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BIFF! KAPOW! CONTENTS!



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On Dit is the weekly student newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors of the Association.

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About the Cover:

Pow! Biff! Kabamm! It's the Superhero Edition!

Wanna Write?

Then why not come down to our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (near the charmed environs of two sets of men's toilets. Note to

users of the men's toilets: spelling and grammar aren't just flights of fancy to be used in essays, they are applicable in all areas of our lives, including graffiti). The office is accessible from the Barr Smith Lawns. For a more pleasant aroma, use the email address at the bottom of this page.

Next Edition:

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Thanks go to: Gemma, Yak, Stan Lee, Pixie, Clem, Kate N., Dan V., Vicki, Fiona for all her continuing hard work and not minding when we call her on the weekends, Bonnie from Cadillac for being so understanding and nice with us, Carclew Youth Arts Centre for the bubble wrap, and Tom for bringing around the pictures at 2am.

Interview with John Howard

John Howard has recently pronounced himself a reformed man on Asian immigration. *On Dit* had the privilege of an exclusive interview with the Prime Minister at his Sydney residence.

I wait for so long after ringing the doorbell at Kirribilli House that I start to wonder if I've got the right day. Then comes the sound of shuffling footsteps from within, disturbingly accompanied by muffled cries of anguish. Suddenly the door opens and there is Janette, pained but smiling. This is it - the big one - an exclusive interview with the Prime Minister.

It was reported recently that Mr Howard was letting his Sydney residence fall into disrepair. From the lack of furniture as I am led through the house, I assume there must be renovations going on. Suggesting as much to Janette, she replies with a wince, "Oh no, dear. We're finished." Puzzled, I decide not to pursue the matter. Besides, I am distracted by the trail of blood her feet are leaving on the floor.

Then a familiar voice calls out: "Don't mind the wife. She's having a bit of trouble adjusting to the foot-binding. Come and meet the new addition to the family." Following the voice out into the garden, I am stopped in my tracks by a deep growl. There on the lawn is the most unexpected of sights, for carefully stripping what I recognise as freshly planted bamboo shoots is none other than a giant panda. "Rupert! Be nice to the young man!" urges that reassuring voice.

Thankfully turning in its direction, I am again confronted by the unexpected. A stout, silhouetted figure stands in the shade of a large gum, struggling to balance on one foot while slowly flapping its arms and chanting, "The lame dragon hunts

the scapegoat." Can it really be him? I can't be sure because an oversized rice-farmer's hat obscures the figure's face. All is revealed as the lame dragon finally loses balance and falls in a heap on the grass, dislodging the hat. "It's a shame you didn't come a bit earlier," beams one John Winston Howard. "I'm afraid you've missed the cherry blossom."

We wander back toward the house. "Come and make yourself relaxed and comfortable", says my host. "Just like the rest of Australia under my leadership", he adds with a cheeky smile. He can't resist.

Rather taken aback by these first few moments in the inner sanctum of the Howard family, I fumble for something to say. "I, er, like what you've done with the place", I manage as we step inside. "Thank you", he replies. "I know it's minimalist, but Janette found the best Feng Sushi expert in the country. Less is more, you know. That's why I so wholeheartedly believe in the repatriation of boatpeople. It's for their spiritual wellbeing."

Ever the gentleman, Howard apologises unnecessarily for not offering refreshments sooner. We decide on tea. "Call me a fuddy-duddy, but nothing will ever beat a cuppa", he says, skillfully removing the tea leaves from the pot with a pair of chopsticks and ushering me towards the futons in the corner. Only Rupert disturbs the tranquil aura with a sudden series of barks. "Pacific Solution, Rupert!" Howard yells in return. The barking stops. "I'm going to have to muzzle that thing..." A self-satisfied smile spreads over his face and then, "It works a treat with the media." Another irresistible temptation. "Phil (Ruddock) suggested needle and thread, but only animals with opposable thumbs can manage

that. He's not too bright, that one." "You mean Rupert?" I ask. "No, Phil."

Now it is I who cannot resist: Why the sudden turnaround in his position on Asian immigration and, indeed, all things Asian? "Let's talk about Fashion Week," he replies. Just a minute. "No, let's talk about Fashion Week. There will never, ever be a 'new black'. But Muslim is definitely the 'new Asian', if you know what I mean." This time the smile gives way to a sinister grin. "And Asian", he adds, as if the point wasn't already made, "is the 'new Wog'. I mean Greek and Italian," he corrects himself. "After all, I wouldn't want to give anyone the wrong idea."

Howard excuses himself to answer a phonecall. "Phil! Kon-ee-chee-waa! We were just talking about you. No, this is John, Phil. You Wing the Wong number!" (raucous laughter at both ends of the line. I pretend not to listen). "Look, I'm doing another bilateral bash in Tokyo. Rupert will need to stay in your facility again. No, keep him separate from the other cages... Yum cha Sunday?"

My time with the Prime Minister is coming to a close. Janette doesn't offer to see me out. She appears to have passed out from the pain on one of the futons. "Treat 'em mean and keep 'em keen", offers Howard with a wink. "Confucius say."

Closing the door behind me, I am relieved to have left the surreal atmosphere of Kirribilli House. Whatever the Chinese calendar may say, I am convinced it must be the Year of the Snake. After all, it has been every year since 1996.

Tim Williams

But what about the refugees?

Last week's announcement by the Federal Government to increase the intake of skilled immigrants over 2002/03 represents a step forward in migration law, but in the right direction?

The decision to take more skilled migrants represents the highest level of migration in a decade, but does not tackle the current, highly publicised issue of refugees. The number of places for refugees under the humanitarian intake criteria will stay stagnant at 12 000 places nationally.

Those 'queue-jumpers' who arrive at Christmas Island or on other Australian borders will be counted as refugees under the humanitarian criteria. (But will they be treated as refugees?) This decision to keep the refugee intake stable in a world climate where refugee numbers are constantly increasing has been criticised by human rights groups, claiming the Government is giving priority to skills rather than priority cases. Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock rejected this idea; "we have left scope so that if the places are not taken in other resettlement programs they'll be taken in ours," he said.

Skilled migrants are undeniably beneficial to the strength and knowledge of Australia's workforce, and their presence as 60% of the migration program reflects their desirability and the demands of the business sector. It has also been a priority of Howard's government to make the migration program skills-oriented. The response of the business community was positive after the announcement last week, yet there were further demands for more skilled migrants to counteract Australia's ageing population. A right skewed population in the future will undoubtedly affect the strength of the workforce. CEO of the Business Council of Australia, Katie Lahey (NB a female CEO!) suggests the migration figure could be increased to a total of 150 000 people.

The Liberal government significantly cut migration numbers when it was first elected to power in 1996, but since then has been building up the program slowly, always

with an emphasis on skilled migrants. Skilled migration programs have been both popular and successful over the years, and now incorporate further schemes for certain professions and locations. For example, Ruddock has highlighted a target to make migration in the area of nursing and jobs in regional Australia easier. He also mentioned proposals in the area of medical professionals and also steps to make migration easier for overseas students.

A high level of skilled migrants is obviously desirable, and is reflected through increasing competition between western nations for such people. There is also nation-specific competition to factor in as well for Australia however, a nation that is largely dominated by its two main

business capitals - Melbourne and Sydney. A large proportion of skilled migrants go to either Victoria or NSW, an issue being targeted with skilled migration schemes in rural areas. Poor old SA - not only is it competing with the largest economies in the world but also with its neighbours!

Mr Ruddock has stated that solutions regarding the asylum seeker issue in the Pacific will be released this week, so keep a watch out.

Laura Anderson



Must we employ superheroes like Hong Kong Phooey to take our government to task?



THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE
AUSTRALIA

Is postgraduate study the option
you want to follow?
Coursework? Research?
Now? Later?

POSTGRADUATE STUDY OPPORTUNITIES SEMINAR

Wed 29 May, 4:00- 7:00 pm
North South Dining Room, Union House
University of Adelaide North Terrace Campus

Who should attend?
Students in their final undergraduate year or Honours year

The Rising Cost Of Education

As we proceed into this new century, more and more we are faced with a consumerised world. It is user-pays for everything from food to childcare and basic health care. In order to survive educational institutions such as University of Adelaide have become increasingly market driven with focus shifting from an academic background to that of a corporation. Students are no longer minds to be educated but are instead wallets to be emptied. The quality of education we receive is not what makes the institution, but the person behind the marketing program who can make our degrees appear better than everyone else's.

When Gough Whitlam was elected in 1972 a major change to the way our government perceived education was enforced. In an ALP policy speech of 1972 Whitlam said,

"Education is the key to equality of opportunity. Sure, we can have education on the cheap, but our children will be paying for it the rest of their lives... We believe that a student's merit rather than a parents' wealth should decide who should benefit... Education should be the great instrument for the promotion of equality." This concept of equality and accessibility of education was a legacy of the Whitlam government and his free education system lasted until 1987.

Whilst there is division amongst educational activists as to the benefits of free education, no one disagrees with the sentiments expressed in 1972. Education benefits society so it makes sense for society to invest into our education system. After all, it is education that creates doctors, teachers, engineers and architects- all professions which society benefits from those people having a quality education. Education is the key to equality, to overcoming poverty and to ensuring that we as a society are competitive on a global scale, are talented and are proud.

Since the 1980's onward there has been a trend within governments and universities to move back to the user-pays system of education, where an individual's merit has moved away from academic excellence towards the buying power of the individual. The Hawke Labor government and Education minister John Dawkins were central in this reversal of ideology regarding education, followed by one of the Education world's arch enemies, Dr David Kemp. Under Dawkins the first 'Higher Education Administrative Charge' was introduced as an up-front fee of \$250 in 1987, before HECS was introduced in 1988.

The Higher Education Funding Act, which is the legislative framework for HECS managed to make its way through both houses of parliament in 1988. This year students are paying \$3598 for a band one course such as Humanities and Social Sciences, whilst students studying Medicine or Law are paying \$5999 per year. This means that a student studying Arts/Law for instance will have a HECS debt of around \$31 790. In addition the tax office have recently informed us that as of the June 1 this year indexation on HECS debts will rise by 3.6%. There is no doubt that this type of debt acts as a prohibiting factor for students who are from a low socio-economic background or are mature age from attempting to access tertiary education. Debt is debt no matter which way you look at it and this type of debt is not one that people want hanging over their heads, regardless of background. Those who can afford to pay it off earlier do, whilst receiving a massive and inequitable discount. Also, research has shown that women are less likely to pay off their debt as quickly as men.

In 1998 Adelaide University introduced up-front fees for undergraduate students. This move allowed students who could afford to pay for their education but were slightly under-qualified academically to enrol in a course on an up-front fee paying basis. These places (which cost thousands of dollars each) were heavily opposed by the Students' Association at the time. 1997 president Amrita Dasvarma stated in a media release that "Students and academics have continuously raised grave concerns with the access and equity issues arising from the up-front fees proposal which is the thin edge of the wedge towards a user-pays system of higher education... The Vice-Chancellor has declared that she is against fees and is only introducing them to replace funding which the Coalition have taken away."

The move to up-front fees raised many concerns for students. Not only were they introduced as a measure to combat the ever diminishing resources provided by the

Government, but they raised concerns about equity and academic credibility of the University of Adelaide on the whole. There is no doubt that by allowing a less academic student circumvent the entrance procedures for this university the administrators were allowing the academic rigour of the institution to be cut down. By allowing a wealthy student to take the place of a gifted student the University forgot their moral and social responsibilities and lowered the standards that this university prides itself on.

The costs of ancillary fees such as books and readings have also been increasing over the last few years. Whilst technically illegal (all materials required for a course should be covered under HECS) these costs for students are continually rising. Combine this with a feeble attempt from the government to assist with these costs in the form of Youth Allowance and more and more students are finding it impossible to study. 'Paying their way', a report by the Vice-Chancellor's Commission that was released last year found that students are increasingly taking more time to complete their degrees whilst trying to fit work commitments around



Students in the stranglehold of the education system

their studies. This makes it harder and harder for students from low-income backgrounds to access study, an appalling reflection on Howard's stance on equity.

Last year we saw the introduction of PELS - the Postgraduate Education Loans Scheme. This scheme is heavily opposed by student organisations around the country as it yet again fosters marginalisation and inequity. It is likely that this year will see the introduction of Domestic Undergraduate Students' Loans, which will be one of the biggest changes to higher education since the Dawkins revolution of the 1980s. The architect of HECS, Bruce Chapman argued at the time that HECS was introduced that,

"If you charge up-front fees, poor students will not get in. They will not be able to borrow without a guarantor or without assets, and the reason they will not be able to borrow is that banks will not give them loans where essentially there is no saleable collateral. We do not have slavery. You might like to introduce slavery and you would solve that problem. But in the absence of slavery, banks will not lend because they will receive nothing if you default on a loan. It is not like a house. The bank is annoyed if you default on a mortgage, but it can always sell the house so there is a transaction cost. But they cannot sell human capital."

What then, if the government was to loan students the money? What does this mean for equity? Pretend the year is 2005. A group of four students are having a coffee after

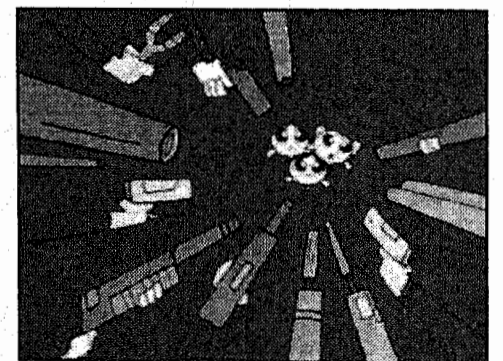
doing their first year psychology lecture at Adelaide Uni. Three students will have paid about \$3600 for their first year subjects which they deferred through HECS. The fourth student meanwhile will have incurred about a \$12 000 debt for studying topics which this student deferred through the new Higher Education Loans Scheme that the Costello Government introduced in 2004 after 18 months of bitter student protests. The three students came from comfortable two professional parent backgrounds, and went on to good private schools and just barely got a high enough score to get a HECS place in their preferred degree. The fourth student went to Rundown High School, came from a single parent family and had their year 12 disrupted by having to look after her younger siblings whilst her single parent was battling bouts of chronic illness. She missed out by one point on getting a HECS-liable spot. She is angry that the Costello Government had been too miserly to expand subsidised university places to meet the obvious demand. Yet she is prepared to do it because it seems the only way out of the poverty trap. She wonders why it is that the poor always seem to be the ones to get the worst deal?

This government has done nothing at all for equity. With the release of the federal budget on Tuesday we can expect more cuts to the University sector. In addition, Dr Brendon Nelson's *Universities at the Crossroads* report is labelled as being one of the most drastic changes to the education system since the 1980s. A senate report last year found that our universities are in crisis - don't be surprised to find out that students are too. Students cannot afford another four years under Howard. We can only hope that by the time the next federal election is called our education system is still operational, and at least to some extent fair and just. It is not the agenda of the federal Liberal/National coalition to be equitable.

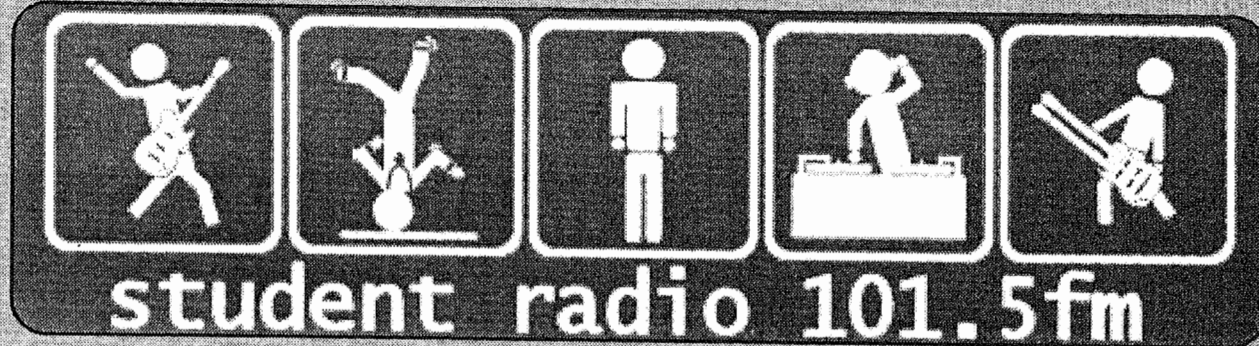
"What is equitable about a situation in which a rich student can buy a place in a university despite having a lower TER score than another who cannot afford to buy a place? What is equitable about a situation in which a rich student can turn down their second or third preference and opt instead for their first preference in a university of their choice when a poorer student must accept what is offered? If there is a correlation between socio-economic status and TER scores, as many believe, it could be argued that students from higher socio-economic backgrounds are already more likely to get back higher TER scores and be offered government funded places in courses of their choice. Why double the advantage to such students by giving them, in essence, a fall back position of being able to buy the places they may not achieve through merit? What is equitable about a system where those who can pay fees have a greater option of choice than those who do not?"

Georgia Heath Education Vice-President

1. Hastings, G. 'Expansion Without Equity', National Union of Students, 2002.
2. Harrison, P. 'A short anthology of HECS and Fees', Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, 2000
3. Media Release, 'Mary O'Kane Reneges on Promise... Up Front Fees to be Introduced!', Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, 1997
4. Media Release, 'Angry students hit out at Adelaide Uni upfront fee plan', National Union of Students, 13/6/97



Students face more than just essay deadlines these days.



SHOW PROFILE

Name of Show: Three Chords
Presenters: Tim and Liam
 (Tim is the attractive one)

Next Show: Last night, 10pm 13th May
 - failing that 10pm 27th May

Style of Music: Punk. Tune in and hear from: Strung Out, NOFX, Rancid and The Lapdogs

Biggest claim to fame: Interviewed who we thought was Fat Mike, but was actually one of Tim's drunken friends.

Describe your show using words that start with the letter I:
 Interesting. Um. Intelligent. No, scratch that last one. Damn it! I'm an engie not a English student. I know: It's really good!

Join Liam and me for a dose of the finest in So-Cal music. It's fast paced, and we only occasionally fake interviews. We guarantee to be more punk than your grandma*. We even know a guy who knows a guy in Lessie Does. How's that for a pedigree!

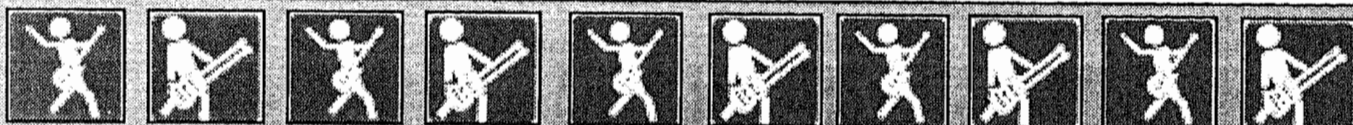
Surveys a-hoy hoy
 Thanks to everyone that filled out a survey for us - we got several hundred responses, and we will look at them all closely. Watch this space for the winner - he (or she) will be announced very shortly!

Also tune in for a chance to win the new One Dollar Short CD. Thanks to Festival Records we have a few copies of *Eight Days Away* for you guys to get your dirty mitts on. Remember, we're on 101.5fm and to give me noise!

Tim and Liam
 Adelaide Uni Student Radio Directors

*Not guaranteed.

	Monday	Tuesday	Saturday
9PM	<p>None The Wiser Alternative music, more alternative music, and a bit of nostalgia. That's what you will find when you join Ashes for a non-interrupted music-fest. Sick of the everyday? Open your mind to the alternative.</p>	<p>Local Noise You know the drill: live acts, live to air -so contrary to popular requests, there will be no sets from the Doors.</p>	<p>If You Think I'm Crazy Stacey and Jakin are two lovely young ladies. Unfortunately they are both insane and listen to indie pop. Join in and help them with their pain.</p>
10PM	<p>Three Chords Those two punkers, Tim and Liam, are back for a third year. Will they learn? Still more punk than your grandma* - *Not guaranteed.</p>	<p>Big Arts Mike Clarkin, famed for his movie reviews on Crud Radio, returns with Big Arts. The hour features music, movie and theatre reviews. Get some culture into you!</p>	<p>London Loves Whipping Piccadilly Brit pop pure and simple. From Blur to Gorillaz you are guaranteed one Damon Albarn track a night* *Not guaranteed.</p>
11PM	<p>Punk Around Two punk shows in a row! You would have thought it was planned like that.</p>	<p>I Took My Prozac Leila and her gang of trained monkeys present a show of giveaways, reviews and indie music.</p>	<p>The G-Spot Idle music, frightfully funky music and prank calls to German tourists, brought to you by a nice bunch of chaps.</p>
12AM	<p>As Heavy As Feeling tired? Lethargic? Short on breath? Then Perhaps you are not getting enough metal in your diet. Heavy As provides 1/3 of your daily metal intake.</p>	<p>Lost In The Mix DJ Dave mixes up dance tracks seamlessly from midnight. He does it so well you'd think he was a commercial DJ. Oh hang on - he is!</p>	<p>Paul and DJ Zanda Two mismatched personalities - one playing funk and the other rock. Join in and find out which one will win.</p>



student radio
give me noise
 → **101.5 FM**

Photo by Matt Carty

committee vacancy

COMMERCIAL OPERATIONS COMMITTEE (1 GENERAL STUDENT MEMBER)

More information on the role of the Commercial Operations Committee is available at the AUU Reception. Applications are to be addressed to the AUU Board and will be received at the AUU Reception, level 1 Lady Symon Building up until 4pm, Friday 31st of May 2002.

Susie Young
 UNION PRESIDENT.



Adelaide University Union



Do you want organic with that?

Forget juice bars and McDonald's new range of 'healthy' food. This year I'm predicting that the new consumer chic will be 'organic'. Is it just me or are heaps of companies hopping on the 'organic' bandwagon? 'Green' products scatter the supermarket shelves, recognised by their earthy colour schemes, pretty pictures depicting natural beauty and their label 'environmentally friendly'. Even Coles has released an 'organic' range! As we learn more about the impact of chemical use, more and more people are becoming aware of how much toxic gunk is put on fruit and vegies to keep them 'fresh'. So how do you distinguish the real McCoy from the organic fakes? Here is a guide to wrap up in your pocket and take next time you go shopping for fruit and vegetables...

Certified Organic means that the product is grown to a set standard that is internationally recognised. Government accredited certifying bodies regularly inspect growers. Land and produce are tested and must be clear of chemical contamination. No harmful chemicals (such as herbicides, pesticides, fungicides, artificial fertilisers and other nasties) can be used in the crop production. No post-

harvest chemical treatments, which are often used on fruit like apples, can be used in organic production. Keep an eye out for industry regulators such as Biological Farmers of Australia, The National Association for Sustainable Agriculture Australia and the Organic Herb Growers of Australia.

Certified Biodynamic means that the product has undergone the same regulations as Certified Organic and is just as safe. The basic difference is that the biodynamic style of growing is based on the teachings of Rudolf Steiner.

Organic/Organically Grown (Uncertified Organic) is a claim made by some growers and retailers that the fruit and vegetables are organically grown. There is no legal definition of the word 'organic' and consequently it depends on the grower's own criteria, therefore, some growers in this category do the right thing and some are being very naughty. Sometimes growers in this category will grow products without using harmful chemicals but will then treat the product with chemical compounds to make it store longer (as often the case with apples). Labelling a product 'organic' without certification allows retailers and producers to prey on the unsuspecting consumer and sell products as organic when they are not.

Minimal Spray is a label designed to make you feel relaxed about consuming the product but does not really have any meaning. There is no set standard for the amount or number of sprays put on conventional fruit and veg, therefore the notion of minimal spray is very dodgy. There is a good chance that these products have been sprayed with chemicals like any other fruit and veg. For example, a grower could use high concentrate toxic chemicals to treat an insect problem and consequently use less spray and label their product 'Minimal Spray' (very clever aren't they?).

