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Can Of Beans



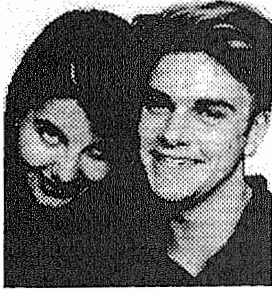
On Dit Prosh Edition April 94
Give us yer milk money

PROSH '94
IS
BROUGHT
TO YOU BY

The logo for Coopers Brewery is enclosed in a thick black rectangular border. The word "COOPERS" is written in a large, bold, black serif font with a white outline. Below it, the word "BREWERY" is written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font with wide letter spacing.

COOPERS
B R E W E R Y

G'Day



PROSH Week (actually it's officially three days) is back with a vengeance - bigger, brighter and better than ever. Everyone you ask has a Prosh story, a famous prank of what 'they used to do'. We'd like to think that Prosh doesn't just lie in the past, but has a prosperous future ahead. The challenge has been given to University students - to resurrect the traditional days of PROSH.

There were days when (we're told) you would drive through the city of Adelaide and witness Uni students running rampant through the streets. City roundabouts were filled with students in black tie, celebrating the traditional Prosh breakfast. Cars were floated down the Torrens to be winched up and welded to the underside of the King William Street Bridge and the Barr Smith Lawns would resemble anything from a grave site to a golf course (depending on your level of creativity!).

This year three *huge* days are planned and there's no avoiding PROSH, so come

and get it before it gets you!! There is something for everyone to be involved in (or at least to watch and laugh at) so join in as much as possible and spend a few hours contributing your time, money and enjoyment to a worthwhile cause. Look out for the posters up all over campus advertising events that could make you a star.

This year our beneficiary is **Streetlink** - a service for homeless and needy youth, provided by the Adelaide Central Mission. If you are interested in knowing more about this service, representatives from this organisation will be around at various times during the week or feel free to approach us (or any helpers) with your questions.

Oh - one more thing, don't expect to be able to go to any lectures, tutorials or practicals for these days - well at least not for the Friday (the official Prosh Day).

So please read on and consider the next few pages as an informative guide to the events of PROSH, but also as a warning as to what to expect. We hope you make it.

Cathy Fitch and Matt Deaner
1994 Prosh Directors

P.S: The first ten people to see both Prosh Directors and say the magic words "pulp mill effluents" shall be awarded prizes including limo rides, dinner vouchers and other surprise giveaways.

The Credits

Can of Beans is the Prosh edition of *On Dit*. The opinions expressed herein (are there any?) are not necessarily those of the Editors, who may not necessarily have an opinion on anything anyway.

Head honchos:

David Mills
Tim Gow
Lorien Kaye

Best on ground:

Adam LeNevez, Mike Hepburn, Nikki Anderson, Dave Sag, Florian Minzlaff, Michael Osborne, Michael Nelson, Anthony Chambers, Marian Clarkin, Cathy Fitch, Matt Deaner, Mike Wait, Maddie Shaw, Jo'Anna Finlay & George Safe.

True Legends

We have many people to thank for helping to make Prosh happen, but to avoid making it sound like the Academy awards we'll keep it brief...

THANKYOU TO:

The SAUA staff, office bearers and committee members
The Union staff

(especially the stewards)

David, Lorien and Tim for doing the Rag (the talk of the town) All the Prosh Helpers (a bunch of greats?)

Haroon

Christian & Carl

Marian (you're a *real* legend for covering just about everything all at once, all

the time)

....and to everyone who helped us to rekindle the flame of PROSH by encouraging us and supporting our efforts.

BOTTOMS UP!

Stunt Competition

OK. So this is what Prosh is world famous for and we're keen to ensure that 1994 is a memorable year of pranks and hi-jinks that tops the stunts of yesteryear. Whether you're keen to put 'FOR SALE' signs on every University building, serenade your Anatomy lecturer mid-lecture or plant 4000 tulips in the Barr Smith Lawns, it's all great so long as it raises money for STREETLINK (Prosh Charity for 1994) and at the same time doesn't end you up in gaol. If you're short on ideas we've a list of past stunts below so feel free to run with a 'Golden Oldie'. To claim the huge prizes awaiting the winners of our stunt competition you must adhere to the following rules.

The Rules

1. Stunts will be awarded points on the basis of the following criteria

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| i) Novelty | 1000(max) |
| ii) Media Attention | 1000(max) |
| iii) Comic Value | 1000(max) |

In addition, 20 Points will be allocated for every dollar raised through donations during the stunt. That means that stunts should look towards raising money for STREETLINK (either in the form of ransoms or donations from the crowd gathered to watch your spectacle).

Collection tins will be available from the SAUA office during Prosh to be lent out to all Prosh collectors. Prosh Rags will also be available from the office for volunteers to collect and 'sell' to the public at the time of their stunt.

2. The timing and location of each stunt should be forwarded to the Prosh Directors prior to the stunt being performed so that a competition judge can witness the proceedings and allow it to be considered for prizes.

3. The SAUA and Prosh Organisers will take no responsibility for you if you end up in gaol or with a heavy fine! We suggest that the more risky your stunt is, the more careful you should be and when in doubt ask for permission from any relevant people. You'll be surprised at the number of people who will agree to let you do silly things when a worthwhile charity such as STREETLINK is to benefit.

4. The decision of the judges is final, conclusive, determinative and no correspondence will be entered into.

Keep your eyes out for stunts all week. We've been trying to keep things under wraps but some of the rumours may be true!

Prosh: a zany history

These are Prosh highlights from years past:

- The creation of an 18-hole golf course on the Barr Smith Lawns.
- The inclusion of a five foot phallus in a 'sixties Prosh parade which created much embarrassment to passers-by.
- The letting off of smoke bombs in Rundle Street during rush hour.
- The painting of three foot yellow footsteps from the Vice-Chancellor's residence through a car park, up the east wall of the conservatorium and up the tower.
- The hoisting of a Jolly Roger flag on the tower of Bonython Hall.
- The "borrowing" of a fire engine in 1987 Prosh.
- The creation of a graveyard on the Barr Smith Lawns with real stolen headstones.
- The placing of a nude female dummy on top of the Elder Conservatorium spire in 1952.



Streetlink

Obviously the most important part of all of Prosh is the Charity that benefits from Prosh activities. This year the charity is the Adelaide Central Mission's Streetlink project. Streetlink provides services for disadvantaged and homeless young people in Adelaide including counselling, health information and advocacy. We will hear and see lots from Streetlink during Prosh Week giving us the chance to learn a lot about the work done for the needy youth



of our city.

We are keen to ensure that Streetlink, and our opportunity to raise funds to sustain its services, remain the focus for all Prosh activity. Therefore as you're sculling your beer in a boat race or terrorising the public in a prank, spare a thought for the real reason behind the beer, music and fun! More information is available about this service either in the SAUA or from the charity itself.

Collecting for Prosh

Collecting for Prosh is easy - and something we'd encourage as many people to do throughout Prosh Week. Every time there's a stunt or an event you can be sure that there will be the opportunity to ask the public and other onlookers for donations to Streetlink and in order to reach our target of about \$5000 we have to make full use of the opportunities put

before us.

Obviously we are keen to ensure that the money given by individuals to Streetlink gets to the right place. For that reason we are asking that all students collecting for Prosh collect one of the official Prosh Collection Tins (available from the SAUA all three days of Prosh). We'll be asking you to leave us your Student Card

while your in possession of a tin so that we have a hope of getting the tin back. In addition there will be official Prosh stickers given to collectors to hand out as well as copies of the Prosh Rag to be sold. Use every opportunity you have to collect for the charity (Streetlink) to ensure that Prosh remains focused on its real reason for being!

Prosh after Dark

Prosh is a time to make merry. Prosh After Dark is traditionally the climax of this merriment, and this year's event promises to honour this fine tradition with enthusiasm. Headlining this year are interstate band The Killjoys, just returned from a triumphant overseas tour. They will be supported on two separate stages by some of Adelaide's finest home grown talent including The Undecided, Kinetic Playground, The Miltons (this year's hit prediction), up and coming newcomers The Reckoning, uni favourites Cerveza Y Putas, Truck Train Tractor and Defamed. Other features include a dance club with DJ Ian on the turntables, plus other DJs, films running throughout the night, cheap drinks, (including \$1.20 schooners), giveaways and door prizes. Also, for when you want to get away from the hectic hustle and bustle of Prosh and slip on a sophisticated

cap, the Gallery coffee shop will be open and welcoming.

Tickets are \$8 for Adelaide Uni students, and for other students who buy before the night (so tell your friends to get in early), \$9 for students and \$10 for the public.

They are available from the Student's Association, Uni Records and Big Star Records on Rundle Street.

See you there,
Nicole Shinnick and Jessica Boland
Prosh After Dark Directors



Prosh Programme

Wednesday 13th April

OFFICIAL OPENING: BBQ / BAND / BEER 12:30pm
A surprise Adelaide band "do" the lawns. Throw yourself into Prosh by coming down and getting down! Eat your fill of delectable snags, kebabs and vege-burgers, bring your SAUA cup and fill it with beer and keep your eyes open for a few surprises. A representative from the Adelaide Central Mission "Streetlink" program will fill you in on why you're here - don't miss it!

MSS WINE TASTING 1:00pm
Sample some of SA's great wines while showing off your extensive knowledge of wine tasting jargon! All are welcome. Presented by the Mature Students' Society and the SAUA.

PIZZA HUT PIZZA EATING COMPETITION 1:30pm
In the tradition of the almighty "boat races" and in the name of bad taste, Pizza Hut presents another wild way to stuff your face! Register your name at the Prosh table on the lawns and prepare to chow down.

