coldplay are quite simply divine. Despite being best for angst ridden moments lying in a darkened bedroom vowing off relationships for life, Coldplay really does appeal to everyone it seems. Many people I spoke to throughout the day told me they were hanging out to see the band, and if the audience response was anything to go by, the boys did their bit to great approval. Apologies must go to Joni, whom I dragged to the front of the mosh pit. Unfortunately for Joni, she suffered heatstroke and had to be carted off to hospital by the esteemed St. John's workers. Joni - Coldplay were great, sorry you had to miss them. The only complaint I have about their performance was, ironically, their lack of such a thing. Fortunately for the band, they appear to have enough of a following to get away with simply playing their songs one after the other without any kind of

audience interaction, but I have to admit to being disappointed. It comes back to the fact that if you pay to see your favourite band/musician/hamster perform, you want to be getting a little of your money's worth, and really, would it kill them to have a bit of chit-chat? As someone pointed out though, they are Poms and it was a 40 degree day. They were possibly fighting heat exhaustion, in which case I extend my whole hearted apologies, but get with the program guys - you're playing with the big boys now, not some pokey little folk club in West Hampshire. (I still love you though, and have considered becoming one of your groupies.)

I won't go on for long about You Am I because their drummer was very rude to me as I lurked backstage (I think he suspected my vee-jaying story was bunk as he suspiciously eyed my stolen backstage pass), all I will say is they were very enjoyable to watch, despite their obvious star attitude and lack of manners enough to even chitchat to a fellow musician/veejay/glorified shyster as they both made their way to the communal loos.

Despite You Am I's disappointing social skills, the evening perked up as PJ Harvey delighted her (mainly male) following. Entertainment was rife as the boys I was standing behind yelled their encouragement to her. "Do it Polly, yeah baby!" Shirtless and beery, they continued their cajoling until I (in a Samaritan like performance) politely informed one of them that he was perhaps growing a small cancer cluster on his back, and perhaps he should

get it seen to. Admitting paranoia, his cheers deflated somewhat as he spent the rest of his evening worriedly stroking his pet melanoma. Again I say, string bikinis and indeed nudity will all be rewarded in some way or another - if not a blessed new relationship, an appointment with the cancer wing of the Royal Adelaide. Anyway, I had more important things to look forward to - like securing free dinner with my creatively acquired AMA pass and plonking myself down for our favourite bisexuals, Placebo. And two words for Placebo - sex music.

By the way, message to Crazy Alison, the hardest hardcore Placebo

fan I know. Your outfit rocked. Crazy A is an example of the kind of person that should be admitted to the Big Day Out. Lacking any music pretensions, or indeed pretensions of any kind whatsoever, Crazy is the only person I know who appears to effortlessly create the kind of fashion look that others spend hours in search of. Crazy - Placebo almost don't deserve to have a fan like you, as sexy as they may be, and as cool as their music is. Their performance was great, probably the best of the entire day personally speaking. It was a huge toss-up between them and the Avalanches, because everyone knows DJ Dexter is fab. However, toss up I did and decided that the chances of me seeing Placebo before the Avalanches again were as likely as me dramatically losing four stone overnight and discovering it hasn't made me any happier.

In a daring move, I steered away from the path more travelled and opted for Alex Lloyd over Powderfinger Shmowderfinger. Happily for me it seems, as I got the pleasure of a boozy, smoky old man named Phil wanting to 'get up close and personal with me'. Asking me the same question about 12 times, but rephrased differently each time, I escaped Alex Lloyd (and might I say, as much airplay as it may have had, I really wanted to hear "Black the Sun" and was disappointed that it didn't get a guernsey on the night) and toddled off to Rammstein. And quite frankly, the less said about them, the better, particularly as I didn't have a great viewpoint from my choice sleeping spot underneath

the Red Bull tent. Even more frankly, the less said about the lycra clad 14 year olds singing along, the more sleep I can get at night. Everybody knows that Rammstein are angry Germans that would sooner step on a lycra clad babe than invite her to be a fan. With this in mind, and deciding I'd had a

great day (thanks On Dit editors - and you had no faith in me) I left soon after that to get drunk, detouring through Carl Cox. Oh, and thanks to all those hardcore ragers that sweated on me. It was most appreciated.

Clementine Ford

All Photos by Mike Paradowski

Big Day In - What I didn't do on my holidays

For a good many years now I have been a firm believer in the crazed community feel and the runaway marketing success of that event that has nigh become a yearly ritual. From a distance, it looks like 14 hours in blistering heat being bombarded with poorly mixed bands against a background of monetary flow. And it is, but in reality the elements combine to create a must for any serious music person.

Dealing with overpriced beer, food poisoned by Nazis, teenage wankers driven to the edge with expectations, excitement and sexual frustration and the overcrowded bog related facilities is enough to create a genuine sense of togetherness amongst those who have anything more than a vague passing interest in music. There is a definite solidarity involved in the Big Day Out. A battle between the innocent and good, as far as this concept can be pushed where the rock and roll lifestyle is concerned, and the degenerate advertised world where money is a philosophy and human flesh tastes just like chicken. It is this dark underworld that bears near-sole responsibility for drawing in psychopaths with a hankering for Triple J's selected heroes.

This togetherness is a good thing, and with so many of life's little quirks, it could not exist without "the evil" lurking within. The two sides of the coin, the Ying and the Yang. The Us and Them philosophy flows strongly in my veins, come Big Day Out Day, and by nightfall, so full am I of sun and cheap toxins that the urge to kick some 16 year old crowdsurfing fool, with shaven head and weighty, solid Jackboots is nigh on overwhelming. And why shouldn't I, apart from the inevitable stress put on the public purse when it comes to dealing with the mentally impaired... though that could be a impressive scene...

"So, Jimmy, we was wondering why you find it hard to solve geometric-based maths problems... its becoming a problem for your dreams of becoming a quantum physicist?"

"Well, Sir, its because some fuckwit with a taste for blood kicked me in the head ten times after my Iron Cross hit him in the ear after I went crowd surfing at this big one day festival back in Adelaide..." Jimmy drools uncontrollably for a while.

Hell, some of my best friends are 16 year olds. I did it when I was 16, and I took my knocks as they came... there's a cycle to these things and to toy with the cycle is to invite doom.

Or something like that.

To return to the point, I love the day, and look forward to it with glee.

And it is not by choice that I am not there today. This day. The sun heating my normally shady lane to epic proportions whilst hordes of eager kiddies roast slowly in the sun to the sounds of Coldplay, PNAU, Rammstein, PJ Harvey and Avalanches, and roast with shared body warmth with Carl Cox in the Boiler Room. I had looked forward to a day of juggling the times, trying to see everyone, even JJJ's pedestal bands, and still work in my beer and head-kicking obligations.

All of them are there, adding to Their Community in all Their myriad roles. Community is a tricky thing to generate on your own. If I was there I could complain about the genuinely phenomenal stench with the other kids, but I'm not...

And I should be. There is irony... horrible, horrible irony... involved in the story of why I am not there. And I'm not scared of sharing it, a tale of man driven mad by greed and workplace loyalty topped off with Shakespearian tragedy. Dramatic... but fuck, eh?

...Anyway, in short the story goes that I was supposed to review the BDO with an actual bodily presence, but I eventually gave into my employer and agreed to work BDO night. The casual working hospital-ity industry has a lot going for it, but getting a night off for any reason barring death tends to be difficult. So I did the honourable thing and declined the tickets, thinking that some other soul might have time to organise a BDO outing. Already feeling quite queasy about the whole thing, my place of employment rang me at around 5pm Friday night and told me that I now had the night off. But the better part of the day had slipped by, and another soul had had time...

All this adds up to is a lack of my presence at an event, but I tend to take these things quite harshly and ended up stubbornly wanting to write a review anyway. So here I am. Somehow, it makes me closer to the action.

Shots of the BDO on the news-tonight told me that some girl died at Sydney BDO. Well, we've done it kids. It was always ugly and violent, and more than a little sadomasochistic, but now we've killed. We have the taste for blood now, and it's now a question of how long until the next one. It's a sick thought, and it doesn't help my frame of mind.

Limp Bizkit is another story altogether. I was quite intrested to see how the crowd composition was affected by their absence. Less homeboys, with their baggy pants and white singlets. Singin' them homeboy 'toons. Hey man, some stereotypes just come up trumps

every time. Ugly, dumbass punk is the attitude that theyre going for, and I have no reason to argue, and too many reasons to agree. I hope, for the sake of those who went, that they don't turn up. The other option, of course, is that having handed over their monies, they'll go and abuse anything that isn't LB. Its a violent image and had I gone, and had I got some sort of backstage pass, and had I been given access to Fred, even a mind numbing amount of beer would leave me with an unconquerable fear of being stomped should I even mention one word about the artifice of disrespect and puffer jackets. Furthermore, according to *Rip It Up's* Andrew Glancey, the tough-guy act has spread to calling Placebo a bunch of faggots. Well done gentlemen, take a bow. If true, it's a fucked up look and no one needs it.

03/02/01

Despite severe exhaustion quite a few people did manage to make the city post BDO, and so after around twelve I stopped looking like a Nigel-no friends, drinking heavily at the bar and making incomprehensible notes to look occupied.

But whilst I learnt a lot of great stuff, the guy that drew me was a lad who had been to the Sydney BDO. I was entranced, hoping for some sort of closure. It turns out she died in the LB mosh, unsurprisingly, and that it was crowded, dark and no one could have got in there even if they had noticed her dying, crushed in a sea of punks. I think her name was Lorraine, or maybe Juliette. There was a minutes silence held by Powderfinger at Adelaide BDO, but predicably, some drunks outside the land of common decency picked up the LB 'Placebo = faggot' line of opinion and hooted the whole way through. After all, who really gives a fuck? She was probably high off of that damned 'Marryjuwannie' stuff they get into at those things.

Well, yeah, but that kid could have so easily been my little sister at last years BDO, and people wondered why I went crazy every time she wandered out of my sight. I can get vicious when drunk, but I don't forget my responsibilities. Whatever happened to the fucking code? That code that says, in a mosh, you see someone flagging, you help them up and out for bouncers to take care of? It just shouldn't have fucking happened. It seems that it can only be complacency on someone's part. After all, I can't see Durst ripping the guts from the inconsiderate. In 1996, I think, at a goddamn Pantera concert, I was a crowdsurfing punk in the middle of a pretty packed crowd of the most ugly bikies and

northern suburbs skinheads ever seen and my boots hit more heads than I can count or remember. I fell time and time again, and I was never trampled and a space would open around the fallen. A hundred hands would lift you to your feet, and away you go again. Lost in their own world, ruled by Fred Durst's mounds of pounding love muscle. Fuck you, if you were there. I trust bikers far more than I trust teenage punks. You show them respect, and in the context of community things tend to turn out ok. Well, maybe with the exception of Altamont.

Fuck this... it reminds me that the last person I talked to last night put me on a real downer, causing me to go home earlier than I'd hoped. She said that it had all been boring, basically, and a waste of cash. I swapped her for a short version of my tale of woe. It was all ugly, and for too many reasons. But there's no time for wallowing in sorrow and self pity in today's schedule. Any day you think of Altamont is a day worth leaving behind.

04/02/01

Yesterday was great. I hardly felt the need to even mention the BDO at all, to anyone, having got enough stuff on the 2nd to make me feel like I was there all along. Nonetheless, someone told me that there were many harsh words said about Limp Bizkit in the Lilypad. Quite a target for ridicule, apparently, and one whose absence could be celebrated. But for all that, in retrospect, there is some dignity in LB pulling out for reasons of 'fan safety', 'cavalier organising' and 'a lack of confidence in the last three of six days' and the like, despite their carefully crafted image of violent carelessness and irresponsibility. It's all very carefully put together, and god help their bigoted asses if it isn't.

If the timing is right, a generous person might say they felt bad about being indirectly responsible for the death of a fifteen year old, and want to remove themselves from the whole thing, despite a fairly hefty blow to their image. Hell, those fuckers were encouraging the crowd to riot at Woodstock, and I think they succeeded to an extent. They could be repenting in some twisted, diplomatic way. There's even something about a new type of crowd barrier being designed by F. Durst (B. Eng. (hons)) at the last moment and arguments over its rejection. Hell, I don't know, and nor would I claim to. It has an unholy stench to it, and perhaps I don't want to dip my feet into the BDO community ever again. Mayhaps I'll think about it next year.

Ben Tucker

Joel's Guide to Library Fraud

Disclaimer: This article describes acts which are probably illegal, and is intended as SATIRE. The editors of *On Dit* do not condone or endorse any of the ideas or actions that are described in this article. If you do any of this, you may be arrested. Comprehende? Do not, repeat, Do NOT try this at the Barr Smith.

Libraries are a great place to get books. But have you ever lost a book? I did, for the first time ever several weeks back. Naturally I went through several stages; first shock, then denial, then psychotic violence. The realisation that I would have to pay for the book (a considerable sum!) in addition to having to face public humiliation (well, the library staff) caused me to think rationally about the situation. I did what any other person would do: think of a way to get out of it.

The first thing I realised was that the library had two copies of this particular book (*Good Omens - The Accurate and Nice Prophecies of Agnes Nutter* by Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman). Our library has a computerised borrowing system relying on barcodes, which reminded me that not only did I have a program to generate an arbitrary bar code, but that I had once made a duplicate bar code for my library at my old school which I had tested with the assistance of the friendly librarians there. This gave me The Idea.

The first step was to work out the number of the book I had lost. This was printed beneath the code part. This was all very well, but the fact remained that I had lost the book on that fateful Friday afternoon somewhere between



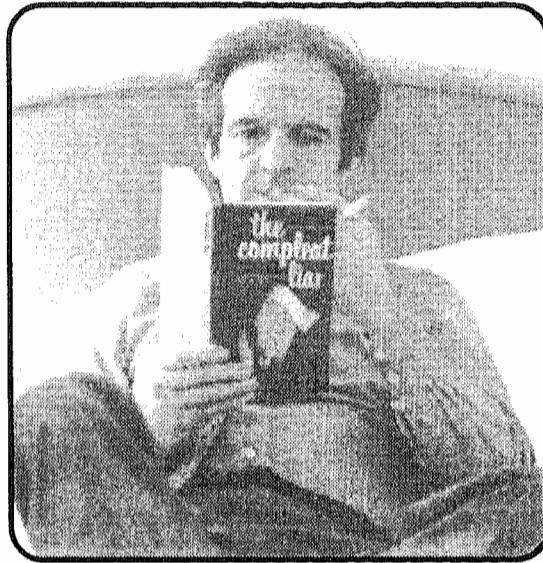
So many books, so little time...

maths and German and the number along with it. So I walked up to the desk and announced that I had a book overdue. This was met with "Oh...you want to extend it?" which had possibilities in itself, but I was on a mission. "No, I can't find it, and there's another copy on the shelf, so can you tell me what the bar code number is of the one I have out?". So the person told me, but it didn't sound 'right' to me, and I couldn't find any

other books with similar numbers. So I waited until someone else was behind the desk and repeated this, and this time I looked at the screen of the terminal itself and got a copy of the number.

That weekend I fired up the computer and made up the barcode of the book I'd lost and, with the aid of a photocopy, attempted to produce a bar code strip with identical fonts and size. I made it 400% the size because my ink jet print isn't of particularly high resolution and reducing it on the photocopier in the library would be the best way short of a laser printer to get the required quality. After several attempts I had produced a label of the correct size. I got a strip of sticky tape from the library's front desk and proceeded to tape the label over the bar code on the copy of the book which I had not lost. The quality wasn't totally brilliant ... it looked good from a distance but I wasn't entirely sure that the scanner would accept it, but on the other hand, I reasoned the staff would hardly be expecting something of this nature to occur and in any case if it didn't work they would always be able to enter the numbers in manually. So I dropped it into the returns box.

The next day, I checked the shelf and it was there. I took off my bar code and decided to stick it inside my wallet as a



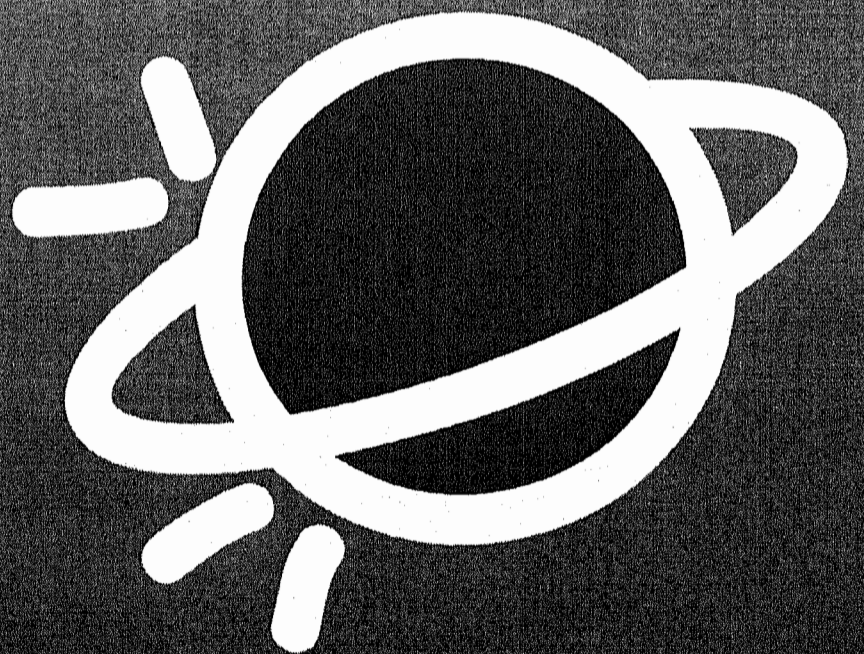
This book's so good I might just lose it

symbol of modern sneakiness. Although I successfully got away with it, I have decided to never borrow any library books again because the incident left me totally paranoid. But if you ever lose a book or decide to 'borrow' one for an extended period of time this technique will be of use to you in the future. In the likely event that there isn't a second

copy of the book, it might be possible to get away with using any other book. I haven't ever read the screen of a Dynix terminal while it was scanning books to return them, but if it does echo the title and the librarian notices that the title does not match the cover, suspicion may arise. So be careful and try to only borrow books with duplicates or similar titles.

Joel Williams

SAUA BALL 01



SATURDAY 24TH MARCH, 2001

Outdoors Black Tie Ball held in the Union Cloisters

Tickets go on sale during O Week.

Brought to you by the SAUA Activities Department

PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY SPURLING FORMAL HIRE



Funny-Man Shaun

An Interview
with the Adelaide
Lawyer-Turned-Comedian,
by Jayne Lewis.

It's a few minutes past twelve on a Wednesday afternoon, and I'm apologising profusely to the affable Shaun Micallef for standing him up earlier in the morning. He good-naturedly brushes aside my prostrations, saying that he himself leaves emails sitting in his inbox for months, which is a terrible habit because he would never leave a piece of correspondence lying on a desk for months; I am easily forgiven for not checking my email the previous day.

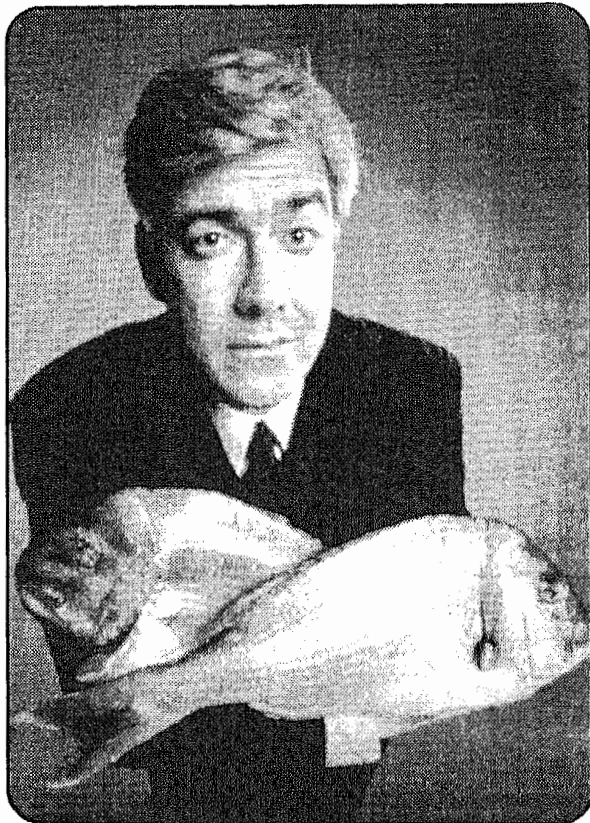
To explain to the reader: an hour and fifteen minutes earlier I was at home when the phone rang—it was the ABC wondering if I had trouble getting through to Melbourne. I said, "You changed the interview time, didn't you?" They said, "You didn't check your email, did you?" Two minutes of a mutual barrage of 'sorry's later, I had an hour and ten minutes to read the publicity material, write interview questions, rustle up a dictaphone, and get into the *On Dit* office for an interstate phone call.

Unfortunately the Great Dictaphone Hunt was unsuccessful—turning up only a broken walkman—so I request that Micallef speak slowly if he is going to say anything interesting. He comments that the *On Dit* resources have improved in recent years; when he himself ran for editor (around 1980/81 when education was free, the government gave you a study allowance of around \$50/week, and disco was well into its decline) they would have been grateful to have had a broken walkman. All *they* had was a pencil, a scrap of paper, and a head full of story ideas; a broken dictaphone is a big step up indeed. Micallef asks me if *On Dit* is still a quality newspaper, and I am unsure of how to answer. If quality is articles on ex-Adelaide-law-students-turned-genius-comedians, well, quality we are I suppose.

In the same year he ran for *On Dit*, Micallef and friends also ran, he believes, for SAUA El Presidenté, and a whole bunch of other stuff. He ended up only on SAUA Council, but remembers with fondness those crazy campaign days. Micallef also did a little bit of stuff for 5UV, and plenty of good old fashioned Uni theatre—something which, unfortunately, seems to have lost a strong focus on campus, a side-product of no longer having a Performing Arts department, strangely enough.

These experiences formed Micallef's most fond university memories and were, for him, the entire *point* of going to university. Bugger the law degree.

Micallef's *worst* experience at Uni involved the UniBar, copious amounts of beer, and a young INXS—that, he says, is a measure of how long ago he attended our fine institution.



Wacky publicity photo #1:
Shaun bearing fish

It was his eighteenth birthday, and the very first time he had drunk alcohol. Following that, he says quite frankly, he drunk far too much, far too regularly. The time spent in the bar probably did very little to prepare him for that other Bar, as in lawyering. As I said, bugger the law degree. But still, he figures INXS can't have been *permanently* damaged by the shoddy behaviour of the young, drunken Shaun Micallef, because they later went on to international fame, fortune, and in one case, an embarrassing drug-related death.

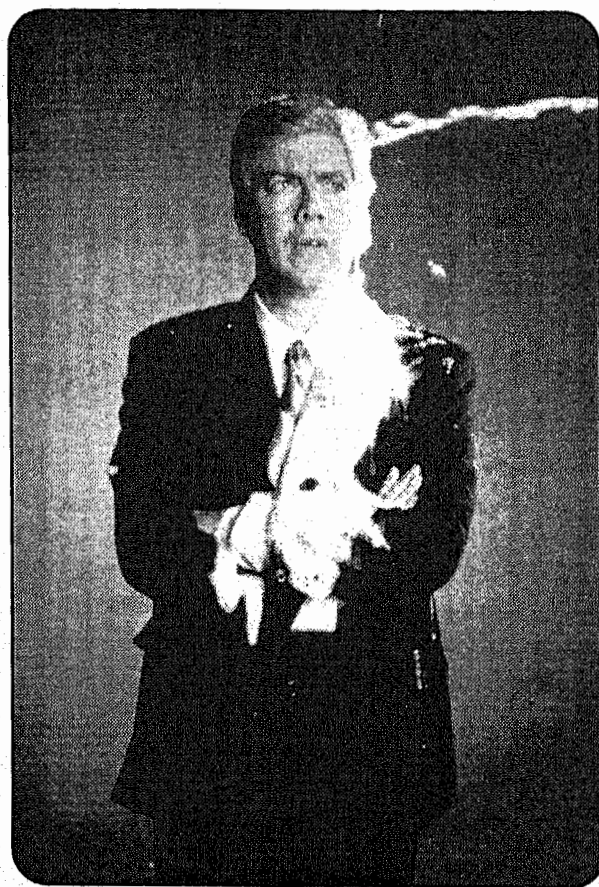
Micallef's advice for you freshers out there getting the hang of things over this week is to get out there and join as many clubs as you can. You don't have to actually go to meetings, but by all means, *join*. There is more on offer at University, he says, than your degrees. He also advises that law students don't bother going to tutes. I remind Micallef that his early Eighties experience may not be valid to the '01 law student, so follow that particular piece of advice at your own peril; I don't know whether or not you can get away with that kind of behaviour anymore—ask a current law student.

Following two successful series on the ABC—*The Micallef Program* and *The Micallef Programme*—Shaun Micallef is back with a third series, *The Micallef Pogrom* (no, this is not a typo). He changed the name of each series because he wanted a completely *different* show, but the ABC wanted a new series of the old one—the compromise was to change the name. Also, he says, he and his friends thought it was funny. And they wanted to confuse people. Unfortunately the automatic spell-checkers used by a number of publications change 'Pogram' to 'Pogrom'. Hmm...25 minutes of ethnic cleansing each week on *Your ABC*? Probably not a good idea and, says Micallef, a *far* darker humour than even he was wanting.

And this, kiddies, is why you should never just trust your spell-checker.

Micallef has, I think, a very 'bastard' sense of humour. He attributes this to being, well, *a bastard*. And to ten years of being a lawyer and somewhat (but not much) of a bully. Other lawyers, he says, are far worse. He, at least, tries to be a nice guy. I must say that he *really* is a more-than-affable chappie, though, and nothing like the arrogant bully-boy he portrays on the teeve. He takes care to note that, although his character *is* a bully, he rarely wins, so there's a moral lesson there for everyone to take home and show their parents. His 'character' also looks like a solicitor who is uncomfortable on the teeve, and in that sense, he says, reflects how he himself sometimes feels—like he doesn't belong on camera.

The upshot of insurance lawyering in Adelaide for ten years before finally pursuing a career in comedy, says Micallef, is that he has been well-trained and is extremely disciplined in writing. He structures his sketches, he says, the way a lawyer would structure something. One can certainly see this strict ordering in his sketches—before they go crazy, at which point someone is almost certainly bound to get hurt. Chat show parody one moment, slapstick the next, and often the two combined; you never know what to expect next from Shaun Micallef, and that's why I really quite like him.



Wacky publicity shot #2:
Shaun versus mystery white fluid

Micallef speaks to *On Dit*

Micallef says he learned a lot from working on Channel 7's *Full Frontal*—namely, how to put together a television show. His own show is constructed on the basis of that experience because, much to his chagrin, there is really nowhere in Australia where a young whipper-snapper such as himself can learn how to put together a comedy program... er... programme... er... *pogram*. The closest thing he could find was the Australian Film, Television, and Radio School but, as he didn't actually pass the audition, it was a little hard to learn much from them.