Backyard Grown is a fantastic concept, romantically associating the product with small organic growers who lovingly caring for their vegies and deliver fresh to local shops. Unfortunately, in reality, this term has no validity. Backyard grown products can be grown on contaminated land and drenched with harmful chemicals. This category is not regulated and you have to rely on the integrities of the grower and retailer.

Environmentally Friendly Grower is a glorious term thought up in a marketing department late one night over a couple of drinks. An Environmentally Friendly Grower is supposed to put special care into the environment around their properties. The irony is that if they really were environmentally friendly they would stop flooding toxic chemicals into their local waterways and start growing in a sustainable way!

Insecticide Free/Chemical Free has appeared in recent times as organic food has become more chic. In some cases this label is simply used by the grower to conceal their chemical use. In other cases it is used to confuse the public and in rare cases it is actually a reflection of better growing practices. Either way, this category is not regulated and a grower can put as much crud as they want and still label their product Insecticide Free.

So if you really want to be sure that the fruit and vegies that you are eating do not contain a plethora of nasty chemicals and grown in an environmentally friendly manner, Certified Organic and Certified Biodynamic is the only label with any real integrity. These products are of greater nutritional value and less harmful on our bodies - and as a bonus they ensure that soil is regenerated after use, there is less land, water and air pollution and a cleaner environment all round. There are three Certified Organic retailers in Adelaide: The Organic Market in Stirling, The Enchanted Broccoli Forest in Norwood and Central Organic in the Central Market. Plus, there are many organic grocers scattered around the place where you will be able to find Certified Organic products.

So now that you have the knowledge, you as a consumer have the power to choose what you want to eat... to quote Captain Planet (almighty defender of the environment) "THE POWER IS YOURS!"

Kirsty Smith
Students' Association Environment Department Collective

This Thursday is Organic Food Awareness Day. There will be delicious organic soup available from outside Uni Records at lunchtime. Come and taste the

Update on the Goolengook Forest debates: Locals Plead Guilty of Goolengook Attack

Yesterday in the Bairnsdale Magistrates Court, two local men from the logging industry pleaded guilty to charges related to the mob attack on Goolengook protesters in February 2000. The attack, involving 50 men from the region, was the most brutal political terrorism in recent memory. It involved a midnight raid on the long-standing Goolengook protest camp, the assault of at least nine individuals, and the damage of nearly \$30 000 in property including two cars and a motorcycle.

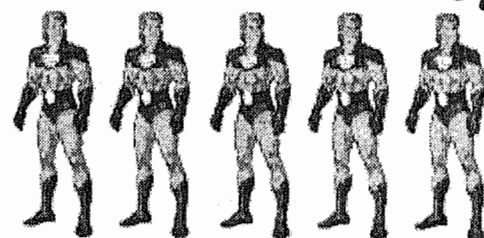
24 men were originally charged with the attack following an investigation by the Bairnsdale Criminal Investigation Bureau (CIB), and of these, three had their charges dropped at a committal hearing in 2001. The current hearing, beginning on Monday with a 25-year-old local man pleading guilty to the charge of unlawful assembly, is expected to run for a week, with a total of ten defendants scheduled to enter pleas.

Yesterday another two local men pleaded guilty to the same charge of unlawful assembly, a common law offence with a maximum penalty of five years imprisonment. This is an admission by the men that they intended to commit a crime using open force. Three more are expected to appear in court today; leaving four more to be heard by the end of the week.

The men will be sentenced when the magistrate has deliberated over the evidence presented this week, which includes statements by the victims of the attack. Another three of the men are expected to enter a plea of "not guilty" and will go to trial later this year. The events of that night were designed to instill terror in the public and prevent them from exercising their right to protest. Terror tactics have been loudly and universally attacked this year. We hope that the sentencing reflects the community's, and the country's, commitment to the principles of peaceful democratic participation and abhorrence for brute terrorist intimidation. It is hoped that the serious nature of this crime will be reflected in sentencing. So far, conservationists have been disproportionately dealt with when charged with non-violent offences; and it's time authorities took an even-handed approach, sending the message that vigilante tactics will not be accepted by the community.

Sarah Hanson, Environment Officer

Genetic Engineering and Organics Awareness Day



Thursday 16th May
Information and exciting yummy organic soup

A Medieval Alphabet

A Lyrical Review of the Medieval Festival

At Adelaide's Annual April Medieval Festival we time-travel back to the Age of chivalry. In the Arena Archers Aim to Amaze us with Awesome displays of their Arrows' Accuracy. Everyone's Been invited by the Baron and Baroness to join in The Tournament festivity, So Bards and Bawds, Bankers and Beggars, Butlers, Barbers, Brewers and Brewsters, Butchers, Bakers and candlestick-makers have traveled from far and wide. Everyone agrees that the Baroness looks Beautiful in a Brilliant Blue silk cote-hardie with Billowing Bagpipe-sleeves. When Coats-of-arms fly at Carrick Hill, Courtiers will Charm Coy Courtesans; for they know that, with every mock battle-blow, these duplicitous Damsels in Distress Will swoon into the nearest Dashing Doublet and affect to Die a thousand Deaths. But first, there are other entertainments. Shall we play Dice, Draughts or El Tablero While Ductias play Dulcetly, or, as we are Entreated: "Eat! Drink and be merry!"? In Feathered Flat-hats we Feast on Game, Guzzle wine from Goblets to Greensleeves. "Alas, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously..." Harken to the Hornpipe; then turn the Handle to make the Hurdy-gurdy Hum. We see Ivy-wreathed maypole-dancers, Jesters, Jugglers, but - alas - no jousters. Hark! A fanfare! The Tournament begins:

"M'Lords 'n' Ladies, Sir Gallantlad holds the field. The challenger is Sir Lungelot. M'Lords, will you salute those whose favour you bear? M'Lords, will you salute your most worthy opponent? For honour and glory, and at the Marshall's command: ... "Lay on!" Knights-in-armor fight to keep us amused, all retire badly battered and bruised. Later languid Lords and Ladies Loll Listening to Lilting tunes from Lutes. All the Merry Men-in-tights-and-tunics Meet and Mingle in the Marketplace: Morris-dancers, Minstrels, Mystics, Mummers Players, even Monks. The Market - stall on Numerology attracts Nobles, knights and peasants alike, for at some time most of us wonder: "How will my year of birth influence my life?" Children plead to pelt Onions At Pickpocket in the Pillory Pages clap with glee at Puppet shows each time Poor Judy's bopped by Punch. The Quills of scribes Quite Quickly pen Quaint parchments in calligraphy. Revelry Rubs Shoulders with Stocks, Swords, Spears and Trebuchet. While minstrels in the Tavern sing lyric Tales of courtly love, outside the Town Crier warns: "Beware of Tavern Thieves!" "Underneath their shining armour," a slightly tipsy squire confides, "all knights - even the Scotsmen - are wearing fighting - treads."

A Village Idiot, attired in Violet Venetians, Vows: "I'm Insulter General!" and proclaims: "Wild men Wield Weapons of War While Weak Women Weave Wool into Worsteds!" X marks the spot for the treasure-trove that plundering pirates Yearn to find. Zillions of Aealots for anachronistic Zaniness flock in fancy dress to frolic at this festivity, for an annual modicum of medieval madness helps to break modern life's monotony; so let us all relive the Age of Chivalry when Carrick Hill is Adelaide's Camelot in 2003!

Suzanna Lyons



And there was much merriment and frivolity...

UNION CALENDAR OF EVENTS MAY

18 THEATRE GUILD
AMADEUS
RUNNING TILL MAY 18
CONTACT MELANIE
HIBBERD PH: 8303 5999

18 TESTEAGLES
SNAP TO ZERO
J-DED
UNIBAR
DOORS OPEN 7:30
TIX \$12 AT THE DOOR
ONLY

19 ONE DOLLAR
SHORT
THINKTANK
IRRELEVANT &
STR
UNIBAR
ALL AGES
TIX \$10 FROM CIB &
VENUETIX

20 SIDELINE PRODUCTIONS
LITTLE THEATRE
RUNNING FOR TWO
WEEKS

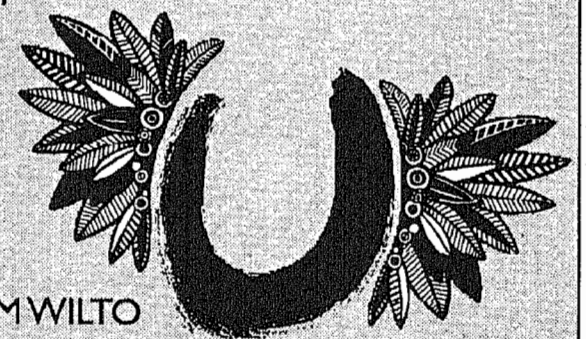
23 BIGGEST MORNING TEA EVER PARTY
FUNDRAISER ANTI-CANCER
FOUNDATION
CONTACT PAUL HUEBL
PH: 8303 3901

24 UANTAR
JOURNEY OF HEALING DAY
BBQ, MUSIC BY CASM, SPEAKERS FROM WILTO
YERLO CLOISTERS 12:00 - 2:00PM CONTACT
CLUBS
PH:8303 3410

25 BODYJAR
SERAPH'S COAL
FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY
UNIBAR
TIX \$16.50
FROM CIB & VENUETIX

27-31 SAUA WEEK
CONTACT BEK CORNISH
PH: 8303 3897

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WISH TO INCLUDE IN NEXT MONTH'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION ON 8303 5401 OR VISIT THE WEBSITE AT www.union.adelaide.edu.au



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BECOMING A SUPERHERO

People may think that the life of a superhero is glamorous and exciting. Of course, there's the charity benefits to attend and the Mayor's annual ball to shmooze at, but apart from this a lot of hard work goes into maintaining the façade of a crimefighter. And I'm not just talking about making sure the generator's charged so you can project your logo into the sky. Becoming a superhero is a long and involved process, rather like a delicate recipe. Step out of place in just one area and your entire persona could blow up in your face and then where would you be? Looking for a new line of work, that's where. Every city needs a protector, and there are hordes of wannabe superheroes just lined up to take your place. So let's start at the most important step.

NAMING YOUR ALTER-EGO

Some argue radiation, others poisonous bites. I say the real defining characteristic of a superhero is their name. For a start, it has to separate you from your everyday existence. The Amazing Fred Foster is unlikely to inspire trust in anybody, nor will anyone going by the name of Fairly Incredible Man or Captain Average. Similarly, don't exaggerate your abilities. It's no good calling yourself Captain Invincible if your finest achievement to date is successfully completing the entire Sierra King's Quest series. Further, be conscious of undesirable traits leaking out through your name. Calling yourself Warhammer Boy after you champion reign over all the other Gamers in the town will not earn you customers. Most importantly, don't lie. If you're planning on calling yourself the Invisible Woman, make sure it's true. In short, don't be so modest as to cloak your abilities completely, but don't be arrogant with your prowess. Choose a name that suggests power, virtue and above all heroism. Captain Power works well, as does Thundergirl and Justiceman. At the end of the day, you want the city to believe you are helping them through your own desire for peace and virtue, not because of the whopping great amounts of cash that come your way as a result.

SELECTING AN OUTFIT

In the past it has been fashionable to don oneself in masses of sticky plastic and lycra. Designers believe these things will mould to the body and display sculpted abs and buiging packages. Indeed, it seems unlikely that a day will ever arrive when superheroes no longer feel the pressure to show off their toned and sleek torsos in impractical itchy fabrics. It's hard enough battling the Captain Fireball without having to worry about your costume melting or how you'll cope if your knickers ride up your bum. Still, until it becomes acceptable to save the world in a free flowing mumu designed to provide a healthy breeze around your nether regions, it seems we must all cope. Remember to choose an outfit that reflects your character. Don't wear an orange cape and call yourself the Blue Moonman, it will only confuse people. Similarly, avoid going for style over practicality. A black hat may look mysterious but unless it conceals some shakram like abilities, it's probably wise to give it a miss. Neutral colours work quite well, as they stand for dependability and not wacky insanity the likes of which springs from the Green Goblin, the Riddler and Poison Ivy.

MAINTAINING YOUR CRIMECAVE

Apart from your physical appearance, your crimecave is the most important key to achieving respectability as a superhero. There are a few dos and don'ts that apply to any respectable superhero, and they can be very easily applied. It's imperative that your crimecave look like a mass of technological gadgets and whizbangs, because any superhero worth their salt knows that this is what the chicks look at first. Think streamlined and hi-tech and you can't go wrong. Everyone loves a novelty item, but a Garfield phone or Mickey Mouse's Dixie Band are no-gos for your Presidential hotline. For the superhero, there's no such thing as a car-hole. Rather, you'll want your vehicle rotating on a silver turntable in the center of your hub, ready for quick attendance to scenes of dastardly crime. Attached to the turntable, and in fact connected all throughout the cave, must be a highly advanced security system, governed by lasers, cornea identification tests and movement sensors. It's no good setting up a piece of trip wire attached to some loud paintcans. Don't forget your power generator and mainframe computer, and possibly invest in a moving display of the solar system while you're at it. You never know when those crazy enemies will act on an eclipse. However, most importantly you must have a dark and brooding corner to retreat to where you may reflect on the devastating acts of atrocity, probably against your family, that your arch enemy committed and which in turn forced you into a life of secrecy and ultimately vengeance.

CHOOSING THE PERFECT SIDEKICK

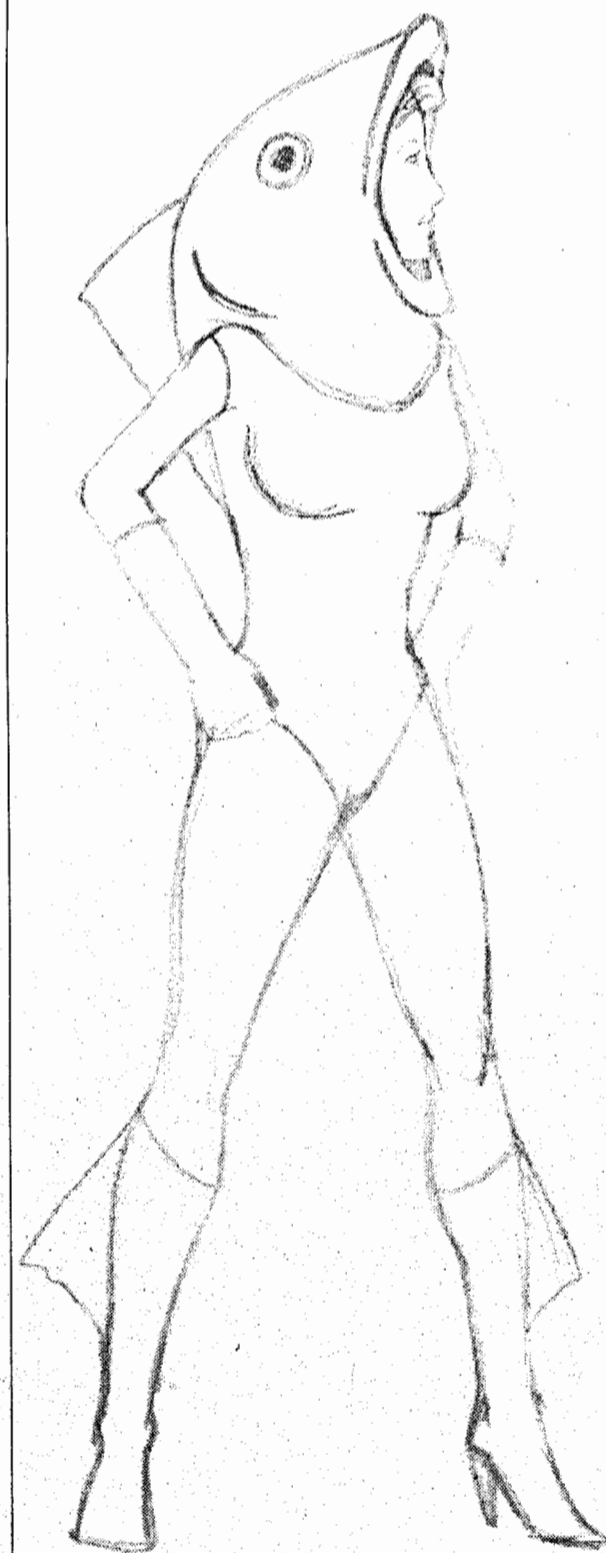
Whether it's a girl or a boy wonder, your enemies will judge you by the sidekicks you keep. No one wants a wimpy sidekick, so make sure your wunderkind is as full as pith and vigour as you were the day you first started. (Although be careful they don't get too big for their latex. Once they start thinking they can manage without you you'll have a tough battle on your hands, and then it's nothing but work, work, work and no time for the Mayor's Ball.) An important thing to remember is that your sidekick should never surpass you in the crumpet stakes. They are there to make you look more glamorous and sexy. Nor should their skills outmatch yours. They are supposed to be emulating you, not subdividing. Beware of sidekicks that are still experiencing puberty. That can be quite wrecking on your nerves, especially when your Boy Wonder sulks for four months on end and your Girl Wonder falls in love with your enemy ("Because he's, like, so dark and mysterious, but you can, like, tell it's 'cos he's been, like, hurt real bad by someone in the past...") In short, a sidekick is a necessary evil. You'd much rather manage without them, but with them there you at least get to play the part of the dishy older superhero and that can be a real turn-on for the fans.

So it's not easy being a superhero. There's the name to consider, not to mention your threads and you can't just call the decorator in for something as complex as your crimecave. If you manage to survive the moods of your sidekick you'll have barely enough time to pamper yourself for all the hordes of men or women just dying to go out with you. But there are the perks. You'll get to be on first name terms with the President, and there's always the country club where you can go and relax. Most of all there's the fun in discovering that an entire city can be stupid enough to fall for a costume that consists of lycra, plastic and occasionally a pair of glasses. Go figure. For now, work on developing some actual superhero skills, and being able to eat your entire weight in pizza is not one of them, and doesn't lead to dishiness in a spandex tube. It's a tough life, but as they say, "Everybody needs a superhero".

The Red Herring

*Not guaranteed to be all my own ideas.

The Red Herring displays her choice superhero outfit.



IF SHE CAN DO IT, ANYONE CAN:

Journey of an Honours Student

Crammed into a classroom worded up as a tutorial room, I sit before a casually dressed and reclined Fern Brennan. My classmates do the same, face-to-face with their subjects. The task: interview a fellow Honours Creative Writing student. Above the hubbub of life story exchange — we fledgling interviewers don't know the meaning of 'listen' — I am overwhelmingly distracted and annoyed by an incessant hum. In a moment the source is located. What was first imagined as the rhythmic snoring of an excessively apathetic supreme being proves to be little more than the lights above. With a focus in mind: Fern's drawn out education, the humming lights are all too reminiscent of my rural state school. "What is it with school lights? They always sound like jetfighter engines," I remark. "That's country schools for ya. They can't afford lights that don't rattle and explode."

Not a morsel of self-consciousness inhibits Fern, nor is she up herself. She has the composure of a proud battler. She dresses in gypsy florals. Her flowing skirts are adorned with Indian elephants and tiny mirrors that catch the light. Her groovy brown boots are not mere shoes, but home to her feet. Cottons and hems are most common. Her face is alive. It is a face lit with either the anticipation of an impending joke or the remnants of the last told — I've never figured out which. It is likely a mixture of both.

Fern wears financial difficulty like crown jewels. She enjoys mocking the rich and musing over her current address, "Ever-ard Park," she mimics, with a plum in her mouth as big as a watermelon. "That's how they say it's pronounced... and it's like, 'Well, fuck me, am I the only one renting in my street? I think I'm the only one renting in my suburb!'"

Before I know what's hit me our class time is up. Fern agrees to meet me again provided I feed her. We plan to meet Friday at four, then quarter past.

Friday 4:30 comes and goes and still no Fern. As I know better, I'm not anxious. Fern's not known for her punctuality. She's about as on time as a temperamental supermodel. If she were to arrive now, I'd class it as early. Perhaps I'd worry that something was wrong. I

wouldn't know what — it would be one of those inexplicable causes for concern.

Fern arrives with Tilly, her adorably round-headed two-year-old. Many hold the misconception that kids are cute for no reasons other than child naivete and comparative smallness. This is codswallop. Kids are the same as adults: some are nice to look at and others, simply put, are not. Tilly falls into the former 'nice to look at' category, and her clothes are just as cute as her head and body. A frilly pink collar pokes out from beneath a fluffy blue Kermit dress; she has legs striped black and white with Play School stockings.

As Tilly plays with dead leaves in my college courtyard, I ask Fern to tell me

more about Leigh Creek. The exploding lights story has me interested. Amidst lively complaints of the school's inadequacies, Fern demonstrates her point in an account of Year Eleven Science. "We collected fuckin' ants for a whole term. We dug up an ants' nest tryin' to find the queen. It's like, 'I think they've moved. We've been diggin' the same hole for fuckin' two weeks now!'"

Fern moved to an Adelaide high school in Year Twelve. Her marks for that year, however, were not as she'd hoped. She attributes this to poor preparation in Year Eleven. Once more, her parents moved. Fern, seeking to "avoid that country bullshit", stayed in Adelaide to complete Year Thirteen. She "wrote a letter to the local rag" and organised to board with a family. With uni in mind, Fern knew she needed better marks in her second attempt at the SACE. Fortunately, she scored well and received an offer into Arts at Adelaide Uni. "I hated it...with a fuckin' passion. It was hard to make friends and I'd always had friends. I never felt like I fitted in. I never thought I was clever enough to be there."

Needless to say, Fern's first year at uni was not a positive learning experience. During tutorials she felt too intimidated to ask questions and join discussions. She began missing tutorials. At the end of first year she resorted to drinking Ipecac (a chemist bought drug which induces

vomiting) to escape sitting her English exam. She promptly obtained a doctor's certificate along with a "needle in the arse," she laughs. The plan worked. She resat the exam some weeks later, scoring a mark of 59%.

Remarkably, Fern managed to pass all but one of her first year units. Her downfall was Philosophy. "I actually asked Mum to write the second [Philosophy] essay...and she failed it!" At this, Fern's entire body ripples with mirth. "She wrote it on abortion. It was terrible. It was sappy and female..." "Oh, abortion..." she parodies in a pseudo Vallum-induced stupor. Fern concludes that she deserved to fail.

Despite her hatred of uni life and, most

especially, uni workload, Fern enrolled full-time the following year. Still friendless, she passed one subject and failed the rest.

"I failed everything, but it was so beautiful. I passed something in the first semester and then I just dropped out and stopped going and then I started second semester and I thought, 'What the fuck am I doing here?'" I went to bits and pieces and failed everything bar one. So I go in there [Administration Office] and they say, 'You haven't enrolled properly. You weren't actually enrolled for this year.'" So

I went to bits and pieces and failed everything bar one. So I go in there and they say, 'You haven't enrolled properly. You weren't actually enrolled for this year.'

I haven't got that on my transcript! When I found out I said, "Don't bother!" But they did something for me so the only subject I passed came up on the computer. So I've got that one on my transcript. It was bloody beautiful!"

Fern attributes the failure of her first attempt at second year to, "pot smoking, bad men and the shit hole industrial area [she] was living in."

In 1994 Fern took a break from uni to work full-time. She was employed by her friend, Guitta, who owned and managed Marlon Road Childcare Centre. She never gave up on her Arts degree, stating: "My dad fucked around for ten years before he got his Arts degree. I always knew I'd get mine eventually — I was just takin' my time."

The following year Fern continued working at the childcare centre, though she picked up one unit in second semester. For

personality of the uni was in stark contrast with her own, she thought. "I've always been casual. Even though I had good marks in high school, I always made jokes in class and did everything last minute. At that time I still thought uni was an anally retentive shit hole."