TRICK OR TREAT / DRINK THE PUB DRY 6:00pm
No - it's not Halloween, but why wait? Join us on a tour of North Adelaide to do some fast, friendly fundraising. Simply dress up in your favourite attire and prepare to hit the streets. We leave from the Barr Smith Lawns at 6:00pm. As well as collecting money, you may also score some amazing treats. Prizes will be awarded for the best fundraiser and the wackiest costume. Meet back at Wellington Square after an hour where the venue for the "Drink the Pub Dry" will be announced. Collection tins and maps provided.

Thursday 14th April

LSS BBQ 12:30pm
What - again?? The Law Students' Society BBQs its buns off on the Barr Smith Lawns.

SUMO WRESTLING 1:00pm
For all those anonymous voyeurs on the Lawns in O'Week, this could be your big break! Don the suit and go for your life. Prizes to the most lethal wrestler.

BAND 1:00pm
Canadian Band "Troutfishing in Quebec" plays the Lawns. For anyone who hasn't tried the real thing, we recommend you come along. Shake your bootie.

1:30pm **ICE-CREAM EATING COMPETITION**
2,4,6,8, etc. How fast do you reckon you can eat 2 litres of ice-cream? Prove it at our inaugural race on the Lawns. Registration forms are available from the PROSH table on the Lawns or from the front desk in the SAUA.

2:00pm **FISHING ON THE TORRENS**
The SAUA's very own Fishing Vice-President presents his speciality today, so don't say we never do anything for you! Prizes will be awarded to the largest catch as well as the most interesting one. Lines supplied by Got One. Oh - if you can't angle, come along anyway and sink a few brews by the river.

Friday 15th April

9:00am **PROSH BREAKFAST**
The tradition continues. Gorge yourselves until you can't move on croissants, champagne, beer and more! What better way to start the day than drinking, in your pyjamas, in public, after no sleep? The venue is the lawns in front of Elder Hall (just off North Terrace), so drag yourself out of bed in time to sink a few more. Formal dress is also suitable. Ride, catch the bus or bring along your SAUA cup and get a discount. Ooooh!

11:00am **DESTROY A CAR**
Lose all term tensions and take your frustrations out on a dud car that won't be used in the parade. Haven't you always wanted to do this? Come to the Barr Smith Lawns.

1:00pm **PROSH PROCESSION**
You must have caught wind of what's up with this by now. Bring your car along, dress it up and join in with the other vehicles, clowns, animals and pedestrians to create a spectacle that Adelaide won't forget. Maps available at the SAUA. Beer and a good attitude compulsory!

2:00pm **THE TRADITIONAL BOAT RACES**
Thumbs on tables, chins on tables, face the water...ROW! Enter your team on the day and prepare to scull. AISEC, the reigning champions from 1993 are just waiting to be beaten.

5:30pm **B.A.D. PUB CRAWL**
Get yourself over to the Barr Smith Lawns by 5:30 and prepare to engage in the speediest "crawl" you can imagine. 10 pubs in 2 hours. If you survive, be back at the Unibar at 8:00pm for Prosh After Dark. Cheap beer and a good time.

7:30pm **PROSH AFTER DARK**
Get funky now!!! Look for posters up around campus and around town. This enormous event starts on Level 5 of the Union Building at 8:00pm so cancel all other plans. Bands include Killjoys, The Undecided, The Reckoning, Cerveza Y Putas, The Miltons, plus a DJ, a dance club and many prizes to give away. Tickets are \$8/\$9/\$10.

PROSH SPONSORS

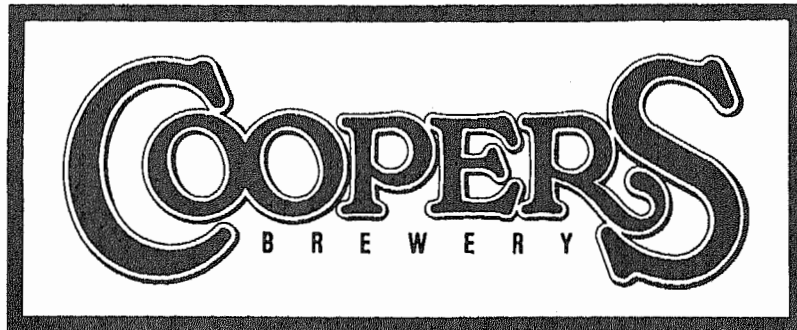
Prosh 1994 has received the support of many sponsors, to whom we are very grateful. Their generosity has enabled many events to be staged. Without their assistance, Prosh would have been a very small affair indeed.

Their co-operation has provided us with everything from beer (and lots of it) to cherry-pickers. Many of them agreed to lend their support at short notice in order to stage quality events and raise funds for Streetlink.

Without listing every sponsor's name, a few must be singled out for their individual Herculean efforts: Tim Clark (for at least 8 Prosh Parade vehicles), Harry Stuobos (for hundreds of croissants), Bill Dwyer (for 'Snorkel') and Cooper's Brewery, the major sponsor. Thank you!

Marian Clarkin

PROSH 1994 IS PROUDLY SPONSORED BY:



Apple Centre
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CCA Snackfoods
Coca Cola Bottlers
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Krystal Koach
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Montezuma's, North Adelaide.
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Wendy's

The Mongoose Always Strikes Twice

The snow peaked mountains reached endlessly into the brilliant blue sky that lingered above. The sweet apple blossom and the forget-me-nots performed a colourful dance as the wind blew ever so softly through the meadows of Exx Manor. The spontaneous ocean rolled majestically onto the scorched sand and then slowly rolled back to the vast blue space where it originally came

Sven, get over here and spray these damn aphids, they're procreating over all this meadow!

from in the first place to begin with at the start. Petunella Exx was totally captivated. This was her home.

Petunella had ventured out on this glorious spring morning to gather wild roses from the

meadow. As she knelt down to pick a magnificent bloom, she noticed the succulent, masculine, naked torso that worked the good earth. The sweat trickled from his rugged brow down his well defined arms, where it formed clear pools of life-giving moisture. Little fauns crept timidly from the shadows. Robins sang gaily as they alighted on his golden shoulder. The heavens opened, bathing him in an aura of brilliant sunlight as choirs of angels rejoiced ecclesiastically to the tempo of his throbbing breast. It was Sven. The Svedish gardener. Overcome, Petunella gathered the rosy bloom to her breast, realising from what she saw there was no turning back. She clenched her legs around his naked body as he gave himself over to the hands of destiny. Their passion spent, with the last of her strength she plunged her mandibles into his soft abdomen. Petunella threw the flower away in disgust. "Sven, get over here and spray these damn aphids, they're procreating over all this meadow!"

And with this she left Sven

to his duties and strode haughtily through the fields and made her way to the notorious cliff face, the very place where her mother, and her mother's mother, and also her mother's mother's mother had plummeted to their deaths. Sometimes, you just can't beat bad luck.

* * *

Petunella glanced out into the crystal waters below as the wind gently brushed her face, sending her golden locks of hair to flail around her ex



quisite face. Somewhere, anywhere, maybe nowhere, out

there, awaited her true love Montgomery Montague. (Author's note: C'mon it's more believable than Ridge or Thorn Forestor).

"Oh Monty, Monty, how I want thee!" she cried pathetically. It just happened that Monty was gone and it was Petunella's fault. In jest, she had called him a puny little runt, and to prove his everlasting love and masculinity to her he had entered an Iron Man Competition at the

she giggled to herself in the typical frivolous upper class way that only people with that much money can

Nundawading Swimming Pool. Sometime during the swimming leg, a freak wave burst his floaties and washed him onto the shores of an uncharted dessert isle, with Gilligan, the Skipper too, the millionaire and his. . . Anyway, Petunella was unaware of his whereabouts and now as she gazed out into the sea, she wished he was there passionately embracing her in his measly underdeveloped arms.

The flowers that she so happened to be gathering this morning were for her dearly rich father, and world renowned scientist, Rex Exx. And it also just happened to be that this day was the celebration of the day of his birth. Petunella had already made a special ef-

fort this morning to wash his Jag, clip the hedges, paint the entire exterior of the house and basically ensure that she would receive the long awaited inheritance when the old fart eventually keeled over.

* * *

She made it back to the Manor with a large basket of flora. As she walked through the kitchen she saw Mammie

conspicuously covering quietly into the top of a soup ladle, stopping abruptly at the realisation that Petunella was present.

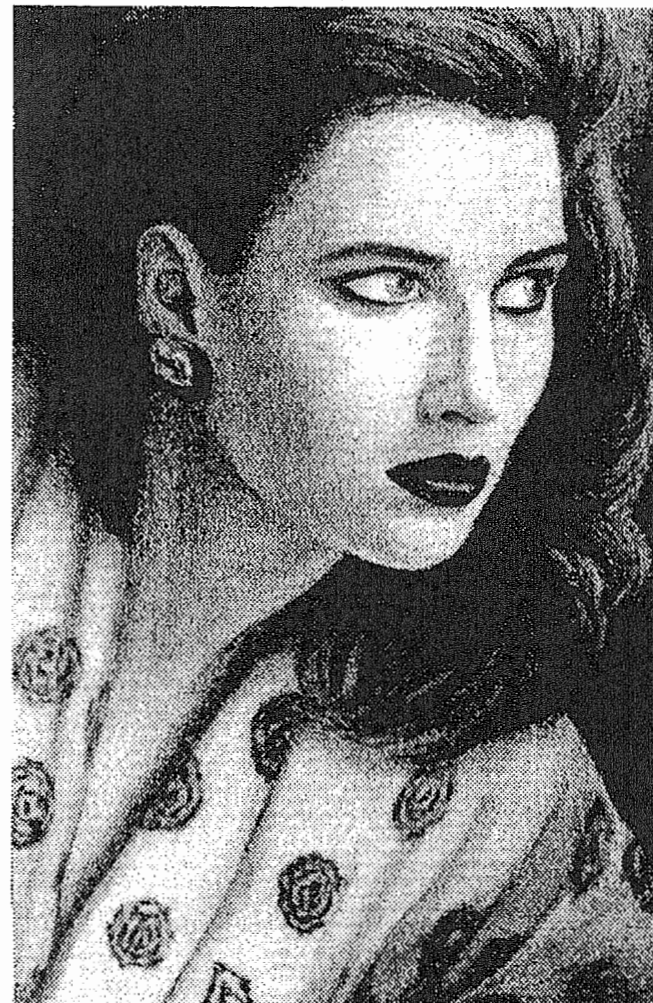
"What the hell are you doing tasting the soup before you serve it," cried Petunella in high dudgeon.