The best thing about *Full Frontal*, according to Micallef, is that there was much less pressure if he fucked up. Being just one member of a large ensemble cast, no-one really notices. The down side, especially when writing for other programmes, is that to a certain extent you lose your own voice. When people are paying you to write, they are paying you for your best ideas—Micallef acknowledges that this restricts, to a certain extent, what you can later use for yourself. He admits that some-

times he has been slightly resentful of handing over ideas, but also says that he has written stuff—good stuff—that he would never have done for himself because he wrote it with other comedian's styles and mannerisms in mind.

The Micallef Pogram screens weekly on the ABC, at 8p.m., from Monday February 19. It is particularly relevant to Adelaide audiences, says Micallef, because it has "...a distinctly Adelaide flavour..." and an Adelaide University sense of humour (circa 1980) because the *Pogram* utilises a lot of material, and people, from Micallef's Uni theatre group days. Ah...these undergrad friends we make for life...

Good news also is that Micallef is hoping to do a standup tour later in the year, and is anxious to perform in the Adelaide Uni environs he once held (and still, from what I can tell, *does hold*) dear. The only reason he left, he says, is that Adelaide doesn't have a bloody television industry—he had to go to Melbourne to produce a comedy television show.



Wacky publicity photo #3: Shaun with pitchfork, banana and a psychotic facial expression he learned in Law School.



Above: Micallef's election photograph, running for SAUA President circa 1982. Quite the Big Man on Campus, wasn't he?

Right: The interview that failed to rocket Micallef to electoral success. Some context is needed: Paul Klaric was SAUA president at the time. AUS was the Australian Union of Students, which collapsed amid allegations of corruption and mismanagement and was replaced by the NUS (National Union of Students). TEAS was the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme, which became AUSTUDY and was the forerunner of that evil Common Youth Allowance thing.

S. MICALLEF

Why do you want to run for president?

To get back at Klaric. We had a debate at school ...

Why do you think you are better than the nine other candidates?

Because I'm cleaner than they are.

Does that mean you shower more often or you don't go to sex shops?

I shower more and go to more sex shops, but I buy less. I've got a borrowing card.

What will you do with Student Radio and 'On dit' in 1983?

Reduce *On dit* to microdot and put it in the Barr Smith Library about every month because it would be more accessible or have it put on to an LP record and released each year as *The Best of On dit*. SR needs a larger listening audience so to get more people listening I would probably turn it up another 5-6 mKz so it would be louder than everyone else.

What's your attitude to AUS?

What's that? (explanation) They're a warm bunch of people who deserve a lot more than they get.

Students' Association?

More of the same thing because I thought they were the same thing.

Union?

Again, very similar.

Do you know who they are?

No. Are they three separate bodies?

Would you become involved in such issues as student democracy and sexism in education?

I would participate in all three.

I only mentioned two. It was sexism in education.

What's that? Learning about it?

What other issues would you become involved in?

I would institute the Reverend Moon as VC and hold mass weddings in the Wills Refectory. I feel something like this needs to be done. Various buildings like the Napier could be knocked down and crops could be grown.

Crops of what?

Moonie food. I was talking to Klaric over breakfast this morning and we thought it would be a good idea.

What would you do if a loans bill was before the Upper House and whoever had the balance of power was unsure how to vote?

I would cover myself with margarine and swim the channel.

What if it was a bill to reintroduce fees or to stop TEAS?

Swim back again.

Have you ever worked full time?

No.

Do you know how many meetings you would have to attend?

Hundreds.

Are you prepared to give up a year of study?

No.

I have the time to run but don't have the time to take up the position

Your Office Bearers

Here you go folks, these are your elected SAUA (Students' Association of the University of Adelaide) Office Bearers. Each week they will have a column in the prestigious pages of *On Dit* where you can find out what they have been up to. You will find information on all the events and campaigns that they will be running in their department and anything else that they are doing. Keep up to date with what's going on, and go and see them if you have any questions. Write a letter to the editors of *On Dit* if you are impressed with their performance or if you think they could be doing a better job. These people were elected by you and so they are accountable to you. They all want to do a good job, so suggestions from students are always welcomed.



Tom Radzevicius - SAUA President

Hello and Welcome to another fun filled year at University. I trust that your holidays were as enjoyable as mine were.

Orientation Week

Orientation Week is your chance to get to know your way around Uni, meet a whole bunch of new people and generally have an awesome time.

We have organised a week jam packed full of fantastic events to help you while away the hours. Have a look at the pro-

gram in the Survival Guide for all the times and events!

Sewer or SAUA?

The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA - affectionately pronounced Sewer) is the primary provider of representation and advocacy for students on campus. We are here to represent you, our members to the University, State and Federal Governments and any other Community Groups, when you feel your educational or general welfare is being compromised by the actions of any group.

The SAUA this year is aiming to increase the level of representation and advocacy that we provide for you! We are here to ensure that your time at University is as hassle free and smooth as possible.

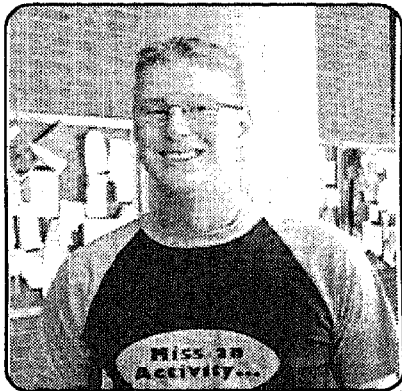
Looking over this page you will see that we have a number of lovely

people here to ensure that your welfare is well looked after. We have an Education Vice-Pres to look after your academic issues and to campaign to the University on Policy and other changes that affect students; a Women's Officer to raise the profile of female students on campus and to help out female students with any issues that affect them; a Sexuality Department aimed at assisting queer or questioning students in coming out and also to provide info on STIs, harassment and youth suicide; an Environment Officer to ensure that the University is environmentally friendly and an Activities Campaigns Vice President to put on more fun for you than a barrell of monkeys!

The SAUA this year will be looking at a range of areas that the University is treating students poorly in. See the EVP's column for more detail.

I will be reporting to you the goings on within the Higher Education Sector and the University and will ensure that you are kept up to date with the issues that affect you.

But the SAUA is nothing without the input of you, our members. I would encourage anyone who is interested in the welfare of students and standing up to the University and also having a blast, to come to the SAUA office, located in the Cloisters in the George Murray Building. Come and chat to any of the Office Bearers or myself and we will be more than happy to discuss anything with you!!!



Mark Henderson - Activities and Campaigns Vice President

Hi there and welcome to Adelaide University for 2001. My name is Mark Henderson and I am this year's Activities & Campaigns Vice-President. Basically my job here is to make sure that you have the best time that you possibly can while you're here. I do that by co-ordinating a department that puts on activities and events that we hope that you enjoy while finding out what kinds of events you would like to see.

O'Week

Get out there on the lawns and enjoy it... and I mean now, mark your place and get your butt on a Popeye Cruise or to the Beach Party or something. Then come back and finish reading.

St. Patrick's Day

The first big event for the year is St. Patrick's Day. Since this is a Saturday, we will be celebrating it on Friday the 16th of March. This celebration will involve cheap Guinness and Kilkenny beer as well as entertainment and food to suit the occasion.

SAUA Ball

The second event for the department will be the inaugural SAUA Black Tie Ball. This will be held on the 24th of March in the Cloisters. Tickets will be \$25 if you are an Adelaide University student and buy your ticket during O'Week. Included in the ticket price are beer, wine and soft drink for three and a half hours and a buffet meal. Dress is black tie so buy your ticket this week, get dressed up and come along.

Prosh

Prosh this year will be held from the 14th - 18th of May. This is your early warning to come and see me about pranks or cars in the Prosh Parade. More information will follow.

Helpers

The Activities Department is always looking for helpers. We have a great standing committee comprising John Candlish, Angus Champion, Carol Foy, Aleksander Gade, Lee Harmer and Toby Warren but if you think you can beat us at what we do best come and see me in the SAUA or at the SAUA table. Or you could call me on 8303 3901 or email me on mark@saua.asn.au. Or you could try to set up a telepathic link with me. I look forward to hearing from heaps of you who would love to come along and help out.

Always remember our motto "Miss an activity... That's a paddlin'" and don't miss out.



Georgie Perks - Environment Officer

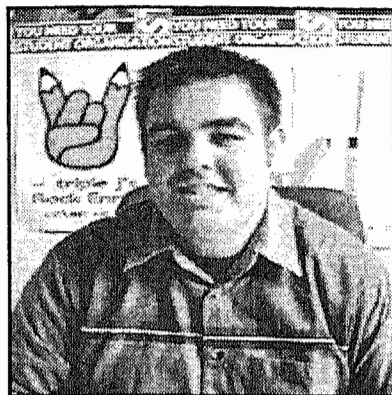
Hi everyone, it's Georgie from your friendly Environment Department in the Students' Association. For all of you students out there looking for free entertainment and a chance to win great stuff - have I got an event for you!

1pm on Tuesday during O'Week (20th Feb) come down to the Uni footbridge for the Environment Department Paddle Prix. The first two students to successfully navigate their paddle boat to

rescue Rufus the platypus from the polluted waters of the Torrens River will win four bottles of wine donated by the reputable Nepenthe Winery of the Adelaide Hills, and two double movie passes from the wonderful people and Wallis cinemas. The second boat to cross the finish line will win two tickets to Adelaide Uni O'Ball - the biggest event of the University year. Third place winners will each receive a double movie ticket from Wallis.

Remember to join the Adelaide Uni Clean Up Australia Day team - take an active role in your university environment and enjoy a free barbecue on the day. To sign up, come and visit me at the Environment department table on the lawns during O'Week.

Say G'Day



Brad Kitschke - Education Vice President

Welcome to all the new students, and welcome back for another year for everyone returning. The Education Department exists to run campaigns to the University and government as well as advocate for on campus conditions, and help you out with all those tricky situations like supplementary exams, remarks, and general advice.

Academic Rights Blitz

2001 will see the Education department running an academic rights blitz concentrating on all the areas where the students are not receiving the standard and quality of Education they deserve. Look out for the Education department team in your lectures during O'Week, or come and see us in the SAUA tent on the lawns.

SHAFTED

As part of Our academic Rights blitz the SAUA will be launching 'SHAFTED', your student guide to how the University has shafted students. Shafted will include all the information the University doesn't

want to tell you, and all the areas where they are not living up to their obligation to provide you with a quality education. You can pick up a copy from the SAUA table, or grab one from one of the SAUA team who will visit your lectures in O'Week.

Law School

Whether you are a continuing student, or a new student to the University the Law School Review would raise many concerns. The SAUA will over the next few months be increasing the pressure on the Law School to provide a valued degree which is well recognized by the profession, instead of the inadequate reputation it now receives. If you want anymore information about the Law School drop into the SAUA.

Get Involved

The only way that we can change anything is to let the University know that there are many areas where they are failing students. The University will ignore the needs of students if they are silent and don't kick up a fuss. The best way to help change things is to get involved in the SAUA Education Department. Just drop into the SAUA, call us on 8303 5406, or e-mail me on education@saua.asn.au.



Anais Chevalier - Women's Officer

Hi! Welcome to Adelaide Uni O'Week! My name's Anais Chevalier and I am the Women's Officer at the Student's Association. I am here to represent the needs of women students, and to campaign on their behalf. If you have any questions, queries, suggestions or comments you can contact me at the SAUA on: 8303 5406 or email me on: anais.chevalier@student.adelaide.edu.au

While you are enjoying the O'Week festivities take some time out to sign/

handprint the anti-violence banner. Just look for the SAUA tent on the lawns. Please come and talk to us or we'll get bored! There is heaps of info and other stuff for you to pick up from the tables.

On Thursday there will be the annual women's only Pop-Eye Cruise! The deal is; you pay \$3, you get all of the beer and/or punch you can and you get a lovely jaunt down the river with over 30 others! Keep an eye out for further details! Both the NUS (National Union of Students) National

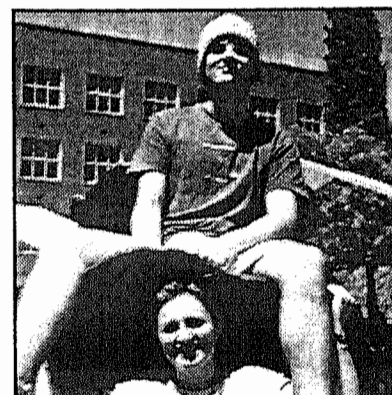
and State Women's Officers will be at Adelaide Uni for the Thursday of O'Week. If you want to have a chat, come to the SAUA tables and see what they are up to.

On Friday the 23rd the SAUA will be collecting money for the Don Dunstan Foundation. The Foundation raises money to provide people from under-privileged backgrounds with scholarships to attend Uni. This is a great cause and keeping a few coins aside isn't *too* difficult.

On Tuesday, the 27th of February there will be a 'Fair-wear' fashion parade, with the NUS Women's Officer, Sarah McBratney and a speaker from Dale St. Women's Health Centre, here to discuss the unsound work practices of some clothing manufacturers. These companies rely on workers who are paid as low as \$1 an hour to make clothes that sell for \$50 plus! Come down to the lawns, have a listen, and see what you think about these million dollar companies that abuse those who can least afford it. There will be a BBQ and will be a good opportunity to get to know the members of the Women's Standing Committee.

Have a fabulous O'Week, go to O'Ball and enjoy all of the 'O' festivities!

P.S. If you are a fresher, take an O'Tour, or you could get lost in the Union Building for the rest of your degree!



Elise Duffield and Sam Butler - Sexuality Officers

Hi there!! We're Sam and Elise, your friendly Sexuality Officers this year. For those of you who are returning, welcome back. We hope you had a fantastically sexy holiday. For those of you new to OnDit and the University, we hope you have a busy, rewarding and fun year on campus. We are here to ensure that you are free to study and play in a non-threatening and harrassment free environment.

Coming to Adelaide uni for the first time can be daunting. Coming as a Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual student or someone questioning his/her sexuality can make the journey even more terrifying. The Sexuality Department exist s to promote acceptance and pride in non-mainstream sexualities as well as to provide up to date resources, information and advice about healthy and safer sexual practices for all people of all persuasions. If you have any sex/ sexuality related issues or problems, feel free to come in for a chat. If not, come in and see us anyway. We are friendly, tolerant and above all understanding.

This year promises to be and exciting and eventful year for the SAUA Sexuality Department. This Wednesday we are presenting, for your enjoyment, the sounds of Just Cordial and the awesome spectacle of The Queer Boys of Quebec. We will also have a table on the lawns for the whole week, so you can drop by, pick up a free Sexuality Department showbag, buy a groovy t-shirt, and meet us in the flesh. You can also write a message or put a handprint on our and the Women's Department's banner, "Violence will not be tolerated on this campus".

And once O'Week is over, there is plenty more to look forward to, including an action packed Sexuality Week in the second week of May. This semester will also see the release of a Coming Out booklet, a collation of stories, articles, poetry etc. about Coming Out, created by students for students.

We will also be fundraising for Queer Collaborations, a national conference held this year in Newcastle, for queer or questioning students. Keep a look out for our Sexuality Department film nights, BBQs and other sexiting events. You can e-mail Elise: girlsexo@saua.asn.au or Sam: boysexo@saua.asn.au or ring us at the SAUA on 83035406 or our office on 83033899. We'd love to hear from you. Remember, we want your sex.



Letters

Unfit

Dear Eds,

I have a question that I need to be answered. I want to know why I was not allowed to go on O'Camp. I have been involved with Student Radio for the past three years, but for "confidential reasons" I was unable to go on O'Camp as a Student Radio representative. I want to know the "confidential reasons" for which I was unfit to represent the SAUA.

An argument was placed that because I did not get a leader position I should not be able to go with radio. This argument can not stand firstly because the role of a leader and student radio representative are completely different. Secondly another student radio member did not get a leader position but still was able to go on camp with student radio.

One of the major problems that I have is that if the O'Camp directors are able to handpick media representatives how then can the autonomy of the Student Radio be maintained? If radio is to provide an independent and unbiased viewpoint on Orientation activities, surely then it should follow that radio representatives are determined by the Student Radio Director.

I want answers from the O'Camp Directors, and I want good answers. I want to know the "confidential" reasons why I could not go on O'Camp. I also feel the need for the O'Camp directors to tell the students of Adelaide University their views on student media censorship.

Briony Collard
4th year Arts
Unfit SAUA representative

Labor vs the Libs: the first shot in a very long war

Dear Editors,

During enrolment week I was on campus and was lucky enough to pick up a copy of a pamphlet published by the Liberal Club (to avoid a conflict of interest it is probably appropriate to mention that I am a member of the Labor Club). The pamphlet read, and I quote, that "The Liberal Club provides a real alternative to the unhealthy culture of dependency which exists in and is encouraged by the National Union of Students" Given that I am the State President of NUS I thought it might be appropriate to comment on the matter.

I am not quite sure where exactly this "unhealthy culture of dependency" exists within NUS. The organisation relies entirely on affiliation fees which are collected by participating campuses, hence NUS is actually dependant on the ability of student associations to pay their fees. The South Australian Branch of NUS has an operating budget of less than \$20,000, which is not a lot of money no matter how you look at it. Most office bearers within NUS slog their guts out because they passionately believe in what they are doing, not because they want to tap into a "culture of dependency"

I am also not entirely sure how NUS encourages an "unhealthy culture of dependency" NUS encourages students to become involved in the political process on their campus and within the wider community. Quality, accessible education that is not dominated by corporations and a health care system which is well funded and universal for all are not dangerous ideas that belong to the era of Stalin. They are basic, fundamental human rights.

Luckily for the Liberal Club I can think of situations where an "unhealthy culture of dependency" does exist and where we can all try to do something about it. Like the tens of millions of dollars thrown at private enterprise by the State Government to encourage them to invest when they are already making millions. Or the millions thrown at rich private schools by the Federal Government so they can consider where to put that new rotunda whilst state schools can't get money to fix that leaky roof. Now that's dependency.

Yours In Solidarity,
Joel Northcott,
President, NUS, SA.

You may be wondering why the word 'Letters' is so large at the top of this page. It's because we don't have very many letters here to take up space, so we have to print things in 140-point text. It's called "Filler". It's a waste of everybody's time.

Do you have a problem with that?

Yes?

Good.

So do something about it. Did something about Orientation Week irritate you? Have you just discovered that the course you spent all of year 12 trying to qualify for is full of unattractive, smelly losers? Are you surprised at the sudden leap in the quality of the Mayo's hot food selection? (the porkchops are especially good)

Write us a letter and tell everybody about it. Letters to the eds should be around 250 words long and not boring, or nobody will read them. If you don't want your name to be printed, please indicate this on your letter. You will have to provide your name and student number (even if it's not for publication), though, or we can't print anything at all.

We also can't print anything defamatory, racist, homophobic or sexist, so don't even try.

There are a few ways you can get your letters to us. You can email them to <ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au> or bring them to us on disk, but make sure that they are in text or rich text format because our version of Microsoft Word comes from 1992. You can also bring them down to the *On Dit* office or the SAUA, or post them to On Dit c/- Adelaide University, Adelaide SA 5005.

The deadline is 5pm every Wednesday. Don't forget: name and student number.

Student Radio Page

Hi kids!

I'm writing to you from the confines of O'Camp, but as you read this I'll probably be working the Student Radio broadcast on the Barr Smith Lawns. How much Orientation can a person take?

The answer is that no one can get too much orientation, so you should hang out on the lawns, join so many clubs you couldn't possibly go to all the events, take the Popeye cruise and visit the cinema, make new friends, and go to the Hop, Pub Crawl and O'Ball.

Then do it all over again next year as a leader!

Where does Student Radio enter the picture?

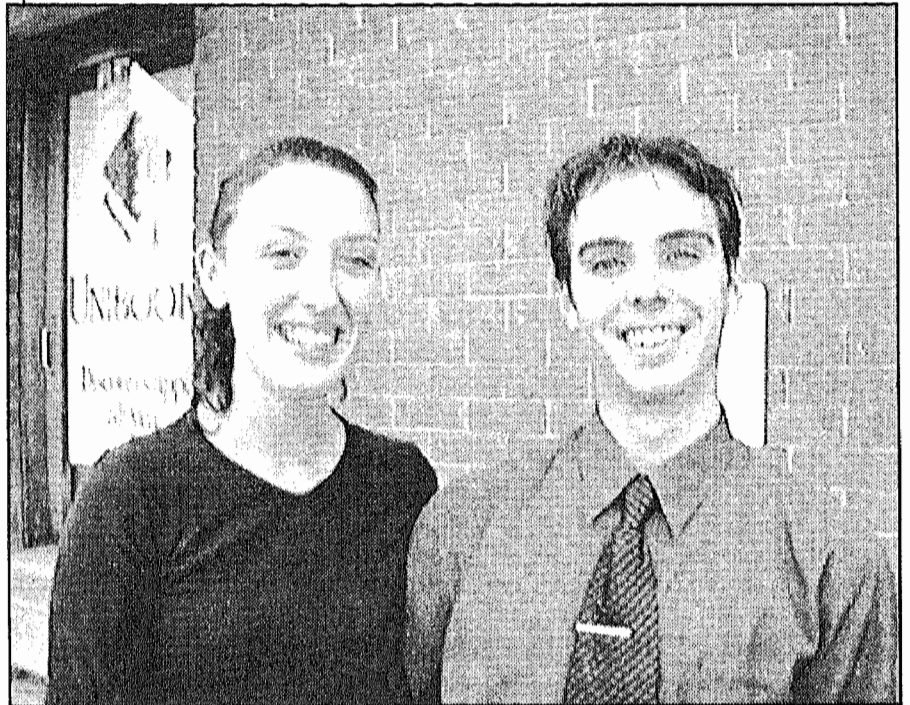
We are the soundtrack to the brave new world of Uni Life; not just on the lawns all week but on Monday, Tuesday + Saturday nights from 9pm to 1am there will be radio shows by your fellow uni students about all the things that interest them - music, films, current affairs + comedy all play their part. Come and see us at our tent during O'Week if you want to become a part of the SR experience...

Luke Toop

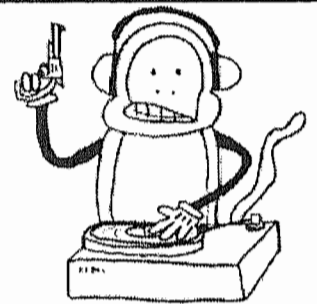
Show Profile

On Dit Radio

Ever wondered what *On Dit* would sound like if the stellar publication had its own spot on Student Radio? Well, wonder no more, because this year *On Dit* will expand to the airwaves as part of its plans for world domination for your listening pleasure. Each fortnight, Mark (*On Dit* Music Sub-Editor) and Jenny will bring you the latest in music news and reviews. Tune in to hear new releases and maybe even some interviews with your favourite artists. There will be loads of competitions and giveaways each show, as we endeavour to bring you the voice of the *On Dit* music section. *On Dit* Editors and Sub-Editors will join the show during the year to have a chat about features in the student paper, the latest releases and happenings in the music world and for bouts of general delirium.



Jenny Kalionis
&
Mark Jordan



The Student Radio Space Monkey says: "Turn on, tune in, drop out"



union food & beverage services

mayo cafe

Ground Floor (Level 2), Union House. Open Monday to Thursday 8am - 6pm and Friday 8am - 5pm during term time. Holidays hours are Monday to Friday 8am - 4pm.

Now with a variety of all your favourite beverages and a new selection of hot dishes at affordable prices. New café decor, outdoor-indoor seating.

the wills cafe

Ground Floor (level 2), Union House. Open Monday to Friday 10am to 3pm in term time. Holiday times: stay tuned.

New menu featuring Mexican, burgers, fries, wraps, baked potatoes. Enjoy this fine cuisine in our large courtyard or relax indoors, the Wills has got it all.

the gallery coffee shop

Level 6, Union House.

Open Monday to Friday 8am - 4.30pm. New extended menu with breakfast available, daily specials, Happy Hour Coffee's every afternoon. Enjoy all this whilst sitting on the balcony admiring the magnificent views of the Torrens.

backstage cafe

Ground floor, Schultz Building. Open Monday to Thursday 8am to 6pm and Friday 8am to 5pm term time. Holiday times Monday to Friday 8am to 4pm. Located near the performing arts with great performing foods. Sandwiches, coffees, light snacks, and a large variety of beverages to quench your thirst.

briefs

Ground floor, Ligertwood Building. Open 9am to 3pm during term time. Strictly to the Law a new extended range of coffees, cakes, drinks and light meals. A must to enjoy your break.

equinox café & bar

Level 4, Union House. Open Monday to Friday 10am to 8pm. Holiday times: Monday to Friday 11.30am to 8pm. Ph: 83035858. The Equinox bistro provides an eating place for the more discerning dinner. Enjoy a delicious dish and specials from our new menu. After noon each day the Equinox is licensed, so drink up.

roseworthy tavern

Roseworthy Campus. Open Tuesday to Thursday 2.30pm to 7.30pm and Friday 11am to 3.30pm. Enjoy a beer in the country with the local students and view the city from afar.

roseworthy canteen

Roseworthy. Open Monday to Friday 8.30am to 5pm in term time. Holidays open 3pm to 5pm. The Canteen in its new location in the main administration complex supplies sandwiches, pies, hamburgers, variety of hot dishes, chips, drinks, confectionary and other sustenance.

lirra lirra café & bar

Waite Campus. Open Monday, Tuesday and Thursday 8am to 4.45pm, Wednesday 8am to 6pm and Friday 8am to 6.30pm. Choose from a large selection of meals, wines, coffee, salads, sandwiches, rolls & cakes.

unibar

Level 5, Union House. Open Monday to Thursday noon till close and Friday noon till late. Come drink at the UniBar, where the beer flows freely. Many local and interstate bands play in this great venue, as well as other special events. The UniBar- come up and see the blackboards for Happy Hours and specials.

ADELAIDE
UNIVERSITY UNION
FOOD & BEVERAGE
SERVICES



Little House on Angas Street



Here at *On Dit* we are quite proud to have our very own regular columnist, Stanley George. While we had visions of another Phillip Adams when we appointed him, unfortunately Stanley is very different: inane, irrelevant and often offensive. We think Stanley is going to cause quite a stir this year. So read away, and if you are moved enough to write a letter to the editors they are quite welcome. Stanley revels in criticism and abuse.

.... only our blood can open the eyes of our people and the rest of the world.

Chai Ling

Everybody knows that good journalists do their own research. I do not do my own research, boys and girls. I long ago learnt that a cynical rant tends to lose its mystique when immediately followed by an alphabetical list of semi-plagiarised references.

As such, I was reluctant to do much research for the following "story", which was only ever going to be an old news item followed by a series of half-bright factoids, which I may or may not have chosen to make up. This time, however, I had a curious urge to use my antique modem for something other than a means to the twin ends of free porn and abusive e-mail. Marijuana and a big jar of cherries have a softening effect on this reporter, and on the morning in question they put me in a naively studious state of mind - one that was apparently ready to do some real research.

The category that I had chosen to investigate was "whales". Fairly simple, I had thought. I mean, everybody wants to know more about whales, right? There must be shitloads of whale-related wisdom on The Great Information Superhighway. After I had entered the category, the results of my "search" gradually appeared on the screen:

1. *OpenRoads Guide to Wales.*
2. *CottageNet Holiday Cottages, Wales.*
3. *New South Wales Golf Club, La Perouse, Sydney, Australia.*

Hang about - what's all this? Was this cursed thing fucking with me? I had asked for information about everybody's favourite singing fish (or whatever) but instead, here

was a list of companies from or pertaining to a squalid industrial region with a so-so rugby team. Curse those corporate bastards and their IT goons!