Consequently, Fern ditched most of her units. She failed second year for the second time. "I passed one subject though," she is quick to add.

Finally, seven years from her initial enrolment, Fern made good of her innate belief in eventual success. She passed second year. "Third time lucky...and I did really well!" She is taken aback. "I did really well," she repeats, legitimising her success with reinforcement. "I went in full-time. It was the third time I'd attempted second year. I'd stopped working. I moved to Woodville with Darren and my brother was living out the back in a little unit."

All at once, her face darkens. She recalls something unpleasant. "I did really well, but I was so pissed off because this chick told me I needed to enrol in a first year subject. She was like an adviser and said I had one to pick up...but I didn't. Somehow I found out I didn't need it. In the end, I forgot about it and I bloody-well ended up getting charged for it. I did really well — credits in everything bar one — and there, in with these shit-hot marks, is a fuckin' fail!"

With only three units to go, Fern entered third year. In the first semester, she fell pregnant with Tilly. She had always wanted a child. "I was desperate for a kid ever since my late teens. It was too early then, of course, but I'd play with other people's babies and really want one." Tilly was planned upon. Having a child out of wedlock posed no problems for Fern, "I've never thought heaps about getting married, you know, like some women do, but I knew I wanted kids."

Despite serious bouts of morning sickness, Fern managed to score credits in her three final units. "I never-ever got a distinction at uni. I never fuckin' worked that hard!"

Tilly's birth in November of that year conveniently coincided with the end of Fern's Arts degree. After eight long years, she made it. Now an Honours student, having submitted a successful creative writing portfolio, Fern's all set for a burgeoning career as a children's author. Her admittance into Honours is, as a lone fact, astonishing. When you factor in that she managed to squeeze a Grad.DipEd between Tilly's nappies and a creative writing portfolio, one can only gasp in admiration.

Not only has a new breed of Honours student been born, but also a new breed of English teacher; one with the ever-versatile philosophy (though admittedly philosophy is not her strong point): "If I can do it, anyone can."

Angela McIntosh



The

Stanley George

Variety Page

COLUMBIAN POLICE WERE DELIGHTED to discover a man cultivating more than one hundred marijuana plants on the balcony of his family home. When questioned about the matter, the man claimed that he was growing the plants as part of a backdrop for a feature film that he was making about the life of Bob Marley. He was sentenced to twelve years in prison. What a champion.

CALL ME CALLOUS, BUT I can't seem to shake the feeling that refugees have become terribly passé. Pretty soon, the whole asylum seeker saga will fade into the same obscurity that swallowed the republican debate, the cash for comment scandal, Pauline Hanson and the GST.

Am I crazy? Surely I'm not the only person on this dishwasher continent who no longer gives a rat's arse about what has become the most worn out and confused issue still clinging to the headlines. So much has been written about the situation, and almost all of it has been critical of the Howard Government's stance. So many damning critiques of the Pacific Solution, so many whingeing humanitarians waxing lyrical about the injustice of it all. As far as I'm concerned, the entire issue has been utterly exhausted. There should have been no need for the hundreds of thousands of words that have been written about the subject. The inherent cruelty demonstrated by detaining confused and disorientated asylum seekers in the middle of the desert should be nigh-on self evident. We all know that locking-up destitute refugees is unfair. Such a ridiculous practice is akin to telling Jesus, "Sorry, that whole crown of thorns thing was really something, but we've already got someone sitting at the right-hand-side of the Heavenly Father. Never mind, the Angels all chipped-in and got you a carton of cigarettes."

Okay, so maybe I do give a rat's arse. These poor bastards have been robbed blind by people smuggling rackets, forced to cross the Indian Ocean on a rickety boats, burnt in the equatorial heat, soaked, crushed and half starved to death. That kind of suffering, filth and degradation isn't funny - not even to a black-hearted bastard like me.

What's more, Australia's gormless masses have finally begun to realise this. People are no longer surprised when disgruntled detainees and hippies kick up a stink. Why? Because nowadays it's almost common knowledge that the kind of people who wash up on our shores have seen more shit than most people alive today. That kind of public education is no mean feat. Bear in mind the fact that it took the voting public almost three years before it finally realised that Pauline Hanson was rotten.

People like you and me have been bleating about the plight of refugees since well before Tampa. What has it

achieved? The Howard Government is as keen as ever on the idea of locking them up and sending them away. If anything, the more we protest and complain, the better Howard and Ruddock look in the eyes of talk-back listeners. Elderly conservatives applaud the kind of steadfast conviction and leadership required to incarcerate thousands of innocent refugees, no matter how many bleeding-heart beatniks and communists demand otherwise.

The real task is no longer educating the public about how unfortunate the situation is. It's a safe bet that the amount of Australians who care has already reached saturation point. What's more, a cruel stance on boat people will always be popular

with the Coalition's stubbornly conservative support base. Queensland will freeze over before elderly viewers of *A Current Affair* begin to care about hordes of unwashed terrorist fugitives flooding in from the orient.

What is needed here is an understanding of the enemy. The Coalition has for some time been taking advantage of the Australian public's justifiable discomfort with the thought of haggard foreigners washing up on our remotest beaches. Whether you fear them or sympathise with them, boat people are an emotive issue in Australian society, and emotive issues add up to political paydirt for ruthless politicians like the Prime Minister. As soon as he found out that a Norwegian container ship had intercepted the largest boatload of asylum seekers that this country had ever seen, John Howard made sure that the Australian Navy would start taking orders directly from the Prime Ministers' office.

What followed was the kind of misinformation campaign that would have made Goebbels prouder than punch. Within days, Defence Public Relations had issued standing orders to all naval personnel in the vicinity of Christmas Island that strictly forbade the recording of any "humanising images" of the refugees. A no-fly-zone was imposed over the ship, and planes on Christmas Island were grounded on the Defence Minister's authority. Journalists were threatened with arrest if they so much as thought about taking pictures of the rescued asylum seekers.

In effect, the Prime Minister's office, in conjunction with Australian Defence PR, had managed to place an airtight gag on the whole story for at least two days. This gave the gov-

ernment time enough to construct a plan that would best take advantage of the situation. There was no way those damned towelheads were taking up space in Woomera. The Tampa incident would become a grand example of the Prime Minister's steadfast handling of boat people. And that's exactly how it turned out. No member of the Coalition will ever say it in public, but Tampa practically saved John Howard's election campaign. Indeed, one might be forgiven for thinking that the two great news stories of last year - September 11 and Tampa - were the only real reasons why John Howard is still Prime Minister of this country.

To this day, refugees are still one of the largest cogs in Howard's PR machine. Last week, in an effort to appear both caring and pragmatic, Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock announced that the Federal Government would lift the annual migrant intake by more than 90,000 places. At the media conference, Ruddock took great pains to emphasise the fact that the bulk of the increase would include an extra ten thousand or so skilled migrants per annum. "This is a program that is well managed, is operating in the national interest and enables us to continue to be a generous contributor to relieving the plight of refugees who have the greatest need around the world."

Aww. Aint he a softie? What Ruddock failed to mention in any explicit terms was the humanitarian category of the migrant intake remaining at a paltry 12,000 - a figure that leaves almost no room for Australia's fair share of those refugees

nominated by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees as in urgent need of resettlement. Never mind those poor souls - they should have been smart enough to get science degrees.

What we have here is a government that has no qualms about capitalising on the suffering of downtrodden members of the global community. It is a system of

misinformation and propaganda. We know that boat people have live through the roughest times imaginable. We know that genuine refugees are getting fucked over. We know that conservative elements in our society are concerned that we will be swamped by thousands of heathen Arabs. What is worse, most of us know that our current government is more than willing to convert the whole mess into raw political capital.

We know, we know, we know. Enough has been said about the injustices faced by refugees. What we really need is a cultural change, so that our government will be obliged to do something about it. Most of all, we need to make sure that as many people as possible know about the kind of government that would rather let tens of thousands of innocent people rot in the desert than lose favour amongst an ever growing population of xenophobic pensioners.

ACCORDING TO A STUDY carried out by the Kinsley Institute for Research into Sex, Gender and Reproduction, people who were breastfed as babies are more intelligent than those who weren't. The results indicate that the average breastfed subject scored an intelligence quotient some six points higher than people who were forced to settle for a rubber teat.

Apparently, there is some crazy protein found only in breast milk that enhances the development of infant brain matter. The way I figure, if scientists can synthesise this protein and feed massive doses of the stuff to newborn babies, we can once and for all defeat the stubborn popularity of monster trucks and reality TV inside a generation.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney

What followed was the kind of misinformation campaign that would have made Goebbels prouder than punch.

Enough has been said about the injustices faced by refugees. What we really need is a cultural change, so that our government will be obliged to do something about it.

Do you have dry, flakey skin?

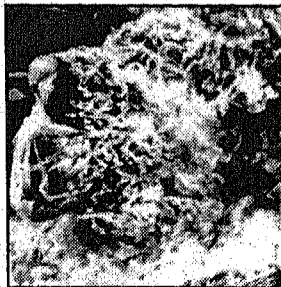
Do you want to look younger?

Then go to a burns unit and get some perspective on life.

A public service message brought to you by the charity branch of *The Stanley George Variety Page*.

Stan Cares

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The University Machine

This University is a large industrial machine made from cement. Whoever built it - and for what purpose is unknown to me.

It takes us in as bright, motivated and exploitable substrate and begins to churn us through The System, placing us under all manner of pressure and distress from day one. In my opinion, the task of obtaining a timetable, class locations and tutorial sessions deserves a degree in itself.

But this is only a preview of what The Machine has in store for us. In a coldly mechanical process we are bombarded with assignments and tests. The seemingly small workload explodes exponentially without warning and unless we want to be helplessly vacuumed with flailing arms into the downward spiral of failure, we are forced to board the Rollercoaster of catching up. This Rollercoaster has no safety features. Hanging on loosely to the Rollercoaster often results in being flung into an area of cluelessness, the first signs of which are when lecturers seem to be talking in a language from another star system. I can see that many of my fellow students are already aboard this confounded vehicle.

I am not completely sure, but I am highly suspicious that something, somewhere, gains sadistic pleasure from this.

The System purposely adds some unnecessary obstacles to this Rollercoaster (such as mid-semester tests), causing the Rollercoaster to twist and turn so violently that eventually our brains are numbed until we forget our childhood innocence and soon our ways of thinking are changed. Imagination loses all importance and fantasy becomes eclipsed by truth. Freedom is second rate to timetables and deadlines.

Our first response is usually frustration and anger. The System expects this. Methodically it turns our anger into dismay; then dismay seamlessly converts to weary acceptance as we are slowly but surely moulded into a different kind of animal. We lose the will to fight as our energy is leached by sleeplessness, stair-climbing and low-vitamin campus food. By natural selection, the weaker of us are weeded out as by-products and ejected back into society without even so much as a 'thank you for trying'. Those unfortunates are then ostracized by the University. As our personalities fade, we instinctively crave an identity and so end up joining things like the Maths Society (no one joins for the barbecues).

Those of us who survive the harsh turmoil of The System eventually become the product that the Creator of the Machine wanted us to be: a tie-wearing employee, predictable, unquestioning and attentive to whoever may

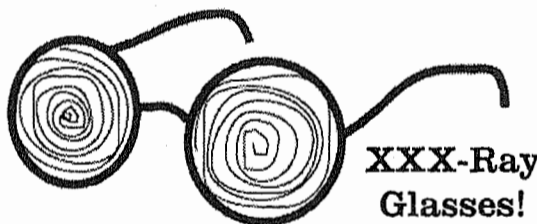
next be in charge when we are spat out into the workforce, dazed and blinking under a new analytical spotlight. No longer are we high school individuals, guided and coaxed into tapping our intellectual potential. Now we are referred to by our 'student numbers' and no one really cares if we pass or fail. Our influence on University statistics is minimal. To the faceless University we are numbers.

I have already succumbed to the hypnotic glare of overhead projectors and the monotonous voices of the lecturers. They too are puppets of the machine, their personalities are as important to the University as their opinions.

Every morning as I walk into university, I secretly stare with hidden loathing at the passing faculties, wondering where the hell

my individuality went. This is my last remaining act of defiance before I quickly and quietly file into a lecture and get my notes out...

Lee Farrand
is a first year Biotechnology student.



Simply send in 39 vouchers to the *On Dit* Office to receive a FREE twelve percent discount off the price of your choice of krypton-green, radioactive red or fuschia triple-X glasses.

**THEY ACTUALLY
WORK!!***

*Glasses may not actually work



Centrelink Form Fax Service

The SAUA will now fax your fortnightly Youth Allowance form to Centrelink for you.

Just bring your form into the Students' Association Office before 4pm on the day that they are due, and pick up the hard copy the next day. Please note that the SAUA will not take responsibility

for any forms that fail to be processed. This is a service provide by the SAUA Education Department. For more information contact Georgia Heath, Education Vice President on 8303 3898



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Sugar and spice and all things nice...

LIKE many of you, I was a child of the 1980s, and as such the whole comic book thing doesn't mean much to me. As a TV baby, cartoons and animated features were more my thing. Another likely contributing factor in this ambivalence is my gender – how many female comic book heroines can you think of? Kids strive to identify with and mould themselves upon these characters, and some tough-looking guy in tights just didn't do it for me.

Here, I've pondered a selection of my childhood heroines. Who were they? Why did I love them? What did they give me? Why did my parents spend so much on crappy merchandise? More to the point, why do I still own this merchandise today?

HEROINE Jem (aka Jerrica Benton)

ALLIES: Holograms bandmates Kimber, Aja, Shana and Raya; Synergy (fairy godmother type), Danse (choreographer), Video (music video director), Lindsey (VJ), Rio (Jem's boyfriend), Riot (boy band member).

ADVERSARIES: Rival band the Misfits – Pizzazz, Roxy, Stormer and Jetta; Clash (Video's cousin), Eric Raymond (Misfits manager).

SUPER POWERS: With a touch of her star-shaped earrings and a little help from Synergy ("Show time, Synergy!"), Jerrica Benton transformed, hologram-projection style, into rock star Jem!

MISSION: As daytime director of the Starlight Foundation, a foster home for girls, Jerrica morphed into Jem and held benefit gigs with her band, the Holograms, to raise money for the charity.

PC VALUE: Shana's African-American, and Raya came from a large Hispanic family in L.A. You could say that the Holograms were a good example of sisters doing it for themselves, especially in contrast with the antagonistic Misfits, who had to rely on a male manager for success.

IN HINDSIGHT: Says a Jem enthusiast and webmaster: "Jem and the Holograms was the premier cartoon about a fantasy world of girl-glam rock. It was every little girl's dream at one point to grow up and be a rock star like Jem. The cartoon totally encapsulates not only the fashions and lingo of the late 80s, but also the culture, ideals, and desires of the great decade." Actually, I think my introduction to Jem was more because my mum bought me a colouring book with a name kind of like mine on the cover. The cartoon was pretty PC for its power-dressing time, but nonetheless operated on the good girl – bad girl dichotomy. Still, I think this was a pretty damn good show.

HEROINE Rainbow Brite

ALLIES: Her sprite, Twink, and the Colour Kids – Red Butler, La La Orange, Canary Yellow, Patty O'Green, Buddy Blue, Indigo, and Shy Violet.

ADVERSARIES: Murky Dismal and Lurky, drivers of the Grunge Buggy, who wished to make Rainbow Land dark and dreary.

SUPER POWERS: The possession of Star Sprinkles and Colour Crystals. The exact details of how these were used escape me.

MISSION: To defend the Rainbow Land's colour, whilst prancing around on her horse, Starlight. This was done with the help of the Colour Kids.

PC VALUE: Although our heroine was predictably blonde and blue-eyed, good female characters outnumbered the guys, and Indigo appeared to be a woman of colour. Slightly irksome however is the fact the bespectacled Shy Violet had to be typecast as the Smart Girl, accompanied by a sprite named I.Q.

IN HINDSIGHT: I don't remember the actual cartoon for this one very well either. But marketing works, and over the course of 1986-7 I accumulated a Shy Violet doll, a stuffed Starlight, and a pillowcase badly printed with rip-off approximations of the characters. I guess it's a good sign that I gravitated towards the Smart Girl (because there can only be one, of course) when spoilt for choice at Toytown.



HEROINE She-Ra, the Princess of Power (aka Princess Adora, and twin sister of He-Man, aka Adam)

ALLIES: Swift Wind her horse, Bow, Glimmer, Angella (Glimmer's mother), Castaspella, Double Trouble (who never made it to the show, only the merchandise) and Frosta, among others. These are the ones available as dolls in showbags from the Royal Show, circa 1987.

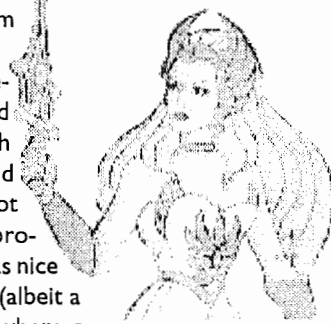
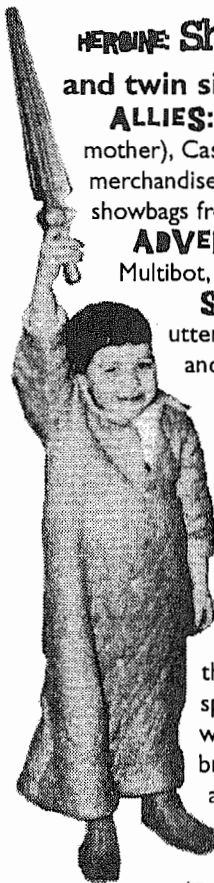
ADVERSARIES: The Horde: Hordak, Catra, Entrapta, Modulock, Multibot, Mantanna, Scorpia, Leech, Imp, Shadow Weaver and Grizzlor.

SUPER POWERS: To transform from Adora to She-Ra, she had only to utter, "For the honour of Greyskull; I am She-Ra." Then she had a sword, and lots of friends with special powers.

MISSION: To protect Etheria from the evil Horde.

PC VALUE: According to a She-Ra website, the show was dropped because Mattel was trying to push Barbie in the 80s, and the demand for the other blonde, She-Ra, was not considered enough to continue production. Fuckers. Nonetheless, it was nice that for two seasons we had a show (albeit a spin-off of the successful He-Man) where a woman (She-Ra was 19, according to the number of candles on her twin brother's birthday cake) led the charge, instead of hanging back as an accomplice or love interest.

IN HINDSIGHT: Geez, I loved this show (see picture). I don't remember much of it now, but it now seems pretty sophisticated next to bits of fairy floss like Care Bears, another old favourite of mine.



HEROINE Strawberry Shortcake

ALLIES: Almond Tea and Marza Panda, Angel Cake and Souffle Skunk, Apple Dumplin', Apricot and Hopsalot, Baby Needs A Name and Fig Boot, Blueberry Muffin, Butter Cookie and Jelly Bear, Cafe Ole and Burrito Donkey, Cherry Cuddler and Gooseberry Goose, Crepe Suzette and Eclair Poodle, Huckleberry Pie, Lem and Ada and Sugar Woofer, Lemon Meringue, Lime Chiffon and Parfait Parrot, Mint Tulip and Marsh Mallard, Orange Blossom, Peach Blush and Melonie Belle, Purple Pieman, Raspberry Tart.

ADVERSARIES: As if someone called Strawberry Shortcake could have an enemy! Besides, the merchandise marketing continued far longer than the actual cartoon, so any kind of in-depth narrative was left undeveloped.

SUPER POWERS: Her sickly-sweet fragrance – grotesque to grown-ups but cool for kids. On this note, Heather Hendershot has a fascinating essay in Pat Kirkham's *The Gendered Object*, called 'Dolls: odour, disgust, femininity and toy design' on Strawberry Shortcake's stench and the construction and socialisation of femininity.

MISSION: To make grown-ups' food into cute characters? Again, the characterisation was sufficiently undeveloped to leave this unclear.

PC VALUE: Strawberry Shortcake reinforced the masquerade of ideal Western femininity; a good girl is sweet as sugar, yummy to consume, a lady smells (unnaturally) nice, pink is for girls, and other bullshit in that kind of vein. In fact, the character I'd like to know more about is the naughty sounding Raspberry Tart!

IN HINDSIGHT: I don't ever recall seeing the short-lived cartoon, but I owned an S.S. plastic soap dish in the shape of a rowboat with the lady herself perched at one end, and a little vinyl handbag shaped like a strawberry. I found the soap dish the other day and upon sniffing proved to still have a faint odour of fake strawberry; God knows what it must have smelt like when it was purchased 15 years ago.



Gemma Clark laments the day her She-Ra sword was thrust up into the roof gutters to rot and never be seen again.

Feel like reminiscing some more?
Visit a great website at www.80schildren.com

BUT...I HAVE INVADER'S BLOOD MARCHING THROUGH MY VEINS LIKE GIANT RADIOACTIVE RUBBER PANTS! THE PANTS COMMAND ME...DO NOT IGNORE MY VEINS!

Originally, in keeping with the theme of the issue of *On Dit* you now hold in your grubby little uni student hands, I was going to write this article about supervillains. You know, those guys dressed in overly tight, brightly multicoloured spandex, continually hurling four-colour platitudes at the hero of the piece while trying to hold his crumbling criminal empire together.

Fuck that. Ever since I saw the travesties, in both print and animated media, known variously as *Dragon Ball Z*, *Pokemon* (and its multitude of analogues) and *Beast Wars*, I vowed never to bear witness to the common people's comic or cartoon again. Yes, I still watch *The Simpsons*. That's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about the common people's comic or cartoon as something produced not for the sake of wit or humour, but to meet a profit projection.

In my not-so-humble opinion, I think it's high time we saw more cartoons and comics in the vein of Jhonen Vasquez's celluloid

Prozac *Invader Zim*, Warren Ellis' magnum opus-in-print that is *Transmetropolitan*, and Internet comic strips such as the magnificent work of Michael Krahulik and Jerry Parkinson (aka John Gabriel and Tycho Brahe) on their website *Penny Arcade*.

I remember a time when cartoons were good; the dizzying heights of celluloid power, as it were. *Astro Boy* (aka *Mighty Atom*), *Battle of the Planets* (aka *G-Force*), *Transformers*, *Voltron*, and *Seven Cities of Gold* (still, in my mind, the one of the best

cartoons ever produced) all entertained us even though the companies producing them were slowly losing money. Sure merchandising deals saved a lot of them (I single-handedly bailed out *Voltron's* production company with my massive collection of action figures), but that's not what they were aiming for. They wanted to produce cartoons to entertain, not to cash in on the ignorant parents of some greasy little seven-year-old bastard kid who continually complains about

not having another version of Mewtwo to go in his *Pokemon* card collection.

Kids these days don't appreciate good celluloid. They sit down in front of their televisions of a morning, glued to the box until it's all over. They slowly absorb all the mindless drivel into their brains like a grease trap at a roadside diner. It slowly congeals and coalesces and these young impressionable kids turn out to be snotty-nosed brats with their sole advantage in life being they have memorized every incarnation of every *Pokemon* character, every special move of every *Dragon Ball Z* hero or villain, and every possible spin-off series that could be milked from the corpse of the *Transformers* juggernaut that is *Beast Wars*.