"Nothing child," Mammie exclaimed from the depths of her ample bosom. (And ample it was, for as an undercover MI5 Agent, Mammie concealed beneath her apron a semi automatic Uzi, 12 kilograms of plastic explosives, a 2.6

calibre rifle, three hand grenades, a family of five and a monopoly board. Though unbeknownst to Petunella, Rex had hired Mammie to protect him and his latest scientific discovery, asking her to pose as a maid so that Petunella would not reveal the secret of Rex's special bodyguard to the outside world. It was a brilliantly conceived concept, for Rex knew that Petunella had a moral outlook that would make Allan McAllister look enlightened and progressive and that she would never assume the true purpose of Mammie's appointment.)

"Well, when you've finished there you can scrape the birdshit off the roof," ordered Petunella.

"Ooohhh, Bless the Lord! Golly gee Miss Exx!" cried Mammie in her best southern accent, trying desperately to recall the drama classes she took when training for MI5. "Yo'all much too kind to an ol' black



thang like me!"

"Oh and this time Mammie, don't use MY toothbrush," Petunella said as she picked up her father's silver breakfast tray. And then in her normal dizzy, serendipitous tone of voice, she told Mammie that she was taking breakfast up to Daddy. And at that she left, leaving Mammie who rounded off the character with a resounding rendition of Amazing Grace.

* * *

Petunella made her way carefully up the large staircase that she had used to come down earlier this morning. The

portrait of her great grandfather, Lex Exx, who was sartoriously dressed in late 18th century military uniform loomed over the staircase. Little did Petunella know, that at that very moment she was being watched. "That's funny", Petunella scattily exclaimed. "I thought great granddaddy's eyes were blue!" She giggled to herself in the typical frivolous upper class way that only people with that much money can. But Petunella was not completely stupid, for when she had passed the portrait the blue eyes disappeared and were

his pancreas and the lower left side of his kidney sprawled across the pillow

replaced with the usual green ones.

"Daddy! Happy Birthday! Wake up! Happy Birthday Daddy! WAKE UP YOU LAZY BASTARD!!"

Petunella beckoned sweetly to her sleeping father, as she placed the silver breakfast tray down on the bed side table. "Daddy, Happy Birthday! I've had such a dickens of a time this..." It was then that she noticed the blood stained sheets. It was then that she noticed his pancreas and lower left side of his kidney sprawled across the pillow. It was then that she noticed that his large intestine had been ripped from his belly button and draped prettily around his neck like some meaty form of tinsel around a sadistic Christmas tree. It was then that she noticed the severed flesh of his neck that convulsed pulsatingly as he took each breath.

"Oh Daddy, are you feeling all right? You do look ill?"

"Bubbles, Bubbles." The voice wheezed through the hole in his neck coming from his severed larynx. "Bubbles, there is something I must tell you." Petunella understood the severity of the situation. When her father called her Bubbles, her real name (people called her Petunella for short) it al-

ways regarded an important matter, like the time she hitched her dress into her stockings at Marcia Finkwinkle's tupperware party and no one had told her until she got home.

“Oh Daddy, what has happened? Who could be so cruel to ruin your birthday like this!”

“Bubbles, you must listen to what I have to say. I have to tell you...” the voice stopped.

“What? What? Tell me!” Petunella screamed hysterically shaking the old man, or what was left of him, by the shoulders. “Tell Me!!!”

Miraculously he stirred as if she had awoken him from his death sleep.



“I have to tell you that ... the well being of the planet and the future safety of the next generation is in your hands. You will know what I mean when you read my secret diary.” The wheezing voice was getting weaker and weaker.

“I didn’t know you kept a secret diary! Where, Daddy, tell me where?” Petunella begged.

“It’s in the...” He rolled over and lay motionless on the red stained sheets.

“Oh, Daddy,” Petunella cried as tears burst out of her eyes like public servants at five o’clock. Tears for her father, tears for Montgomery, but more importantly, tears for herself. She struggled pathetically to the door.

“Oh Daddy!” Petunella wept, “Why did you have to die today?”

“...second drawer of my desk in the library.” The voice came from the slump of meat that was on the bed, and it was a slump of meat because by now his head had rolled right off his neck and was lying squashed in between the pillow and the Linda doona.

“But Bubbles, that is not what I wanted to say,” the larynx screeched. “Come close, there is not much time.” Petunella moved her right ear near the pulpy pink meat that was hanging from her father’s neck. “Petunella, this is very important, are you listening?” The pulsing flesh beat to the pumping of his heart, sending squirts of blood through his arteries and across the room,

and squirting Petunella in the eye each time it carried out this disgusting ritual.

“Bubbles, the mongoose ... the mongoose always ... strikes...” and then silence.

“The Mongoose always strikes”, Petunella repeated to herself, “what one earth does the stupid man mean?”

“...twice”, and then the voice was no more. The pulsing flesh had pulsed for the last time. He was dead, and very dead at that.

“Oh Daddy! Oh Monty! Oh Mongoose! What does this all mean?” Petunella broke down and wept, blowing her nose on her dead father’s toupee. What did it all mean? Would she ever know? It had been a big day for Petunella, yet still it was only eight thirty.

* * *

Who killed Rex Exx? Who was watching Petunella from the portrait of her great grandfather? Will Monty ever make it back to civilisation. In the SS Minnow? What was the significance of the white marble staircase? What the fuck has the mongoose got to do with anything? How many times can you play Monopoly without getting bored? Should you go all the way on the first date? All these questions and more will be answered in the next chapter of “THE MONGOOSE ALWAYS STRIKES TWICE”!

Want to help
**CREATE
A
LITTLE
WORLD
IN UNI?**

Join the Multicultural Week organising committee or just help out in any way you can.

All are welcome.

Contact: OSA Office 303 5852 (office hours)

Chi Kang 239 2126 or Kong Chin 331 9426 (after 6pm)

100 days of Deano

Well, it's been a hundred or so days since Dean Brown and the Liberals stormed into power in South Australia, but haven't they been quiet ever since? To silence the rumours that the entire Liberal front bench has been too busy fighting over who's sitting next to who, this year's *Can of Beans* is proud and pleased to present an off-the-record interview with our State's leader. After a difficult night of debate over which of his "cast of thousands" Ministry would get to sit opposite Mr. Arnold and flick spitballs at him, we spoke to Mr. Brown about how the last four months have been.

CB: Given the large numbers of MP's you have at your disposal, some political commentators have remarked on the way you seem to have selected your Cabinet. Now we both know you wouldn't go back on a pre-election promise, but is John Olsen the best man for the Industry portfolio?

DB: I thought he was an excellent choice. John has first hand experience of how the industrial sector works. He's totally behind making sure industry succeeds in this State.

Especially primary industry. And, I mean, after twenty years selling farm machinery, he's bound to have picked something up.

CB: What about Wayne Matthews for Correctional Services?

DB: On mature reflection, maybe we misjudged. He seemed like a good idea at the time. He's always been such a quiet type...

CB: Quiet, like the riots we didn't hear so much about at Yatala prison when Mr. Matthews began to institute your government's new prison policies?

DB: Well, mostly quiet... but that's how

I like it. Now you bring it up... (leans back in chair) Dickie [Court] and I were discussing just the other day how quiet it's all been recently. But after all the interest newspapers like the *Tiser* and the *Westralian* took in our election campaigns... we like to take a very keen personal interest in what our friends are saying. And there are so many more real and vital issues than how the state's being run. Take the Crows for example. Family issues. Quiet issues, you know...

CB: Yes, I can imagine it must be a huge

there. And speaking of slides and Labor, we've "brain-stormed" some great ideas about the Gillman site. How does "Eco-Disney" grab you? Huge water slides, rides with environmental themes. I can't talk too much at the moment, but it's all going to be very exciting.

CB: I completely understand. Now, something I'm sure all our readers would like to know about... I'm sorry to even bring it up. The State Bank...

DB: The State Bank's very high on the agenda at the moment, as you can probably appreciate. And sitting down to dinner the other night, my daughter worked out how to solve the problem. It's very simple. As you know, the real reason everyone's so upset with Tim... I'm sorry, Mr. Marcus-Clarke, and his friends is that they left the Bank with quite a large amount of superannuation. And to pursue that money in the courts would have cost a fortune in State revenue, so what we doing is this. Sack as many State Bank employees as we can catch, saving hundreds of thousands in wages alone, then when they come up to collect their super payouts, and this is the



help having a good understanding with the press. I think maybe one of the reasons for Mr. Arnold's demise was that he never really got to grips with them. But all that's in the past. It has been almost four months since your landslide victory. What have been the major highlights of your term in office so far?

DB: Well, the steps we've taken in improving the State as a whole. As you know, we've already sold off two major bus depot sites, in the Hills and at Lonsdale, and we're looking at privatising the entire STA, if we can get a good enough price. Labor really let things slide

funny bit, explain we've already spent their super, trying to get back some of what Labor gave away to Marcus-Clarke. Nif-tee!

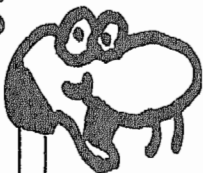
Well, at this point Mr. Brown was called away to sort out some dispute between Lynn Arnold and Trevor Griffin over what movie they were going to rent during Question Time. Apparently Mr Griffin doesn't like foreign films, so we had to abandon the interview there. But you can see why our government's been so quiet for the last four months. It's not as if they've had nothing to say. It's just that they've been so busy.

