



# The Advertiser

Adelaide, Orystraya, Mundy, April 10, 2000

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phone: on me desk 80 cents worth ?



**SPORT - Crows train again!!**



**NEWS - Horror Hippy Holistic Home Invasion Horror!!**

BONGO	11	33	41	60	83
	22	43	59	76	88
	2	13	49	69	77

**GAMES - Win fuckall with Newsoingobongo!!**

## STUDENT IN NO SHOE HORROR!!

Human Services Minister Dean Brown has strongly warned University students to wear shoes on campus following the recent spate of shoeless attendances by students.

"I'm not one for appearances generally, I don't like to judge a book by its cover, but I believe that this lack of shoes is harming the international reputation of the University of Adelaide," he said, whilst polishing his shoes.

Mr Brown attributes recent shoeless escapades to individuals "complacency" and "incompetence".

"It shows a lack of courtesy to others and a basic disrespect of themselves. Not only that, but it makes the place look untidy. When I was young it was the three R's and the one T: riting, rithmetic, reading and tie your shoelaces. Children nowadays have to be especially careful."

A recent e-mail circulated throughout the Human Services Department - a copy of which had been obtained by *The Advertiser* - has requested that Government employees who are parents of University students check that their children are wearing shoes before leaving for University.

Excerpts from the e-mail read, "The non-wearing of shoes is the merely the beginning of the slippery slope towards anarchy. Shoes are a window to the soul and this flagrant abuse of them is equivalent to thumbing one's nose at authority. When people start wearing what they want, it is only a matter of time before they start doing what they want. Democracy is not built on freedom."

When asked for a response, Stephen Mullighan, Students' Association of the University of Adelaide president, admitted to occasionally not wearing shoes himself.

"It's comfortable. Not only that, but with the decrease in Austudy, bare feet are often the only shoes that students have. You can't clothe a dog on Austudy you know."



*A shoeless student inciting a riot yesterday*



*Lack of concern: Editors celebrate another win on the I nternet*

## EDITOR ETHICS INTEGRITY SHOCK HORROR!! PIX!!

The *On Dit* editors have been caught in a shameless, boozy pool frolic as our pictures show. Following accusations of nepotism and drug-addled internet gambling, the *On Dit* editors have been exposed for the sham that they are. "Yeah, so we like porn, so we gambled. But hell, it's only the students' money. It's not as if there is any sort of check in place. Fuck 'em," said an intoxicated and nude Eva O'Driscoll while gesticulating wildly at her groin.

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## on dit

... where they burn On Dit, they will one day burn people ...

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 herein may not be their own or anybody else's. Who knows in this crazy post-modern bucket that we call a world.

### Editors, coaches & singer/songwriters

Dale F Adams  
Eva O'Driscoll  
Darien O'Reilly

### Photographer & procrastinator

Peter McKay

### Just for being there

Fiona Dalton

### Printing & Dinners

Cadillac Printing

### Thanks

Penelope Fredericks, Kate for the anger and burger runs, Jayne, Mulligrub for the locked files, Cath, the Chardonnay Socialists for proving again that bad kicking is adequate football, Mercedes you little ripper, spj5, Davey Boy Smith, Linley, Benny Doyle for the fanta party, Happy 21st to the light of the office, happy bday to Jonny Dyer, that game at the Burger Bar where you get to kill things (if only it'd work), and fuck you to our piece of shit printer and heap of crap masquerading as a computer.

### So you want to contact us?

You can find us in the basement of the George Murray Building; post to us c/o University of Adelaide, SA, 5005; call us on (08) 8303 5404 or (08) 8303 6490; fax (08) 8223 2412; or email [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au).

### News

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#### Yoof cares

The formation of an advisory group gives fresh faced Chelsea Prentergrast-Twickenham the opportunity to make a difference by reporting back from a group formed for young adults by young adults.

### News

6

#### SAUA cares

The formation of the SAUA Council will lead to many new and exciting changes. Read about what committed young adults can do.

### Politics

15

#### Sloppy Language

The formation of a sloppy language policy has given Prime Minister John Howard added impetus in the runout to the next Federal Election.

### Newsingobongo

Cards are available from all halfway shabby newsagents throughout the metropolitan area. Either that or wait for the next competition that will keep you hooked and keep you buying.

#### Weather:

Adelaide 432  
Ceduna 21  
Mt Gambier 38  
Murray  
Bridge 12  
Pt Augusta 24

#### Weather:

Pt Lincoln 43  
Pt Pirie 7  
Renmark 11  
Victor  
Harbor 4  
Whyalla 224

No rain today

### Sport

27

#### Powerdressing

Port Power seem to have drowned in overused electrical clichés and metaphors over the years.

Guess you get that when have a stupid nickname that is incongruous at best and shite at worst.

Bring back the Vodaphoney.

### Sport

27

#### Crows Character

Two seasons ago, the Crows were cock-a-hoop after winning their second AFL premiership flag. This week they sit bottom after losing their first 5 games of season 2000.

Are they indeed weak as piss?

## Kournikova causes furore

Russian teen tennis player Anna Kournikova has found herself in the centre of a storm after not playing tennis yesterday.

"There's no tournaments on at the moment," Ms Kournikova responded when asked by a gaggle of sweaty middle aged tennis journalists as to her reasons for not donning her trademark adidas outfit.

"I'm just like any other internationally perved at person just trying to do my job. In my case this is have some talent and an engaging smile.

Plus my ass, that grown men seemingly would die for, helps me to do this." Her early demise at several tournaments last year meant that ratings of women's tennis decreased but meant that no longer would spectators be faced by the sight of sweaty palmed grown men drooling in the stands. Luckily her form has given us enough reason to run another pointless picture of her.

"I don't have to train today as I have to attend the launch of my new poster. I'm lounging on a couch in my neat little red number with tennis bat in hand, balls nearby and a hint of my panties can be seen. I think that it is tasteful and a good introduction to the gruelling world of tennis for any children out there."



Anna Kournikova not playing tennis yesterday

## FREE NEXT WEEK!!

### The Addvertiser bumper bumper stickers

"If it's rockin' don't bother knockin'!"

# This Dog is going to be Vice Chancellor of a University

By Education Reporter  
BEA HEINZ

An uproar has ensued following the naming of a small dog as the new Vice Chancellor of the University of Adelaide.

The dog, who *The Advertiser* understands is named Kevin, was announced as Vice Chancellor via a press release from University Administration yesterday.

"Kevin has had a firm grounding in University administration," the release reads. "We have no doubt that he is the dog to lead this institution into the twenty-first century."

It is understood that Kevin, who has previously occupied the position of Deputy Vice Chancellor (Education) at Deakin University, will fly into Adelaide later this week.

Kevin, who holds an undergraduate degree from Griffith University and a Doctorate in Phrenology from the University of Sydney, was born and weaned in Kogarah, NSW. Sixth born of a litter of twelve, the young Kevin showed a gift for chasing parked cars.

An outstanding sportsdog as a puppy, Kevin spent two seasons playing cricket in Lancashire following his graduation from Griffith University. He held numerous posts in Universities around the country before moving to Deakin, where he has been Deputy Vice Chancellor for three years.

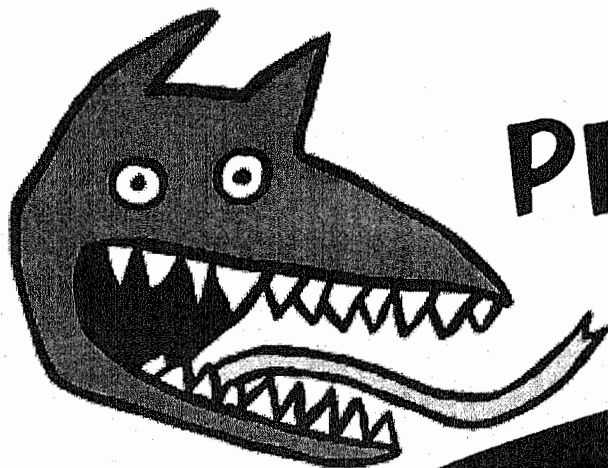
"I believe Kevin to be a fine successor," said outgoing Vice Chancellor Mary O'Kane. "He has a proven track record, and damn he's cute."



DOG: Kevin considers licking his own balls.

President of the Students' Association, Steven Mullighan, believes that students will embrace the appointment.

"I look forward to meeting Kevin as soon as possible," he said. "I just don't know what I'll do if the VC starts humping my leg."



## PROSH TIMETABLE

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
8					
9	nippy's & ballours free breakfast	nippy's & ballours free breakfast	nippy's & ballours free breakfast	nippy's & ballours free breakfast	nippy's & ballours free breakfast
10					
11			student radio & games on lawns		student radio & games on lawns
12	\$1 bbq lunch from auu	\$1 bbq lunch from auu: lawns + med school	\$1 bbq lunch from auu: lawns + law school	\$1 bbq lunch from auu: lawns + rapier	\$1 bbq lunch from auu
1			paint night		prosh parade begins
2					
3					prosh historical skulling
4					happy hour
5			happy hour		prosh after dark begins
6			pub crawl starts	austin powers double in union cinema	
7					
8					

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**FINANCIAL REVIEW**

# Yoof Plus Make it Better for the Kiddies

By Yoof Reporter  
STELLA BEASLEY

THE Yoof of South Australia can breathe a collective sigh of relief this week as Parliament decides to appoint a focus group to act as an advocacy for the state's Yoof. The new members of Yoof Plus, selected from a wide variety of eastern suburbs by some rich old man, will advise Parliament on Yoof related issues, like what sneakers to wear and who's dating Courtney Love.

The Advertiser spoke to the newly appointed Chelsea Prentergast-Twickenham, the fresh-faced young idealist from St Georges who "just wants to help people".

Chelsea plans to advise Parliament that the targets for their policy, or at the very least their pity, should be both ugly people and those who didn't go to private schools. "People

without a private school education are obviously disadvantaged in our society," asserts Chelsea. "They have funny haircuts and don't go to Finn MacCools."

"As for ugly people,



IN SAFE HANDS: Chelsea Thinks Pink.

well, it's easy to pretend they don't exist. But what Parliament has to understand is that bulk-billed Clearasil and government subsidised orthodontic treatment could save a lot of people a lot of heart-ache."

But Chelsea is no idealist. "Some people are just plain butt-ugly. Perhaps the parameters of the disability pension should be expanded to allow these

unfortunates to live out their unsatisfying days locked away from the world: man-in-the-iron-mask style," she opines.

Chelsea is jam packed full of useful advice for the jobless. "Khaki is very Now," she advises, "and a little dab of gloss in the centre of the lower lip can really power-up your pout!"

Chelsea heads up the faction of Yoof Plus known as "The Daddies".

"My daddy got me where I am today. He

got me this job. He got me a job at Sportsgirl at Burnside Village. If you're unemployed, and you're under 35, obviously your daddy's got to get down The Adelaide Club and pull his finger out".

"My Mummy drives a Jag" she adds. "It's a nice dark red."

With leaders like Chelsea, the Yoof of South Australia is obviously in safe hands.

## NEWS IN BRIEFS

### None Dead in Shock Cult Slayings

POLICE in Chad were horrified to find another 324 bodies of cult members who failed to commit suicide, or be murdered, by the cult's doomsday deadline of March 22nd. The body-count has now reached 931, rivalling that of the Jonestown massacre, if those slain then had failed to be slain.

This is the fourth cache of cult members found by police in recent weeks. They estimate that as many as 1400 non-dead people within the major urban centres of Chad may be involved.

Cult leaders are suspected of hiding further unharmed bodies within the grounds of their compound in rural Chad, where local authorities suspect cult members have been planning the mass anti-suicide for years.

Cult leaders remain unrepentant, claiming their mission was successful and the comet due to pick up the cult and take them to Paradise is due any time now.

### Stinking Unions Hideous Oozing Scabs who Must be Destroyed

PESTILENT Union Leaders were condemned today by right-wing publications for fighting for the rights of the so-called "worker". First safe working conditions, then a pay raise. Those commies make me sick.

### Nineteen Thousand Slain in Some Insignificant Little Country

HUNDREDS of foreigners were killed in a natural disaster in some country the average Australian has never heard of before. Apparently it was very nasty. I think Channel 9 have got some footage, but they might not be able to squeeze it into their one hour news bulletin because Georgina Thomas and Tony McGuinness are thinking about buying a kitten.

•••Congratulations to Ian Lau, the winner of an Epson Stylus Colour 460 inkjet printer•••

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E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Just deliver this original entry form by hand to Camtech Campus Computers  
at Hughes Plaza, University of Adelaide (right behind the Elder Conservatorium  
of Music). The winner will be drawn Friday 30th June 2000.

# Prosh: Alien on campus

By SAUA Activities and Campaigns Vice President  
**ADAM LANGMAN**

Howdy Ho guys and gals.

An alien has landed and is at Adelaide Uni. Nothing strange about that, but he has brought with him some bloody funny Prosh pranks (and a strange habit of smoking earth cigarette through his ears). The alien (Bob as we like to call him) has planned some weird shenanigans to occur in lectures: he suggests nuddy runs might be the go and a devil may follow as well. His penchant for bingo has also been mentioned. Please reward our visitor from space with generous donations. After he pays for spaceship repairs all the money we raise with him is going to charity, he suggested **CanTeen** and the **Don Dunstan** Foundation. We have organised some special events to

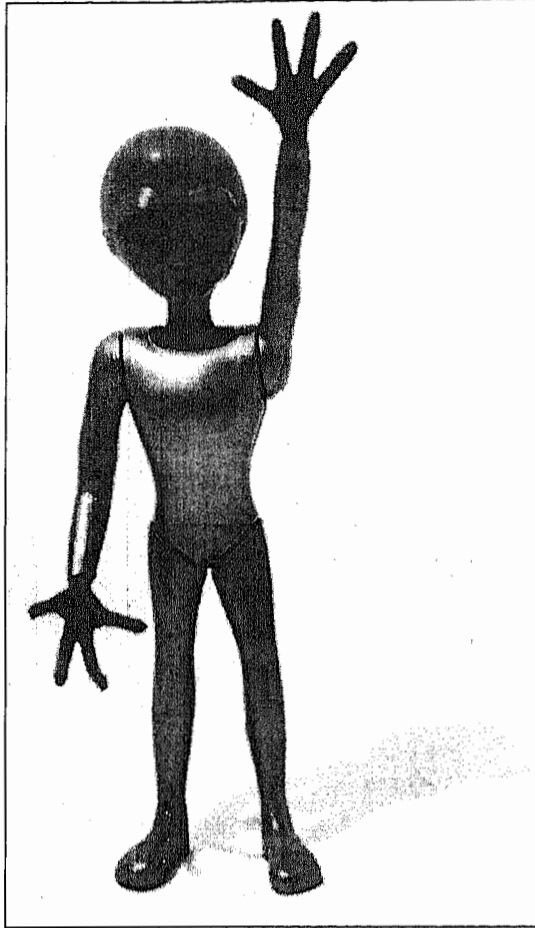
welcome his coming.

