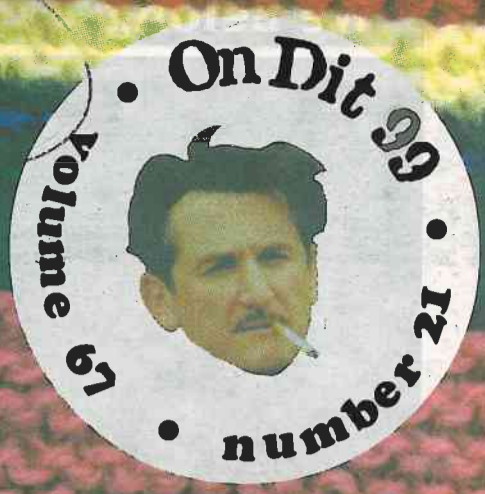


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- 4. Letters
- 6. Campus
- 12. Film
- 14. News
- 16. Literature
- 18. Vox Pop
- 20. Video
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On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of The University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control, although the opinions expressed are not necessarily their own.

Editors:
Penny Fredericks
Anthony Paxton

Advertising Manager:

Michael Nelson

Freight:
Darien O'Reilly

Printing:
Cadillac Printing

Web Stuff:
Smug

Thanks:
Ant Williams, "Ice Cold"
Shirley, Linley, Susie B, Padams,
Mixy, Papa Sykes, The Farmers,

Eva and Dale, Joni, Mullighan.

Where we are:
The *On Dit* office is located on the North Terrace campus opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building, remarkably close to the men's toilets.

How to contribute / contact us:
You can drop off stuff at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Or, you

can write to us at *On Dit*, c/- The University of Adelaide, SA, 5005 or email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au although we are notoriously slack about reading our email.

About the cover:
My nanna made it

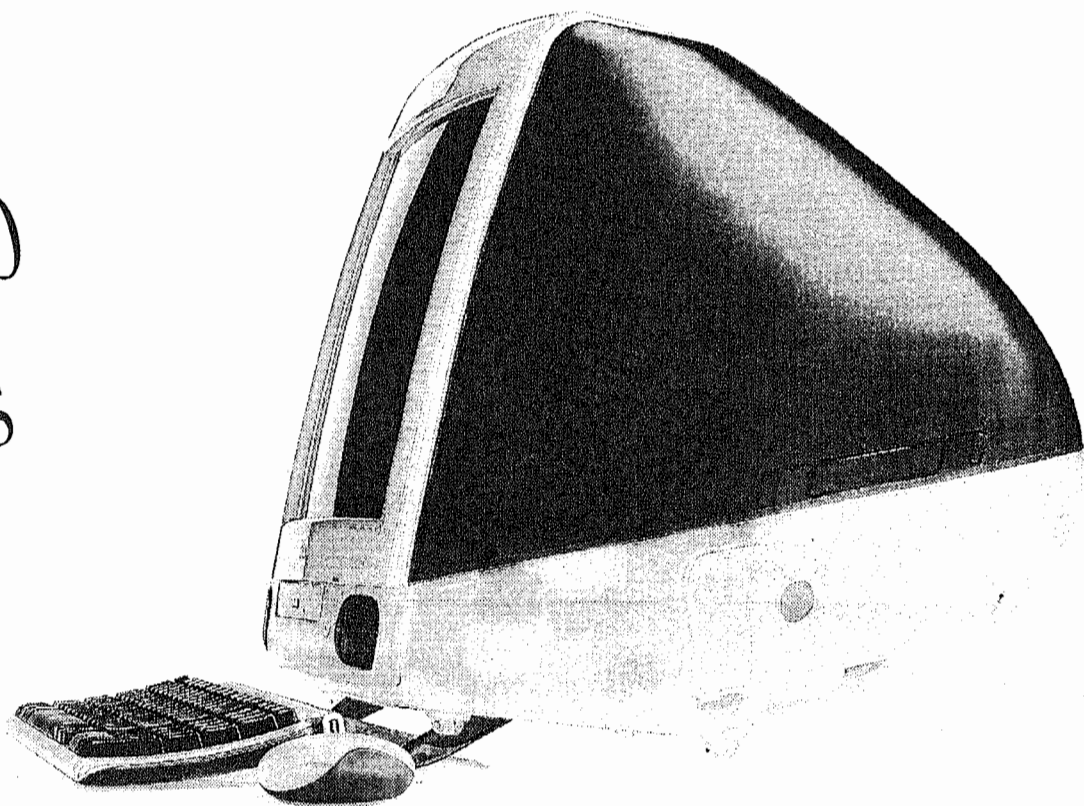
Next Edition:
Deadline Oct 21
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Venue: Hall E, The Adelaide Convention Centre, North Terrace, Adelaide, SA

Time: 4 - 6pm - Wednesday, 20/10/99

Refreshments will be served afterwards. We hope to see you all there..



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Have Letter,

Setting the Record Straight

I wish to clarify the issues raised in the letter called "Come on Eileen" as far as it relates to events that occurred at the SAUA Council Meeting on Wednesday 6th October, 1999.

Ms Eileen Fisher, 1999 Women's Officer, did not have her honorarium suspended in a disciplinary manner. Ms Eileen Fisher requested that she not receive any further honorarium as she will not be able to complete her requisite hours as a current office bearer. However, she does wish to continue in her position for the following weeks as she has many campaigns to deal with. Provisional arrangements with the President have been made so that Ms Eileen Fisher is able to complete her tasks and duties as Women's Officer on a voluntary basis.

Further, the SAUA Council expressed its wish to see a variety of political diversity contained within its publications including *Elle Dit*. It did not criticise Ms Fishers for an "abuse of power as editor of *Elle Dit*" nor the standard of her work throughout her term as Women's Officer.

Alida Parente
President
Students' Association
University of Adelaide

Here We Go Again

Dear Editors,

This is a reply to the challenge issued by Eileen Fisher in *On Dit* Volume 67, Issue 20, page 14. October 11, 1999.

Dear Eileen, Do not issue a challenge that is so easily met.

I will address your concerns point by point. (Eileen Fisher's comments in italics)

The creation of a Men's Officer implies that men face significant gender related problems. However, I find this questionable because men have not historically

faced, nor do they currently face, institutionalised forms of sexism. Do they need to be significant? And who defines significant (you, no doubt)? In the past, the majority of men have not suffered these injustices as much as women. But what of the minority that did? Do we say to them you don't matter, nor do we care about you? Of what purpose can a Men's Officer serve when we live in a society where power ultimately resides with men?

First a correction must be made. It should say ...when we live in a society where power ultimately resides with a very, very small group of people, that gender-wise are mainly men.

Well, Eileen, to you a Men's officer serves no purpose- you are after all not a man.

But to many men, it brings many things. It will give young men today someone to talk to about strengthening their characters, working out relationship problems, sexual harassment they may be suffering (including male rape- something that you imply is of less concern), access to child care for fathers (they do exist), men's involvement in non-traditional areas of study and the issues facing them in these disciplines (your very words), being the main household domestic engineer and studying at the same time, psychological problems they or a friend may be suffering, financial problems, health-related issues (men, as well as women, have unique physiologies), university life, life in general, and any other problems they may have.

Is the thought of equality so frightening to some people that the powerful need to find ways of acquiring more power? Yes. That is why you would deny men the chance for equality in having a Men's Officer to represent them.

Do men face these issues in everyday life? Yes. You even know the answer to be yes, but would like to deny outright that men face these problems and sweep them under the rug. You feel that your position as Women's Officer is undermined by the existence of a Men's Officer and would like to downplay the importance of the role of a Men's Officer.

Are their views not represented when they earn more than women, hold more executive positions in business and are the dominant gender in parliaments around Australia? No, they are not. Why would they be? Just because some guy earns lots of money, holds an executive position, or works as a politician does not mean that MY or other men's views are upheld. You have made sweeping assumptions that the views, ideals, and lives of all men are the same. You are walking the path to becoming the oppressor.

I would like to add my appreciation for the work of the other student officers who are tackling real issues without categorising people. Finally, I applaud the action of that Tasmanian university, and hope that all universities follow suit in

seeking equality for all, regardless of gender.

Harley Ewing
1st year Science

We aren't Family

Dear *On Dit*,

It was interesting to note that two of the three people who wrote into *On Dit* last week commenting on *Elle Dit* and the state of the Women's Department were men. I was under the impression that the Women's Department existed to represent and serve the *women* of this campus, so why don't you leave it up to us to pass judgement? And I don't care how "pro-womynist" you are Michael McCulloch, I'm not your sister.

Interesting too, to see that Daniel Marshall, Sexuality Officer, was one of those people who attacked Eileen the most. Where have you been for the last three months, Daniel? Holed up at home watching video re-runs of Dawson's Creek? When was the last time the Sexuality Department ran a campaign? At least Eileen had the decency to voluntarily ask for her pay to be stopped if she felt that she wasn't completely fulfilling her duties. And anyone who thought that *Elle Dit* didn't have enough articles or didn't represent your political viewpoint- why don't you get off your butt and write something? Women's issues don't just happen once a year in *Elle Dit*, the debate should continue (constructively) all year round.

Sky Mykyta
Arts/Law

Compound Cun

Dear Eds,

In response to the angry homeowner who so eloquently lamented the lack of de-

cent swear words I give this advice- mix your swear words. Never accept one cuss word as insult enough - the longer and more complex the verbal assault the more impact.

For eg. "fuck" by itself is somewhat uninspiring. However, "bullfuck" has a certain ring to it as does "fuckstick" and "fuckwank". Or if you are feeling particularly verbose cuss words can be assembled to form a smashing sentence.

For eg. "Bullfuck off you cun-ass!" (Please no 't' with the "cun"; let's not be too potty mouthed)

So the moral of this story - Get creative kids, make your parents proud, do it for the diggers and really fuck some shit in the neck.

Sincerely

Elly (I look hot in flannies) Wright

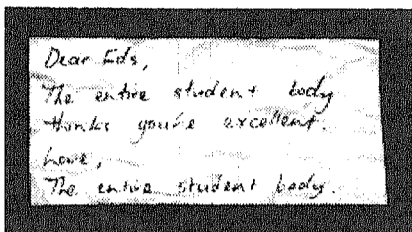
The Kids Need to Rock, and Hard

Dear Eds and other contributors, In my perusal of your gracious magazine this week, I was shocked to find only a single live music review. The relevance of this review (no offence to the author) was probably reduced by the fact that they were not local acts... by the time Regurgitator, The Resin dogs or Custard are going to be playing in Adelaide again this review will most likely be long forgotten... and hey, people probably already know if they want to see bands that get plenty of radio play. Let's see some more reviews of local bands. They could do with some more exposure and don't have management companies and big advertising budgets. Support the local music scene, if you see a good local band you think deserves some publicity, belt out a couple of paragraphs about them and send it in... I'm going to.

Leon Linden

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Will Publish



Procastination

Dear *On Dit*

In this pre-exam period where even the SBS docco *How to run a bassoon factory* looks more interesting than the looming pile of essays due (a pile which, incidentally, is so menacing that I was prompted to write a random letter to this fine publication which also, incidentally, had the pleasure of over an hour of my complete and undivided attention, as opposed to its neighbour, the essay question, which was, yet again, sworn at and shunned).

Anyway, in order to mentally prepare for the copious amounts of swot vac viewing that will take place in about a month's time, I recently sat down for an afternoon session with the great educator of the masses. Warm up began with an hour's intensive flicking between that historical masterpiece, *A Country Practice*, and its 3:30 but heartily inferior poor cousin,

Breakers. The kiddies game show half hour followed in its customary active manner, where the home viewer hurls a choice selection of answers like Peruvian Mountain Duck, Gore Vidal, or a simple Uzbekistan, interspersed with a fruity variety of abuse at the dense children nominated by their mothers to win Ashton Scholastic sticker packs. What happened to the quality days of *Double Dare*? Where has the physical challenge gone?

Fortunately the kiddies have to do their homework at 4:30, so the educational level of viewing mercifully dies down as the orange facial tones of *Bold* take over. And this is where my problem lies. Sandwiched between Amber and Rick's 7-trimester baby saga and the show which involves the quasi-Adriana bridle gushingly at the pseudo-Baby John (despite his post mid-life crisis position on Burgo's *Catch Phrase*, the only true *Wheel of Fortune* was Burgo's *Wheel* in the 5:30 timeslot, and all imitations are genuine fakes), is the pain of *Bewitched*. I don't understand why every single episode of this awful saga involves the same plot. How is this possible? Despite the making of endless series of *Bewitched*, Darren is still the same gasping fish figure while Sam is getting older and uglier every day but is the same good witch,

who comes to the rescue. Tabitha's acting ability peaked when she was about two months old. Brown and green, although a fine colour scheme in its era, really begins to grate on the eyes, and why is it, WHY, that every time the phone or doorbell rings, it's only one person. Larry? Do they have no other friends apart from an aging boss with used-car-salesmanlike features? As far as I can see, the mother is the only one of even marginal entertainment value, yet every episode ends with Samantha saying Oh Mother! in indignant tones to some random object, say a lampstand or fondue pot, and then, in the twinkle of a nose, it's all OK.

Enough's enough. Firstly, I say we get together a fund to bring back ACE TV, because we all need a decent TV evangelist to break the vicious viewing cycle, and secondly, I point out we have a month in which to petition the commercial stations to bring back the 5 o'clock icons like *Growing Pains* and *Family Matters*. There's a lot of time to be wasted in the next few weeks, and I refuse to waste it watching inferior productions of the boring routine of Samantha, Tabitha, Darren and Larry.

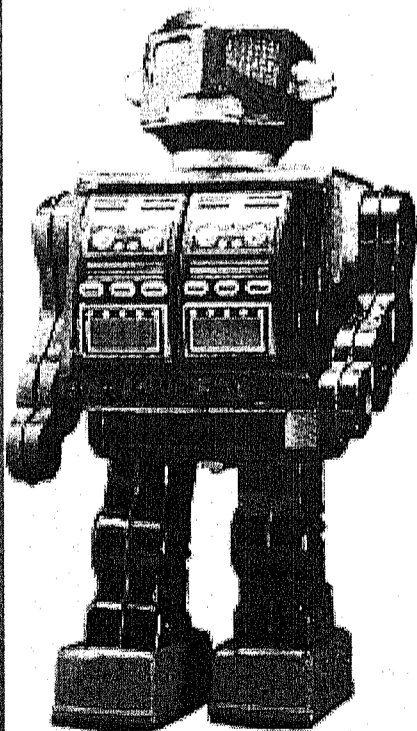
Sarah Moller
Arts (what else?)

PS: I thought the Lost Property Sale was a fine bargain bonanza initiative (where else could you buy a sequined genie hat made from an ex-take-away container for 45c?) However, I wonder at the legal ramifications should Sophie (judging by the name on the interior of the container/hat, the previous owner) be walking past, see me wearing the hat, and suddenly feeling pangs of unrequited proprietorship, demand it back. In this scenario, who has ownership rights?

Apology

The Publisher and Editors of *On Dit* do not support the opinions expressed in reference to Ms Eileen Fisher printed in the Letters Section of the previous *On Dit* edition titled "Come on Eileen". We unreservedly withdraw the adverse imputation and apologise for any harm or distress that this opinion may have caused Ms Fisher.

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STUDENTradio 2000



- ⊗ applications are now open for student radio in the year 2000
- ⊗ pick up an application from your SAUA, WISA or RACSUC.
- ⊗ make sure that you return it to the SAUA by ...

5 PM NOVEMBER 26TH 1999



THE FUTURE IS NOW

Activities Vice President

OK

Lost property sale

A big thanks to all who came and took advantage of the lost property sale this year. The activities department would like to thank all who came out and gave a hand. Big thanks to Marguerite, Meg, Bevan, Mark, Simon, Toby, Brad, Jane and Steve O, Fi great poster, Adam and Mike great poster. I hope everyone found a bargain and enjoyed the sale.

Raffle in the bar

Remember to heap up to Unibar this Friday night for the great happy hour specials, and the famous Activities Department Raffle. Great prizes to be won!

Free BBQ

This Friday there will be a free bbq come rain hail or shine.

Where Barr Smith Lawns

time 12

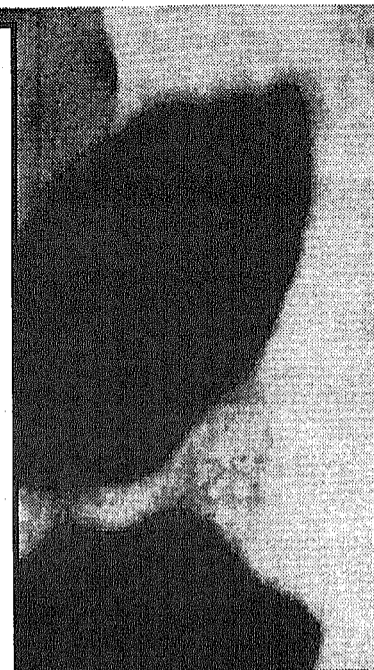
snags lots

onion yes

vegan alternative yes

cheers

matt sykes



Women's Officer

NOWSA 2000

NOWSA, Network of Women Students in Australia Conference will be held in Adelaide next year, so there is much work to be done to organise the conference. This is a great opportunity to gain some new skills by being part of the organising collective. The collective meets weekly in the women's room. For more information speak to the NUSWA Women's Convenor, Jade Evans.

Reclaim the Night

This year Reclaim the Night will be held on the 29th October. This is an annual march where women make a political statement that they have the right to feel safe on the streets and in all aspects of their life.

Do you park in the Botanic Gardens?

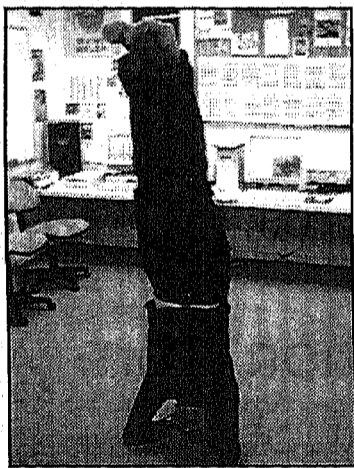
If you park in the Botanic Gardens carpark please be careful walking back to your car if you are alone. If it's dark, please go and see the 24 hour security office on Hughes Plaza and book an escort to your car. This is because there have been several attacks there recently, so please be careful.

Eileen Fisher

Education Vice President

Well - it's been a hectic time in the world of higher education this last week. Not for some time has the issue of Higher Education funding made front-page news the way it has for the last couple of days.

As many of you have doubtless heard, on Wednesday the Opposition released a leaked Cabinet document, detailing proposals to deregulate University tuition fees, allowing universities to charge whatever they liked for their courses. Under such a scheme, government subsidy for students would be provided from the government in the form of 'learning entitlements' or 'vouch-



ers' - a given amount of funding per year, which could be used at any institution. The gap between a voucher, and the fees charged for a particular course at a particular institution (which, in some cases, could be tens of thousands of dollars) would be paid by the student, either up-front, or through a student loan, which would attract real rates of interest. Under such a model, many students could take 30 years or more to pay off their debt, by which time, with interest, they could well have paid off \$100,000 - \$150,000! A similar loans scheme in New Zealand has proved disastrous - there total student-loan debt currently exceeds NZ \$3.3 billion, and is projected, at current rates of growth, to exceed the entire nation's public debt by 2025!!

The embarrassing manner in which the proposals have been made public has forced John Howard to distance the government from some of Kemp's proposals in parliament this last week. The loans scheme, however, one of the most worrying parts of the scheme, Howard has explicitly refused to rule out.

If you want to take a stand, and stop the Government bleeding students dry, come out to the NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION - THURSDAY OCTOBER 21 - Check poster spaces around campus during the week for precise details, or call the SAUA office on 8303-5406.

Janak Mayer

Sexuality Officers

Fourth National Sexuality Education Conference 21- 23 May 2000, Hobart

The fourth National Sexuality Education Conference Committee is calling for the submission of abstracts in relation to the conference theme: "Sex: From Virtue to Virtual Reality." Issues to be addressed may include:



- Σ The shaping of the sexual self in the technological age;
- Σ The development of sexual identity in a world of phone sex, cybersex, fantasy sex;
- Σ The role of advertising, contemporary music, the fashion industry in the above;
- Σ Moral and ethical considerations for these industries and for educators;
- Σ The future for healthy relationships in a world of sex at the push of a button;
- Σ Issues in this context for people with disabilities.

Suggestions for strategies other than the delivery of papers are very welcome. Any presentation using appropriate educational strategies will be considered, for example: performances, multimedia presentations, website demonstrations, interactive workshops, visual displays.

Abstracts outlining your proposal should be limited to 250 words describing content, approach and medium. They can be posted, emailed or faxed to Leishman & Associates. Contact details are listed below. Your abstract should include:

- Σ Title of paper/presentation/workshop
- Σ Style of presentation
- Σ Time required where applicable
- Σ Name of author/presenter
- Σ Position
- Σ Contact details including daytime phone, mobile, fax, email, postal address.

Please forward your abstract to:

Conference Managers
Leishman & Associates
14 Vaughan Court, Tranmere Tas 7018

Telephone: (03) 6247 1850

Facsimile: (03) 6247 1855

Email: paulaleishman@trump.net.au

Closing date for abstracts is 30 November 1999

Check out their web site: <http://virtue2virtual.trump.net.au>

Daniel Marshall and Amanda Camporeale,
Sexuality officers

boysexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au or
girlsexo@smug.adelaide.edu.au



Environment Officer

Saturday was the 15th annual World Anti-McDonalds Day. So I thought you might like to know...

What's Wrong With McDonalds?

THEY SELL UNHEALTHY FOOD

It is junk food - high in fat, sugar and salt, and low in fibre and vitamins. A diet of this type is linked with a greater risk of heart disease, cancer, diabetes and other diseases. It also contains many chemical additives, which may cause ill-health, and hyperactivity in children.

THEY EXPLOIT WORKERS

Pressure to keep profits high and wage costs low results in understaffing, so staff have to work harder and faster. As a consequence, accidents (particularly burns) are common. Not surprisingly, staff turnover at McDonalds is high, making it virtually impossible to unionise and fight for a better deal, which suits McDonalds.

THEY DESTROY THE ENVIRONMENT

Forests - vital for all life - are being destroyed at an appalling rate by multinational companies. McDonalds have been forced to admit to using beef reared on ex-rainforest land, preventing its regeneration. Also, the use of farmland by multinationals forces local people to move on to other areas and cut down further trees.