Another side effect of all this is the softening of these kids. When you watch an old episode of *Seven Cities of Gold*, people died. Right there. Right in front of you. In full inked-in celluloid glory. Not on

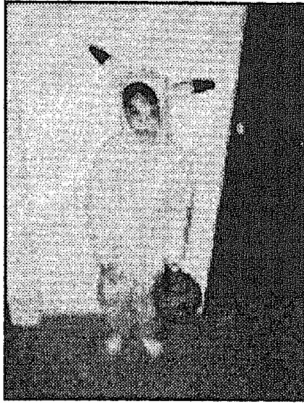
Pokemon, oh no. The reason people of our generation are so toughened when we see violence and acts of brutality is not because we play violent computer games or are in some way more cynical or pessimistic than the rest of the world (although this is often the case). No, it's because we saw some

Spaniard getting whacked in the first episode of *Seven Cities of Gold* when we were four. It's because we know, deep in our hearts, that

Sven left the *Voltron* gang because he was completely and utterly insane. It's because *Astro Boy* had concepts and ideas that scare me now as a 24-year-old.

I miss cartoons. I really do. And remember: Guns don't kill people. Kids who watch cartoons kill people.

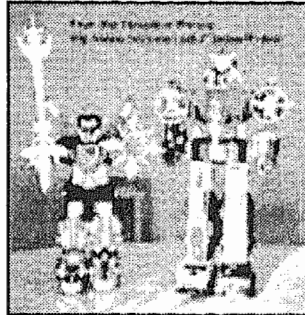
James Kneivitt is another *Seven Cities of Gold* fanboy.



Pikachu: clearly an incarnation of evil.



Transformers: good enough to drink.



Voltron, always good value



Astroboy, not Cities of Gold

EARTH TIME IS SHORT!!

CONTRIBUTE YOUR WACKY OPINIONS TODAY!

Fame! Stardom! Topical, fact-based opinion writing! Such is the bizarre and mysterious universe that is the On Dit Opinion Section.

Naturally, the editors won't print any overtly sexist, homophobic, defamatory or racist material.

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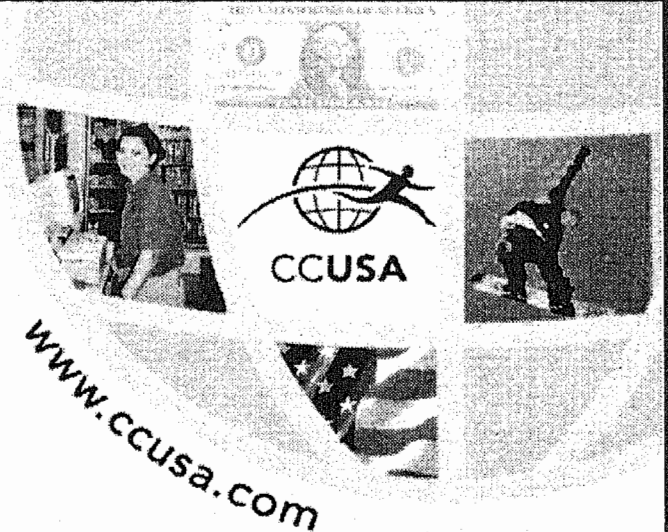


SURLY STAN



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in the
USA!



Where will you be these Christmas holidays? I'll be working and playing at a ski resort in the US from November to April thanks to CCUSA's Work Experience USA program. You can do the same, working just about anywhere you like in the USA!

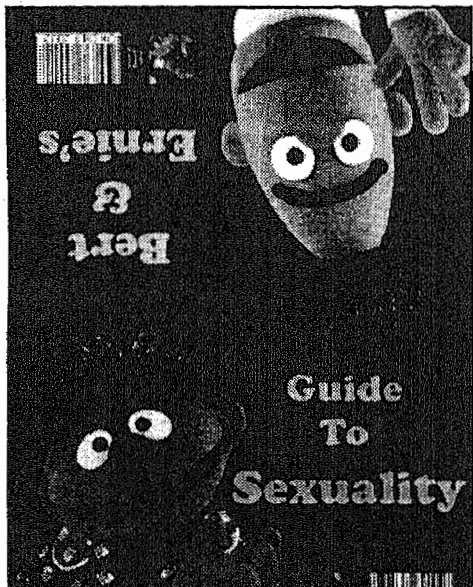
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SUPERHEROES SPEAK OUT!

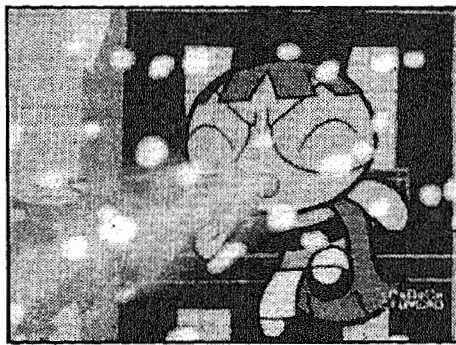


Ernie's & Bert's

Guide To Sexuality

Welcome once again to the Letters page! Just reminding everyone that you should aim to get your letters in by Friday before deadline, either by dropping them into the SAUA, the On Dit office, or emailing them to the address shown conveniently at the bottom of every page in this edition. Remember not to make your letters racist, sexist, homophobic or defamatory, or you could land us in some hot water!

If you are concerned about something on campus, or just feel like venting some small time personal irks, drop us a line. We'll be waiting...



Dear Phebes,

Who are you? Have we met? Are you on the women's collective e-group? Have you ever e-mailed me, come to see me or given me a ring? Didn't think so. I love constructive criticism, however I am not a mind reader. It is my job to represent and advocate for the women students at this university, but it is a little hard to represent people if they don't tell me what they want. Why didn't you write an article for *Elle Dit*? Why didn't you contact me before Women's Week and let me know what kind of a campaign you wanted me to run? It is all very well for students to bitch and moan about how shit someone is at representing them, but do these people get out there and do something themselves? I can't count how many times I have encouraged the women at this university to have their say in their women's department. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. If women at this university let me know what they wanted me to do, then I could do it. Without suggestions, I am forced to organise events and campaigns that myself and my committee assume are important to the women on this campus. If

you want things done differently, then by all means, TELL ME.

And as for Women's Week not raising any issues that are 'important, knowledgeable or political', I would like to know in what way issues like women's health, date rape, body image and security are not important or knowledgeable or political. It is my personal opinion that in fact they are all these things. Sure, we didn't burn any effigies of politicians, we didn't smear pigs blood across the campus, we didn't occupy the Vice-Chancellor's office, but if we had, how many women at this university would have appreciated it?

This is a conservative campus with a massive bunch of apathetic students. I do my best to change that, and am offended by the insinuation that I myself am conservative.

I ran for the position of Women's Officer if nothing else to put a firecracker up the arse of the women's movement on this campus. I do my best to get things up and running at this university, to build a strong feminist network, but of course that becomes a little tricky when the only people remotely interested in the women's movement choose to sit back on their lazy arses waiting for me to do something they don't agree with.

So if you think I can represent you better, come into the SAUA office, e-mail me, ring me, and bloody well tell me. Otherwise, go about your apathetic lives and don't complain when your Women's Officer is not telepathic.

Elise Duffield
Women's Officer



Hey On Dit Eds,

I am writing to say how appalled I am at the behaviour of some student politicians at this university. They use the lowest of low tactics to bully others... and it's repulsive.

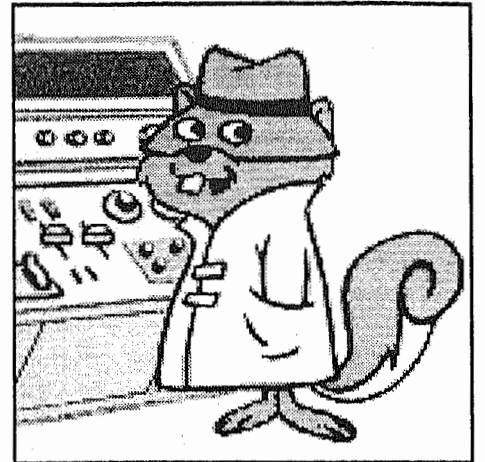
What has made them resort to this behaviour?

What has made them so angry at the world that they have to force others to share their misery?

There are many people who are working hard for this university and trying to make a difference in the world. Then there is this small minority who are trying to fuck it up for everyone. They undermine the whole reason why we have student representatives in the first place. If they stopped worrying about their own profile and started focussing on their proper role, the world would be a better place.

What goes around comes around. Let's hope that karma soon deals them a nasty blow.

Yours on paper,
Disgusted



To the lowdown, scum-sucking, single-celled, parasitic kleptomaniac who stole my three-year old daughter's brand new pram from the campus kindly,

You have distressed a small child who will now grow up to be a right-winger and bring in the death sentence for people who steal children's prams. I know this for a fact because even her left-wing father would consider it if he got his hands on you.

Phil Harrison M. Ed Studies

PS I know it wouldn't be any of our students and staff who stole the pram but I had to vent about this low act somewhere.

PPS Beware North Terrace Campus Community. There are thieves about!



Dear Eds,

Here's something that's been bugging me since March but I haven't written about yet. What do you suppose is the deal with O'Ball? The line up for the last three years has become odiously predictable. It doesn't really seem like a good idea for attracting students, as anyone who's been to O'Ball since 2000 would be unlikely to attend another identical event. Furthermore, it gives O'Ball an unfortunate reputation for attracting an irritating brand of 14 yr old pop-punk groupie. What's wrong with booking some more diverse acts? Why not Resin Dogs, Avalanches, Friendly, Sonication, Wicked Beat Sound System, the Bird Collective or John Butler Trio? Also, the inclusion of some more electronic acts would be sure to pull a crowd. I can imagine that a late night set by GT or Nik Fish would go down well. Endorphin also would be fantastic for getting the kids to give it up largestyle. His performance on the lawns for the Fringe was solid gold!

This whole punk thing is getting a little stale.

Yak

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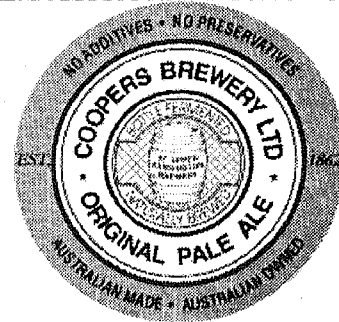


For more information call 8303 5406, or pop into our offices, ground floor, George Murray Building, Union Complex





Coopers



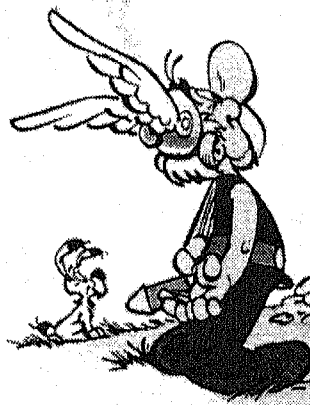
The Wheatsheaf, on Lyndoch Road, is a nice stop about twenty minutes before you hit the Barossa Valley. Featuring a central fireplace (complete with crackling fire) and a cosy atmosphere, the Wheatsheaf seats probably about thirty or forty people inside, without seeming overcrowded or jeopardising the cosiness of the spot. With soft background music and interesting wire sculptures located around the place, the Wheatsheaf immediately presents itself as being quite a cosy getaway for people looking to escape the hustle and bustle of Adelaide.

The staff are friendly and polite, and seem genuinely interested in getting to know their customers. The waitress presented us with a lovely bottle of Barossa Ridge Merlot after suggesting various wines, and we sat down to enjoy a rare family outing. Interestingly, the Wheatsheaf doesn't have menus, just a big blackboard that gets carried from table to table. Practicalities aside, it was different to anything I've seen before, so made for an enjoyable diversion. Although there's not a huge selection of dishes, it is clear that this is because a lot of effort goes into the existing meals. We started with a platter of Cajun style fries and dips, as well as a chicken pate and a Caesar salad. After an unfortunate delay (one of the only complaints of the evening), our mains arrived. We had ordered a vegetable risotto, blackened perch, grilled rabbit and a garlic chicken breast on mashed potato which I declared to be 'scrumptious'. The servings were very generous, and the food was obviously very fresh.

If you're trying to plan a romantic night out, the Wheatsheaf is a nice departure from stock standard restaurants that you may go to all the time. Although it is a fair drive, it's also a lovely one and on a cold night the crackling fire will seem very welcoming. You may also feel inspired to find a little B&B to spend the night in up in Lyndoch or Tanunda. Try it out!

Cacophonix

THE WHEAT SHEAF



GRUR OF THE WEEK

PUB OF THE WEEK

THE V-BAR, MELBOURNE ST

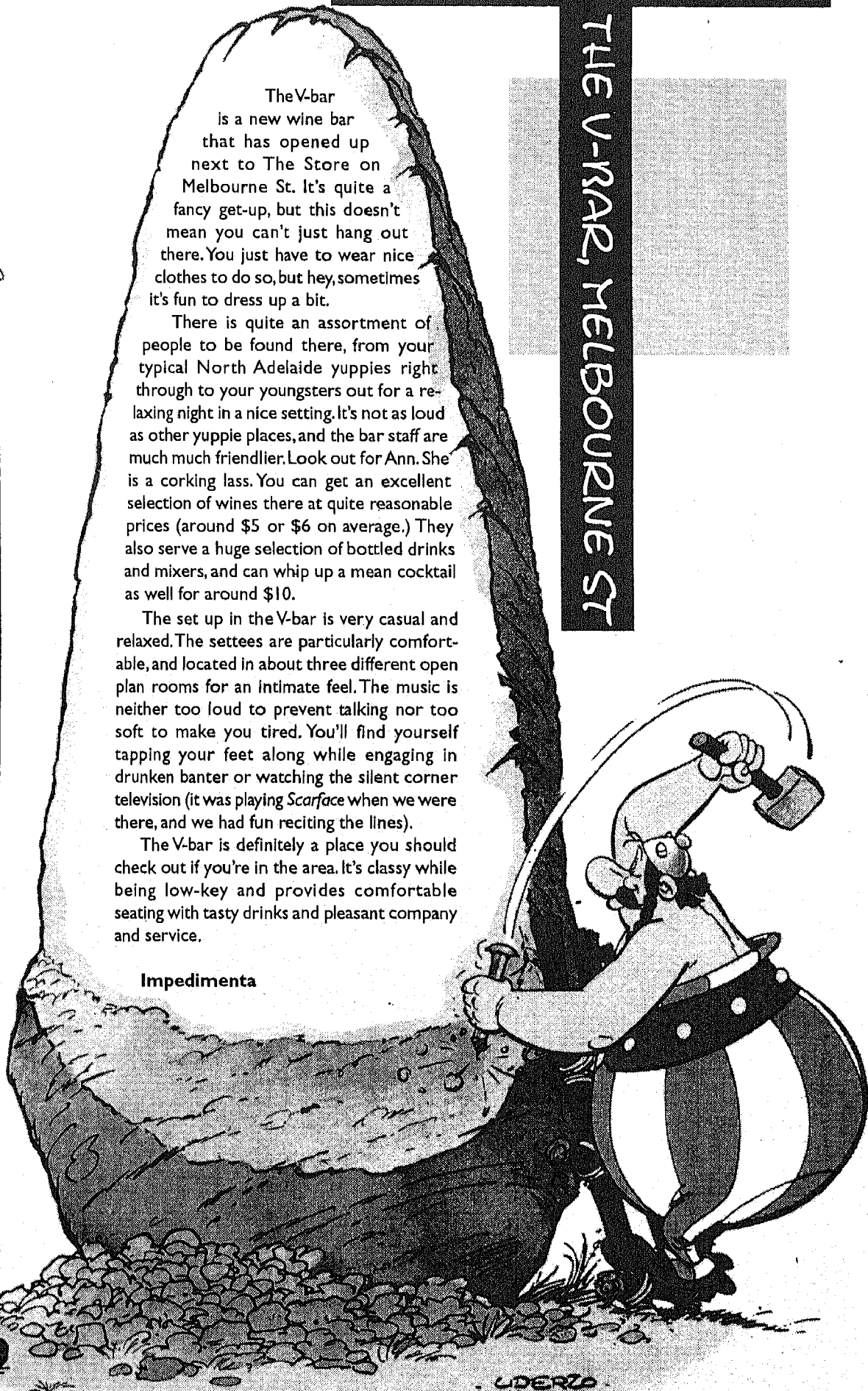
The V-bar is a new wine bar that has opened up next to The Store on Melbourne St. It's quite a fancy get-up, but this doesn't mean you can't just hang out there. You just have to wear nice clothes to do so, but hey, sometimes it's fun to dress up a bit.

There is quite an assortment of people to be found there, from your typical North Adelaide yuppies right through to your youngsters out for a relaxing night in a nice setting. It's not as loud as other yuppie places, and the bar staff are much much friendlier. Look out for Ann. She is a corking lass. You can get an excellent selection of wines there at quite reasonable prices (around \$5 or \$6 on average.) They also serve a huge selection of bottled drinks and mixers, and can whip up a mean cocktail as well for around \$10.

The set up in the V-bar is very casual and relaxed. The settees are particularly comfortable, and located in about three different open plan rooms for an intimate feel. The music is neither too loud to prevent talking nor too soft to make you tired. You'll find yourself tapping your feet along while engaging in drunken banter or watching the silent corner television (it was playing Scarface when we were there, and we had fun reciting the lines).

The V-bar is definitely a place you should check out if you're in the area. It's classy while being low-key and provides comfortable seating with tasty drinks and pleasant company and service.

Impedimenta



Australian Made, Australian Owned.



Bat Girl

Alter Ego - President Bek Cornish
Super Power - It's all about those amazing gadgets!
Hideout - A largish office conveniently located in the SAUA

You've seen the SAUA Office Bearers out doing campaigns and various other things for their respective departments, but what else does the Students' Association offer you, I hear you ask. We have a number of services available for your use which include cheap photocopying (one of the cheapest on campus), cheap movies tickets from Hoyts, Palace Nova, Wallis and Greater Union, a Tutor Register where you can organise to be someone's tutor or organise one for your own studies, an Accommodation Board to advertise a property or find one with rent to suit you, cheap drycleaning plus a number of other service initiatives such as Unlogged Books (recycled lecture pads) and a text book register for buying and selling.

All hours computing access.

I talked about 24 hour computing access for students who don't have it in a column a couple of weeks ago. This is something that the Student Services Division of the University is becoming concerned about, so are currently looking into why this isn't available and what can be done to implement this idea. Hopefully, with the Students' Association

backing the idea, this can be implemented next semester. In the meantime I look forward to sharing the progress of this venture.

Enrolment Review.

Remember when you enrolled for the first time, lining up for ages, not knowing where you had to go and then being told when you did get there that you had to pick up another form on the other side of the University first? Changes have to be made, so an Enrolment Review has been taken on by the University to find the key flaws in the enrolment process and rectify them for next enrolments. The review, a very hefty document indeed, has illustrated the issues and ways to combat them from better signage and information on where to go to enrolment venues and course advice. When the new processes are put in place it should make for a smoother enrolment experience.

Don't forget, SAUA Week is in Week 5, so support your student organisation and partake in the festivities we are holding for you! For info on anything that is coming up in the Students' Association, or if you have general enquires, call 8303 5406, or you can email me on bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au.



Buttercup

Alter Ego - Education Vice President Georgia Heath
Super Power - Those fists of fury
Hideout - A small office located in the SAUA

The Federal Budget

By Tuesday we will know just how dire the situation will be for education, health and welfare over the course of the next year. If you think that it would be completely fucked for the Liberal government to cut funding to education then come out and say so. The day this paper comes out the SAUA will be holding a massive demonstration to tell Howard that it is not good enough to take away funding to these essential human rights, particularly if that funding goes into the military. Come down to the lawns between 11-2 if you want to take part.

Students As Workers

In a few week's time the Education Department will be releasing a booklet and running a campaign on the issues of employment for students. As more and more students are having to work whilst completing their degrees this issue is becoming more and more important. It is essential that students know their right regarding employment. If you feel that you have been treated unfairly then

contact your relevant trade union, or come and see me in the SAUA for other employment advocacy agencies.

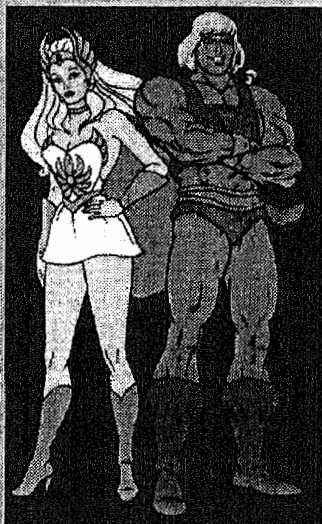
Academic Rights

As the year progresses ahead and you complete your assignments you may find yourself being treated unfairly. If you have a grievance about any issue regarding your education please come and see me or the Union's Education and Welfare Offices (located in Student Care- Lady Symon Building).

Counter Calendar

Look out for boxes in the next few weeks regarding counter calendar. Counter Calendar is a great opportunity for students to express their opinions on courses, lecturers and workload to help other students to make the best choices for their education. The benefits to students in knowing what a course is like before enrolling is huge so please take the time to fill in a form.

If you would like more info on any Educational issue, please contact me on 8303 3898 or georgia.heath@student.adelaide.edu.au



She-ra and He-man

Alter Egos - Sex O's Asta and Adrian
Super Powers - Ability to make everyone who meets them feel all warm and gooey
Hideout - Their lair is conveniently located in the SAUA

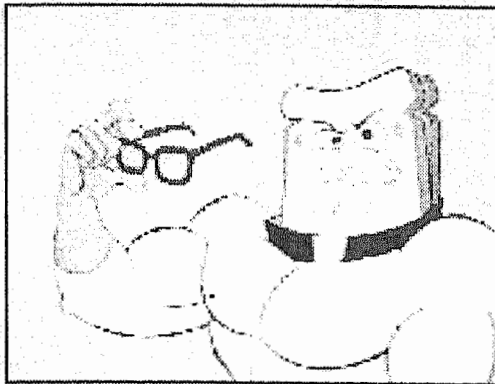
Sexuality Week has been a great success. The Coming Out booklet launch was amazing and the people who spoke and contributed to the book should be an inspiration for people who are having difficulty with their sexuality. The BBQs and film night were loads of fun and I hope that everyone who came enjoyed themselves as much as we did. Ruby's Grace played Thursday lunch and impressed all who heard. Some background information that many people do not know is that Sexuality Week is actually run this time of year, every year, for a reason: to coincide with the date of George Duncan's murder. George Duncan was murdered by two policemen thirty years ago for being gay. His death was a catalyst for gay law reform in South Australia, and Australia.

An up coming events not to be missed is SAUA Week from May 27 - 31. This week will be fun-filled but make sure that you turn up on Wednesday 29 because that is the Sexuality Department's day. And for anyone who managed to miss out on a delicious sausage or veggie pattie from the last hundred BBQs that the Student's Association have run, you will have plenty of opportunities to get one during the week. That's all from us, your friendly queer folk.

Love,

Asta and Adrian.

Contact - 8303 3899 / email Asta at girlsexo@Adelaide.edu.au or Adrian at boysexo@Adelaide.edu.au



Powdered Toast Man

Alter Ego - ACVP Paul Huebl
Super Power - Ability to disable the email with a single icy stare
Hideout - The cloisters

NDA

The National Day of Action is this Monday, and the issue is Federal Budget Funding Priorities. Give us a world where education and welfare get all the money they need, and the Armed Forces need to hold a cake stall to buy a new tank. The protest starts at 12.00 on the Barr Smith Lawns, and then heading to Federal MPs' offices around the city.

The Hard Word

Stay tuned for the Hard Word Barbecue on May 22.

Biggest Tea Party

The May 23 will see the Biggest Tea Party Ever, in conjunction with the National Biggest Morning Tea Campaign, raising money for the Anti-Cancer Foundation. Come down to the lawns and get a cup of tea and a tasty snack for \$2. All proceeds are going to charity, so it is a great cause.

SAUA Week

The annual showcase of the SAUA, held in Week 5 (May 27 - 31). Each department will be showcasing itself on each of the days, so keep your eyes peeled for more info.