FANCY A SPOT OF FISHING?
COME AND HUNT FOR BIG
LUCY WITH FISHING VICE-
PRESIDENT B.A.D ALLEN



THURSDAY, APRIL 14 AT 2pm
BANKS OF THE TORRENS
CAN'T FISH? COME SINK SOME BREWS INSTEAD
GREAT PRIZES!

GANG'S GALLERY



My daddy has hairy armpits

Dan Coldie



Gunther Bass



Carleen Minow



OUR BLENDER

T. Bundy

POSSUM'S WEEKLY

DEAR PATSY

Letters



The Club had a lovely weekend up at the Shooting Range. A good time was had by all, except Christie Koala, who didn't get out of the way of Emily Emu's twin barrel quickly enough and paid the penalty in blood. How was your weekend?

Dear Patsy,
Hi, my name is Sandra. I am turning eight soon and have just started year three. My friends are Clare, Emma, Doover and Whitemeat. I like to pick my nose and eat my snot. My hero is Kate Ceberano, and my favourite song is "Pump Up The Jam" by Billy Bragg.

SANDRA BULLHORNS
Dear Patsy,
Hi Patsy! I have just joined your club and this is my first letter to you. My sister Magda is already a member of your club, but she says she wants out. She reckons you are just the figment of some second-rate hack writer's imagination. She makes me do her chores.

JUSTIN GUNRUNNER
Dear Patsy,
Hello, my name is Louise and I am twelve years old. Whoops, I've just started menstruating so I can't be a member of your club anymore. Bye.

LOUISE EARLYBIRD

Dear Patsy,
I am an international recording star and my name is Kylie. The names of some of my albums are "Enjoy Yourself", "Rhythm of Love" and "Let's Get To It". I also don't mind a spot of eccy now and again.

KYLIE

Dear Patsy,
I am in year 4 at school. My name is Greg. My best friends are named Darren, Lucas and William. The fifth member of our gang is named Pontius. We don't like him very much. Last Friday at recess we made him eat a worm. He tried to tell us it tasted nice, a bit like chicken, but I wasn't fooled: I saw him vomit it up through his nose in the toilet block during Domestic Science.

GREG PHILISTINE
Dear Patsy,
I am 9 years old and my mother says my looks are very effeminate. Does this warrant a slap?

PAUL HABERDASHER
Dear Patsy,
This is the 32nd time I've

written to you, ya fucken slag. My name is Nadia and I am eleven years old. I go to school and have two brothers, Liam who is seven and Wade who is a fat shit. I have four cats called John, Mary, Elizabeth and Dick Van Dyke, a poodle called Benny Hill, a Goldfish called Janet Floobener, and a collection of severed heads which I keep under my bed.

NADIA FRYPAN

Dear Patsy,
My name is Art and I recently had a Satori where the true meaning of the Universe was revealed to me in a sudden flash of blinding light. My hobbies are meditating and living at one with nature. I like giving hugs to people.

ART PEACETREE

Dear Patsy,
Hello, my name is Leia and this is my second letter to you. I have many hobbies, including fluff collecting, riding horses, shimmying, and pottery. My favourite food is meat pies with gravy and I can count to ten.

SARA YODALIE

Dear Patsy,
Hello, my name is Bob. I've lived a safe yet boring existence. Thanks.

BOB DRUMSTICK



Poet's Corner

The Environment and the War

They are cutting down all the trees
Ruining our fresh breeze,
And our blue seas.
They are pouring poisons down the sink,
Turning the rivers pink
Making the beach stink
That's what I think.
Meanwhile Saddam's dropping bombs
Turning us all into crutons.

He wants to kill us all
To invade the Rundle Mall.

I think he has the gall
To make a rather large pot of curry
With some of those rather small pickled Onions (the red ones)
And add some raisins
And give it a good old stir

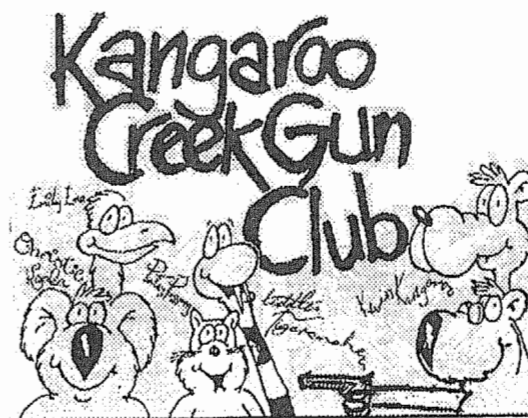
To make us call him sir
The wicked cur!
I'm sure he'd quite enjoy to look

You right in the face as he
Slowly spread chutney all over

Your otherwise quite tasty
Cheese sandwiches.

OH I DO WISH HE'D GET A PERM!
(or at least some macaroni and cheese).

Anthony



Greetings to new members

Naomi Campbell, Charles Manson, Rob Sitch, Rebecca Shinnick, Nicole Shinnick, Tina Shinnick, Cindy Shinnick, Sheena Shinnick, Jeff Stryker, Amanda Kissandhug, Bob Santamaria, Vladimir Zhironovsky, Thierry Mugler, Gene Simmons, Salman Rushdie, Wendy James, Tex Perkins, Keanu Reeves, Max Harris.



Make Eddie Laugh

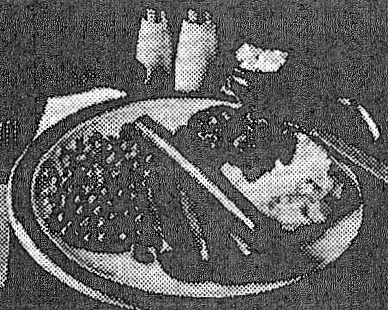
Q: Why did the monkey put bacon on his head?
A: Because he wanted to be a gorilla.
Q: How do you know if an elephant has been in your fridge?
A: Footprints in the butter.
Q: How do you know if Satan has been in your fridge?
A: Cloven hoofmarks in the butter.
Q: How do you know if God has been in your fridge?
A: God is everywhere anyway. Ha ha.

Q: What's big and red and eats rocks?
A: A big red rock eater.
Q: What's really boring to do?
A: Go shopping with your parents for whitegoods for four hours.
Knock knock
Who's there?
Athena
Athena who?
Athena flying saucer.
Q: What did Helen Keller do when she fell down the well?
A: Screamed her fingers off.

Q: What do Helen Keller's parents do when they want to piss her off?
A: Rearrange the living room furniture.
Q: How do you make Eddie the Echidna smile?
A: Touch his prick.
Q: What do you do if you're a talentless no-hoper in an Australian soap opera?
A: Start an international recording career and get famous.

Till next week...Eddie

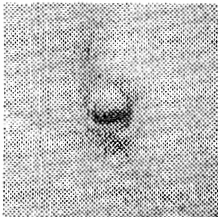
THE LATEST FROM THE
FINEST EUROPEAN
COOKING SCHOOLS



SNAGS SPUDS AND PEAS
BEING CREATED NOW
ONLY AT U BEAUT KUZEEN

Self Discovery

Deeper & deeper
Know yourself
Find yourself
Be yourself



NAVEL GAZING

for the bored and rich

Who the fuck do you think you are anyway?

ADELAIDE OBSERVED

A Dry Wank

LASH LASCH

Ridiculous Posturing about Art

Pop down to Caffe Sundried Thai and catch the innovative installation from promising Rundle Street artists, Cameron And-Ewe and DJ Pneumatic. Delightful insights and avant-garde challenges to the dominant paradigm surrounding what can be done with cereal packages and the insides of Bic pens. Bittersweet neo-post-modernist structures encapsulate the appeal of travel, return and the rites of birth, death and publishing your first novel. It's deeply traumatic, publishing your first novel. I remember when I published my...*(that's enough-Ed.)*

Gratuitous Name- Dropping

Down at Caffe Sundried Thai the other morning, I saw Peter Goers, Peter Greenaway, Samela Harris, Peter Blunden, Dean Brown, Gough Whitlam, Boutros-Boutros Ghali, Tama Janowicz, Donna Tartt, Michael Ondaatje, Michael Nyman, Nelson Mandela, Paolo Passolini, Harold Holt, Washoe, David Suzuki, George Kaplan, Murray Bramwell, Gore Vidal, Stephen Berkoff, Denzel Washington, Phillip Glass, Donald Trump and Brett Easton-Ellis and they all said, "Hi".

Gripping about Education

I was talking to Terry Metherall the other day over lunch at Caffe Sundried Thai, and we both agreed that the biggest impediment to the education industry today is the bloody, good-for-nothing teachers. Did you know that every school's biggest expense is teachers' salaries, and filling their grossly inflated budget estimates. Honestly, millions of dollars of tax-payers' money is being wasted on so-called necessities like in-servicing, and text books, and the highly questionable "general upkeep of facilities". But over the sundried tomatoes, goat's milk cheese and lemongrass, a solution appeared. Kill and compost the Education Department, sell the teachers into white slavery, raffle off the children, and use the schools as conference facilities, run by sensible economic rationalists with appropriate political persuasions, nice taste in ties, and office furniture.

Literary Pedantry

Only the other day, I was dining with Frank Devine in Caffe Sundried Thai the other night, when I spotted, leafing through the menu, a split infinitive. Then last week some asshole swore blind that you could use the word "criteria". When people abuse the English language, usually I pass it off with a smile and a wry, pithy comment, but sometimes I get angry. My blood pressure rises, I get a migraine, and sometimes I do things I regret. Bad things. Help me! Stop me before I kill again...

DRAMA FOR Kids

Do you live in North Adelaide? Do you earn \$100,000 p/a. Yes? Then your child has talent. Send the darling to drama classes. We won't make your precious one a star but we will make them unbearable. Totally unaffordable.