THEY TORTURE AND MURDER ANIMALS

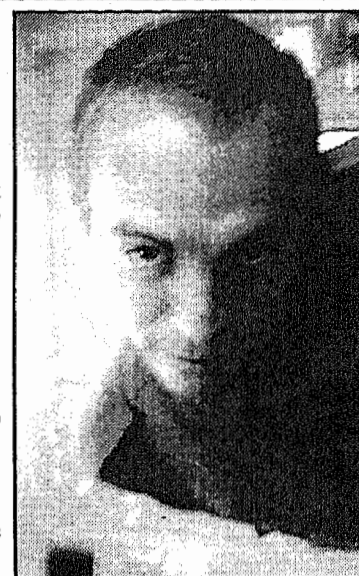
Most are intensively farmed, with no access to fresh air and sunshine, and no freedom of movement. Their deaths are barbaric. We have the choice to eat meat or not, but the billions of animals massacred for food each year have no choice at all.

THEY CENSOR THEIR CRITICS

Many critics of McDonalds have been forced to back down because they lacked the money to fight a case. But Helen Steel and Dave Morris, from London Greenpeace, defended themselves in the longest ever UK High Court libel trial. McDonalds refused to disclose masses of relevant information. Also, the defendants were denied a jury. Despite all the cards being stacked against them, Helen and Dave turned the tables and instead put McDonalds business practices on trial. Protests against the multi-million-dollar fast-food giant continue to grow. It's vital to stand up to intimidation and to defend free speech.

The website for this week is (obviously) <http://www.McSpotlight.org>.

zane



SAUA President

NO MONEY = NO DEGREE

Since 1996, this government has consistently deprioritised and damaged the higher education sector. The latest being a leaked Cabinet document outlining plans for universities across the nation. The document proposes to deregulate university course fees and therefore allowing market forces to dictate the price of a course at a given university. Such a proposal has the potential for some elite universities charging extraordinary fees for courses. The current outlook for higher education does look grim. The current government is continually decreasing its commitment to the Tertiary sector, and this proposal is another manoeuvre illustrating a blatant move towards a user-pay system, which will in the long term decrease access to higher education.

There will be a National Day of Action held next Thursday to allowing students to stand up and oppose extraordinary fees for courses.

At the same time the document also proposes to abolish the current HECS system and replace it with a "student loan" scheme. The "student loan scheme" would have an interest attached to it at competitive market rates. So if you think your HECS debt will be big expect a huge jump in the cost of your education under such a proposal.

Entrance into university requires a basic element of fairness. This proposal does not ensure that students from all different groups within our society have the opportunity to participate in university. Education is a basic human right, it is not a marketing tool for universities.

Such a proposal is wrong, it is unjust and we as students should not stand for it!

This is your chance to have your say and tell the government exactly what you think.

For more information please do not hesitate to contact me on 8303 5406 or alida.parente@adelaide.edu.au.

Alida Parente



THE STEPHEN COLE THE ELDER PRIZES FOR EXCELLENCE IN TEACHING 1999

The Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching recognise and reward outstanding teaching. The prizes are awarded annually to academic staff whose teaching is regarded by students and academic colleagues as being of excellent quality.

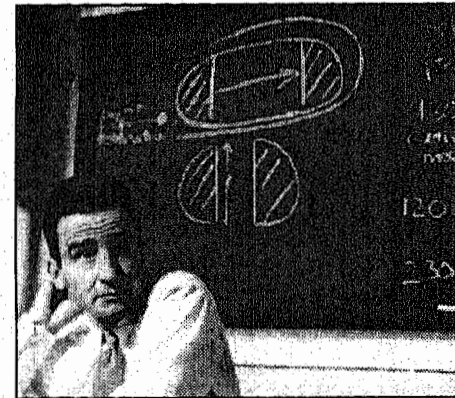
Applications are invited for the 1999 Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching at the University of Adelaide. The Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching will comprise three prizes for undergraduate teaching, one of which will be awarded to an applicant in the first five years of their teaching career, and one for postgraduate teaching. Each prize will consist of a monetary award of \$5,000 and a certificate presented at the commemoration ceremonies. The prize money is to be used by the winners to help them with the further development of their teaching activities.

Each winner will be required to agree with the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) on appropriate form of dissemination of their achievements in teaching (which might include a seminar, an article for the Adelaidean and/or a web-page article). Candidates with at least two years' service to the University in a teaching position are eligible for nomination by their students and academic colleagues. Teaching groups may also be nominated.

Nominations will be considered by a selection committee convened by the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) and consisting of student and academic staff representatives.

Nominations are now sought for The Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching for 1999. Guidelines and nomination forms can be obtained from Marie Reitano, Office of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education), Room G04, Mitchell Building, telephone: 35511, fax: 35150, email: marie.reitano@adelaide.edu.au or downloaded from the Deputy Vice-Chancellor's web-site: http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/quality/stephen_cole_prize.html

Nominations must reach the Office of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) by Monday 29 November 1999.



Honey, They've Shrunk the Student Union



"It began on the Thursday afternoon when the Campus Director, Professor John Anderson, informed members of the MUGSU Executive that our organisation would no longer be funded by the amenities fees to provide services to Gippsland students. In fact, the only funds that he would allocate to MUGSU would be 'pocket money' for advocacy and representation. The University immediately sent out a media release proclaiming the virtual shutdown of the Student Union. They claimed that their actions, based on unaudited figures, were in response to (alleged) financial mismanagement and a lack of services to students. Then they occupied our buildings, poached our staff, changed the locks to our offices and locked our files in university storage under video surveillance. A new department of the university, the Student Amenities and Services Unit (the SAS Unit) was suddenly established to provide the services that our Student Union used to operate. This all happened within 48 hours."

- Jenny Farrar, President, Monash University Gippsland Student Union

The story so far . . .

Such were the circumstances surrounding the attempted takeover of the Monash University Gippsland Student Union (MUGSU) on the 25th of March this year. The move, instigated by Professor John Anderson, the Director of the Monash Gippsland campus, has meant that the Student Union now receives less than a third of its previous income and Gippsland students no longer have any say in how most of their amenities fee is spent. In the past, Gippsland students could decide what activities would be held on campus, what food would be served in the Student Union's "Ivy Cafe" and "The Pantry", or how much money would be spent on other services that the Union controlled, such as childcare, clubs and societies and activities. Such decisions are currently being made by a newly established university department, the Student Amenities and Services Unit (or SAS Unit - as it is more affectionately known). The SAS Unit has no elected student representatives, no accountability to the student body, and no idea what students want from their amenities fee. Whilst Monash University has established "advisory committees" for activities and services, these committees possess no decision making power and have basically been manufactured to give the impression that students are being consulted (contrary to a commitment from Professor Anderson at a student meeting). Essentially, Monash University has made a bunch of out of touch bureaucrats responsible for almost every aspect of student life at the Gippsland Campus.

Monash University - (dirty) business as usual . . .

Beyond the obvious attack on Gippsland students ability to decide how their amenities fee is spent, Monash University has once again attempted to ignore whatever the law says and do whatever it damn well pleases. Despite the existence of a legally binding funding agreement requiring it to distribute amenities fees to the Student Union, Monash University has decided that it would rather attempt a militant takeover of the Student Union and deal with the consequences later. For a university that is so obsessed at being considered "Big Business", Monash has gone one step too far. It can now be considered "Big Dirty Business". Essentially, by compromising the existing funding agreement and withholding Student Union funds, Monash University is not only responsible for the theft of amenities fees, but also many of the assets of the Student Union, such as the stock and equipment in the catering areas. Further to this, however, is the manner in which Monash University conducted itself during its attempted takeover of the Student Union's services. Not only did it kick the student representatives out of their offices the day after Gippsland Campus Director Professor John Anderson informed them of his decision, it also attempted to poach every staff member of the Student Union for its new SAS Unit, offering staff six month fixed term contracts. As an institution which is supposed to have something to with education and research, Monash University should really consider providing a Bachelor of Thuggery, followed by a Masters degree in Union Takeovers. It's always best to teach what you're good at.

No mandate to destroy . . .

By now you should be wondering how Monash University can justify this bla-

tant attack on students rights. When Professor Anderson first informed the Student Union of his decision, he claimed that the unaudited financial statements of the Student Union indicated an operating deficit in the vicinity of \$100,000. Professor Anderson went to argue that he had a mandate, as prescribed in the Victorian Tertiary Education (Amendment) Act 1994, to do whatever he liked with students' amenities fees, regardless of the wishes of the students themselves. The big question is why did the University act on "unaudited" figures to begin with? We all know that "unaudited" figures are unreliable and are obviously not qualified by an auditor. Interestingly enough, when the Student Union's financial statements were audited and released the statement shows an operational loss of merely \$7,736. While Professor Anderson has lost his mandate, he is still fully committed to smashing the Student Union and overthrowing its elected student representatives.

The threat to students across the country . . .

The fact that this incident occurred at Monash Gippsland should send shivers down the spine of every student throughout Australia. Whilst Monash University did not have a particularly good reputation for dealing with students in the past, the Monash University Gippsland Student Union was by no means a threat to the institution. With a membership consisting mostly of local, interstate and international students (80% of whom are enrolled in distance education programs), the Student Union has been a very effective provider of services and representation for over thirty years. The Student Union has, in fact, contributed over \$1 million dollars to the development of buildings and fittings at the Gippsland campus. It has also played an intricate role in the campus community and has in the past contributed in excess of \$1.5 million dollars per year in the way of goods and services to the local economy. Whilst there is a strong tradition of fighting for student control of student affairs at the Gippsland Campus, the Student Union has always attempted to work with a broad cross-section of the local community to make life better for Gippsland students. This seemingly "happy" relationship did not, however, prevent Monash University from proceeding with its attack. Thus, no matter how efficient or effective your student organisation is, there is always the possibility that the university will try to take control of your student organisation's services and funding.

The threat to democracy in universities . . .

In many respects, Monash University's recent actions at its Gippsland Campus parallel those undertaken by the Kennett Government during the mid-nineties when it dismissed elected local councillors and replaced them with Kennett stooges (otherwise known as commissioners). Despite significant public outrage, there was no reversal of the decision. That event was a particularly low point for the plight of democracy in Australia and the repercussions are still being dealt with. If the situation at Monash Gippsland continues on its merry way, it will set an example for other universities as to how to take further control of students' amenities fees and effectively shrink or destroy the operations of a student organisation. More specifically, this situation puts at great risk the important democratic role that students can play in university life, further threatening their ability to participate in debate about issues as broad as course curriculum, teaching methodology and funding for higher education. Basically, if it can happen at Monash Gippsland this year, there is no reason why it can't happen at Deakin University next year, or Melbourne University the year after.

So where to from here?

In order to appear consultative about the issue, Professor Anderson has established a review process to consider the future delivery of services to Gippsland students. Considering the fact that the review process is fundamentally flawed and highly undemocratic (on the seven member review committee, the Student Union is only allowed one representative) it is difficult to have faith in a fair and just result. Furthermore, even if the review committee declares that the Student Union is the best body to serve and represent students, Professor Anderson can still override the decision and manipulate the outcome. Therefore the National Union of Students will continue to fight for the future of the Monash University Gippsland Student Union and fight against university attempts to control students' amenities fees. To get involved in the ongoing campaign, email Trent McCarthy at trent@nusvic.org or call 0414 885 380. You can email Professor Anderson directly at john.anderson@adm.monash.edu.au or fax (03) 9905 4178. Regular updates on the situation at Monash Gippsland are posted on the Student Union's webpage at www.mugsu.cc.monash.edu.au

Trent McCarthy

Welfare/Small & Regional Campuses Officer

National Union of Students (Victoria)

Sam King's eyewitness report from East Timor

'On September 6 in the UNAMET compound, no one was surprised at the violence by the Indonesian military. What surprised the Timorese was the lack of international intervention on their behalf.'

Last Thursday, resistance activist Sam King spoke at Adelaide University about his recent experiences in East Timor.

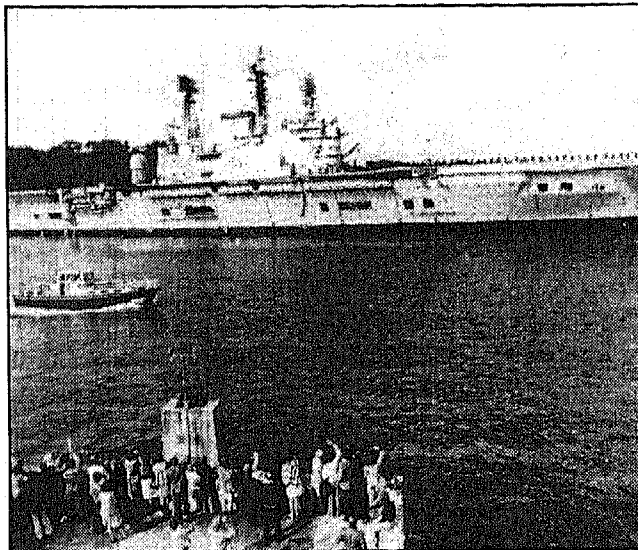
He began by talking about the support that Western governments have given to the Indonesian dictatorship and said it was unlikely that the dictatorship would exist without that support.

He criticised the role of the UN, saying that, at best, it could be described as 'dishonest.' According to the King, the UN ran a huge publicity campaign to encourage East Timorese to participate in the referendum stating that the UN would 'be here after the referendum to implement the results of the ballot.' This was a lie because there was no mandate to stay in East Timor if there were security problems in the security provisions of UNAMET and the UN did pull out.

King said that it was clear that the militias on their own were very weak without the direct support of the Indonesian military and spoke about an attack on a Red Cross refugee camp. 'The Indonesian military and the militia attacked the camp - they were under one command. The militiamen had Indonesian weapons and some of them wore Indonesian military clothing. They shot over everyone's head, told people they were going to kill everyone and made everyone go outside the camp. They then searched through everyone's bag, looking for pro-independence material. By matching photos found in people's bags with people outside, they separated people they suspected of being political. They then marched one group towards the port, presumably to be deported and the political group the opposite way down the beach, presumably to be killed.'

Despite the fact the Australian government knew last year that the Indonesian military was training the militias, they supported the May 5 agreement between Indonesia and Portugal which placed Indonesia in charge of security over the referendum. King stated that the Australian government didn't take action sooner to stop the genocide in East Timor because they were reluctant to weaken the Indonesian military. 'Since the huge uprisings for democracy in Indonesia, the Indonesian military has been massively unpopular. The Indonesian government is in crisis which could be a problem for Australian investments in East Timor.'

jo ellis



The Worm Turns

Last month an internet site for vacancies Australia-wide in the education sector was launched. Called Ed Vacs, the online recruitment service can list every Australian education vacancy, and its free for both institutions and job seekers.

The site is immediate - positions can be placed there as soon as they become vacant, and of course it can be accessed 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Not only will each advertisement appear at the Ed Vacs site, but it will also appear on the international Ed Vacs site, www.educationgazette.com.

Ed Vacs has been designed to promote education vacancies to every Australian educator and administrator, and to provide a convenient and efficient service to industry personnel in their quest to find the right job.

You can view the site at www.australia.edu/EdVacs.

Stephen Mullighan



National Day of Action 1:00 Barr Smith Lawns

- First Stop: Trish Worth

- Second Stop: Amanda Vanstone

- Third Stop: Robert Hill and Alexander Downer



**STOP KEMP
STOP THE POLITICS OF IGNORANCE**

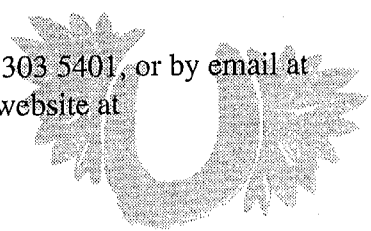


Adelaide University Union President

Cabinet Leaked doc
In Advertiser 13 Oct

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me on 8303 5401, or by email at elysia.turcinovic@adelaide.edu.au. You can check out the Union's website at www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU for more information also.

Elysia Turcinovic



Amnesty International

Across the globe Amnesty International (AI) heads a campaigning movement that works to promote and prevent the violation of all human rights, which have been established in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and other international standards. Predominantly AI campaigns to free all prisoners of conscience; end political "disappearances" and murders; ensure that trails for political prisoners are prompt and fair; abolish the death penalty and cruel treatment of prisoners; and many other forms of human rights abuse by opposition groups.

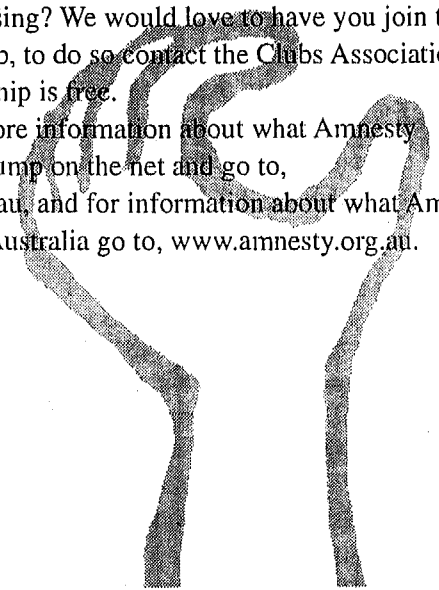
Amnesty International was first established in England in 1961, and now has over one million members and supporters in 162 countries and territories. AI is a free and independent body, impartial to any government, political persuasion or religious creed. AI is constantly under pressure as new cases of human rights violations arise everyday, and these do not only include what we see through the media, much of what AI deals with is often unreported. AI has a research department of over 200 personnel who monitor and investigate for any signs of human rights abuse. In an effort to reduce the number of cases, for the long term and raise public awareness of these violations, AI heads a number of activities including public demonstrations, letter writing (one of the more successful methods by which AI has achieved their objectives), human rights education, fundraising concerts, individual appeals on a particular case and even global campaigns on a particular issue.

All this work requires funding, most of which is supplied by

subscriptions and donations from its worldwide membership. CANDLE DAY is the one day a year when AI reaches out to the general public for financial support. Don't buy that cup of coffee, instead drop those loose coins into a tin during the week leading up to Candle Day, FRIDAY, OCT. 22nd, and buy a little badge (the colour range to choose from is superb, so you need not worry about it clashing with your outfit) in support of AI. All donations, great and small, are appreciated. Donations can also be made via a toll free number; **1800 808 157**.

Feel like taking an active role in the work of AI, like letter writing and fund raising? We would love to have you join the Adelaide Uni AI club, to do so contact the Clubs Association or myself. Membership is free.

If you would like more information about what Amnesty International does, jump on the net and go to, www.powerup.com.au, and for information about what Amnesty International Australia go to, www.amnesty.org.au.



Youth Week 99

Youth Week '99, a joint initiative of the Local Government Association and Youth SA, is to be held 16 - 23 October. The week is a celebration of the contribution that youth make to society, and it is primarily for those between 12 and 25. Emphasis is placed on people in this age group bringing the various projects planned for the week to fruition.

Over 32000 people are expected to attend the various events planned, which include concerts, art exhibitions, and skating displays. The events will happen throughout all Council areas to ensure the greatest possible participation by young people.

For more information visit www.youthweek.sa.gov.au.

MATURE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

END OF AN ERA

CELEBRATE THE END OF THE 1900'S IN STYLE WITH THE MSA...

BAND - THE "VB'S"
FREE FOOD & DRINKS ALL NITE

COME DRESSED FOR YOUR FAVOURITE DECADE

DOOR PRIZES AWARDS CEREMONY PRIZE FOR BEST COSTUME

TICKETS: \$15 PRE-PAID \$20/\$25 AT THE DOOR

Friday, 5 November 1999 7pm to 1.00am

Upper Refectory Level 4, Union House

More Adelaide Uni Champions

The whistle went and we were crowned Division 2 Premiers for season 1999. In our best season ever the Adelaide University Women's Soccer Team took out the Premiership with a win over Cumberland 3-0. Losing only two games in the season in the season Adelaide Uni edged close rivals NAB by one point and two points from Gepps Cross Girls High.

The win taking the squad to new highs. The players were finally rewarded for all the hard work and commitment. The players dedicating the win to their coach, John Peppas, who worked so hard throughout the years.

The team's hard work consisted of a preseason, taking the squad to the beach, running through the hills, hiking, and sand sculpting. When the season started our expectations were to do well, but after going 5 wins in a row and sitting on top of the ladder, we knew this could be our year. With the club losing 5 players: 4 overseas and one to pregnancy, it was a credit to the senior players to lift themselves and show the way for the new players in the squad. With the season only four games away the pressure was on to win. The squad showed its talent once more by playing the games in a cool fashion to take out the Premiership in the second to last game of the the season.

The celebrations started with the over Cumberland, and are still continuing in full swing as the Premiership means so much to the players and the coach.

With the season over the focus fell on the University Games with a squad going to Perth, and after having the time of their lives, finished 8th out of 14.



Back: Monica Korecki, John Peppas (Coach), Georgie Smith, Stephenie Johnston, Christina Hudson (Captain), Kerry Morton, Nia Kolokas, Helene Peppas, Stephanie Lambert.

Front: Angela Ruchin, Imogen Baghurst, Tory Shepherd, Sarah Hudson, Brocke Avory.

Clubs Column

Tuesday Oct 19th Law Students Society AGM
Room 2.16 at 1pm

Community Club Secondhand clothing sale Barr
Smith Lawns, Wednesday 20/10/99 10am-3pm

Clubs Assoc AGM Margaret Murray Room Level 5
Union House Wednesday 20/10/99 at 1pm

Thursday 21st Wilto Yerlo AkShN ReAkShN
meeting IGM Performing Arts Staff Room Hartley
Building 1st floor 1pm

AUSCA Science Assoc Annual Formal Dinner St
Pauls Entertainment Centre corner Pulteney St
Saturday Oct 23rd 7.30pm Tickets from Vicki at
Clubs Assoc Members \$35 Non members \$42 3
course dinner and 4 hours drinking DJ 10pm -2am
or call Kate 8449 6860 or Kerry 8371 0003

Anglican Students Society AGM Oct 25th Monday
7pm Emma Clutterhams place 8338 3226

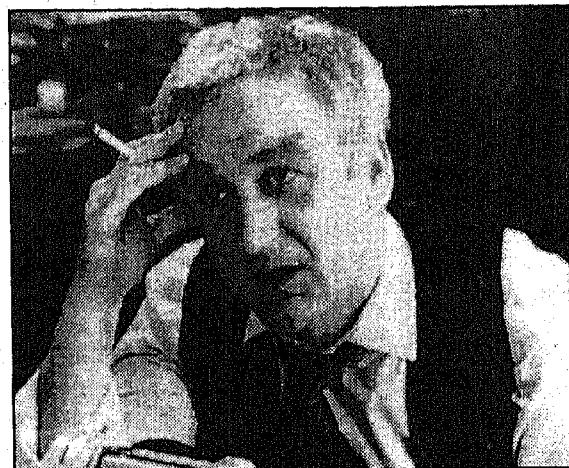
AUSCA AGM 6pm Benham Lecture Theatre
Wednesday 27th October



When Valium Isn't Enough

Feeling a bit toey about those looming exams? Wish that you'd attended some lectures instead of soaking up the springtime sun? Run out of lavender incense, and bourbon just ain't cutting the mustard? Then get along one of the seminars put on by the Counselling centre on Tuesday 19 or Wednesday 20 October. Entitled "Effortless Exams" these workshops will hopefully dull those headaches and maybe even improve your results. They are to be held in Discussion Room 1, Charles Hawker Conference Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building, Nth Tce Campus. Bookings are essential, so please phone the Counselling Centre on 8303 5663.