Wednesday will see the **Mad Mad Prosh Pub Crawl**, which will leave the UniBar at 6:00pm where we will introduce him to the wonders of beer.

Thursday is his night for comedy. **Both Austin Powers** movies will be shown at 6:00pm in the Union Cinema and entry is FREE.

Friday will be Bob's final day on earth and so **Prosh After Dark** is where we say good bye. 99 Reasons Why, Dial, Lessi Dose, Machine Gun Fellatio and some more of their friends will be there too. At only \$5 its the best value that Bob had ever heard of.

PS. If anyone finds my brain please dispose of it thoughtfully.



**ALIEN:** He's funny lookin'.

# Environment shock: now McDonalds is good

By SAUA Environment Officer  
**ZANE YOUNG**

Due to overwhelming student demand, Union Catering have just announced that the **Mayo Refectory, in the Union Building, will be converted to a McDonald's outlet.**

This solves the curiosity about what would become of the refectory, and is something the Environment Department have been pursuing for years. Finally, a decent place to eat, with plenty of that great cola drink, Coca, and student jobs too! Sure, they've got reputation problems, but they're just trying to make a buck. If they provide jobs to students,

as well as nutritious, quick, and cheap food, and perhaps even sponsorship of union activities, they are most welcome. In fact, I would suggest that Union Board give McDonald's free rent, and perhaps even donate some student workers to the corporation. Hopefully

McDonald's can also help out with the proliferation of all this vego food on campus. What's with that hippie crap?

Anyway, this is one of the best things that has happened to this university, and I sincerely hope



**PHOTOCOPIERS:** I can see my house from here.

that this new restaurant is patronised well, and that students welcome the new service.

Unlike the trial of Pizza Hut, which had an outlet in the Wills Refectory many years ago, I am hoping that student discounts and Austudy specials will encourage people to

come and eat at McDonald's.

In fact, I have volunteered to donate my services and dress up as Ronald McDonald, the company mascot, to promote the new outlet. If you see me on campus, just come and talk to me. I think that in the

past, I have been too quick to judge multinational companies. I am currently re-evaluating my stance on various issues, including seeking a good local business like Boral or Kleenex to sponsor the Environment Department. Sure, it may compromise some of our campaigns, but these days it's all about money, isn't it?

One campaign that McDonald's are help-

ing out with is **World Earth Day**, on April 22nd, otherwise known as Easter Saturday. See the website for what you can do about it - <http://www.earthday.net>

zane, environment officer, ph. 8303 5182, e-mail [environment@saua.asn.au](mailto:environment@saua.asn.au).

## News in Briefs

### Nutty nudey

New York City firefighter Albert Hohmann was arrested in February after being identified by police as the man who, naked, sneaked into a restaurant at night and snacked on expensive food and wine. Hohmann's lawyer denied the charge despite the fact that the restaurant's surveillance camera was running and that the intruder sported an easily identifiable tattoo of "Mr. Peanut" on his left buttock.

### Right idea, wrong place

Trauma therapist Karen Frogley complained in January to Reverse Bungy New Zealand about the company's installation of a 130-foot-high tower with a bungee-attached capsule in downtown Wellington, outside Frogley's office building. Frogley says the jumpers' blood-curdling screams make her rape and car-crash patients anxious during their sessions.

### Don't shop here

A furniture store floor collapsed this week, injuring 161 shoppers (13 seriously) in a frenzy to buy one of 36 \$229 armchairs marked down to \$18 (Dos Hermanas, Spain).

### Overzealous celebrations

Joseph Motyka, 32, was arrested on Jan. 1 in Chicago and charged with child endangerment because he, not content with a firecracker celebration of the New Year, had brought home a quarter-stick of dynamite. Motyka's 3-year-old daughter discovered it and put it into a candle, and the resultant explosion took off her right hand and caused hearing and vision loss.

## Kemp in big shoe fiasco in the big house

# Education horror!! Pix!!

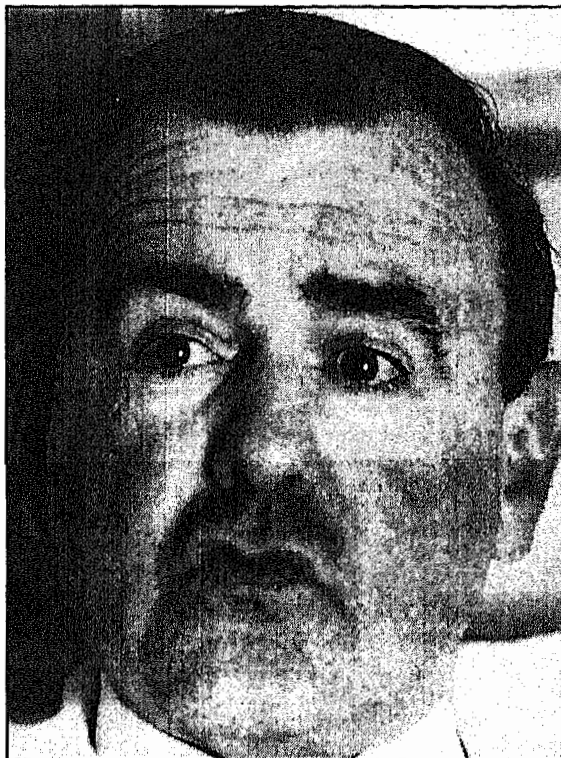
By SAUA Education Vice President  
**SEB HENBEST**

TODAY IN Federal Parliament it was revealed that Dr David Kemp the Federal Minister for Education is indeed a 'Big-Foot'. Members of parliament were shocked when a flustered and sweating Dr Kemp suddenly rose from his chair, rushed to the parliament aquarium and submerged his head, snapping wildly at schools of frightened fish. Senator Robert Hill and Senator Warren Truss, the Ministers for the Environment and Fisheries restrained the dripping Dr Kemp until he swallowed the fish he was eating and again looked composed. When questioned as to how he was such a short Big-Foot, with such small feet 'to-boot', Dr Kemp confessed to have been taking size depressant steroids for the majority of his life. The Labor back bench then laughed hysterically about the inferred size of his 'member', while Kimbo took the opportunity to recline (Jabba the Hut style), and attack Kempo's lack of brain volume. Dr Kemp has not been sacked by the Liberal Party,

rather, in support of their minister the entire Liberal front bench declared that they too were Big-Feet. Members of the Labour Party, Democrats and Greens said that they too had been in denial for many years and confessed to having Big-Footed genes. "I think Australians should know who really governs the country" said the Prime Minister John Howard. "Its only a matter of time before Big Feet outnumber humans. Humanity is a recessive gene - well, in federal politics anyway!"

### ESC

Exciting News! The ESC has received an offer of sponsorship from the Coalition Government. The sponsorship includes funding for all political action and material coming out of the SAUA Education Department. The only catch is that none of it is allowed to be in any way connected to the Liberal Party or the National Party. The sponsorship package states to; "... encourage debate on education



**SATAN:** This man has stonking great

policy provided that all debate is in regard to the Labour Party's lack of policy ... and that is all." The new name of the ESC will officially be "The SAUA in partnership with the Federal Coalition presents.....The SAUA ESC". The name seems long, but what the hey! It's sorta catchy don'tcha think?

"My education drove me to the drink!" - Izzy Malone (Oenology Student)

## Women/ wimmin furore

By SAUA Women's Officer  
**HEIDI RYAN**

Well, hopefully by the time you read this the Women's Department will have perpetrated an ingenious Prosh stunt which has been executed with such stealth and cunning that it would have baffled even Scotland Yard's top detectives.

### Doughnuts

Speaking of raising money, this week the NOWSA collective will be holding a **Doughnut Day**. So make sure you factor lots of hot cinnamon treats into your budget for the week (it's for a good cause after all).

### Women's Room

Want to help us clean up the Women's Room? We'd love your input. If you are at all interested or have any ideas/materials (such as paint, books, fabric etc) we would love to hear from you. Or better still, come in and help out during the holidays.

### International Action and Advocacy

The Australian Federation of University Women are holding a public discussion on International Action and Advocacy. Guest speakers include Susan Brennan, Danielle Duffield, Ella McHenry, Amrita Dasvama and Sarah Goulding. The discussion will take place on Monday 17 April at 7:15pm in the Union Cinema (nibbles will be provided in the Equinox for afterwards). Entry is by gold coin donation and it sounds very interesting, so come along.

### Policy Review

The Student's Association is conducting a policy review at present. If you have any input with regard to specific women's, safety and security, sexual harassment, equal opportunity, grievance and any other policy which you feel may fall within my portfolio. Let me know so that we can draft it into the new policy document. Copies of the existing policy are available from the SAUA Office.

### T-Shirts

I have been reliably informed that the Women's Department t-shirts have been in demand...unfortunately we have run out of most of the smaller sizes. If you still want one pop into the SAUA and leave your name, size and phone number with Felicity and we'll get one out to you. We have been thinking of introducing a new colour to our range so if pink just isn't your thing don't despair, we hope to have something for everyone!

You can phone me on 8303 5406, email me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au.

# Sex, sex, sex!! Pix, pix, pix!!

By SAUA Sexuality Officers  
**AMANDA COMPOREALE**  
**TOM RADZEVICIUS**

Hello everybody, hope you've all had a fantastic week.

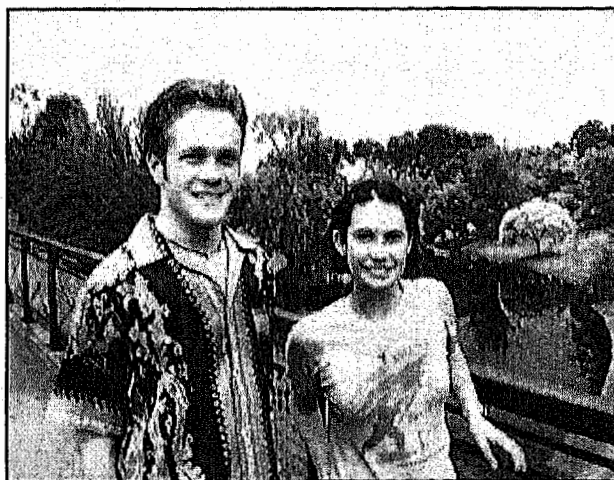
### Youth Suicide Conference

As you may be aware Amanda attended a conference in Melbourne last week on youth suicide. The conference was entitled 'Suicide Prevention - Everybody's Business.' As we are planning a Youth Suicide Forum to be run in Sex Week it was particularly informative to attend. Amanda was particularly interested in the link between suicide and sexuality. Amanda collected heaps of information with the aim of putting together a resource pack for the Sexuality Department. It was great to meet Dr John Howard (not the politician) who is looking at suicidal behaviour in Straight and Same Sex attracted Young People - is there a link. Also the conference

looked at how to help suicidal people, and generally how to prevent suicide. She attended a session entitled "Making Waves Youth Expo: A Community Response to Youth Suicide". It was run by Reg Davis, who organised this Youth Expo to combat the rate of depression and suicide among school age children along the central coast of NSW.

### Sexual Harassment

We will be attending a sexual harassment contact officer course with Jane Copeland from the Equal Opportunity Office. The course is designed to give us some formal training in the proper procedures for dealing with sexual harassment and grievance procedure. This allows



**SEX:** A bridge over troubled waters.

us to be better prepared for dealing with any problems you might have.

### Sex Week 2000

Only five weeks till Sexuality Week 2000, and we are all getting quite excited. Once again if anyone has any ideas then feel free to contact us at tomas.radzevicius@student.adelaide.edu.au or amanda.comporeale@student.adelaide.edu.au.



Ronald  
McDonald

BS

Whinin'  
Clayman



shamelesscrosspromotion@whogivesafuck.com.au

Like seeing names of people in **bold**? Got a hankering for the latest gossip on the **Popstars**? Want to see gratuitous bust-shots of ex-Baywatch stars? Then stick around, bucko – this is BS.

• **Small Time Celebrity Drives Car Down Street**

Some guy who apparently works for SAFM told us he drove his car down the street this morning! And that pretty much fulfils our unwritten contractual obligation to SAFM to mention them once in every column.

• **A Paragraph About Someone We'll never Meet!**

That crazy **Pamela Anderson** and **Tommy Lee** are at it again! If it's not making a half-arsed porno and getting it 'stolen' and distributed on the Internet, then that zany **Tommy** is bashing the crap out of his wife and landing in jail! Crazy! We heard that **Pamela** is making a new series of her first rate TV show **VIP**, so we just thought we'd talk it up a bit in our column. **Pamela** sure does show those bad guys who's boss! There. Mentioned her three times. Anyone got a gratuitous breast shot?

# Completely crap band get back together!

**D**oes anyone remember Peter 'Complete Tool' Peterson and Rob 'Call Me a Wanker' Rimmstein? No? Well, did they ever used to rock out back in those crazy 70s! Their group was called 'Losers and Other Guys No One Talked to at School' – when they played at Lennies in '79, it was standing room only. Mate, you shoulda been there. Obviously unable to finish paying for mortgages given to them by banks back when they were actually producing albums, the guys are back together for the national 'Bands You've Never Heard Of' tour. Fronting the bill



**JESUS:** ate my hotdog.

are the 'Losers and Other Guys', but other big names include **Angry Anderson**, **Tina Arena** and at least three or four other bands that no

one other than guys who write the TV bit in papers ever mention. Should be huge! **HUGE!!!**

• **Obligatory Dross About Popstars**

Nothing new to add about **Popstars** this week, but we figured a quick mention and a photo might bring us a few hundred more readers. Damn it, can't find a photo.

• **Amazing Amount of Stuff Just Not That Interesting**

Got a fax today from a reader who said our column was dull. So we read it. And, a big hearty 'Yes' to **Thurston Walton** of **Marden**, you're

absolutely right! An amazing amount of stuff that you skim off *Who Weekly*, *New Idea* and 23,000 newsgroups just isn't that interesting. Bizarre! How did you work it out? We hadn't noticed ourselves.