I was furious, but decided to be patient. After all, I was fairly new to this whole research deal. I hit the back button, then re-entered the category - this time careful to be specific. The new set of results was even more disappointing:

1. *Ocean Lab - Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, Wales.*
2. *Waterways Authority of New South Wales, Australia.*
3. *Californian wedding for Zeta Jones.*

The penny dropped around mid-day. Alas, my lack of investigative success was the fault of my own stupidity, rather than that of corporate greed. Stoned and depressed, I realised that a whole morning had been wasted simply because I was too stupid to check my own spelling. In the process, however, two inexorable truths had become quite clear. One was that a stoned guy and a box of Dunhills do not make for good investigative journalism. The other was that despite the number of books and papers beside my bed, I remain surprisingly dumb.

Humbling revelation is like cod-liver oil for the soul - it tastes like shit, but in the end you'll be rewarded with a shinier coat and a wet nose.

Anyway, on with the rant. It's the fourth of June 1989, and several thousand Chinese students and workers are taking part in a pro-democracy rally in Beijing's Tiananmen Square. Why they are so pro-democratic seems strange to me, seeing as the Elected King of Democracy at the time was the kind of guy who would qualmlessly sell tanks and missiles to crazed Ayatollahs.

Regardless, these students were little more than a bunch of naive democrats who simply wanted the right to show dissent. Well sir, as you probably know already, the CCP weren't too fond of such shenanigans, and saw fit to attack the crowd of unarmed youths with an evil combination of teargas, metal bullets and a convoy of huge armoured tanks.

Two important lessons were learned after that horrible event. One was that Bob Hawke wasn't above crying in parliament. The other was never to get into a staring contest with a bunch of old-fashioned communists, lest you and your friends get crushed to death by a large Russian-built tank.

That's exactly what happened to about one thousand cool guys and broads on that fateful day in 1989. One thousand brave martyrs of dissent - gassed and shot and crunched and smeared into so much pro-democratic paste. It took a whole weekend and an entire peasant garrison of Red Guards to scrub the terrible stains out of the square - the same square from which Mao Tse Tung had declared victory over tyranny less than forty years earlier.

There's nothing funny about Tiananmen Square, kids. I may seem cheerful about it, but that's only because I'm an arsehole. Tiananmen Square should have forced the rest of the world to sit down at least once a year just to think about how fucked-up we as a species had become. But it didn't, so the only real solace that peace-lovers like you and me have is an occasional glimpse of a time when pro-democracy protests are obsolete and civilisation has finally reduced itself to a small population of care-free individuals who effortlessly roam the cosmos, frolicking and singing like a pod of transcendent whales.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney

Gemma



Don't you hate it when people claim to know about something they obviously don't? In the holidays, you may have read an article in our state's illustrious daily newspaper about what defines the generation known as 'Generation Y'. I did, and golly, did it get me riled.

For the purposes of the article that got me annoyed, they studied the 'Class of 2000'; that is, you first-years born in 1983. I should add at this point that the Generation Y attributes published were credited to Sydney's Macquarie Uni, but their public relations department deny this. And I can see why. Among other things that were claimed of us kiddies, we don't know who Gough Whitlam is, we have never played Pac Man, and we have always had access to pay-TV. All sorts of confusion would ensue if someone tried telling us we 'sound like a broken record', because we're unfamiliar with a turntable's operating procedure. And just in case we weren't sure, this article tells us that Michael Jackson has not always been white.

I mean, come on. Whoever brainstormed this dossier of the teenager of the new millennium could at least try to get it right. I'm a left-leaning Arts student - of course I know who Gough Whitlam is! Try as I did, I could only get up to level two on Pac Man. I only got pay-TV just after the cables were laid in my suburb - when I was 15. My parents bought me my first favourite song, "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" by Wham, in vinyl. And Michael Jackson was at least brown when he was singing 'Billie Jean'.

And while I'm at it, I hate the name our generation has had dumped on it. It seems that the last decade or so has taken its toll on the imagination of social analysts, and following the alphabet is the best they could come up with: Y follows X. (Generation X was so named because it is supposedly a lost, directionless group, full of do-nothings who created the 'slacker' culture. This generation is so pitied that it's also known by some analysts as the 13ers, as in born on Friday the 13th). Not that I know what to call us. I could get all sci-fi and geeky and call us Generation Cyborg, because of the impact recent technology has had on our lives but I won't. The Spice Girls did a really catchy song about 'Generation Next' for their big Pepsi deal, but that also lacks descriptive accuracy by just following from what already exists. One website sug-

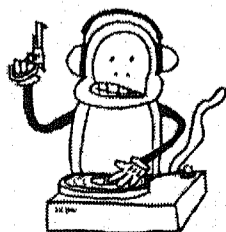
Clark

gested the 'Futuristic Generation', but that too sucks; of course any new generation is going to seem futuristic, compared with the past. So I'll leave that one open for now.

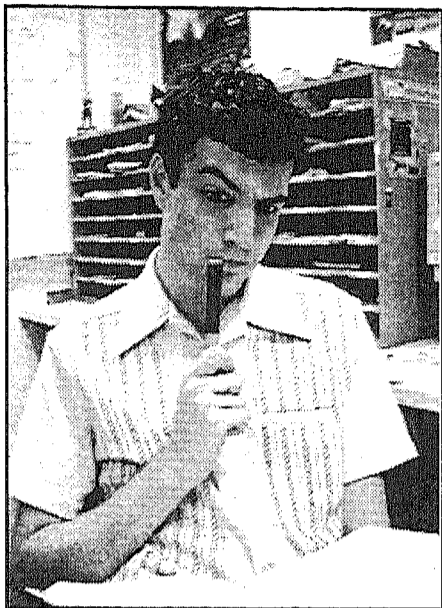
But as for what defines us? Read on, 'youth culture experts', I'm giving you some pointers. I was born in 1982. You're halfway right about the social and political climate I've grown up in: I was one of those poor little "latchkey kids" who was forced to attend poxy playgroups, kindy and after-school care, because my parents both worked (and eventually divorced). I've had to hold crappy part-time jobs whilst I study, which usually take up more hours in a week than my studies do. The free education my parents received in the '70s sounds like something they imagined after sampling some hallucinogen during their uni days. And I can't move out of home unless I either resort to some dodgy sharehouse situation or manage to scab something off the government.

But as for my pop culture agents of socialisation? My mum had me in a mullet haircut for an alarming number of my early years. Day-to-Night Barbie was the first one I owned: a power-dressing "career woman" who at night transforms into a Dirty Dancing-style clubbing queen. My first "remote control" car had a cord running from the car to the remote so it could only go as fast as I could run. Fashion trends ranged from slapbands to happy pants to bike shorts worn as non-cycling attire. I was reared on a disturbing amount of television viewing: Punky Brewster, She-Ra, Agro's Cartoon Connection, The Comedy Company and Hey Dad shared the majority of air time. And it was a big thing when our class computer (which took floppy disks that were really floppy) got updated to a 486.

Sound familiar? Thought so. If the powers that be insist on trying to produce cutting edge articles about the hip young things, they could at least research them properly, instead of guessing about a group who are more than capable of answering questions for themselves. If they were really keen, our daily could employ a range of young journalists to provide a viewpoint of accuracy on this sort of thing (rather than making a tokenistic offering of one young, privileged, aryan, bourgeois and trite columnist). If they don't ask, they won't know.



Mikey Fyfe...



Opinions on everything, right here for the taking.

You know, sometimes it can be really hard to write an opinion column. Everybody has opinions about everything really, whether vehemently defended or just apathetically whispered, but when it comes time to actually write them down and defend your point of view things start getting a little shakey. Suddenly that opinion of yours doesn't seem too crash hot anymore. The logic that appeared so crystal clear when it was alone in your head gets frightened and whimpery under the critical gaze of the discerning *On Dit* reader. But that's not the end of it...

Sometimes your opinions might be good, oftentimes downright witty and poignant, but are they really good enough to fill up 700 words or thereabouts? In my experience, the answer is often no. For example, I have quite an opinion on the breakup of Tom and Nicole Kidman-Cruise-Whatever. The gist of the opinion was that humanity's affection with all things 'Hollywood Couple', especially this one, is unnerv-

...struggles with his opinions

ing. I think that maybe everyone should just get over it and find something more interesting to think about. Who cares what they're doing with the divorce? Who cares who's getting the beach house in Malibu, it's sure as hell not going to be a reader of *New Weekly*. Still, don't even try blaming the magazines, the only reason they print all that drivel about what the kids think and what the butler's dog said is because they know we're hungry for it. It just goes to prove that our own lives are so unfulfilling that we need to live them vicariously through damned impossible Hollywood role-models. I thought, (quite wisely in my own humble opinion) that I was highlighting a prevalent social problem, ripping it open for formal discussion and debate.

I even had a catchy heading: "Tom and Nicole, not so Cruisy anymore".

So there you go, that was about the extent of my opinion. After I'd written it down (in a little bit more of an extended form of course) I realised that it was approximately:

- 10% opinion
- 20% pop psychology
- 38% self-indulgent drivel to draw attention to myself
- 12% trying to be important by having an opinion on something
- 10% thinking I was funny enough to pull it off
- 15% jealousy at me not getting anything for Valentine's Day and thus getting annoyed at anyone talking about any relationship, famous or not.
- 10% annoyance that if this "per-

fect couple" had broken up, how could a schmo like me hope to ever find love.

Then I added it all up and realised I had too many percents, and thus my opinion was doomed.

Never mind, I said to myself, surely all of my opinions aren't useless wankery. However, other options, such as my long held belief that 'Happy Nation' by Ace of Base is the most underrated album of our generation, just doesn't seem to cut the mustard for *On Dit*.

Don't even get me started on the 700 words requirement. Hang-on, maybe I should write it as seven hundred words instead of 700 because essentially that would be more words. Then I would have to write less words in total. But, I guess if I just wanted words I could write miscellaneous ones, like poodle, smickensmack and gloop-gloop (beware, some words have been made up just to fill space and direct attention from the fact they are *non sequiturs*). But I digress...

However, is my lack of inspiration, genius and insightful commentary going to stop me from trying to put it into the paper? Hell no. I volunteered to write an opinion about something and I want to see my name in print. My opinion is that writing opinion column's is hard. That's a good opinion. I think so anyway.

By the way, don't let me talk you out of writing an opinion column. Be self-indulgent. Think what you say matters. Then maybe you can make your life interesting enough that you won't worry about damn Tom and Nicole's anymore.

The Opinion section is this year's editors' pet section and we want to make it great! So we are looking for people to share their opinions in the esteemed pages of *On Dit*. All you have to do is send in your opinion piece (approx 700 words). We do not want to hear any of your racist, sexist or homophobic opinions, but anything else, bring it on. Don't be afraid to step on a few toes, if you are nervous about reprisals then you can use a pseudonym (although we prefer if you use your real name). So go for it, let loose with your most interesting opinions.

The World Needs To Know

Blast from the Past

Your campus newspaper has a long and more or less respected history dating all the way back to the year 1932. To celebrate *On Dit*'s 69th year of publication, throughout 2001 we will be scouring the Barr Smith special collections room for enlightening, weird, historical and otherwise interesting articles from years past.

Although the record is a little sketchy, it seems that *On Dit* started out as a response to the failure of the "Varsity Ragge", a small and very infrequent publication which ran sporadically from 1928 but died out forever in 1934 through lack of interest. In contrast to the Ragge's irreverent style and random layout, *On Dit* was sober and respectable (far from the rather excitable beast it became in the 60s and 70s, but more on that in later editions). Around that time there was also something around called the Magazine, which was published by the University about once a year and contained a variety of literary works... but that's all a bit too high-brow for us.

The motto "And sometimes counsel takes / And sometimes tea" seems to be saying that sometimes *On Dit* is about news, facts and opinions ("counsel") and sometimes it's about fun - activities and things ("tea"). People were weird in 1932.

"ON DIT"

Editors :

C. R. BADGER K. L. LITCHFIELD C. G. KERR

"And sometimes counsel takes
And sometimes tea"

Vol. 1

April 15th, 1932

No. 1

"ON DIT"

Editors :

C. R. BADGER K. L. LITCHFIELD C. G. KERR

"And sometimes counsel takes
And sometimes tea"

Vol. 1

April 29th, 1932

No. 3

EDITORIAL.

It is a great pity that "On Dit" caused such a stir in the world on its first appearance. This was not intentional, and is indeed regrettable. For several reasons.

But the chief reason for regret is that in the criticism which we have so freely received there has been little which can be made use of in improving the paper.

Some, of course, will be useful. We are deeply indebted to the critic who pointed out that our quotation from Pope was incorrect in one particular.

We are, however, more concerned with the criticism that "On Dit" is not sufficiently representative of student activities. This is, of course, a serious criticism and one which is perhaps justified.

The policy which this paper should follow is one of chronicling and making known student activities. It is not a medium for the expression of soulful fancies, nor the literary efforts of minor poets. That is the function of the Magazine.

"On Dit" does aim to do something in the way of enabling student opinion to be expressed, "doth sometimes counsel take." It wishes to make articulate ideas and opinions which would otherwise be lost or ineffective. It should serve, also, as the recorder of the social aspect of University life, "and sometimes tea."

Now, in both of these functions it is obvious that the co-operation of the whole student body is essential. If the paper is to be truly representative, it must be closely in touch with student activities; this can only be so if the secretaries of societies, the conveners of meetings, and others will get into the habit of reporting their doings for the paper. Otherwise, the paper is likely to become merely the medium for expression of the Editor's pleasing personalities; a result we cannot regard as satisfactory.

It is odd, that although plenty of people told us that our effort was in effect, pretty bad, no one went the length of expressing such a view in a letter to the Editor.

The moral is that we need your help if the paper is to be what we want it to be, a genuine organ of student opinion.

Adelaide University Literary, Debating and Dramatic Society.

The first meeting of the above-named was held in the Lady Symon Hall on Tuesday, April 12th, and a very successful evening it was. The chief items of interest were: A debate on "Is reading more beneficial to man than personal observation?" judgment being for the negative; and a play by W. S. Gilbert called, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern." Rufus Ray was astounding as the Queen, Elizabeth Wells

was an adequately fluttering Ophelia, while Colin Kerr, as Hamlet, put Alan Wilkie in the shade. Suitable musical accompaniment was provided during the play by someone at the piano and someone else through a trumpet.

The attendance was excellent, and it is hoped that this will continue right through the year. "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" will be the Society's contribution to the Students' Carnival at the end of the term.

EDITORIAL.

Can We Afford a New Library?

Undoubtedly the new quarters of the library are an inestimable advantage. They have given a new comfort and dignity to what all must feel to be the real centre of the intellectual life of the University.

Yet a great and growing dissatisfaction has been expressed on the part of students looking this gift horse in the mouth.

The old library was certainly incommensurate, cold in winter, close in summer. Its shelving and reading space was inadequate, and yet, in the opinion of many it served its purpose better than the handsome new structure in which the library is now housed.

The complaints are various; some reasonable, some perhaps not quite so reasonable, but "On Dit" exists to give expression to student opinion, and now for it.

The fact that a great number of books are now withdrawn from the view of the students is certainly regrettable. That matter, however, is almost inevitable; nearly all modern libraries are forced, by the exigencies of space, to adopt the "closed access" system. Is there, however, any real reason why the student should not be allowed access to the basement? In our opinion there is not. There may be technical difficulties about adequate supervision to be overcome, but these should surely not be insuperable.

The absence of adequate provision for reading magazines is another grievance, which has, however, been

robbed of its sting by the racks now provided in the library. But this does not allow students to consult back numbers and bound volumes without considerable and troublesome delay.

The worst fault of the new library, and that which leads us to conclude that we really cannot afford it, is that it is not open at night. This privilege we learned to appreciate in the old library, and are concerned no longer to enjoy. If in this respect the new library cannot give us the facilities which the old afforded, then "On Dit" advocates that the new building be used to supplement the resources of the Refectory, and that the old building be requisitioned for its former purpose.

We recognize the difficulties of living within our income, but surely the cost of opening the library in the evenings would not be so great as to outweigh the undoubted benefits of its extended use.

We think the test of our ability to afford a new library is that it should afford us the same facilities as the old, and reluctantly, sorrowfully we conclude, we cannot afford it!

Complaints at the Cook-house Door.

A pie with sauce,
A pie with sauce;
A pie with sauce again;
Its pie with sauce,
And pie with sauce,
And pie with sauce again;
They're always made of excellent meat,
And the pastry, I know, is quite a feat,
But I'll be blowed if ever I'll eat
A pie with sauce again!

To the tune of "Here we are, there we are," etc.

Here we have some articles from the first few editions of *On Dit* ever published. Above is Volume 1 Number 1, with a discussion of the newly-built library. Notice the concern about resources and opening hours - some things never change.

To the left is the masthead and editorial from the third edition about the "stir" *On Dit* created when it first appeared. For some reason the editors seem apologetic about drawing attention to themselves. Some things do change.

Inset above is something else from the third edition: a poem about the quality of Depression-era meat pies and the products offered by whoever was running the University catering operation in those days. This is, presumably, the "tea" part of early *On Dit*. It is unclear whether this situation has changed or not.

Orientation

Timetable

(revised)

Monday 19th of February, 2001

"FRESHER'S DAY"

- 6.45 am: Orientation Lecture by Tanisha Hewanpola (Union President), Bonython Hall
 - 7.00 am: Come down to the *On Dit* office and witness first hand how a student newspaper is made.
 - 8.00 am: Free cordial and toast for breakfast on the Barr Smith Lawns.
- Tours of Campus available all day by qualified professionals

Tuesday 20th of February, 2001

- 12.00 am: The Demonological Union will be holding a Black Mass on the Barr Smith Lawns.
- 3.00 am: Chancellor Robert Champion de Crespigny's session "Adelaide University and Freedom of Information Laws". Location to be announced.
- 11.00 am: Film Society screens the entire first season of "Beadle's About!", Level 5, Union Bld.
- 12.00 pm: Free Lunch provided by Salisbury Abattoir (no vegetarian alternative)
- 1.00 pm: Performance by the Adelaide University Eureka Stockade Re-enactment Society.
- 1.20 pm: Debating Society hosts the controversial topic, "That University is not for flightless birds".

Wednesday 21st of February, 2001

"ASH WEDNESDAY"

- 11.00 am: Demonstration by "Flamin'" Joe Armstrong.
- 11.15 am: Flyby by C.F.S. Helicopter Water Bomber.
- 11.15 am: Demonstration by St. Johns Ambulance.
- 12.00 pm: Free Lunch: Whale-on-a-Spit, kindly donated by the Tokyo Institute of Marine Biology.
- 2.00 pm: Society for Creative Anachronisms presents their cabaret of all-time favourite moments from the Black Death.

Thursday 22nd of February, 2001

"MONSTER TRUCK THURSDAY"

- 8.00 am: Demonstration by the Intervarsity Turfing Society.
- 10.00 am: Demonstration by Adelaide University Heavy Machinery and Earthmoving Club.
- 2.00 pm: Truck-O-Saurus-Rex. It's taken 65,000,000 years to return, but it's here. Be witness to state-of-the-art technology in the most expensive semi-animated robotic reptile display ever staged outside Wayville Showgrounds. (Warning: People fitted with Pacemakers should get in early).
- 2.15 pm: Have your photo taken with Rory "Loose Clutch" Mc Calister, Australasian World Champion - Senior Monster Truck League.

Friday 23rd of February, 2001

"PET DAY" - Bring your pet to University (not limited to animals)

- 11.00 am: Discussion of 101 top grooming tips they don't tell you about in *Pet Owner's Monthly*.
- 1.00 pm: Vice-Chancellor's Snake Exhibition.

VOX POP

QUESTIONS

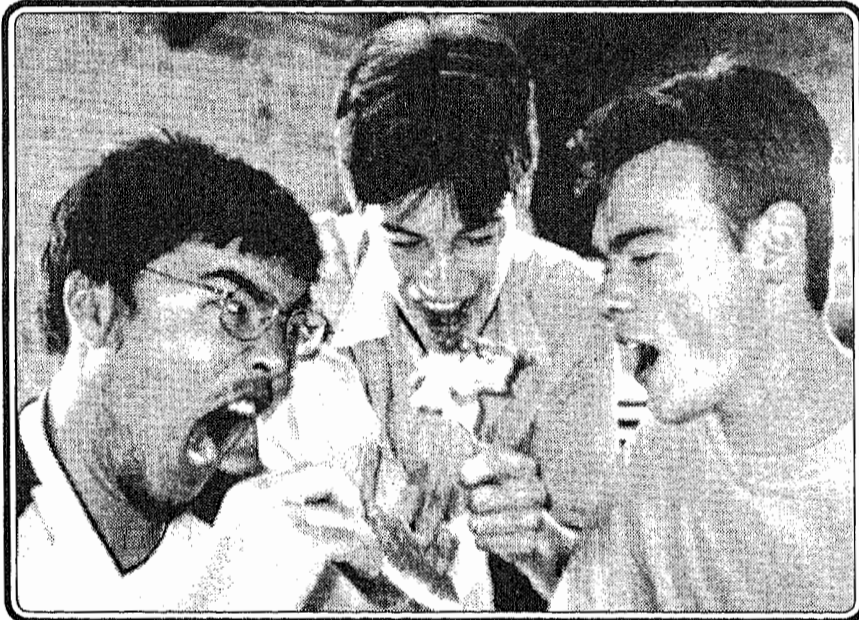
1. What scares you most about starting University?
2. What are your resolutions for 2001?
3. What Movie/TV programme embodies the essence of University?
4. What first pops into your head when you think of uni life?



Roxanne (BA)

The inaugural wearer of 'The Beanie of Disgrace.'

1. Offending someone by saying something stupid.
2. Improve my health by living healthily and experiencing new things.
3. *Can't Hardly Wait*. That party guy rocked.
4. Drinking & Studying (at the same time).



Carl (Eng), Alex (Eng), Rorry (Eng)

Enjoying wholesome O'Camp cuisine

1. Carl: The number of times I'm going to get paro on Engineering pub crawls.
Alex: I'm not really scared about starting Uni. I'm a pretty tough guy.
Rorry: Getting lost.
2. Carl: Get more sleep and go on heaps of Engineering pub crawls.
Alex: Relax (and pass).
Rorry: I'm perfect already, I don't really have any.
3. Carl: Engineering pub crawl videos.
Alex: *Human Traffic*.
Rorry: *Loser- the movie*.
4. Carl: Engineering pub crawls.
Alex: Union catering chicken, mmmmmmm chicken.
Rorry: Beer!



Sara (BA)

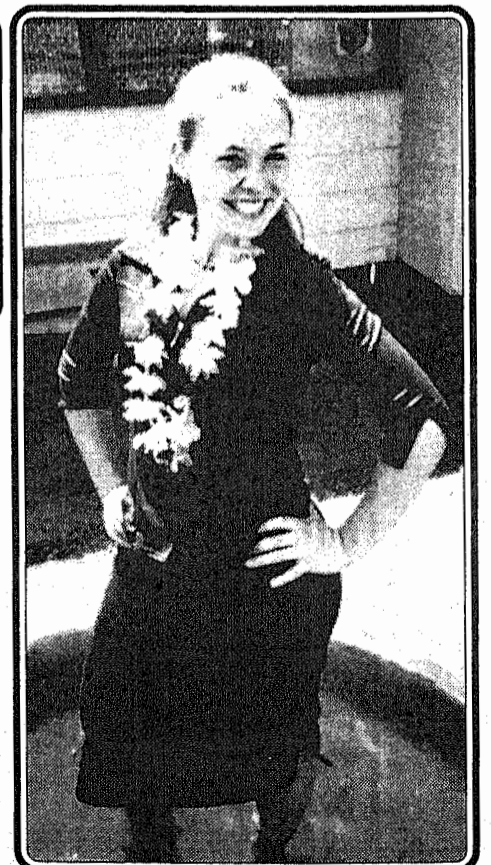
Taking a refreshing dip

1. Requirements of my course.
2. Have fun, be happy and smile.
3. *Felicity*, coz it's realistic.
4. Getting stoned and drunk.

Leanne (BA, music), Sam (Commerce, Law)

Enjoying each others company (a lot)

1. Leanne: Too much of a social life.
Sam: Not enough of a social life.
2. Leanne: Find 'Mr Right'.
Sam: Have orgasmic sex.
3. Leanne: *Brady Bunch*.
Sam: *10 Things I Hate About You*.
4. Leanne: Special.
Sam: Sexy.



AT O'CAMP



Callum (B. Commerce)

Feeling a little worse for wear

1. Big lecture theatres.
2. To start a bottled toilet water business.
3. *Dead Man on Campus*.
4. Drugs.



Karina (BA), Sigrid (BA,LLB), Amanda (Int Studies)

Taking a load off in the dining room

1. Karina: Getting lost.
Sigrid: Having to get up early for the first time in months and missing *The Bold and The Beautiful*.
Amanda: Not knowing anyone and missing *Buffy*.
2. Karina: To learn how to drink beer.
Sigrid: Party!
Amanda: To do as little work as possible and watch a lot of *Buffy*.
3. Karina: *Scream 2*.
Sigrid: *Red Dwarf*. Think about it, everyone sits in a confined space eating curry and pissing each other off (i.e. tutorials).
Amanda: *Buffy*.
4. Karina: Party.
Sigrid: Turnip.
Amanda: *Buffy*.



Sanchez the Jackal (Urban Terrorism)

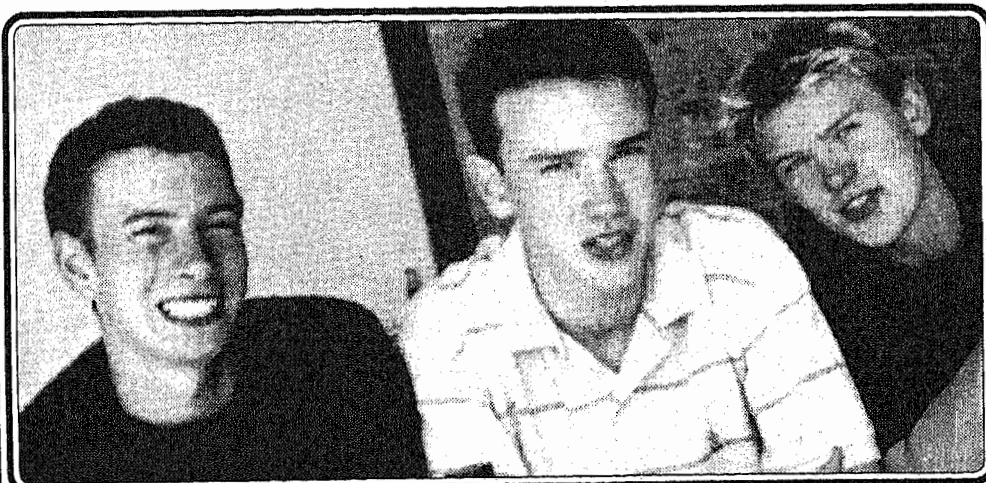
Searching for enemy O'Campers

1. Lack of tea towels.
2. Take over the world.
3. Striptease.
4. Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and an AK 47.