Stephen Mullighan



poor man's jaws

Deep Blue Sea
Now Showing
Academy and Selected Cinemas

The next time that our esteemed film editor calls me to ask 'Do you want to do a crap film for me?' I might have to think twice. Despite popular conceptions, us critic-types find it much more difficult to review films that we hate.

So where to begin? Firstly, let me state that I was not expecting much from *Deep Blue Sea*, and even then I was disappointed! The film is just plain bad. There are, of course, two types of bad films: there is what I call 'Melrose-Films' (might have to change the term to 'Dawson's-Films' though!), and there are the Just-Plain-Awful-Films. The Melrose/Dawson's-Films do not pretend to be anything other than cheap, trashy entertainment - you know it, they know it, and they *know* that you know, and you know that *they* know, and as such they can be enjoyed (albeit somewhat guiltily). Good examples are *The Spy Who Shagged Me*, *Men In Black*, *Wild Wild West*, or *Mars Attacks*. *Deep Blue Sea* is clearly awful. And it was made worse by the Triple M bloke claiming that it will scare the living daylights out of us. I am guessing that the people who left the cinema half way through did not leave because the film was too damned scary!!

Pre-bloody-posterous storyline aside, I think that the effects people did not bother to check up on how *real* sharks actually move. And they do not seem to realise that sharks *do not* change size to fit in a room half filled with water either - several scenes ago the shark is sooooooo huge that it can swallow a man whole, and this scene it can hide itself in a room filled with water that only comes up to a rather pretty and petite little scientist's waist. HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

Samuel L. Jackson is a fine performer, but he seems ridiculous and over-acts in *Deep Blue Sea*. Or perhaps it is not that Jackson *overacts*, but that the rest of the film lets him, and the other cast members, down. These are all fine actors: Jackson's praises cannot be sung enough; *Deep Blue Sea* also features brilliant Australian actor Jacqueline McKenzie; and LL Cool J is actually a rather funny bloke. And although there are some moments when the audience jumps a little, it is because something happens suddenly or loudly - there is very little genuine suspense in the film at all.

So what went wrong? The direction is shite, the script is even worse, and I am bitterly disappointed that, out of the hundreds of films pitched to any one big production company in a year, *Deep Blue Sea* was one of the twelve or so chosen to be made. I do not care if the bloke is married to Geena Davis, he should be shot (Renny Harlin, for those who may want to go and liposuction their ample minds with some of his other work). Do not bother with *Deep Blue Sea*. Go and

hire *Jaws 3* from a disreputable video store and watch it whilst hitting yourself over the head with a copy of *Bride of Chucky* instead.

Jayne Lewis



more
muriel

The Sixth Sense
Now Showing
Greater Union
and Selected Cinemas

The Sixth Sense is a remarkable film and it's going to make all those inevitable end of the year best films lists. And so it should. It's one of those rare movie experiences that make you think weeks after the first viewing.

Bruce Willis, in his very best role to date (even better than *Hudson Hawke*), plays child Psychologist, Dr Malcolm Crowe, a man haunted by the fact that he was shot by a former, unsatisfied patient who then turned the gun fatally on himself. A year after the shooting, Crowe meets Cole Sear (Haley Joel Osment), a young kid who has the unfortunate gift of being able to see dead people. A reluctant channel, Cole is haunted by visitations from those with unresolved problems, and his job is to finally put the dead to rest (hey, someone's got to do it). In a desperate attempt to find redemption for the fact that he failed the former patient who displayed similar features to Cole, Crowe lunges into a desperate attempt to heal the troubled youngster.

Philadelphia-based writer-director M. Night Shyamalan went to his home town to film *The Sixth Sense* and has created a beautifully looking and feeling atmosphere. He makes us fear for the characters in the film, but perhaps more frighteningly, fear for our own sense of loss and the unknown. But his biggest triumph is his impressive cast. Toni Collette as Cole's single mother shows a rare mix of compassion, worry and strength for Cole and genuine sadness for the recent loss of her mother. Willis, with no side gags or trademark sideways smirks, slowly lets his character develop and lets us see a new side to the action star and eleven year old Osment, who played the young *Forrest Gump* and the kid who wanted to sue god in a recent episode of *Ally McBeal*, is remarkable as eight year old Cole. He's going to be a star (unless he grows up to be really ugly). Osment shows more maturity than certain actors five times his age.

The Sixth Sense is a film that is going to get people going again and again. Big rap, you say? Well, it's true, so there (insert stuck out tongue here). One line of warning: when your friends start to talk about this film, block your ears. Block them hard.

Belinda Schenk



MAGICAL MOVIE MOMENTS

One of my favourite films is Alfred Hitchcock's *Notorious* (1946) and there is a scene where Ingrid Bergman is in her bedroom and she's slowly being poisoned, and you know that she is being poisoned and her husband and other people are sitting down in the lounge room, and I just have a vision of her walking down the stairs and that's what popped in to my mind.
It's a great film anyway...

Alice Garner, star of *Strange Planet* and *Love and Other Catastrophes*.

those crazy germans

Run Lola Run
Now Showing
Trak and Palace EastEnd

Run Lola Run reminded me of Go. A German techno Go. The audience follows Lola (Franka Potente) running around trying to save her boyfriend Manni's (Moritz Bleibtreu) life. It's her fault he is in trouble, so she needs to find 100 000 marks and get it to him in the next twenty minutes, or he is toast! We watch her try to do this three times. The changes in the story each time demonstrate the endless possibilities in every life.

The film is shot in a fast, nervous and

exciting way, much like a music video, but it serves to remind why music videos last for three and a half minutes. By the second story I was tiring of the endless shots of Lola running, and by the third time I was actually frustrated. It was like watching someone else play TombRaider with red haired Lola Knaup stomping around instead of Lara Croft. The soundtrack was inspirational however, and the people in the film were very cool. I am going to dye my hair like Lola's. It's nice seeing the beautiful funky princess rescuing her boy in distress.

The film runs for 86 minutes and there is a lot to be taken from it if you like repetitive visuals as well as repetitive music.

Chloe West



Film Society

Knife in the Water - Noz w Wodzie
(Poland 1962)

Directed by Roman Polanski

Polish dialogue with English subtitles

Starring Leon Niemczyk, Jolanta Umecka, Zygmunt Malanowicz

Screening in the Union Cinema

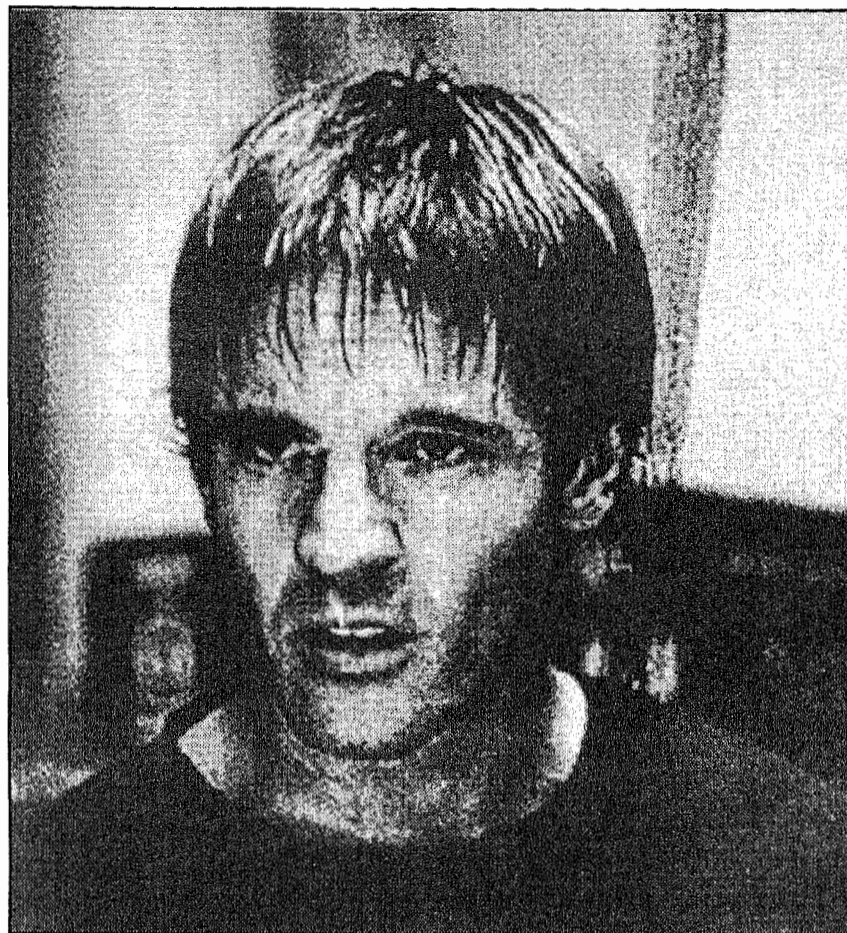
Thursday, 21 October at 7pm

Free to Film Society members,
\$3 non-members (membership included)

Roman Polanski's debut feature established him as a new film-making talent, winning top honours at the Venice Film Festival and a Best Foreign Film Oscar nomination.

When Andrzej (Niemczyk), a sportswriter vacationing with his wife (Umecka), picks up a hitchhiker (Malanowicz), the couple asks the young man to join them on a boating excursion. While Andrzej, jealous of the lad's youthfulness and good looks, boasts of his skills and physical prowess, tension between the men escalates, culminating in a series of violent conflicts.

Romanski's directorial style is minimalistic, extremely concise and assured. His fascination with human cruelty and violence is already evident in this film which remains one of the most mature and subtle psychological thrillers among the director's body of work.



more brutality
than you can hit
with a stick

Erskineville Kings
Now Showing
Palace and Nova Cinemas

The only thing that is missing from this film was Bill Hunter. This film is as Australian as Australia Day or playing cricket with golf balls. Set in the western suburb of Sydney, *Erskineville Kings* is an urbane urban study of masculinity.

Personally I liked it. Thoughtful and beautiful, this film by Alan White is intensely powerful. Taking place in the space of a day, *Erskineville Kings* tells the emotionally torrid homecoming of Barky (Marty Denniss). Having worked in the cane fields, Barky is forced home for his father's funeral. Meeting up with his best mate, he is propelled from house to house and from friend to friend in order to see his brother. The obvious emotional tensions between Barky and his brother, Wace (Hugh Jackman), revolve around issues of abandonment and worth. Having taken care of their father while he was ill, Wace resents Barky and takes it out on him with a stinging ferocity. The resolution of the film left this move-goer speechless. The raw brutality of the emotion allowed me to forgive any previous faults of style or performance. Marty Denniss may be a very young actor, but he is well suited to the role of the young, artistic and sensitive protagonist. One of my mates, Nel, reckoned that this film bit the big one. It did drag on a bit and the credits could be applauded at some screenings, but I'm the sort

of arty wanker who enjoys that sort of poetic depiction of Western Sydney and the value systems of contemporary youth. In the lead up to the Sydney Olympics perhaps it is time to turn the gaze of the art community onto the pros and cons of the Harbour City. The crew on this latest Australian "shockbuster" can be extremely proud of this work which suggests many cultural analyses and asks even more questions. It's hard not to have a reaction to something this poignant, even if it only makes you drowsy.

Anthony Paxton

spooky

The Haunting

Now Showing

Greater Union and Selected Cinemas

Have you ever noticed those posters psych students stick up around the uni, enticing you to undertake some study or another, for a miserable 10 bucks an hour?

Whether it is the psychological analysis of dreams, or the link between hair spray abuse and Midori consumption, my advice to you is: DON'T DO IT!!!

The characters in *The Haunting* are lured, as guinea pigs, to the palatial Hill House for what they think is a sleep disorder study. Dr. David Marrow (Liam Neeson) however has other plans; what he is really conducting is a study on fear. But it gets worse. The eerie mansion appears to strangely have an agenda of its own. The mansion is breathtaking - both beautiful and horrific. Even the people on the set didn't like being there at night. My favourite sets were the revolving room with its turntable floor, and the hanging staircase - gob-smacking. But I admit I was more upset when the designer knit jumper worn by Theo (Catherine Zeta-Jones) is torn than when the staircase falls apart underfoot!

Catherine's character is fantastic - beautiful clothes, Prada knee-length boots, suspect sexuality, talk of a jet-setting lifestyle. Her character would have been a blast to play! She is in contrast to the plain, child-like Nell (Lili Taylor) who is the most susceptible to the house's

haunting. At times you wonder, are things really going bump in the night, or is Nell just going mad?

Aside from the nasal-sounding geek Luke losing his head (Owen Wilson), this is not a gory, slasher flick. Why it got a 'M' rating is beyond me. Kids would love the special effects, the anticipation, the build-up of *The Haunting*. Instead the mature-age audience I sat with, laughed at its predicability. I think the money that had been blown on effects could have been better spent. (Think of the shoes you could buy!)

More scary in the film, is what you don't see (hiding behind that corner or door) than what is computerised digitally. But that's Hollywood.

The Haunting is draining to watch. The image of the child-like ghosts, and the accompanying disturbing music will remain etched in your mind long after you leave the darkened theatre - in spite of yourself. You may even go home and check under your bed for anything supernatural lurking about.

But the more obvious message to take home from this film is NOT TO UNDERTAKE A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY. Especially when it requires you stay in house that looks uncannily like Frankenstein's wet dream.

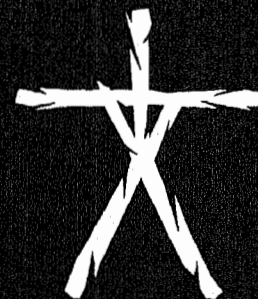
Run for the hills, dear child! Run for the hills!

Carla Caruso



In October of 1994,
three student filmmakers disappeared
in the woods near Burkittsville, Maryland,
while shooting a documentary...

A year later their footage was found.



THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT

www.blairwitch.com.au

**FUCK THOSE WIMPY
PIERCINGS MAN**

A man who severed his left arm at the elbow with a guillotine he constructed from plans found on the Internet has refused to have the limb reattached, police said on Thursday. "Doctors were going to reattach the arm but he refused and told them if they did, he would cut it off again and sue them," Milwaukee Police spokeswoman Karen Pride Garvin said. Thomas Rollo, 53, appeared calm when police arrived on Tuesday as he received treatment from paramedics. He initially told officers he accidentally severed his left arm with tools while working in his garage. But police found the guillotine along with Rollo's severed left arm in a plastic bag in a refrigerator, and he admitted to building the homemade amputation device from plans he found on the Internet. Police said Rollo is undergoing psychological testing.



this deviant keeps getting her ear nibbled off by a horse-puppet, and doctors keep on sewing it back

JACKPOT

The city of Salvador has been abuzz ever since someone in the northeastern capital claimed Brazil's record AU\$42 million lottery jackpot on Monday and then disappeared without a trace. Local media reports on Wednesday said there were new rumours that a police officer had captured the millionaire prize in Brazil's most talked about drawing last weekend. But much of the speculation focused on a group of lawyers and judges who have won millions in the Mega Sena lottery before by buying up thousands of the one-reais (70-cent) tickets to increase their odds in the 50-million-to-one game. Those rumours surfaced after diners at a posh restaurant in the northeastern Bahia state capital noticed a well-heeled group of

men holding a noisy celebration Monday night in which they waved Mega Sena tickets as they toasted each other. But a member of the group, judge Getulio Soares, told *O Globo* newspaper that although his 21-member group, which meets to play bridge at a club near the winning lottery house, had won before they were not lucky this time. While dwarfed by U.S. jackpots of more than AU\$135 million, the Mega Sena triggered lottery fever in Brazil at a time when unemployment was just beginning to recover from record highs and the minimum wage was just 136 reais (AU\$85) a month.

THEFT

Authorities are looking for a suspect who used a slow-moving, stolen 10-meter-long delivery truck to drive to two banks he robbed in the Kansas City area, the FBI said on Wednesday. FBI spokesman Jeff Lanza said the suspect stole a Mountain Valley Spring Water truck and drove it to the two bank robberies on Tuesday in which an undisclosed amount of money was taken. The truck, which weighed about 13 tonnes and was slow and awkward, was parked with the keys inside near a downtown office building when it was stolen, Lanza said. He said authorities recovered the vehicle. "We've seen bank robbers use stolen cars, rental cars, taxicabs and bicycles, but never has there been one use a water delivery truck," Lanza said. "Apparently the speed of the vehicle didn't concern him."



Postman Pat and his little black cat have just knocked off a servo, seemingly unconcerned that their vehicle cannot move without a giant hand to push it

NOT ENOUGH CUM

A Scottish hospital Wednesday became the first in Britain to be allowed to import sperm from abroad to help deal with the region's severe shortage of donors. Glasgow's Royal Infirmary will import sperm from a clinic in Denmark, where the world's biggest sperm bank is based, after it said its donors had dwindled from 15 to just a few out of fear they might lose their anonymity if the law ever changed. The crisis prompted the British Human Fertilization and Embryology Authority (HFEA) to relax its usually stiff rules on sperm imports, though it will insist that the Danish clinic matches the high safety standards in force in Britain. "Our main concern is safety and we spent quite a long time considering this application making sure that any sperm that is imported meets the same very high safety conditions as those which pertain to sperm which is donated in this country," HFEA chairman Ruth Deech told BBC radio. She said the Danish donors would have to provide information in line with UK requirements, including their name — although under current British law that information is not be passed on to the patient or child, despite pressure from various groups that it should be. Elsewhere in Britain, the shortage is nearly as great, meaning hundreds of couples seeking fertility treatments have been forced to wait for sperm donations. "One in six couples at least in this country is infertile and sperm donation gives them hope, our job is to make it safe," Deech said.

DAMN BOY

A planned family portrait in western garb ended in tragedy for Illinois teacher Judy Ernst when a rifle being used as a prop went off and killed her, police say. Ernst's farmer husband Harold was holding the rifle when the shooting happened on Sunday in New Douglas, a tiny farming community in southwestern Illinois, they said Tuesday. He told police he had no idea the gun was loaded and did not know if he had pulled

the trigger. His 48-year-old wife was struck in the head by the bullet as the couple stood a few steps apart. "They'd been married at least 20 years. Everyone is pretty shocked," said a member of the local fire department, where Ernst was a volunteer. The Madison County Sheriff's office said the case was under investigation but that Harold Ernst was not being held in custody.

AUCTION

Elvis Presley fans spent about \$5 million at an unprecedented three-day auction of the King's belongings over the weekend, getting all shook up over everything from classic cars to scraps of paper signed by their idol, a spokeswoman for Guernsey's Auction House said on Monday. That was well above what auction officials expected to raise from the sale, which was held at the MGM Grand Hotel, featured mostly items that had been kept at Presley's famous Graceland estate in Memphis, Tennessee, since his death 22 years ago at age 42. Among the final sales were Presley's personal handgun, a silver 9mm pistol with a wood handle that went for \$95,000. The gun was engraved with Elvis' name and personal motto: the letters TCB followed by a bolt of lightning — short for "Taking Care of Business." But the top bid was for a 1956 Lincoln Continental,



to the man who bought his twenty-year old half-eaten deep-fried peanut butter sandwich, the King says "Thank you very much"

is In Here

which Presley drove on dates with actress Natalie Wood and which sold for \$250,000. On the low end, some buyers spent several hundred dollars for receipts or letters signed by the King. Other top sales included an "eagle cape"—worn by Presley during his "Aloha from Hawaii" television special—which went for \$85,000 in the final hours of bidding and a Cadillac he gave to his manager, Col. Tom Parker, that sold for \$65,000. The auction began on Friday with the sale of Presley's draft card for \$22,500, and the high bids fetched since then surprised auctioneers and Elvis fans, some of whom left for the Heartbreak Hotel after being priced out of the market. The auction was organized by Presley's sole heir, Lisa Marie, to raise money for a housing project for the homeless, and attracted hundreds of people, ranging from Elvis impersonators and diehard fans to corporate executives.

MONEY

Drivers and pedestrians grabbed fistfuls of cash and one woman took a whole deposit bag full after a McDonald's manager drove off with the day's receipts on top of his vehicle, El Paso police said on Monday. Police declined to say exactly how much money the unnamed restaurant manager was taking to the bank late on Sunday. "It's a lot," Sgt. Al Velarde said. "It was raining money," said Maria Cortez-Goldmann, a home-maker who witnessed the incident. "And all these people were running and leaping up after the money." Police said the manager drove away from the restaurant forgetting he had placed two deposit bags stuffed with cash on the roof of his pickup truck. The bags soon fell off and one opened, spilling bills into the wind. Realizing his mistake, the manager retrieved the opened bag with some cash still inside. But a woman in an unidentified van managed to stop,

scoop up the second money bag and drive away, police said.

SCOOTER THIEF

A scooter-riding thief smashed the window of a Chanel boutique in central Paris and made off with a necklace of pearls and diamonds worth \$1.38 million, police said Monday. Passersby watched in amazement on Saturday as the robber grabbed the necklace from a jewellery display in the window

and escaped on the stolen scooter. The boutique was closed at the time for a lunch break. Police said the unique necklace would be impossible to sell as it is, but sophisticated thieves often reset jewels or had precious stones recut so they could be sold without raising any suspicion.