BOY BOY 0015

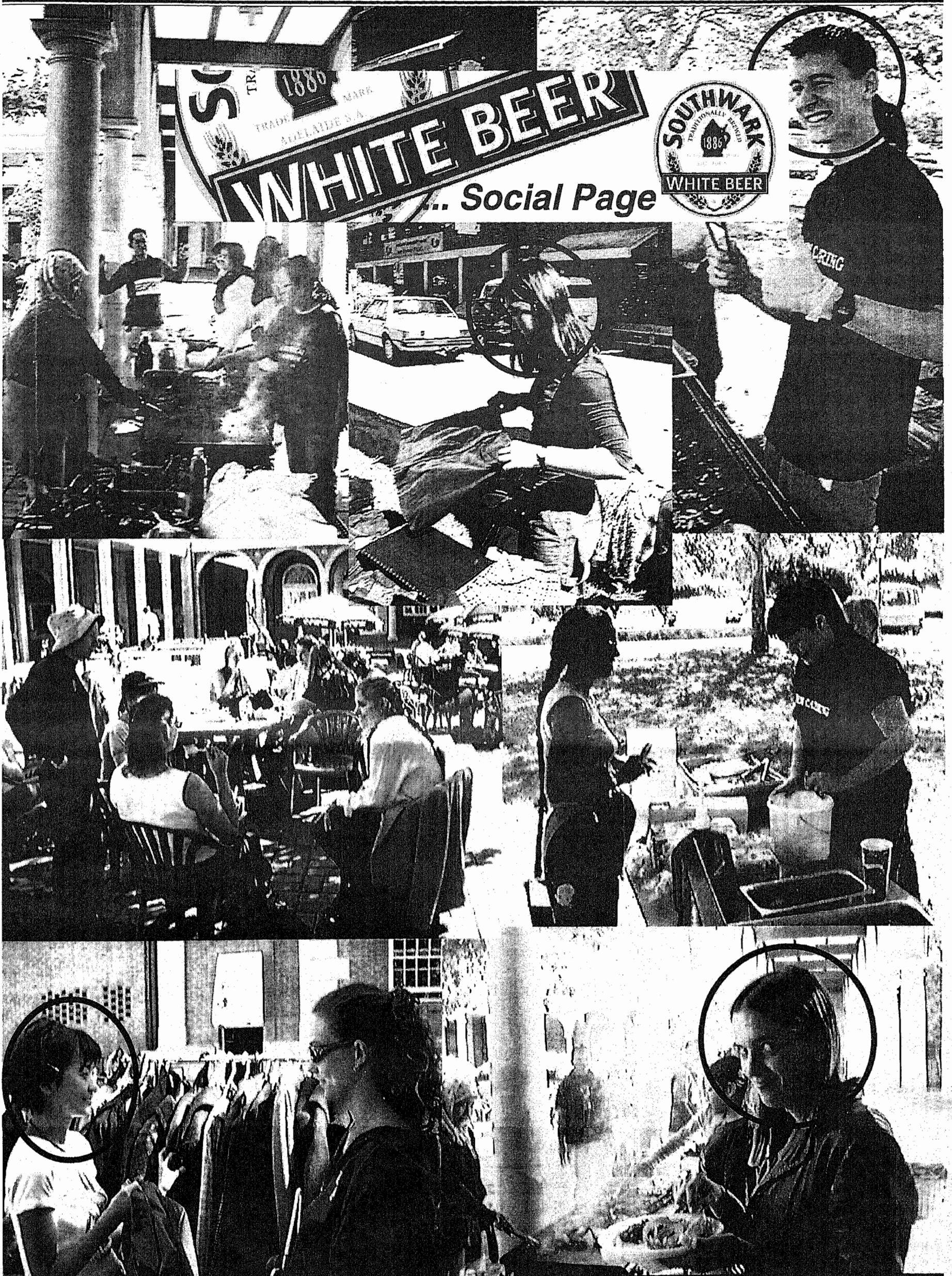


Although sceptical at first, the natives soon grew fond of the unique taste of white.



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• Free Beer •



**The Advertiser**

EDITORIAL

**The Great Race**

Adelaide, you did us proud once more. If there is one way of changing the negativity that permeates our great state, mate, it's to hold a monster giant pissup for loads of monstered tourists, based around a car race, based around a pissup. We hold a bonza barbie for the weekend and get all sorts of free publicity Australia-wide that the taxpayers only pay for if the Great Race doesn't break even. We get to open our hearts and our hotels to the supercars or indy cars or whatever the fuck they are as long as they're loud and give us an excuse to get more free piss than you could possibly shake a stick at. This is the sort of event that we do so well: one has only to look at the Grand Prix (dirty Victorian motherfuckers), the Three Day Event and the upcoming Olympic soccer games to be held at Hindmarsh to realise the truth of this statement.

Getting down to the lush environs of Victoria Park, quaffing an unwooded or two and getting a glimpse of JR's Bikini girls, or the Peter Jackson girls, or the Marlboro girls gives the State a holistic way of approaching publicity while not overtly using sex to sell a product. It's about time that the NIMBY brigade put up or shut up: either acknowledge the benefits of mass transport as represented by cars and its benefits - or get back to walking. It's about time the Government also pursued state publicity and tourism in the same manner.

*The Advertiser* believes that larger and louder events that tie up more and more of the parklands and associated roadways can only lift the negativity that surrounds our state like a haze obscuring us from outside. *The Advertiser* will strongly support either public or private endeavours for such, as well as overtly supporting any plan that will get our grizzled, tubby, middle-aged middle management free piss and the chance to perve.

**Bardot - In for the long haul?**

Australians love to cut the tall poppy down. Look at the unwarranted attacks on John Laws et al over the cash for comments farce. How long can it be before the fresh faced young things of Bardot inexplicably become yesterday's news and are thrown aside? Well I guess we'll help to decide that then.



**LETTERS to the editors**

**Factions smactions**

About thrice a year the letters page of this esteemed weekly seems to deteriorate into a forum for disgruntled student politicians to express their disgruntlement. I'm actually worried about using big (nonexistent?) words like that for fear of a "sic"; any chance of just correcting spelling mistakes rather than highlighting them? (*Actually, we are legally obliged to not alter people's letters, but what ya gonna do? - Eds*)

University is, like it or not, a lot like school. You go there during week days, there are teachers and lessons and homework, all culminating in end of year exams which you stress about and then go out and party hardy when it's all over. In schools you often have prefects or seniors or class presidents who are elected by the rest of the students. The chosen few influence stuff like who the DJ will be at the social and what sort of pies to have at the tuck shop. Now, granted there is a lot more beer involved, but at uni we have not dissimilar elected politicians who decide what bands to have at the bar and what sort of baguettes to have at the Mayo. And they take themselves a lot more seriously, and my question is, why? At school, as at uni, there are different groups of people who have different interests such as

sports or hobbies or sneaker brands. At no stage at school though, were those groups ever called factions. Factions for me were unions or industries or social groups who got angry with each other. I never heard a friend excitedly tell me that the footy faction were going to throw crud at the computer geek faction because they were at loggerheads over the Star Trek Issue. A class president did not identify with one group or another, but got on with organising petitions against mobile phone towers or tampons in the women's toilets.

"So, student polities take themselves too seriously," thanks for that insight Steve, never would have picked it". What got my goat up sufficiently to write this is a quote from Matthew Anderson last week in the letters who wrote, "Nothing brings the factions together like a NDA [National Day of Action]". You can't beat 34 folks in matching t-shirts with tea towels on bamboo sticks mumbling chants about student rights beating an annoying route through the city! The scope of the last NDA seemed to be pretty damn vague at any rate. I am not against a good old fashioned comrade parade if there is a defined and loathed wrong to be protested, but "corporatisation and deregulation of Universities"(Seb Henbest, *On Dit* 4) sounds like politician mumbo-jumbo bollocks, something worth protesting about in itself. If I don't even understand what is being protested about it's

fairly unlikely that I am going to learn some bad limericks to scream it down.

So, keep on looking after student interests both on and off campus and don't stop fighting for better baguettes, but please, don't get too big for your boots, and for heaven's sake, stop using the word faction!

Steven Robert

**Meat is still murder**

It has become clear over the past couple of weeks that there is a lack of understanding by the editors of *On Dit*, and others, as to how veganism is a feminist issue. To enlighten you, I would like to draw your attention to veal production. Where calves are stolen from their mothers in order to be slaughtered for the humyn consumption, the

**Letters to the Editors**

Letters can be posted to The Advertiser c/o- The University of Adelaide, SA, 5005. They can also be e-mailed to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au). Your petty rants can also be dropped into our office in person. We're in the basement of the George Murray Building. Remember: we need your real name and student number, although these details do not have to be printed.

same way that new born children have been taken away from their mothers, generally for moralistic reasons.

It has also been proven that the mothering cows do grieve for their young, in the same way as womyn who have their children stolen from them do. Cows are also fed hormones to provide continual lactation so consumers have milk all year round.

Furthermore, the production of oestrogen operates on the continual impregnation of mares, the aborting of each foetus (the mare never gives birth) and the collection of their urine from which the oestrogen is extracted.

Then there is the question of the domination of species. Animals are constructed as a passive other, in the same way womyn have been constructed, only to be dominated and controlled by men and patriarchal institutions.

So for those of you who questioned the link I drew between feminism and veganism, perhaps it's about time to think about some of these issues!

**Michael McCulloch**  
Honours Politics/Gender Studies  
in consultation with Jennifer Rice,  
lesbian feminist and fellow vegan.

*Right. Thanks for the lesson, Michael. Two things: are you seriously suggesting that the only manner in which oestrogen is ever produced is via the 'continual impregnation of mares'? Reckon you might have that one arse up. Also, as a male, don't you think it's a bit dodgy that you should be holding forth about what are 'feminist' issues? We note that you have consulted with a 'lesbian feminist and fellow vegan,' but surely it would have made more sense for her to have written the letter herself, rather than to have you, as a man, presumably speaking on her (and other feminists') behalf?*

*Just a thought.*

*Eds*

## Yay

Amongst all the discussing, in-fighting and protesting about the survival of the Elder Conservatorium, we thought we'd let you in on some good news. One of the most prominent wind bands in Australia; the Elder Con Wind Ensemble (winner of thirteen national championships) has been selected as one of sixteen bands from around the world to participate in the twelfth annual World

Association of Symphonic Bands and Ensembles Conference (pew!). The conference is being held in Lucerne, Switzerland in July 2001.

This is a huge honour for both the Elder Con and the Adelaide University giving us worldwide recognition and exposure. The band is made up of forty talented undergraduate students and is conducted by Bob Hower; one of the most highly regarded wind band directors in Australia and the world. So aren't you amazed and proud that there is such a high international standard maintained in 'little old Adelaide?' (We are!). As you can imagine the cost of this trip won't be cheap and the work and time involved will be intensive. So we are putting out a call for your support.

At various times throughout this year and next year we will be holding different events and fundraising activities including movie nights, concerts, raffles, sausage sizzles etc. So if you see us around the place, please come over and say 'hi', and give us a helping hand. Come and hear us play on Friday May 19th from 1-2pm in Elder Hall and help us out with our first sausage sizzle on Friday, May 5th at 12 noon. Keep your eyes on *On Dit* or come into the Con anytime for more information.

**ECWE (Elder Con Wind Ensemble)**  
Fundraising Committee.

## Bumper to bumper

Why is it there are no Adelaide Uni bumper stickers? Or at least Union? We the car driving majority at Uni need these stickers to cover up the scratches and bad paint work on our cars!

*confused Geriatric*

## Dear Michael ...

*Dear On Dit*

I would like to take issue with Michael McCulloch's continuing (and highly vocal) claims to be 'pro-wimmin' and 'pro-feminist'. Wimmin no more need gay men standing up for them than they need straight men representing them. Are you perhaps suggesting that wimmin cannot stand up for themselves, and need support from men to get their issues heard? I find the implication offensive in the extreme, and I think it indicates a determination to continue empow-

ering the patriarchy, to the extent that it will soon take over wimmin's issues completely (for our own good, of course).

In view of this, I would like to resign from being a womyn, as I feel that Michael does not in any way represent me.

**Nicole Carey**  
President of the Society for  
Kosher Lesbian Vegan Activists

## Sic, sic, sick

While your intimate knowledge of the English language can only be applauded, the means through which you convey this wisdom serve only to lower the standards of your paper. Your arrogant posturing at grammatical superiority with the addition of '(sic)' for every error found in your copy is pathetic.

Not only are the majority of these mistakes merely innocent typos, they are probably incurred by your own staff during the transfer of hard copy to file. The gleeful enthusiasm you have for pointing out the errors of others show how small-minded and boring you really are. It is neither clever nor funny.

Grow up and get over yourselves.

**Michelle Phillipov**

*Yeah, whatever.*  
*Eds*

## More pictures, please

*Dear On Dit,*

Just a quick suggestion, try making some of your articles smaller, because just looking at 1-2 pages of a full length feature article daunts me into not bothering to read it. Especially if the whole page is full of text. Try putting in some more eye-catching pictures with those witty, witty captions.

*Cheers,*

**KB**  
2nd Year Massage

P.S Rather than simply criticizing I have submitted a poem for the funnies. It's not mine, but damned if it didn't make me laugh.

*Cheers, KB. Point taken, but we reckon those features are worth the effort. We'll have a look at the poem and see if we can slip it in at a later date.*

*Eds*



## THOUGHTS With Marty Smith

### • Words at work

'I don't want to hear anymore statistics Marty!', 'I'm going to call security Marty!', and 'Get fucked Marty!' are all quotes from Marty Smith's fellow staff members.

### • Sign of the times:

A newspaper column like this actually receives funding.

### • From the quotebook

'I'm going to be a hot-shot international journalist, just you wait!' Adelaide Uni Arts graduate Marty Smith, age 21.

### • Keep on counting

2314 The number of times Marty Smith has been asked to leave dinner parties for boring the shit out of guests with inane statistics.

### • Just a thought

If this column was cancelled would anyone care?

### • Today

Today is April 20th, the 111th day of the year. On this day:

1995: At an executive editorial meeting, it was decided that Marty Smith's position could be made redundant and inexpensively replaced by a computer with the processing power of a small calculator.

## Vice Chancellor

Yesterday, the Vice Chancellor spent the morning choosing soft furnishings for her soon-to-be-re-refurbished office.

In the afternoon, the Vice Chancellor took a stroll around Elder Conservatorium, with a view to deciding whether the premises would be suitable for a future car park.

## THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Lad, you'll never get to London by sitting on telegraph poles. Oh, and be good to your mother.

My old man  
Last week

# Howard: Jobless Make my Skin Crawl

By Political Reporter  
PAT ALAT

JOHN Howard admitted in a surprisingly popular move this afternoon that the unemployed made his skin crawl. "I find them gut-wrenchingly nauseating," he explained. "They make me want to puke my guts up, even though I had a very nice Chardy with lunch."