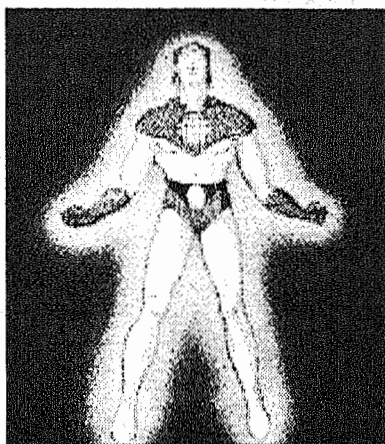
Air Guitar Championship

The Glory, The Pride, The Music... and The Hair. The SAUA is pleased to announce the SAUA Air Guitar Championship, which will be held during SAUA Week. Heats will be held on the Barr Smith Lawns every day, and the final will be held on the Friday Night (May 31) at the B-Fest. Prizes will be phenomenal* So, get a strummin', a pickin' and windmillin' and show us your stuff!

B Fest

Think B. The B-Fest is a Dance Party, to be held on the Friday of SAUA Week (May 31) with the theme being the letter B. There will be drink specials, giveaways, the Air Guitar Final, and loads of shenanigans all night. Dress up as something 'B' and join the fun!

*Not Guaranteed



Captain Planet

Alter Ego - Environment Officer Sarah Hanson
Super Power - Turns everything green with her amazing green ray.
Hideout - A lush, grassy and green office in the SAUA

Radiation of Education?

So the federal budget comes out this Tuesday and guess what - major parties don't give a flying fruitcake about the environment. Surprise, surprise.

This year despite public concern about water quality and the degradation of the Snowy and Murray rivers, the federal budget does nothing for ensuring clean water to the people in the not so distant future.

There's nothing about the concerns of genetically engineered foods.

The budget dodges the real issues of old growth forests and the need for an industry based on sustainable logging and high value adding.

BUT they have managed to approve spending on the new nuclear reactor for Sydney projected to cost \$500 million in construction and \$70 million for ongoing costs. When there are so many

things that the federal budget does not cover it seems utterly ridiculous that the government can justify spending \$570 million on something that will simply produce an excuse for nuclear weaponry and toxic radioactive waste. When the alternatives to nuclear isotopes for medical purposes are just as good, the government's argument does not seem so strong.

This Thursday is GE and Organics Awareness day. The environment department will be providing information on the risks of eating and growing GE foods and the benefits of organically produced products. This day is about raising awareness of the issues involved with the GE debate and the call for a five year freeze on GE products to allow for adequate and independent research into if long term effects. **There will also be some yummy organic soup available during lunchtime for everyone to try.**

Love,

Sarah Hanson



Wonder Woman

Alter Ego - Women's Officer Ellse Duffield
Super Power - Can tie anyone up with her magical lasso
Hideout - She keeps her invisible plane parked in the SAUA

Wicked Womyn of the Week: Asta Cox for organising a fantastic sexuality week. Well done to Adrian as well.

Misogynist Asshole of the Week: John Howard for sucking the metaphorical cock of the Catholic Church by not condoning IVF access to lesbians and single women.

Women's Room Update

The union has agreed to fund an upgrade of the Women's Room, so you can all look forward to some nice couches and maybe even a fresh coat of paint. If you have any suggestions as to how the women's room could be improved, now is your time to voice them. E-mail me with your ideas.

Women in Black Vigils

The next Women in Black silent vigil will be held on the steps of parliament house on the May 29 at 5:30pm to protest

against war and militarisation. All women are invited to join this silent vigil in protest against ongoing military violence. Wear black clothing. For further information, contact myself or Jillinda: 8341 7517 or Cathy: 8296 4375.

Reproductive rights and freedoms booklet

As part of the reproductive rights and freedoms campaign that the Women's Department is launching during SAUA Week we are producing a booklet. The booklet hopes to cover social, political, cultural, personal issues in regards to our reproductive rights, freedoms, choices and health. If you would like to contribute to the booklet, please e-mail me your submission or drop it into the SAUA before Friday the May 17.

Contact details: ph. 8303 6481
 e-mail: womens@saua.asn.au
 e-group: [auwomenscollective subscribe@yahoo.com](http://auwomenscollective.subscribe@yahoo.com)

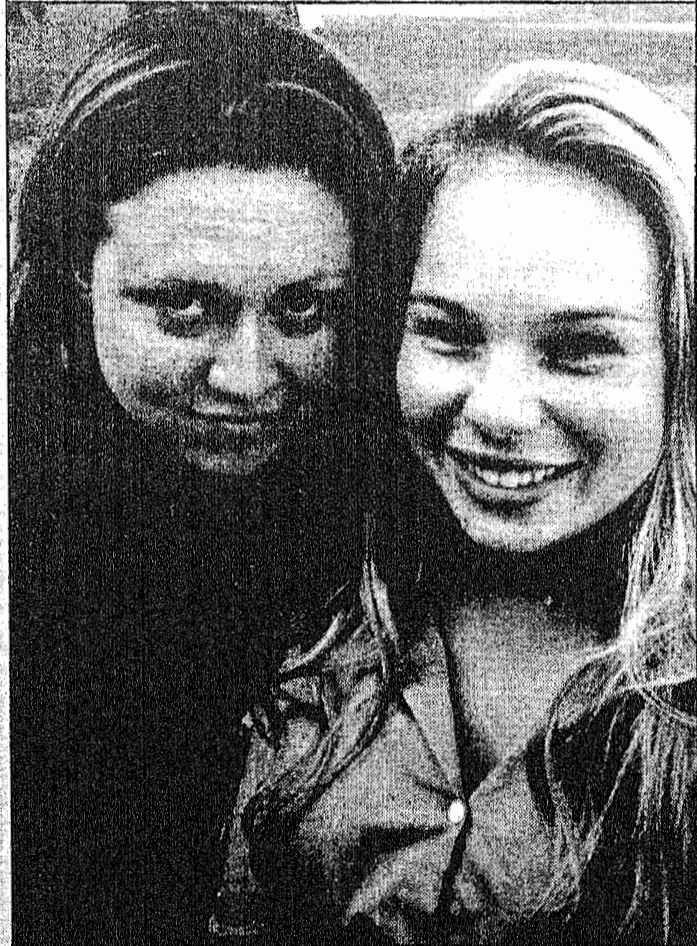
Attention readers of Vox Pop! It has come to our attention that Kate Stryker's Vox Pop answers were not all her own last week. Kate Stryker is definitely not a homophobe. We have dispatched a team of superheroes to deal with the culprits, and apologise wholeheartedly for any distress or inconvenience caused. We hope that free and accurate speech shall prevail in these distressing times. *On Dit Eds.*



Carolina and Olivia

Catwoman and She-ra chillin' on the lawns

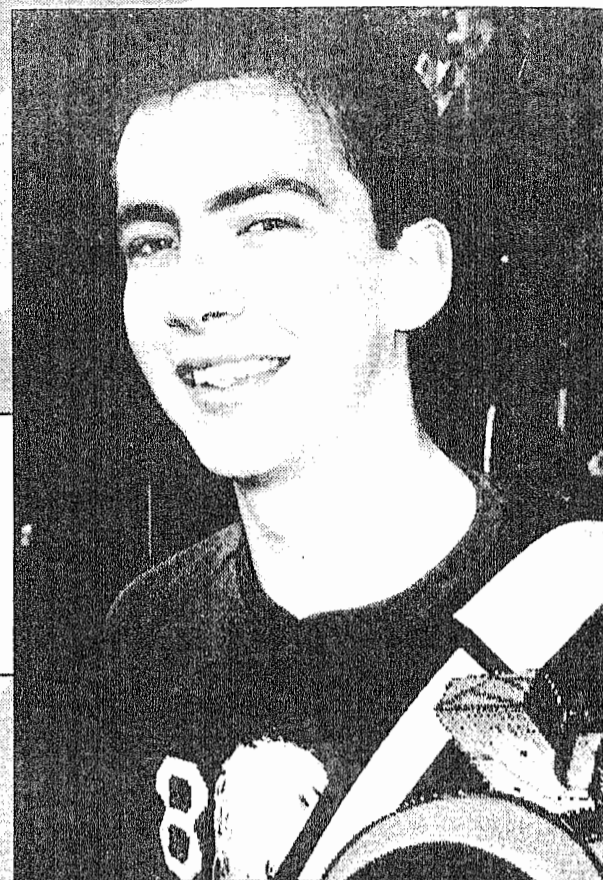
- 1. O: Catwoman - I'd love to be able to fit into that suit.
K: She-ra because she is my hero.
- 2. O: I have too many loveable qualities. I can't single out one.
K: I'm Olivia's friend.
- 3. O: Chocolate.
K: Time.



Richard

Tree falling on a bush

- 1. Superman - he's all powerful.
- 2. I'm alive.
- 3. Skittles.



Sarah and Julia

We like to play

- 1. S: Wonder Woman - my friend dressed up as her.
J: Catwoman - She's slinky.
- 2. S: That's a silly question.
J: I am not in the right frame of mind to answer that question.
- 3. S: Alcohol. No, make that clothes.
J: Firetrucks.

Tom

In CHOD we trust!

- 1. Chodman - In CHOD we trust.
- 2. The glorious taste of my CHOD.
- 3. CHOD!



VOX POP!



QUESTIONS

- 1. If you were a super hero, who would you be?
- 2. Complete this sentence. "I love myself because....."
- 3. If you could have an unlimited supply of something, what would it be?

Rachel

I'm late for a meeting!

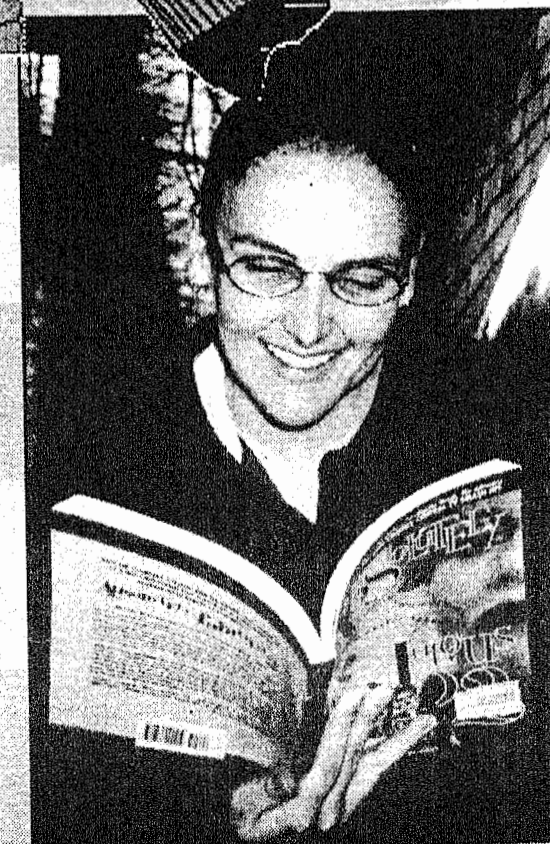
- 1. Spiderman.
- 2. I'm wonderful.
- 3. Money.



Rachelle

mmmmm...paperback pleasure

- 1. Spiderman -no idea why.
- 2. I'm fantastic.
- 3. Fun.



Jose and Sanchez

Do it!

- 1. J: Designer stubble man.
S: Cocaine Man.
- 2. J: I'm Rhodesian.
S: I'm Cocaine Man.
- 3. J: White lines.
S: World Peace.



April and Britney

Dreaming of Yellow Bandana's

- 1. A: Batman - he's rich.
B: Xena - I like leather.
- 2. B: I have fantastic taste in friends.
A: Dunno.
B: You should at least say 'ditto' bitch.
- A: Ditto Bitch.
- 3. B: Money.
A: No comment.



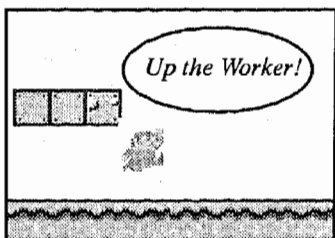
A Socialist Paradise



IN THE MUSHROOM KINGDOM

Have you ever noticed how a rousing game of Super Mario pushes an ulterior agenda? You haven't? Surely it is only too obvious that Mario is a communist. I call him Commurio, and his journeys through the Mushroom Kingdom carry a deeper message of hard work and comradeship to all the Mario fans in the world. Workers untie...I mean, unite! By the example of Commurio shall we advance the proletariat and resist undermining by the petty bourgeoisie. Read on:

A few weekends ago I had the pleasure of attending a Communist-themed party in the northern outskirts of the CBD. Perhaps some of you were there. My housemate and I ran into an acquaintance dressed as the archetypal, communist industrial fellow. He and his friend both wore overalls and sported bushy, black moustaches. His overalls were red and he commented off-hand about the uncanny resemblance he bore to Mario. After he went off to mingle further, my housemate and I, though heartily bollocksed, discussed the disturbing correlation between Super Mario Bros and the Soviet Socialist State.



Let's examine some relationships in Super Mario. Let's start with Mario. As was made evident that drunken night, once the establishment of the Mario/Socialist Worker metaphor is established, the rest of the pieces fall into place. Mario is the worker. His trade is humble, yet he is the hero; the central character. This is the fundamental basis of communism. The worker is the hero of the state, whose contribution is central to the good of the people, subverting the western notions of prestige and social standing. Mario's journeys through Mushroom Kingdom parallel the life of the worker.

What does Mario find in the Mushroom Kingdom? Distressingly prevalent are Little Gumbas (I think that's what they're called) which he has to squash, and Koopa Troopers (turtly things) who he has to jump twice; once to get them to retreat into their shells and once to kick the shell away. The bad guys in a general sense represent decadence. Just like the bad guys can kill Mario or weaken him, once the influence of decadence becomes too strong, the worker's obligation to the state is decayed and the state's ability to support the worker suffers. This leads to the ultimate demise of the worker. Therefore, it is the worker (Mario) who must stamp out (jump on and squash) decadence (bad guys).

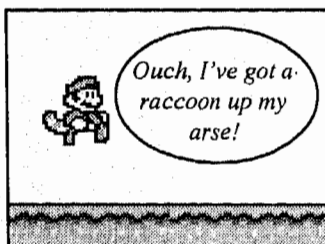
reasoning is somewhat tenuous however. I've gone out on quite a limb there. Feel free to disregard this paragraph, I know I will.

On his Mushroom Kingdom journeys, Mario can find mushrooms to make him bigger and to give him free lives. He can also find flowers to give him the power of shooting bad guys. The mushrooms represent the quotas. The symbolism of the mushroom is obvious. It's food which Mario eats to make him bigger or give him free lives. It represents the redistribution of resources to the worker such that the worker is empowered to contribute more to the state. The flowers represent doctrine. With a solid foundation of doctrine (flowers) under the workers' (Mario's) belt, the worker is able to anticipate the temptations of decadence and resist them (Mario can shoot the monsters from a distance). Mario can also find flashing stars which give him temporary invincibility. In terms of the worker, the stars' invincibility is a brief raising of morale such that follows a rousing rally or military parade. The worker experiences a period where anything can be resisted.

This brings us to Yoshi. Yoshi is a creature Mario rides around on and it makes him quicker as well as more formidable in defeating bad guys. I think that this is an obvious analogue to the Soviet railways. The worker is made mobile and the austere, spartan and utilitarian nature of the Soviet rail system preclude distractions of luxury. Furthermore, the railways are the embodiment of Soviet Industry. An industrially focussed worker will resist decadence, hence Yoshi's powers.



Hurry, or you'll miss the 11:45 to Smolensk!



Most Mario-related adventures involve rescuing Princess Peach Toadstool (I think that's her unwieldy name). The Princess is clearly the anthropomorphic personification of the utopian ideals which the worker strives to achieve. Sometimes Toad, the faithful retainer to the Mushroom Throne, helps Mario with guidance, encouragement or items. This is a representation of the influential leaders who have been spawned by communism and who have been servants of the utopian ideals. Just as Toad guides Mario on his search for Princess, the leaders guide the masses on their quest for a utopian society.

The bad guy is Bowser. He always kidnaps Princess from Mario. Let's think about the significance. Firstly, the name Bowser is odd. When I hear the word 'bowser' I think of



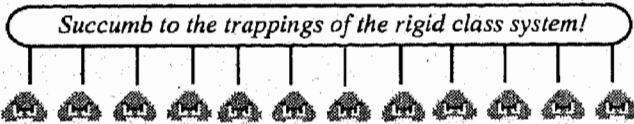
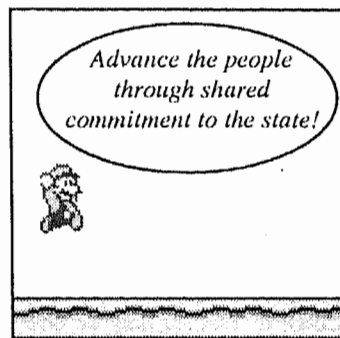
The Strategic Arms Limitations Talks were going really well until the US delegate decided to start throwing fireballs around the UN conference room.

petrol. Secondly, he is King of the Koopas. I think that it is clear that this is another US reference and is founded on the US obsession for controlling oil. Just as Bowser is the King of the Koopas, the US is the centre of decadence. Bowser is the primary antagonist of Mario, the US is the biggest antagonist to the Soviet state. It wasn't always like that. Mario first appeared as the hero in the first platform versions of Donkey Kong. Donkey Kong was the first Mario bad guy. Eventually Donkey grew to be a hero in his own right with his own bunch of games and Bowser became Mario's nemesis. This is very much like the Germans in the early 1900s with whom the Russians were constantly at loggerheads. Then, post WWII, it was the Americans with whom there was friction.

There's a whole lot of symbolism that I haven't gone into but that is promisingly thought-provoking such as the significance of the underwater levels given the Soviet obsession with nuclear submarines in the Cold War. Those spiky balls on chains are also eerily reminiscent of sea mines but I have neither the time nor inclination to go into what it all means. Likewise, although beyond the scope of this discussion, in this context it is thought-provoking to consider the possibilities inherent in Sonic/Sega and what concepts they embody. In addition, if I could be arsed I'd explore metaphors for the peasantry and their relationship to the worker but I can't be.

What is the premise of Mario? Put simply, an average, honest, industrious tradesman rides around on Yoshi, eats mushrooms which make him bigger and flowers which bestow him with the ability to shoot monsters in a quest to rescue Princess and defeat Bowser. That's about right, isn't it?

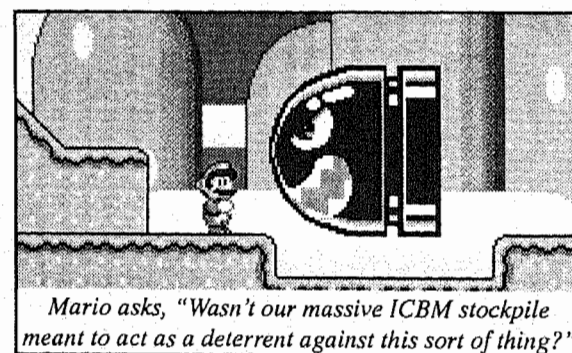
What is the basic premise of communism? The industrious, honest worker rides around on the Soviet Railways, fulfils the quotas whose eventual distribution by the state ensures a robust worker pool and follows doctrine which bestows the ability to counter decadence in a quest to achieve a utopian society and overthrow capitalism.



I suppose it would also be possible to draw an additional analogy related to the Koopas. The shells of the Koopa bear uncanny resemblance to the US Marine helmets. This may be an obscure reference to the US military, in particular the CIA and other espionage agencies. By stamping out decadence, the worker also makes it more difficult for US agents to infiltrate society given their decadent conditioning. It could also be a link between decadence and corruption. Maybe a reference to bribes made by foreign agents? The bribes work only if there's a desire for decadence which can be exploited. Furthermore, after uncovering one agent, it's easier to uncover related espionage by studying the contacts of the caught agent. This is somewhat analogous to Mario killing many bad guys at once by kicking a Koopa shell at them. This

Food for thought Kids!

Yak

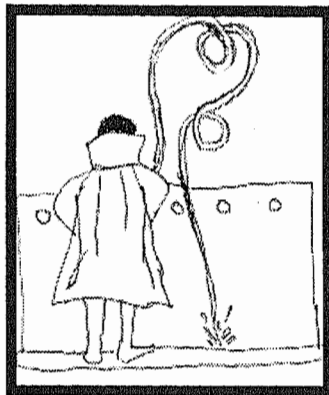


Super Heroes who'll never make THE X-MEN GRADE

Collect them all!

MIGHTY DRYFOOT

Such is the exquisite control this hero has over his urine stream, that he consistently achieves the impossible task of getting everything in the bowl, AND shaking all drops off before 're-panting.'



THE FANTASTIC GAB

The Fantastic Gab is able to senses people in awkward situations in social settings around the world. She materialises where needed and proceeds to make small talk with unwelcome company, providing a distraction for unfortunate socialites unwittingly ensared with obligations to converse with said unwelcome company. Wherever drunken, self indulgent, crushing bores gather at functions, there you will hear the plaintive cry, 'Thank you again, Fantastic Gab!'

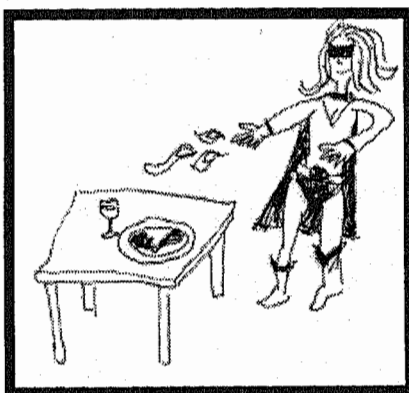


BENDY BEN

Nature has endowed this superhero with more than his fair share of joints. Two elbows and shoulders per arm, this nefarious fellow is associated with the black market in skilltester toys and products stolen from vending machines.

GASTROFLASH

This superhero has the odd ability to spontaneously combust other people's food while they're eating it. Luckily she uses her powers for good, not evil, since a concerted effort on her behalf could starve individuals to death. She is responsible for saving the day in stemming the Garibaldi epidemic.



SNOWHITE

Reigning down terrible vengeance on those foolhardy enough to break the law and dispensing swift justice with an iron hand, Snowwhite is the bane of any foolhardy criminal genius with world dominatory aspirations. She's quicker than a swift cat on a catapult and stronger than a truckful of elephants but only provided she has a steady intake of narcotics. This proves to be an interesting dilemma. How do you fight crime whilst coked up to the eyeballs?

The weed warrior, the heroin heroine, the meth mercenary; she's Snowwhite!

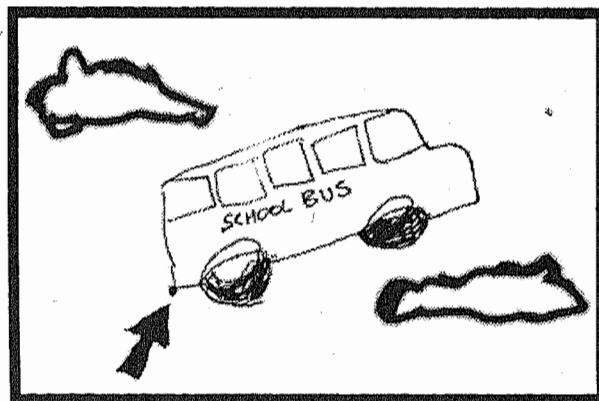
GARBORINO

This fellow has an unnatural affinity with flies. This is partially attributed to the poor personal hygiene he's known for. By modulating his smell with the power of his mind, Garborino is able to attract thousands of flies to him and cause them to beat their wings in phase such that, by landing on him, they can carry him around and thus grant him the power of flight.



SUPERMIDGE

Leaping tall buildings in a single bound, tougher than steel and all of that bollocks, Supermidge works for an obscure student paper by day and flies around saving the free world by night. Furthermore, he's only six inches high. No one has yet made the connection between a mild-mannered six inch reporter who always gets the inside scoop on Supermidge and the six inch superhero who averts avalanches and rescues train-wreck victims.