ROAD RAGE EGYPTIAN STYLE

An irate Egyptian motorist shot a taxi driver in the leg after the taxi drove through a puddle of sewage and splashed his car, al-Akhbar newspaper reported on Monday. The furious motorist chased the taxi, forced it to a stop by an amusement park near Cairo airport, drew a pistol and shot the taxi driver in the leg, the paper said. The taxi driver was taken to hospital. The gunman drove off and escaped.



these three con-artists obtained this giant tin horse by deception, and now intend to give it a paint job before selling it to a gullible second hand dealer

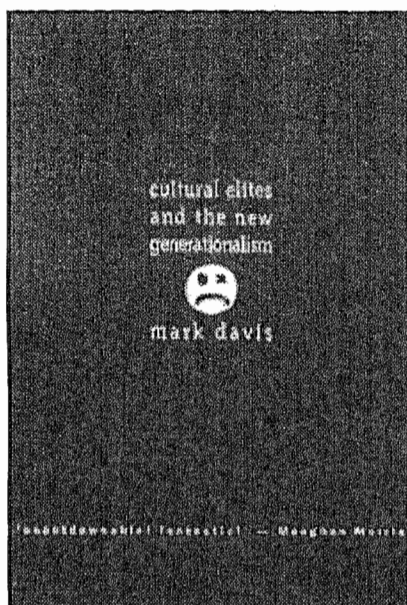
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fresh blood


Gangland: cultural elites and the new generationalism (the revised edition)
Mark Davis
Allen & Unwin 1999, 398p.

The original *Gangland* was an extensively researched book which analysed the phenomenon of cultural elites in Australia. The book examined a number of controversies in recent Australian culture to show, among other things, how young people are demonised in the media. Davis charts the coverage of these controversies against a 'background of a gen-

eral policy neglect of young people' and searches for a relation between the two. In this 1999 revised edition, Davis has corrected any typos or mistakes that his legion of critics had pedantically taken note of, and has added three new chapters, promising 'more dirt'!

So, what is *Gangland* all about? It might be easier to ask what *Gangland* is not about, as it covers culture, society, politics, youth issues, unemployment, crime: Davis draws connections between the culture wars he discusses and their repercussions in legislation which disadvantages young people, immigrants, indigenous Australians, the unemployed and women. Throughout *Gangland*, Davis discusses the various 'culture wars' experienced in Australia recently. These include the debates surrounding political correctness, victim feminism and censorship. He also examines the publishing industry and literary arena, and the phenomenon of 'legislated nostalgia': the wave of backwards-looking reminiscing which romanticises the 50s, 60s and 70s at the expense of contemporary and youth culture. Davis

has used these case studies to show how public space - daily broadsheets, talkback radio, television, magazines, academic journals and arts festival podia - is being used by a crowd of 'usual suspects' who form Australia's cultural elite. These elite foster similar politics, theories and ideas, and essentially dominate the public space, to the exclusion of young people and marginal groups. This domination of public space by a loud group with similar ideas gives the impression that they are the voice of Australia. Consequently, when John Laws attacks young feminists on his 2UE talkback slot, or Ray Martin attacks the Paxton kids on *A Current Affair*, the government listens, and is 'tempted to engage in hit-and-run initiatives to please an unrepresentative, noisy minority'.

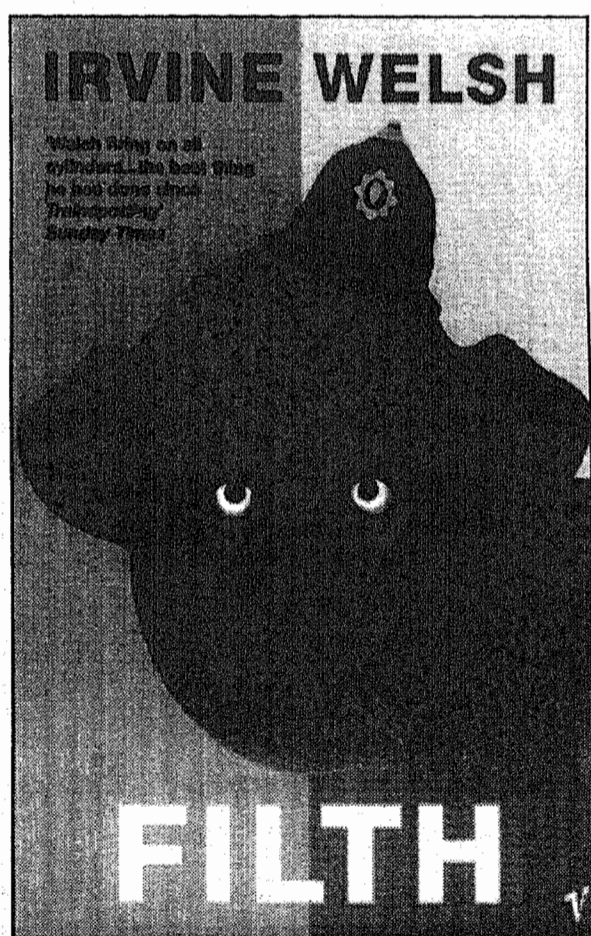
One of the original *Gangland* flaws is that it is very much a 'Melbourne' book. In his three new chapters in this revised edition, Davis discusses regional youth issues to redress the imbalance. However, the new chapters do not address the other flaws and omissions of the original, but

rather, as promised, dig up more dirt on the elites who were the subject of the first *Gangland*. The amusing thing is that these elites provided Davis with all his extra dirt on a silver platter, in the form of their vituperative and biased reviews of the original *Gangland*. Davis admits that 'perhaps it's bad taste to talk about the reception of your own book,' but fortunately for readers he then adds, 'but I'm going to anyway'. (I remember one review of the original *Gangland*, where the reviewer described Davis's writing as having 'all the delicacy of a street brawl'.) The reception of *Gangland* proved Davis's hypothesis about cultural gatekeeping in Australia, and in these new chapters he is at his most pertinent and amusing.

Gangland (the revised edition) is really only an extended mix, a 12', of the original. However, I don't mean for these criticisms to condemn the book. What has passed for cultural debate in this country has needed some fresh blood for years; three cheers to Mark Davis for providing it.

Alethea Reid

disgusting


Filth
Irvine Welsh
Vintage

Pathologically egotistic, racist, sexually depraved Scottish cop Bruce Robertson gradually unravels into a fragmented mess whilst the tapeworm growing in his intestines develops an independent consciousness and lets the reader in on the psychological history of its host in a series of textual interpolations which cut across the main narrative.

'Pretty straight-forward', you say. And well you might. With *Filth* Welsh returns to

the model which brought him success in *Trainspotting*, namely (and in very general terms) presenting contemporary Scotland, and especially the luvverlee capital, Edinburgh, from underneath. In doing so he details a culture of decay where physical, sexual and massive substance abuse are standard, racism is endemic and the Scottish psyche, crippled by pessimism, has only the morbid discourse of a social gallows humour with which to articulate itself. Oh, and there's a subplot, which fades in and out, about a murder investigation which may or may not be connected with our foul protagonist: but don't worry too much about that, Welsh doesn't seem to.

What this all adds up to is 300-plus pages of filthy language, filthy sex, filthy personal hygiene, amoral self-absorption, graphic

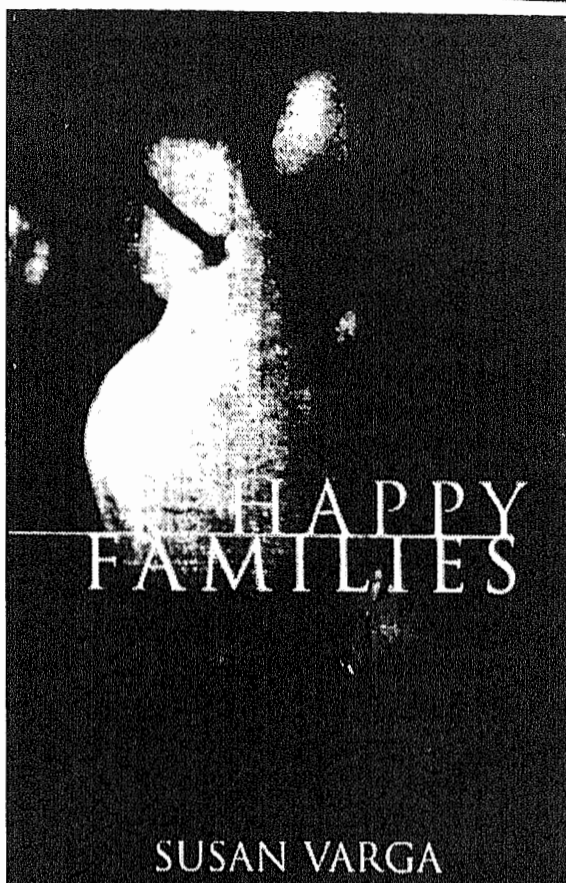
violence and psychological disintegration in a phonetically spelled-out Scottish brogue, all of which ends, literally, in an epiphany and a pile of shit.

Sometimes you wonder what fiction is on about. *Filth* is well written (some might say all Welsh does is re-arrange swear words several hundred times, but that takes skill too) and the ideas in it are clear enough, but at the same time that is part of the problem with it. The metaphors of decay and corruption - the apotheosis of which is the talking tapeworm - are all there and we get them, but so what? Where is it going? 'Nowhere', is clearly the answer, in which case, why bother? Which may be the point.

Nihilism can be such a drag. Still, gotta laugh.

Paul Lobban

Master dose



Happy Families Susan Varga

It must be a relief to Christians everywhere living in this postmodern world that when God said, way back in the Old Testament days, 'Go forth and multiply' he didn't add 'nuclear families only please'. In fact it seems to me that while he said a lot of things he wasn't specific about his decrees very often. But I'm no theologian.

Whatever you believe in, most people have pretty strong views about families. The family is probably uni-

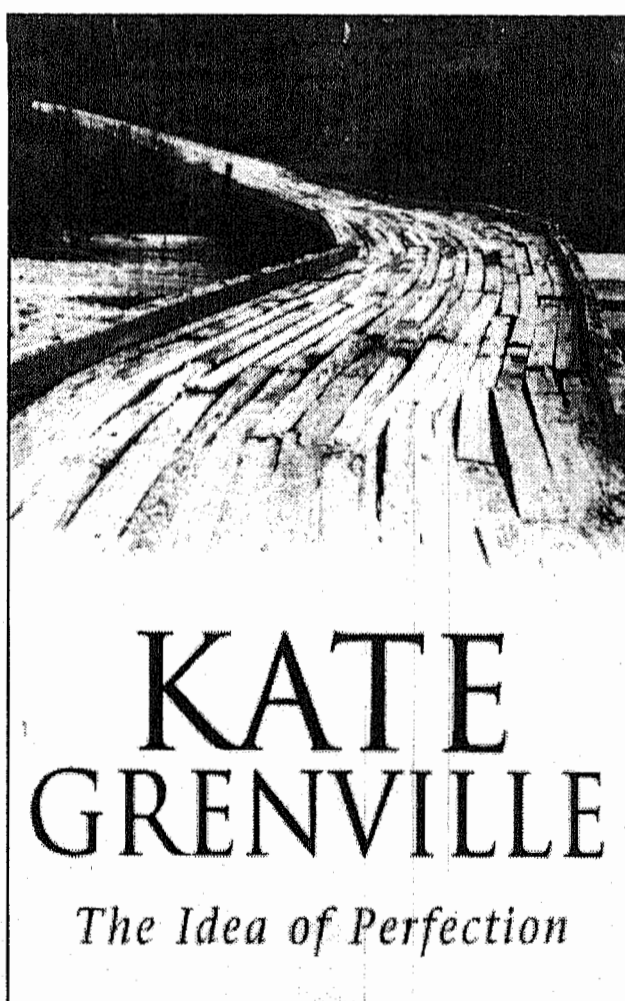
versally recognized as society's most sacred institution. Startling divorce rates, inter-cultural and de facto relationships, the undermining of patriarchal structures of authority and the increasing recognition of same sex parents all converge to create the current crisis of the family. With this in mind you would be forgiven for suspecting a heavy note of cynicism underpinning the title of Susan Varga's latest book *Happy Families*. However this novel goes beyond simplistic criticisms of crumbling familial models. There is an overwhelming sense that you can only know where you're going when you know where you've come from. Her characters grapple to understand the enduring and often ghostly legacy of their family history. Adjoining this struggle is the attempt to create new

possibilities and new ways to imagine how families might live together now. However the future entails many difficult negotiations. *Happy Families* traces the way in which each character comes to terms with the past and the future through the challenges that the present throws up at them. Varga draws the threads of each character's story into the momentum of the broader drama. Her characters begin as sketches and gradually gain fullness and depth. The numerous subplots form provoking subjects that have an effect of critiquing the plot.

Happy Families is not only an interesting diversion to your university repitioire; it also focuses on many subjects of personal and social contemporary importance.

Lucy

little people



that of a granite face; and the inhabitants of a small town in outback Australia called Karakarook. A curious gathering, but not terribly exciting, at first glance. This is the setting for Kate Grenville's *The Idea of Perfection*. Brought up as we are on the fast-paced world of the television drama and the high-speed technological world around us, it is perhaps hard to imagine the appeal of a novel based around small-scale people involved in small-scale events. But therein lies the genius of Grenville's work: the involvement in little people and little lives reminds us all that we, too, are small, and the depth of her analysis of interpersonal relationships

ensures that we engage with her story.

There are three things that really make this book stand out. The first is the style. Grenville possesses the enviable talent of making prose into poetry, and thus creating images, emotions, sounds and silences that build her imaginary world into fierce reality around you. The story is always told from inside the head of a character, so that you are automatically dragged into the emotive experience of the character. The second is the clever creation of entirely believable characters. Being always inside the head of one, with no 'objective' narrative to cling to, there is no question of the reality of these people.

The third is the power of Grenville's analysis. Her story is an exploration of human relationships, and she uses these to deconstruct several social norms. A fundamental part of the novel is the love story. But her characters defy Hollywood and are neither young, beautiful nor social leaders. It reaffirms the notion that love is not the romantic ideal that we cling to, but rather an experience that is part of being human. It is there for everyone, and is

beautiful (and often embarrassing) every time. Grenville also looks inside our heads, and tears down several misconceptions. Carefully, slowly, never bluntly, always softly, she examines the way that we tend to hide behind our guilt, and feelings of worthlessness. So often it is easier to lie down with your guilt, and your sadness, rather than accept that no one is perfect, and that the blame may not belong entirely to you. Wallowing in guilt is also a way out for many of us: it garners sympathy, and no one can judge you if you have already judged yourself. Finally (because I'm running out of room, but this book cannot be confined to 500 words), Grenville makes us question the way that we like everything boxed, compartmentalised, under control. The future is a wayward beast, and sometimes freedom can come only through an acceptance of that.

This novel is stunning, and the sheer quantity of thought and analysis it inspires is a gift. Kate Grenville is a sharply intelligent and *The Idea of Perfection* is a must-read.

Erin O'Donnell

The Idea of Perfection Kate Grenville Picador

A bent bridge; a typical (read: boring) engineer; a tall, plain woman with a nature similar to

involved in small-scale events. But therein lies the genius of Grenville's work: the involvement in little people and little lives reminds us all that we, too, are small, and the depth of her analysis of interpersonal relationships

QUESTIONS:

- 1) What do you lose most frequently?
- 2) What do you most regret losing?
- 3) What would you most like to lose?

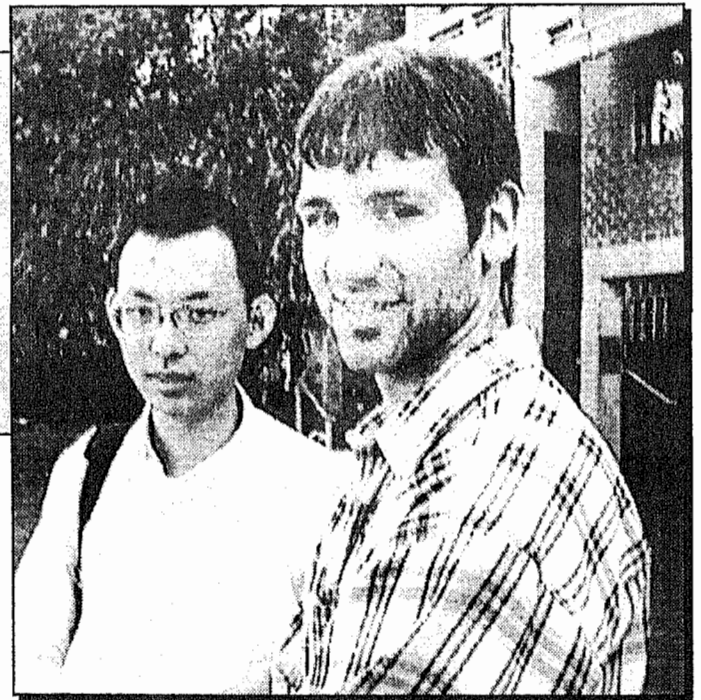


Stephanie and Carol
Lamenting lost things near Uni Records

- 1) **Carol:** My mind.
Stephanie: Probably my motorbike helmet. I forget to take it with me when I go places - I get to my bike and realize I can't go anywhere because I don't have my helmet.
- 2) **Stephanie:** My earring. I lost an earring - a single one that I got from Turkey. I was crushed - I cried for days.
Carol: A book. A Stephen King novel - not science fiction but some wierd project he was working on. I lent it to someone and their dog chewed it. They promised to buy me another one but never did, and then I couldn't find it in any of the bookshops.
Stephanie: I lost *The Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* that way. It's somewhere in Africa now.
- 3) **Carol:** Some of my friends.
Stephanie: The helmet hair. But there's nothing I can do about that.

Jet and Robin
What?

- 1) **Jet:** Weight. I gain weight, I lose weight, I gain weight ...
Robin: Paper. Yes, paper.
- 2) **Jet:** My bike. I've lost three bikes at Uni already.
Robin: My cat.
- 3) **Jet:** My girlfiend. Yes, you can print that. Yes, I'm sure that will be ok. Ok, put question marks.
Robin: My HECS debt.



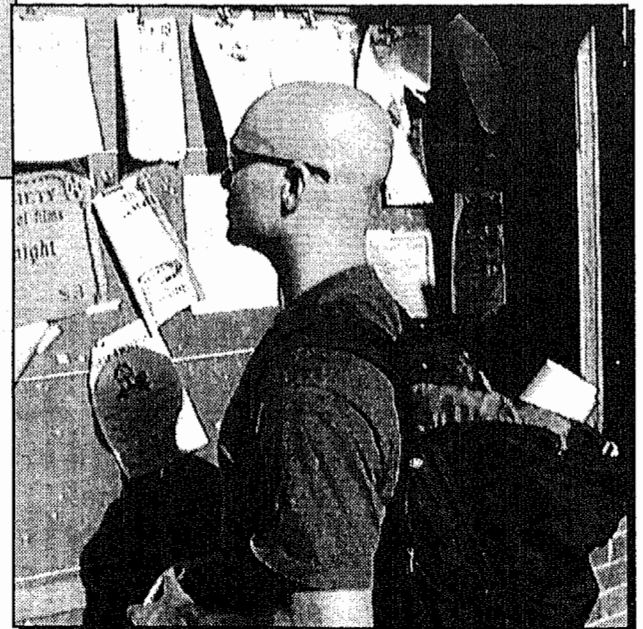
Parveen and Manpal
Hangin' tough in the Wills

- 1) **Parveen:** About everything.
Manpal: ... and keys.
- 2) **Parveen and Manpal:** Friendship.
- 3) **Manpal:** Embarrassing experiences.
Parveen: I can't think of anything I'd like to lose. I'm one of those people who like to hold on to things even if they're bad - something good might come out of them.

Saul

Perusing the noticeboards outside the SAUA

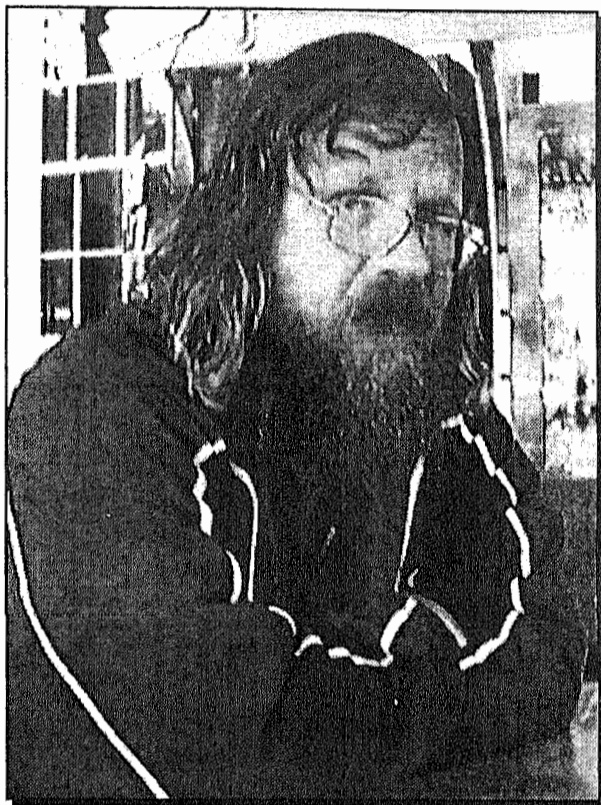
- 1) Cigarette lighters.
- 2) My car keys.
- 3) My conscience.



POP

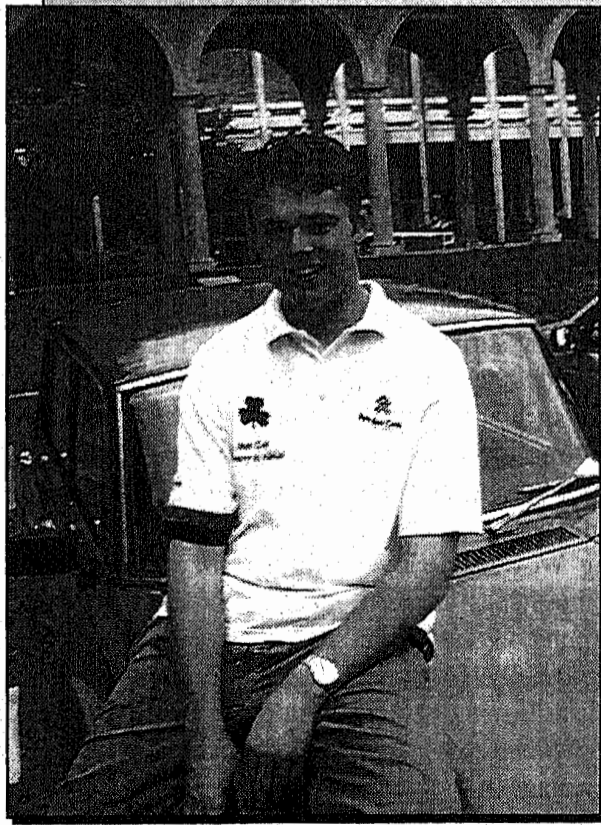


Alison and Jessie
Nuts is as nuts does by the Barr Smith Lawns
 1) **Alison:** I don't know. Everything. What?
Jessie: Car keys.
 2) **Jessie:** My sanity.
Alison: A hat that I had when I was really little.
 3) **Jessie:** My sanity.
Alison: Nothing.