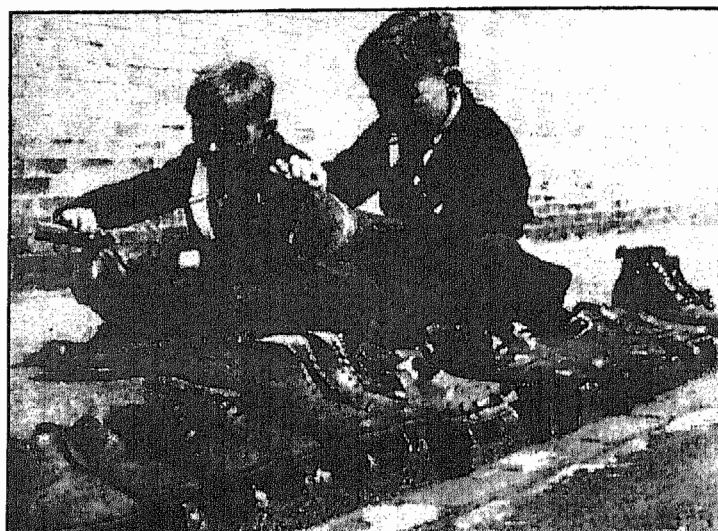
Howard announced

plans for a new Work for the Dole Scheme, which would involve the jobless going around to his place and helping Janine out with the housework. "We've got a lot of silver that needs polishing," he explained, "and Janine's too busy renovating to keep a really tidy house."

In keeping with the sentiments of Yoof Plus Spokeswoman Chelsea Prentergast-Twickenham,

Howard expressed surprise that the unemployed's daddies didn't find them work. "All of my children are employed, even though they are repugnant chinless drunkards. I pledge to find work for all Australian children, shining my shoes and cleaning my chimney."

Philanthropist Howard will be opening a coal mine in his back yard in order to create jobs for unemployed minors.



LUCKY SODS: these children have thankfully found gainful employment at The Lodge

## GOSH DARN! I'M PERKY!



*The Addvertiser*, in conjunction with Crapper Union Cinemas, is offering readers a free ticket to the new Meg Ryan film *Gosh Darn! I'm Perky!* Simply cut out this coupon, purchase a full-price ticket, a child's ticket, an unemployed ticket and another full-priced ticket, and bring an artist's rendering of Meg Ryan in the nuddy (legs together), JD Salinger's autograph and a black orchid to the 3am

session at Coonabarrabran Cinema on Thursday, 19th August 2006, and we might let you in. If you're a bit of orright.

## Ecstasy Related Death

LONDON: A woman aged in her late eighties is reported to be the latest



GOING OFF: having fun can be dangerous

victim in a string of Ecstasy related deaths across the world. Her relatives claim the Ecstasy, believed to be bought from a club in London in the early sixties and ingested soon after, fatally afflicted the then forty-six year old woman. "She may have lived another forty years," claimed her grieving daughter, "but she's been wearing baggy pants, drinking bottled water and shaking her booty ever since."

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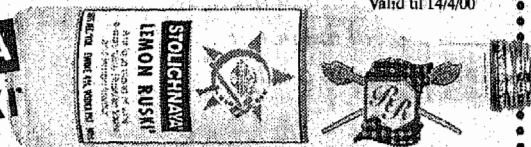
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## Times have changed

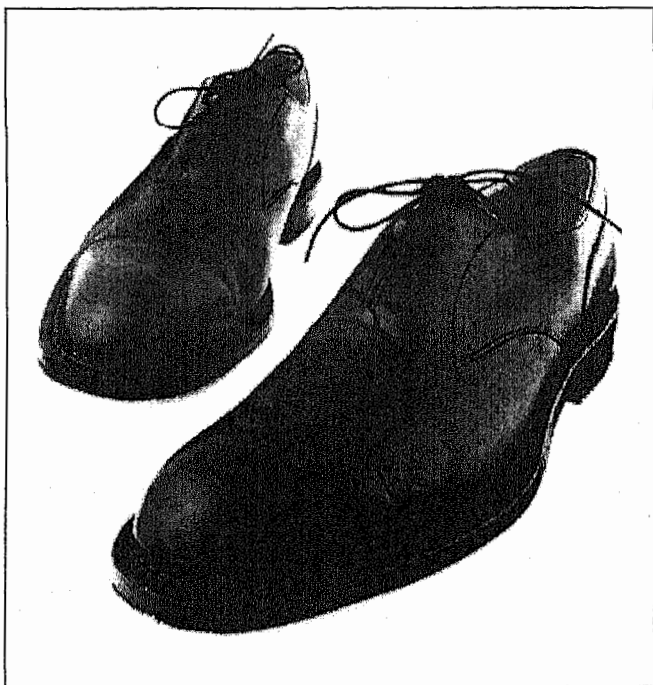
I'm telling you guys, it just isn't like it was in my day.

The front page of today's *Addvertiser* carries a story about the recent shoes/no shoes fiasco at our State's universities. Human Services Minister Dean Brown has decided to hold forth on issue, and fair enough to. As he points out, democracy isn't based on freedom.

I can't believe that these young kiddies are being allowed to roam free without so much as a Hush Puppie to prove the loyalty to those who died in three World Wars for them. No doubt, of course, that they are the progeny of a single parent, but that wasn't an excuse for Christ, now was it? Jeez, it makes me sick.

When I was a student back in the late Sixties, you would never have seen that kind of carry on. Sensible hair, sensible clothes and sensible shoes, that's the way it

was. We were a generation proud of our country, proud of our parents and proud of our shoes. When the marble was drawn from the hat and a young fellow found



he was off to 'Nam, his reaction would be: "Hang on Sarge, I've just got to shine me brogues." It was no different when I moved

to London. I don't know what all those folk were talking about with their "Swingin' Sixties" crap, because I sure as hell didn't see any of it. Never met a more solid bunch

of citizens in my life, and you sure as hell wouldn't have caught them wandering around with no shoes on, I can tell you. It was the same when I spent the Summer of '69 in 'Frisco. Young, upwardly mobile folk as far as the eye can see, and every one of them proud of their desert boots. Hippies? I never saw one. At least, that's the way I remember it.

So, kiddies, learn the lessons of the generation that has gone before you. Don't listen to those that suggest that bare feet are a representation of the

freedoms you deserve. Believe me, it's a short trip from there to the slippery slope of heroin addiction and life as a single parent.

## I know lots of of people

I'm telling you, that e-mail thing is an absolute wonder. And you guys know me: I'm a pretty clued-in, Noughties kinda chick. I can't get enough of all that technoboffin stuff. Interent, internet, internet. I just love it.

Anyway, only the other day I wanted to get a message to that wonderful *enfant terrible* of the theatre, Barry Kosky. Now, a few years ago I would have had to get out the old typewriter, bang out a letter and throw it in the post. He would have got it the next day.

Salmonella  
Harris



Now, I can just use the magic television that sits on my desk. I typed in my little mail, hit the "send" button and, like magic, it was with Barry. Well, after all the servers got back up and running, and all that stuff, it got to him the next day, but you get my drift.

Now, where was I? That's right, I

was dropping names. Did I mention Barry Kosky? Gee I know a lot of important people. You know, the other day I was chatting to little Robyn Archer, and she said, "Salmonella," she said, "You're a wonder," she said. That made me feel pretty good.

I love the Arts. And I love the people in the Arts. It's great. That's the best thing about a town like Adelaide. You can have the best of the world's Arts community at you fingertips. And believe me, I know all of them.

## Eat, eat, eat

'Twas only the other week that Jilly and I were luxuriating in the Club, and as I breathed in the opulence of our surrounds, I found the words escaping my lips.

"I wonder what the poor are doing." I thought no more of it at the time, but the question has vexed me a little since. My extensive experience of the working classes suggests to me that, amongst other thing, they waste far too many hours in the kitchen.

This last point has got me to thinking. All of this eternal struggling to get some food on the table is a dreadful waste of time, and thusly money. Surely the first step our impoverished must take to drag themselves up by the bootstraps is to stop cooking for themselves? For a quick survey of my own lifestyle has revealed

Fat  
Bastard



an interesting fact: it is far cheaper to eat out every night than cook for oneself.

Take my last week, for example. Last Tuesday, I ate an absolutely exquisite meal at The Inquisitive Truffle. Their take on wallaby shanks has to be seen to be believed, and I easily offset the food and wine bills by promising a review in the next day's *Addvertiser*. Simple.

The next night Jilly and I found ourselves at that wonderful Melbourne Street institution, The Desert Pines. We dined on their spectacular Osso Bucco, and as I swayed out the doors (my those South Aussie reds hit their mark), I simply mumbled the word "review" and they happily waived the bill.

Whilst I am simply unable to remember what I got up to Thursday (the inevitable by-product of a leisurely lunch with some of the other editorial staff), Friday was another inexpensive triumph. Jilly and I sank enough seafood and Semillon Blanc at the The Insouciant Oyster to kill a horse. Yet all it took to make the bill disappear was my suggesting that I might mention the place in this column.

You see? My advice to the down-trodden? Get an overpaid job doing fuck all for a major metro daily and start writing the restaurant reviews. It'll bring the grocery bills down like nothing else.

Tomorrow:

# Mia Handjob

White. Blonde. Blue-eyed.  
The face of  
Australia's youth





# Howard to tackle sloppy language

By Political Reporter  
MERCEDES DUMPTRUCK

PRIME Minister John Howard will launch controversial legal action to eliminate the use of sloppy language in Australia.

Fired by the success of his denial that kidnapping one in ten Aboriginal children constitutes the theft of a generation, the determined PM now wants to stamp out non-specificity wherever it raises its ugly head.

'Think about it as a truth in advertising issue', he said.

'That aboriginal thing really go me thinking about the things that irk me - for example, how come the Commonwealth Bank's allowed to use those 'which bank?' ads?'

'That's clearly not giving the consumer much guidance at all - I mean, you'd have no idea where to go to bank your cheques or anything, it's just ridiculous.'

Mr Howard's new national legislation will prohibit the use of any terms which are non-specific or contain some kind of logical inconsistency. He released details of the radical plan to *The Advertiser* exclusively.

'You people are just about small-minded enough to deal with this one,' he said checkily.

One of the first targets, Mr Howard revealed, would be the annual Reclaim The Night march.

'That one's always got on my nerves a bit,' he confided.

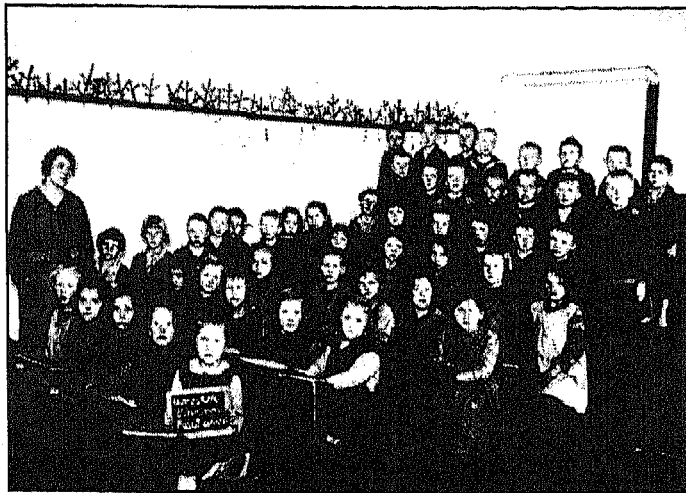
'I mean, where are the title deeds proving the night has been seized or even borrowed by any legally constituted entity?'

'So we're going to legislate to make them put up or shut up'.

Opposition Leader Kim Beazley said he would consider rolling back the 'inhumane' legislation if and when a Labor Government came into power,

ently expecting the Labor Party to embrace,' he lamented.

'If this is a lasting monument to the legacy of John Howard the leader, then I think it's best summed up by the words of Gilbert and Sullivan when they wrote 'Whoopsy burp fart, get hence you scurvy poltroon' - it's somewhere approaching nadir of what has already been - to the casual observer, as well as to all intents and purposes (earlier indiscretions notwithstanding) one of the most curmudgeonly acts in the history of what has been, up until now, a peaceful outpost of the mad and whooping international dash towards...'



KIDS: The PM gets 'em early.

but was shy of promising to abolish it.

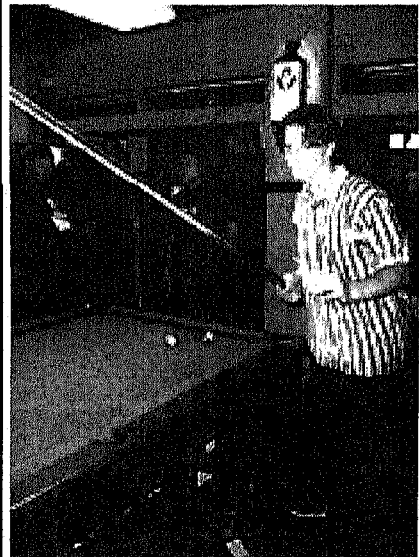
'This is exactly the manner of ideological behemoth this pulchritudinous collection of cotton-hearts is consist-

*The Advertiser* regrets that the remainder of Mr Beazley's response cannot be recorded here due to the reporter having knifed herself in the eye rather than keep listening.

## UniBar

**UniBar Happy Hours**    **\$1.50 Beers**    **\$3 Base Spirits**    **\$1.50 Champers/Wine**  
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# Spice kitchen

Yes, it really is about time you spiced up your life. Get started with these spicy, tasty, spicy recipes. **SISTER HEIDI** reports.

I love spices. Do not let them sit in the cupboard going old - use them, there are lots of cheap and easy ways.

This recipe makes enough for 6. It is really tasty and you will be a sure thing if you make it for someone.

## Moroccan Chicken Soup

- 1 whole chicken
- 4 tablespoons oil
- 3 onions roughly chopped
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 6 cloves garlic chopped
- salt and pepper
- 4 tomatoes roughly chopped
- 1 cup of chickpeas (soaked overnight in water then drained)
- 1 cup rice
- 1/2 cup plain flour that has been dissolved into 1 cup of water
- 1 bunch parsley chopped
- 2 eggs beaten
- 4 lemons quartered

Put the chicken into a pot and cover with water. Cook for about 1 1/2 hours. Remove the chicken and take off all the meat and chop it up roughly. Strain the liquid and keep it. (You just made a simple chicken stock, suckers.)