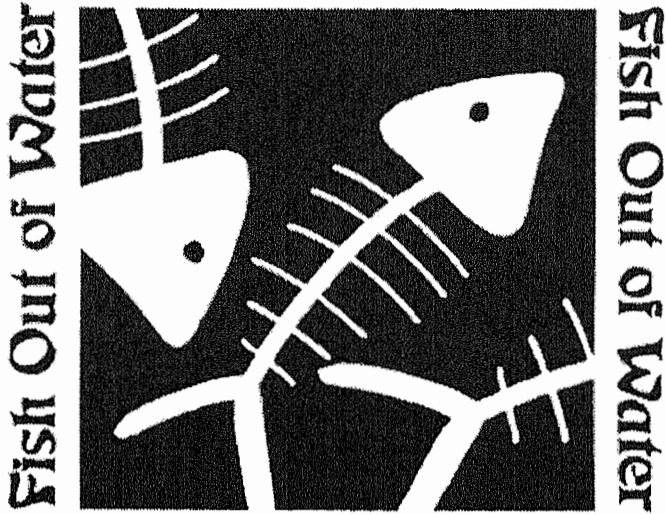
Tom (BA), Tom (Math CPU Sci), Matt (commerce)

Discussing matters of state over lunch

1. Tom: Being back at school, being institutionalised.
Tom: Early mornings.
Matt: Getting lost.
2. Tom: Give up hard drugs.
Tom: Give up drinking from the toilet.
Matt: Take a basket weaving course.
3. Tom: *Degrassi High*.
Tom: *Clueless* (judging from the girls I've met here)
Matt: *Higher Learning*.
4. Tom: Parental approval.
Tom: Beer.
Matt: Uni Bar.



Fish Out of Water



Fish Out of Water

Restaurant of the Week

Fish Out of Water

Where: 117 King William Road Hyde Park

What it serves: good ol' fish and chips, herb or garlic ciabatta, heaps of seafood - Tasmanian scallops, king prawns, calamari, New Zealand mussels, prawn cocktail, fisherman's basket and octopus kebabs (hmm). Plus a range of burgers including normal ones and "vicious" ones (particularly hardcore burgers featuring bocconcini cheese, eggplant, sundried tomatoes and olives on a ciabatta roll), and yiros (particularly recommended). Finally, nibbly bits like chicken nuggets and chico rolls and a very attractive looking range of salads round out the menu.

Also, there are corporate platters available so you can hold all your important business meetings in this cute little fish and chip shop.

Why we like it: To put it simply: it's a cheap and delicious, non-pretentious no-mess no-fuss kind of place. It's decorated in a very funky fifties fashion, but sort of fifties combined with a big country family kitchen with millions of kids running around the place and finger painting on the walls. The seafood is great, the chips are just the right balance between crisp and mushy, and as an extra bonus, the fish burgers are actually made of fish fillets! And just when we were starting to think

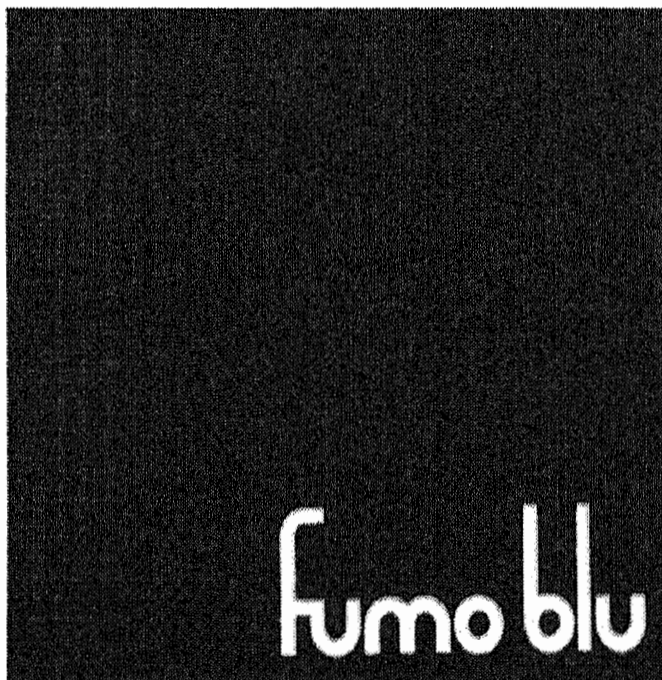
we would never see a real fish fillet in a burger again.

Any Complaints: Vicious burgers are not all they're hyped up to be. While the quality of the ingredients was as high as expected, it just didn't seem to be quite worthy of the title of 'vicious', which would seem to conjure up the image of something a little larger than what we received. But then, the member of our team who ordered one is a glutton. The only other thing is there isn't enough seating to cope with demand, but this is the kind of problem that can't really be solved without knocking down a couple of walls, so we'll forgive them that.

Prices: Fish ranges between \$2-\$5 and other seafood is between \$4 and \$6, chips start at \$1.80, burgers are around \$4 and vicious burgers are \$7, yiros are \$5.50 and salads start at \$3. All extremely reasonable, considering the food is delish.

Opening hours: 7 Days, 12 noon to 9 pm. Ph: 8272 1996

By Penny



Bar of the Week

Fumo Blu

Where: Rundle Street (tucked away downstairs between Cafés Piatto and Scuzzi).

What it serves: While it's primarily a cocktail and cigar lounge, there's definitely no shortage in variety for the discerning drinker - there's also huge varieties of wine, beer, whiskey and cognac.

Why we like it: This is the hottest spot in Adelaide right now having only opened two short months ago and quickly rising to the top of the trendy list. Rather than try and compete with the more casual café scene upstairs, Fumo prides itself on being a little more exclusive, from its strict entry requirements to some very pricey drinks. The place can whip up a mean Cosmopolitan (obviously the first bar in Adelaide to catch on to the thousands of girls trying to emulate *Sex and the City*), and there are some very good looking (albeit very cocky) barmen, one of which tried to convince us his name was 'Johnny Domino'. Whatever. The place also has a lot of atmosphere (with some very cool blue lighting), and in spite of its dressy image is actually pretty relaxed - you get a drink, grab a booth and just keep going.

One stand out quality was the roaming waiter - a fabulous idea that allows you to plant yourself in a booth or 'hip' and 'funky' blue chair for three hours and never have to queue up at the bar, because they'll come and take your order and return

with your drinks pronto. Our waiter even remembered to give us our one dollar in change, which (after our fourth cocktail?) we had completely forgotten about. How can one fail to be impressed with that standard of service?

Any Complaints: There was a fish tank with no fish, which was a little self-defeating, but in our drunken state of mind became a big issue and a source of extreme disappointment. And because this is regarded as a residence of the 'beautiful people,' you will inevitably cross paths with a fellow patron who thinks that they are just a little bit better than you are, and who when you remove the layers of makeup and lycra boob tube is really nothing special at all. And special mention must also be made of the couple who spent half an hour pashing in the middle of the room between 11:30 and midnight on Saturday the 11th of February - for God's sake, "GET A ROOM!"

Prices: In our opinion, though a bit of a splurge, you can't go past the cocktails, ranging from \$10 to \$13 each. However, wine and spirits are a cheaper option at the standard Rundle Street rates, starting at \$5 or \$6. Cigars ranged from \$7 to \$65 - big bucks, but apparently only one guy has ever gone all out, and bottles of wine started at reasonable and moved to outrageously expensive, at the latter end Dom Perignon for \$850 and a piccolo of Moet for \$35. As you can see, this is the stuff of 'I just got paid' and/or 'I'm drowning my sorrows' kind of outings. But hey, it's fun.

Opening hours: Late and exclusive

By Bonnie and Penny

HEY YOU!

Fancy yourself as a bit of a connoisseur? You do? Then why not sign yourself up to do Pub/Bar and Restaurant reviews for *On Dit*. We are always looking for people with a keen sense of taste, a high alcohol threshold and a knack for discovering new and fascinating venues. Find a place, consume a product, and sing the praises of and/or sling criticism at it in our weekly section of the paper. It's easy.

If this sounds like the gateway to the future occupation you've always been looking for, come down and see Clementine, Sarah or Sam (the Wayward sub-eds) in the On Dit office, call us on 8303 5404 or email us at

ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au.

And remember our motto: we are what we consume.

CONSUMER WATCHDOG

When you're a student, you are sometimes reduced to consuming some pretty dodgy stuff. We know because we've been there. In fact, we are there. But Consumer Watchdog is now here, and will bring an end to everyone's suffering. Each week, we shall examine a different product essential to student life, and attempt to profile the good, the bad and the ugly. This week, we venture into the wonderful world of pizza...

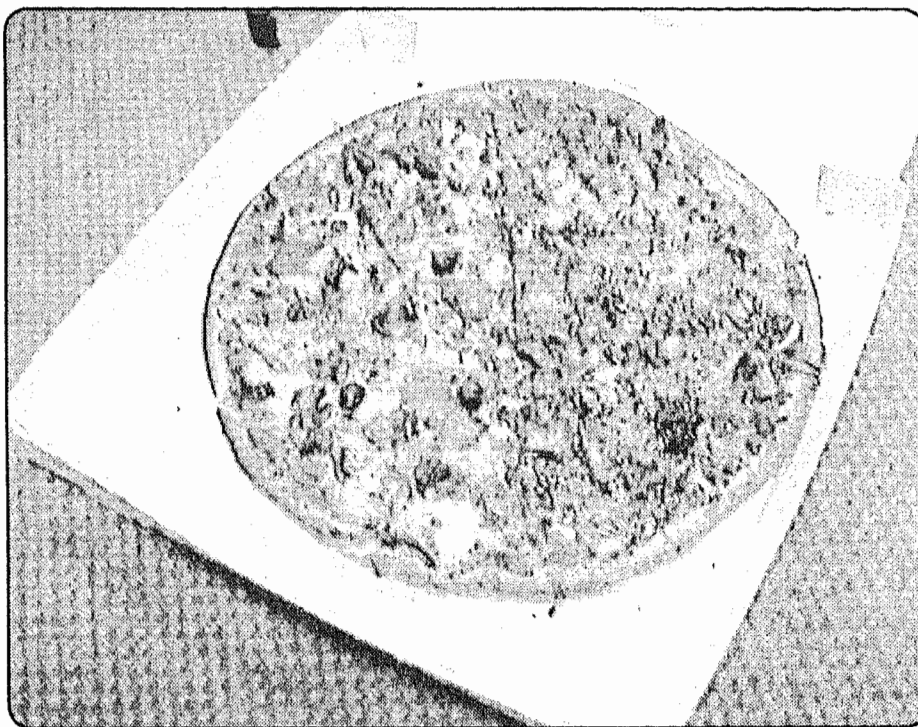
Marcellina's

The folks at Marcellina's were extremely helpful. In fact, when we asked if they had a "super supreme", he replied that it doesn't exist; it's just a marketing concept invented by Pizza Hut. But he was nice about it. And bonus points for free delivery! Possibly because we were in the city anyway, but still. And though it was around half an hour delivery time, considering cooking time, we were pretty impressed. We ordered the 15 inch 'family' pizza and what we got was certainly enough for the three of us, cut into handy square pieces which was preferable even if there was quite a large amount of discrepancy between slice sizes. But, if you only wanted a small slice, this could be a very good thing. The pizza itself was generally very good. Toppings were plentiful, and the BBQ chicken is delicious. The crusts were not too thick, which may be a good and may be a bad thing, depending on your point of view. And while consumption got a little messy, the pizza tasted so good, there was satisfaction all round. Yum.

Aussie Pizza House

Wow, this place is a haven for a pov student looking to fill up an empty tummy. Large (12 inch) pizzas start at \$3.50 here (for a Standard Pizza - tomato, cheese, "extra cheese") and the most you will pay for a large is \$5.90. Amazing, but it leaves us wondering how they can run this place with prices so cheap. Is it because they use lower quality ingredients? Is it because they never advertise? When we asked Claire, the very friendly server in the city store how the pizzas were so cheap, she answered cryptically that the boss had a formula. Well I guess we will just have to believe her and enjoy the very

small dent these pizzas put in our wallets. The actual pizzas were ok, nothing worse than you would get at Pizza Hut. The more discerning diner would probably willingly pay more for a better pizza, but hey, we are poor students, we can't afford to be fussy. The Aussie Pizza house was actually the only place we visited which offered a wholemeal base. They have also gotten a little exotic with some of their toppings offering



such delights as a 'Chicken Al Zingaro', 'Tuna Delight' and 'King's Pizza'. All of their pizzas are thick based so you can really fill up.

Grimaldi's

Mmmm, Grimaldi's pizzas get the two thumbs up from everyone. Thin crusts and gourmet toppings make for one tasty pizza. They have about 6 different varieties of pizzas but they never change, so find a favourite and stick with it. Unfortunately these pizzas are a little more expensive as Grimaldi's is a *real* restaurant, something that is out of reach for most students. But this is the place to take someone special if you really want to impress with great tasting pizza and a classy but unpretentious setting.

San Georgio Pizzeria Pizza Hut

Located on Rundle Street, San Georgio has not succumbed to the trendy 'pizza, pasta and wanky outside dining' of most of the other pizza places in the area. The decor remains simple bordering on tacky which personally I like. The pizza is what we were there for and so we ordered one 'family' to share between three. The pizza had a delicious base, thin and crispy

OK, we are all familiar with Pizza Hut. We have eaten their pizzas every sleepover party and school breakup since we were kids. It is all pretty standard. Mass produced and those little balls of meat. In my opinion the only thing going for Pizza Hut is that it's cheap (especially if you have vouchers) and the Family Meal specials.

Pizza Haven

OK, we are all familiar with Pizza Haven. We have eaten their pizzas every sleepover party and school breakup since we were kids. It is all pretty standard. Mass produced and those little balls of meat. In my opinion the only thing going for Pizza Haven is that it's cheap (especially if you have vouchers) and the Family Meal specials.

Domino's

Generic, tasty, cheap, you can't really go wrong. They have all the standard toppings and a few more for very reasonable prices considering what you get. *And* they have a superior tomato base to nearly every pizza we tried.

Don Giovanni's

but not too crispy, just perfect. We thought they were a little skimpy on their toppings, however Supreme came with shrimps which is a rarity these days.

One criticism, we ordered a 'half and half' but it came out more 'quarter and three quarter'. We felt a little cheated especially as we had two Supreme lovers and one Hawaiian. Of course it was the Hawaiian side that was larger. grrr. Prices are pretty standard for a good quality pizza. What I really like about San Georgio is the homemade ads they show on late night television. Those are works of art.

Don Giovanni's is an Adelaide institution. I can remember going here when I was a kid and I thought their pizzas were just fantastic. Unfortunately when we ventured back there, their pizzas just didn't fulfil my expectations. First of all they were pretty expensive. We paid \$10.50 for a pretty small pizza, about the size of a plate and it was take away. For \$10.50 you expect something a little more, but the toppings weren't particularly generous and the base not particularly special. Admittedly we did eat the pizzas sort of cold so we didn't experience them at the peak of their short lives. Their larger pizza's were no doubt better value, and eat them hot.

The Things I Would do for a Dollar

Nearly everyone at Uni has to work to support themselves (or their drug habit). We here at *On Dit* have decided to profile some of the really horrible (or just plain crazy) jobs that uni students find themselves doing to earn a few dollars. This week **Rebecca Delfman** guides us through the wonderful world of hospitality.

There are some jobs that should only ever be undertaken because you are at Uni and need the money badly. Waitressing is one of them. When I was young, I dreamed of being a waitress the same way I dreamed of being a beauty therapist or a famous singer. I thought waitressing was glamorous. Har!

I work at one of Adelaide's most infamous, most popular, most well-known, busiest Italian restaurants, which many locals celebrities/politicians frequent, (and as such I dare not disclose its name lest I get murdered by the Mafia for the following incriminating information.) The wonderful world of waitressing is the most intense, bizarre, horrible, hysterical and fascinating crap Uni job I have experienced. And believe me, I've had some crap Uni jobs filing and licking envelopes for days on end in an Accounts department, babysitting bed-wetting kids obsessed with Pokemon, and handing out gym pamphlets to fat ladies in Rundle Mall, to name a few.

Waitressing, by far and away, tops the list of crap jobs. The reason why is simple: you are dealing with the general public. Waitressing would be absolutely wonderful if no customer service was involved. (I once worked in a cafe that had no customers. It was great, except that to fill in all the spare time I had to constantly clean things, and they eventually let me go because they couldn't afford me.) Another waitressing job I held in a North Adelaide coffee shop was fairly uneventful until the day an old hippy came up after his meal and rasped, "What was in that baguette? It tasted just like what I used to eat in 'Nam."

Waitressing is a far more complicated job than people give it credit for. Waitresses must be psychologists, interpreters, and negotiators, with photographic memories. They need some level of emotional intelligence (good people skills) because they must constantly deal with annoying people in high-pressure situations. There are many different types of waitresses. At my cafe, I work with about ten different girls. There is the flirt (who's always 'in' with the cute guys behind the bar), the control freak ("don't wrap the napkins around the cutlery like that"), the lazy bastard (takes 45 minute lunch breaks, then spends another 15 minutes in the loo, and is always standing around gossiping), the dumb bimbo (wears high heels to work and took four months to train), and the slackarse (doesn't give a shit about anything, ignores customers, the telephone, and hot food ready to be taken to tables).

The boys who serve coffee and alcohol behind the bar and the boys who make pizza also come in different personality types: the wanker ("If you want to talk to me, you talk to me through my people"), the drug-fucked party animal (comes to work on speed and burns all the foccaccias), and the goody-goody up-himself mama's boy (who is always in the kitchen sucking up to the chefs). Speaking of the chefs, they are all just plain grumpy.

The general public is a tricky beast. Sometimes they can deceive you: everyone is lovely and in a pleasant mood. Then the next time you go to work, every second customer is virtually impossible to interact with. One idiotic customer said rudely upon receiving bread, bread plates, and cutlery, "What did you bring out a knife for? We've ordered soup." (Gee, silly me. I simply assumed you might like some-

thing to butter your bread with.) There are some people who automatically assume that you are their personal slave for the evening, nevermind that you're waiting on about forty other tables. "Could you just bring us an extra fork?", "Could you bring us some chilli flakes?", "Can we have another napkin?", "Could you reheat my lasagne, it's gone cold", "We'd like our pasta served after our herb bread", "You don't do your bruschetta properly. We want our tomatoes diced." Bitchy snobby women on power trips and wankerish-forty-something men are the usual culprits of the 'waitress is my personal slave' mentality.

My favourites are the people who feel they have to apologise/explain to you why they can't finish their meal. Some people try to hide their leftovers (e.g. under a napkin, obviously a brilliant foolproof concept). As if I care! I have seen so much food scraped into the garbage, I am utterly desensitised and usually don't even notice what I'm clearing away. Old grannies in particular get very worried that they are offending the chef by leaving the last bite of food uneaten. The alternative to this are the complete cheapskates who want everything doggy-bagged, even if it's only a stump of bread or four pieces of ravioli. The people I really can't stand are the ones who order huge meals, take one bite, and leave the rest. Do you know how it feels to scrape a plateful of fresh prawns and oysters into the bin?

Last week a pretty weird scenario occurred. A woman asked if she could take the parmesan cheese home in a doggy-bag. Not the pasta, not the salad, not the bread, just the three tablespoons of parmesan cheese we put on every table in a cup. "Um, I'm sorry... we don't do that. Parmesan cheese is widely available at most supermarkets." Who are these people? Where do they come from? Why are they so annoying? Thank god waitressing is only a crap Uni job that will (hopefully) one day be replaced by a CAREER.

Coming Soon..... "I'm a nude model"

EMPLOYMENT SERVICES COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for 3 student members
of the Employment Services Committee.

As a member of this committee, the student representative's role would be:

- to advise on strategic planning and the development of the service;
- to investigate opportunities that will assist the service;
- to consult with key stakeholders (AUU, SAUA & Students);
- to market and promote the service;
- to monitor the operations of the service;
- to administer regulatory requirements and,
- to undertake action as required to ensure the service is meeting the needs of the student body.

Applications close Friday 2nd March, 2001

Applications are to be forwarded to:

Ms VICKI THIEL

Student Employment Service, Level 4, Union House, North Terrace Campus.

Further information can be obtained from the Student Employment Service. Telephone: 8303 6483



Adelaide University Union



Students' Association of the
University of Adelaide

Are you the person who drives the speedboat around
a septic tank to stir it?
Ever worked in the sex industry?
Or done telemarketing?
Worked as a guinea pig for a drug testing company?
Done nightfill in a hydroponics shop?
If you have a job that's unusual, unpleasant, or just plain
crazy....

Then we want to hear from you!

Come down to the *On Dit* office or call us
on 83035404 and we will let you tell your
story in the pages of *On Dit*. Get revenge on
your employers with a full blown expose.

Sumo Fun at the New York Bar and Grill

I have an interesting job. I know it's an interesting job because every time I tell someone about it they say to me, 'That, my friend, is an interesting job.' This job is not writing for *On Dit*, although I do find that absorbing, fun and fulfilling (hey Linley, Pen, Mel, love your work kiss kiss). The interesting job I am talking about is the one where I take sumo suits to various venues along with a big roll-out mat and get people to wrestle each other in them. I carry these sumo suits in big white and red striped bags, so people often point me out to their friends when I am carrying them around and yell 'Found him! There's Wally!' When they come out they look like sumo wrestler bodies, complete with huge rolls of fat, a g-string, a zipper at the back and big, beautiful, brown nipples. Like a pornographic email they are disgusting, hilarious and erotic at the same time. I got the job through an entertainment company whose books I happened to be on. Before the sumo suits came along, that line of work included wearing big fluffy suits and cuddling/scaring the living shit out of small children in shopping centres. It turned out that the woman who ran the sumo suits before I did had gotten a 'real' job and so wanted to pass it on. The hourly rate is more than any job I could possibly qualify for in my whole life so bingo-lucky me, no more chicken suits and kicks in the shin for this little black duck.

Just a little bit of a set up to my Saturday night of work at the New York Bar and Grill Restaurant and Night Club.

I don't go to clubs much. I like to dance, sure I do, but don't we all? The only real difference between someone who likes to dance and someone who doesn't is only about four raspberry sub-zeroes and a shot of vodka anyway. The NYBG is a place for people who don't like to dance, but still love that smoky, deafening, everyone-is-sizing-me-up feel that only a truly mainstream club can offer. A bit like a school social with alcohol, all you have to do to get an accurate picture of the NYBG is imagine *The Planet* and then remove the dancers on platforms, any song not on the SA-FM playlist and any place else to go when you finally convince your drunken friends to stop trying to score the winners of the S-Club 7 lookalike competition (under 18 category) and leave. The only other place to go to from the NYBG is *Shenanigans*, conveniently located on the other side of Marion, past the eerily airport-like cinemas ('All passengers wishing to leave to on flight "What Women Want", please board at cinema 25,'). I haven't been there, but when I asked my friend The Chief what it was like he said 'No,' and that was all I could get out of him.

I rolled up in the Love Mobile, a prompt 25 minutes or so before I was due to begin at 10pm and was told that the sumo suits were actually going to be part of a competi-

tion being run by some bourbon company from Canada and that I was to start at 11:30pm. No problems- my contract for 10pm to 1am was safe in my rear sky rocket (good working tip: always keep your contract handy and refer to it often), a manager wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a green foam statue of liberty crown on his head got me a dry ginger ale and so I sat down to take in the atmosphere as the pseudo-French call it. In the next hour I overheard the phrase "I'm going to go home with that bloke/bird over there," no less than five times. Admittedly one girl kept whispering into her friend's ear and that counted for about twenty, but love was definitely on the minds of many at the NYBG. Aside from the overactive sub-woofer and ouchy lasers (you thought strobe lights were bad for your eyes? Now scientists have developed a new and improved way to speed you towards blindness when you go out), another feature was the dandy little port-a-spa. The idea being that on a thirty degree night in a poorly ventilated night club, the patrons should all be drinking their high proof alcohol in some really warm water. Dehydration is great when it happens to other people. This spa was nestled right next to the spot where I was about to set up my absorbent sumo suits and my sponge-like mat. Needless to say, things ended up a little damp and smelly at the end of night.

While I was waiting for the 11:30pm to come around I was asked by a group of women out celebrating someone's 30th birthday if they could sit at my table. (Ever notice how when people get past a certain age, they tend to keep the hairstyle they had the most luck with? In that group, the difference between youngest and oldest must have been about ten years, because there was a decade's worth of fashionable hairstyles at that

table - it's just a shame that decade was most of the eighties). Apart from asking each other who wanted what at each round, they hardly spoke to each other at all. I asked them why they were there and they couldn't think of an answer. I told them that they should move spots if they weren't having a good time and they perked up then and said that was a very good idea and left for *Shenanigans*. Sheesh.

I started when we had cleared away all the chairs and tables from the sitting area. It took us a while to convince drunk people to stop coming in and sitting down on the edges. It didn't matter that we had barricades up because the night was well into the 'invisible drunk' stage - the part where you've drunk enough so that no-one can see you, no matter what you do. People who pee in pot plants and grope their best-friend's partner's genitalia are usually well into this stage.

The competition started in fine style, with two blokey blokes coming into the enclo-



More realistic Sumo suits, all part of the fun

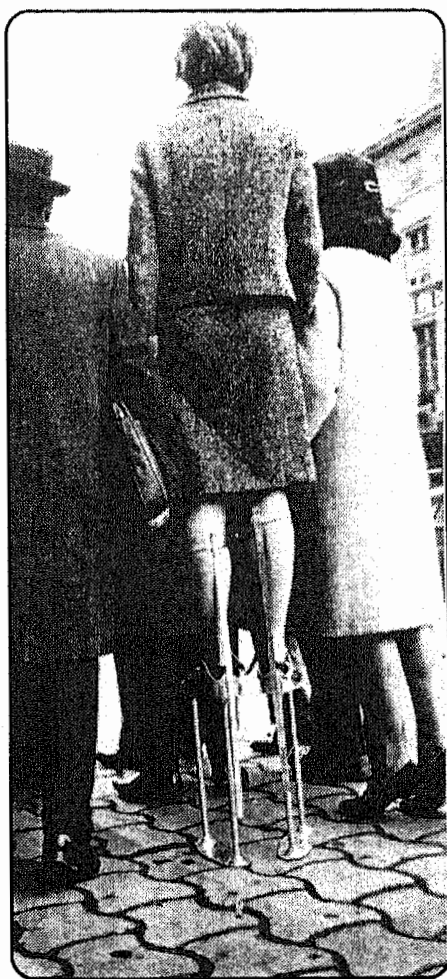
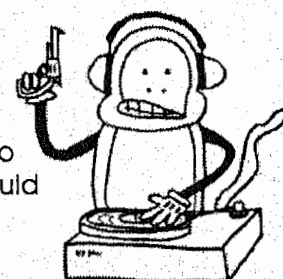
sure and signing the indemnity forms that explain that if they hurt themselves it's their own silly fault for wanting to wrestle someone drunk anyway. I'm thinking of making them sign an invincibility form as well to make them understand that while they're in the suits they are once again mortal and actually able to be injured when they get flattened under someone twice their size. I gave everyone a quick explanation of the rules: no punching, only pushing, stop for the whistle, keep the kissing for later (I slip that in for the homophobes). Then the two morons/patrons go at it until one falls over or falls out of the ring. I usually have a slight dread of doing gigs at pubs and clubs just for the 'what drunken morons will I have tonight' factor. That night I had a dude who was drunker than *Barnsie* after four encores with *Cold Chisel*. He could barely find his way into the enclosure, let alone the suit, but somehow he kept winning. He would fall over and thrash about in a stupor until he landed ontop and actually made it to the semi-final where he was fighting a fairly thick-set young man who can be quoted as saying 'I used to play a lot of rugby, but now I just stick to gridiron for the tackling'. DTB (Drunker Than *Barnsie*) of course got turned into a squeegee for all the water that kept getting splashed into the enclosure from enthusiastic spa-bathers, but his entourage of DTBWs (Drunker Than *Barnsie Wannabes*) gave me a fairly good impression of what it's like to be an umpire at an international match in Pakistan. 'Did I say bowled? The wind blew those stumps over. Not out!'. Nothing like an angry mob to change an adjudicator's mind, especially an angry pissed mob waving beer bottles and yelling 'We ar gonna fukking kill yew. Yew ar fukked up mait.'