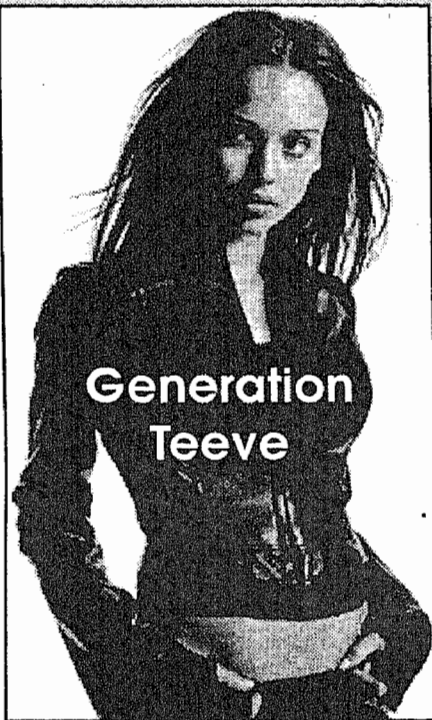


arrr... i'd sail the high seas for photocopying this cheap!

CHEAP PHOTOCOPYING ON CAMPUS

From 8 cents a page, the Students' Association photocopying service will meet all your photocopying needs: from double-sided A3 coloured copies to A4 black and white, sorted and stapled. And all our paper is recycled, which is something to smile about. We have four machines with a lot of love to give 9-4 daily. So come and see us, we're on the ground level in the George Murray Building in the Cloisters, or give us a call on 83035406.





Generation Teeve

Last year I had a lot to say about cable. To be honest, I can't remember what any of it was and I can't be fucked playing the *Fun Game With The Box Of Old On Dits* to find out. But a lot has changed since those heady days my friends. For one thing, the Magical Moving Picture Box which lives in the corner of the lounge room has more cool stuff plugged into it (woo hoo! DVD player!). For another, I have a

full time job now, which puts a rather different spin on cable. Cable is great. If you loves your teeve, cable is a glorious postmodern altar on which to lay down your ox blood and givevth of your soul. That is, if you don't mind seeing *She Drives Me Crazy*, or whatever the movie of the month is, EVERY time you turn on *Showtime*. Bah. But the great paradox of cable is this: if you can afford cable you probably work too much to get your money's worth. If you have enough time on your hands to fully use your cable (ie: Arts students and the unemployed), then you can't fucking well afford it and you really should take more care of your finances before you get yourself into trouble.

At the end of the day my homies and I forked out \$80/

month to be able to watch *Buffy* re-runs, and we haven't even watched *that* for several months. Cable also gives us the ability to watch several hours of *The Simpsons* in a row on occasion, *Angry Beavers* (which is on too fucking late for a big softcock with a job), *Futurama*, and endless top 40 filmclips to watch on V while we get ready to go out on a Saturday night. Of course, V is far more *Rage*-like after midnight, by which time of course you may as well just watch *Rage*.

Is it worth it? *Hell no*. In fact, I doubt we'll be extending our contract once it runs out later in the year. If you have the time to go through the monthly teeve guide and catch the cool foreign films, docos, and specials, then yay for cable. Unfortunately, most of us don't have the time. If you're a teeve junkie, go for it. If, like me, you'd usually rather read a book or listen to music, don't bother with cable.

As for the state of television in general: *bah*. If you don't watch it for a while, nearly everything on offer comes to have the quality of *Hey Dad* re-runs. I'll admit it: I've become a telesogynist. The only programmes I watch by choice are *Buffy* (lost in ecstasy, spread beneath my Willow tree...) *Angel* (do I smell bacon or did someone fall asleep with the curtains open again?), *The Simpsons* (Don't you hate pants?), and *Futurama* (and that's why the children of PS36 are Morbo's Vermin Of The Week).

That said, I was trying to read with the television on the other day and caught some of the most recent over-hyped cable fare. Both *As If* and *Dark Angel* are being touted as must-see viewing for *Buffy* fans. Of course, according to a Channel 7 voiceover dude last year, "We all know that *Buffy* fans are football fans..."—saying it doesn't necessarily make it so, ok?

As If is 'hip' and 'cool', and 'cutting edge'—and proves it through cr-aazy camera angles. Give me a *break*. Yay for the quirk, but it takes more than cr-aazy camera angles to make a cool show. Maybe if they redirected some of the camera budget into oh, I don't know, *the script*, we might see some improvement.

Dark Angel has potential. It's early days yet and maybe it

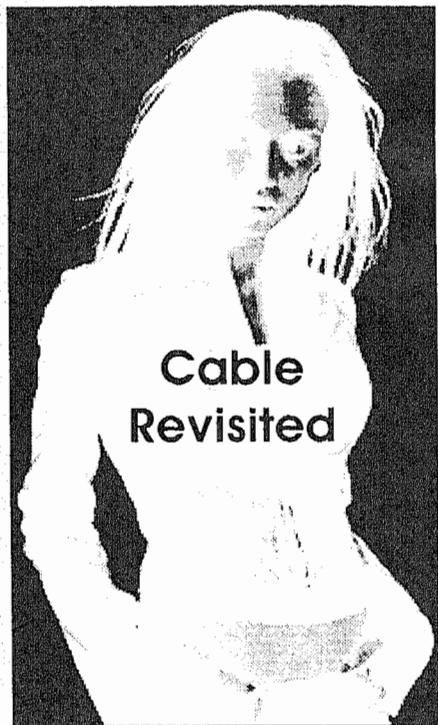
will find its feet. The premise is interesting: a genetically engineered chick-soldier who escapes from the corporation that made her and now fights crime in very tight pants. Let's just hope that with success she doesn't lose her curves, a la *Buffy McBeal* (for gawd's sake Sarah Michelle: eat something). At this point in time, however, *Dark Angel* is a premise in search of a script.

As for *Crash Palace*, my god it's awful. Bad Australian actors doing even worse international accents, with one of the most invasive soundtracks I've ever encountered. Watch it really, really stoned and it might have a smidgin of worth.

As a final word: *Big Brother*—aren't you people sick of the whole so-called 'reality' thing yet? So not interested. Especially when the people involved know exactly what's going on in the outside world because they all watched the first series. Puh-lease.

Jayne Lewis.

(Our Correspondent Gets Badgered By Her Housemate Into Writing Just One Last Column)



Cable Revisited

Sex And The Single Student

Well, what an exciting week it has been! As I look around campus and my circle of friends, it becomes apparent to me that everyone seems to have been taking my advice just a little too seriously! Everywhere I look, I see couples. New relationships are blossoming left, right and centre and I couldn't be more pleased...for you! You get 'em tiger! However, for those of you who are still a little confused about their sexuality and their love life or lack of one, I am forever grateful, for without you, I would not have a job. So here is yet another dose of my unprofessional opinion on love, life and the individual's never-ending quest for the perfect sex life!

Dear Madame Vespa,

I have been a vegetarian for most of my life. It's not that I don't like the taste of meat or that I am heaps political about the eating of flesh, it is just that I have been raised in a vegetarian family and never really think of eating meat. My new boyfriend seems to live on meat and is always trying to get me to try it. When we are out at dinner, he is always trying to order for me and says that once I try his meat, I will like it. He says that he has never been with a vegetarian before and that he reckons it is heaps unhealthy. I don't want to but I don't want him to break up with me. What should I do?

**Vegetarian Vanessa,
Third Year, Health Science**

Dear Vanessa,

I am of the strong opinion that no one should ever change who they are for someone else. Your boyfriend sounds pretty lame and if he can not understand that being vegetarian is a part of who you are and love you for it then he doesn't deserve you. I have been in a very similar situation to yours and unfortunately, I made the wrong choice and from that day on, I decided that I would never again go against my own principles for those of someone else. Always do what is right for you and you will never regret your past.

Dear Madame Vespa,

The other week I ran into an old boyfriend of mine. I had really missed his friendship and though there were a

great many issues surrounding our break up, I truly believed that enough time had passed between us for us to finally be friends. We were having a really great time together and so, at the end of the night, when he offered to let me crash at his place, I was interested to see whether we could put the past behind us and restore our friendship. Sadly this was not the case and we ended up sleeping together. Can ex lovers ever be friends?

**Confused Caroline,
Fourth Year English**



Madame Vespa pondered just how to get out of her suit. Batman would be around in minutes for their nightly session of who has the biggest super power

Dear Caroline,

Maybe I'm just crazy but I am one of those people who honestly thinks that men and women can be friends, as can ex lovers. People may tell you that this isn't so but that is just because most ex lovers don't actually want to be friends and those that do, go about it in all the wrong ways. The key to restoring friendships from past relationships is time. If enough

time has passed, then it will be a lot easier to go back to being just friends as all the past issues and tensions will by then be long forgotten. However, there are the few odd scenarios where time is not necessarily the solution to all of your problems. Some people will always be able to push your buttons sexually, and if this is the case, it can be a lot harder to maintain a friendship. I recommend that you try to see this boy in group situations for a while as this will take away the sexual inferences in the meeting. Try not to drink too much as we all know what beer goggles can do to our senses and I would avoid sleeping over at each others houses for a while. If you do all these things, I think it will be highly possible for a friendship to be restored.

Dear Madame Vespa,

My old girlfriend and I broke up about six months ago. I broke it off with her and was probably a little harsh about how I went about doing it. I am now involved with someone else who is great but for some strange reason, I can't seem to stop thinking about my ex. I think I want to get back together with her. I have even called her a few times but she never returns my calls. We will arrange to meet up and she will just blatantly stand me up. What should I do?

**Regretful Ryan,
Second Year Arts.**

Dear Ryan,

It is quite clear to me that you have broken this girl's heart. Though you may regret how things have turned out, you have to understand that you do not hold all the cards. It is completely up to her as to whether she forgives you or not and even if she does, this does not mean that you and she will ever be more than just friends. You may just have to come to terms with this reality. You should be thankful for the happiness that you have and let the past go. However, if you are unhappy with your current relationship, you have an obligation to let your current girlfriend know. Try to learn from your past mistakes.

Love and lust always
Madame Vespa House

EVERY SUPERHERO NEEDS A BEER SCOOTER

submitted by Dragongirl149

How many times have you woken up in the morning after a hard night of drinking and thought 'How did I get home?' As hard as you try, you cannot piece together your return journey from the bar to your home.

The answer to this puzzle is that you used a beer scooter.

The beer scooter is a mythical form of transport, owned and leased out to the drunk by Bacchus the Roman god of wine. Bacchus has branched out since the decrease in the worship of the Roman pantheon and bought a large batch of these magical devices.

The beer scooter works in the following fashion:

The passenger reaches a certain level of drunkenness and the slurring gland begins to give off a pheromone. Bacchus or one of his many sub-contractors detects the pheromone and sends down a winged beer scooter. The scooter scoops up the passenger and deposits them in their bedroom via a trans-dimensional portal.

It is not cheap to run a beer scooter franchise, so a large portion of the passenger's in-pocket cash is taken as payment. This generates the second question after a night out 'How did I spend so much money?'

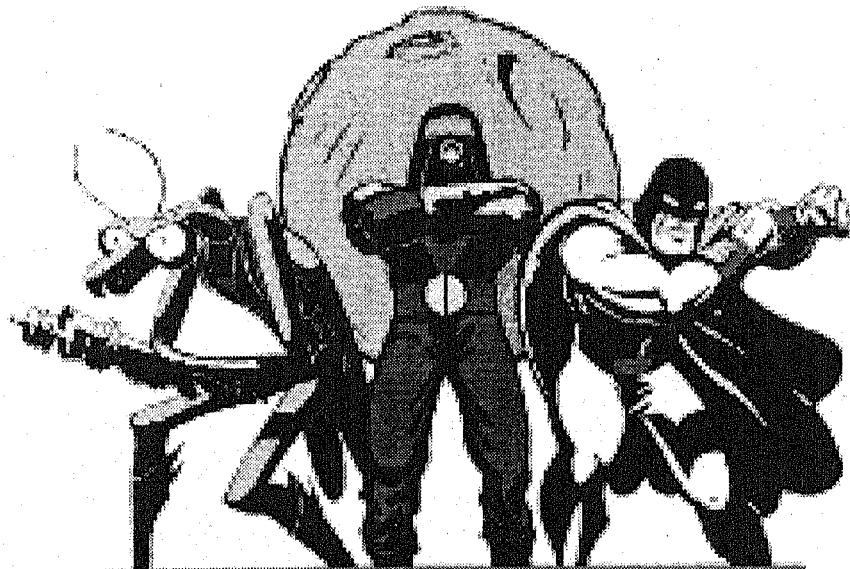
Beer scooters have a poor safety record and are thought to be responsible for 90% of all UDI (unidentified drinking injuries). Independent studies have also shown that Beer Goggles cause the scooter's navigation system to malfunction thus sending the passenger to the wrong bedroom often with horrific consequences..

VIDEO GAME REVIEW

Dungeon Siege Microsoft/Gas Powered Games

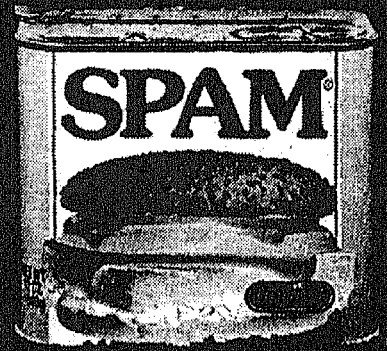
Recently released by Microsoft, *Dungeon Siege* is an epic role-playing game set in medieval times, in a location on earth that cannot be found in any conventional Atlas. Ever since *Lord Of The Rings*, fantasy worlds have been created and recreated so that people may satisfy their desire for escapism. The medieval RPG has been done to death I'm afraid, and *Dungeon Siege* has very little to offer in the way of innovative features or a decent plot line. The story of *Dungeon Siege* is pretty damn boring; simple farmer thrust into a position of responsibility as he or she must fight against the hordes of the armies of darkness. Pretty standard really. Where this game differs is its pace. *Dungeon Siege* is fast and flowing (albeit with occasional error messages that cause the program to shut down...this is a Microsoft product after all) and primarily combat based. The combat system is somewhat strange for an RPG having more in common with the strategy interface. To kill large hordes you simply click on a target and watch as your party proceeds to attack all the enemies on screen leaving the player with little more to do than occasionally heal a couple of the party members with potions or spells. At least its better than turn-based combat. The controls are very user friendly but the game's shining lights are the graphic effects. All the environments are superbly rendered and any equipped weapons and armour are graphically recreated in the onscreen character and not just in the inventory. Weather effects are also brilliant. You need a fairly up to date computer to run the program: 1gig of hard disk space and an 8mb video card with Direct X 8.0 compatibility are required. A more powerful system is recommended. All in all this game doesn't really bring anything new to the role-playing table, but the nice graphics, fast pace and glorious camera controls make for enjoyable playing. If you're a fan of the genre looking for a quick fix then you'll probably dig *Dungeon Siege*. If you're a fantasy pedant looking for an enthralling story then re-read *Two Towers*.

death rock boy is a total nerdatron



WHAT ARE YOUR
SUPER POWERS?

Internet Spam Of The Week



TOP TEN TIMES IN HISTORY WHEN USING THE "F" WORD WAS APPROPRIATE

submitted by David Billington

10. "Scattered @#\$%ing showers, my ass!"
- Noah, 4314 BC
9. "How the @#\$% did you work that out?"
- Pythagorus, 126 BC
8. "You want WHAT on the @#\$%ing ceiling?"
- Michelangelo, 1566
7. "Where did all those @#\$%ing Indians come from?"
- Custer, 1877
6. "It does so @#\$%ing look like her!"
- Picasso, 1926
5. "Where the @#\$% are we?"
- Amelia Earhart, 1937
4. "Any @#\$%ing idiot could understand that."
- Einstein, 1938
3. "What the @#\$% was that?"
- Mayor Of Hiroshima, 1945
2. "I need this parade like I need a @#\$%ing hole in the head!"
- JFK, 1963.
1. "Aw c'mon. Who the @#\$% is going to find out?"
- Wayne Carey, 2002

SEND ME YOUR SPAM. Email Alternika at alternika@hotmail.com with your Spam and URLs, or visit the Spam of the Week website: <http://www.spam.hotfire.net>.

AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?



If mine was like that I wouldn't go out in public

cartoons by
Jonathon Crouch

Aren't you ashamed? Jonathon Crouch Independently Published

Have you ever thought that life was too serious? Do you believe that there just isn't enough stupid, irrelevant poo and dick jokes in your life? Well, perhaps you need to read the latest picture joke book by Jonathon Crouch titled *Aren't You Ashamed?* It's quite the exciting and riveting read! I personally, had great trouble putting it down. This book will remind you of all the material that is out there just waiting to find a publisher. If none will accept you, release your works independently. Each page of this fine example of Australian humour contains one original cartoon sketch joke. There is roughly around 150 pages to consume of this book, so lets just say, its no Hemmingway. However there would not be an equal amount of jokes as there are pages for as Jonathon Crouch created this masterpiece, he too was tired of its content and so repeated several of the less funny jokes in the second half just in case you didn't laugh the first time

around. Unfortunately persistence and continually repeating the same jokes is not the key to good comedy, just ask any Adelaide comedian. Though I have to admit that this joke book makes an interesting coffee table book and is quite the conversation piece. For example boys like Stanley George seem to love it as I would imagine primary school children would (minus all the violence and sexual references). In amongst the many jokes on boobs, poo, knobs, dicks and freaks, there are a few laughable gems. There is this one page that simply has in bold lettering "Your Dad's A Mother Fucker, If You Think About It, He Has To Be. But You Don't Have To Like It!"

You might feel a little ashamed reading this book for its political incorrectness and silly elements but on a boring bus ride into town, it can pass the time.

vespa

Alexander: The Sands of Ammon

Valerio Massimo Manfredi

Macmillan

\$19.95

Alexander: The Sands of Ammon takes us back to 350 BC on a journey with Alexander the Great on his campaign to become ruler of the known world. Prophecies of his success and having Aristotle as a personal tutor were always going to be a good start for this conqueror as he led his troops throughout Persia and Egypt.

Not having read the first book in this trilogy, I was expecting to find it rather challenging to try and work out what had gone before. Surprisingly it really wasn't necessary to have read the first book as apparently all I missed was Alexander's early years, and enough information is repeated to get a brief history of his origins.

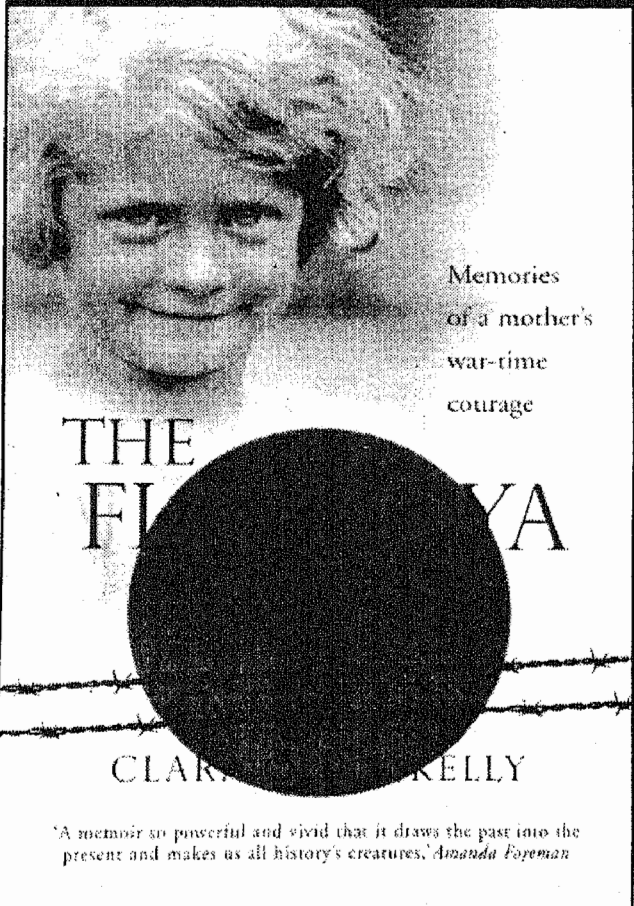
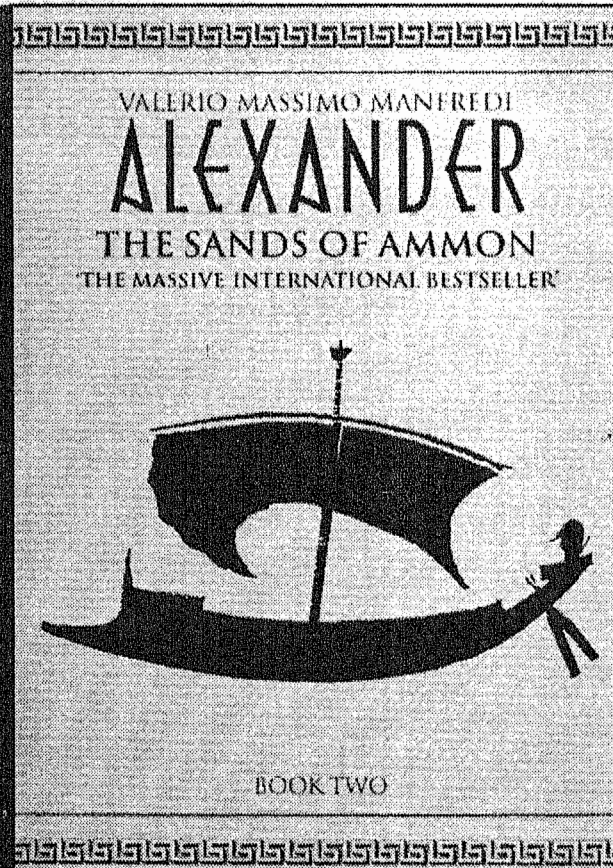
The author is apparently a world recognised historian of Alexander the Great, but I think that he has read way too many Mills and Boon novels, as EVERY chapter has at least one sexual encounter (and there are 58 chapters). I have never read a book so sexually charged, as Alexander and his posse spend the majority of their time either in battle or in an orgy. It gets tiring after the first few

chapters, as when we want the characters to develop, we simply get details of another sexual encounter.

This lack of depth was the biggest problem that I found with this book. Alexander the Great is one of the most interesting characters in history, having conquered most of the known world by the time he was thirty, yet historic battles are glossed over in two pages, whereas the author gives more attention to Alexander's horse than he does to the people who shaped his life.

At least one good thing came about from reading this book. It left me wanting to find out more about Alexander and his compatriots, but I will certainly not be pursuing the other books in this trilogy to learn about him. If anyone is interested in light reading and this book is the only one to hand then give it a go, otherwise get a copy of *I, Claudius* by Robert Graves and see what real historical fiction should be like.

Reggie Martin



The Flamboya Tree Clara Olink Kelly Random House Australia \$29.95

The Flamboya Tree portrays the real-life struggles of a Dutch family, surviving through the Japanese occupation of Java during the Second World War. It is a tale of love, death and survival against the odds. Written by Clara Olink Kelly, *The Flamboya Tree* is her first book, and it really shows in parts. Clara was only a small child when her family was taken prisoner, and so really it's just a chronological collection of her childhood memories, it gives the book a disjointed "quality and can really cut the flow of the story. It tends to build suspense in many areas, but only follows through in a few which can prove frustrating.