Heat up the oil and, on low, fry your onion and garlic, add the spices and tomatoes and simmer until it has thickened up. Add the chickpeas, rice and the reserved liquid. Cook for an hour or until the chickpeas are cooked. Now pour in the flour and water slowly, stirring all the time you want to combine it. It takes about 15 minutes. Add your chicken and the parsley, then pour in the eggs slowly, stirring all the time like you did before. This time it only takes a minute. Finish off with a squeeze of lemon juice.

## Fish with Rice

- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 onions thinly sliced

- 4 cups water
- salt to taste
- 2 teaspoons ground cumin
- 2 sprigs fresh thyme
- 1kg white firm fish fillets (perch is good and is usually one of the cheapest)
- 500 grams basmati rice
- juice of 2 lemons
- deep-fried shallots

Fry your onions until soft then add the water, salt, cumin and thyme. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add your fish and cook gently for about 10 minutes. Remove the fish carefully and put aside. Wash your rice and put in a pan and cover it with the liquid you cooked the fish in (the right amount of liquid is 3cm above the rice). Reduce the heat and cook until all the liquid is absorbed. To serve, put the rice on a plate and top with a fillet of fish and pour over some lemon juice and sprinkle heaps of the deep fried shallots (you can buy tubs at the



**SPICES:** This recipe doesn't use any.

Asian supermarkets). Serves 6.

## Exotic spice salt

- 4 parts salt
- 2 parts paprika
- 1 part ground cumin
- 1 part pepper
- 1 part ground coriander
- 1 part chilli powder

Instead of using normal salt, try this exotic spice salt. Mix the ingredients together and keep in an air-tight jar for freshness. You can add it to your favourite meats, chicken and fish, sprinkle it over vegies, or mix it into your best dressing for a salad. You won't know what you did without it!

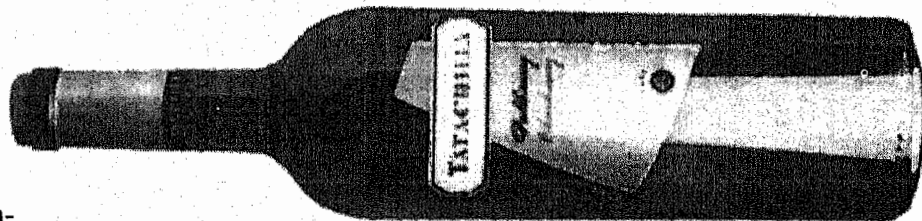
# Things beginning with 'w'

Investigative Brewer **Tony Jones** investigates wheats, whites and and Weissbiers

Malted barley is to beer what the grape is to wine. It is often described as the soul of beer. But barley is not the only grain traditionally used for brewing. The use of wheat, as either the sole or supplementary sugar source, dates back to the very roots of brewing in ancient Sumeria over 5,000 years ago. Beer purists insist that the primary division of beer styles be between top fermented (ales) and bottom fermented (lagers). So great is the influence of the grain however, it is equally justified to split the beer family tree based on the type of grain used. That is, barley or wheat, and then the less common grains, rice, maize, oats and sorghum. In the early days of the Australian colony, the relative abundance of wheat meant that by necessity it was often used as a barley substitute in the colonial ales. In modern day Australia however wheat based beers have

virtually disappeared.

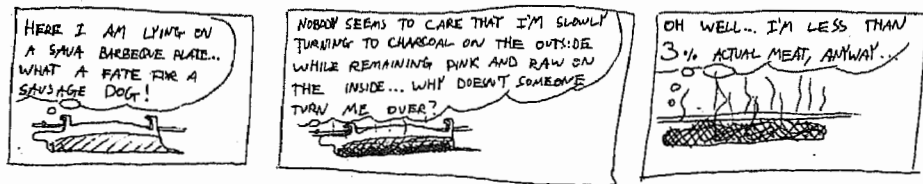
It is in Germany and its near neighbours, that wheat beers enjoy their greatest popularity. Here wheat beers are often known as whites due to the paler, whiter appearance of the head. There are many varied styles of wheat beer available, from the relatively low alcohol and sour Berliner style Weisse (German for white), to the higher alcohol Belgian style Witbiers which are flavoured by the addition of spices (e.g. coriander) and fruit. Bavaria is home of what was probably the world's first consumer protection law, the *Rheinheitsgebot*, introduced by Duke William IV in 1516. Under this beer purity law, only wheat, barley, hops, pure water and yeast are permitted ingredients for making beer. The Bavarian style of wheat beers, also known as Weizenbiers or as Whites, honour this tradition and are based on no less than 30% wheat. The Bavarian



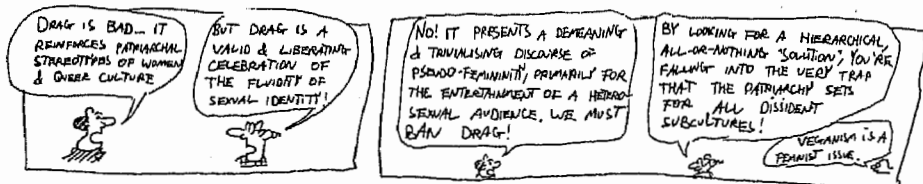
style is characterised by a lightly cloudy appearance (the *heffe-weizen*) due to the retention of the yeast, and a marked spicy flavour imparted by the use of wheat and the noble (aromatic) hops added to the brew. Filtered (*kristal*) versions are also available, but there is no doubt that the resurgence in popularity of the wheat beers throughout Germany is due to the perceived health giving properties of the cloudy, yeasty and pure brew. If all this has set your taste buds yearning to try the wheat beer style, then, you guessed it, you're in luck. Until recently Redback, a 4.7% alcohol wheat beer introduced by Matilda Bay (Perth) in the 80's, has been the only Aussie wheat offering. This summer, Sydney's Malt Shovel Brewery released a 5.0% alcohol Summer Wheat Beer, based on the Belgian Whitbier

style. This beer is hard to find in Adelaide, but well worth the effort. Southwark has now introduced a wheat beer in the Bavarian style called Southwark White, at 5.0% alcohol, and available only on tap. Again outside of the Uni Bar, you may have to do a crawl of the inner city pubs to seek this one out, but there are a lot worse ways to spend your spare time. For the really persistent beer hunter, bottle versions of few imported brands like Schofferhofer (both Heffe and Kristal) and Hoegaarden White, are obtainable if you are prepared to do the rounds of the bottle shops. The growing number of beer styles now available on the local scene is great news for beer lovers and offers flavour choices outside the confines of the mainstream Australian lagers. So, don't be conservative, get out there and explore!

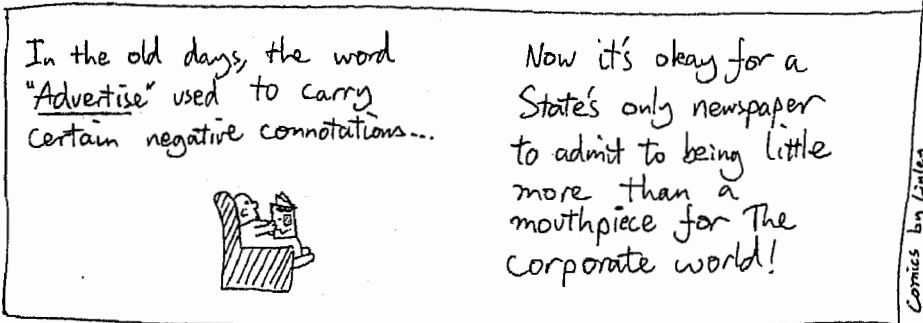
**Fred Basett**



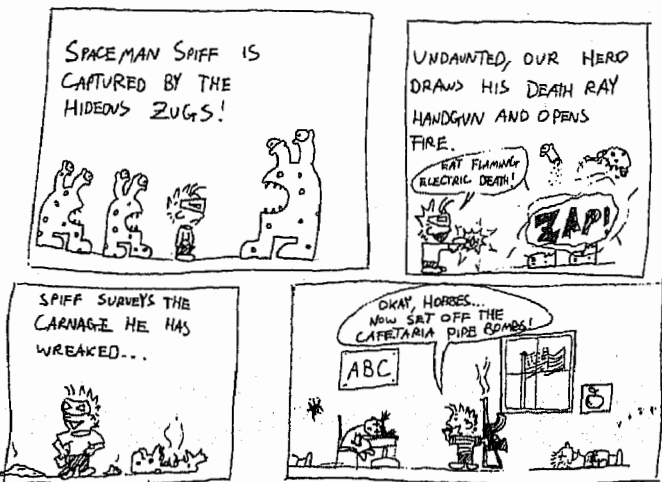
**The Student Politician**



**Word for Wrod**

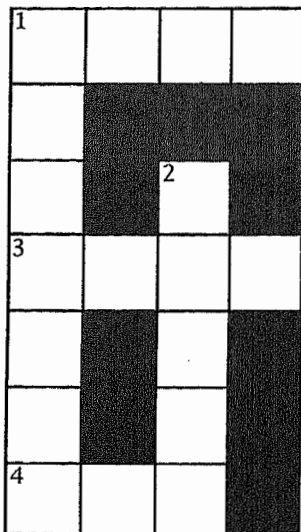


**Calven and Hobes**



**ADVERTISER CROSSWORD** No. 3081

A crossword written especially for our regular readers



**ACROSS**

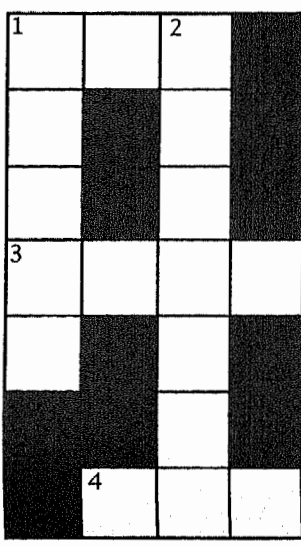
- 1. Dole bludgers, single mothers and obstructionist Democrat senators should be sent to this uncomfortably hot place (4)
- 3. Beaked animal with wings (4)
- 4. Small, egg-shaped object (3)

**DOWN**

- 1. A bale of hay (7)
- 2. Cross-media ownership regulations are ... (5)

Egg Down: 1. Haybale 2. Wrong  
ANSWERS: Across: 1. Hell 2. Bird 3.

**CROSS CHALLENGE** No. 54



**ACROSS**

- 1. Water is ... (3)
- 3. Communists are filthy ... (4)
- 4. A scary noise (3)

**DOWN**

- 1. ... Dunlop was a bonza ozzie (6)
- 2. Little 'un (7)

Grr Down: 1. Weary 2. Tiddler  
ANSWERS: Across: 1. Wet 3. Reds 4.

Crosswords by Linley and Helen

# Lirra Lirra

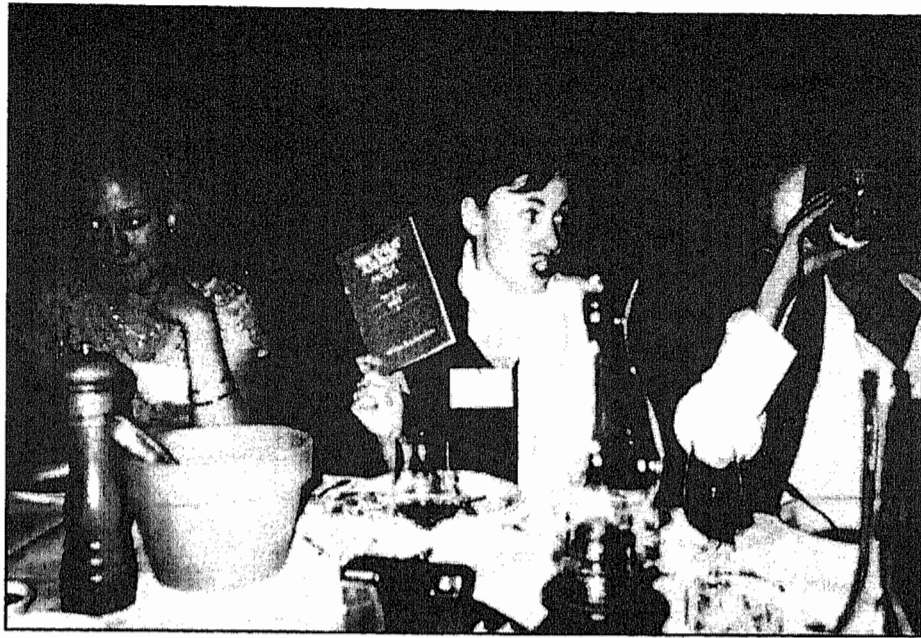
## WAITE CAMPUS

*Meals, wines, coffee, salad bar, sandwiches, rolls, cakes and more.*

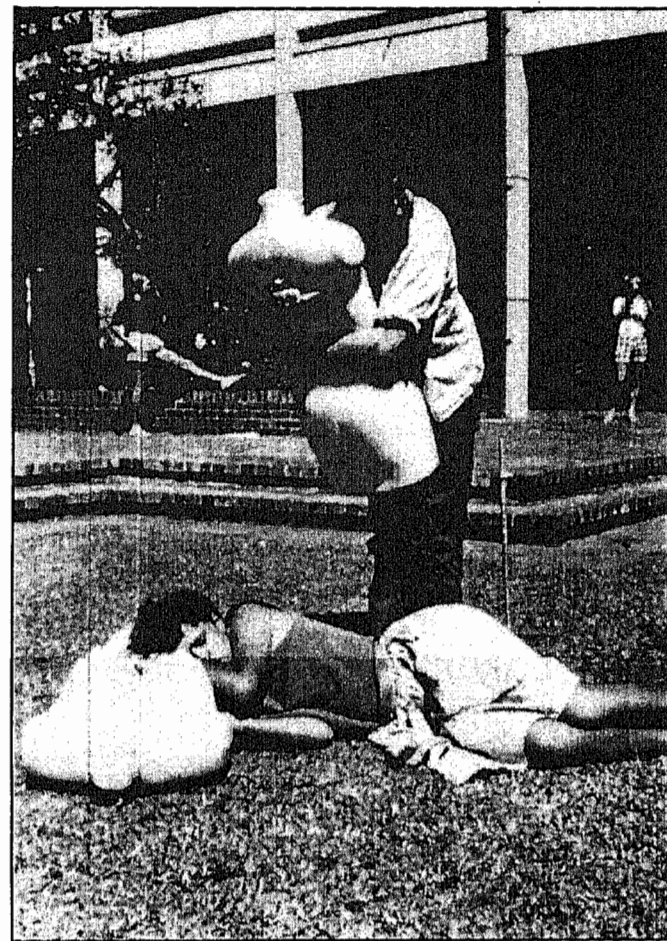
Open Monday - Thursday  
8.00am - 8.00pm for food  
Bar is open Monday - Wednesday  
12 noon - 5.00pm,  
Thursday & Friday 12 noon - 8.00pm

# Cafe & Bar





**ABOVE:** French film-maker Pierre Roulade with companions at the Universal Wine Bar



**ABOVE:** 'Life chess' players brainstorm tactics in an avant-garde performance in Rymill Park

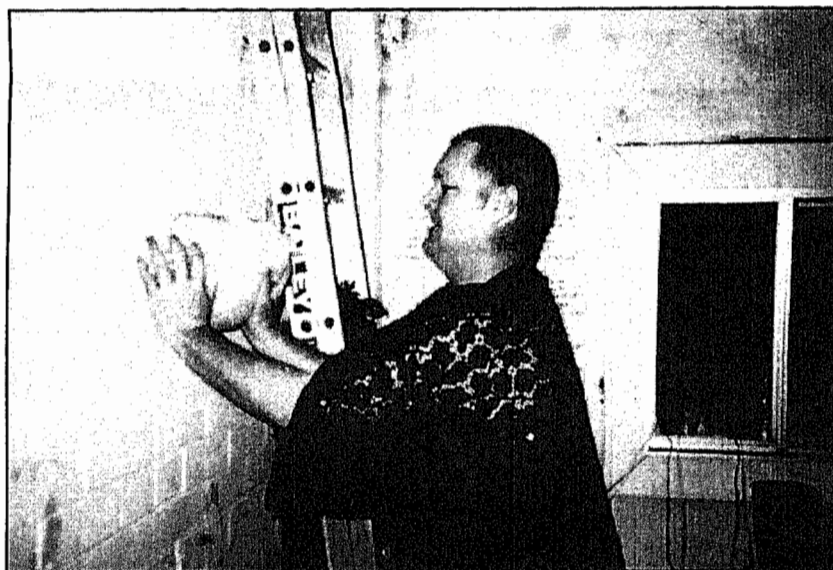
**BELOW:** Popular ethnic celebrity and performer Effie brought her mates to a recent opening night.