CRAFT FOR Kids

Tired? Stressed? Got a precocious little shit on your hands since you sent them to our drama classes? Send the brat to us and we'll take it out of your hair. Even more unaffordable than the drama classes



Illiterate Foreign Correspondent

I was in Sweden just before Christmas just before a blizzard. The people there were buying Christmas presents. They were going to give them to each other. I bought a pair of sunglasses, ready for my return to the sunny shores of California. I had some mulled wine in a quaint Swedish bar. I spoke to a few locals; *som tyckte att jag var dum som fan*. I leapt on a plane and came home.

Blatantly Biased Restaurant Review

Situated amid several remarkably similar coffee shops on thriving Rundle Street, **Caffe Sundried Thai** offers the discerning gourmand a startling array of imaginative dishes, including Pizza with sundried tomato, goat's milk cheese, and lemongrass, a delicious Kangaroo fillet, served with sundried tomato, goat's milk cheese, and lemongrass, as well as a variety of pies, pasties and sausage rolls, accompanied by sundried tomato, goat's milk cheese, and lemongrass. Franco and Gianluca also sport a choice of white or black coffee. The decor is neo-Scandinavian teak and chrome and the waiting staff are interestingly clad in blue jeans and white T-shirts. The service was refreshingly haughty and the prices inflated beyond belief. Average food was served on enormous plates, and I spent the whole meal looking around to see who else was there, instead of talking to my companion. Superb!

One-Eyed Political Commentary

After years and years and years of dealing with the various political parties in my capacity as an opinionated compulsive letter writer to *The Advertiser* and *The Sunday Mail*, I now get a whole page to myself once a month. About time. Since I'm the only one brave enough to use my real name (*all apologies to Chris Kenny if someone else is contributing articles to the Adelaide Review under his name- Ed.*), it should be obvious to all RIGHT thinking people that what I say is self-evident. Don't be LEFT behind, VOTE RIGHT. Be like me, and one day you too will be able to spread your pseudo-intellectual political beliefs to the lumpen proletariat.

POETRY

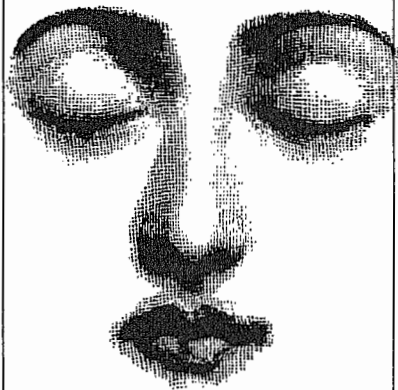
Caffe Sundried Thai
Innovative nouvelle food
Down on Rundle Street

TAMA J.

"To Samela"
The sun slipped through
the lattice and onto my
macchiato
caressed my history and threw me to
oblivion
watching my garden til dusk drew down
deliberately.

e. malley jr.

RELAX



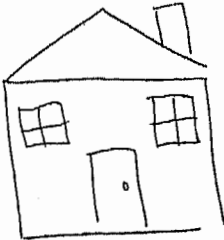
*Be healed with Star:
astrologer - naturopath -
aromatherapist - crystal
gazer - acupuncturist - foot
reflexologist - toe sucker*

*Relax. Don't do it.
When you want to come.*

Totally unaffordable

antiques

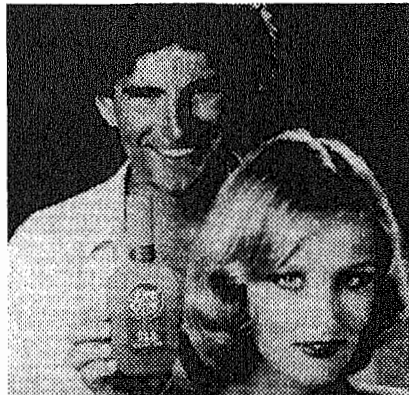
*totally unaffordable
crap old furniture with
holes in it.
It's Rustic.*



**Architect
Grayson
Sibley-Smythe**

*"Grayson works
wonders with fibro"*

Winner of the Award for
Best Totally Unaffordable
Experimental Architecture.



Innovative hair
sculpture.

More than a mere
hairdo: this is (to-
tally unaffordable)
high art.

Letters

Hard Complaint

Dear Editors

I must write in with a complaint about the Counter Calendar. You see, I happen to be one of those hopelessly boring old farts with no dress sense, halitosis and no sense of humour. But I happen to have a lot of great qualities. I bowl a 130 every Friday night at Cross Roads, drive a nifty revamped Valiant and have nine inches of hard weener. And how many

of you first year punks can claim *THAT*?

Dr. Dawki

Doodads

Dear Editors,

There is a crisis in capitalism. You know, I've just realised that all those factories spewing smoke into the atmosphere are bad for the environment. I would like to know why all those fat cats up their in the upper echelons have big round doodads.

Whitney Houston,
1st Year Arts

Petition

Dear Editors,

For once, just once, I'd like to hear the voice of the everyday student heard around here. I'm circulating a petition to this effect. Do you think this is a good idea?

J.B.Jovi,
4th Year Medicine

Utter Wanker

Dear Editors,

In reference to Mariah Carey's letter in your last issue, I feel I must clear up

a number of important points. First of all, I can state categorically that Carey is both an egotistical fool and a complete and utter wanker into the bargain. Her pointless and rather sad attempts to defend the pluralistic level playing field is a sad indictment of the level of quality debate now taking place at Adelaide University. Mariah, time to stop that wind-pissing and get yourself a new bouffant. And keel over and die as well.

B. Marley,
Honours Economics



Bob
Your Rep

Welcome back to another week of University. As your elected representative I've been doing lots to represent you. Here's what I've been busy with. Country Students' Barbeque

12 members turned up to this event, making it a fantastic success. Thanks

to Jason for such a good job with the chops and snags, and Megan for the free beer - cheers! Thanks also to Megan's mum for being so understanding when we burnt down the back shed.

Country Students' Movie Night

12 members took advantage of the free offer and turned up to see "Lightning Jack" last Thursday. It was great! Condolences to Max Hoopeler, who got hit by a bus on his way home and died.

Country Students' Mt Thebarton Visit

11 country students got their first taste of skiing last Friday at Mt

Thebarton. All had a good time. We finished the night off by trooping to the snackbar and slurping some delicious milkshakes. Mine was triple choc, which was lovely. Scott and Jenny got on with each other in the car park afterwards. Onya!

Country Students Virtual Reality Experience

11 country students got a taste for the future of Virtual Reality last Saturday night. It's crucial that ALL students get in touch with new technologies in this rapidly changing big world. This event was an excellent opportunity to get a taste for what's to

come.

Coming up

Coming up we've got bulk exciting events. Next week there's the Country Students' Parents night, the Country Students' Opera Visit, the Country Students' Church Service and on Friday, the Country Students' Day Off. Come up to the Craft Studio for a relaxing afternoon of massage, pottery, cribbage and shearing.

Federal Budget

The Government hands down its budget soon. This could possibly have important ramifications for students.

Cheerio,
Your mate Bob.

New Bin for Mayo

An important decision was made by the Union last week to make a major purchase for the students of Adelaide University. A new bin will soon make its first appearance in the Mayo refectory. Sporting a lid and accommodating green plastic bin liners it is sure to be a welcome introduction to the campus eatery.

Commenting on the purchase, Union President Anthony Roediger pointed out that while it may seem extravagant in some ways to purchase a

bin, the cost was justified by the long-term savings generated by the purchase. "Now that we have a bin, the cleaners won't have to scrape the food scraps off the floor. This will mean big savings on wages."

Union Catering Manager Chris Shaw



The controversial bin

hopes that the bin will result in a tidier, cleaner, nicer eating establishment. "It will bring the

students in droves."

If the bin proves successful more may be bought for the other Union catering outlets.

This has raised the ire of some students who see the introduction of the bin as yet another squandering of students' funds. "It's a fucking disgrace," one commented. "One was bad enough but more would be extravagance in the extreme. Has anyone asked the students if they want a bin? This is a corruption of the democratic process. There is no way that this should have happened without it going to referendum."

On Dit will keep a close eye on developments.

Shock Report Findings

A report issued last Tuesday by the ANAL Committee (Australian National Academics League) argues that, even with booming tutorial sizes, shrinking resources and lower academic standards, University is still, overall, quite a nice place to spend your weekdays.

Vice-Chancellor Gavin Brown, in an address to University Council, argued that although there was generally too much criticism in society nowadays, the ANAL Probe was a nice change. The ANAL Report convincingly shows that 82% of students

"strongly agree" with the statement "sitting on the lawns during lunchtime eating your food with some friends is pleasant".

The findings of the report are sure to provoke varied responses amongst students and academics alike. Other findings of the report include:

93% of students either agree or agree strongly that University is a good idea, at least some of the time.

87% of students claim to smile "at least once a day" while at University.

79% of students either disagree or disagree strongly with the statement

"University is just an endless cycle of work with no end in sight".

74% of students get on with their main tutor/supervisor at least "tolerably well".

98% of students questioned would rather attend University than fight dirty guerilla wars in South East Asia.

99.4% of students questioned would rather attend University than stand with their head stuck in a bucket of shit all day.

Not everybody is jumping over the moon after the Probe's findings, however. Kayleen Jo Anna

Schmafunkerer, current Report Analyst for the Australian National Union of Students (ANUS), sent out a damning press release after the report was issued. Under the heading "ANUS slams ANAL", Schmafunkerer called for a cut in funding for reports: "I believe more interest should be shown in the crucial issues facing students in the '90s, like peer support programmes, brand choices and reviews of government."

The crucial findings of the report will be available from the Barr Smith Library soon.