The story of her mother's courage was quite touching and especially miraculous. Coming from a life of privilege she suddenly found herself caring for three young children, without her husband and in atrocious conditions. It was quite inspiring and put many of my mediocre struggles into perspective. Historically it was an eye opener, I had no idea the Dutch were persecuted in camps in Java during the Second World War. I also knew little about the Burma Railway construction so it was quite interesting from that perspective, but historical information is few and far between in the

book, most of which was covered in the short introduction. The book also begins at the end of the story, when they all arrive, safe in Holland, before flashing back to before the war. I always hate when authors begin at the end, it takes away all of the suspense and the element of danger throughout the story.

The Flamboya Tree is easy to read, has large print and even includes pictures! I always love big print books with pictures, it gives you a great feeling of satisfaction reading a huge chunk of this book in a short time. *The Flamboya Tree* is certainly an excellent rainy-day read but it is no literary masterpiece by any standard. It doesn't have the bloodthirsty and gory detail that can be a turn off in this style of book, which makes a nice change. I quite enjoyed this book and would recommend it to anyone looking for some light reading that has a serious subject matter. It has all the personal struggles without that soul-destroying misery that can often bring many war-genre books down.

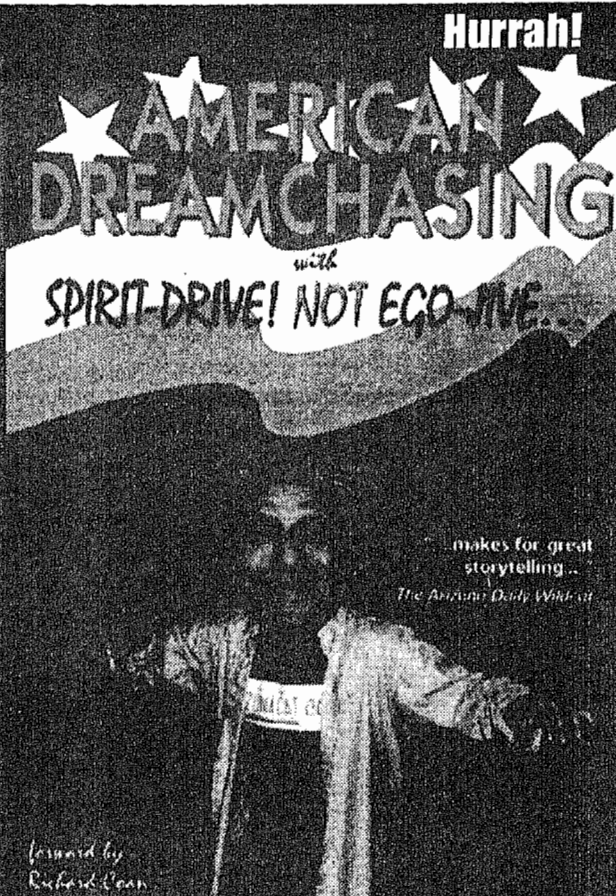
Belle

American Dreamchasing with Spirit-Drive! Not Ego-Five...
Mark Hansen

I know, it sounds lame. It sounds like a steaming pile of post September 11 patriotic poo. Well it's not sunshine. The book, while not being the greatest literary masterpiece, is a pleasantly easy to read story telling in all it's 96 page glory. This book is the story of a man, a man named Mark. It seems kind of pedestrian huh? That's the real beauty of this book, it's so real it's almost ridiculous. *American Dreamchasing* is the story of some dude, a run of the mill ordinary white dude from Arizona who happens to have a knack for phrasing even the most mundane of anecdotes in a way that makes the reader go "yeah I totally see how Mark being given that big, juicy orange equates to karmic justice as dealt out by the cosmos." Besides inane tales of Mark's experiences with karmic retribution (both good and bad) and stories about how what goes around comes around (which is essentially exactly the same thing as karmic retribution), Hansen goes into various entertaining aspects of his life. From his experiences selling books door to door to his invention of a new piece of exercise equipment he planned to

market, this is essentially the Kramer-esque real life story of a man who is sickeningly optimistic and fatalistic and really hard to dislike. Despite the book's misleading title it is not built in the constructs of a gung-ho all-American fantasyland where all a man needs to be happy is baseball mitt, a crew cut and a slice of apple pie. Hansen oft' criticises the capitalist mentality of the western world and directs some particularly amusing jibes toward Californians, a subject I can relate to quite well. On a side note some of you may have seen Mark "Zonacat.com" Hansen performing during the 2002 Adelaide Fringe. If you did then you'll be quite familiar with this book already. It's basically the essence of everything from the show but using the medium of text rather than spoken word. If (unlike *The Advertiser*) you liked Hansen's show then you'll dig the book. You're unlikely to find the book in most stores but I recommend checking out www.zonacat.com if you're at all curious about this unusual title. Not a bad little tome, quick thrills but something you might feel inclined to come back to if you need a bit of a giggle.

Peter Parker



...makes for great storytelling...
The Arizona Daily Wildcat

forwarded by
Richard O'Leary

Literature Vox Pop with Clementine Ford



Clementine consults her hand

1. What are you reading right now?
2. Who's your favourite literary character?
3. What floats your boat bookwise?
4. Greatest book ever?

1. *The Nine Parts of Desire* by Geraldine Brooks about the lives of women living in Islamic countries. I've just finished reading *White Teeth* by Zadie Smith, an enjoyable romp through the lives of three families living in London.

2. I'm quite partial to Benny from *Circle of Friends*. She's a darling. I'm also very fond of Holden Caulfield from *Catcher in the Rye*. Sam Gamgee from *The Lord of the Rings* is beautiful.

3. Anything really. I don't like crappy single women out for love books, unless they're very funny. Anything that manages to tell a good story is a-ok by me.

4. Too many to choose from, but as a random three there's *Catcher in the Rye*, the entire Harry Potter series and *The Lord of the Rings*, if only for Sam and that crazy Pippin.

Literature

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SPIDER FILM



High Crimes All Cinemas Now Showing

This week I was able to take time out from my somewhat busy schedule to spend a couple of hours viewing this film. Which is fortunate for the rest of you, as it means you will be saved the waste of time and money in watching it yourselves. Now don't get me wrong. *High Crimes* is not a terrible movie by any stretch of the imagination, however it did leave me wondering why the powers that be would even bother giving it a cinema release. True, it does have a somewhat impressive cast featuring the likes of Morgan Freeman, Ashley Judd, and Jim Caviezel, and hence the acting is of high quality, but the story itself is cause for major disappointment. *High Crimes* follows a brilliant young lawyer (Judd) as she struggles to defend her husband (Caviezel), who's been charged with the murder of nine innocent El Salvadorian villagers during his stint in the army thirteen years earlier. Despite the immense number of apparent plot twists throughout the film, the ending somehow manages to be not just predictable, but also renders the previous two hours viewing virtually irrelevant.

On the positive side, however, *High Crimes* does allow for some gripping courtroom drama type scenes, with civilian attorney Judd struggling against the misogynistic elitist ideologies of the U.S. military to get her husband a fair trial. Freeman also puts in a solid performance as the endearing reformed drunk who provides legal support and a little humour as Judd's "wild card". The action scenes are also quite entertaining, though were unfortunately let down a little by inconsistent editing.

In the end, *High Crimes* is a generic American thriller. The big names will probably ensure that it won't do too badly in the box office but that's about all it has going for it. If you are a big courtroom thriller/Morgan Freeman fan then I'm sure you will take a fair bit of enjoyment from it. Otherwise I would advise any interested parties that this is definitely a wait-till-video release, or at least wait till cheap-arse Tuesday.

The epitome of 2.5 stars.

Mindcandy



Mean Machine All Cinemas Now Showing

I went into *Mean Machine* with some trepidation, mainly stemming from my doubts over the casting of Vinnie Jones as the lead. Sure, he was very convincing in *Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* and *Snatch*, but did anyone else see him in *Swordfish*? I was beginning to think that he could only play the hard man. *Mean Machine* has completely changed my opinion of Mr Jones (well, wouldn't you call him mister? He could break my arm with his little finger!) As you probably know, Vinnie Jones originally was a star soccer player until he was plucked from sporting fame to be an actor by Guy Ritchie.

Mean Machine is actually a remake of *The Longest Yard*, which was a Burt Reynolds vehicle back in 1971. The basic plot outline follows the downfall of Danny 'Mean Machine' Meehan, who throws a world cup soccer match, downs more than the recommended amount of scotch and assaults a police officer who attempts to arrest him for drink driving. Of course, this leads to him being banged up in prison for three years, where he soon learns that being famous is not a positive thing. Most of the prisoners started out with nothing in life, so someone who has had everything and thrown it all away is almost guaranteed unpopularity.

It is soccer that wins over the other prisoners, in particular, a match that Danny is ordered to coach between the prisoners and the guards. The local prison gangster also gets involved, setting up bets that may cause some people's downfall. The climax of the movie is, of course, the match which really sets the screen on fire. The audience almost had to hold their sides to keep from laughing too hard, particularly at the two commentators, Bob and Bob. There is also the character of The Monk, who sees events in his own peculiar 'Monk Vision' (which the audience sees in black and white), and although he is supposed to be the goalkeeper, he often decides to try for a goal himself.

The remarkable thing about this film is the editing, which is very similar to that used in *Lock Stock*. It gives the film a modern, cutting-edge feel, which is so often not present in sport films. The only thing that slightly lets *Mean Machine* down is the sub plot involving the old lag, which I found touching but many others would simply find distracting. Make sure you see this film if you need cheering up or simply require a good dose of fun.

Poptart



Collateral Damage
All Cinemas
Now Showing

When Arnie said he'll 'be back', he meant it! Only this time we won't see him as a Terminator, a cop, a special agent, or a barbarian. No, this time our favourite meat-machine is, would you believe, a fireman! If that isn't enough to get you to go see it, then maybe the plot (yes, this Arnie flick does have a plot) will. Gordy (Arnie) loses his beloved wife and young son in a tragic terrorist bombing. The explosion was credited to The Wolf, a rebel leader in Colombia's civil war. The bomb's targets were members of the Colombian consulate, but of course, only the innocent die. Adding to Gordy's pain is the standstill the 'official inquiry' reaches into the terrorist's whereabouts. So, you guessed it, Arnie decides to take on The Wolf himself! Amidst lush guerilla territory in the heart of Colombia, you'll see Arnie in his usual top form - blowing up buildings, cracking people's necks, saving the innocent, and putting out fires (!). Yes, whether you're a die-hard Arnie fan, or just a lover of action, *Collateral Damage* is NOT to be missed!

Rasta

THE HARD WORD GIVEAWAYS



The Hard Word is a new Australian film that runs the gamut through crime noir, black comedy and classic heist films of old. Three bank-robbing siblings known as the Twentymen brothers are released from incarceration by corrupt cops in order to pull off the biggest robbery in Australian history. But once on the outside they have to contend with adulterous exes, corrupt lawyers and various doublecrossings.

The Hard Word boasts a stellar cast made up of Hollywood's favourite Aussie Hunk of the Moment, Guy Pearce, the delightfully talented Rachel Griffiths and Joel Edgerton from *The Secret Life of Us*. Thanks to the kind folks at Roadshow Entertainment, you can be one of the first people to see *The Hard Word* at the film's Adelaide premiere on Monday May 27. To obtain a double pass to the screening, all you need to do is come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday, 2pm and name us a television show (past or present) which featured any of the actors in the film.

**SUPER
FILM**

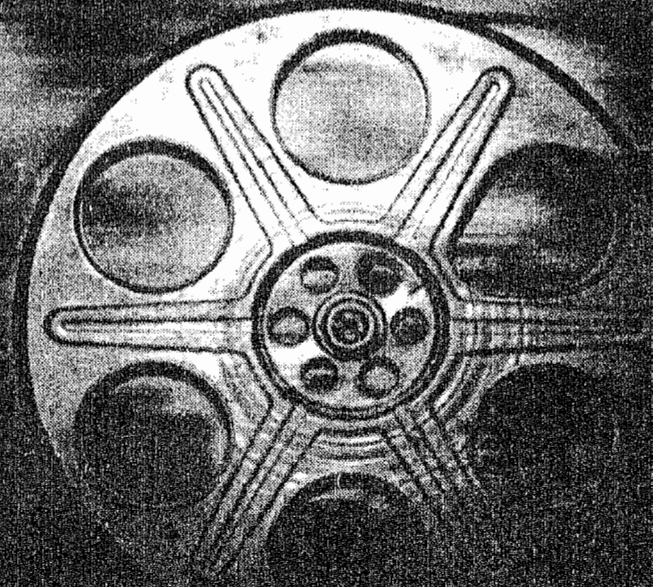
CINEMACHINE GIVEAWAYS

Cinemachine returns to the Mercury Cinema for a new season of cult films and classic curios.

Thanks to Mark from *Cinemachine*, *On Dit* has double passes to the series' opening night featuring the original *Planet of the Apes* and *Godzilla vs Monster Zero*. To get your hands on one, come down to *On Dit* on Wednesday, 2.15pm and give us your best rendition of a highly evolved yet militant ape meeting Godzilla in the dark, rubbish strewn back alley of a dilapidated circus sideshow. Or, you could ask really nicely.

CINEMACHINE

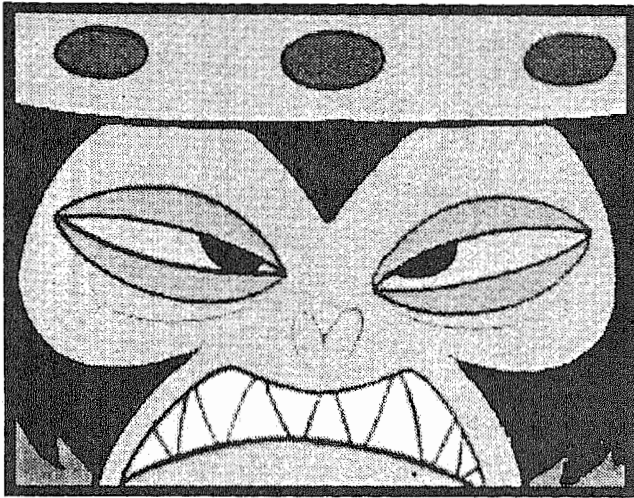
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THURS 27TH JUNE FROM DUSK TILL DAWN starring George Clooney, Harvey Keitel, + LIVE KAMIKAZE
THURS 11TH JULY FAWLTLY TOWERS + MONTY PYTHON'S NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
THURS 25TH JULY QVORIGIN LIVE SET + FROM THE DIRECTOR OF AMELIE THE CITY OF LOST CHILDREN

TIX PRESALES @ MOVIE MANIACS CITI ARCADE OFF RUNDLE MALL CITY
movie maniacs sales and film collectables selected nights



A lab monkey after being forced to listen to three of Mariah Carey's albums



Glitter
 2001 D: Vondie Curtis Hall
 Mariah Carey, Max Beesley
 Columbia TriStar Entertainment

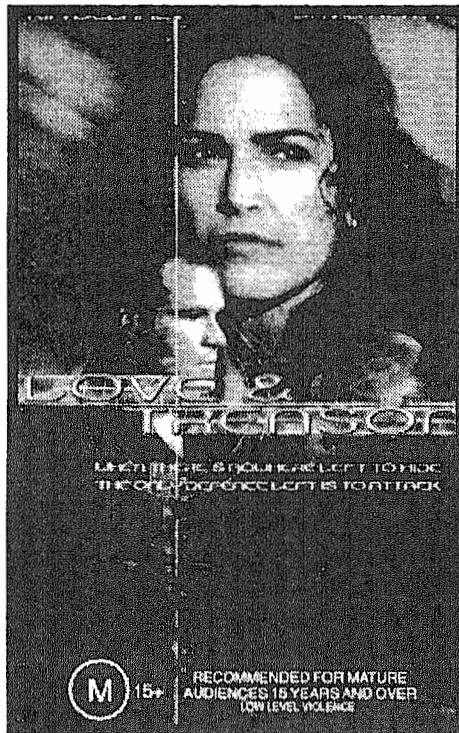
Glitter was Mariah Carey's foray into the film world. It was not well received by the critics and performed poorly at the box office. But that means nothing because it did not stop me from enjoying it. Although not a fan of her music, I feel that Mariah's voice is impressive. I can't say that I want to own any of her CDs but her charming way of expressing how she feels about the world must count for something.

Moreover, her music is used well in the film, which is essentially a love story about Billie Frank (Mariah Carey) and her lover Dice (Max Beesley), who develop a special and unbreakable bond as they ascend to the dizzy heights of fame and fortune. But their fate is never certain.

Glitter is not as wretched as people say. I found something in it but at the same time could understand why it was rejected. But it is no less agreeable than, say, *Harry Potter & the Philosopher's Stone*. While it is not the most inspirational or cultural music tale, some of the scenes hold appeal; the heavenly Mariah Carey has screen presence and her acting is moderate, but singing is clearly her forte. This might have worked if it was shot in documentary format and depicted the true story of her life.

The studio was patently expecting huge things from Mariah and from the soundtrack. The film is not likely to win an Academy Award, but it is entertaining provided that you don't think about it too much.

Matthew Herfurth
 Special thanks to Zannie Abbott



Love and Treason
 2000 D: Lewis Teague
 Kim Delaney, David Keith
 Timothy Carhart, Lauren Velez
 Paramount Home Entertainment

Love and Treason is a thriller about a man named Eli Davis (David Keith) who is convicted of treason. While employed as a naval security officer, Davis sold top-level military secrets to the Russians; his punishment is life imprisonment at a maximum security federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas.

When Eli escapes from prison, his wife (Kim Delaney) of seven years, Lieutenant Commander Kate Timmins is asked by her commanding officer to assist in his recapture. It is thought that, as she was married to Eli for seven years, she knows him better than anyone else. Interestingly, Kate's investigation of her husband led to his arrest and conviction for treason. Kate reluctantly agrees to help find Eli, and joins forces with Special Agent Susan Mestry (Lauren Velez) of the FBI.

When Eli was employed as a naval security officer, he was responsible for the research and development of several top-secret projects. One of these, codenamed Aladdin's Window, is the reason he escaped from jail. Aladdin's Window is a logic bomb able to enter any computer system and control it. Eli plans to sell this program to the Russian mafia. The closer Kate gets to him, the more perilous and dangerous her situation becomes. She is aided in her quest by Homicide Detective John Blake (Timothy Carhart), who gives her a hi-tech tracking device which will enable him and the FBI to monitor her movements and call in the troops if necessary.

This is a watchable and entertaining thriller. While it does not boast a great deal of action, it does have some tense moments. Kim Delaney, from the television show *NYPD Blue*, is very good as Kate. She is quite believable as a high-ranking naval officer determined to step out from under the shadow of her father, who is an Admiral. Director Lewis Teague has never really made anything exceptional, although his adaptation of the Stephen King novel *Cujo* was pretty good. And David Keith is a convincing villain. At the film's climax, to demonstrate the awesome power of Aladdin's Window, he uses it to override the Air Traffic Control centre at the Denver, Colorado airport and to set an in-flight 747 on a collision course with the Rocky Mountains. He then gets in touch with the FBI and demands a huge sum of money to prevent the imminent catastrophe. Can Kate save the day? See for yourself.

James Trevelyan
 Special Thanks to Leah Brown

Video



America's Sweethearts
 2001 D: Joe Roth
 Julia Roberts, Billy Crystal
 Catherine Zeta Jones, John Cusack
 Columbia TriStar Entertainment

When glitzy onscreen and offscreen couple Gwen Harrison (Catherine Zeta Jones) and Eddie Thomas (John Cusack) break up, their careers go into a depressing slump. They have enjoyed a string of hit films together, and their latest, which the studio is banking on to be a success, looks doomed to failure because of their split. Gwen has hooked up with a feisty Latino (Hank Azaria), and the despondent Eddie has retired to a trendy new age meditation centre after attempting to kill Gwen and her new beau by riding his motorcycle through the window of a Chinese restaurant in which they are dining.

So publicity agent Lee Phillips (Billy Crystal) is brought in to try to cajole Gwen and Eddie into getting back together for the sake of the film. But this is not going to be easy! Lee is aided in his difficult task by Kiki (Julia Roberts). Kiki is Gwen's timid, put-upon personal assistant, a woman who was formerly frumpy and overweight but who has now trimmed down considerably – we see her wearing a fatsuit in flashback.

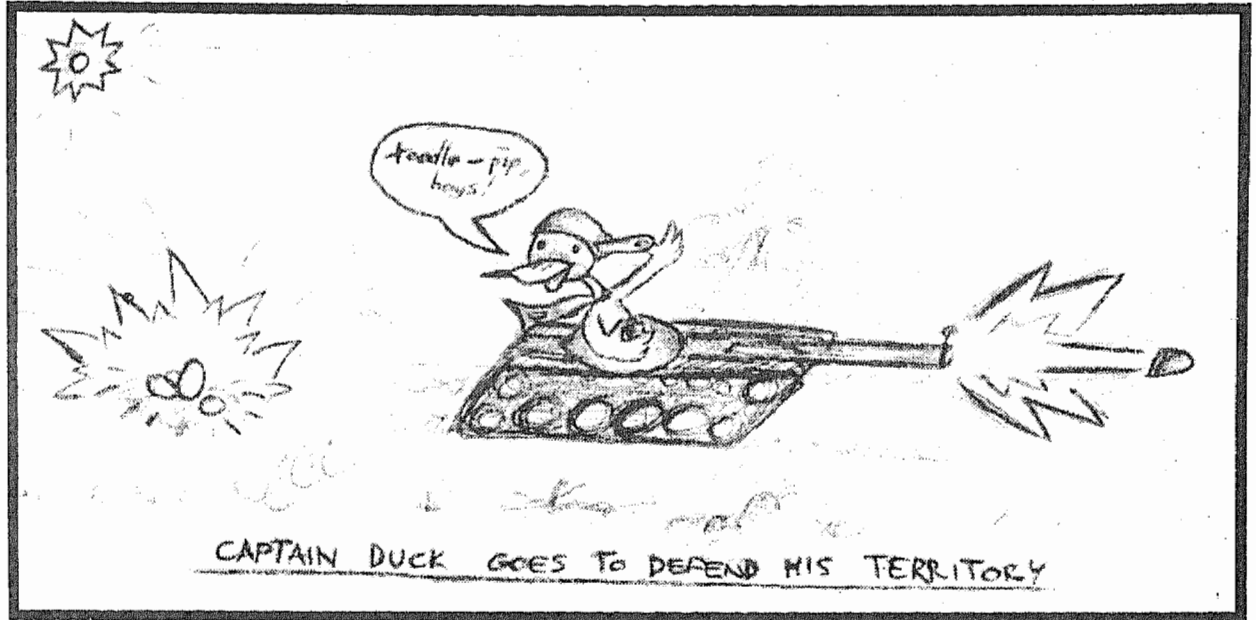
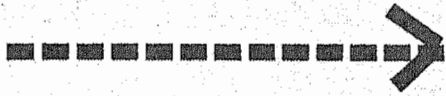
This is quite a clever Hollywood satire, but it is lacking something. There are some moderate laughs upon the way but the overall effect is a little disappointing. One of the better aspects is Christopher Walken as the eccentric director of Gwen and Eddie's latest film; he gives a really funny performance. Strangely, there are jokes in the trailer which are absent from the film itself – these jokes are quite funny, so why were they cut?

Hank Azaria is very amusing as Gwen's aggressive new Latino lover, and Catherine Zeta Jones is good as the bitchy, overpampered Gwen. But, all in all, this is missing something. Perhaps the script could simply have been funnier.

James Trevelyan
 Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott

Arts

Doodle of the Week



Inspace
Seven New Choreographic Works
South Australian
Choreographic Laboratory
The Space, 9-11 May

In the introduction to the evening, the audience was alerted to the fact that some of the works to be presented were well developed works, while others had only been worked on for a matter of weeks. It would be a mixed bag, but that just made it all the more exciting. The most prevalent feature of the evening had to be the use of film, incorporated into the works in unique and varied ways – some better utilised than others.