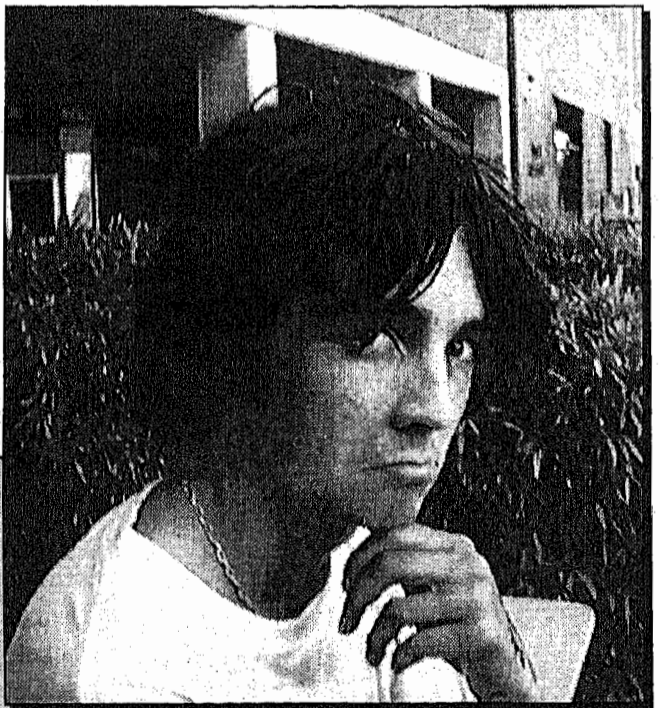


Harry
Quoting Wittgenstein but neglecting the Socratic method outside Wills
 1) Knowledge. I often suffer from information overload because I study privately. I try to understand things in terms of philosophical conclusions and many books have detailed knowledge rather than a conclusion.
 2) Truth. Being philosophical, I seek the truth in life, so, I often get confused by it.
 3) All that I've learnt so far. As Wittgenstein said, life is something that you do and you climb the ladder and you reject the ladder because you have come to a conclusion so you don't need it any more.

Steve
Sprawled across the bonnet of The Rocket
 1) My sense of time. I misplace it constantly.
 2) My watch. I was without one for three-and-a-half years.
 3) My ability to pick up an endless succession of shithouse cars.



Paul
Waxing lyrical outside Unibooks
 1) A bear.
 2) My bear.
 3) Jan is a bear. Is that all?



WHERE'S ZANE?

We couldn't find Zane this week, so unfortunately we couldn't hide him in Vox Pop. However, we do have an exciting novelty prize to give away. All you have to do to claim it (at 12.10 on Thursday) is answer this simple question: Zane is, a) a women's officer, b) a sexuality officer, c) an automobile, or d) a hugger of cloisters.

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More than just Friends

Office Space

1998, Director: Mike Judge
Ron Livingston, Jennifer Anniston

Office Space starts off as a pithy and sardonic observation of corporate culture from Mike Judge, one of the foremost social satirists in America. Those of you at the shallow end of the gene pool will be familiar with his idiomorphic and novel "Beavis and Butthead". The film is based on animated clips that Judge made for *Satur-*

day Night Live some years ago.

In this film he has resurrected the character of Milton, a hapless worker who vows to blow up the building every time his boss moves or shifts him. However, he plays a pivotal if minor character in this film which centres primarily on Peter Gibbons, laconically played by Ron Livingston.

Gibbons works at Initech Industries and is frustrated by his bosses, some of his co-workers and the office politics. His personal life doesn't fare too well ei-

ther. A visit to a hypnotherapist at the insistence of his girlfriend becomes a seminal moment in which he sheds his social constraints and begins to lead a more meaningful life of doing exactly what he wants with some hilarious results.

Judge beautifully observes the tedium and triviality of office work. There are a number of absurdly funny moments and the characters are well drawn and cast. His first foray into live action has a skit-like feel about it, which initially

gives the movie a fresh and original feel. However what begins as a compelling story unfortunately goes nowhere. A number of plot developments are squandered, irrelevant or superficial and what seemed so promising at the beginning of the film ends up being very disappointing.

Nevertheless it is worth seeing for some of the genuinely intelligent and shrewd observations and send-ups of corporate life.

Sonja Lowen

He really can act, you know

The Matrix

1999, Director: The Wachowski Bros
Village Roadshow
Keanu Reeves, Carrie-Anne Moss, Lawrence Fishburne

The Matrix could just be the completion of a journey begun so many years ago by *Wargames*. With the global terror of the Nostradamus predicted Y2K bug (he also predicted the Greens getting 1% in the last Victorian election) and our ever increasing dependence on computers, *The Matrix* explores several contemporary concerns

and fears. Neo (Keanu Reeves) is a young net-vet who spends all of his time off work searching for the mythic Morpheus (Lawrence Fishburne). Neo doesn't know exactly why he's looking for Morpheus but apparently it has something to do with his destiny and this thing called the Matrix. Apparently no one can tell you what the Matrix is, so I won't try. In the words of wise and crafty Morpheus, "you have to see it for yourself". Desperate to stop anyone from finding out what the Matrix is, Agent Smith (Hugo Weaving) will stop at nothing to catch

the infidels. Echoing his earlier work, Agent Smith is very much a computerised field-version of Weaving's performance in *The Interview*. Super powers, catching bullets and the like are common place. What begins as an interesting, gothic world of science and fantasy soon becomes a war zone. Violence was always seething beneath the surface of this film, inately defended by a sub text of techno-spiritualism. The action sequences on the other hand are inspirational. By distorting the laws of physics with their techno-transcendentalism, Neo and Trin-

ity (Carrie-Anne Moss) become a two-person army.

The sound is brilliant and the cinematography faultless, but these lose their impact on the small screen. All that you're left with is some hammed acting, good action, an interesting futurism, nifty props and a disappointing story-line. What could have been a thoughtful commentary on how we perceive things in our computer-dependent age wasn't. We could blame Keanu, but we all know he can't do anything about it.

Anthony Paxton

Self-mutilate or perish



Just the Ticket

1998, Director:
21st Century
Andy MacDowell, Andy Garcia

Just the ticket to what? Two hours of stomach churning tosh, that's what. The jacket says "I wish all movies made me feel like this". To that reviewer I say that perhaps shaving their legs with a potato-peeler would be a vocation to which they're more suited than watching videos.

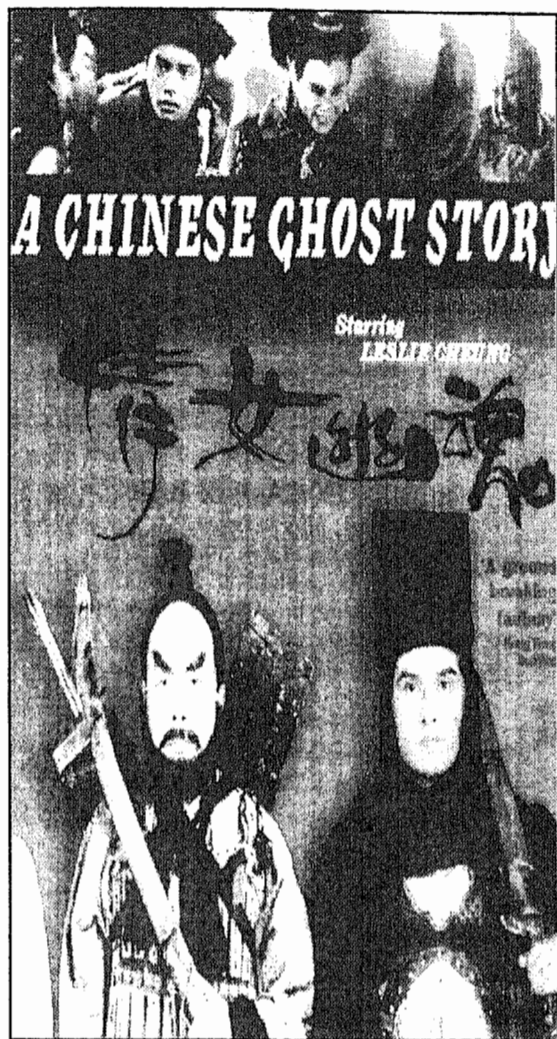
Andy MacDowell, just for a change, plays a whining, self-satisfied, inexplicably popular character. She loves Andy G, but feels

that he's not responsible enough. That's what women are looking for, see, not toe-curling sex or someone to have fun with, but a nice safe meal ticket.

Andy Garcia plays, surprise surprise, a zany white-shoed Latino with a twinkle in his eye, who, rather than getting a proper job, is unable to quit the dangerously exciting underbelly-world of ticket scalping. Wowee. He loves Andy MacD, but needs the thrill of standing around on rainy street corners trying to bully old people and tourists into buying second rate tickets to women's boxing. This movie manages to simultaneously bore, irritate and at times

distress the viewer with the utter lack of charm of the central characters, with the underdevelopment of the potentially interesting minor characters and the bizarre, mildly offensive plot. There are a number of activities I could recommend which would be more interesting and certainly more pleasurable than watching this movie. They include, but are not limited to, blow-drying your hair in the shower, eating the sticky stuff on the floor between your stove and the wall, and jamming your genitals into those electric pencil sharpeners they have in primary schools. But who am I to judge; maybe you'll like it.

Cool hat



A Chinese Ghost Story
(M)

1987, Director: Ching Siu Tung
United Entertainment & Siren Entertainment
Leslie Cheung, Joi Wang

This video is so cool. It has lightning fast action! It has a traditional storybook feel! It is directed by a god! It has skeletons! Skeletons! Known not so much for his direction credits, Ching Siu Tung has a staggering track record for fight choreography. He's worked with John Woo on *A Better Tomorrow* and *The Killer*. He's worked on *Doctor Wai & The Scripture With No Words* and on *The Matrix*. What he

was doing, I'm not quite sure, but the piece of paper says it so it must be true.

But enough of the history, such as it is. A tax collector (Leslie Cheung) takes shelter in a haunted temple, falls in love with a ghost (Joi Wong), the ghost is taken by his bumbling antics and cool hat and they then have to escape the wrath of a tree with the aid of ex-Judge Yim. It's a far better story than many, and is essentially repeated in the next two movies in the series (ACGS II & III), but that's irrelevant. This video's strengths lie in its fast editing and imaginative special effects. "An ancient myth original?" Ask you, "Oh yes" say I. Between the tongues, the aforementioned comic skeletons (reminding me of Tool's music clip for "Sober") and the bloke with axes on his head, this movie has more than a small degree of originality.

However, a number of problems arise from the chaos. First, it slows

down incredibly for "romantic moments" (awwww...ain't that sweet), which take the classic Hong Kong form of incredibly dodgy flashback sequences to past points in the movie. Second, and far less important, is that the story is an, I hesitate to say "odd", but "uncomfortable" choice for an all out special effects and kung fu extravaganza. Almost too much story. But not really, on second thought. Just a couple of minutes too many spent on romantically staring into each other's eyes. I want fisticuffs, dammit!

It has depth, illustrating an ex-judge's choice to deal purely with spirits and demons because they're easier to classify. It's postmodern, in that a ghost breaks the linguistically distinguished borders of evil behaviour and the aforementioned judge has to struggle with his preformed stereotypes. It's romantic, unfortunately. But above all, it's very, very cool. I cannot recommend it highly enough.

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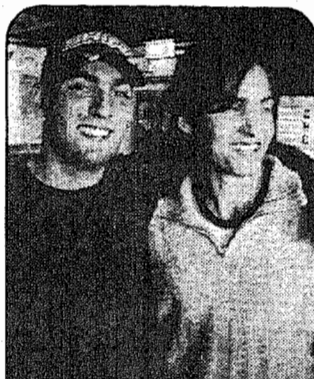
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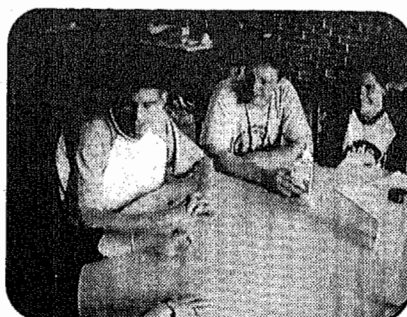
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I'm a little Hitler short and stout...

What is it about little boys and dreams of universal conquest? At 4 years old we all want to be a fireman where we get a good mix of hard yakka runnin' up 12 flights of stairs in 6 layers of clothing with a hose 1/2 the size of our shlong tucked under the left arm and a bit of save-the-kiddies-good-family-values-public service. After you turn 7 there comes a change where you suddenly want to be a soldier. The public service is out and your firehose is replaced with a Hechler & Coch 9mm submachine gun. Megalomania sets in quite nastily about 9. At the heart of all this is a desire to be the *universal conqueror*: the man who finds it, beats it to a pulp and then makes it apologise for being so pathetic an opponent. Once upon a time the schoolyard was an outlet for these violent tendencies (in the USA, apparently, it still is) but modern times have caught up and cyber space has given us the wonders of virtual violence - a problem far exceeding a couple of snotty nosed kids with a blood lip.

In the eighties we had *Pac-Man* and *Sim-City*. In the nineties these game formats grew up and gave us *Quake II* and *Command & Conquer* (I might add that these are two top games! Violent, Satanic at times and not something I'd let my kids play, but great fun). The problem with these games is that they allow us to explore but not exhaust our frustrations. In the schoolyard you either got tired of beating up that little fat kid from *Hey Dad* and stopped, or the little fat kid's older brother (the infamous 'Big Fat Kid from *Hey Dad*' that only ever got to the pilot shows) came over and beat the sweet bugger out of you. You got

it out of your system and that was it. With simulated battlefields the situation is very different because you spend five hours seeing the yellow pixels bombarding grey pixels producing debris in the form of red pixels and you get up none the worse for wear. It's not like the computer gave you shocks when you lost a unit. You didn't cop a .44 to the left ventricle and need it sutured in the trenches. The worst case scenario is that you cop a wrist strain from the force feedback joystick or one too many of those credit card sites.

There's no cost and thus no release. When was the last time you got up from a hard slog on the mouse and thought, "What a fight! Jeez that felt good!"? This leaves us with legions of nerdlings and normal dudes alike who spend hours everyday (Girls, ever asked a bloke to come to bed and his response was, "Yeah, I've just gotta bomb this one last city...") killing, maiming and learning military tactics but not letting any pressure out.

This means that these guys still have the physical pressure-cooker on and in addition to that have spent significant quantities of mental energy concentrating on developing better killing techniques. Hitler did this with *Mein Kampf*. The little short dude with only one nut who was too weenerish to mix it with the lads went home and wrote a big book about why and how to nuke any prick that didn't fit. See the similarity? No physical release and a lot of time

spent thinking about killing = a dodgy situation. Now I don't want to sound ocker. And I don't want any sheilas in the audience to think I'm just doin' this to get back to the good old days of smoking in planes, lots of footy and a boxing club on every second corner. But we have to realise that as a society we are giving more credence and coverage than ever to belligerence but encouraging no safe outlet for it.

More than ever kids are being told to get back to the accounting class and miss footy practice, but that's

only going to create a glut of semi-sociopathic commerce graduates who are bean-counting versions of the Third Reich. To get less aggressive, we need to be more physically violent (the Vulcans may have a problem with this concept). So next time you switch on your computer and boot up the latest chop-em-up-shoot-em-down adventure and dad tells you to turn it off and clean your room - do it. Mind, give him a dead arm as you walk past and tell him it was for the good of society.

Michael Hicks

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CAMP AMERICA

Man with Beard Claims up

Our beloved Government went into damage control last week after a secret cabinet submission proposing huge increases to the cost of tertiary education was revealed by the Opposition. Among John Howard's surprise moves in response to the scandal was the shifting of David Kemp from his previous post in Education to the currently high-profile Defence portfolio.

On Dit military correspondent Linley Henzell, recently returned from East Timor after receiving a minor gunshot injury to the brain, caught up with Kempy to ask a few questions about Timor, University and the beard.

OD: Thank you for gracing us with your presence, Minister.

DK: A pleasure.

OD: Now, let's get straight to the big issue - East Timor. What new perspective can you bring to this problem?

DK: I'm glad you asked. In line with the Government's philosophy of free enterprise and mutual obligation we plan to introduce a "voucher" system for financing international military involvements. The East Timorese will be issued with vouchers redeemable for a certain amount - say, five hundred million dollars - and have the choice of where to spend that money. If they want the Australian Army to help them out, that's their choice. If they would prefer to employ the French Foreign Legion, the US Marines, or a mercenary corporation like Sandline they are free to choose whichever they feel would best suit their needs. We call it the "more peacekeepers, better peace" solution.

OD: Is it really wise to apply the principles of economic rationalism to an area, such as Defence, where they are so obviously inappropriate?

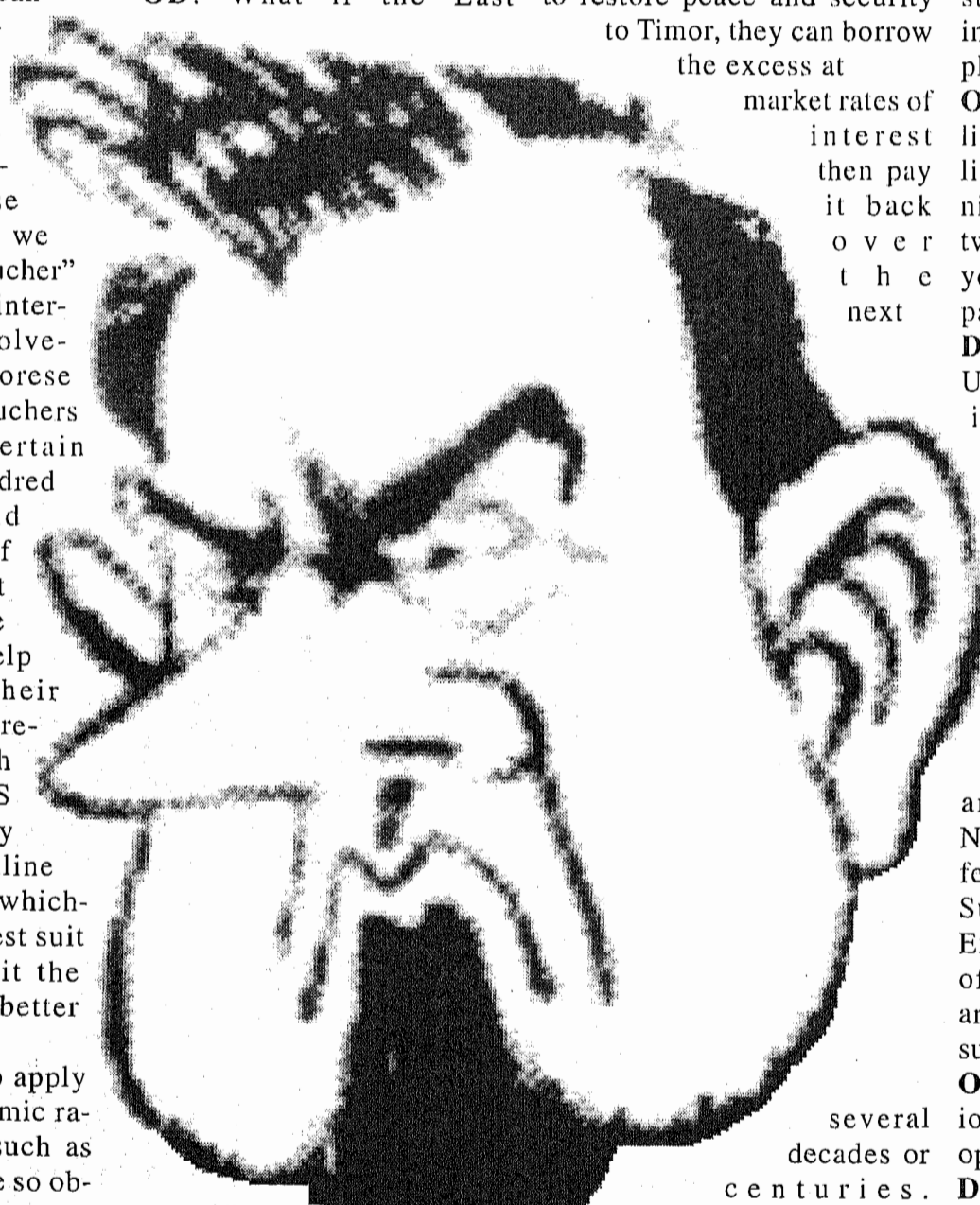
DK: Of course it is. This is all part of our drive to make the Australian Armed Forces a more efficient and customer-focused organisation, capable of entering the global marketplace and competing for scarce Defence funds. If we just privatised all of our military operations now without first giving the Army enough time to adapt to a corporate model, do you think it would stand a chance? Of course not. Instead, we're taking a gradual path towards deregulation and

pulling out the stops one at a time. We aren't spending millions upon millions of dollars on public relations consultants for nothing, you know.

OD: What if the East

finance a continuing military presence. But thankfully there is another way of achieving the same result: debt. If it costs more than half a billion dollars to restore peace and security to Timor, they can borrow the excess at

market rates of interest then pay it back over the next



Timorese are unable to pay the full costs of the peacekeeping exercise?

DK: Obviously they have two options. The first is to just look after themselves for a while.

OD: And the second option?

DK: Unfortunately, the "politically correct" elites, the chattering Chardonnay classes of Canberra, could never bring themselves to accept the most economically suitable solution - that the Timorese sell themselves into slavery in order to

several decades or centuries. Maybe if they borrow enough they'll never be able to pay it back at all! They'll become essentially a vassal state of Australia, supplying all of our raw materials and back-breaking labour while taking our waste and paying us for the privilege. They will be to us as we are to the USA and Japan.

OD: Isn't it in our best interests for East Timor to survive and prosper? In the same way that having a generally well-educated population benefits us all, wouldn't you say that

having Australia surrounded by advanced economies would be better for everyone in the long run?

DK: I'm sorry, I don't understand the concepts expressed in that question. Could you rephrase it?

OD: Never mind. And now I'd like to turn to your old portfolio - Education. Are you planning to develop any links between the tertiary sector and your new ministry in the Department of Defence?

DK: Certainly. Melbourne University is already instructing members of the Indonesian military, and we have much more planned for the year 2000. Among other things, first-year Engineering students around the country will be designing the next generation of Australian military vehicles, and in conjunction with the CIA and Mossad the Australian National University will be offering degrees in Insurgency Suppression and Information Extraction, including studies of psychological techniques and Moderate Physical Pressure.