**SOCIAL SEEN**  
 If you want your ugly mug here, fax 8303 2412 and we might just attend your event.

**Pictures:** LISA DELACRUZ and MICHAEL H PALIN

**RIGHT:** The Duchess of Kent lends a hand with the ice at a charity afternoon tea in Burnside



**ABOVE:** Die-hard Aussie rockers carve it up large style at a recent backstage gig

**RIGHT:** Charity fundraisers Michelle O'Hara, Estelle Getty and Henry Donovan get stonkered for a cause



# Getting base, getting natural *getting wild ...*

**E**ACH season has its mood, its ambience, its own distinctive style. This season, it's all about getting base, getting back to basics, getting natural, and getting wild. Animal prints are still very much in vogue - the focus now is on accessories and homewares: tiger print organisers and briefcases are a must for those setting out into the corporate jungle or hitting the mean city zebra crossings.

Rediscover your youthful spirit with a fun little poncho number that will take you right back to kindergym - ponchos may limit arm movement, but how much does the modern woman need to use her arms these days, anyway?

Natural beauty products are still a must, and the product of the moment would have to be hemp: it's unmistakably natural, lends itself to green leafy labels, has just a hint of the 'something naughty, something exotic' about it, and, if all else fails, it can get you monster stoned. For that environmentally friendly, hip and just-a-little-bit-hippy, no nasty chemicals edge, try the range of hemp products that have just hit the market.

Breasts are as fashionable as ever, and the emphasis is still enhance enhance enhance. The plethora of push-up bras, magic bras, wonder bras, hydraulic bras, prehensile bras, shaper bras, supporter bras and uplift bras mean that no-one need ever see your natural breast shape - or size.

Finally, the scent for autumn would have to be The Business' Clockwork Orange Body Spray. The movie has been enshrined as a modern classic, now you can wear the scent - and be beaten round the head and shoulders by it.

**1** Poncho. Leading department and womens' clothing stores. \$60 - \$220.

**2** Body Spray. The Business Clockwork Orange Spray, Woolworths, \$2 each or two for \$4.

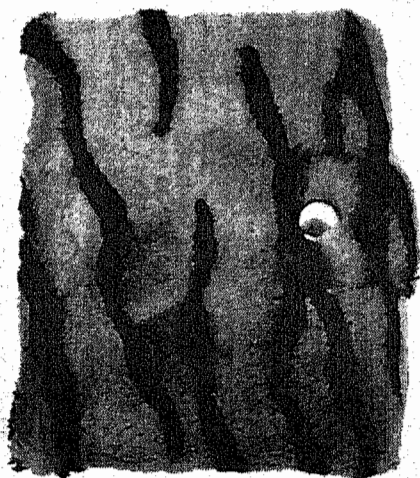
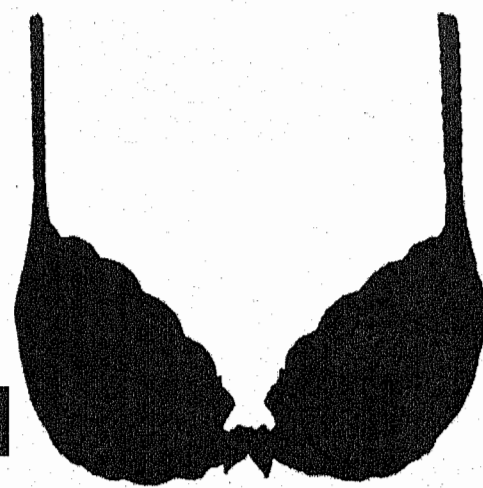
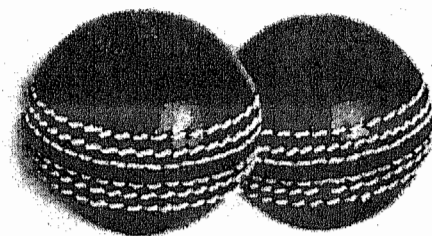
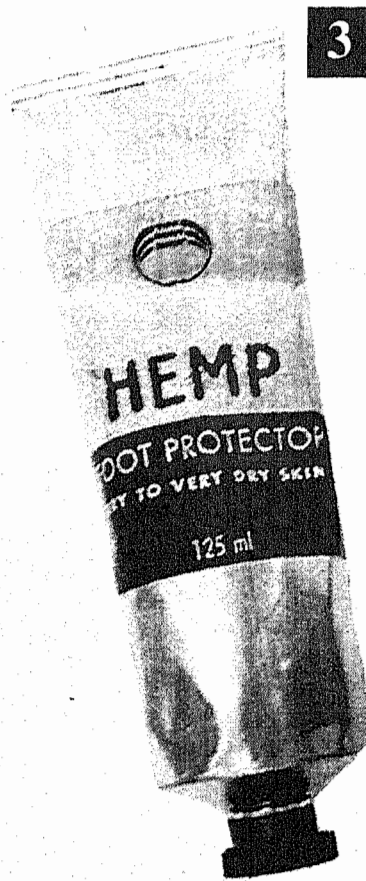
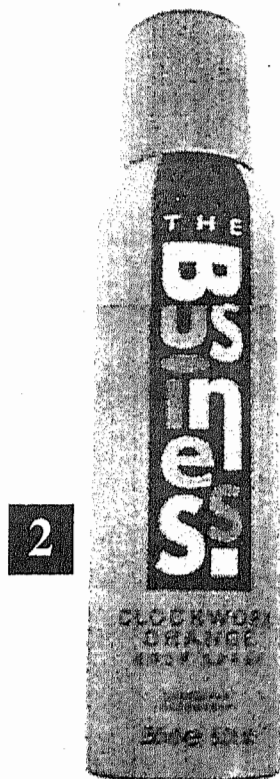
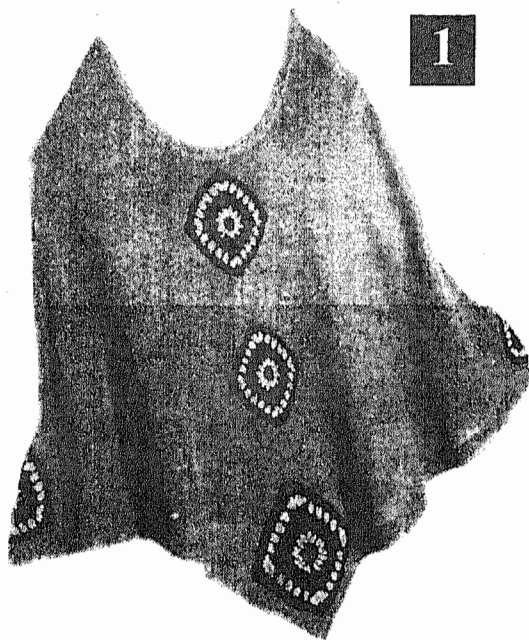
**3** Beauty Products. Hemp Foot Protector, The Body Shop, \$19.95.

**4** Cricket balls. Department stores, sport retailers, and other sporty places, \$25-\$30.

**5** Wonder uplift miracle bra. A lingerie store near you, \$60.

**6** Animal print organiser. Hip shops, \$40, Reject Stores, \$2.95.

**7** Shoes. Shoe shops, more than they're worth.



## Hair Today

If you're wondering what's in fashion for hair this autumn, the answer is 'shrubbery'. Flowers, leaves, vines, sticks - you've seen it on the catwalks in Paris, now try it at home! Anything from your garden will do, as long as it looks like you've been rolling about in it, but the best looks come from florists.

**GIVEAWAY:** This week, thanks to The Body Shop, *The Addvertiser* has a hemp pack, including a tube of the Hemp Foot Protector featured, to give away. To enter the draw, call 8303 5404 and leave your details. This is not a joke.

Pictures: STAN JAMES

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# Big warm fuzzies: a celebration

## Flags of all Nations: A Celebration of Multicultural Stuff

by Anita Ekberg-Jones and Jean-Paul Brandivino  
Proshbourne Park RSL Meeting Hall, until last Thursday

A contemporary celebration of multiculturalism is now showing at Proshbourne Park RSL Meeting Hall. *Flags of all Nations* is delicately rendered in rendered animal fats from all around the world. The 'flags' have been 'rendered' in used spillage trays generously donated by Kev from Kev's Dodgy Motors and Chicken Grill (how will Kev keep his driveway clean - just kid-

ding Kev). Anita and J.P. have once again outdone themselves yet again with their *Flags of All Nations*. The Brazilian flag - ironically named 'flag of Brazil' - is the highlight of the show. 27' long and carved out of fat drawn from the oil of 700 tonnes of brazil nuts (clever, hey?), the work is rather quickly turning into a rancid heap of, well, fat. Very evocative. Very, very slippery. Visitors are encouraged to slice a piece off as a memento, but encouragement doesn't seem to be enough - only a quarter of the piece has been taken, and the big coloured round in the centre hasn't been touched yet - people, anyone who eats blue cheese will surely find a

place for a tasty slice of art in their home.

When asked, Jean-Paul will tell you his inspiration was Joseph Beuys early work, but I suspect it has more to do with the fat-rendering plant he inherited from his 'uncle' and hasn't been able to shift for love or money. Still, there's no mistaking the talent at work, and I can hardly wait for J.P. and Anita's next project - a performance piece about the commodity nature of metropolitan life involving taking money from complete strangers for sexual favours.

Art has finally come home.

- Sum Guy

## Poignant, disturbing, uplifting

*Die, Seal, Die*, a new exhibition by Greenplease™, is now hanging from the flag poles on King William St. The Seals were dropped live from trucks onto the street to be run over by rush hour traffic last Friday night. What a poetic commentary on the destruction of our oceans. Sadly legal action has been taken against Greenplease™ for damaging motor vehicles and for the destruction of members from a protected species. Please help the group by joining the rally next Thursday that will proceed down King William St. Bring a hanky to breath through though; something smells down there at the moment?



THIS SEAL: Will shortly die for art

## HOT GOSSIP

Well, it's been a big, big week in Aders, and the Chardonnay-swilling set have been very busy indeed. We - George and Gilbert - have been slaving away over a hot champagne glass to catch up with all that the capital of bitchy has to offer.

Since Bob has elected himself onto the board of ARTSFU things have moved along very nicely. Bob has accepted a grant to write a grant proposal for his son William. Good luck Bob and Willy.

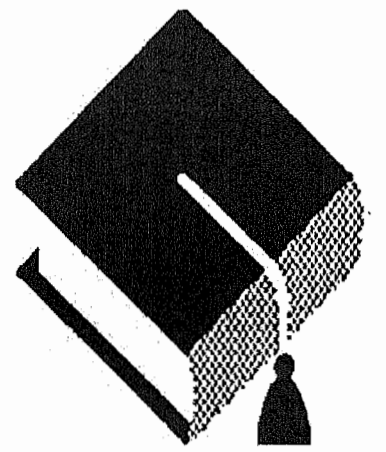
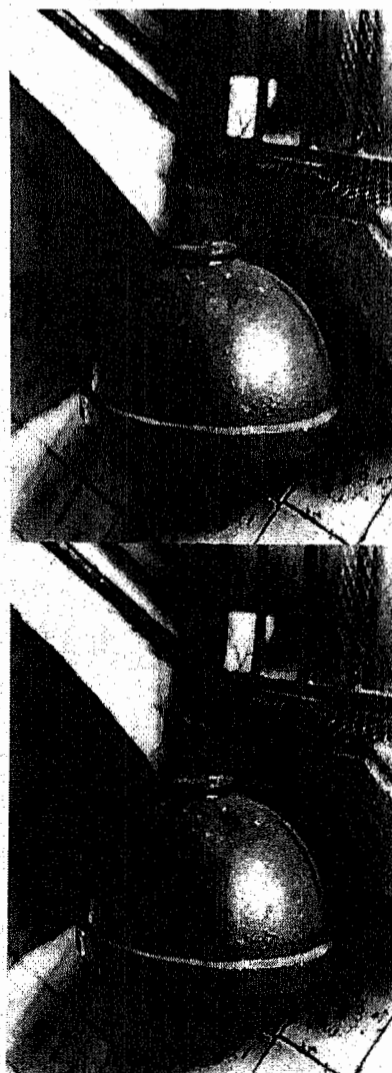
After working unsuccessfully for ten years, [insert name] has produced yet another exhibition of derrivative drool. His latest effort is James Gleeson and Brett Whiteley without any sense of line, colour or composition. Why this little trash bag continues to punish himself and his viewers is completely beyond me.

Gilbert heard a rumour that a certain artist who probably should remain nameless (we promised we wouldn't tell) is doing his best work of late down at the public facilities in Rymill Park. But you *didn't* hear it from us.