THE ANNUAL ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION BOAT RACES



FRIDAY, APRIL 15 AT 2pm
BARR SMITH LAWNS
FIRE UP

HYPE STREET

WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT
By Peter Goers and Ryder Grindle

HOT | **NOT**

OVENS	REFRIDGERATORS
FOREST FIRES	BLIZZARDS
CHILLI SAUCE	ICE
OUR FRIENDS AND SEXUAL	OUR EX-FRIENDS AND EX-
PATRNS	SEXUAL PARTNERS
SEX IN THE NUDE	WHATEVER WAS IN OUR
OUR LATEST THEATRICAL	COLUMN A FEW WEEKS AGO
EXTRAVAGANZA	AND NOW ALL THE PLEBS ARE
ANY PRETENTIOUS ARTY	INTO.
STUFF THAT WE MAY HAVE	PLEBS.
OVERLOOKED	

Go crazy with non-stop sleaze at **Wild Bill's** this weekend

Thursday: Middle aged divorce-set night!!!

Friday: Club 16. Great prizes for the best fake ID!!!

Saturday: Midori and Bundy promotion. Free Midori for the most rapid stomach pump recipient. Free Bundy for the most conspicuous vomiting performance!!!



DIRT

9¹/₂ MONTHS

the diary of a grunge
band living on the edge

Dirt are big. Damn big. They're bigger than U2, Madonna, the Stones, Jeff Kennett's list of reasons why unions are a waste of time - you name it, and they're bigger. In fact, do you remember the second contestant on *Man 'o' man* last Saturday? Suffice to say, they're big.

Well at least they would have been.

Emerging from the potent melting pot that is the American underground scene, Dirt rose from nothing to relative obscurity and kept on moving up. Yet just when they were about to

**they were tragically cut down,
~~destroyed by the very forces~~**

which made them so big

cross into the world of MTV, expensive cars and cocaine, they were tragically cut down, destroyed by the very forces which made them so big.

So read on and discover the birth, life and death of Dirt - all in nine and a half months.

June 1993 - To be or not to be...

- While drinking in a south Seattle watering-hole, three ex-members of The Melvins and a former roadie for Michael Bolton discover that they not only share the same dealer, girlfriend, and social security number, but that they all have a passion for smashing instruments. Their manager Al Bini recalls:

"Paul Maycock (he sang) was like real impressed that the others had a band, while Dan, Moose and Hank were just blown away when they like learned that Maycock knew the guitar tunings for "Smells like teen spirit". So, you know, they decided that if they were going to work out its like elusive third chord, they'd better form a band."

- Having decided to break free from the shackles of the "Seattle-grunge" cliché and forge an innovative new sound combining distorted guitars, hair, hair, hair and more distorted guitars, Dirt book their first gig at CBGBs. But first they had to overcome their inaugural career hurdle: a name. Hank rejected the name 'Johnny and the Moon Dogs' saying it sounded like a "wet bunch of posing gits who'd probably support Suede," while 'Soulface' was also given the flick for the same reason. Thus 'Dirt' was solidified.

July 1993 - Viva ate...

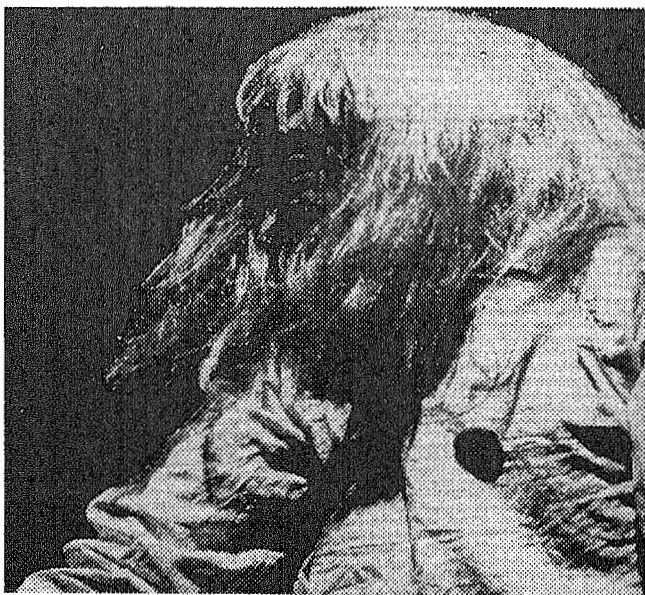
- Release the *Gastric Reflux* EP featuring the classic title tune and 33 unlisted tracks cleverly hidden such that they can only be accessed by the skip-back function on the CD player. Incidentally *Gastric Reflux* set a record by being the first vinyl-only release to top the indie charts.

- Residency at The Vault in New York's meatpacking district revoked, with management claiming that Dirt's "moral orientation tarnished the club's image."

August 1993 - It's alright...

- Set another world record with 300 fans being admitted to hospital after a crush during a concert in New York's Chelsea Hotel. (Unfortunately this record was recently broken by East 17 at the Adelaide Entertainment Centre).

- Strike a deal with Subpop, taking a hiatus from the live scene to record a new EP. Subpop's manager tells the press: "With Dirt, Subpop are entering a new epoch in indie. They're the future. Gone are the days when people called us predictable."



September 1993 - Fool's Gold

- Somewhat predictably, the release of the long awaited *Acrosomal EP* is delayed. Artistic differences cited as the source of contention.

October 1993 - ditto

- see September 1993.

November 1993 - After the Watershed

- *Acrosomal EP* released, featuring the live favourite "Come hither pose (I'm an ugly f***)". Guitar player, Moose Dirt, reveals its origin:

"Back before I dropped out of uni, there was this guy who'd become quite a legend. Despite being uglier than an irradiated bull seal he was always picking up. So we thought we'd write a song about him ... Nah, this song's about it being a cry for help from the forgotten youth of the post-greed decade it's ... full of shite."

- Ricky Morrana, sound-mixer for *Beverly Hills 90210* sues Dirt, claiming that they stole from a soundtrack he made to an unreleased documentary on Phyllis Diller's housekeeper's neighbour.

- The Rolling Stones sue Dirt for using the word 'satisfaction' on the unlisted B-side of "Come hither pose".

December 1993 -

- Maycock appears in a cameo role in Jennifer Lynch's (second cousin once removed of David "Eraserhead/Twin Peaks" Lynch) first feature. Rumours abound that he may appear opposite Nick Cave in Wim Wender's next film, *Four and three quarter hours until the end of the world*.

- After the success of Kurt Cobain's collaboration with William Burroughs, Dirt prove they can go one better, recording a series of duets over the phone with Charles Manson.

- With sales of *Acrosomal EP* pushing 2 million, an unemployed Alaskan go-go dancer tells *Rolling Stone* magazine that Maycock is the father of her five children resulting from a one night stand last year. Sales double.

January 1994 - All quiet on the western front

- To celebrate the new year Dirt leave Subpop, cause a riot at Madison Square Gardens, and cremate their ex-bassplayer Dan, after he overdosed during a gig at the Phoenix club.

- Manager, Al Bini secures a six-release contract for Dirt with EMI.

February 1994 - Crows find cure for common cold!

- *Spitstain*, Dirt's first full length album released. They immediately refute claims of selling out, with Maycock spluttering: "Of course we didn't sell out! EMI have given us complete artistic freedom. It was *our choice* to let Meatloaf produce our version of Madonna's "Vogue", and then let Culturebeat



remix it. And no, of course it won't affect our credibility."

- Credibility? Maybe. Sales - another story. *Spitstain* goes platinum.

March 1994 - Beware the Ides

- *Spitstain* world tour announced. Rumours circulate that Dirt will headline Prosh After Dark.

- Hank the drummer follows the bass player's example. "He couldn't keep time anyway," claims EMI boss.

"He kept time too well anyway, claims Maycock.

April 1994 - Duet with Elvis denied

- With Lenny Kravitz's drummer and Jim Steinham on bass, Maycock and Moose embark upon the *Spitstain* world tour, describing it as their personal crusade against drugs after their former members' demise.

- Shock! Horror! Cue headlines: "Maycock is dead!"

During the third encore at Whiskey au go go, Maycock collapses and is rushed to hospital. Yet in a cruel twist of fate, all of the doctors were occupied treating fans of East 17 who were also playing that night. Dirt is dead.

- Quincy Jones and Bob Geldof agree to postpone their Liveaid style "Save our Thriller" benefit show for Michael Jackson, to help Moose stage a final farewell in Seattle stadium. In a touching finale, Kurt Cobain and Natalie Cole perform a heart-warming version of "Gastric Reflux", before Bill Clinton's impassioned speech describing Dirt as "outstanding young men, who made me proud to be American. They lead a moral light in a world gone wrong, a tough stance most exemplified in their tale of teen angst, "Come hither pose." Bill was then joined on stage by George Clinton for an encore of that very song.

- A tribute album of that concert and a posthumous B-side compilation closed the all too brief history of Dirt. Appropriately, the essence of Dirt was captured by Adelaide's own Tony Modra: "Dirt? Who?"

Short Story Competition

Write us a short story on any theme you choose and you could win a first prize of a \$100 book voucher courtesy of Unibooks, or a second prize of a stationery package to the value of \$80, from 3M. The two best entries will be published in the May 2 edition of *On Dit*.

Get writing now

Entries to be handed into the *On Dit* office or the entry box in Unibooks by 5pm 22 April.

Make sure that your entries have your name, student ID number, address, telephone number and contact department written on them and are marked as entries for the competition.

UNIBOOKS

3M

ON DIT

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Details

- 1800 word limit on entries
- entries to be typed on one side only of A4 paper
- entry open to Adelaide University students only
- entries must include student number
- no employees of Unibooks or 3M or sub-editors of *On Dit* permitted to enter
- late entries will not be accepted
- entries to be placed in the box in Unibooks, in the *On Dit* office which is located downstairs in the George Murray Building, or sent to On Dit, University of Adelaide, SA, 5005

The Killjoys

Killjoy - a person who throws gloom over others who wish to enjoy themselves.