OD: How are the Student Unions responding to these developments?

DK: What would they know? They're just a bunch of Stalinists.

OD: Thank you, Minister Kemp, for once again rendering satire unnecessary. And finally, to the issue that everyone's been talking about - the beard.

DK: No comment.

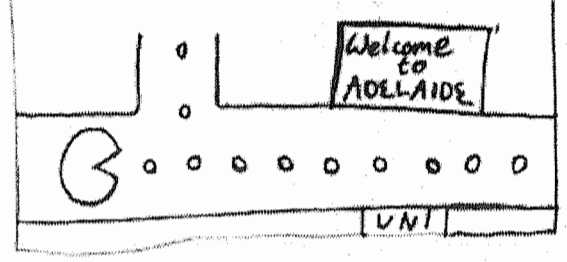
OD: Can you confirm or deny reports that you only shaved off the beard after Parliament House Security had officially classified it as, and I quote, a "code red infestation hazard"?

DK: I have no comment on the beard.

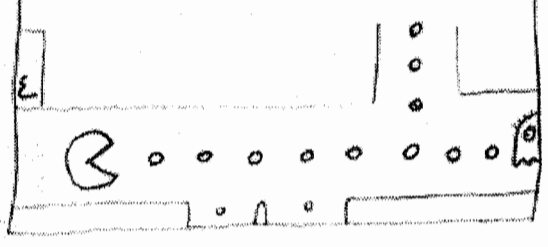
PAC-MAN
GOES TO
ADELAIDE UNI

By Linky

Pac-Man is wandering happily through the streets + Alleys of Pac-land when he comes across Adelaide Uni.

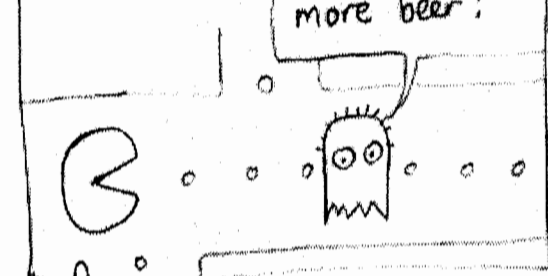


Aha! Pac-Man spies a ghost!



It's a Med student ghost.

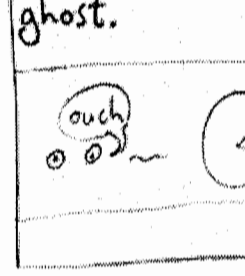
You're looking fat, Pac-Man! You need less yellow pills & more beer!



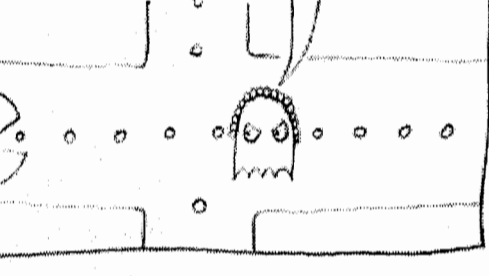
But Pac-Man cares nothing for unsolicited health advice!



As the Med ghost's disembodied eyeballs float away, Pac-Man meets a Law School ghost.



Just by looking at me like that you're committing three separate torts! Back, or I'll beat you to death with my mobile telephone!

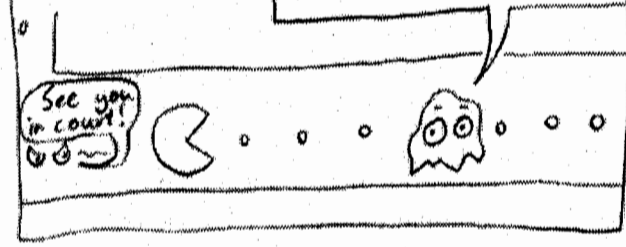


Pac-Man hates Lawyers!

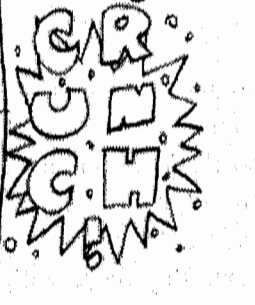


Here comes an Arts/Politics ghost.

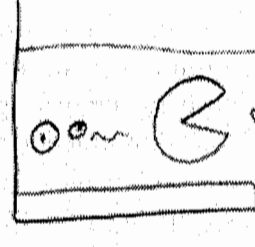
After the Revolution there will be yellow pills for everyone! And would you like fries with that?



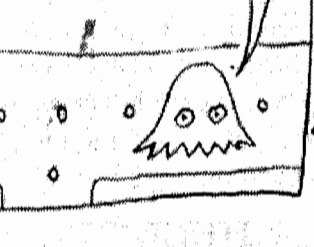
Pac-Man has no time for Marxist theories of Political economy!




A Computer Science ghost is next.



Are you Y2K-compliant?? break;! abort(!);! exit(-1);!

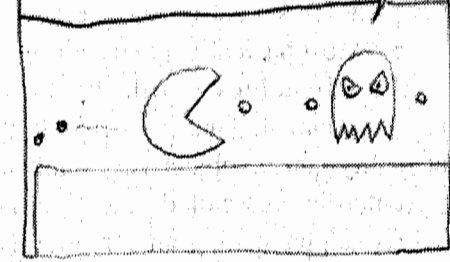


But C has no effect on Pac-Man's simple logic!



A winnins' studies ghost....

Don't oppress me, Pac-Person!

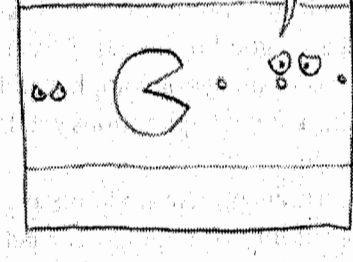


Pac-Man is a creature of the 1980s.

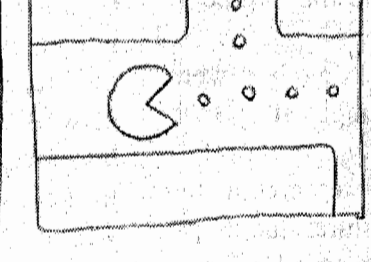


A Drama ghost.

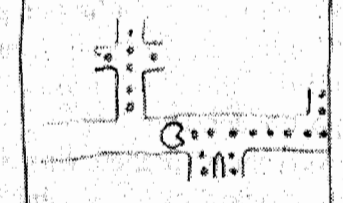
Don't mind me. I've been eaten.



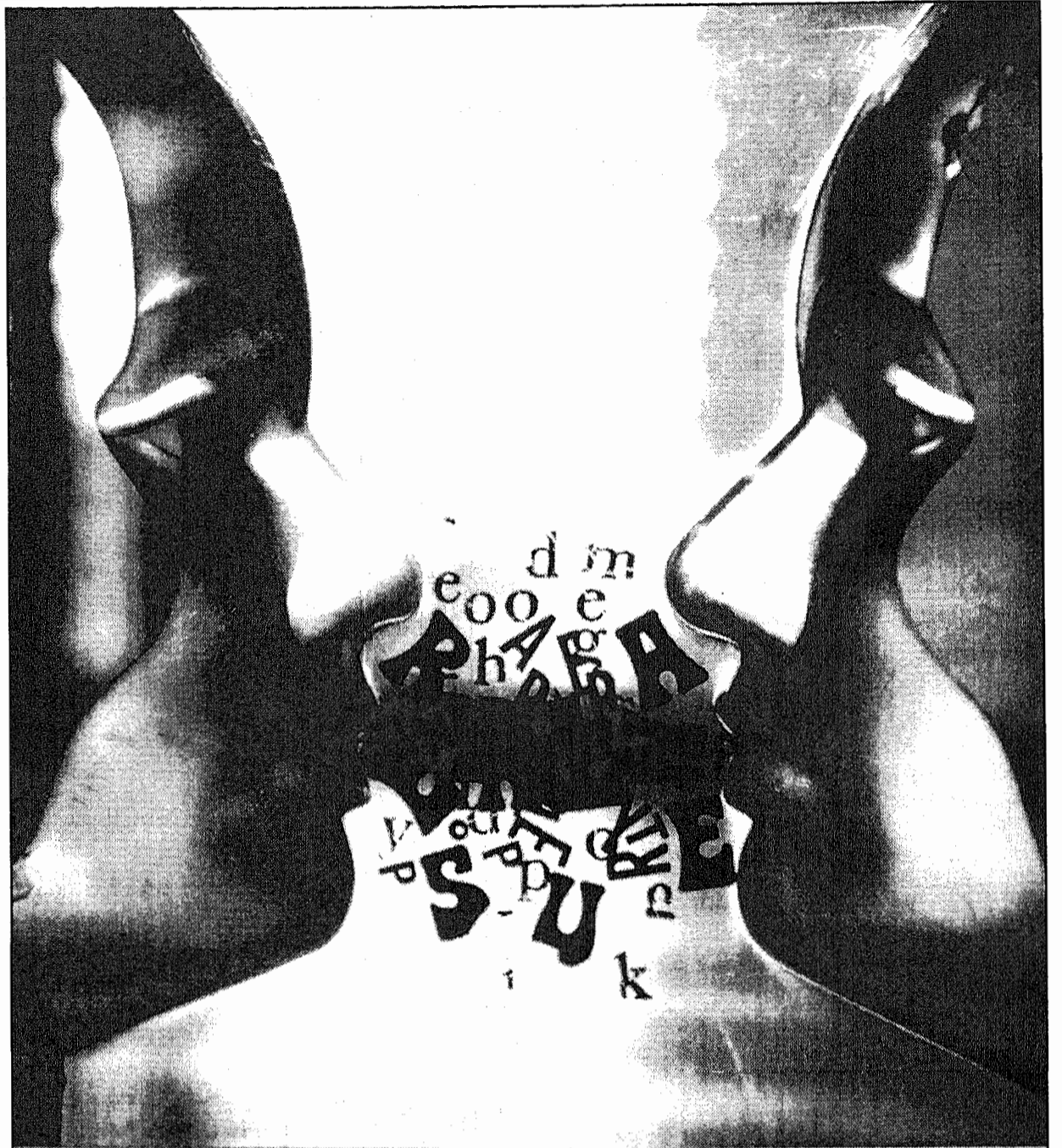
Having ignored or eaten all of Adelaide Uni's annoying ghosts, Pac-Man goes about his narrow, middle-class existence.



Smug round bastard.



Probably votes Liberal, too...



Pre Post Post-isms

or People Think They're Real Clever, Don't They?

'Truths are illusions one has forgotten are such, metaphors which are habitual and have lost their sensory force ... precisely because of this unconsciousness and this forgetting, we arrive at a feeling of truth.' - Nietzsche.

WHAT THE HELL IS POSTMODERNISM?

Trying to define postmodernism is a bit like trying to define a game. Just as there are many types of games, there are also many types of postmodernism. Also, like a game, you don't seem to know you're being post-modern until after you've done it; and even then you might not be sure. What follows is postmodernism as I've come across it. Not everyone will concur with my explanation, but then again disagreement is the essence of postmodernism.

Postmodernism is a deeply ironic late twentieth century movement in thought. It has manifested itself across virtually the entirety of human endeavour including: art, architecture, literary criticism, history, cultural studies, psychology, and philosophy. Postmodernism in-

corporates and is used interchangeably with a number of other movements such as poststructuralism, postfoundationalism, and social constructionism. With all these post-and-sos popping up about the place, I am left wondering whether one day there will be a postpostism movement.

In art, postmodernism repudiates the notion that "art" can be defined, and that any particular method is the "correct" one. The modernist project is obsessed with discovering essentials; or the underlying structures which make up reality. Postmodernism in art says there is no structure (poststructuralism) by which art must follow, but rather the structure and methods by which an artist paints or sculptures depends upon the socio-historical field in which they are immersed. Likewise, judging what is good or bad art is just as futile, since this is always accomplished from a network of preconceived notions established by convention.

In literary criticism, postmodernism repudiates the possibility of a single correct interpretation of a text. Rather, there are multiple

interpretations, none more truthful than the next. In fact reality itself is just another text; consequently it has unlimited interpretations. This is a pluralist stance.

Postmodernism also rejects the idea that any overarching theories, or metanarratives, can satisfactorily represent reality. Metanarratives are any theories, such as marxism and psychoanalysis, which claim that certain underlying processes, or structures, can be used to reveal truth about the world (eg marxism predicts social processes in terms of class relations). However, in their deeply ironic way, postmodernists will temporarily employ any metanarratives they see fit for the purpose of criticising other metanarratives; only to just as quickly discard them again. This fits well with perhaps its most central role, being that of criticism. Most basically, postmodernism is antirealist. It achieves this by being antirepresentationalist. That is, it rejects the idea that reality can be objectively analysed and represented in a so-called objective medium such as language, diagrams, mathematics - whatever. All representations are the

products of a socio-cultural-political-historical-economic (and so forth) environment. All representations are products of a certain perspective, and all representations rely upon yet more representations for support. Language does not describe reality, but constructs it. We forge reality in the very process of "describing" it.

THERE'S NO 'I' IN OBJECTIVITY

You'll have noticed that most academic writing precludes the use of the first-person 'I'. This is no accident. The exclusion of 'I' is in fact a purposeful rhetorical device for removing the sense that the text is the creation of a subjective being. By outlawing the use of 'I', a piece of writing is made to appear totally objective, as if it is reality itself talking to the reader, as if there was no writer at all, and thus removes the sense that social and historical forces may be at work. Thus I shouldn't mention the fact that I have been enculturated into philosophical and psychological discourses, and that these might colour what I write upon this subject.

Neither should it be taken into account what personal and social motives I may have for writing this piece. Is it for social gain? Do I gain emotional satisfaction by disputing realist discourses? Do the social groups of which I am a member gain by this body of writing's existence? Am I seeking fame? In other words, no text is without political, social, and personal motives. All language has political consequences.

WITTGENSTEIN AND MEANING

We begin our lives learning a language. Tree, bird, apple, car. We learn word upon word upon word. It will be evident, to anyone who has considered it, that your learning of language is never complete. You continue learning new words, and new uses for words your entire life. No one can proudly announce that they have LEARNT english.

It was clearly illustrated by Wittgenstein (1953) that the meaning of a word does not rely upon it referring to something in the real world. For example, when Joe dies the bearer of the name ceases to exist, not the meaning. If meaning depended entirely upon its referent, then it would make no sense to say 'Joe is Dead'. Though Joe has ceased to exist, 'Joe' remains a meaningful word. Why is this?

Wittgenstein used a game as an analogy to explain meaning. He held that 'something' has a meaning if it holds an appropriate place in a language game. There are set rules by which we can use the word 'Joe' in relation to other words and thus it is still meaningful despite Joe no longer existing. Consider words such as 'over'. It does not appear to have any set referent, but can be used in many different

senses such as:

The house is over there.
Drive over to the house.
The ball flew over the house.
She got over the loss of her house.
He looked all over the house.

'Over' has no definitive meaning. But each sense is systematically related to the others in that there are a limited number of uses in a limited number of sentence contexts to which the word can be put. Its meaning resides in the rules that the word follows in relation to the rules of every other word in the language game.

Consider the following:

Throw the horse over the fence some hay.

This sentence causes a double take. It changes its meaning in mid-reading from throwing the horse over the fence, to throwing hay to the horse which is over the fence. The sense in which 'over' is used changes. There is a conflict of rules as 'over' is utilised first in one game strategy and then another. This change is stimulated by an alteration in its linguistic environment. The change in context demands a change in the rules by which the word works. Wittgenstein uses the analogy of a game of chess. The king has a defined set of rules which it must follow. By changing the position of the pieces on the board the king will be limited to certain moves, or even forced to make only one move if it is put in check. Here the rules that the king can follow correspond to the meaning of the word, and the shape of the piece corresponds to the written shape or spoken sound of the word. As Wittgenstein says: 'for a large class of cases: the meaning of a word is its use in the language'. Meaning does not depend upon the external world, but upon its function within a language game. An appropriate (meaningful) manipulation of words is determined by the rules of the language game, which are held by social convention within a specific culture of a certain historical period, in a certain locality.

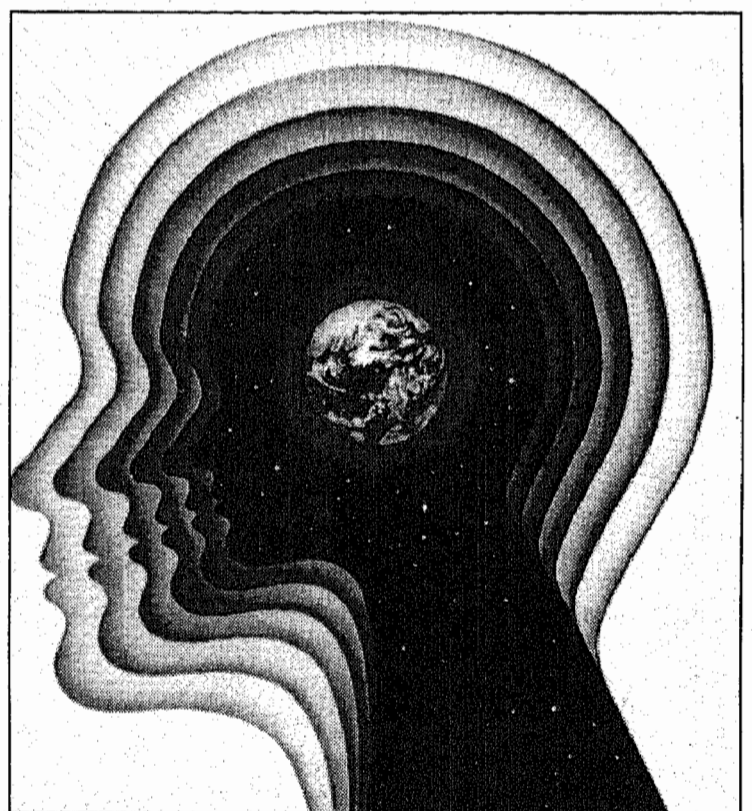
POSTMODERNISM AND VIRTUAL REALITY FLICKS

So what the hell am I really on about? Its time for an analogy. Consider the new genre of films emerging - the virtual reality flick. These include such films as: *The Matrix*, *The Truman Show*, *Total Recall*, and *Dark City*. These films all question the nature of reality. What if every-

thing we see is actually a computer simulation? What if all of your memories are manufactured? What if reality is constructed? This is what postmodernism is saying is actually the case. Your reality is constructed by your sociolinguistic and cultural environment. Reality is composed of terms, stories, phrases, myths, metaphors. This is the bricks and mortar supplied to us by society by which we build our lives. Reality is composed of numerous discourses and language games about gender, age, health, success, nationality, morality, identity, the environment, politics, engineering, science, consumerism, music, art, fashion - all arising out of social and cultural interaction. These discourses tell us what to think, what to wear, how to talk, how to clean our teeth, what to do with our day, when to get up, what our houses should look like, what to do with our lives, even the how and where of taking a shit. They are all permeating, all pervading, all persuasive. Your reality is not conspiratorially created by a computer or a mad genius, but arises out of every day social interaction. Everything we say and do unwittingly supports and recreates our society and its institutions. We each reside at the nexus of a system of cultural networks. We create them, and in turn, they create us.

Brentyn Ramm

NEXT TIME: I will pay out science, rationality, anything else that comes to my dark, twisted thought-space, and even go so low as to argue that trees are socially constructed. Feel free to add to the discourse. Stop being so slack all of you who have promised contributions but haven't delivered. You know who you are!



Some things just can't be bought, Mr Kennett

Anyone who falls even remotely into the category of either a South Australian or Victorian will be familiar with the frequent debate of who is better and why. Let's all, please, accept the undeniable truth:- Adelaide may be a big country town somehow lost in the middle of modern suburbia and boasts about as much nightlife as *The Little House On The Prairie*, but at least we, unlike Victorians, realise that Kennett's Kingdom would be as exciting as a 3 hour Burke's Backyard special live from the Island of Lesbos if it wasn't for Adelaide.

The Victorians among you, or at least those with some sort of extradited resentment for the capital of the South, may consider my opinion blatant, out of line, uncouth, even one-sided. You may even feel the need to blame my sentiment on support of a particular AFL team which has defied tradition, named itself after a feral species of bird (supposedly a South Australian culinary delight) and won back-to-back premierships (bastards!). Well, you're wrong. Why is it that everything in this country must come down to football? Don't get me wrong, I love the sport to death, in fact if Port Power was an illicit drug, I'd have died of an overdose a long time ago! But still, everything seems to be about football these days. Even politics is starting to show it's being influenced by Australia's favourite sport. Pauline Hanson, for example, was seen in the lead up to the 1998 Grand Final walking about Adelaide shopping malls with a Crows scarf hideously draped over her floral blouse in an effort for Brownie Points in the preferences battle. Well, she didn't get my vote! Had it been a black, white, silver and teal scarf, I may well have been persuaded. But it was quite a laugh really. Little did Ms Hanson know her scarf was actually made in Taiwan, so in the name of football's influence in all things politicky, the sour faced ditch rat even abandoned her own party line!

Anyway, if it's any consolation, I value the Crows about as much as I do Ginger Spice's parting with the battery operated, gyrating, pop singing fivesome to become a UN ambassador for women's rights. In other words, the Crows mean as much to me as the gum under Ginger's silver-inlay, red sequined de-

signer platforms! I HATE THE BLOODY CROWS! I just happen to think that Adelaide is a nice city: quiet, friendly and so small that no-one can even remove the adventurous elastic of their undergarb from between their sweaty buttocks without anyone blinking an eye. Cringe as you may at the above mentioned scenario, but on many levels this works as a method of ensuring that the citizens of Adelaide behave in a manner that is civilised, socially acceptable and sensible. Or at least if they insist on behaving in a manner that defies all sense of general logic and inflicts seething embarrassment on the self, at least the whole city is there to gawk, laugh and throw things at you in an effort of public ridicule.

Those planning to visit, have visited or don't intend to visit Adelaide but have continued reading none-the-less, be sure to look out for these icons of Adelaide city life that have become more of a talking point and tourist attraction than the two big silver balls (apparently a symbol of fertility) balancing strategically in the main mall. That proves it: this city has BALLS!

One certain Aboriginal man with chest hair resembling a well used scourer parades about looking all sullen dressed in lilac tights, trouser braces and Crows coloured football socks hoisted up knee high. This, for those not aware, is the personification of your average Crows supporter. Hmmm.