The moral of the story is that you can get anything you want at the New York Bar and Grill if you put your mind to the job and drink ten standard drinks in your belly.

Good night Australia.

Sam Franzway

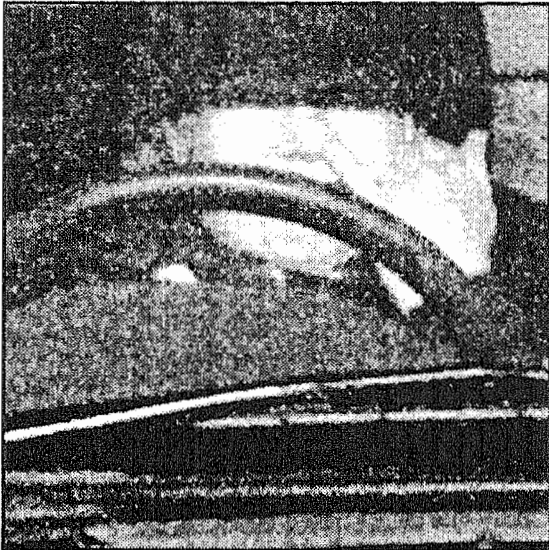
The Student Radio Space Monkey would liven up a night at the NYBG



An Injured Sumo contestant can't look away from another drunken battle

HORNY BRITS

So you're thinking about working in a British Pub, are you? Let me quote the first line of my travel diary, "Why the fuck didn't I think this through". I had just been dumped by my cheating bitch of a girlfriend and needed someone to talk to; the smiling travel agent seemed friendlier than the shoe salesman. Before I knew it I was going to the United Kingdom for eight months, only problem was



*Her Royal Highness,
Queen Elizabeth the Second.*

I didn't have any money. Pub work is the most easily accessible way to gain employment in the United Kingdom, all one needs to do is rock up at the pub, let them know that you are Australian and they will give you a job. We Aussies have a reputation of being enthusiastic and friendly, but not in the false American way. However, while I was at the travel agents I filled out the necessary forms to gain employment in a London pub with a certain "London pub company". They seemed very professional and as a novice traveller I believed this was the only way to get a pub job. The company charged me \$495 to sell me as slave labour to a pub for a period of three months. When I arrived in London my dreams of working in a picturesque tavern, surrounded by the smell of old mahogany and stale ale, serving distinguished gentlemen and engaging in lighthearted banter with locals was dashed. The reality of working in a London Pub is this: you will work harder than you ever have before in your life. I worked sixty hours from 9am to 1am with a few hours off for dinner and if you are living at the pub your earning will only ever

be around a hundred pounds a week. In London a pint of beer is around two pounds (approx. \$5.00) and a meat pie is around three pounds (approx. \$7.50). This does not leave much for travel, which is fucking expensive as well. As you might imagine, living and working at a pub, it is very tempting to follow the norm and piss your wages away. After work the governor will offer you one free drink which can lead to an all night bender, which is great for about the first two weeks, and then you have a problem. There are more Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans in London than there are English people so your 'uniqueness' will not endear you to them. Although it is hard to generalise, many customers are really racist to non Anglo-Saxons, especially once they have had a few drinks. Generally Poms have a tendency to view people behind the bar as dimwits who are only there to serve and amuse them.

They will say anything to see if they can fire you up. You will get sick of hearing "What do you know, you're just a bloody convict". If you are not a smoker and really can't stand a smoky environment then forget about working in a pub. There are no smoking regulations in the U.K. There are no effective unions either so if you've got a problem the pub landlord can tell you to leave, or worse.

So no one can tell me I have not prepared you for the bad news, but obviously there are good times as well. You meet some great people, not only fellow travellers but also locals that you would not normally talk to. Pubs are some of the great institutions of education. I met people from every walk of life: builders, painters, accountants, business people, derelicts, all enjoying a pint. Sure, you

will disagree with most of the bollocks they are talking, but it still gives an insight into the way they live their lives. As I mentioned previously, there are shitloads of Aussies in London, many of them work in pubs and clubs all around London and even dominate their management, so you get discounted or free drinks and when the Aussies get together - it's a good time. The bar I worked in at Wimbledon had been in its original position for hundreds of years and it humbles you to sit at the spot at the bar where generations of people, both significant and insignificant, have sat before you. The obvious benefits are that at least you are earning some money which, if you

save, will help you out. The accommodation is much better than what you would get in a hostel. Most pubs offer private accommodation and there is not normally a problem with access to bathroom and laundry facilities. Another benefit that may seal the deal on your choice to work in a pub is the endless opportunities for Sex. Bartenders in general get a fair amount of loving but in the U.K. people don't have time to muck around, they just want a cheeky half and

a quick shag. Seriously, the English are as randy as they are on that show "The Villa".

Working in a London pub is best described by the phrase 'Work hard, play hard'. London is awesome and must be experienced. The trick to working in a London pub is this: remember it's your trip, don't take any bullshit because the landlords will suck you dry and treat you like crap if you let them. In their experience Aussie bartenders are like POWs, there will always be an-

**Ever been anywhere interesting?
Ever been anywhere fun?
Ever been anywhere neither interesting
nor fun, but feel like writing something
about it anyway?**

*The On Dit travel section needs you.
Enquire immediately.*

other one. The best bet is to give the job two weeks; if you don't get used to it or can't handle it then leave, or you never will. For me it was cheaper to leave London and not work than to stay in London and work. There are plenty of friendly, quieter pubs in the rest of the United Kingdom if you still need the money. Get out there!

Anthony Bak



Please enjoy our stock photograph of everyday British life.

Shopping with Steve

Uni students comprise one demographic which, almost without exception, revels in the shopping experience. Having a healthy cynicism for products and their advertisements, and usually earning our money over the other side of the counter, makes us astute shoppers with a keen sense for the enjoyable retail experience. Hence shopping has become an important exercise, where spending our sparse cash on food, clothes or entertainment must be done as satisfyingly as possible.

We here at *On Dit* have been on the look out for shops which provide a different type of shopping experience. Something which doesn't end in a soy milk decaf latte at Eros, DJ's bags in hand, discussing how fabulous our new outfit is, how much easier our life will be with our \$800 Palm V. No, we're after something different; so if you've got any suggestions throughout the year for a shop which you think qualifies, drop in to the office and leave a note, or email us at: ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au.

Cosmic Pages

One afternoon I was early on my way to meeting a friend for a drink at the King's Head Hotel (don't even ask). I thought I'd spend the time wandering through Trims, but instead I was drawn to Cosmic Pages Metaphysical Bookshop, a couple of

doors down at 338-340 King William St. I am a big fan of bookstores, so I was looking forward to checking this one out.

For a city bookstore, the place is huge. It is open and uncluttered, with books and CDs lining the walls, and a few traditional bookshelves strategically placed to create subject

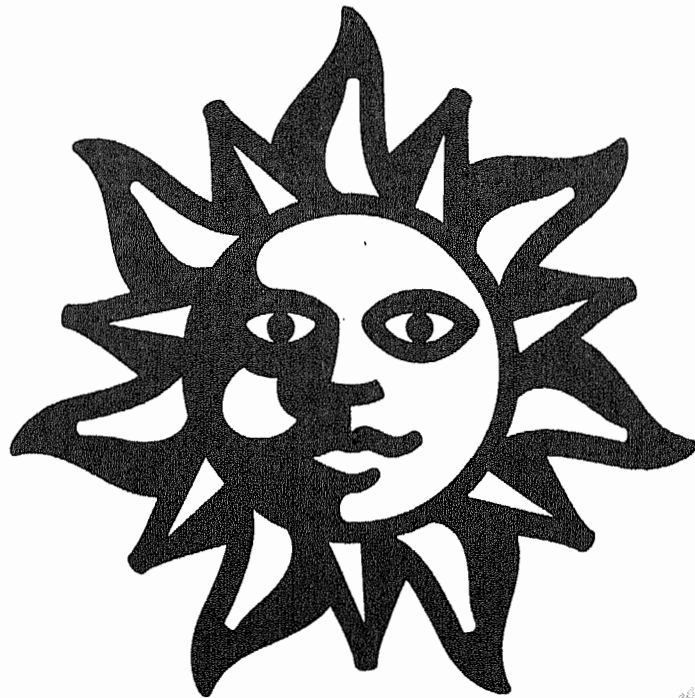
The place is so relaxing you'll lose control of your most socially embarrassing bodily functions.

To the books. There are books on just about every 'metaphysical' topic you could imagine. More traditional topics like religion, psychology, astrology, and even gender studies are combined with topics such as vibra-

topic, combined with a much larger number of books in the style of 'how to' and 'user's guide to' (insert appropriate metaphysical topic). I suppose this makes these topics more widely accessible, yet it is disappointing as in many of these areas providing such a proliferation of interpretive books must surely dilute the essence of the original texts, or worse still mould the essence into that author's interpretation of the text.

One other gripe is the comparatively enormous section on personal growth. Now don't misunderstand me, I'm all for personal growth. I've been growing for the majority of my life. But how many spin-offs of the insufferable Dr (yeah right) John Gray do we need? If *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* wasn't bad enough, the new one from him is about getting the relationship back together. Is the first book refundable? Lest I digress. This section's concentration on the more facile of self-help books threatens to drag down a bookstore which does much to introduce previously obscure literature into the mainstream. The store may be judged a little 'soft' by some for not stocking more texts and fewer interpretative books, but on the whole it does much for this often-ignored genre. Combine the books with a large selection of CDs, incense, essential oils and other gifts, and this could well be a great place to shop for someone looking for something a bit different.

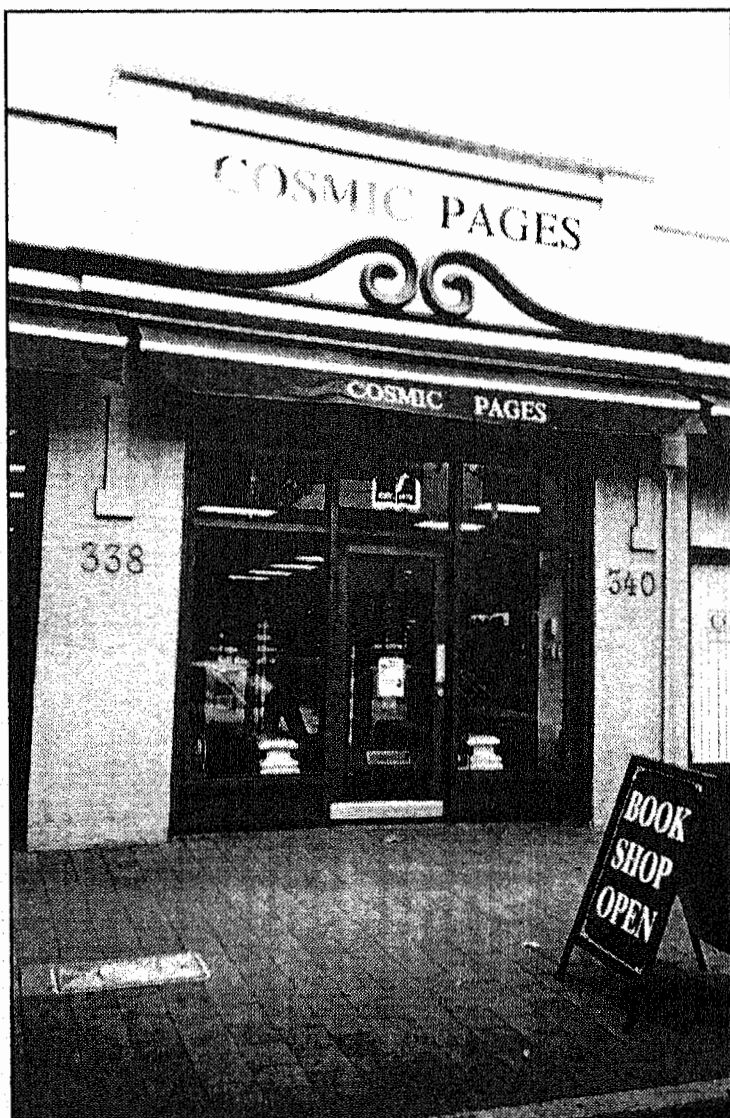
Stephen Mullighan



areas. But the overriding impression is relaxation. On the hot day I visited, it was refreshingly cool, pan pipes and synth music in the background, slow and ethereal. Comfortable chairs and couches are plentiful so you can sample the books before you buy, and there is even the slow burble of a fountain in the store.

tional healing, earth energies, the paranormal, and personal growth.

I must confess I know little of the majority of the subject areas in the store, and hence recognise very few authors. Yet the range of books in each section seem to me to follow a particular formula: each area seems to have a few defining texts on the



Your gateway to alternate dimensions of personal growth.

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

On Friday the 23rd of February there will be a screening of 'The Broken Hearts Club'. This Hollywood flick was scripted by the openly gay writer of Dawson's Creek and contains only gay characters. It's the story of a bunch of 20-ish year old boys and girls and their queer ups and downs in life. Screening at the Mercury Cinema on the corner of Hindley and Wakefield Streets, \$12 or \$9 concession. We recommend you book tickets through FEAST on 8231 2155, tickets are often sold out but may be available at the door.

ACTION

Personal political activities are a tremendously strong way of fighting homophobia. We will start the year off with a really simple action. This may sound really obvious but a lot of people still use the word 'gay' in a negative way. "That shirt looks so gay", "Don't do that, that's gay". Even gay people use the term negatively. If you do it, DON'T. Don't be afraid to tell your friends not to do it and don't laugh when someone says it.

On Dit's Internet column returns as: **Byte Me 1.0**

Internet glossary

Now, we don't want to be condescending, but not all of us are up to date with all those techno-boffin terms so here are some definitions so everyone can know what I am on about.

Frames: A web design tool that creates an area on one edge of the screen that is like a separate window to the main part of the screen.

Dial-Up: The most common way of accessing the internet, uses a modem to ring the internet service provider's computer which then sends internet data to your home computer.

Post (as in to post forms): The sending of form information to the web sites server, which then collates the information.

Server: The computer on which all web site information is stored and retrieved from.

Net Congestion: When a server is particularly busy its transfer rate drops considerably, often disconnecting users in order to reduce congestion.

Uploading: Sending information or files from your home computer to a specific server. Includes sending email attachments.

Downloading: Receiving information or files from a server on your home computer. Includes receiving email attachments

Transfer Rates: The rate at which data is transferred from one computer to the other, usually shown in Kilobits per Second (Kbps)

Hi all and welcome to *On Dit's* new internet section, where you can bone up on all the cyber news and get some assistance searching for the best sites on the net. I'm Simon, your guide on this journey through the chips 'n pieces, and I intend to focus on both fun sites and sites with awesome design. The amount of excellent web design visible on the net is unbelievably exciting, I reckon that this is where the internet has boomed - so get ready to have your mind blown!

I also plan to keep everyone up to date with the latest internet news, just little stories and gossip, y'know like that pesky Napster issue that is still unfolding. And please note that as a non-commercial student venture Byte Me is interactive! If you want to contribute, feel free to email me via the *On Dit* email address. I'm happy to receive anything from site reviews through to info on new developments and products. I'd love to hear from you, whilst you can expect to read all the latest right here every week in **BYTE ME!**

Unistudent.com.au

My first review for 2001 is directed at you popular young freshers, thus explaining the obligatory intro to student orientated sites, rather than the fun or design savvy reviews promised earlier. You guys should probably be aware of Unistudent.com now that you actually are Unistudents. Unistudent.com is the National Union of Students' (NUS) official web site, which is by definition chockers full of info for uni students and a great place to start your uni surfing whilst getting acquainted with NUS. Unistudent.com has useful sections that range from Jobs (in conjunction with Seek.com), entertainment, travel, and even housing. Unistudent.com also features articles written by students around Australia on a wide range of important issues. So if by chance you care about students, NUS's Unistudent.com is the perfect starting point for accurate and relevant info (right after you've checked out *On Dit* and Byte Me of course!). On the technical side, Unistudent.com is basic frames site, including easy navigation. The worst part of the navigation of this site is the two menus from which to choose. Navigation-wise there is one menu for items on the left of screen and another across the top, which is small and not as obvious. The other draw back of Unistudent.com is that it is, or was at the time of this review, atrociously out of date. It seems that whoever is in charge of updating it has been on an extended vacation (which is not suprising for students), causing it to slip into the ranks of one of those annoying sites that were once useful. Hopefully the arrival of the new academic year will prompt NUS to update and post new information on Unistudent.com so it can once again become an excellent resource for students on the net.

Simon Saint

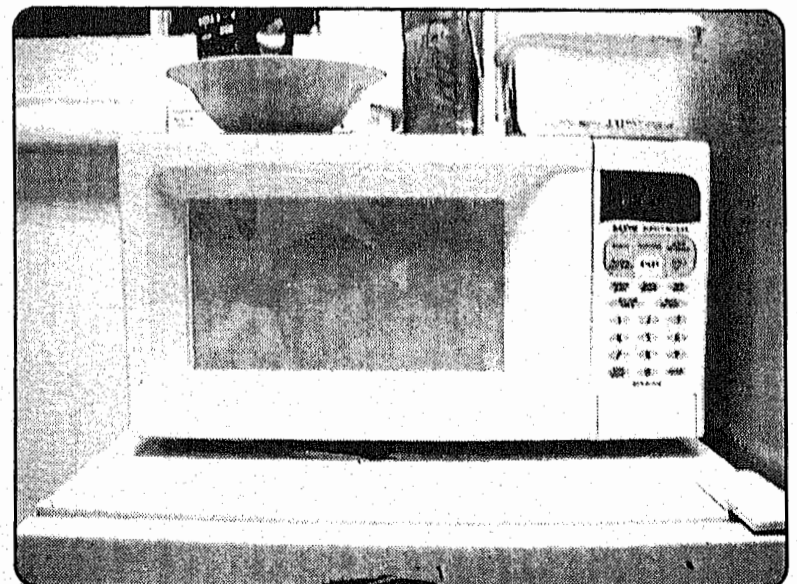
On Dit has a website. It is very basic, in fact it has even been described as 'a waste of space' and even more complimentary as 'really crap'. As you will no doubt understand we are quite proud so it would be great if you could visit it at www.saua.asn.au/ondit You could even write to us and tell us how much you think it sucks. ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au

Like to get your teeth into student activities?



POSITION VACANT: GENERAL STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE ON UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

If you think you've got the ideas, enthusiasm and commitment to enter the heady world of student activities, then apply to be the SAUA appointed member of the Union Activities Committee. Applications must be in writing to:
TOM RADZEVICIUS
Students' Association President
George Murray Building
Adelaide University SA 5005
by Monday February 26, 2001
For more information please call the President on 8303 5406



Is this thing hooked up to the internet?

Generation Teevee



Summer Teevee- Part One

Summer programming used to be a simple matter—your favourite shows went off air and new shows came on. There was a clear demarcation between the summer season and the rest of the year, and just when you got into the new shows, they disappeared never to be seen again, forgotten by the following Christmas. It was always like that episode of *The Simpsons* where Homer changes his name to Max Powers ('His name sounds good in your ear/but when you say it you mustn't fear/cause his name can be said by anyone') and everyone's sitting around the teevee waiting with anticipation for the quality mid-season viewing. At least, that's how it seemed when I was fifteen and I thought *Blossom* was funky and that guy in it was really hot.

How times have changed.

I'll admit that I haven't a clue what the fuck's going on in teeveeland these days. I turned my back for a second towards the end of the semester, and when I returned to embrace my corner-dwelling, moving-picture-box friend it was like something out of the *X-Files*. The old *X-Files*. Back when it was genuinely creepy. All of a sudden *The Simpsons* were on Tuesday nights (and then not on at all), and the high-grossing 'First Time on Television' movies were on silly nights like Monday and Tuesday, whilst on the Sunday nights I usually reserved for the Movie of the Week it was *Money Train*.

Again. Is it just me, or do they play that movie every fucking month?

It just ain't right. It's not the natural order of things.

Make Up Your Mind Already

Speaking of *The Simpsons*, what the hell is going on there? Channel 10 has shunted everybody's favourite sitcom family around from Sunday nights (remember when *The Simpsons* were an end-of-week treat?); to Wednesday nights; to Wednesday and Sunday nights; to five nights a week plus a Sunday night double; to Tuesday nights (huh????); and finally, would you believe it, to not being on at all for a brief moment there. Following this crazy patch Channel 10 appeared to have settled on Friday nights. But then came Friday and Saturday nights. And then Friday and Sunday nights—and at the time of publication? Back to five nights a week

(at 6pm, replacing the ever-dreadful *The Nanny*) and Wednesdays.

I can't deal with all this uncertainty, man.

We're Not That Stupid, Stupid

I've noticed an interesting phenomenon of late: rather than make new and exciting programmes, or even take the basics of the *old* exciting and popular programme and produce a thinly-veiled copy (like they've done with reality teevee), television stations (particularly Channel 10) just repeat stuff *ad infinitum*. And they seem to think that by giving programmes another name we won't even notice. But we do.

Take *Seinfeld*, for instance. Now, I love those crazy characters as much as the next person, and the humour is witty and original and all the rest, but there's usually a reason why folks such as Monsieur *Seinfeld* call it quits after a number of years—if you don't leave it alone you're liable to go blind. Or something.

Seinfeld is currently repeated every weeknight (Channel 10, 7pm), except for Tuesday nights for a while when it was on *again* at 9:30 for an hour under the guise of *Seinfeld: The Black Label Collection*—the same episodes you've known and loved, supposedly repackaged for adult viewing.

The repackaging was a picture of some kind of liquor bottle, ooh how naughty.

And what about our good friends *The Simpsons* (sorry to keep harping on them, but they've been much abused of late)? Over the break they started out repeated as 'Classic Simpsons', and then were repeated,

for a short while, repackaged for a 'media-savvy audience' (????) under different names such as *Bart Behaving Badly* and *Marge Simpson's World*—yet another thinly-disguised excuse to repeat *The Simpsons*.

Not only that, but *Bart Behaving Badly* is a bastardised reference to a programme which ran on the ABC (and later Channel 7 as well), namely that big and clever British comedy, *Men Behaving Badly*. The insult to this fine programme was repeated in the guise of *Pets Behaving Badly*—yet another atrocious instalment of the

Television Anagram of the Week

**Homer Simpson:
Mrs Homo Penis**

'When-Things-Go-Wrong' home movie phenomenon, where some dickhead gets paid for having stood around with a camcorder rather than, oh, I don't know, GETTING SOME FUCKING HELP FOR THE POOR BASTARD BEING MAULED BY THE BEAR...

But I digress...

Twisting the knife was the awful *Australia Behaving Badly*. For anyone lucky enough to have missed it because they *don't* have a kind of moral duty to watch even the baddest television in the name of their student newspaper, it was yet another atrocious 'Hidden Camera' gig, where the object was to present 'moral dilemmas' to unsuspecting Aussies, film their reactions, and judge them accordingly *live in the studio*.

If someone offered *me* \$60 to dump their girlfriend, not only would I *take* the money, but I would run off and spend it without performing the required duty. And if I found a wallet left in a taxi? I would hand it into the police: *after* I had emptied it of cash (unless I found a student or health care card in it). Do you know why? Because I'm an unemployed student, winter is a'comin', and I need new socks. What's more, *anyone* who is a student, or unemployed, or works in a shitty, award-wage job and has trouble paying their bills, would do exactly the same thing without batting an eyelid. Charity, my friends, is the domain of the wealthy; we aren't *all* lucky enough to have well-paid jobs presenting pathetic hidden camera programmes. Not that I'm a *complete* bitch—I've been volunteering with a charity for three years. But thank god that programme didn't last long.

Caught up in a rant I nearly forgot to mention *The Essential X-Files* as another example of repackaged goodness ('as voted by fans'). This just served to remind me how much better *The X-Files* used to be (I liked their old stuff...). Am I the only one who thought the most recent series lacked something?

Remember kiddies: Teevee makes you smarter.

Jayne Lewis.

Survivor Roundup

Oh the joy and salivation that accompanied the premiere of *Survivor 2* last Wednesday night. Not one, but two fun-filled episodes of deceit and intrigue!

Sadly, at this early stage of the contest everyone is still at that reprehensible 'let's all work together, yell C for Co-operation, what alliances?' stage. Let's get down to the nitty-gritty glory days of Richard Hatch-esque backstabbing I say!

Now I must admit I felt a tinge of pride mixed with disgust as the the outback was transformed by American Television Producing, but the dulcet tones of Jeff Probst put me at ease. He's got the right mix of charisma and dramatism that the host of 'The Mole' just couldn't grasp.

One drawback that I still haven't quite forgotten from series 1 is the annoying Americanisms. For example, why does each person feel a compulsion to say 'So and so, I love you to death, but I have to vote you off because...' at each tribal council? This is only exacerbated by the fact these everlasting friendships of iron have been built up over a meagre few days. I'd prefer if they said what they really thought, for example, 'Debb, you're a slimy wench who deserves to take a dirt nap, push off sister!'

So what of the politics thus far?

Okakor: Jerri is a snake in the grass, sowing seeds of deceit. She turned everyone against that nice Kel boy. She'll be pivotal. Colby's pride at being a Texan cowboy is either cute or annoying. Not sure yet.

Kucha: Mike's leadership is creating schisms. Rodger's age (not to mention the stupid spelling of his name) may work against him, but then Rudi lasted all too long. Kimmi needs a bullet. Debb's gone, which is a pity, because she would have created lots of glorious tension.

Let the relationships develop to fruition...

Michael Fyfe

All these Art-House Films...

Chocolat, Now Showing, Palace

Don't, under any circumstances, believe the dodgy advertising for this beautiful, intelligent film. It was obviously some twisted advertising executive who thought "hmmmm... beautiful, intelligent, hard to sell. lets pitch it as some gold flooded, soft focus high paced action adventure featuring Johnny Depp... It'll be like a cross between *Nick of Time* and *Dallas*". Well... yeah, that's all well and good if you want a dumbass audience, with all their dumbass cash and stuff.

Its a touching story of one Julliette Binoche's chocolate-based struggle against a town of colourless religious puritans. One of whom has a magnificent moustache. I'm not sure who he is, but in the movie he's some sort of baron or duke. Very dignified.

JB drags her reluctant, hallucinating progeny along with her, they attempt to light the passion within the repressed townsfolk, they get beaten like a pair of gongs and team up with other transient characters to continue the fight, such as it is. Its such a passionate, reasonable fight that it highlights the fear and hate in the superficially humble townsfolk (roused largely buy aforementioned moustacioued baron), and makes you want to hit the characters, in the best way possible.