Mary will not be invited to any more events after last Tuesday. She wore red to a black-tie fundraiser to pay for all the alcohol Adelaide's socialites have recently been billed for. And a power suit, no less - so 1995. Shame, Shame, Shame Mary.

For many years I have wondered what that large building between the Museum and Adelaide University was. Yesterday we trolled in and had a look. Imagine our surprise - it turned out to be a Gallery! There is no cost, but no free champagne either. So remember if you go it's BYO! C'est la vie

- George & Gilbert



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Unibooks is offering 12% cash discount until 1st April on your book purchases, 6% discount for credit card purchases.

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# What? not funny?

**Your're Not Funny**  
**Now Showing**  
**Woodville Arts Theatre**

From the director of *The English Patient* comes the epic tale of three university newspaper editors who were told 'You're just not funny.' Four-and-a-half hours fly by like ducks on fire as we follow the story of the hapless three: their trials, their tribulations, their eventual triumph, and finally their death by dismemberment at the hands of aggrieved student politicians. A true masterpiece if ever I saw one, this reviewer would go as far as to say that *You're Not Funny* is the film of the week, if not film of the month, if not film of the year. The script pulls us emotionally first one way, and then the other as our loyalties change. At first we feel for the three protagonists, but by the end we feel that they get what they deserve—especially the character

of Dale Adams who just pisses everyone off with his exposé articles. Highlights include the nude bathing scene in the wading pool, with Eva O'Driscoll (playing herself) a joy to behold as she drunkenly gesticulates wildy at her groin. Clearly this is one young miss whose future would have been brighter than the Popstars™, if it were not for her well-deserved death. Also fantastically well-done is the scene where Darien O'Reilly announces the shiiteness of everybody else's taste in music for the last time: the editing is fast-paced and snappy and, according to the production notes, the blood on the camera is *real*. Overall fantastic in every way, *You're Not Funny* has a plot twist at the end to rival that of *The Crying Game*, and even *The Usual Suspects*. But we'll let you see that for yourselves.

- Stan Dup

# Tarantino trumps

**McSoylent Green**  
**Now showing**  
**Port Adelaide Finer Arts**  
**Appreciation Society Theatre**

Quentin Tarantino has outdone himself in this gruesome remake of the 1970s classic sci-fi *Soylent Green*. For those of you who have not seen it, *Soylent Green* is set in (I think) 2020, in a greatly overpopulated New York where the poor can only afford to eat a food substitute called 'Soylent' (comes in red, green, and yellow). Tarantino's remake has the same premise, except that McDonalds Kentucky Fried Burger Corporation have bought out Soylent and mass produce food for the poverty-stricken majority. The catchphrase of the 70s after the original came out was 'Soylent Green is people'. That's right, punters: the nasty capitalist swine were scooping up the unwashed

masses, collecting the dead, and turning them into a crisp green cracker. This is where the original failed, and where Tarantino triumphs—the crispy cracker of *Soylent Green* just was not yukky enough to be made from people. Hell, I'd eat it. It looked more like a yummy rice crisp or seaweed cracker. Nummins! The gore and bile of the *McSoylent Green* remake is truly horrifying. The burger-making process is shown in much graphic detail; one can almost smell the rendered fat. In fact, I threw up into my still-half-full popcorn box halfway through the film: IT'S THAT GOOD!!

- Stan Dasidesir

**Nostalgia classic of the week: Idiot Box. Drama, pathos, tragedy - they don't come better than this.**

# Queer escape

**Escape From New York III: Queer Autonomy**  
**Now Showing**  
**Salisbury Movie House and Car Wash**

The makers of *Predator* have come back in fine Action (and it *deserves* that capital 'A') style with a combat-heavy, non-stop, futuristic blood-fest which features more explosions than the *Die Hards*, more car chases than the *Lethal Weapons*, more one-liners than Big Arnie's entire oeuvre, and more gratuitous tit-shots than the *Police Academics* and the *Carry Ons* combined.

In other words: GOOD STUFF!! The year is 2078: following the 'Queer Autonomous' debate of '00 it was decreed that gays, lesbians, blacks, asians, the mentally ill, and arts graduates were to be sectioned off into separate parts of the city in order to be able to remain autonomous and not oppress each other. The ghettos are maintained by an army of lipstick-wearing militant lesbians who no longer permit wedges to be deep-fried in beef tallow, or sour cream to come from cows.

As a result the cows in the lesbian quarter died, painfully, from not be-

ing milked—but the wedges tasted nicer wholly vegan, if somewhat boring due to the lack of sour cream, and the monopoly maintained on the chilli sauce by the arts graduates (who, in a glorious subplot involving postmodernism students and philosophy students, have their own factional splits to deal with).

The plot centers around Shane, a young gay individual who, contrary to the rules of his ghetto, desires a taste of the heteronormative, patriarchal affirmation which comes from eating a big hunk of beefsteak. The only meat available (the arts graduates not being able to *afford* black-market cows) is in the white straight male ghetto. Shane attempts a daring escape in search of meat, and plenty of hardcore gunfighting action follows.

Big Arnie Himself stars in ...*Queer Autonomy*, and it is set to become a blockbuster. Every so often a film comes along containing a line which becomes the catchcry of a new generation, and I guarantee that this will be the next one: "Why do we have to live seperately? Can't we just chill out? We are all human beings. I WANT SOME BEEF."

- Stan Down

## Don't miss

### this week in the Sunday Fail

# Bert Newton: A Life

## The first gripping instalment

**WANTED TO SELL & BUY**

**WANT** to get away, need a tent for Easter or anytime? Contact Vicki who will notify Nancy who can arrange for you to hire a tent from the Henley Beach Girl Guides, at very low cost. We would like our tents to be aired, and used.

Call into Clubs Association as Nancy is involved with both the Mature Students Assoc and the Band Assoc, or call Vicki on 8303 3410 or email, vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au

**AQUATIC** Centre Pass - Card with 19 visits remaining expiry date is 3/8/00 Normal price \$43.89 (\$2.31 per visit) Will sell for \$35 or o.n.o Normally a pass has 30 visits and costs \$69.40 (\$2.31 per visit) Contact Judy 0412 218 228 Email: judy.bellati@student.adelaide.edu.au

**NEED** a Job? Do a Bar Course. Three days full-time during the Mid semester Break: 17th, 18th, 19th April, 9.00 - 4.30. Ten hours work experience, only \$120. Contact the Studio (Level 4, by the back of Equinox) or 303 5857.

**CALLING** for Interest - Registration of Interest in a forum to discuss:

- bicycle parking on campus
- security
- levies & insurance
- equity of access

the outcome of which will be implemented in University Management of Bicycles on Campus.

Reply to: Bicycle Parking, Property Services, phone 83035701 or email <rod.page@adelaide.edu.au.

**COSTING/Estimating** Trainee - A position has become available for a person to assist in our Costing/Estimating dept. Initially, you will be trained in various areas of

the printing industry to help understand the concepts involved.

The ideal candidate will be computer literate, have some spreadsheet experience, be mathematically minded and have the ability to learn new concepts quickly.

Please submit a resume no later than Friday 14th April 2000 to:

Bonnie Donaghey, Cadillac Printing, PO Box 211, Plympton SA 5038.

**BRAND** new books  
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*Financial Accounting in Australia* 4th Edition Hoggett & Edwards  
NEW PRICE \$79.95 Sell \$50.00

*Introduction to Information Systems* 4th Edition James O'Brien  
NEW PRICE \$59.95 Sell \$40.00

McGrath's Financial Institutions Instruments & Markets 3rd Edition Christopher Viney  
NEW PRICE \$64.95 Sell \$40.00

Reading Between The Lines Issue 6  
Judy Cowie, Christopher Findlay, Douglas McTaggart  
NEW PRICE \$12.95 Sell \$7.00

Micro Economics Study Guide 3rd Edition Teresita Bentick  
NEW PRICE \$32.95 SELL \$16.00

Macro Economics Study Guide 3rd Edition Teresita Bentick  
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Microsoft Access 2000 Timothy J O'Leary, Linda I. O'Leary  
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\$12.00  
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An Accounting Practice Set, Lew Edwards, John Hoggett  
NEW PRICE \$18.95 Sell \$11.00

Study Guide to A Company Accounting in Australia Hoggett & Edwards 4th Edition

Financial Accounting in Aust 4th Edition, Allan Duffus  
NEW PRICE \$29.95 Sell \$15.00

To view books see Vicki Kolberg only at the Clubs Association (ground floor Lady Symon building, inside the Sports Association Office) or ring. 8303 3410, or email vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au.

**COFFEE**, Cake and Conversation

When: Every Wednesday. 1.10 - 2.00pm  
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground floor, Horace Lamb Building  
Feel free to drop in.

**COMPUTER** For Sale  
Wonder machine: somewhat like a pianola, this little baby writes high distinction essays like they're going out of style. 486 running Word 6 and other progs, with printer \$200 for quick sale. Call Rob 8340 9405

**FREE** Internet  
Surf for free: no-cost net!  
Contact John for details: ph: 8635 2306, fax: 86352306 or e-mail: kerry@pirie.mtx.net.au.

**LEARN** Deep Relaxation  
When: Every Monday until 29 May. 1.10 - 2.00pm  
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building.  
Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue  
Book now on 8303 5663 or Call in.

**MOUNTAIN** bike for swap/trade/sale. I have a 1998 Specialized FSR "Comp" (yellow) bike in perfect condition (under 500Km's) It is size Large, which equates to

roughly a 19" frame. I wish to travel with a bike and this bike is not ideal for my intention. I would prefer to swap frames with someone who was after a dual suspension frame, it has great paint, no dings, adjustable rockshock, and high-rate german Eibach spring. All bushings have been regreased with sythetic grease. If no one wants to swap/or trade., I will consider selling the bike whole or the frame alone.

The package consists of XTR, MARZOCCHI, and other goodies. Price totally negotiable ... if it comes to that  
Contact: Case 82766205, sinkas@camtech.net.au

**RESEARCH** Participants Needed  
The Psychology Department needs research participants for research into stress and headache. Participants will have sensory and cardiovascular sensitivity assessed and receive some questionnaires to take home. Participants will be compensated \$10.

Contact Stuart Cathcart on 8303 5849 or uahms@hotmail.com.

**DEVELOP** myopia - just read the classified in a newspaper like this one. Your eyes will fucked in no time.

**CALL** Rhonda. Not because she's the person that takes the calls for the placement of classifieds. No, call her because she's fuck awful lonely and, frankly, me and the other people in the office are getting damn sick of having to deal with her. I know that sounds harsh, but such is life.

**WANTED** - One great big hunk of man. Must be caring, sensitive, intelligent and possess a full head of hair and 9 1/2 inches of beet red, hard cock.

**LOST** - the students' interests. If found, please urgently return to the Card Centre, Hughes Plaza.



**CLUBS**

**AUSKI** - July Ski Trip, 16th-23rd July for \$795, which includes in-snow accommodation; hot breakfasts and dinners; lift passes; ski hire; lessons with sexy instructors; transport (there and back); a FREE cocktail party on the first night; a FREE video of the trip for everyone at snowball. Get your deposit (\$50 in to the Sports' Association now. For more info, see Team AUSKI in the Sports Association Office, Lady Symon Building.

**ENGINEERING** Society - The new Electrical & Electronic Engineering Society of Adelaide Uni (EEESAU), a daughter club of IEEE, will be hosting a talk, "The Telecommunications Industry in South-East Asia and You", given by Reg Coutts (CTIN). Come along and find out about the current hot spots in the IT industry and research!

6pm Tuesday 11 April, ground floor of Eng-Maths bldg (5pm barbeque @ courtyard just North of the new Eng-Maths bldg) All interested, especially EEE students and postgraduates welcome, enquire about IEEE membership on the spot.

**JAPANESE TV** - Japanese TV meet every Friday (except during holidays) in the Margaret Murray Room or the Union Cinema on Level 5 of Union House. Come and join us.

**FOOTBALL** Club - Training is on Tuesdays & Thursdays: A & B Squad, main University Oval (across from Uni footbridge) All others, Park 10, (behind Adelaide Zoo). Season starts Saturday April 1, matches commence 12.15 pm & 2.15 pm. New players are welcome.

There are 8 teams, which cater for all levels of skill, and a fantastic social life. Headquarters are at the General Havelock Hotel, Hutt Street. For more information, contact 'Chocka' Bloch, 8303 5529, room 209, level 2, Security House, 233 North Tce (next to Scott's Church).

**MARIJUANA** Anonymous - Dope interfering with your studies? Wanna give up? Marijuana Anonymous meets each Tuesday at 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room. Drop in, we'd love to see you. Call 8340 8989 for more information.

**MATURE** Students' Association - Attention all Mature Students' Association members. New locker allocations are now available. A list is on display in the clubrooms. Front door keys are available on Friday in the clubrooms, Level 5, Union House. New members welcome.

**NONCHALANCE** - IGM Thursday 4th May at 1pm in the WP Rogers Room (level 5 Union House, enter via the Games room) Contact Fin on 8361 7259 if you have any queries.

**SOCIETY** for Creative Anachronism - The Society for Creative Anachronism (the College of Blessed Herman) is having its AGM on Tuesday 11th April in the WP Rogers Room (level 5, Union Building) at 7pm in the evening. For further details call Katherine on 8371 3809.

**TEA** Appreciation Society - The Tea Appreciation Society IGM will be held on Monday 10th April, 1pm WP Rogers Room (level 5 Union Building, walk through the Games Room). All Welcome. For further information, call Sarah on 8353 2934 or 0413 223163, or email: sarah.lendrum@student.adelaide.edu.au.

*Bloke to Bloke*

*for 1 on 1 or 2 on 1 action*

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Ford v Holden?

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The squirrel grip's fair isn't it?

**1 900 655 650**

There's this strange noise coming from me engine.

**1 900 655 659**

Shoulda Plugger retired?

**Only 39 cents per min**



# Hoops and freaks

By SPJ5

My main squeeze is a lovely girl, she really is. Earlier this year, I had settled down with a cold one and ESPN to watch my Tarheels, the University of North Carolina men's basketball team, play the Georgia Tech YellowJackets. As they had on many occasions this season, they struggled to play well, and came in a few points down at the half. A handful of moments into the second half, they had clanked the ball off the iron a couple of times and my sweet corn-fed mid-Western born girl had started to grow into a lounge room monster: 'You fuck, what the fuck are you doing. You fucking fuck.'

Then after another Tarheel turnover that ended in a YellowJacket dunk: 'What the fuck are you doing. FUCKERS. FUCKERS.'

'Erreum. Darling, its a game we're fuckin' watching here.'

'Those fuckin' fucks. FUCKERS. FUCKERS,' she screams in reply.