Forming about 5 years ago, the Killjoys started off slowly "finding their feet" and releasing a couple of EPs here and there. After winning an Aria for their first LP *Ruby*, they started getting more gigs and began touring. Now, the inappropriately named Killjoys are on the verge of gargantuan success. They received rave reviews for their last LP *A Million Suns*, have a new EP out in a few weeks and are fresh from a successful UK tour. With Prosh coming up, I spoke to Craig Pilkington, the 'joys guitarist and co-songwriter.

The 'joys have spent the last 6 months touring the UK in an effort to crack this active market that has "loads more bands and opportunities to play." They decided to tour shortly after releasing *A Million Suns* because it's something they've always wanted to do and stuff they'd previously sent over had received little response. The 'joys decided a personal attack was needed and toured all over the UK including Manchester, Liverpool, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

Craig was keen to share how "fantastic" the tour was: "Over there more people go out to see bands. There are lots of bands who don't get much air-play on the radio and media [attention] but who have really strong live followings." What about that famous British reserve? Was there a problem being a relatively unknown Australian band? "No, not at all. In about six months we accomplished what took us a couple of years over here." This kind of support is having its inevitable effect. I asked Craig whether they would still be based in Victoria and received an evasive reply. "I don't know. We're not really sure. It was a bit tricky with visas. We only really came back because they had run out." Ideally, Craig would like to spend about 6 months in England and 6 months in Australia.

Asked to name the bands he likes over there, Craig enthusiastically launched forth with: "The Stranglers (and) Martin Stevenson. He's this intense folk singer

(who) had this band called The Daintys, Sidi Bou Said - they're in the same vein as the Breeders or a kind of female version of Buffalo Tom." Other favourites are Moose who are "like Not Drowning, Waving without the distortion pedal" and Raggle Tag, who are "like a cross between traditional Irish music and ska." The 'joys also became drinking buddies with the Big Geraniums who recently toured here.

On the Australian music scene: "I really like Honey Suckle Madness. They're a band from Geelong who are now based in Melbourne (and) also the Suumerfields." What do you think of fellow Melbourne band The Badloves? "They're doing really well," he says, and, as an afterthought, "they've got our old mixer."

The 'joys have a vast variety of music styles, which is best summarised as melodic folk-based pop. Craig and vocalist Anna Burley co-write the songs, with Craig writing the music ("I really like Elvis Costello's songwriting, but I don't think I write like him") and Anna writing the lyrics which are her "personal politics". The result, is quite simply, superb. I remind Craig of a review of *A Million Suns* that described it as "a hybrid of sounds and feelings that is completely and utterly faultless. Every song and every note reaches a pinnacle that is incomparable" - (dB). Craig's response? "I remember reading that!" Were you shocked? "Well, I don't want to sound conceited but ... we were really happy with the album." The album was recorded in England in a converted school (the Chipping Norton Studios) with producer Craig Leon, who is also responsible for the Ramones, the Pogues and the Levellers. Leon also produced their new EP *Love and Uncertainty* which was recorded in a converted chapel.

The 'joys have also had a fair amount of radio play in Japan

although nothing much is happening there and would love to tour and release *A Million Suns* in America. Considering the UK response, it only seems a matter of time.

On the side, Craig is in a rockabilly spin-off band called The Blackjacks with fellow 'joys bassist Michael Hohnen and drummer Big Dave (Summerfields) who replaced Will Larsen shortly before they toured. (Apparently, Will decided he wanted to be based in Melbourne.) Big Dave used to be Craig's flat mate and "it's worked out really well." The Blackjacks have released an EP called *Four of a Kind* and have plans for another.

The Killjoys are only doing one Adelaide show (Prosh) when they come. Craig says it's because "the organisers of Prosh wanted it to be special". However, if you're hit by lightning/have a personality crisis, they'll be back in a few weeks for gigs at The Office, the Old Queens Arms and uni (lunch-time) as part of their Australian tour. I strongly advise you to see them; they'll be returning to England in two months, and considering the way their overseas success is going, it could be a while before they come back.

Christina Soong



The Undecided

In the lounge with Alex Temme and band buddy Daniel Clapp, we sat back and watched some footage of U2's 1993 Footy Park concert. As we watched, I couldn't help but wonder why The Undecided don't just form a U2 tribute band. "You can tell the world this, we are a shocking covers band", Clapp confesses. "We do "Begin the Begin" (REM) quite well, and we also play "It's the End of the World (As We Know It)", at breakneck pace. They're about the only two songs we can do even moderately well. Every other cover we've ever tried is diabolical."

The Undecided's infectious rhythms were released last year on the fun and maybe slightly twisted EP *Dissolve*, which is, "as I'm sure everyone knows, blue and about this big (hand dimension gestures), as Andrew tells everyone every single show that we do." No smudge on Street's marketing prowess; the band was pleased with the result and a fair few copies were sold. Triple J have been playing "Accidental", and a commercial station near the top of the dial even played "Spiderpillow-monkeyhead". "Triple J have been really good," says Temme. "They played us on the Australian Music Show and then asked us back for an acoustic session." The Undecided even gained a mention in the prestigious *Rolling Stone* magazine. "There are a lot of good bands around fighting for limited opportunities," says Clapp. "Whenever support comes through for an interstate band, everyone wants it. It's pretty competitive," Temme adds.

The Undecided began just over two years ago with Alex and Daniel playing bass and guitar respectively, with Andrew P Street on vocals. Ben Matson joined a bit later, replacing an earlier drummer. The lineup is now solid with no need for change. "Everything seems to be working well, especially right at the moment when we're doing new songs," says Temme.

"The music starts off with Andrew, but it's a collective, four-way thing; however,

the lyrics are definitely Andrew's department," says Clapp. And anyone who have witnessed a gig or heard the CD will have recognised Street's lyrical talent. Never having enough room for all his words, Street's laid-back Dando-style vocals are complimented by both the musical and lyrical material, as well as Matson's harmonies. "He doesn't write many bad ones", he continues, "sometimes they're just more 'not suitable' rather than bad, so the ones that are suitable, we do."

"We're also really looking forward to recording another EP later in the year. We've just done a demo with 6 new songs and its 99% likely that most of the songs which will be on the next EP will come from that", says Temme.

Clapp continues, "I think we'll take more time over it, to get it more polished - the other one sounded a bit raw. Otherwise it will just sound like *Dissolve*, except with



different songs, which is well and good but you should want to improve with each one. We'll probably be clearer on what we're doing this time, we never had proper demos of the songs before. Now we know what we want and can hopefully go straight in and do it."

Their catchy, original brand of rock 'n roll has earned The Undecided top gigs including a Thursday night residency at the Kent Town Hotel. "Our favourite gig was supporting Things of Stone and Wood at the Tivoli. Then we played our CD launch a week later at the Botanic and that was

completely packed. We supported The Sharp a few times and there's always a big crowd at those shows, and the Flinders O'Ball was also very good", says Temme. "A Time to Act was also a good gig for a good cause", for which the band incidentally wrote a song entitled "Act".

It seems that we can look forward to an enjoyable show from this band at Prosh, especially with the newer tracks. "There's added enthusiasm because we are doing new songs which we're happy with, and we're all keen to play them and see what people think of them", Temme says. "At Prosh we'll be playing four new ones which we haven't been playing for very long, plus the older ones, so it should be really good. We're happy to support the cause, and it should be a really good show. Hopefully lots of people will come along and it will raise some money."

So where is the quality control in The Undecided? "We're pretty harsh critics. A song has to be reasonably good to get through us four guys...normally. I'm a fucking hopeless guitarist, Daniel's no better at bass, Ben can play drums, Andrew's a shit guitarist but can sing OK, and somehow it works. We've just got these four hopeless idiots playing in a band!" Daniel admits, jokingly.

Alex tells of their plans for the future. "Getting a good CD out, then we're all very keen to go to Melbourne and play a few shows over there, going away together to play in front of a strange crowd, as well as lots of shows here," a proposition which should please the ever-growing fan base of The Undecided.

Zoo TV taught us "art is manipulation, rebellion is packaged, rock 'n roll is entertainment". As all talented bands should do, The Undecided have stuck with number three. You've got rocks, or should I say monkeys in your head, if you miss them at Prosh After Dark. All I can say is that if I haven't found the words to impress you, then heaven knows who will.

Andrew Milligen

The Miltons

I was able to talk with Adelaide band The Miltons after their Easter Sunday gig at the Austral Hotel in front of a particularly energetic audience. The antics of the audience didn't seem to phase the band, who have now been a part of the Adelaide live scene for about a year.

Guitarist/vocalist Jed Palmer explains: "Maybe we look a bit young, but we don't sound young. We probably looked really fresh-faced when we started, but now we are sort of seasoned."

The formation of The Miltons was something which came about due to sheer chance. Current Miltons Jed Palmer and Simon Parker (drums) were playing in a small-time party band called The Ethics. Simon takes up the story: "Renate (Henschke) and Zac (Coligan) happened to come to a party we were playing at, and they ended up singing 'Blister In The Sun' (of Violent Femmes fame) with us. We thought it was really cool, and said 'Do you want to get together?' They agreed, and it just went from there."

With the line-up of Jed Palmer and Renate Henschke both on vocals and guitar, Zac Coligan on vocals and bass, and Simon Parker on drums confirmed, The Miltons went on to play their first gig at the Tivoli Hotel in early 1993. Simon remembers it as being a really good gig, despite the small attendance: "It didn't matter to us who was or wasn't there, we just played the songs and enjoyed ourselves," he says. Since this first gig, The Miltons have come a long way, feeling confident enough to introduce more original songs into their sets.

When it comes to writing these original

songs, all band members contribute, "Sometimes, someone will bring an idea to the jam, like some chords or a bassline. Other times, the song is already done, written individually," says Jed. But as he readily admits: "We find it quite difficult to write songs. A lot of the songs we are



playing are old now."