JD has a key role and, whilst remaining in second chair, is brilliant as a husky-voiced, fuzzy-chinned hippy/malcontent-type character. In one discussion about this movie I accidentally called him Brad Pitt, thinking of *Fight Club*, and while pretty out of whack, they are not without their similarities. Pretty, husky, fuzzy. The elements are all there. Whey Hey!

It's all good. It's all brill, in fact, and whilst some have found their appetites whetted by the mounds of tooth rotting thingummies, I felt like I never wanted to eat chocolate again. Urk.

Ben Tucker



Juliette Binoche, looks kinda like Juliet Lewis

Destiny In Space Now Showing, Selected Cinemas

Ever wondered what the surface of Venus looks like? Ever dreamt of being surrounded by stars? Ever wanted to see a film filmed largely by astronauts? Been hanging out for Leonard Nimoy's latest project? Well, the new Imax film, *Destiny in Space*, lets you enjoy all this and more.

Destiny in Space is an extremely short piece, of 40 minutes duration. During this time, it manages to showcase spectacular footage of space, a shuttle take-off, everyday astronauts' lives, experiments and simulated versions of planet surfaces. The amount of time and energy expended to make this piece pales in comparison to the objects being shown. The launch of the Hubble Space Telescope and the subsequent servicing mission are amazing examples of human ingenuity in an unknown environment. The Imax experience is marvelously suited to this topic, the shots of the Earth, planets and the Universe surround the viewers, as the huge screen conveys the immense nature of the area.

The film is narrated by Leonard Nimoy, of *Star Trek* fame, who provides an excellent guide through the universe, giving a surreal, sci-fi feel to the piece. Producer Graeme Ferguson and a conglomerate of private and public interests worked together to create this film, which was first released in 1994, but has only just arrived at the Adelaide Imax. The co-ordination of this film was a huge effort, involving hundreds of people, five years and US \$10 million. The key difficulty was in designing a camera that could be attached to a German satellite and could then film

the Space Shuttle 'Discovery' from the outside, a view never seen before. Sound Designer Peter Thillaye utilised narration, sound and the music of composers Maribeth Solomon and Micky Erbe, complementing the footage perfectly with a superbly unobtrusive soundscape.

This film achieves what it sets out to do admirably. Although not normally my area of interest, I felt engaged with the piece. The American parochialism was quite irritating - be aware that size will be explained to you in American terms. For example, 'this area is the size of Connecticut' (What?!?). The advertising plastered all over the shuttle is quite bizarre! I'm not sure who they expect to meet up there, but I'm sure any intelligent beings will be fascinated to meet another life form and will be able to save time by finding out which cryogenics lab was involved, or which country built various parts of the shuttle (the fact they probably can't read English, or know anything about the Earth's geography, aside!)

If this film doesn't make you question our existence and the state of the universe, then not much else will. To start you off, consider if the universe is infinite or not. Follow that up with the possibility and ethics of populating Mars (as shown in this movie). Also consider the expenditure of time, money and energy required to create these machines and the value returned. The film is designed to generate awe for what the Human Race, particularly Americans, have achieved in space. The subtle, factual nature of the narrative allows you to consider your own ideas in relation to human efforts to expand our horizons beyond our own little, blue planet.

Bubbles

Woman On Top Now Showing, Palace/Nova Cinemas



Woman on Top is a delightfully cute, sexy, spicy, foody comedy about love and cooking.

Fresh, sensual, Brazilian beauty Isabella (Penelope Cruz) has been plagued with motion sickness since birth. To make up for it the Goddess of the Sea gave her a gift for cooking, and with her dishes on the menu, her husband's restaurant becomes a success. The only trouble is that Isabella does all the work whilst Tonino receives all the credit, and flirts with all the women. To make matters worse, Tonino's macho nature is unable to cope with Isabella's need to be in control—the only way she can prevent her motion sickness is to always drive, and *always* remain on top of things!

When Isabella finds Tonino in bed with another woman she leaves him and travels to San Francisco to visit her childhood friend Monica, a gorgeous drag queen who was stifled in her native Brazil. Missing Tonino terribly, Isabella makes an offering to the Goddess of the Sea, asking that her love for her husband die. The spell works, and Isabella becomes an overnight success with her cooking show, *Passion Food*.

Tonino, complete with a Brazilian band who follow him everywhere (providing a delightful soundtrack), chases Isabella to try and win her back. What follows is a sweet comedy where love versus the Gods, and cooking is always shared with someone to love. 3/5 Raw Steaks.

Jayne Lewis

Penelope Cruz: hot Latino beauty, and she looks nothing like J-Lo

Isn't there anything with Bruce Willis in it?

Traffic Coming Soon, Selected Cinemas

I had high expectations of *Traffic*, as it was the winner of 2 Golden Globes (Best Supporting Actor to Benicio Del Toro and Best Screenplay to Stephen Gaghan). Unfortunately I was expecting a lot more from Michael Douglas than I received. The film is a docu-drama cum thriller, meant to depict the insane situation that is the drug trade between the USA and Mexico. By examining the hypocritical situation of the USA's 'War on Drugs' policy, this film exposes the impact that drugs have across many levels of American and Mexican society. The complex, interwoven plot competently crosses the border and looks at how the drug trade affects people on both sides. The story is strung together well with various bursts of intrigue and humour keeping the audience in a state of anticipation.

The film starts with hard-nosed judge, (Michael Douglas) being promoted to Washington's Drug crackdown officer. However, his personal life is seriously disrupted when he and his wife (Amy Irving) find out that their 16-year old daughter, Caroline (Erika Christensen), is addicted to drugs. Javier (brilliantly portrayed by Benicio Del Toro), is a police officer and he and his partner Manolo (Jacob Vargas) are trying to bring down the Tijuana cartel in Mexico. Helena (a heavily pregnant Catherine Zeta-Jones) is a high society wife, whose family is disgraced by the revelation that her husband is a drug dealer. Montel Gordon (Don Cheadle) is an undercover american cop, working with his partner Ray Castro (Luiz

Guzman) to catch dealers in the USA. Through these four stories, 'Traffic' shows the complex web of the drug industry.

In a break from convention, Director Steven Soderburgh did the majority of the filming. By utilising hand-held camera he has given the film a Cinema-verite look. However, he has undermined this style through the use of filters, in order to create a gritty, realistic feel while allowing the audience to keep track of the location in which the action is taking place. This clever juxtaposition of colours and sensations allows the film to roll merrily along without constantly having to explain itself.

This movie works surprisingly well, intertwining the plots without losing the audience. However, the work of Benicio Del Toro and the Mexican action far outshines that which takes place in the USA. I felt that there was much more emotional involvement with the characters south of the border than those in America who were meant to be controlling the story. The film also brought up some relevant points about the social circumstances surrounding drug addiction and dealing. This included such themes as the examples set by parents and the depths to which despair will drive ordinarily nice people. These points could have benefited from further elaboration, however there was just too much else going on to fit them in! Overall, *Traffic* is worth checking out, but I have heard that *Requiem for a Dream* paints a far more effective picture of the despair caused by drugs.

Bubbles

Requiem for a Dream Now Showing, Palace/Nova cinemas

If you've ever pondered the notion of injecting drugs, then *Requiem for a Dream* is likely to make you rethink your options. About as subtle as a sledgehammer to the face, this film drives home the message that the price of addiction is despair and desolation. Each of the four characters in this film is searching for something to fill the empty void that they all feel inside. All of them dream of a better life, and each is forced to let go of their dream when their addiction takes over, forced into abandoned loneliness.

Sara Goldfarb's obsession with her dream of appearing on a television show leads her to a dangerous diet pill addiction, all so that she can fit into her precious red dress. Her increasing problems with speed psychosis are some of the most harrowing scenes in the film. The most pathetic part of it is that she is unable to sit still any longer to enjoy her favourite game show. Instead she paces the apartment, grinding her teeth and frantically cleaning, continually upping her dosage. Ellen Burstyn of *The Exorcist* puts in an incredible performance, having spent hours each day before filming being strapped into her fat suit.

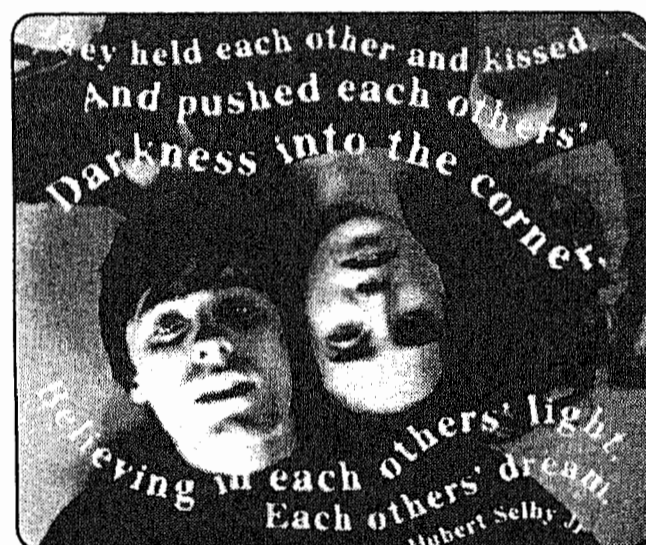
The three young people in the film also lose themselves in their addictions. Harry Goldfarb (the ever-so-scrumptious Jared Leto) is filled with dreams for the future, planning to open a clothing store with his designer girlfriend, Marion (Jennifer Connelly, also scrumptious). Harry and his buddy Tyrone (an interestingly cast Marlon Wayans) scheme to get rich quick by dealing smack. Unfortunately they end up getting high on their own supply and they spiral downwards at an ever increasing rate. Harry and Marion's love is not lost for each other, but their addictions force them apart. Their addictions replace the love that they once had for one another, and they are willing to sacrifice their all for the chance of a hit.

Requiem for a Dream is separated into three parts, Summer, Fall and Winter. In the first part, all appears to be rosy, with all the characters heading towards their goals and seeming to appear close to achieving them. In the Fall, there is an undercurrent of doubt and fear, but they all wish to ignore it. By Winter, everything is as cold and

bleak as the season suggests. Taken from the novel of the same name by Hubert Selby Jr (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*), and directed by Darren Aronofsky, this film manages to address the issue of drug use without gratuitous shots of junkies shooting up. There is much clever usage of split screen shots, sped up and slowed down scenes and montages of drug paraphernalia to suggest shooting up.

Towards the end of the film, the images of the four characters locked in the separate prisons that their addictions have created move so fast that you almost get a sensory overload. You will certainly walk out of this film feeling, like I did, like you have just been immersed in water for the last two hours and only now can you come up for air. Dive in and see this film now.

Poptart



Consider yourself a bit of a film afficianado?

Know more about Martin Scorsese than anyone else in your Film class?

Have a collection of all the National Lampoon videos?

or even if you just love films....

...maybe you should consider writing film reviews for *On Dit!*

Not only do we send you to an advance screening of a film for free, you get to tell everyone what you thought about it *and* see your name in print.

If you think you are up for the challenge then come down to the On Dit office (near the Barr Smith Lawns) and leave a note for Linda, our film sub-editor.

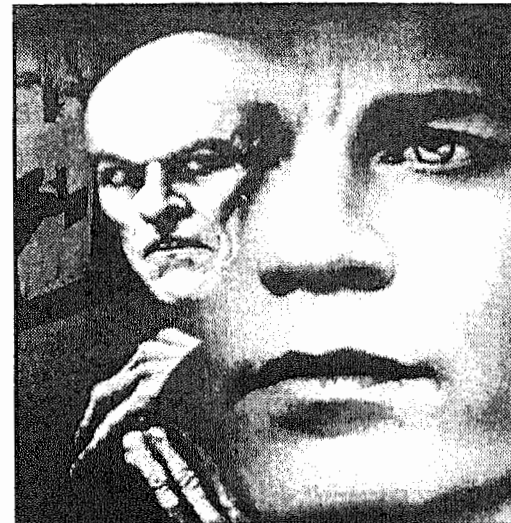
No Bruce Willis? Anthony Hopkins will have to do

Shadow of the Vampire Now showing, Trak cinema

This film bites - and not in a bad way. Not just another in a long line of blood-sucking vampire flicks, *Shadow of the Vampire* introduces a new twist in the tale. This film masquerades as a documentary, posing the interesting theory that the actor who played Count Orlock in the silent film *Nosferatu* was in actuality a bonafide creature of the night. Hired by the famous F.W. Murnau (John Malkovich), who found him while scouting for a location in the wilds of Czechoslovakia, Max Schreck agrees to act in the film in return for the neck of the lovely leading lady. Introduced to the cast and crew only in the dark and on location, Max (Willem Dafoe) is lauded as a method actor, trained under the infamous Stanislavsky himself. Things soon get out of hand, however, as Murnau learns the cardinal rule of film-making; never ask a vampire to star in your film. With the photographer somewhat drained and enroute home, the vampire sets his sights on the other members of the crew ("Do you need the writer anymore?"), while Murnau slumps into a drug-induced depression. As the final scene has yet to be filmed, Murnau is forced to accede to Max's demands and sacrifices humanity to art.

For those who, like me, are not familiar with the techniques of silent film-making, it will come as a shock that the actors were fed every aspect of their performance as the camera rolled. Murnau tells his leading man exactly what his character is thinking and feeling at any given moment and all he has to do is follow these instructions. This meant that the director was given an immense amount of control over the characterisation. The hapless leading man is played by Eddie Izzard, whose marvelous display of abysmal acting is (I hope) due to his own talent, rather than a reflection of his acting skills. John Malkovich puts in a stellar performance as Murnau, a man who is willing to sacrifice lives in order that he may obtain the perfect shot. As he says, "If it is outside of the frame, it does not exist." For Murnau, the film is life and is therefore paramount, being caught on the reel is to live forever.

Of course, of all the key players in *Shadow of the Vampire*, it is Willem Dafoe who lingers longest in the mind. Completely unrecognisable beneath the layers of latex, Dafoe manages to simultaneously menace and move the audience. His raspy, weasel-like voice and hideous, razor sharp talons are mesmerising. For those who have seen the original movie, *Nosferatu*, it is interesting to note how eerily similar the two portrayals are. One might almost imagine that the premise of the film is indeed true, and the original Max Schreck was actually a creature of the night. There are times when you even begin to feel sympathy towards this pathetic creature who will



No, this film isn't like the others. It's about real vampires, honestly.

never be able to know the light of day. Over a bottle of schnapps, Max tells the writer and producer his opinion of the book *Dracula*. He brings to light how shameful it was for *Dracula* to have to serve Harker, and how he cannot recall how to buy bread, it having been so many years since he last ate anything other than blood.

This is a vampire film for everyone to really sink their teeth into. I would urge you to get off your butt and get down to the Trak for a bloody good time. *Shadow of the Vampire* is a movie that even your granny is going to love. Any film that brings together both Malkovich and Dafoe is going to be a winner in anyone's book.

Poptart

Hannibal Coming Soon to a Megaplex somewhere, try Marion then you could see a Bruce Willis flick after.

In 1991 *Silence of the Lambs*, starring Jodie Foster as FBI agent Clarice Starling and Anthony Hopkins as genius sociopathic serial-killer Hannibal Lecter, made a bit of a splash with its graphic and disturbing scenes of cannibalism, but even more so with the extremely bizarre relationship between the two lead characters, who share a partly father/daughter and partly romantic kind of kinship despite the fact that they are the polar opposite of one another. In the end, if I can remember accurately, Clarice is receiving an award for bravery for killing deranged serial killer Buffalo Bill when Hannibal calls her up and informs her that he is still alive and has made an escape.

Obviously an ending just begging for a sequel.

Hannibal picks up ten years later when Clarice (now played by Julianne Moore) is disgraced by a botched FBI drug raid, which of course was not at all her fault. Shafted by her nasty boss Paul Krendler (Ray Liotta), she is put back on the case that made her famous, this time to question Mason Verger, Hannibal's sixth victim, who claims to have new information about Hannibal's whereabouts.

In the meantime, Hannibal is living it up in Florence, where he writes to Clarice to gloat about his freedom. On receiving the letter, surprise, surprise, she promptly resumes trying to find him.

In Florence, Hannibal also comes to the attention of Inspector Rinaldo Pazzi (Italian screen legend Giancarlo Giannini) who through their meetings and Clarice's enquires basically puts two and two together and wisely decides to catch Hannibal on his own in order to claim the extremely handsome reward offered by the U.S. government.

They both chase him, but of course it is inevitable that Hannibal and Clarice end up together again. Mason Verger and his hired cronies are using Clarice, irresistible to Hannibal, to track him down so Mason can inflict his own particularly grisly revenge. Clarice figures out the plot and goes to save him. Clarice and Hannibal can never seem to decide whether or not to kill each other, and yet their alliance is stronger than ever.

The much hyped violence in *Hannibal* is effective because it is so tastefully gratuitous. The class (for want of a better word) of Hannibal's particular brand of serial killing is probably why this film was so controversially given an MA rating instead of the R that *Silence of the Lambs* received. And for the record, it also has a magnificent and haunting soundtrack. But, quite frankly, this is not a film for the faint of heart, so if you respond badly to gore, don't even attempt it. But if you too had a shudder running down your spine after you had just finished watching *Silence of the Lambs*, you will regret it if you miss *Hannibal*.

Penny

Melissa's Seven Favourite Woody Allen Films

Mighty Aphrodite
Annie Hall (I know, I know)
Everyone Says I Love You
Manhattan Murder Mystery
Deconstruction Harry
Hannah and her Sisters
Play it Again, Sam

Penny's Top Seven Movie Men

Bruce Willis
Dennis Quaid
Kevin Costner
Chuck Norris
Rob Schneider
Bill Murray
Luke Perry (for his 45 second appearance in *The Fifth Element*)

Linley's Top Seven Films with Denise Richards

Starship Troopers
Wild Things
Lookin' Italian
The World is not Enough
Drop Dead Gorgeous
Has she even been in seven films?
God she's hot.

No, Damn it, I'll go check the video store

House on Haunted Hill
1999, directed by William Malone
Geoffrey Rush, Famke Janssen
Hollywood Pictures Home Video

House on Haunted Hill marks the return of horror director William Malone, after a fourteen-year 'rest'. Malone's previous films include *Scared to Death* and *Creature* - also known as *The Titan Find* - and his latest outing, *House on Haunted Hill*, is a remake of the 1951 frightfest directed by William Castle. Unfortunately, like too many remakes of late, *House on Haunted Hill* is soulless dreck which offers none of the gimmicky fun of the original.

To celebrate his wife Evelyn's (Famke Janssen) birthday, multi-millionaire amusement park entrepreneur Stephen Price (Geoffrey Rush) invites four strangers to spend one night in a spooky house. If they live through the night, he informs them, they will each be paid the sum of one million dollars. The house in question was formerly the Vannacutt Psychiatric Institute for the Criminally Insane, presided over by the twisted Doctor Richard Benjamin Vannacutt (Jeffrey Combs). Vannacutt did some pretty hideous things to his patients before a fire destroyed the institute and all within on October 11, 1931. The ghosts of Vannacutt and his ill-used patients still haunt the house, and it is these apparitions that the four strangers must face in their quest to survive until the dawn.

House on Haunted Hill is very uninspired stuff but Geoffrey Rush has campy fun as Price - his name doubtless a nod to Vincent Price, who

starred in the original and similarly hammed it up. The four strangers are not particularly likeable or interesting characters, but they do have a certain connection to the house which becomes apparent in the film's tedious final reel.

In terms of its imagery, *House on Haunted Hill* borrows from Adrian Lyne's vastly superior hallucinatory thriller *Jacob's Ladder* and Marilyn Manson's *The Beautiful People* music video. Speaking of Manson, his cover version of the Eurythmics' *Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)* features twice on the soundtrack, so the news is not all bad. The opening credits sequence recalls those brilliantly unsettling Tool videos, and the eyeless apparition - designed by special makeup effects whiz Dick Smith - is reminiscent of the terrifying creature which emerges from the discarded television set in Apex Twin's *Come To Daddy* clip.

There are one or two rather amusing lines in *House on Haunted Hill*. Early on, Lisa Loeb, who appears in a brief cameo as a Channel 3 reporter, asks Price whether the call he just took on his mobile phone pertained to business or pleasure. 'Neither,' rejoins Price, 'my wife'. Famke Janssen offers one of the film's better performances, as Price's sulky, raven-haired wife Evelyn - a reference to the horror movie *The Night Evelyn Came Out of the Grave?* And she gets around in a wonderfully stylish dress of red and black.

Do yourself a favor and rent the Castle-directed original, if you can find it, because it is far better than this uneven mess.

James Trevelyan

28 Days
2000, directed by Betty Thomas
Sandra Bullock, Viggo Mortensen
Steve Buscemi, Domenic West
Elizabeth Perkins
Columbia Tristar

Starring Sandra Bullock, *28 Days* aims to tiptoe around the touchy subject of substance abuse by making it kind of funny and reasonably 'lighthearted'. Bullock plays Gwen Cummings, a 'social drinker and drug taker' whose last cocktail of drugs and booze got her into a fair bit of trouble with her straight-laced older sister, the law and the American equivalent to a garden gnome. Sentenced to 28 days in a rehabilitation clinic or jail time, she chooses the rehab.

Here, she meets a crazy, kooky bunch of people (reminiscent of Jack Nicholson's clan in the late, great *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*), and tries to battle with her addiction, and her past. Her boyfriend (played by Domenic West) brings her champagne

and drugs during visiting hours; her roommate, Andrea, (Azura Skye... Can we say deed poll?) is a 17-year-old heroin addict who's been in and out of rehab for years, and all the other group members hate her.

Throughout the film, we get to see flashbacks of Gwen's childhood but never really get a sense of connection or understanding of Bullock's character. The movie itself is shallow and throughout the film one gets a feeling that there's something lacking. By the end of it, you'll feel like beating Bullock's boyfriend over the head with something heavy. This is no *Trainspotting*; it's more of a *While You Were Sleeping* meets *The Brady Bunch* on acid. It gets a bit sad. Hell, in some parts it even gets a kind of 'chortle funny' (look out for the plant scene somewhere near the end). Unfortunately, it just doesn't get good, and most of the time borders on mediocre. And long... very wrong.

Bottom line: You'd be better off renting 'Speed'... again.

Leila Hallak

GRATNOST

THE GRATUITOUS NOSTALGIA COLUMN

Scarecrow

1973 Dir: Jerry Schatzberg
Al Pacino, Gene Hackman

Warner Bros.

Unforgettable and moving, *Scarecrow* takes us into the lives of two drifters. Both distinct, they form a momentous friendship and embark on a journey that will change their lives forever.

Frances (Al Pacino) is a whimsical and unpredictable man who is traveling to Detroit to visit the son he has never seen. Max (Gene Hackman) is an aggressive ex-con who has a dream of setting up a car wash business in Pittsburgh. These two fellows meet on a highway, both hitchhiking to their destinations. Max has little money, but immense dreams; and Frances is determined to see his child and patch up his differences with his wife. Max asks Frances to be partners in his car wash business.

Frances tells Max a story about scarecrows. He believes that when crows encounter a scarecrow they laugh at it and are not actually scared.

Frances tells Max, 'If you can make people laugh they won't bother you. People cannot stay mad at you if you make them laugh.' Max doesn't



believe this theory because he is cold-blooded and does not trust anybody. He doesn't take nonsense from anyone and eventually leads the two into jail after a scuffle at a bar. After being released from the joint, Max and Frances continue their journey and, while in another bar, come across more annoyance. Max first begins to react with his fists, but shows Frances that he can make people laugh and can be a scarecrow. Frances and Max continue on their journey.

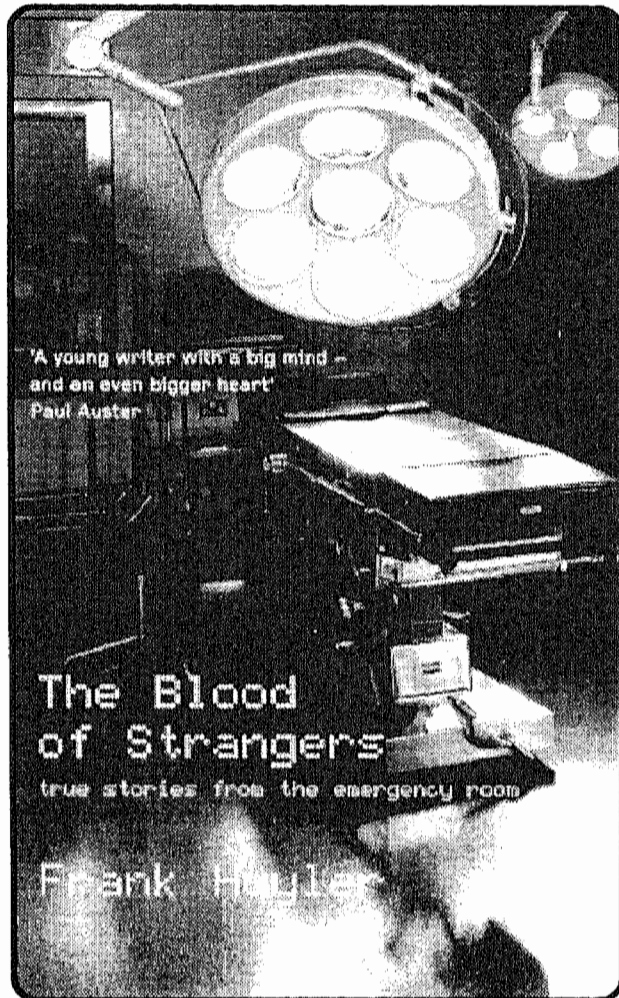
To capture the full effect of this clever film, I have not said anymore about the storyline because it would spoil the ending. This film deals with complex and genuine characters that only Al Pacino and Gene Hackman could play. As the film progresses we learn about the characters and how little they have in their lives. The friendship is developed gradually and as the movie unwinds they form a bond; ultimately they need each other. Frances teaches Max how to laugh and not be so enraged and unmannerly to people. Max soon discovers he is not the hard nut he thought he was. This is Al Pacino's fourth feature film and he shows the audience his depth, courage and charisma in the role of Frances. Gene Hackman, who I think is

a fine actor, is faultless as the hard-to-know Max. This is a unique and glorious movie, mostly due to the ending and the proficient actors who portray these witty characters.

Matthew Herfurth

Only for the brave...and literate

The Blood of Strangers: True Stories from the Emergency Room
Frank Huyler Fourth Estate



I'm sure that nearly everyone has noticed the large number of medical dramas on TV at the moment – *All Saints*, *ER*, *Chicago Hope*, and that new one, *Gideon's Crossing*. Who knows what the attraction is: the chance to witness struggles of life and death, personal identification with the patients or doctors, George Clooney in those sexy hospital scrubs...

Whatever the reasons, these shows have been pretty successful. *The Blood of Strangers* was published on the back of this success, attempting to recreate TV medical drama in book form.

For the most part, it worked. *The Blood of Strangers* is composed of 28 vignettes, based on the author's experiences as an emergency physician in New Mexico, USA. These stories are both compelling and entertaining, resulting from a careful combination of solid writing and real-life experience. Firstly, the writing is clear, and moves along a good pace. Although simple, the imagery is sharp and conveys its message well. Secondly, the author's use of his own experiences gives his stories credibility. Huyler's inclusions of his own feelings and reactions towards certain events allows us to identify with him.

Some stories explore complex moral issues. 'The Unknown Assailant' recalls how the author saved the life of a cold-blooded murderer. 'Speaking in Tongues' is based on Huyler's impressions of Ruth, a neurosurgeon who would

have black coffee and two lines of coke for breakfast before going into surgery.