Then there's the Singing Barber Shop Guy who dresses in white with a red and white striped pork-pie hat who croons show tunes, usually seen waving a red fabric rose during the chorus of *Copacabana*. Also from the farnes of the voice is the Singing Bin Guy who plucks out empty drink containers for that SA only 5 cent refund from bins as he warbles to *It's Raining In My Heart*. Both these icons of Adelaide could be slightly more bearable if the prior mentioned lost the hat and melted a gladbag on his head with a blowtorch for that sexual Ray Martin look. Or if the latter mentioned lost the badly pilling Jacquard print wool blend knit jumper in favour of a gold lame boob tube or a sleeveless Gloomesh frock.

The newcomer to Rundle Mall street cul-

ture is the guy who dresses like an extra from the movie *Braveheart*, complete with freak accident dreadlocks and navy kilt. He wiggles and jiggles about torturing an airborne teddy in his hand as he bops out the front of, ironically, Sanity music store! His dancing style resembles a frantic Calista Flockhart were she locked in a well stocked pantry over night (ie. kicking and flailing limbs about in every direction as though an imaginary dancing baby was seductively holding a Tim Tam under her nose. Get away, Calista! However you can! Oh, horror, should you be tempted to consume something this year!!)

Well, now it seems that freak fashion accidents with bizarre personality traits are no longer confined to Adelaide alone. No, it would appear that Mr Kennett, after stealing our Grand Prix, and since having tried to get his filthy paws all over our Arts Festival, the Credit Union Christmas Pageant, a few of those water bubblers outside Parliament House and John Olsen (although I wouldn't be in the least surprised if he'd already had his paws all over Mr Olsen already!), has gone one step further. Our Adelaide Proud freak fashion victims with bizarre ways of entertaining people on the street appear to have been accosted in the night by Victorian conspirators wielding hessian sacks and carted across the border in a horse driven cart as though in a scene from *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. Worst of all they've been set free to run rampant through the streets of Melbourne as though in some sort of ploy to keep up with the Olsens.

I find myself in Melbourne trying my luck on a misguided train route while reminiscent faces of my Adelaide past step on and off at infrequent stops. When a wrinkled bag lady pulling a soft drink crate on training wheels by a frayed piece of rope gets on at Carnegie Station, having in her possession some empty baked beans tins and a tarnished brass vase, I could swear I've seen her pulling her little sad cart past St Francis Cathedral in the heart of Adelaide. And the guy seen lounging up against a marble facade shop front in Burke Street Mall, Melbourne, drunk and tinkling away on an early model Yamaha keyboard with a Hungry Jacks party hat toppled to one side of his head, I can swear distinctly having seen him stoked out up against the Just Jeans store window in Rundle Mall badly playing the theme from *The Godfather*. Now, Mr Kennett, I don't know what tricks you pulled to lure these icons of Adelaide's insensibility across the borders, but I'm sure that they are all part of a sordid scandalous conspiracy. But I'll tell you one thing for free. You may think that money can buy you everything; love, lust, popularity, Felicity. But some things cannot be bought. Pride, for example. Take our car race. Buy our best footballers. Mimic our arts festival. Even try to kidnap the Festival Theatre overnight without us looking. Try to lure Tights Guy, Singing Bin and Barber Shop Guy, even the Kamikaze Kilt Guy by whatever means necessary. But remember we had them first. We were proud of them first. And for the first time in your life realise that pride cannot be bought!

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elevation

to feel the rush
of rising ground and
such a climbing clawing
yawn of something big...

From way up here
I can see so much,
all out of touch,
so much, so much.

I had realised
that it was so big.

Let's climb down now -
it saddens me
to be so useless when I'm free.

What landmark will I follow now?



NOTICEBOARD

GOLDEN KEY NATIONAL HONOUR SOCIETY DENTAL CARE FOR SHARE BBQ
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 Over the last four months, English students from Flinders University have been compiling an anthology of short stories, poetry and design. The project has been run in conjunction with the English Department and Wakefield Press. infusion is to be launched: 7:30pm, Fri 22 October 1999, SA Writers' Centre, Level 3/187 Rundle Street Adelaide
 infusion will be available through Wakefield Press - Unibooks, Imprints, Mindfield, Mary Martin Bookshop and other selected stores from Mon 25 Oct.
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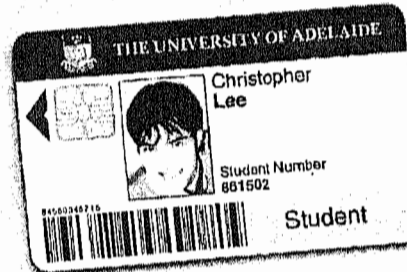
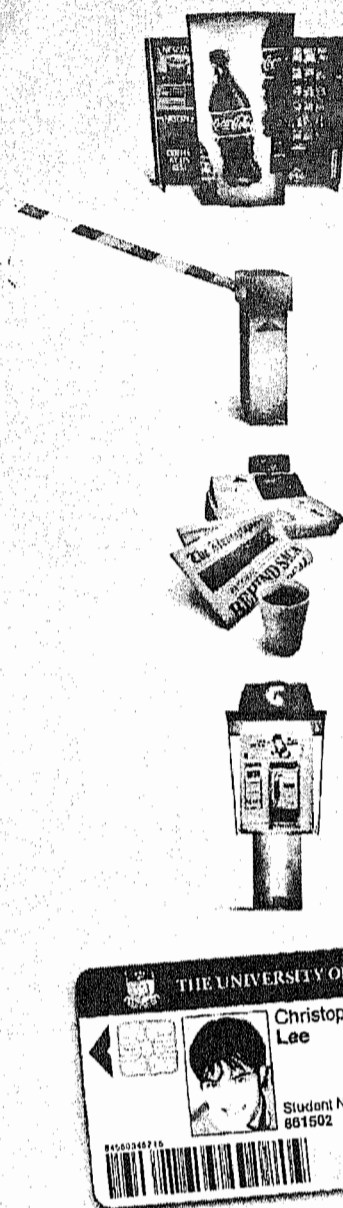
Musicians needed for Church music group in the Mitcham area. For further information please contact Bryan on 82766605

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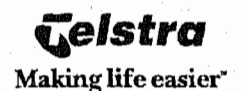
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Barring up with Catriona



If, at twenty six years old, you found yourself based in London, but flying back to Adelaide for work, then you'd probably have every reason to be fairly pleased with life. Certainly Catriona Barr, playing the role of Kate Pinkerton in the State Opera of South Australia's new production of Pucini's *Madama Butterfly*, seems pleased with the way things have turned out.

After graduating with honours in music and voice at Adelaide University, Barr's career seems to have gone from strength to strength. In 1997, she became a Young Artist with the State Opera, where she met renowned vocal teacher Janice Chapman. Chapman was on a teaching tour of Australia from London at the time, but after two masterclasses and a private lesson, Barr asked whether Chapman could take her on as a student. Now Barr's living in England, and despite the paucity of singing work there, is still managing to get roles.

'Adelaide was a wonderful place to start as a singer, because there weren't many singers. For a while there, there weren't many mezzo's either, so I got a lot of work as a result of that. A lot of really good stage experience, and got the chance to do a lot of really good work, and then I went over there and there were six hundred mezzo's like me, and they all looked good and they all had the languages and they could all act. And they all of course had the voice.'

Contrary to the hype surrounding the current fad for hybrid arts, mixing

genres is hardly a new idea, and opera is a prime example of a discipline which requires more than just a talent in one area. Singing, acting, dancing and a facility for languages are all basic requirements for an aspiring diva, but as Barr explains, some bits are harder than others.

'The language training takes a long time. I've got to the point now where I can almost understand old Italian operas. For example, I can understand what they're singing about in *Butterfly*.

'It's tricky, because there are different

sorts of repertoire for different sorts of voice types. The way it looks, although it's hard to tell with a voice since they change over time, but I imagine I'll be singing a lot a French, and that's the one language I don't know. And it takes time and money to learn a new language, and though I've been really lucky to get a lot of generous scholarships, the money is beginning to run out.'

'My dream is to spend a couple of months here, and the rest of the year in Europe. But I'm concentrating on England at the moment, and hopefully in the next five or six years, I could work my way up. I'd love to get to the level where I could afford to chuck the job at the bank and just be working as a singer, even in small roles, even understudies I'd be happy to spend the next ten years if necessary working my way up the call sheet until I finally get a principal role. Just to have a career in this industry, I'm terribly lucky, because there's so much competition.'

One of the issues that Barr seems keen to address is that of the 'cultural cringe'. She's a staunch advocate of Australian

talent, in particular the quality of singers from Adelaide. Ascribing this to the fact that South Australia has two quality opera companies, in Co-Opera and the State Opera, Barr points out that there are few companies in the world that would have been able to present a production like last year's Ring Cycle.

'Adelaide does produce top voices, and what interests me is that the top voice here I think would, in terms of sheer vocal quality, would compare with the top voices I've heard overseas, and the same age and at the same level. The top singers I've sung with at Co-Opera are as good as any of the ones I've met over there. A testament to that is the fact that people like Grant Doyle, Yamadori in this production, has had rave reviews singing the Count in Figaro in London with Colin Davis. These are Adelaide people and they're doing as well as anyone.

We have a lot to be thankful for, because we have State Opera and Co-Opera. They have different ways of bringing singers along, but both are really valid. The State Opera will put you into the chorus, and you sit and you watch and you pick up a lot. You stay in the chorus, and watch the other singers, and then if they like you sufficiently, and you show you can do the job, they make you a young artist, and you get the opportunity to play a small role, or to do something in the small shows that the company's doing in the studio, like Mahagonny and Tremonisha recently. So that gives you a chance to see how a big house operates, and gives you the chance to work with big name directors.

'Co-Opera on the other hand tours all around Australia, and you get the chance to learn the major roles. For example, people like Grant [Doyle] and I go to London, and you see people who've had fantastic training, but very little experience. Grant has sung Figaro forty times, and I've sung the title role in Carmen sixty times, and there's an argument that I shouldn't have done that because I was too young, but the stage experience that gave me was out of this world. And the fact that I've been in front of audiences for the past four or five years is important. A lot of people come out of colleges in England, and they've never faced an

audience, outside a student production. Although they're technically very good, it does show.

'Co-Opera really took me along. Tessa Bremner, their director, was really good. It's funny how you seem to meet people who help you with what you need. I needed movement, and Tessa gave it to me because she's a dancer. She got me moving very well, and she picked up some of my bad habits, like getting my feet into the right place and make everything seem fluid. A lot of singers forget their feet, so when they're singing they'll either stand there like a lump of mutton, or if they do move they'll take two big steps, and stand and face the front again.

Madam Butterfly opens at the Festival Theatre on October 23 and runs until November 4, with tickets available through Bass. If you're interested in getting along, and you're under 26, there are \$20 tickets available on Tuesday 26 October, Tuesday November 2 and Thursday November 4. For more information on the Club 26 deal, call State Theatre on 8216 5151 or have a look at <http://www.club26.sa.com.au>. And if you think that opera is just too hard, let Barr put your mind at rest.

'It's a fabulous art form, and it's not elitist. I organised a school program with Co-Opera, and we asked four year olds what they thought opera was about, and they would all come out with, 'Fat women with horns on their heads'. That's an image from the 1930s and 1940s, and somehow from the media or their parents, they've picked up this stereotype. So then you sing them an opera, and you sing it in English so they can understand it, and they love it. Now if a four year old or a five year old can sit through an hour long version of Carmen or The Magic Flute and laugh and have a good time, then what's to stop anyone else? There's such passion in it...it's such a beautiful art form. There are some gems out there, and *Butterfly's* one of them.

If you can get to *Butterfly*, go and see it and bring lots of hankies.'





Tones

"Energetic style of up-beat rock with a hint of punk influences." This is how Adelaide band Dial describe themselves in this year's "Off The Couch". A fairly accurate representation if their debut E.P., *Fifty Cents Well Spent*, is anything to go by. Dial, a five-member group, formed in 1997 and shortly after landed the Adelaide Uni. O'Ball as one of its first gigs (not a bad start...eh?) under the name "Sugarsalt". After an early name change Dial adopted a change in their song writing attitude and concentrated on their sound production. Just over two years later and they have a well-produced debut E.P. to show for their efforts. A lot has happened since the recording took place in May including a few noteworthy achievements. In June the band placed third in the Seven Stars "Battle Of The Bands" finals, made the Melbourne Heat finals in the Hard Rock Cafe "Breeding Ground" (out of a few hundred bands mind you) and again found themselves on the finalists list in the Seven Stars N.U.S. Uni. of S.A. Campus competition. During all of this they also squeezed in a performance for Local Noise Live at the Lion Arts Bar. With all of this going on this band seem destined to make a name for themselves at least here in Adelaide. And if you look carefully you may even spot their stickers (placed in unusual positions) around the campus.

After meeting with Matt Minarelli (Bass/Vocals), Tom Hope (Drums) and Mark Williams (Guitar), all of whom are studying Architecture at Uni. S.A., in the *On Dit* office one fine Tuesday afternoon the following was produced....

What is the most "rock" thing you've done?

Ah...we've gotta think about this....when we went over to Sydney to master the E.P. we had a pretty big night. We got back to the hotel room and found leftovers in the fridge consisting of chops, meatballs, sausages, etc.. "Someone" decided to start ditching them off of the balcony at passers-by. So we got a phone-call from the manager at 3 a.m. telling us that we've had complaints that there were meatballs and sausages coming out of the third floor balcony.

How do your songs translate live?

There's more energy live. We found after recording the E.P. that the songs sounded a bit slow compared to our live performances. So when we play them live they are quicker and a little more energetic.

Following in the traditions of Cat Stevens, Mr. Big and Maxi Priest you have decided to cover "Wild World". Why this song and are there any other

covers you like to play live?

The reason for choosing this song was because I (Matt) work in a supermarket and we had to listen to crappy AM stations. I heard "Wild World" and just thought, "Oh yeah, we could probably do a decent cover of that", so we gave it a go. We don't play many covers but when we do we like to add our own little "thing" to the song.

Who would you cite as your influences?

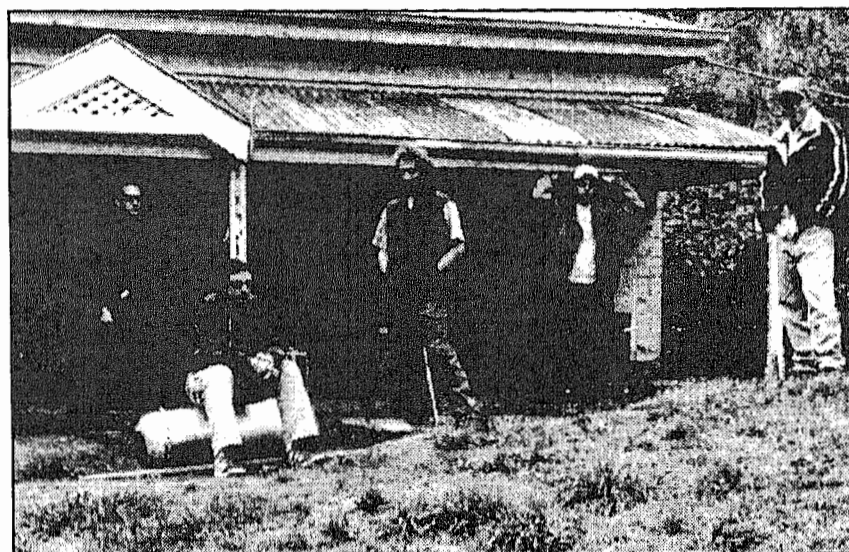
We all listen to many different styles ... from Dire Straits to Iron Maiden, the Beatles ... basically anything that's good. Pretty much just a broad range. A good band we'd like to mention is Face To Face. They've been pretty influential.

I noticed that you have dedicated your debut E.P. to the memory of "our great friend Tom Halliday".

Yeah, he was an old friend who died in a car crash so we decided to dedicate the E.P. to him.

Many Adelaide bands relocate interstate for a variety of reasons. What are your views on the Adelaide band/gig scene?

Well, in the last six months, we just started to really get into the live shows and gigging. Whilst getting that together we haven't too bad a go at it as far as that's gone. There are a lot of good Adelaide bands out there that are playing a



lot of shows and doing a lot of things. I think it's the recognition that Adelaide gets ... it's starting to get better now. Actually, I think it's pretty prosperous at the moment. The camaraderie between bands is good. Everyone sort of supports each other. I like that aspect of it. Our first gig was just friends but as we've been playing a bit more you see strange faces which is good. It's encouraging.

Name the last album you bought

Everlast (Tom), Buckcherry (Mark), Red Hot Chili Peppers *Californication* (Matt)

A poignant question considering that there are only a couple of months to go in 1999 - what do you think is the album of the nineties?

That's a tough one. *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* (Red Hot Chili Peppers) and also,

in the last couple of years, for me (Matt) I guess Face To Face's self-titled album. I really liked that.

What has Dial got in store for us in the future?

We've got a lot more songs. We've written a fair few since we recorded this E.P. so we have songs in the pipeline. We want to get together a good bunch of quality songs for another E.P. What we learned doing this one is that we tried to include too much on there and we didn't have enough time so for the next one a bit more preparation and a bit more money and we'll try to put an even better one out.

Dial's CD Launch for the *Fifty Cents Well Spent* E.P. is on this Friday, October 22nd at the Seven Stars Hotel starting at 8pm. Also playing will be Yakspit.

Dial Fifty Cents Well Spent Dial, Crumpet Entertainment

The first thing that strikes you about this CD is the production. *Fifty Cents Well Spent* has been recorded at a fairly loud level which is perfect if you like cranking your music up until the walls shake. "Yeah, we wanted that. I think that's got to do with going to Sydney to get it mastered at (Studio) 301", explains drummer Tom Hope. Add to that professional packaging and a good CD layout and the final result is an E.P. that any band would be satisfied with - especially for a debut.

Musically, this six-track release has a surprising amount of diversity. There are rock moments, "Modern Day Hero", alongside pop moments, "Girl". Ska makes an appearance, "Fistful Of Fives", as does the "hint of punk influence" as previously mentioned. "We try not to emphasise the "punk" aspect - it pigeon-holes you a lot." Make no mistake though, it's there. The length of the songs (about 3 minutes each) combined with the cover artwork (a guy about to "key" a new sports car with a fifty cent coin, hence the name of the E.P.) tends to indicate this. Kicking off with the rock/pop "Modern Day Hero" - a fairly good representation of their style - it soon becomes apparent that Dial like to keep things simple musically in order to concentrate on generating the most powerful and energetic vibe they can. The next track, and also my vote for best track goes to, "Disrecognised" - a mid-tempo guitar driven song that contains a "spoken" verse in the style of the Mark Of Cain. "Taken For Granted" is single material complete with a catchy melody and an up-beat feel. "Fistful Of Fives" and "Girl" contrast well to the previous songs providing a change of pace. The former is an fast energetic ska-ish song whilst the latter, pretty much a love song, is verging towards pure pop music. To end the E.P. Dial do a cover of Cat Stevens' "Wild World". They have turned it into an up-beat rock/punk song whilst keeping the melody intact. Unlike most covers this one turns out to be a successful interpretation. All of the songs, especially "Disrecognised" and "Taken For Granted", would be interesting to hear live. Overall, an impressive debut. One of the best I've heard from an Adelaide band. Definitely a band to watch out for.

Jorn



Nutri-Graney

Tackling the greatest hits release *The Baddest* and other important issues, an embarrassingly uninformed *On Dit* gets conversational with Dave Graney and his percussive partner Clare Moore.



Dave: *On Dit*, what the fuck does that mean?

Something French: 'it is said' or some shit. I'll ask the questions ... Are you spending more time now looking back on your music or looking forward to your music?

D: Not more time, probably half-and-half. We do a lot of playing around Melbourne...

You guys still play together?

D: Yeah we play in The Dave Graney Show. After the Coral Snakes finished at the end of '97 we put out an album as The Dave Graney Show on Festival Records.

When you came to Adelaide last, at The Royal, was that the Dave Graney Show?

D: Yeah

C: I don't like that club much, it's a bit scary.

It's not scary normally - it's really 'teeny'. Was that a good gig?

D: Well it was a bit late to play, you know, we play in Melbourne regularly at our own club [The Nightcat], and we play at 8pm on Wednesdays. It's a jazz club that we've found a space to play in - we'd gotten into the situation of playing at 1am on Sunday mornings for people and thought: we don't need to act fucking desperate to play music. So we play at 8pm and do two sets - time to stretch out.

C: If we come back to Adelaide we'd like to do the Governor Hindmarsh. **Yeah they've got a good jazz thing out the back there**

C: Something like that - play there and do two sets.

D: So when we play we've got a lot of songs to choose from, we've got a big catalogue and a lot of songs that people want to hear so I think that any act which puts out more than two records has to think retrospectively at some point.

I had that in mind particularly because you've just released a greatest hits. Looking at that must give you a feeling of retrospection

D: We're also putting together one of our band before the Coral Snakes, called The Moodists.

Was that over in London?

D: Yeah that's going back to 1980 to '87.

C: That's really going back.

Were you in that band as well, Clare?

C: Yes, we were in The Moodists with Nick Turner from The Dirty Three and a couple of other people. It's been a time of looking back, and it's been quite interesting because you really don't remember the songs until you hear them - you remember them differently, and when you hear them you think "God, that sounds really good"... or it's usually not what you thought.

Listening to 'The Baddest', are there any memories that are really satisfying there?

D: We kind of like all of it. We're glad it starts off with two tracks that were unreleased. The Coral Snakes were always really artistically committed - we think it's a good collection of songs. After the first two it moves chronologically from 1990 to 1997 - it tells a story and you hear the sound of the band change from a pumpin' live act, our attitude to going into the studio was just to record songs live ... and then the last two albums were very studio orientated. **Was it hard to break that band off when they were still going somewhere, when as you say their albums were still developing?**

D: On *The Soft'n'Sexy Sound* and *The Devil Drives* [the last two albums], me and Clare were trying to influence, rather than being a group all pumping music together and then recording it. We were really getting into production influence - me and Clare produced 'The Devil Drives'. We wanted to be more fluid, and it wasn't fair to the other three to continue. That's what The Dave Graney Show cd which came out earlier this year ended up as.

Did you get to decide what goes on The Baddest?

C: Yes

Does your taste agree with the record companies, critics and record buyers?

D: Universal were quite good. We left them at the end of '97, when they were about to experience a huge international co-operation takeover, so they just stopped working for a while.

C: We just chose the songs that peo-

ple like hearing. It can't really be a greatest hits because we didn't have major hit singles as such. So they kind of left it up to us.

You probably know best what your music means. Are you the best judge of it?