My old china plate springs out of her seat and begins to vigorously kick the stereo speaker.

'I'm never fucken watching these fuckers again.'

Restraints time. Rugby tackle. On the floor. Beer down, no survivors.

'Darling, don't kick the living crap out of the stereo speakers.'

'FUCKERS. FUCKERS. FUCKERS.'

Such is the lively passion evoked by college basketball among its typical fans. Fortunately, those fuckers went to the national semi-finals last weekend, going down to a bunch of swamp dwelling, mummy-fucking white boys known as the Florida Gators. Fortunately, those trailer trash swine were beaten by a bunch of Michigan State ghetto bangers in the national final. I left Indianapolis happy enough with that. Happy enough too, that I had bumped into ex-Jim Carrey blowjob, Lauren Holly, drunk off her not-bad-at-all ass, in a swanky hotel bar not two blocks from the stadium where the games were played. Star quality? Yes sir.

Indianapolis, the site of this year's semis and final (known as the Final Four) was a true zoo a la Adelaide during those golden days of the Grand Prix. People slogging back beers 24/7 on the sidewalk, celeb sightings, half naked, paint clad fans taunting each other, scalpers so thick on the ground you'd swear you were at the stock exchange ('I got Microsoft, court-side, \$1500 a share'), more beer and fast food, media everywhere presenting

live broadcasts ('Lets go over that matchup one more time') and then, oh yes, the games. 48000 people crammed into the RCA Dome (some seats were miles from the court), to scream at 40 college kids playin' ball. This is about as American as it gets. College basketball is religion in the Bible belts of America: Kansas, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and North Carolina. Mums and dads drink cheap rye and screw in the fields, in the hope that their progeny grow to be like Larry Bird: tall, trash talking and with a fine jump shot. They erect shrines to the legends of coaching, like Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, who until the end of his reign and his then record 878 wins, never let a black man touch or play for him, and Bobby Knight, who's idea of a good time is a quick sucker punch to the solar plexus of a player not performing. These are the community leaders for god-fearing folk in the mid-west. They teach a boy how to be a man ('Hold the pig this way, son'), how to talk ('If you're going to call the man a darkie son, better make sure you get that baby hook in over him') and how to walk ('Stick your dick in, and your arse out').

Of course it was never like that at my alma mater. For 33 years, the head coach at UNC was the legendary Dean Smith: the man who broke the color barrier in Southern collegiate sports when he selected George Scott to play for the Heels in the 60s, who took his players to segregated restaurants throughout North Carolina and helped break the color line as a result, who coached the Olympic team to a Gold in the 1976 Games against those pesky commie Soviet cheats, the man who scouted and recruited and taught the greatest basketball player of them all, Michael Jordan. In every way, a true, flat out legend. Smith retired three years ago with a record 879 wins, two national championships and 15 trips to Final Four. Now the Heels are lead by his old college friend, Bill Guthridge, ably assisted by confirmed recovering alcoholic, Phil 'me up' Ford. When these two take a dump or get caught DUI, it's front page news in North Carolina.

When I got to Chapel Hill, NC, I knew that basketball was absolutely King at the oldest state university in the US (founded 1793), when my very dyke-ish, middle-aged Media Law profes-

sor sidled up to me in the hallway, and started in with Tarheel talk: 'Those Duke Blue Devils are the gosh darnit gee wilikers of it all, the lowest bean counters on God's own creation. This here is a lil piece of heaven. Tarheel heaven. You a gonna go ta tha game?' Ri-i-i-ght. I learned later that the old rug muncher was right. Duke's team was the anti-Christ. The Duke/Carolina rivalry is not just the biggest rivalry in collegiate sports. Many would claim, my not so biased self included, that it is the biggest rivalry



RIOT: UCLA fans run amok following a victory.

in American sports. Duke University is some 15 miles from UNC, in the City of Durham where the predominate landmark is the old Liggett-Myers tobacco factory slap-bang in the middle of downtown. This is Jesse Helms country - enough said. The University was founded on the Duke tobacco fortune, and through sheer dint of sloppy cash from various cancer peddlers throughout North Carolina, has become one of the major universities in the US. The main quad looks like it belongs in Disneyland, and is a blatant rip-off of Princeton's main quad, which throws back to Oxford and Cambridge. All pretty sad really, until you realize that my mid-west girlfriend is right, and these fuckers really are fuckers: Duke fuckers. About as likable as Weagle fans, or people who wear Wayne Carey jumpers - people you'd like to hole up in an abandoned Hindley Street shop front and file down their head with a blunt razor. Or ambush 'em, cuff 'em and take them down to Cape Fear on the North Carolina/South Carolina border and play a little De Niro game. Beat Dook. Duke students start to camp out at the beginning of the Spring semester in

early January. They camp outside their basketball stadium for weeks in the middle of winter for tickets into a sweaty tin box they call Cameron Stadium, and the Duke/ North Carolina game.

Camping out was banned in Chapel Hill after a few party incidents (read date-rape, vomiting en masse, swan dives off roofs by drunk Sorority sophomores) in the mid-90s. Now tickets are given out 3 weeks before the game, and queuing can only begin at 6am. By 6:05, on the day the

Duke game tickets are distributed, over 4000 students are already in line. A couple of years ago, scalpers were getting over \$3000 for a pair of tickets to the Duke/Carolina game at the Dean Smith Center in Chapel Hill. Students, provided they got in line early enough, walked in free. The games themselves are everything you'd expect from the movies. Seriously. Cheerleaders, fight songs, a big brass band playing suitable tunes during time-outs ('Thriller' when the game is close, 'Take on me' by that fine Swedish ensemble, Aha, before games). Screaming fans from minute one to minute 40. The only game I've ever

been to with an atmosphere that can meaningfully compare, was a Manchester United/ Arsenal game at Highbury back in the early 80s when I was a kid.

Basketball fans share the same destructive instincts as soccer fans, too (beyond stereo destruction). When Purdue and Iowa State made the national quarter finals two weeks ago, students in Ames, Iowa, and West Lafayette, Indiana, rioted. Cars were burned, the National Guard was called in. Tear gas, rubber truncheons - it was just like the traveling Man U soccer hooligan road show. But unlike those notorious fans, American basketball fans riot when their teams win, which only goes to prove that coupling with your cousins for a few too many generations may yield freakishly tall offspring, but also very dumb ones. That's about all you need to know about hoops, a la USA, apart from the fact that the top 5 college teams in any year could wallop the Australian Boomers, and that North Carolina will have 6 players over 6'11" on their 14 man roster next year, plus 3 mini-freaks around 6'7", 6'8". We got the best inbreeds down in Dixie, mate. Duck Fook.

# Crows character questioned

By Football Writer  
DONATELLO RUCCI

What is happening down there at Football Park? Malcolm Blight arrives and takes a team performing to its potential (towards the last third of the table in 1996) to two Premierships in a row then the Crows return to the heady depths from whence they came (13th in 1999). Are the real Crows actually standing up and were the heady days of 1997-98 nothing but an aberration, or are the problems of season 2000 of their own making and feeding off the inconfident and hesitant Crows?

Rumours and accusations are running deep and range from the inane to the believable, but the club is firmly behind new coach and ex-mullet man Gary Ayres. In most clubs this would have the coach dusting off the resume and putting out the feelers, but this spiral was in progress before his assumption to this high-pressured seat. The quality of the list has been questioned, with accusations being that the list has not been improved over the Messiah's reign, to the ageing nature of the list and a generally slow group of midfielders, to the coach's inherent lack of ability and his supposedly fundamental grasp upon mere adequacy.

Looking over the playing list of the Crows gives us a closer indication of the true malaise and reason behind the non-performance of this season's Crow outfit. There is just an overall lack of character within the team. Looking through their statistics, likes and dislikes, is like meeting the same slightly uncomfortable uncle 35 times. None are bad but none stand out apart from their footballing ability. Some of the players pet dislikes need to be addressed. Nigel Smart (*The Chilli Toe-cutter*) for instance, doesn't like to play on Sundays. Bomber

By Football Legend  
KNUCKLES CURLY

Port Power are in trouble in the early stages of season 2000. Expectations were high following their initial finals appearance last year. The Power with their recruits (Montgomery, Bishop among the more experienced) and further development of their young and talented midfield, were inwardly hoping for consolidation upon this base.

However, this has not been the case. Winning one game and losing four is better than the crosstown rivals but losing to Freo at home would have been a bitter bitter pill to swallow.

Accusations have been levelled, but *The Addvertiser* believes that the Power will not succeed until their players learn that the pill is not a thing to be feared (best exemplified by Barnaby French in accompanying photo) and cry every time that the ball comes near them. Rumours

Vardy is not too keen on windy days. These guys are telling Mr Mullet that, frankly, the team would be better off without them on windy Sundays. But does he listen to his players? No.

Lets look at reason number two why the Crows are suffering this year. Only Rehunny, Scott Welsh and Balraj (*VJ*) Singh treasure their families, children or related momentos more than their Premiership medallions. Is this a healthy balance of fun and the deadly serious pastime that is AFL this days? No. Not enough players are taking a laissez faire attitude to the the game, and are hence not enjoying themselves and further placing themselves under pressure to perform, thus forgetting that while footer provides, it is still, at a heart, a game for the innocent and the fun. Too many Crows players readily admit to wishing to take the easy



**PRIVATE SCHOOL BOYS:** Clearly wusses.

of cancelled games of hide and seek continue to plague the club as everybody supposedly wanted to hide together with the light on just in case

something bad happened. National Service would toughen the boys up, perhaps Port should look at this as an option.

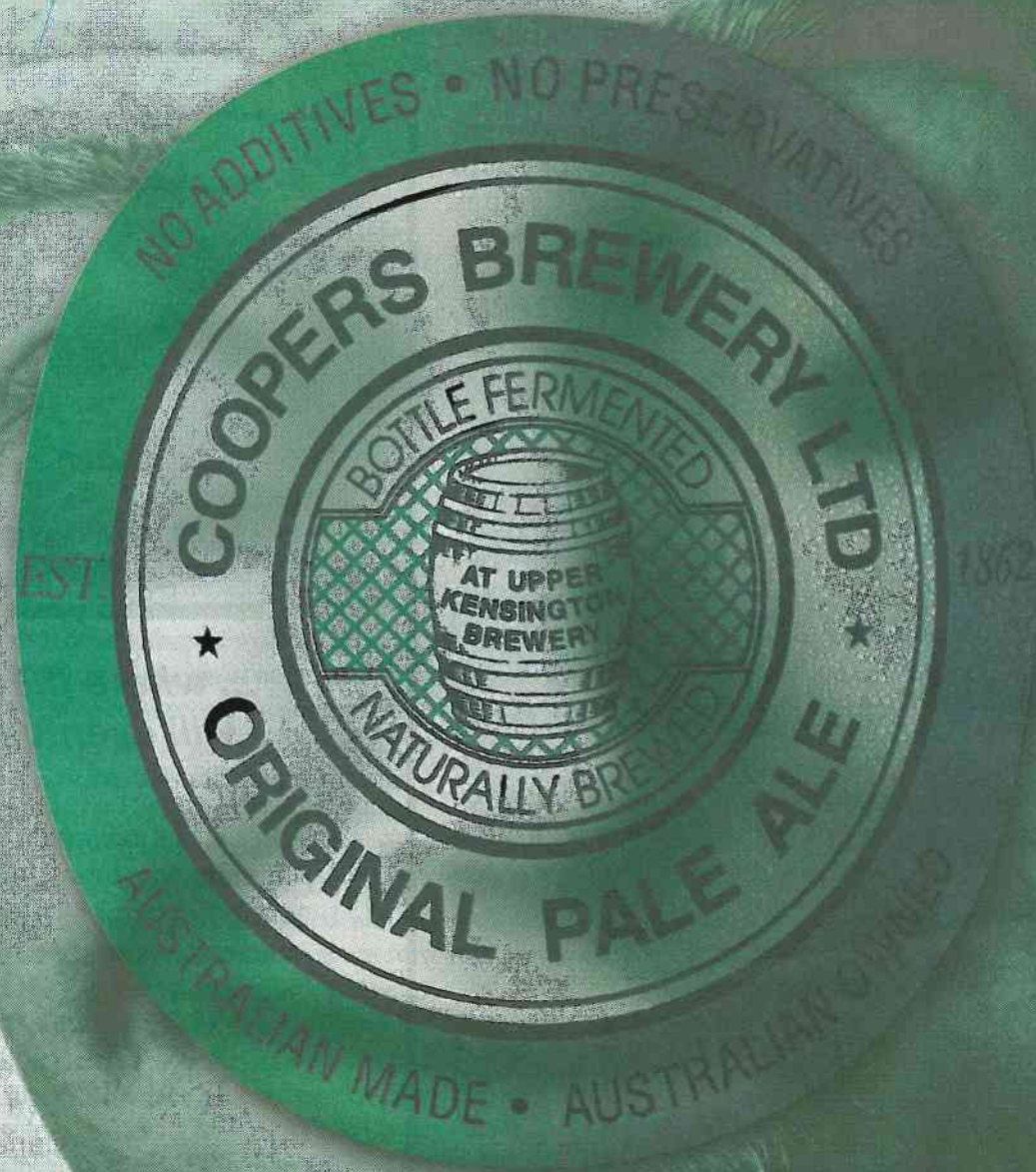
route if they weren't playing footer. The desire to be travellers of the world abounds, while the desire to be rock stars or actors is also a recurring nightmare within the list. Lesser journalists than me would infer that they are playing like they have already left the game for this dissolute lifestyle.

Reading through these profiles leads us to discover other reasons why the Crows have slip-slided their way down the greasy pole that is the AFL Ladder. Take Peter Caven for example.

Peter Caven readily admits that his hobbies are "laying on the couch and watching TV with the remote". Training's a bitch sometimes and going on the last two years, Caven has found the remote and the couch have joined him in unholy union. Rhett Biglands' footy hero was Scotty Hodges, he of dubious AFL ability, while Matty Connell was

surely pulling legs when nominating Warwick Capper as his hero. Bryan (Binks) Beinke readily admits that ego is the biggest influence upon his career. I wouldn't be looking to somebody who admits to visualising plenty of I in team. Nathan Bassett would be looking at Hollywood if he was not a footballer. It's good to keep the dream alive, but surely he would only have a limited shelf-life playing an Eastern European heavy who gets butchered quicksmart by our canny hero.

What the Crows need is an injection of character, somebody like the Weed, but who can actually play. All the teams have one - let the crowd feed this player: this reduces the harsh spotlight on the other players, thus letting them go about their non-descript and unobtrusive business of winning Premierships.



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