Other stories are just plain disgusting. In 'The Secret', a car accident victim in a coma is found to have maggots eating away the inside of his mouth. Nurses entice them out by dangling a piece of bacon down the patient's throat.

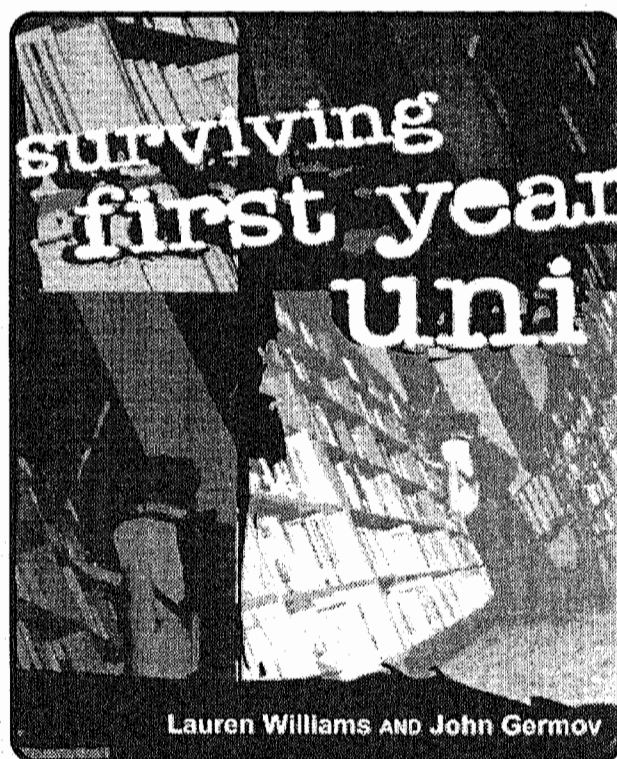
Although similar in content, *The Blood of Strangers* and its TV counterparts have certain differences. Firstly, most medical drama episodes have a semi-definite conclusion – that is, the audience is left with a reasonable idea about what the future holds for the patient in question. In a few of the stories, however, Huyler heaves the reader hanging. On a couple of occasions I couldn't decide if there was no conclusion to be reached, or if I had simply misunderstood what the author was trying to tell me. This was a bit disappointing.

The second difference is drama. In *The Blood of Strangers*, you won't be unsettled by loud, fast-paced music and annoying doctors screaming 'stat' after every second word. To me, this is an obvious advantage.

The third difference is, of course, George Clooney. In this book, he's nowhere to be found. I'll let you decide about that one...

Emily Heidrich

Surviving First Year Uni
Lauren Williams and John Germov Allen & Unwin



When I first picked up *Surviving First Year Uni*, I thought I knew exactly what it would be like. I was imagining something like a cross between the study success pamphlets in the Careers Room at school, those self-improvement tapes in the library, and the sweet but frankly irrelevant bits of 'help' my parents keep offering me about uni life, as it was, 20 years ago. You'll be glad to hear that I was surprised, and in a good way too!

This book does actually look like it might be useful, and I fully intend to look back on it during the year when parts of it become relevant to what's going on at uni. The book is easy to read, because it's broken down into clearly-labelled chapters. These cover everything from day-to-day uni life, to finding what you need fast on the web, to how to best cope with group work assignments. This means that you don't have to read it from cover to cover, but can quickly get some hints in a particular area, which is great if you're short on time.

Being written in an informal, chatty style, the book generally makes for light reading, although it can at times seem pretty condescending. It's sprinkled with 'tips' from recent students, giving their own solutions to common problems for first-year students. The book covers skills most of us didn't really need to bother about much at school, like effective note-taking and various methods of referencing our work, as well as good old time-management skills. It also gives hints for what markers tend to look for when it comes to both written work and oral presentations.

Lists of major journal databases and virtual libraries are included, plus a reading list to help you to find more in-depth information on topics covered in the book. As a first-year student in 2001, only time will tell how much this book will actually help me. However, I think I'll take the risk and say that I'm confident I'll be better off for having read it!

Felicity Sims

Just try it once...

There's no need to be afraid. There has to be a first time for everything, and it doesn't matter if you aren't comfortable with it right away. C'mon, try it. Please. It will bring us so much closer together. You know you want to...

So you may be new to doing literature reviews. But that doesn't mean you won't enjoy them, if you'll just give them a go. Take a free book, read it and write what you think about it. Otherwise you may never know what you're missing out on. Contact Emily, Literature Sub-Editor, by coming down to the *On Dit* Office, calling 8303 5404, or emailing us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au. You'll like it. You really will.

It's play time...

Third World Blues By David Williamson

State Theatre Company
TXU Playhouse
Wed-Sat 8pm from 15th Feb
to 8th March
Sunsets 19,20,26,27 Feb @ 6:30pm
Sat Matinees 17, 24 Feb,
3 March @ 2pm
Wed Matinee 28 Feb @ 11am

Blues & Bombshells

Opening a black comedy to the melodic strains of The Chipmunks? Strangest thing being, this sums up *Third World Blues* rather succinctly. That's not to say a trio of high-pitched, cross-dressing rodents share centre stage, but rather that this is a production based upon contradiction and conflict.

Set in Melbourne, 1972, a period of change and turbulence, nothing seems to be in the

right place in *Third World Blues*. By acclaimed playwright David Williamson

(*The Removalists*, *Emerald City*, *Dead White Males*, lots more - this is one of Australia's Living National Treasures-phwar) this bears his distinctively Australian flavour and cynicism. War-weary Graham returns from Vietnam to find his place taken by his wife's lover, Neville (of all the names). They

a r e
s o o n

joined by the pregnant wife Neville abandoned, then Graham's wife and her hideous overalls. Just to mess it all up even more, Graham's army buddy arrives with his kidnapped baby and some serious issues. Jerry Springer would have loved it.

Williamson's caustic wit creates a brutally honest dark comedy that not only

highlights the political turmoil of the 70's, but also the harsh reality of Viet-

nam and the consequences of the war for the returned soldiers. The sheer pretentiousness and ignorance of the critics of

Vietnam in this production is sharply at odds with the simple straightforward axioms of the soldiers. Justin Moore is outstanding in the lead role of Graham and he is supported by

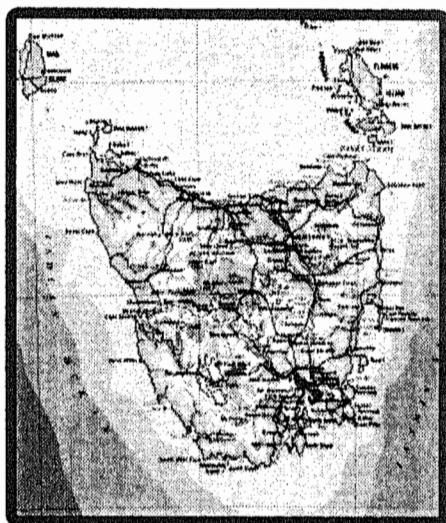
what is mostly a strong cast. However, Steve Greig seems almost uncomfortable in his role as Neville, overacting and reducing his character to even more of a caricature than necessary. Since Neville does exist solely as the object of audience hatred Greig's contempt for his role is understandable, but does he have to make it so obvious?

Still, this is a solid and beautifully constructed production. Who would have thought that a domestic could be so enjoyable?

By D-Yin Lin



'You're spitting on me again...'



Dear Everybody,

Do you get as excited as I do when the curtain comes up and those gallant young thespians strut their stuff under the Proscenium arch? Then why not try your hand at a spot of reviewing? Anyone interested in reviewing for Theatre in 2001 can come down to the *On Dit* office in O'Week, or anytime else for that matter. Leave your contact details and favourite things to see in my pigeon hole, and I'll do my best to hook you up with something.

Raw Comedy 2001 is coming up soon, so anyone particularly interested in interviewing participants or reviewing gigs would most welcome to. Who knows, maybe some particularly fanatical comedy fans will make the sojourn to Melbourne for the Festival...

Love Mikey (Theatre Sub-Editor)

Unrelated Classified

Speaking of the Earth, if anyone fancies themselves a player of the computer game Risk, (a much more sophisticated and advanced version of the board game on one of our beloved Macs), head down to the office and challenge us to a game. We have many a young conqueror waiting to sink their teeth into the continents of others. Beginners need not apply...well, unless you really want to...

Mikey

Apocalypse Now

Millennial Dreams of England

Apocalypse: Beauty and horror in contemporary art

Darren Almond, Maurizio Cattelan, Jake and Dinos Chapman, Chris Cunningham, Angus Fairhurst, Mike Kelley, Jeff Koons, Mariko Mori, Tim Noble and Sue Webster, Richard Prince, Gregor Schneider, Wolfgang Tillmans and Luc Tuymans.

At the perceived end of the millennium the Royal Academy has brought together an extraordinarily disparate group of artists under the aegis of *Apocalypse: Beauty and horror in contemporary art* (Sept.23-Dec.15, 2000). Well, of course-what better time for it?

The website (<http://www.royalacademy.org.uk/www.htm>) offers an explanation of the exhibition's theme:

Apocalypse is a story of extremes. This exhibition is a contemporary, secular interpretation of the biblical story of St John the Divine which contains elements ranging from the horrors of genocide to the beauties of Utopia.

This may have been a good idea, even a noble ambition, but I would question the wisdom of the Royal Academy undertaking such a venture, especially when there are a dozen galleries in London better equipped to curate and deliver such a show. All the same *Apocalypse* makes for a challenging and worthwhile - if brief and a little uneven - survey of the state of contemporary art.

At the first the visitor is confronted with Richard Prince's enormous 'joke' canvases. Prince is an integral part of that peculiarly twentieth century tradition of destroying any trace of distinction between art and folly. Standing twelve feet high, and already elevated above the viewer by virtue of their position atop the grand staircase, Prince's canvases surround the entrance of the exhibition in a camp parody of the supremacy of Art among the human endeavours. Mottled backgrounds with stencilled slogans and tawdry jokes ("I took my wife to a wife swapping party. I had to throw in some cash.") make a parody of the idea of the joke. Prince's work is about superficiality, both in art and in everyday life. Of all the artist's featured in *Apocalypse* (along with Jeff Koons) Prince's social critique is the most penetrating.

Chris Cunningham's video installation *flex* is another of the high points of the exhibition. One of the few artists actually producing worthwhile projects in the field of installation art, Cunningham's concerns lay in the relationships between humans and machines, and other humans. The theme of *flex* is violence, of violation and retribution. His imagery owes as much to Sam Peckinpah as to Bruce Nauman, as the artist manages to convey a kind of essential beauty through his interpretation of the violent exchanges offered on screen.

Perhaps the most controversial installation in an exhibition engineered to create controversy is Maurizio Cattelan's *La nona ora* (*The Ninth Hour*). The image of the Pope struck down by a meteorite has caused

a few ruffled feathers, especially among religious folk, but the artist - like Dogma writer/director Kevin Smith - is himself a devout Catholic exploring his faith through the medium of art.

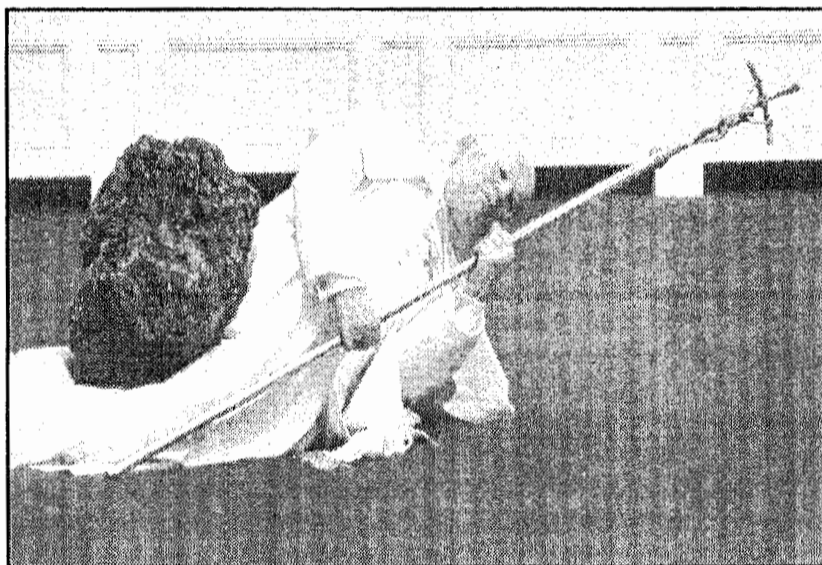
At once the most compelling installation, and the most appropriate given the exhibition's dystopian theme, is Darren Almond's *Bus Stop*, reconstructions of the bus shelters outside the Holocaust Memorial at Oświęcim, Poland. Visiting the former concentration camp, Almond arrived an hour before opening, and took refuge under one of the bus shelters. He was struck by the sense of pathos that these everyday facilities had taken on by their proximity to the camp. The artist obtained permission from the town council to remove the original bus shelters for exhibition elsewhere in Europe if he would replace them with functioning replicas. The replicas on display still convey the senses of both horror of and social complacency to the Nazi atrocities.

On the whole *Apocalypse* is a good exhibition containing moments of sheer brilliance, but I was left with the sense that the success of the exhibition fell more to luck than design.

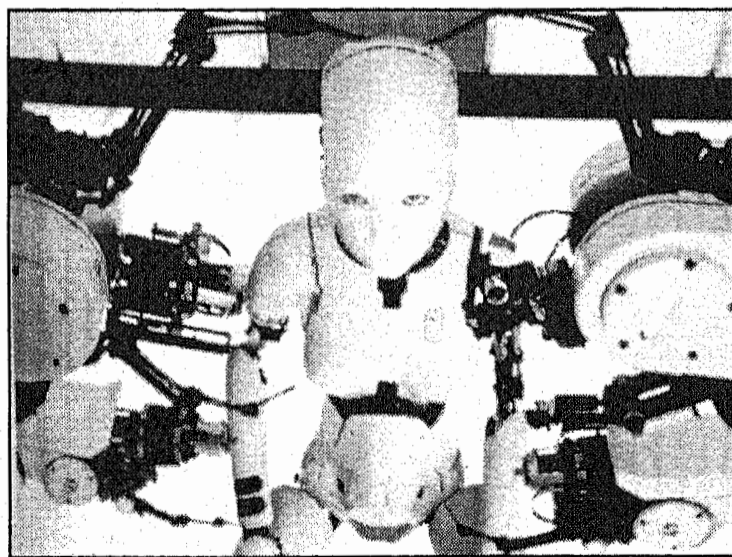
Jonathon Dyer



Richard Price, *Untitled*, 1990



Maurizio Cattelan, *La Nona Ora (The Ninth Hour)*, 1999



Chris Cunningham/Bjork, still from Bjork: *'All is Full of Love'*, 1999

Henri Cartier-Bresson

Tête à Tête

Portraits by Henri Cartier - Bresson

Art Gallery of South Australia

19 January - 11 March

Henri Cartier-Bresson is one of the greatest photographers of all time, and this exhibition thoroughly emphasises his influence as the master of portrait photography. *Tête à Tête* embraces more than sixty years of the artist's work, during which he has succeeded in capturing the most delicate yet penetrating portraits of leading figures of the twentieth century. Each picture, whether of a famous individual, friend or family member, is a perfectly intimate shot which captures the intensity of the subject in a relaxed, tête à tête pose.

Cartier-Bresson is the ultimate photographic journalist. He has the advantage of two characteristics that make him remarkable. He is able to seize the perfect moment on film, and he has the ability to frame it brilliantly, in camera. The final image has skilful composition, yet also retains that interesting edge which attracted Cartier-Bresson to pho-

tograph it in the first place. *Eunuch of the Last Chinese Imperial Dynasty* (China, 1948), *Warsaw ghetto* (Poland, 1931) and *Madurai* (India, 1950), are all fine examples of his expertise. The latter contains the striking juxtaposition of the wheel of civilisation, and the poverty of a disadvantaged youth. Cartier-Bresson's composition in camera is truly extraordinary. Each of his photographs is printed full frame, and the artist does not allow his images to be cropped or selectively enlarged in any way.

Wandering through the exhibition, the viewer is enchanted by portraits of Cartier-Bresson's family members. The portrait of the photographer's daughter, Melanie is one of the finest in the exhibition. These personal photographs are infrequent, but those which have been included have a sense of delicate sentimentality which sets them apart from the portraits of the global elite.

Henri Cartier-Bresson has indeed photographed the world's foremost men and women. From Igor Stravinsky and Carl Jung to Marilyn Monroe, Ezra Pound, and Cecil Beaton, and the romance of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Cartier-Bresson has photographed the most prominent intellectuals, artists, and leaders of our time. Perhaps the most outstanding is that of Albert Camus (Paris 1947). It is indeed, a timeless portrait of the 1957 Nobel Peace Prize winner.

This is the first portrait retrospective of Henri Cartier-Bresson to be shown in this country. It was originally assembled to celebrate Cartier-Bresson's 90th birthday, in 1998. Commemorating more than sixty years of the most admired photographer's work, this exhibition is not to be missed.

Jen

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART, BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE...

Whether you are an experienced connoisseur of all things arty, or if you simply know what you like and what you hate, then we urge you to contribute to the arts section of *On Dit*. NO WRITING EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY! Just come down to the friendly *On Dit* office and fill out an application form, or email Jenny at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au. We'd love to send you to exhibition openings and interviews with artists, in exchange for your opinions!

The HelpmannAcademy has moved!

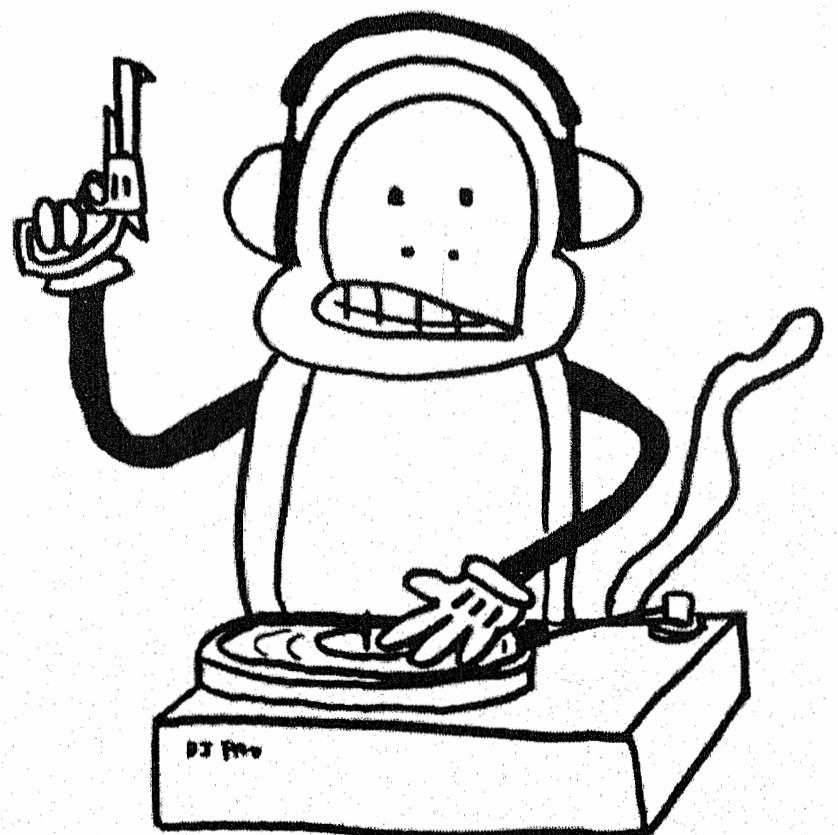
These are the new details:

HelpmannAcademy
2nd Level, Roma Mitchell Arts Education
Centre
39 Light Square
Adelaide, SA 5000

Postal Address:
PO Box 8037, Station Arcade,
Adelaide, SA 5000

Telephone: (08) 8463 5013
Fax: (08) 8463 5016
Web: <http://helpmann.artelaide.com.au>

DOODLE OF THE WEEK



Frenzal Rhomb

Frenzal Rhomb have been at the forefront of Australian rock/punk for many years, touring extensively and playing at almost every festival on offer; they need no introduction. The boys are heading our way for the Adelaide Uni O'Ball as well as embarking upon national and international tours. *On Dit* had a chance the chat to guitarist Lindsay about the new album *Shut Your Mouth*, beer, elevator music and nudity.

Given early FR music was exceptionally raw, aggressive and unrelenting, and that later singles such as 'War' indicate a refinement and progression of styles, how would Lindsay describe the new album? "A rock'n'roll rollercoaster of highest highs and dirtiest lows". A look at the sleeve reveals song titles like 'Everything's Fucked' and 'Nothing's Wrong', and his description starts to make sense. "Everything's Fucked" is about Jason's ill health and the state of the world, whereas 'Nothings Wrong' is a song about denial, of denying the fact that everything is actually fucked, saying to yourself 'I'm fine'. I guess what we're trying to say here is that everything is fucked but don't worry cos there's nothing wrong with us!"

Lindsay describes the recording process for *Shut your mouth* as quite quick and painless. "We just all write songs with lyrics and bring them into the studio, then everyone says 'nah, that's shit' so we stuff around with them until we get something we like." Given FR started out on an independent label and (somewhat reluctantly) signed to a major, I was interested to know just how much say the record company has in the final product. "They can say we don't want to put out this album, it's absolute rubbish, but that's about all they say we give them. They do give us heaps of free beer though...every time we enter their offices we open the fridge and just take". And guess which beer is 'the Frenzals' all time favourite? Coopers Pale, sounds a little suss to me, but he did sound sincere, in which case, cheers.

After commenting that the recent AC/DC show was "the best rock'n'roll show ever", a query about Lindsay's own personal music tastes reveals "...acid jazz, fusion, light classical. I like the stuff you hear in elevators, in hospitals", fair enough. In fact, several FR b-sides are experiments in these styles; imagine



'Punch in the Face' playing to the same tune as the hold music on your phone, interesting.

After a recent appearance of FR at Muses on Rundle Mall where the band actively encouraged people to come in the nude, Lindsay offers us this personal insight, "If everyone is naked and this is what we'd eventually like to achieve at a gig, through their embarrassment, eve-

ryone is unified and there arises a sense of camaraderie like no other", so bring it on.

Frenzal Rhomb plays O'Ball 2001 on the main stage in the Cloisters from 10:30pm onwards.

Adelaide Uni O'Ball - Clothes Optional.

Mike P.

Testeagles

2000 was a big year for the Testeagles. Their first album distributed on a major label, three singles lifted from the album, national success, a *JJJ Live at the Wireless* recording and tours with the likes of Sunk Loto. And then it all stopped. Or so it seemed. It's been pretty quiet in the Testeagles camp for the past few months, something drummer Ady is quick to admit. 'We had some time off....doing some odd shows here and there including Livid and Homebake and a few other club shows. We also played on Rush TV.' You start to realise how popular the Testeagles really are when they have been playing the likes of Livid and Homebake in their 'time off'. This time off is about to be interrupted yet again with a headline slot on this year's O'Ball. The last time they decided to grace the O'Ball with their presence the band left the stage memorably. 'We smashed up all our gear the last O'Ball we played,' explains Ady. 'I don't think we'll be doing anything like that at this year's O'Ball!' Coming from Adelaide the band have a special fondness for Adelaide University shows. 'One of our favourite places to play has been Adelaide

Uni. I think it's the crowds we like too. I'm not sure how many of them are Uni students though.' Whether they're Uni students or not, the crowds at the shows I've seen the Testeagles play are always energetic and very supportive. Ady hints at some surprises in this year's O'Ball setlist, 'We haven't really worked that (the setlist) out yet but there's a good chance you will hear some new songs.'

The Testeagles have certainly progressed markedly when it comes to songwriting. This was apparent on *Non-Comprehendus*. However, this doesn't seem to be a conscious thing. 'I don't think we have ever had a particular "direction" in mind. We just like to do what comes naturally.' I try to probe Ady for information on the next album. 'We still have a whole bunch of songs that didn't make it on the (previous) album. At the time we labelled them as "next album songs" and now the time has come to do the next album we have a whole bunch of new stuff that we need to choose

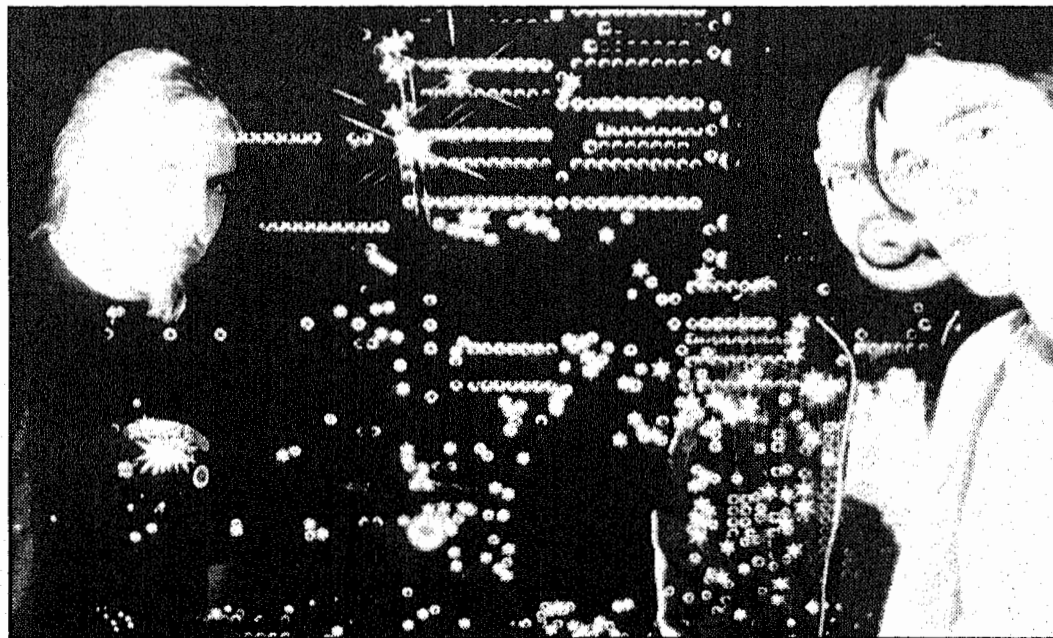
from.' As for recording some older material? 'Nah, I don't think so. If anything I'd say it would be a B-side or something'.

2000's *Non-Comprehendus* turned out to be a major hit nationally making the Top Ten (which is no mean feat for an Australian band). Most bands would be happy just to bask in such new found success, but the Testeagles already have ideas for their next release. 'We're writing new stuff and playin' around with some new ideas. We have been spending some time in the studio.' But what about the question on every Testeagles fans lips? A new album? 'I wouldn't say

we are "Recording our next Album" yet though.' So it looks like we'll have to wait a little longer for another full-length release. So, how do you top off your most successful year to date? Ady is quick to respond, 'At the Adelaide Le Mans race. I saw INXS play for the first time in about 8 years. It was awesome. I felt like I had taken a ride in a time machine! Lots of memories. A great way to say goodbye to a millennium.'

The Testeagles play O'Ball 2001 on the main stage in the Cloisters from 7:35pm to 8:35pm.

Jorm



Pensive. Very pensive.