D: When we put out singles we weren't always the best judges. We put out 'I'm not afraid to be heavy' as the first single off *The Soft'n'Sexy Sound*, the record company fought against it, and then the radio stations thought it was a joke. We worked really hard on the soft'n'sexy part of it, and then 'Rock'n'Roll is where I hide', which is the only guitar song, became the biggest radio song on the album. That pissed me off no end.

Ah, but the lyrics are so mysterious. I don't know what you're getting at, but it sounds good.

D: I thought it was pretty mysterious. People loved the groove of it, I guess.

Dave, I'm interested in you as a personality, as a star. There seem to be a few songs on The Baddest where you explore that tension - do you play yourself in public?

D: Yeah, I write songs about being a performer, because a lot of our music was written at a time when Americans had finally cottoned on to punk rock, and the thing about punk rock like Nirvana is that they're tortured

artists who want to be real and to be perceived as real. That's something that anybody can fake. It's full of interest for me.

Do you want to keep your personality back from you public persona?

D: I've always just been interested in singing songs and telling stories. That's as far as I care about it really. People just want to hear a nice song - I don't think there's some ongoing dialogue at all.

I think some people engage quite personally when they're listening to records.

D: I make music with that much seriousness that I hope there's people out there like that. But I don't think you can go out and say things directly to people - there has to be some musical interest... We think *The Baddest* comes directly from a decade of quite high quality music that we made. That's the spirit we put it together in - we really enjoy making music and we're artistically committed to doing music. The album has to represent the work of five musicians, so I'd rather not talk about myself too much. Tracks like 'The Confessions of Serge Gainsbourg' and 'Morrison Floorshow' are really good grooves where the Coral Snakes just got together.

Gotta Love That Tongue



are still going strong today. Honey Boy Jim is on guitar and vocals, while his brother Big Tom accompanies him on bass and also sings. Paul Deeble gives the band a rocking drive on drums. The band has a unique sound which is a blend of many styles. Jim has a vocal style which I believe is similar to that of Jeff Buckley

knew that they were a very 'together' band, and for the whole time that they played, they kept audience attention. On top of that, the set was sensational, and although fairly short (there were a whole pile of bands on that night), it definitely caught my attention and has won me over as a fan. After the show, I bought the band's two previous CDs and got a hold of the demo for their upcoming latest CD. The first is a full album called *Is Anyone Listening*, cut in 1995. This CD received favourable reviews, and got healthy air-play. A blend of blues influenced rock, I liken the album to Led Zeppelin's *I*. It has that special mix of hard rocking songs and softer numbers. Six of the songs last for over six minutes, and three of those for more than eight. For most fans of complex rock/metal music, this would be the formula for a great album, and *Is Anyone Listening* certainly fits that criteria. Some songs complex, some simple, some hard, some soft: a truly excellent debut.

The Loving Tongue's second CD, *Sea Of Lights* (released in 1997), is a five track EP with more of a bluesy sound. This CD, which had great artwork as well as great sound, was distributed by Blah Blah Blah records, and gave the band greater coverage across Australia and overseas. The CD has two hardish songs, two bluesy songs, and finishes off with a great eight minute Hendrix style blues jam. Yet another great CD.

After two tracks from *Sea Of Lights* were featured on an American compilation CD, much interest in the band was generated in the US. As a result, The Loving Tongue have spent the earlier part of this year touring America with some very promising

results. After playing in over twenty states, interest has been shown by both German and Canadian promoters.

Recently, the band have been working on a new full length CD, and I am lucky enough to have a copy of the demo. The newer stuff is a lot heavier than the old stuff, but still retains the band's distinctive sound. The live show was made up of this new material, and it is clear to see that the music translates well from CD to live audience. On the demo are an obviously Sabbath inspired song, a Spanish influenced song, and many other great tunes.

The new album should be due out fairly soon, and the band have some gigs coming up in October and November. They play The Brompton Hotel (with Hippy Kill Theme and One Step Beyond) on Fri. 29th October, The Inzone night club on November 12 (with Hippy Kill Theme, Bald Man Hairy, and Enemy Web), The Commercial (with Resurrection 2, Dom's Garage, and Slo.Vac) on Sat. November 20, and Fri. 26 November at the Greenacres F/C (with 1 Step Beyond, Hippy Kill Theme, and Bald Man Hairy). Each of their live shows will be a bit different, some being heavy, some being bluesy, all being great!! To anyone who is a fan of this type of music, or likes live bands in general, I strongly recommend you to go and see The Loving Tongue. They are definitely one of the best local acts I've heard, and you'll certainly catch me at their gigs. Support local music: go see The Loving Tongue!! Catch them before they spontaneously combust!!!

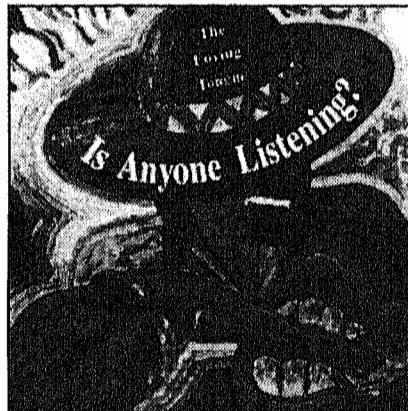
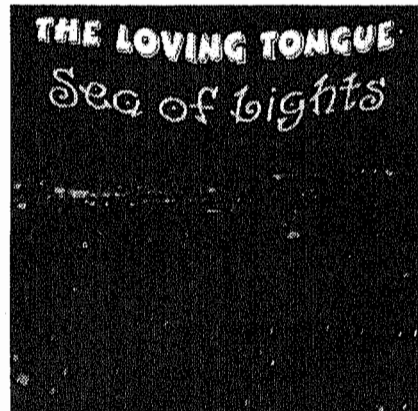
Luke 'livebandsarethebest' Balzan

One cold and dry wintry night, a close friend of mine convinced me to go and see a band that he said were really good. After a couple of weeks ensuring me that they were a great band, I decided to go along to the Holdfast Hotel to see what he was raving about. Always willing to hear new local bands, I went along with my only expectation being to see an okay band. What I did see when I got there was one of the best acts I've seen to date, and that includes a number of international bands.

The Loving Tongue are a local act who began way back in 1994, and

(not in actual sound, but style) and plays wild heavy and Hendrix style guitar. Big Tom gives a huge rocking bass sound which gives the music a tremendous thump. Paul backs them up on drums, with a Lars Ulrich/John Bonham sound. Together, they have a sound which is clearly influenced by Hendrix, Zeppelin, Sabbath, and other bands of that type.

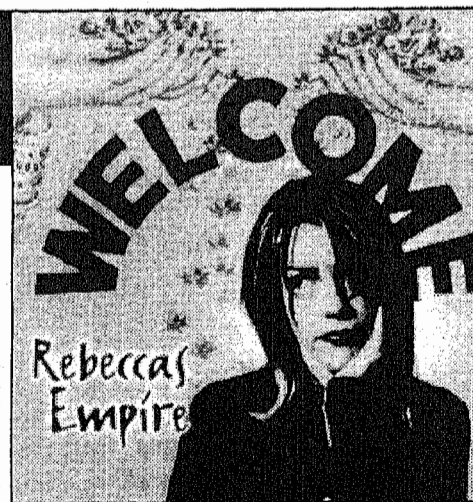
Their live show comprised of a fairly heavy set of originals. Their stage presence was felt by all at the gig, and their sound was not able to be ignored. From the very start, you

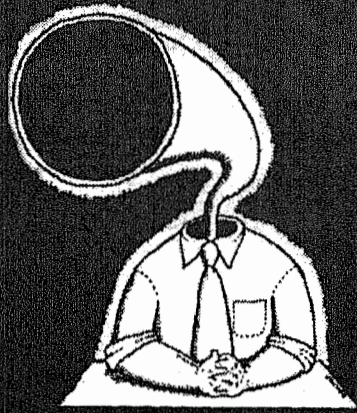


Rebecca's Empire Welcome Festival Records

This album has been a very long time coming. The first single, "Medicine Man", was released last November and there have been two singles and a million interviews between then and now. Considering this is the second album for the Empire that is just too long to wait. And it's not as if *The Way Of All Things* was an unmitigated success. "Atomic Electric" may be an Aussie fave but the album failed to live up to the band's promise of something distinctively special. *Welcome* is more of what this quartet has hinted at. A change in line up, a baby for Shane and Rebecca has changed Rebecca's Empire a lot, but *Welcome* is a positive side effect. We've all heard "Big Smoke" and "Bad Blood" already but these aren't the stand out tracks on this consistent and engaging album. "Song 12" (so named because it nearly didn't make it on the album) is excellent. With a pop hook and a chorus that even Wilson and Phillips would be proud of this song is infectious. That album moves from thoughtful Australian-low-fi-rock to hard impulsive rock sessions like "When We First Met". This song was originally titled "Then (The Art of Reflection)" and isn't it a relief that the Empire made an attempt to can the pretentious mediocrity that ruins so many bands these days. With song titles like that Rebecca Barnard could have become Australia's version of Michael Stipe. Some of the material on this album falls into this category. The slower tracks are a little hit and miss. "When It Happens", "Echo" and "Dust" are moving and brilliantly orchestrated. Conversely "Lost Me" and "Soft Skin Meri" are disappointing space fillers toward the end of the LP. All of this said, if you like "Big Smoke", then you'll love this album. There's enough on this album to satisfy the ears of Australia's fussiest pop/rock fans. *Welcome* is exactly that, just don't wipe mud all over it.

Anthony Paxton





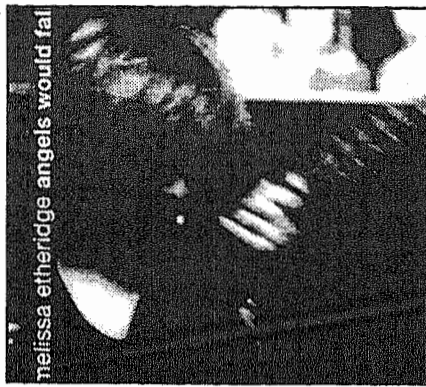
G'Day. Can I buy you a drink? No? My, you're looking nice today. Have you done something different with your hair? It looks great. So, what are you doing this SATURDAY NIGHT? Would you like to come with me to LOCAL NOISE LIVE @ THE LION ARTS BAR. Don't say no yet. This week MONTE, PORNLAND and PHAT ALBERT. How about it? It's only \$3. I'll pay for you. There's a HAPPY HOUR from 9:30 - 10:30 PM. I'm not kidding. \$1 COOPERS BEER and \$3.50 BASE SPIRITS. Here's my phone number. Got a pen? It's 8303 5000. I've got an e-mail address too.

peter.adams@adelaide.edu.au. Yeah, give me call and we'll talk. Choi.

Oi! Baby! Over here. You're looking nice today. Have you done something different with your hair? It looks great. So, what are you doing on MONDAY NIGHT. I was kinda hoping that you'd tune into STUDENT RADIO to hear STUFF at 9 PM, THE SILENT MAJORITY HOUR at 10 PM, FUTURE TENSE at 11 PM and NOISEGATE at 12 AM. No? How about SATURDAY NIGHT? If you're not busy I thought we could listen to POLAR at 9 PM, TAKE IT OUTSIDE at 10 PM, GROOVE RELATION at 11 PM and WAIT TILL DARK at 12 AM. Can I have a look in your bag? I'll just go shall I. Good.

This week on LOCAL NOISE we have the intergalactic talents of those space pirates REVOLVAR. Tune in at 9:00 PM to hear the new sounds of Adelaide's finest rock 'n' roll acts, and first band on the moon. That's one small set for a band, one giant leap for rock 'n' roll.

Peter Adams
Christian Haebich
1999 South Australian (Western District) Spot and CIG Welders of the Year.



Melissa Etheridge Angels Would Fall (Single)

Universal Music

I remember in early 1987 when watching *Hey Hey It's Saturday* (I was a misguided youth) I saw a young lady by the name of Melissa Etheridge strut onto stage and play her single 'Somebody Bring Me Some Water' with more passion and fire than anything else I'd seen. So, after stealing my brother's copy of her first album and playing it until the words sounded like a hollywood slow-motion playback, it was with disillusionment that I parted ways with

Melissa after her second album. The first album had been her voice, her guitar and little else and that's what made it great but it seems as soon as she got some commercial success she started to try to do too much with her music. Now after 12 years she seems to have come full circle with her new release 'Angels Would Fall', it features vocals that are so filled with pain, lust and every other emotion, that they almost hurt to listen to and the music is simpler than her more recent releases.

Melissa sounds best when backed by her guitar and light drum work and although she's included a bit of backing guitar this is more like her first album, with just that touch of experience, than any of her subsequent albums. 'Angels Would Fall' is another of her strange love songs that almost insult the person she's singing to and then raise them, in this case literally, to the level of the Angels.

It seems that many people were turned off Melissa's music when it was revealed that she was a Lesbian and to those people I say get a life! As for anyone who has never heard Melissa (in other words those who have been living under a rock or been visiting another planet) I suggest you pick this single up cause it shows Melissa back to her best form. This single includes one other album track, 'Into The Dark', which makes me even more eager for the new album *Breakdown*. It also includes a non-album track 'Beloved' which is softer than her other tracks but is just as good, and gives Melissa a chance to feature her voice more.

As an added bonus this single is 'an enhanced CD' which is just a fancy way of saying it's CD-ROM, and unfortunately it doesn't completely work. The entire setup is great but unfortunately it looks like they've forgotten to include some interview files on mine. But if you manage to get one that works then it includes an interview with Melissa, photos of her performing (though not that many), the lyrics to the three tracks, and a connection to her website.

So if you're a Etheridge enthusiast eagerly expecting an epic album then this single promises just that! Don't know when it's available in stores but it should be soon, as with the album. Just go bug the uni music store till they order it in for you.

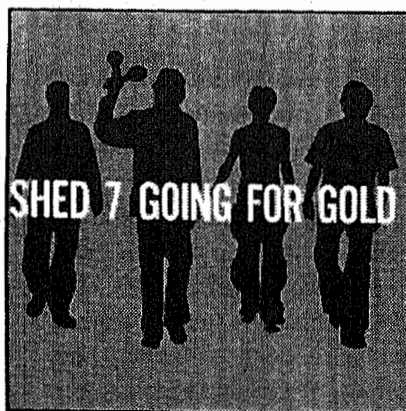
Gareth Sharp

Sixpence None The Richer There She Goes (Single)

Mushroom, Squint

Well, if the record company isn't trying why should I? This single comes in at a massive nine minutes. Just under one dollar per minute. Pretty fucked really. Add to this the fact that you not only get the album version of the title song but a remix which sounds almost exactly the same (no joke, I couldn't pick much of a difference...to be honest I didn't give it much of a listen). The third and final track is a live version of "Kiss Me"...nothing to blow your load about either. Anyway, if you recognise "There She Goes" it's because it was originally recorded by The La's in 1991. There is little point in covering a song that recent unless you do something special with it which Sixpence None The Richer do not do. It's basically a note for note rehash...yawn.

Jorm



Shed 7 Going for Gold

This is a collection of remarkably dull popsongs. It could be put no other way. Shed 7, though much more refined and articulate than their often-compared-with counterparts Oasis, don't really match them in the flair stakes (though in Oasis' case this isn't saying much either). Maybe this CD should have been given to someone more openminded than I, but I tried. No, really. Shed 7's songs just seem to speak for their ho hum selves. There is no thread

of interest that catches one's ear and maintains it. In a decade or so today's music will undoubtedly be used in elevators as muzak, and Shed 7 will feature prolifically and drive everyone potty. Track 2, "Disco Down", is the most unimaginative, lame song using a disco beat that I have heard in ages. Track 3, "Getting Better", threatens initially to wake you from fast approaching slumber, to improve things as its title suggests, but then quickly morphs back to the unremitting drone that pervades the rest of the album.

This said, there are undoubtedly lotsa fans of Shed 7 out there (how else does a band attain 13 top 40 hits?!). The inner CD sleeve features an excellent mini biography of the band. So don't listen to me, get out there and scope it.

NUMBERS MEAN NOTHING ON THE NET



There's no denying that statistics - or more precisely, counting things - has had a big influence on the understanding we have of The Way Things Are. There is no escaping the fact that one plus one equals two or, for that matter, the fact that if you get clubbed on the head more times than the number of fingers on one hand, it's going to hurt for a *long* while. And all this was fine and dandy, until some stupid person decided that he wanted to see the big-time. Fingers and toes weren't enough, this person wanted to count stuff that was bigger than twenty. (the gender of this person is not known, but the possibility is there that this magic number could've been twenty-one for all we know...) After this great feat of mental evolution, came statistics.

Scroll forward in the "Windows98 of Time(tm)" to the present day. (Oh, sod off Unix users. Who would've understood if I said "X-Windows of Time" eh? Eh? Eh? Thought so) Bean-counters are going crazy over the Internet. "The number of people using the 'net is growing at an unimaginable rate!" they cry, as they scramble for more beans. "The uptake of this new technology has been phenomenal!" - same thing, but y'know... smart people just have to demonstrate their Superiority by Vocabulary. Newspaper reporters who were probably still struggling with the idea of submitting articles by email report that "Current estimates

of the Internet's population exceeds XXX million! And is rising by the second!"

But...

Earlier on this year, Telstra rolled out a totally free email service to anyone and everyone who gave a toss. Email at the cost of a mere local call. No Internet Service Providers, no World Wide Wait - nothing but pure, sparkling email. So, by the end of the year, Australia will probably have the highest uptake of the Internet in the world. It doesn't matter that Freddy Young'un, and probably thousands like him, signed Grandma up so that he can email her the strange pictures that he found after searching for the words he learnt in Kindergarten that week: "boy" and "play". (And don't ask me how an illiterate kid can work a search engine, 'coz kids these days are born with a spell-check and floppy disk in the appropriate places) So what does it mean when they say there are millions of Internet users? Jack.

Numbers mean nothing on the Internet. I scoff audibly (it sounds like a cross between a sigh and a cough - I'd put a recording of it on my web page if I could be bothered) every time I read that X percent of Australians are online. I would laugh if one day, every single person tried to log on at once and brought the whole system down, but that's like waiting for the Millenium Bug to happen. (Oooh... I can feel the dag-

gers from Y2k people from all around the world!)

In the famous words of that Demtel guy "But wait! There's more!" and there certainly is. But I can't be bothered. Just so you know though, here are some of the other numerical non-events that abound on the Internet:

Time: we complain so much that there isn't enough of it, yet we waste hours on end slaving over a conversation that could be had in a couple of minutes. Arguments about talking to people

people who just "talk" to their pub friends on the 'net each night.

Bytes: a while back, I read about this woman whose sole purpose in life was to archive the Internet. She made all these calculations about the size of the Internet, and how much storage was required. Needless to say, that project seems to have disappeared into oblivion, where it deserves to be.

Speed: sure it's a pain waiting an hour to download the new 'gurg (that's Regurgitator, you uncultured swines) album which someone on the other side of the country has kindly pirated for you, but if you were given more bandwidth, you'd just download more stuff and you'd be complaining how long it takes to rip *The Thomas Crown Affair*, wouldn't you?

So be wary the next time a web counter says that you're the 15453th person to hit a web site. It might just be that you were also the 15452th, 15451th, 15450th...

PhaseThree

<phasethree@iname.com>

around the world don't hold any water, because I know of way too many



student radio's

LOCAL NOISE
presents ...

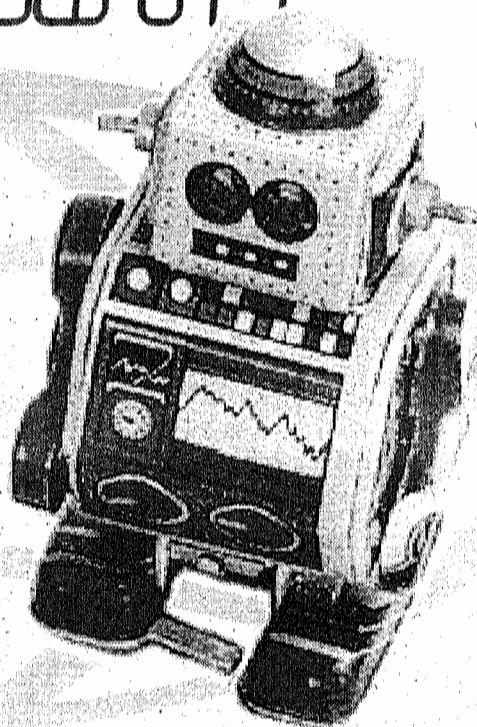
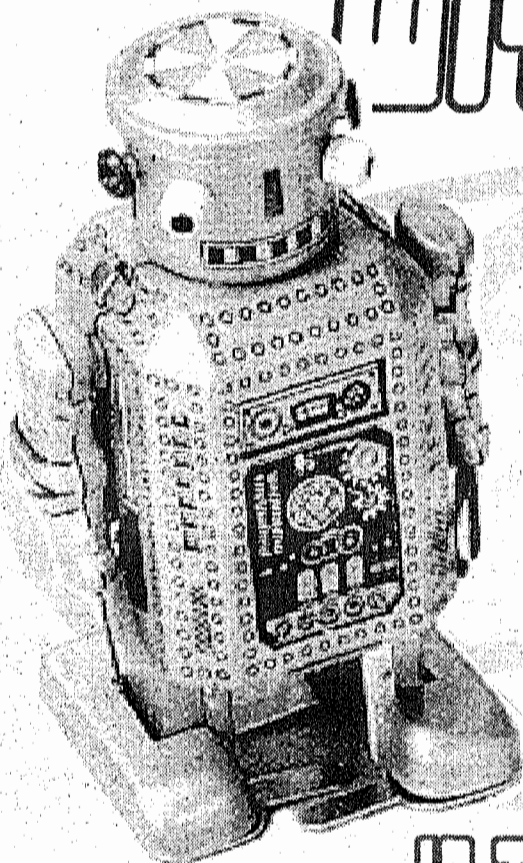
revolver

playing live to air on the
19th of OCTOBER
9 PM on 5UV 531 AM

it doesn't taste as
good as it looks

STUDENT RADIO, ARTS SA, DERRINGERS MUSIC & COOPERS
PRESENT ...

PARALLANA VS PHAT ALBERT WITH MENTE



IN THE BATTLE FOR

INTERGALACTIC MASTERS OF FUN

9 PM SATURDAY 23RD OF OCTOBER

CNR NORTH TERRACE & MORPHETT ST.

\$3 ENTRY. NO ID, NO NOISE.

HAPPY HOUR 9:30 PM - 10:30 PM

\$1 COOPERS \$3.50 BASE SPIRITS



student radio



ARTS SA



DERRINGERS MUSIC



COOPER'S BREWERY