Rather than coming up with the usual clichés, I thought it best to ask the band themselves to describe their sound. "It's a combination of all our influences, but we don't like to wear them on our sleeve. We are sort of guitar-orientated, I guess. We have a lot of good melodies, and melodies are important because they carry the song," Jed explains. When it comes to that dreaded word, influences, there are few surprises. Bands like The Pixies, Sonic Youth, Pavement, Ride, PJ Harvey and Dinosaur Jr. are cited, but there is great diversity in each member's specific musical tastes. The fusion of these tastes is probably what helps to set The Miltons apart, giving them a unique sound.

I was particularly interested in asking The Miltons about their main-stage performance at this year's Big Day Out. The band members obviously have some great memories of the day, particularly at a personal level. The Big Day Out was an

excellent experience. It was fantastic, a real buzz," says Jed. "It was a very good day. I spent the afternoon with Kelly and Kim Deal (of Breeders fame). I also met Chris Cornell from Soundgarden, but Billy Corgan (from Smashing Pumpkins) looked too scary, so we didn't talk to him," adds Renate Henschke. Simon Parker was also able to talk to one of his heroes, fellow drummer Brendan O'Hara from Teenage Fanclub.

As well as being exciting on a personal level, The Miltons as a band have reaped the benefits from being part of such a big concert, as Jed explains: "We are getting so many gigs, we are having to turn some away. Overkill almost, but it allows

us to pick and choose which ones we really want to do." There have also been some rumblings of interest from record companies, but nothing concrete as yet.

It appears likely that The Miltons have an assured future. "We want to tour, to Melbourne for a start. At the moment, our main priority is releasing a demo tape. That's why we are playing so much, because we need to get the money together for a tape," says Simon. Jed agrees: "We would like to tour, maybe in support of Peter Andre (laughs)." The Miltons already have the talent to surpass a million Peter Andres, now all they need is the same exposure.

Although The Miltons have been swamped with gig offers of late, Adelaide Uni students can be considered lucky. This talented band will be part of Prosh After Dark 1994, so make sure you catch them.

Andrew Balfour-Ogilvy
Photo: Sauni Kadkhudayan

The Reckoning

Don't expect a one-word answer when asking Reckoning to describe their music. "Atmospheric guitar-orientated goth rock pop for the nineties with a raw emotional twist to it" is how the band sees its sound. This description may well sound more like a cocktail than a musical analysis, yet one word would simply be insufficient to express the amazing sounds being created by one of the most talented new bands to recently emerge from Adelaide's live music scene.

Reckoning as it is today was formed when the band in which guitarist Matt Swayne and drummer Peter Owen were playing dissolved when the other members graduated uni and went off to get jobs, leaving only Matt and Peter serious to continue. The guys advertised for another member, enter Seamus as bass player and lead vocalist. Early last year the band began playing around such "scungy west-side pubs" as the Wheatsheaf while learning how to play and writing songs, and quickly rose to supporting acts such as the Clouds and the Hummingbirds.

The strength of the band is its three-piece format, for, as Peter explains: "In a three-piece you can't have someone being a passenger as there is nothing to hide behind" so reckoning consciously try to have each instrument doing something that stands on its own merit. the band has contemplated expanding their format, mainly to allow Seamus more freedom on stage rather than being restricted to playing bass; however they are now committed to working as a three-piece as they realise the difficulty of getting a number of people together who agree on the direction the band is taking.

Reckoning is an appealing band because of the diversity of the sounds being produced, meaning that songs are easily distinguished by the audience on first hearing, rather than just being bombarded by noise which is often the case when first encountering a band. Says Seamus: "Normally we start out with something weird and quirky for a verse, then consolidate it into something with a recognisable chorus that's going to stick in

your head, and continue to bend and shape it so that it's not dull. When we first started writing songs they were really jangly three-minute kind of pop songs. When we wrote "Naked" we realised we could do weird things with music, rather than just do the same old ordinary things".

In regard to Reckoning's audience, Peter would like to think that the band "can cross a few more boundaries - that's the key to a band that's going to get some serious success".

At this stage Reckoning's full commitment is to the music, rather than trying

While they are not desperate to release material, the band does acknowledge the importance of having some product out, in terms of making an impact on a national level. Although a trip to Melbourne is imminent, Seamus sees little point in "going over and doing three gigs in one city if we can't leave them anything behind", which is why the major travelling won't really happen until there's an EP out. "We're just going to line up some gigs and crash on somebody's floor so that we can make some money out of it".



to immediately release an EP or seal a record deal. As Seamus elaborates: "Too many people are worried about the record companies and being the next big rock star, when all you should really focus on is the music".

The band have finished writing a large number of songs which are still rather sloppy however, so they are concentrating on "going into the practice room and really honing in on getting everything sounding so tight ... People within the industry are harder to impress than the average punter - they listen to things like tightness".

As to the significance of the name Reckoning, it was originally based on an REM album, but now has come to symbolise for the band members what being in a band is all about. Seamus explains that "You're reckoning with the whole idea of breaking out of the mould of growing up, getting a job, having a family and dying, and doing something cooler. You do have to reckon with society, because there's no support system to being in a band, because until you get yourself to a level where you're making money, it's pretty damn hard."

Jessica Boland

Uncle Whipitty

Uncle Whipitty returns to answer your questions.



Dear Uncle Whipitty,
I face a terrible problem. I am a sixteen year old girl and have always been very responsible. Four months ago my boyfriend and I had sex for the first time. We were very cautious and used a condom. One week later my boyfriend broke off our relationship. Now, however, I think that I'm pregnant and I'm starting to show. I've already had to start buying larger clothes. I'm dreading my Mum finding out. What should I do?
"Desperate"

Dear Desperate,
I understand your predicament. If I was in your situation, I would be signing my letter as "Desperate" too. Fact is, obesity in young people is not pleasant. For starters, I suggest you eat more fresh fruit and vegetables, and go easy on the corn chips and burgers, hmmm?

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
Six months ago I bought a toothbrush. Now I find it is all frayed. What should I do?
Clare

Dear Clare,
Time to get a new toothbrush. Before someone comments.

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
In this age of environmental consciousness, is it OK to go without using toilet paper when moving your bowels?

Dear James,
Certainly. Just remember to amputate your hand immediately afterwards.

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
I like hard sticks with soft balls. Is this abnormal for a boy of my age (6)?
Terry

Dear Terry,
Your preference for hard sticks with soft balls is *not* abnormal. I know many young boys who prefer playing cricket with tennis balls rather than cricket balls. It's natural, and if you're safe you'll have a great time.

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
Where did I put my purse? I can't find it anyplace!
Shelly

Dear Shelly,
Stop wasting my time, loser.

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
The world can be a pretty awful place. What can I do to make it better?
Marianne

Dear Marianne,
Support charities. Lobby your local MP. Always smile at people as you pass them in the street.

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
While comparing Dicks with my best friend, I was upset to realise his was longer than mine. Is there any justification for this?
Tony

Dear Tony,
OK, so your copy of Herman Melville's epic of sea adventure is 400 pages long, and the copy your friend has is over 600? You obviously have different editions. Just remember - yours is *different*, not shorter!

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
How did you get to be so cool?
Lorna

Dear Lorna,
Don't get out much, do we? To be cool, the thing to remember is to *not* hang around nerd try-hards. Nerd tryhards are...well, people like yourself.

Dear Uncle Whipitty,
Is it true that in a former life you were a cheesy late-night television variety show host? My Mommy wants to know.
Teddy

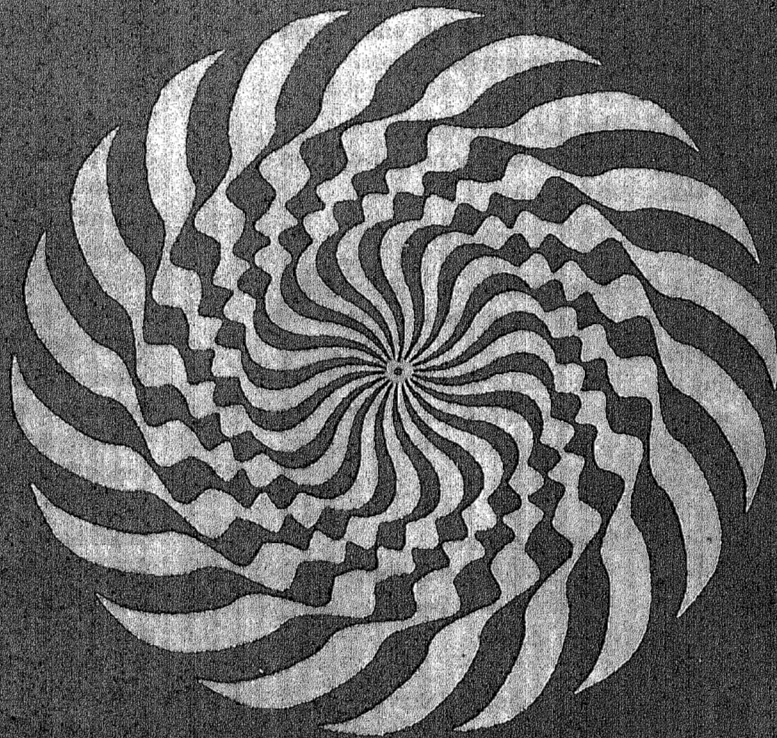
Dear Teddy,
You can tell your Mommy to go piss up a flagpole. Go on, you've got permission.

Dear beautiful and intelligent Uncle Whipitty,
Before I start I just want to mention how wonderful my family and friends and I think you are. I was going to tell you this the other night when I saw you at that really popular party, where you were by far the most handsome, but there were too many beautiful women talking to you. Thankyou for donating *all* that money to *all* those charities, and also saving my sister from sure death. Doggone it, now I've forgotten my problem!
Joel

Dear Joel,
Duffer.

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