Seraph's Coal

"For my money, Seraph's have a little too much to say. It's fair enough to express one's views, but nearly every song had some sort of philosophical explanation and tunes such as 'Dead Works' were too steeped in Christian ideology for my tastes." Or so said a reviewer in local street press late last year. While strong anti-Christian lyrical messages are still fashionable, Christian messages are seen as unacceptable.

"I don't get offended by that kind of stuff," says Dan Jones, vocalist and drummer for punk outfit Seraph's Coal. "We've generally been really well received. I almost expected stuff like that from day one, and I'm actually really surprised that hasn't happened. Music is about expression. If you can't express your own ideas..." he shrugs.

Rather than being an impediment to them, Seraph's strong opinions have allowed them to straddle both the punk and the hardcore markets. Few bands can boast supports with pop punk bands like Blink 182, as well as hardcore bands like 59 Times the Pain and Mindsnare. The hardcore scene, traditionally associated with voicing

strong opinions, has been very supportive of Seraph's Coal.

"A lot of our songs are quite political," explains Jones. "There's politics in there, there's a fair bit of angst in there, most of the songs are written out of personal experiences, struggles and internal conflict. I try to write honest and I try to make it as real as I can. Because I feel God is a real part of my life, I sing about that as well.

"I don't set out to write preachy lyrics or anything like that. I don't write in that vein at all. Since day one, I think a lot of hardcore bands have really respected what we've done. Even back in the days of Keeth - one of the most nihilistic bands on the planet - they invited us to play with them several times and really admired what we were doing."

Last August, Seraph's Coal released their second EP *Operation Save the Humans* on local independent label Strategy Records. Already sold out of the first pressing, the band can add their EP to their growing list of achievements including their international supports, playing the main stage of the Warped Tour in 1999, and headlining the



Essential Stage of the 2000 Big Day Out.

"I think a lot of the shows we play end up being my favourite," says Jones. "We really hype up for it - put everything into it. I always try and make myself pass out drumming. I've always wanted to - I've got close! I just give it everything, just put on a good show."

And describing the line-up as "punk as hell", Jones is looking forward to the possibility of this year's O'Ball also being one of their favourite shows.

"The line-up is rad," he enthuses. "Killchoir, Thinktank, 99s... It will make life really easy because the majority of the people there will know who we are and have a good time. It will be fun in that regard. Looks like a promising O'Ball this year."

Seraph's Coal plays O'Ball 2001 on the main stage in the Cloisters from 4:35pm-5:15pm.

Dionysus

The Killchoir Project

Things have been moving pretty fast for local boys The Killchoir Project. After having their first gig in April last year, they've already generated a huge local following, had international supports with bands like No Fun At All and 59 Time the Pain, and are set to play this year's O'Ball.

While he agrees that it is uncommon for a band to be so well respected so early in their career, drummer Jared attributes it to the band's unique style of punk-hardcore-emo-metal.

"It's just a style that I don't know if many bands have attempted in Adelaide before," he suggests. "I think it's just something people haven't heard before so they're keen to hear it. It's been really good for us because we've been able to play lots of shows and get good exposure through it."

Encompassing several different styles in their music has allowed Killchoir to play metal shows just as easily as punk shows. Not only does the band emphasise the musical diversity of the members but

considers their personal beliefs equally important. Citing beliefs such as veganism, straight edge, buddhism and atheism as important to different members of the band, it is difficult to categorise Killchoir as a 'type' of band.

"It just shows that we're all really different people," Jared explains. "The band doesn't hold any collective viewpoints as such. Everyone has their own beliefs, but it's cool because we all get along really well and respect each other's opinions and beliefs. It just creates diversity in the band. You've got a lot more material to write about."

Last month The Killchoir Project made their first interstate trip to play three shows in Melbourne and Geelong. This year they have plans for some fairly intensive touring, playing Melbourne every two or three months, and travelling to Sydney at

least a couple of times.

Besides touring interstate, Killchoir are also looking forward to some international supports at home. In March, along with Adelaide hardcore bands Embodiment 12:14 and Day of Contempt, Killchoir will play the Adelaide support for American band One King Down.

"I think a lot of people are really excited [about the tour], purely because of the fact that most true hardcore bands are only small," Jared explains. "They're big on an Australian level, but on an international level they're not very big and people who listen to their music are fooled into thinking that they're much bigger than they are..."

"It's much harder for these bands to come out because they don't have big touring budgets from their labels. But it's really cool because it shows that Australia is getting recognised on the worldwide hardcore scene, which is definitely a step forward because Australia's got one of the best scenes in the world."

The Killchoir Project hope to record a five track EP in May or June this year.

The Killchoir Project plays O'Ball 2001 on the Unibar stage from 5:10pm to 5:40pm.

Dionysus



Albums of Summer

On Dit doesn't come out over the Summer months, except for a little bit at the end of February. That means that your musical tastes have been left unguided for far too long. Fear not! Here, we bring you a summary of late 2000/early 2001 musical releases to help you get back into the musical sunshine.

Blur

The Best Of
Food, EMI

Blur. One of the world's most misunderstood bands and much more deserving of credit outside Britain than...ahem...Oasis. Virtually all of their well-known songs are included, spanning their career all the way from 'She's So High' to the interestingly catchy 'Music Is My Radar'. Some glaring omissions include 'Chemical World' (Yes yes), 'Sunday Sunday' and the energetic 'Popszene'. So diverse are Blur that there's something here for everybody, from light-hearted pop to emotional, almost depressing, ballads. Not much for fans, but a great place to start for the uninitiated.

Jorm

Glassjaw

Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Silence
Roadrunner, Sony

Another Ross Robinson-produced hard rock band. However, Glassjaw seem to offer more. Often the music and vocals are frantic and indecipherable but every now and then it changes into an uplifting, sung chorus. The best example of what they have to offer is 'Siberian Kiss'. Their ability to do this sets them apart from the usual formula. Loud guitars and energetic music. Expect to hear of these young lads in the near future.

Jorm

Lenny Kravitz

Greatest Hits
Virgin

Greatest Hits showcases the highlights of Lenny's career, and unlike a lot of best ofs, has an equal range of early material and later stuff. Stuff like 'Are You Gonna Go My Way', 'Fly Away' and 'American Woman' will be familiar to the younger listener, but it's the older stuff like the sensational 'Let Love Rule' and the Lenny's amazing collaboration with Slash on 'Always On The Run' that make this album worth getting. There is one new song, the mellow 'Again', to make it worth your while. Sensational stuff!

Lukey

The Living End

Roll On
EMI

Almost two years after their sensational self-titled debut, *Roll On* has already spawned two successful singles, 'Pictures In The Mirror' and 'Roll On', and has been backed up with plenty of touring, including sessions at the Adelaide Le Mans race and with AC/DC. With classic songs like the heavy rocking 'Carry Me Home' and 'Don't Shut The Gate', the funky 'Read About It', and the pub sing-a-long 'Uncle Harry', *Roll On* is definitely one of the best releases of the summer.

Lukey

Magic Dirt

What Are Rock Stars Doing Today
Warner

'Dirty Jeans'. A song about longing for that ordinary yet special someone, 'Dirty Jeans' is a beautifully understated yet provoking track which indicates that Magic Dirt are unafraid to take the piss just a little. I love a band who can demonstrate a sense of humor, and who don't take themselves too seriously. I mean, haven't we all checked someone out on public transport? The rest of the album is varied and versatile, and a whole lotta good—though nothing else can hold the charm of 'Dirty Jeans'.

Jayne Lewis

Nine Inch Nails

Things Falling Apart
Nothing, Interscope

As the follow-up release to the brilliant *The Fragile*, this album could prove frustrating for some. *Things Falling Apart* is one of Reznor's anticipated remix albums which, although it will be popular with NIN fans, is quite flat. This is to be expected of an album full of remixes, to some extent. Reconstruction of tracks such as, 'The Wretched', 'The Frail', 'Into The Void' and three versions of 'Starfuckers Inc.', make up the bulk of *Things Falling Apart*. The most refreshing track, 'Metal' is a Gary Numan cover which provides an interesting alternative to the various remixes.

Jen

OPM

Menace to Sobriety
Warner

By now most of you would have heard the funky 'Heaven is a Half-Pipe' by OPM. While those parts of the album that are yet to be released as singles (ie. all but that song) aren't quite as infectious, there is a certain feel to the album that makes you want to listen to it. The changes in style are marked and frequent. Ranging from ska to hip-hop to the brinks of pop, this album keeps you on your toes and gives you an appreciation of a variety of musical tastes.

Mark Henderson

Rage Against The Machine

Renegades
Epic, Sony

It's almost fitting that Rage Against The Machine (as we know it) release an album of covers; songs that inspired and drove them into producing some of the most innovative and original music the 90s saw. Their influence is all around. These days it seems that every second band is trying to be like them. But the truth is, there is only one. The covers on this album range from rock to hard rock, from hip-hop to funk. 'Maggie's Farm' (a Dylan cover) being the standout track. A great idea, a great legacy.

Jorm

The Tea Party

Tangents
EMI

The Tea Party are arguably one of the best and most versatile bands of the modern era. Using all sorts of unusual instruments, they have kept audiences captivated for years with their superb musicianship and Jeff Martin's fabulous voice, and now they've just released a greatest hits collection, titled *Tangents*. This album captures the Tea Party at their best throughout their career, with classics like 'Temptation', 'Sister Awake', and 'Fire in the Head', remixes of 'Save Me' and 'The River', as well as unreleased tracks, including a sensational cover of the Stones' 'Paint It Black'.

Lukey

Spandau Ballet

Gold (The Best of)
EMI

Ah, the 80s. Who could forget how good (and how bad) they really were. Spandau Ballet: you either love them, or hate them. This collection is a great summary of their career including all of their 'hits' (and even some that could be considered 'misses'). A boy band (if you will) of the 80s...but with real instruments. If you've ever wanted the tear-jerking "True" or inspiring 'Gold' in a high quality format, now is your chance.

Jorm

Strait Up (A Tribute to James Lynn Strait)

Immortal, Virgin

'Who?' I hear you say. Little-known in Australia, James Lynn Strait was the vocalist for up-and-coming US band Snot. With only one album under their belt, a throng of loyal fans and respect from the leading names in hard rock the band came to a tragic end when the Strait was killed in a car accident. The remaining band members have hooked up with some of hard rock's best vocalists (taking Strait's place) to record new material. Corey (Slipknot), Lajon (Sevendust), Max (Soulfly), Fred (Limp Bizkit), Brandon (Incubus) and Jon (Korn) all guest.

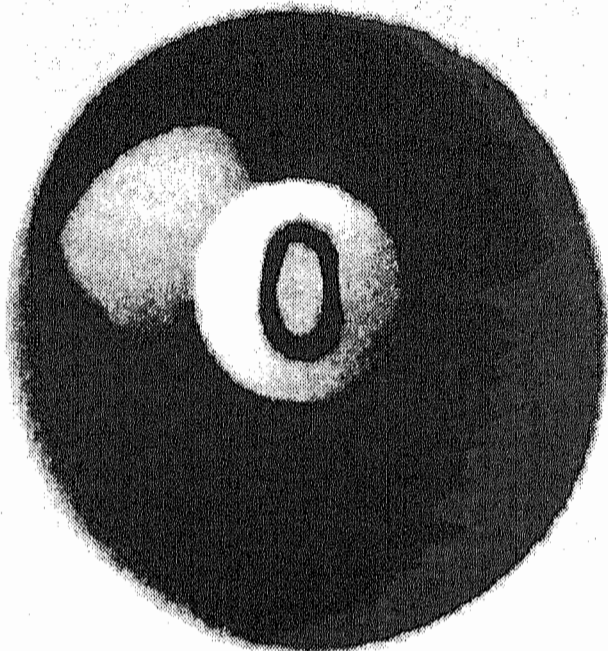
Jorm

Want "Free" CDs?

Well, all you have to do is come down to the *On Dit* office in O'Week and fill in our music reviewers details/information form. Each week we will hold "Music Meetings" in which latest release CDs are given away in exchange for a short review. This is great if you a) love music (I am the Music Sub-Editor's complete lack of surprise) and/or b) have been dying to see your name in lights (well...in a newspaper anyway). We also encourage reviewers to conduct interviews and review live shows. Also, whether you want to be a reviewer or not, any music-related submissions or ideas will be appreciated, eg. "My Top 5", Music Website of the Week, etc.

So, as Ian Turpy's mate used to say... "Come on down!"

unirecords

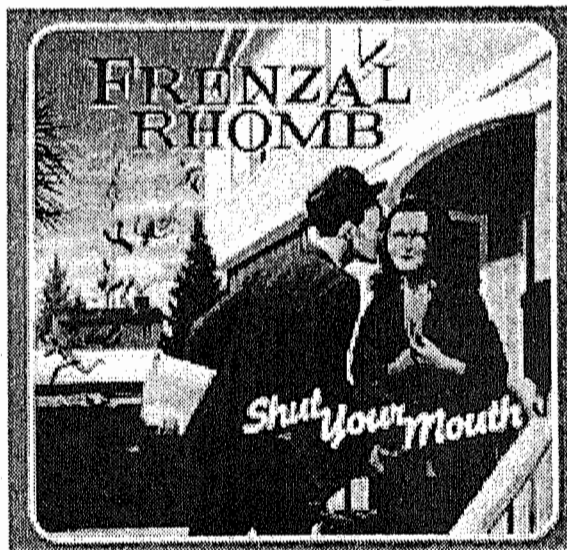


frenzal rhomb

shut your mouth

special price - \$22

+ free 40 min ear gougers video



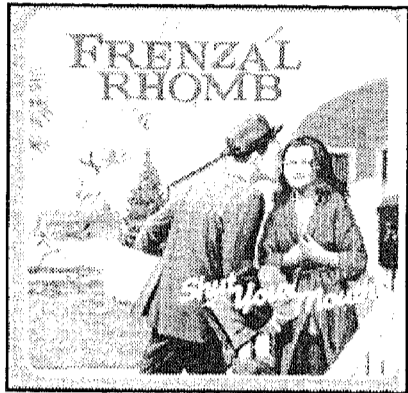
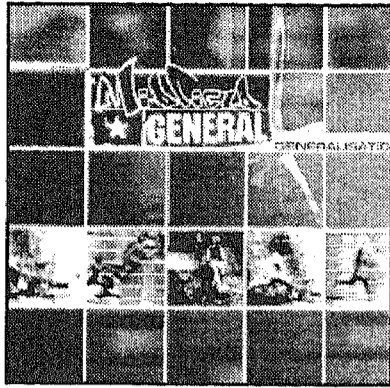
sunk loto - **big picture lies** &
mudvayne-ld50 also available for \$22
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ph 8212 8177

CD



Reviews

Frenzal Rhomb *Shut Your Mouth* Sony Music

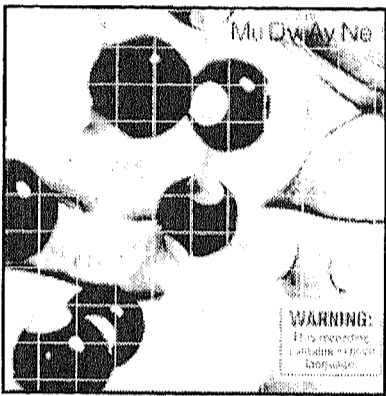
From the opening lines of 'Everything's Fucked', the unmistakable speed and aggression of Frenzal Rhomb is apparent. This continues into 'Runaway', a fast and catchy pop/punk beauty. A few songs into this CD and it's obvious that this is Frenzal Rhomb and no one else, love'em or hate'em they have stayed true to their style over the years, sure there have been subtle changes but nothing dramatic.

For those who have heard and been somewhat discouraged by recent softer sounding single's 'War' and 'Had Enough', don't worry, this album has enough to keep the long term FR fan interested. The obscene lyrics are still there, delivered, as always, in that no-frills fashion and the drumming and guitar work is fast and furious. However, not every song fits that description; this album sees a much greater percentage of slower, more structured songs than earlier FR work.

'My Girlfriend's a Man' is a highlight, if not for its catchy chorus, then for its oh so interesting lyrics. The last track 'Don't Let the Bastards Keep You Down' is reminiscent of mid-nineties FR and is my pick of the album.

In all it does seem as though the guys are toning it down a little (to appeal to a younger audience?). I mean, from the 'Dick Sandwich' EP in '94, featuring 'offensive' penile artwork on the cover to nowadays writing their song titles as 'I Love F***** Up', it seems their desire for offending is being slowly subdued by their desire to get their music across - and there's nothing wrong with that.

I've always thought of FR as a particularly awesome band live and that is why their turn to the slower, ballad-like songs turns me off somewhat.



Mudvayne *L.D. 50* No Name/Epic, Sony

Derivative. That's the best word to describe Mudvayne. Not that there's anything wrong with that but it's just that there's nothing really original about this release. From the musical style to the over-the-top make-up. Put simply, Mudvayne's music is a combination of Korn and a less frantic Slipknot. The vocals are reminiscent of Phil Anselmo (Pantera) with a touch of Corey from Slipknot and, at times, Jon Davis from Korn. This name-dropping exercise may sound fairly impressive but the final result isn't as good as it sounds. 'Dig', getting some radio and TV time, is indicative of Mudvayne's style. If you're looking for energetic, in-your-face precision Mudvayne may just be for you. A solid major label debut album but hopefully they'll stop wearing their influences on their sleeves.



Midfield General *Generalisation* Skint Records

Generalisation is a fairly blah collection of electronic tracks which for the most part display very little in original thought, nor does it demonstrate much acumen within the genre.

In short, it's fairly crap.

The one interesting exception is 'Midfielding', a heartwarming tale of one man's crusade to raise the world's appreciation of England's mammals—by gathering together a renegade collection of badass fuzzy-beasts to go and kick the arses of those poncy crocodiles and lions who think they're soooooo good 'cause they're always on the telly. A tale of triumph, in the creation of a trojan-shrew covered in Kit Kat wrappers, and woe as the furry army realizes just how big the average lion is.

As for the rest: file under 'waste of space'.

Jayne Lewis



Jess Klein *Draw Them Near* Slow River/Rykodisc

Jess Klein's second album, *Draw Them Near*, is an accomplished, polished, and supremely listenable set from a singer/songwriter whose well-earned reputation in North America has yet to filter down to the Antipodes. From the very first track Klein draws the listener in to her world, a place where clouds talk to each other and a song can heal a broken heart. Sounds like a place we could all afford to spend a little time in.

Klein is a truly original talent, and like all truly original talents, she wears her influences on her sleeve. Hailing from the same folk-rock tradition as Chrissy McVee, Ricky Lee Jones, Lucinda Williams and Suzanne Vega, Klein's songs run toward the bluesier end of the scale. Tracks like "Love is Where You Find It" and "I Sure Would" owe more to Etta James than Joni Mitchell, while songs like "Little White Dove" and "Cloud Song" could have been written by T-Bone Burnett.



Lambchop *Nixon* Spunk

Some bands wear their colours like a badge of honour. Popular, sellable - in a word, predictable. I'm thinking U2 here, or maybe REM since *Monster* (oops, did I offend someone?), but you can fill in the blanks for yourself.

Then there are other outfits that are less obvious. They zag when everyone else is zigging. Prince, David Bowie (pre-1989), David Byrne, Tom Waits... you get the idea. Lambchop fall squarely into the latter territory (Who?)

Anyone who saw Joe Pernice's solo gig at the Grace Emily last year would already be familiar with Lambchop's work. Pernice was supported by a tall, lantern-jawed red-neck-truck-jockey looking singer/songwriter going by the name of Kurt Wagner. Wagner is the driving force behind Lambchop. He audaciously used backing tapes of crickets chirping and industrial noise to flesh out his spare, melodic songs, many of which I was gratified to find on *Nixon*, Lambchop's latest offering.

How do you describe the inimitable sound of Lambchop? 'Unorthodox' is a good starting point. There's something vaguely familiar about Lambchop's music. If you heat up dynamite and 'sweat' it you will produce a most unstable substance called nitro-glycerine; if you sweated down all the songs co-written by Burt Bacherach and Carole Bayer-Sager you might get something like *Nixon*.

In comparison to the band's earlier work, *Nixon* is a departure. Quiet, reserved, leaning toward the introspective, it is a journey into both Wagner's slacker psyche and hereto uncharted pop territory. It's like Kurt's been channeling the unquiet soul of Serge Gainsbourg. Think Nat King Cole with more guitars and a whole lot of irony; think Elvis Costello if he collaborated with Frankie Avalon. Better still, just give *Nixon* a listen and see where it takes you.

Jonathon Dyer

Singles

A Perfect Circle

3 Libras

Virgin, EMI Music

'3 Libras' is a brooding, emotional song that builds to a crescendo with Maynard James Keenan's vocals being nothing short of breathtaking. Wonderful live versions of the title track, 'Magdalena' and 'Judith' make this single a must for fans. Sadly, the remix is awful.

Jorm

Rammstein

Asche Zu Asche

Universal

To coincide with the Big Day Outs, Rammstein released a six-track EP of their straight-faced German industrial metal hilarity. The majority of the tracks are live versions from Rammstein's latest album *Live Aus Berlin* (including a great rendition of *Seinsucht's* 'Engel', plus several tracks from their first album *Herzeleid*). Fans of the band will probably have all these songs already, but it is a good introduction to newer converts, even if it is weighed more heavily towards Rammstein's earlier material.

Dionysus

Arkarna

Skin

Warner

'Skin' is a slick and funky fusion of classic and modern pop. An almost irritatingly catchy tune, Arkarna's latest release embraces shades of early Prince and the Chemical Brothers. However, the undisputed highlight of this single is the resurrection of 1997's hit 'Eat Me', as a B-side.

Jen

The Living End

Roll On (Single)

EMI

An anthemic melodic pop/punk song complete with mass shouted chorus. Of greater interest a cover of U2's 'Sunday Bloody Sunday' and the Lennon/McCartney-penned 'I've Just Seen A Face'. Good value for money.

Jorm

Placebo

Special K

Virgin, EMI Music

A catchy, but repetitive song. The best part about this single are the B-sides; a cover of Robert Palmer's 'Johnny & Mary' and for those that liked 'Slave To The Wage' there's the video, the radio edit and a remix by I Can't Believe It's Not Rock!

Jorm



Want to go to
the **2001**
O' BALL
for
FREE ?

Well, the first three people to come down to the *On Dit* office at 1:30pm on O'Week Wednesday with a copy of *On Dit* in their hands and a smile on their face will each receive one complimentary ticket. Oh, we may also want to see your best Michael Jackson impersonation if it's a close call. How easy is that? Don't be early, don't be late!



Album of the Week

Ace of Base
Happy Nation

Released to great acclaim somewhere in 1996, Happy Nation enjoyed a brief place in the light before being more or less forgotten. Forgotten, that is, except in the hearts and minds of those in whom the intricate melodies and deeply-felt lyrics really touched something. 'All that she wants', 'I saw the sign' and 'It's a beautiful life' managed to evoke a peculiarly Scandinavian sense of depth - something of the Midnight Sun lives in every word, something of the long midwinter night lurks in the background of every soaring melody. I'm a citizen of this happy nation.

Clubs and Classifieds

AUSFA

Annual General Meeting
Friday March 19th in the W.P.
Rogers Room 1.00pm. AGM will
be followed by a Special Surprise
Video Screening. Or failing that,
a goat will be sacrificed.
BYO goat.
Any Queries to Ross at
offler@senet.com.au or
0417 838 827

Adelaide University Film Society

The primary activity of the FilmSoc is, you guessed it, to show films. These are shown every Thursday night throughout the academic year, free for members - full-year membership is only \$5. Films are usually followed by impromptu social happenings to which all members are invited. Each term films are selected at a social event, with free food and drink, held at the end of the previous term where all members are welcome to come and spruik for that favourite or famously obscure film. In addition, we enjoy profitable relationships with a number of cinemas who invite us to free pre-release screenings for reviewing. Reviews are printed in the club's newsletter, Reelbuzz. There is also an email discussion list to which any member can contribute their opinions, thoughts, etc. Besides our main Thursday night events, we hold occasional video days, and numerous other social events throughout the year, including very cheap (yet orgiastic) weekends away at the beach or in the hills.

If you want to see great films every week of term all year for free, see that film that never gets shown, learn how to project, see free previews and write reviews, meet cool, interesting people, and be part of one of AU's largest and

most active clubs, join the Film Society at the table during O'Week or at any of the Thursday films.

Oh, and if you come to the AGM, not only will you be able to be part of the elite ruling body of AU's socially dominant organization, you also get free alcohol and stand to win one of two classy prizes displayed on the O'Week table.

The AU Skindiving Club's Inc AGM will be held Thursday 8th March from 6:30pm in the WP Rogers room (level 5, behind the UniBar). All financial members are encouraged to attend. Pre-AGM drinks will be served in the UniBar from 6pm.

Members will be able to nominate for the following positions on the night:

President
Vice President
Treasurer
Secretary
Newsletter Editor
Boating Officer
Equipment Officer
Two (2) General Committee Positions.

New members are encouraged to nominate for a position on the Committee.

TAFE Luncheon

Leader in restorative justice processes, Terry O'Connell OAM, will be speaking at a lunchtime seminar at the Adelaide Institute of TAFE on Friday 23rd of February.

For further information call:
8207 8223

Netball Coaches and Umpires Wanted for B and C grade teams in Metro-Leagur Winter Competition.

Positions are well paid. If interested please phone Carolyn Martin:
8297 7294 after hours.
Adelaide Uni Netball Club.

GIRLS... WANT TO EARN SOME CASH

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

\$100 HONORARIUM WILL BE PAID ON COMPLETION

If you are interested please contact the Exercise Physiology Research Unit:
Leanne Roberts
Medical School South,
Room S334 (8 303 4569)

For Sale: Double Bed ensemble. Very good condition, \$70 o.n.o. Email nelfredericks@hotmail.com

FUNDAMENTALS TO FLY
Contact Improvisation Workshop
'The art of moving and being moved'

An exciting duet form, riding the physical laws of Newton
** 10th and 11th of March, 2001
** 10am - 5 pm

Madley Dance Space, Adelaide University, Kintore Ave
Cost \$120.00

Early bird book and pay available until February 28th of \$100.00
For Further details or booking contact:

Ausdance 8303 3833 or Helen Omand 0402 457 073

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.

moving sale: near new Q/S wooden slate bed+bed head & brand new mattress \$400, new Qualcast electric mower \$50, 6 place wooden dinning 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.

Going Home Sale, Ashford Furniture, TV (Colour, 14"), Westinghouse fridge, microwave, coffee table, kitchenware, Queen-size bed, all at negotiable prices. Call 8297 8811.



Bye bye!
See you next
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The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide presents

O-BALL 2001

FRENZAL
 RHOMB,
 BODYJAR,
 TESTEAGLES,
 SKULKER,
 99 REASONS WHY,
 LOUISVILLE SLUGGERS,
 SERAPH'S COAL, RESHEADS,
 THINKTANK, SIXFT HICK, DAY OF
 CONTEMPT, STR, KILLCHOIR PROJECT,
 DAMN PESKY KIDS, FEZ PEREZ, THE SEEN.

Adelaide Uni students **\$22** (incl. GST).
 Others **\$25** (incl. GST).

Tickets on sale at SAUA office; also available from Venuetix and
 CIB outlets (plus booking fee).

SATURDAY
 24TH FEB 2001
 ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
 UNION COMPLEX
 Doors open at 3.00 pm
 All ages
 (bring ID for Alcohol).