Waiting, a piece choreographed and performed by talented duo Felecia Hick and Ingrid Steinborner, used this mix well. A concept developed from simply waiting at a train station, the film began with the dancer lying, beginning a movement on a seat in the train station, while the dancer on stage perfectly replicated the movement in time. The dancers on stage moved in and out of the film in such a manner, the end result being a fluid and captivating unison of onstage movement and filmed movement.

Tender Fury, choreographed by Sol Ulbrich and performed by Kelly Alexander, John Leathart, and Amelia McQueen, showed equal flair. A dance based on martial arts moves, *Tender Fury* moved both onstage and onto film beautifully, and the moments of fast-paced and slow movement were integrated in a balanced and well-placed manner.

When There's Only was a short dance film based on and exploring the generation gap between dance and dancers. Choreographed by Amanda Phillips, it was both humorous (drawing some appreciative giggles from the older members of the audience featured in the film), and strikingly beautiful.

Finding the Funk was a joyous and fun-filled exploration of movement by Katrina Lazaroff, incorporating styles from tap and funk to modern dance, it was performed with flair and style.

Artifacts, choreographed and performed by Sarah Neville, was a curious piece based on the psychological act of archaeology. The dancer moved about onstage, placing bones and stones in various locations and moving about them, however in the end it did not come across as being put together well. *Up Front and Naked*, choreographed by Helen Omand, seemed similarly discordant. Although it was bristling with good ideas, the film and onstage dancing just didn't quite blend well together.

The final piece, *Once Bitten*, was a piece by Ingrid Steinborner and Naida Chinner. Beautifully performed with intensity and passion by Naida, it was a humorous take on the cynical and romantic within, and it was one of the standout pieces of the evening.

The works performed during the evening demonstrated the prevalence of talent and brilliance in the dance community, and proved well just how important a place like the Choreolab is to showcase these talents which otherwise might have gone unseen.

Lazy Lecture-time Dot-to-Dot

Answer at the bottom - Don't cheat!

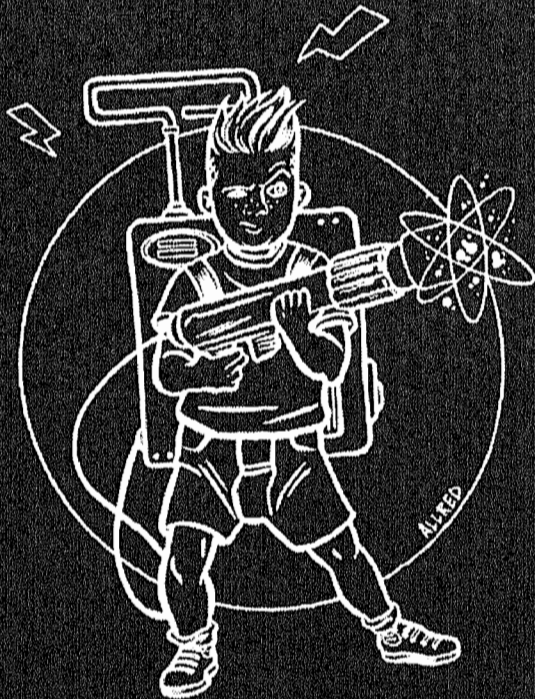


Answer: A Line



JOHNNY ATOMIC - CONTRIBUTOR!

LISTEN BUB,
I MAY JUST BE A KID, BUT I PLAY WITH A RATHER LARGE GUN AND IT COULD SERIOUSLY FUCK YOUR SHIT UP. IF YOU GOT ANY DISKS, DEMOS OR UP-COMING GIGS AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA THEN YOU'LL BRING YOUR GEAR DOWN TO THE ON DIT OFFICE AND IF YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'LL GET YOUR NAME RIGHT HERE IN BLACK AND WHITE WITH SOME NICE COMMENTS ABOUT YOUR MUSIC OR SUMTHIN'. ALSO IF YOU THINK YOU IS HIP TO THE SCENE AND YOU WANNA WRITE, THEN MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN. POP DOWN AND SAY HELLO.
I DON'T BITE MUCH.



THE SPECTACULAR LAMBRETТА!!!



I MUST ADMIT THAT I WAS QUITE IMPRESSED WHEN I HEARD THE FIRST SINGLE FROM THIS ALBUM 'BIMBO' WAS RELEASED. IT HAD THOSE CHUNKY ALMOST SMASHING PUMPKINS SOUNDING GUITARS THAT EASILY CREATED BLACK WIND FROM YOUR STEREO. HOWEVER, THIS SONG IS VERY MISLEADING, AS IT DOESN'T CONVEY THE STYLE OF THE REST OF THE SONGS ON THIS CD. IF YOU ARE A FAN OF BANDS SUCH AS GARBAGE AND LETTERS TO CLEO THEN THIS IS GOING TO BE YOUR TYPE OF CD. THE FEMALE VOCALIST HAS A GREAT VOCAL STRENGTH AND DYNAMIC RANGE WHICH DOES MAKE MOST OF THE TRACKS ON THE CD EASY TO LISTEN TO. HOWEVER THE STYLES OF THE SONGS GIVES ME THE IMPRESSION THAT THE RIGHT AUDIENCE FOR LAMBRETТА IS THE REBEL GIRL BETWEEN SIXTEEN AND TWENTY. BUT DON'T WORRY GUYS, FOR ALL OF THOSE WHO LIKE HEAVIER MUSIC AND HAVE POP LOVING SIGNIFICANT OTHER OTHERS LAMBRETТА IS A GREAT COMPROMISE. THEY ARE THE KIND OF BAND THAT SHOULD HAVE A FEW SONGS ON A TEEN MOVIE SOUNDTRACK OR AT LEAST I GET THAT IMPRESSION. PERHAPS THIS IS BECAUSE OF THE OVER PRODUCED SOUND THAT THEY CREATE ON THE CD. TRACK SEVEN, 'CRY IN MY ARMS' HAS A GREAT ENDING WHERE THE SONG EMERGES YOU IN A FUSION OF GREAT SOUNDS AND THEN BRINGS IN A CALMING ACOUSTIC GUITAR TO END THE TRACK. GIVE LAMBRETТА A TRY, IT MIGHT NOT BE ONE THAT YOU LOVE BUT IT DOES OFFER DIVERSITY AND A GOOD OVERALL FEEL.

APOCALYPSE.COMATRON!!!

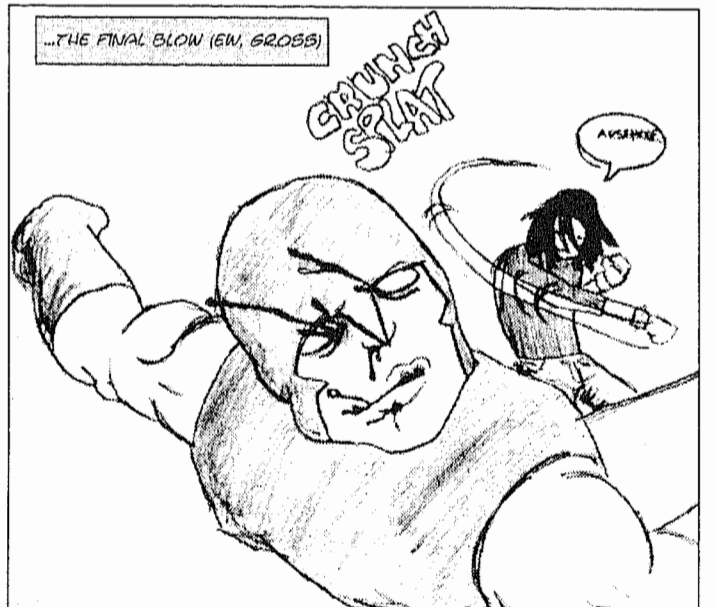
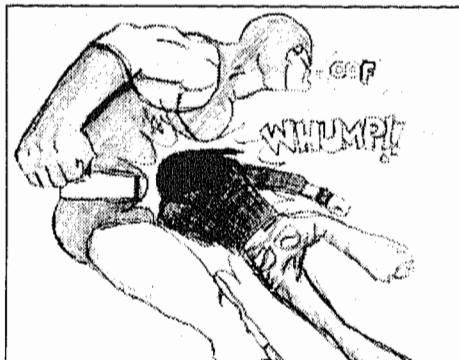
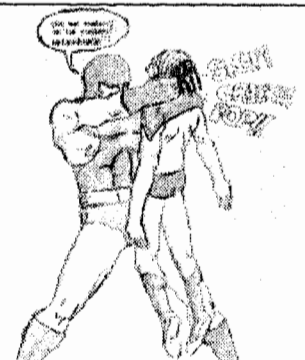
ART - MIKE ALLRED, REVIEW - DEATH ROCK BOY

AHHH, METAL. HOW DOES ADELAIDE LOVETHEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS. I'VE COMMENTED BEFORE ON THE BOOMING METAL SCENE IN ADELAIDE, IT'S NOT A BAD THING, BUT IT MEANS THAT IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO SORT THE GOOD FROM THE BAD AND. SOME KIDS OUT THERE ARE STARTING TO BELIEVE THAT ALL LOCAL METAL IS LAME. BREAKERS POOL HALL PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS. ANYONE CAN GET A GIG THERE AND THIS USUALLY MEANS QUITE A BIT OF BAD METAL. FORTUNATELY FOR FANS OF THE GENRE THERE ARE DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH. APOCALYPSE.COM'S NEW EP **THESE TIES ARE SEVERED...** PROVES THAT THERE ARE SOME BANDS OUT THERE WHO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. RHYTHMICALLY THERE'S A LOT GOING ON WITH THE FIVE PIECE, MORE THAN JUST YOUR PREDICTABLE DOWN-TUNED PALM-MUTED END-OF-THE-WORLD GUITARS. THE GUITAR PARTS ON THE EP COME THROUGH WITH BOTH POWER AND GROOVE DISPLAYING A MUSICIANSHIP THAT SURPASSES THE ONE DIMENSIONAL DEATH METAL OR PRETENTIOUS WANNABE NU-METAL THAT HAS SATURATED THE SCENE THUS FAR. VOCALLY THESE GUYS ARE UNIQUE TO THE SCENE ALSO, BLENDING MODERATE AMOUNTS OF COOKIE-MONSTER WITH A REFRESHINGLY WHINEY TONE FOR THE MORE MELODIC VOCAL PARTS. APOCALYPSE.COM HAVE A QUIRKY, SLIGHTLY ASKEW SENSE OF MELODY AND RHYTHM EVER SO SLIGHTLY REMINISCENT OF SYSTEM OF A DOWN'S EARLIER STUFF. IF YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A METAL-KID THEN CHECK THESE GUYS OUT LIVE OR PICK UP THEIR CD. IT WILL BE WELL WORTH YOUR TIME.

APOCALYPSE.COM HAVE A CD LAUNCH AT THE TVOLI HOTEL ON FRIDAY MAY 17. IT'S AN ALL-AGES SHOW WITH GUESTS FRANKENBOK AND THE BERSERKER. ALSO, WE MAY EVEN HAVE A FEW TO GIVE AWAY, COME DOWN TO THE OFFICE ON WEDNESDAY AFTER THE MUSIC MEETING IF YOU WANT IN ON THE FREEBEE ACTION.

STORY BY REB EL YELL & JESTA

BALLBREAKER: THE DEATH OF A HERO
STORY & ART - BOY
BASED ON WORKS INSPIRED BY DIE COBALS



'Underwear Violation In Sector Seven!'

speedstar* have emerged victorious from the studio with their debut album, *Bruises You Can Feel*, clutched in their triumphant hands. I recently had the chance to chat with three members of the band; Ben Smith, Alister Bell and Richard Johnston while they were in Adelaide on tour with Bluebottle Kiss. I asked the guys what we could expect from their new album. "It's great! Actually, it's more diverse I think. We've found with the Eps, having only four songs on them, they tend to give a limited picture of what the band is about. That was probably the best thing about doing the full length album this time. Since we put eleven songs on it rather than four I think that it shows our entire range."

For their debut album *Bruises You Can Feel*, speedstar* employed the talents of producer Steve Jones. The band has nothing but praise for Steve, with Ben and Alister claiming "he's fantastic - he's just an amazing guy. We really sort of clicked with him. It was really great to work with someone who was so enthusiastic and energetic. He gave us a lot of confidence about doing the best we could. He livened up the atmosphere too - we can be quite dull and boring. We can be fucking dull. We rely on somebody else to be the life of the party. He's about 18 mentally - no,

behaviorally. He just acts quite young, which is awesome. Whereas Richard is about 56." Ignoring this jibe, Richard states that "we weren't anxious about how things were going or concerned about how things would turn out. We were thinking about all the things we should be thinking about, like music arrangements. It was very relaxed as well, I can't imagine it being any more comfortable or productive."

Starring on one of the tracks is everybody's favourite country singer, Kasey Chambers. Alister has nothing but praise for her, stating "we're pretty

good friends with Kasey. We've known her for a while. We have spent a lot of time with her. We played a couple of shows with her up on the central coast last year. Then she asked us around her place for a BBQ, and it was getting pretty late so she asked us to stay the night at her place, so we didn't have to drive back. She mothers us quite a lot. She's lovely. So we are really lucky to have her on the album. We considered having her in the band full time as the singer but her career has kind of taken off. So you guys will have to put up with me."

speedstar* have been able to play a few festivals of late,

speedstar*



including the Big Day Out in Brisbane. Although they enjoyed it, it's also been a learning experience. "It's during the day, it's outdoors, it's weird. It's always kind of rushed, and there is no sound-check. They only give you 15 minutes to set up. It's definitely the kind of gig that you have to get used to. The best thing is that you get free tickets to the festival - and toilet passes. The best thing is getting to use the backstage toilets. You don't have to queue up for an hour. It's all about amenities."

One of the b-sides to their latest single, *revolution*** is a cover of The Cure's classic 'Close To Me'. I enquired about

any future cover versions that might be on the horizon. "We always like to throw one cover in but we have a fairly limited range of two. Generally when we are going on tour we just pick out one of the two to play. When we started way back fiddling around we were a terrible cover band. We played at Richard's formal before he joined. We played U2 and Hendrix, a bit of Oasis. And we were shit." Richard chimes in, announcing "It was the worst night of my life. I was having a bad night and I took it out on them." That aside, their cover of 'Close To Me' is

incredible, yet almost completely unrecognizable. Ben states "we only do a cover song if we can change it in some way. There is no point in having it sound identical to the original. That's what we did with 'Close to Me'. It was way too happy for speedstar*. That's what was great - making a Cure song more depressing. The only thing that would be harder would be doing the same thing to The Smiths."

I asked the guys if they had any plans to storm the overseas market, but Alister hurriedly vetoes the idea. "I think that it's a death sentence if you go over there before you are known. You hear those horror stories of bands going over there and ending up sleeping in the back of a bus. Then they spend four months playing bad shows to no one. We do enough of that here."

You can purchase a copy of *Bruises You Can Feel* at any half decent music outlet, and make sure that you catch speedstar* when they next roll into town. Apparently the guys play a fun game of 'let's find the hotel without the use of a street directory' whenever they tour, so look out for them asking for directions on a street corner near you!

Poptart

* speedstar* like to keep their hotel room clean - the anti-Sex Pistols. Quote refers to an incident involving Richard and some errant underwear.



ONE DOLLAR SHORT

One Dollar Short have been wowing audiences at the Warped tour with their high energy music and stage antics. I recently had the chance to chat with drummer Mick Smith about the imminent release of their debut

album. It had been a busy day for Mick. "It's been interview city! I've been on the phone all day and my ear is about to melt off."

Melting ears aside, I enquired as to how he felt about the upcoming release of their album. "It's been awesome. It's something that since we first started we have always wanted to do. We've done eps before but actually finishing the album, it's an achievement." Their debut long-player was recorded in two sessions with producer Matt Lovell, who has also worked with Silverchair and Grinspoon. Mick has nothing but praise for him, and stated that "Matt Lovell was great to work with. We met Matt prior to working with him just to discuss what he thought of the band, what his ideas were, and played him a demo. He was really into it and he had some really cool ideas."

Working on their album has taken One Dollar Short away from their real love - touring. Matt is keen to get back on the road, as "I really prefer to play live shows. A good live show is where it's at for me. It's more satisfying than doing a good song in the studio." The band recently toured with Warped, something that Mick really enjoyed. "Warped was great. It's something that everyone in a punk band aspires to play. I went to see it three times before, and it's just a great



day. When we got the call from our agent saying that we were doing the Warped tour nationally it was just incredible. It was great fun - good people and great bands every night. It's just a really good vibe. I also like playing small pub gigs where everyone is sweating and the crowd is just a metre away from you, but at the same time I love the feeling of playing to a massive crowd at a festival."

So far the band has remained focussed on Australian audiences, and this is where the band want to stay. "We're hoping to get the album released overseas, but our main focus is obviously Australia. If the album does get released overseas then we will obviously follow it up with a tour as well. One step at a time though, we just want to work on Australia first." For One Dollar Short, the fans remain the focus. "It's about building up a loyal fan base.

That's what we did, I mean, we didn't win any Unearthed or get any radio play when we started. We just wrote some songs, had fun playing them and tried to play them as much as we could. That's still what we are about." In keeping with this, Mick maintains their official website himself, although possibly not for long. "I really love it but I find it hard to find time to do it lately. We have been touring so much it's hard to find time to just sit down behind a computer. When I do get time, I usually have so many other things I have to do. I really enjoy it but I am going to have to give it to a professional to do from now on. We get a lot of hits on our website so from now on we have to outsource it."

Catch One Dollar Short at the Adelaide Uni Bar on May 19, and get hold of a copy of *Eight Days Away*.

Poptart

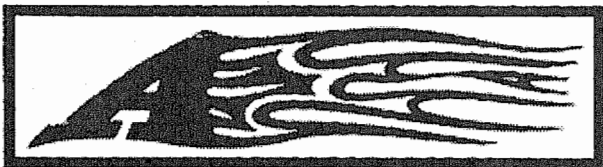


One Dollar Short Eight Days Away Festival Mushroom Records

All those of you who managed to catch One Dollar Short's set at the recent Warped tour will already have a copy of their debut album. This maiden release really showcases the pure energy that drives this band, as evidenced in the first single 'Is This The Part?', which catches hold from the beginning and doesn't let go. Their previous hits 'Satellite' and 'Boardgame' are also included on this album, which really harnesses the 'emo-punk' feel that has become so popular. Another stand-out track is the opener, 'Shots Were Fired (Bloodstains)', which is best played with plenty of volume.

Even if you haven't really been attracted to punk music before, the raw emotions evidenced in the lyrics will win you over. Who needs to go overseas when we have bands like this right here at home?

Poptart



It's a cold and bitter evening in Adelaide, but, as I'm gleefully informed, it's surprisingly sunny over in England. Keyboarder Giles Perry from British up-and-coming pop-punk-funk band **A** is on the line and seems determined to crack my dour mood. "It's been raining for four straight days here! But now it's sunny, it's great!" Indeed. I politely inquire as to the point of the name '**A**'. He laughs at me. "You couldn't find that one on the Internet could you? We wanted a name that doesn't mean anything and be put in any sort of genre." He pauses, and then adds, "Plus, we wanted to be before AC/DC in the racks at record stores". **A** have defied a lot of preconceptions about punk music, particularly in the minds of punkers themselves, with their

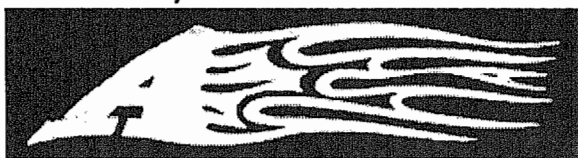


music floating somewhere between California punk and mainstream rock. Giles attempts to describe the way **A**'s music sounds, with some difficulty, before giving up. I mention that 'Nothing', the first single from their new album *Hi-Fi Serious* starts off sounding a little like P.O.D., setting him off once more. "Yeah, yeah, when it starts off you can really hear the whole 'Every day is a new day...' thing, hey? I love that film clip, well done P.O.D.!" I mentally remind myself not to refer to any other songs and continue, asking who would be influences on the band. "Oh, a lot of 80's bands like The Who and The Police, yeah, plus more recent bands like Faith No More and Jane's Addiction. Plus, on the

new album, we've been listening to a lot of Jimmy Eat World and stuff like that." He goes on to list The Offspring, Green Day, Blink-182 (who, somewhat surprisingly he doesn't mind being compared to) and, to my surprise, he lists Daft Punk as well. "Discovery rocks, I love that album!" But what about **A**'s new album? What has *Hi-Fi Serious* got that *How Ace Are Buildings?* and *Monkey Kong* don't? Giles shoots back quickly with, "Well, this album's infinitely better than both other albums put together. Better produced, better played, we've had to lift it up about ten levels." I comment that the second half of the album is probably better than the first, as Giles mentions that 'Starbucks' is all of the radio in England right now (being their second single). I muse as to why they hate Starbucks so much. "Well, we don't hate Starbucks, we were chatting one day and decided we think it would be the perfect job in the fast food industry. Of course, as rock stars, we have the best job in the world, so what the fuck are we even talking about!" He changes tact quickly, talking about playing with his brothers

(singer Jason and drummer Adam) and playing 250 shows in a year. "We're all about the live experience; we're predominantly a live band. We're coming to Australia around August I think, this year. Come and see us! I'm so looking forward to come to Australia, I've never been there before!"

Massiv Micky D



A
Hi-Fi Serious

London Recordings/Warner

Pop-punk-funk outfit **A** have released their third album and finally have received the airplay and glowing reviews they deserve. *Hi-Fi Serious* is an intriguing blend of California punk, mainstream rock and a touch of funk. Songs like their first single, 'Nothing' (receiving fairly heavy Triple J airplay), move in and out of genres, probably part of their rapidly growing appeal, with heavy riffs and wide-ranging vocals from frontman Jason Perry. The British five-piece struggled to find the right blend on previous albums *Monkey Kong* and *How Ace Are Buildings?* but have hit the spot with *Hi-Fi Serious*. They have been frequently compared to popular punk bands like The Ataris and blink-182, but really have no set style. *Hi-Fi Serious* is an album to put on any time you need to be pumped up and excited and look for their new single 'Starbucks', out soon.

Massiv Micky D

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Dempsey and the rest of the crowd.

The set incorporated so many fantastically performed songs that it is difficult to isolate highlights, but after discussing this with another fan we decided that the following tracks stood out as being more amazing than the rest: 'Pinstripe' (even more powerful live than on the CD), 'White', 'Chapel St. etc', 'Feeding the Birds' (which Dempsey said was about having a panic attack in a crowded city street), 'Say Something' (which was identified as his favourite song from *Echolalia*) and 'Born Yesterday' (a song which was written 6 years ago). Among all of the well-known favourites Dempsey also performed two new songs, which left a good taste of things to come.

Much of the night was spent interacting with the audience, especially when unfortunate problems with the speakers arose, with Dempsey chatting and telling jokes between songs. The set was also largely free fall, I'm not even sure if there was a set list as Dempsey seemed to just play whatever came to him and responded to audience requests. Some of the best moments resulted from improvisation, with Dempsey at one stage even saying "Sorry, I was just imagining I'm in my bedroom". Funny, I was imagining the same thing. Dempsey also displayed his well-documented political and social conscience with a "boat people" sticker brandishing his guitar, and by dedicating 'Sea Sick' to Phillip Ruddock.

The completion of the set induced such thunderous applause that Dempsey eventually performed two encores. One of them was a cover of 'Truly', a song originally written by Hazel, which has since become a trademark Something For Kate performance track. An apt choice was made to play 'The Last Minute' as the final song of the night, after which the crowd reluctantly dispersed, accepting that more than two encores is a major faux pas.

Bonita-tron
Reviewer Extraordinaire

When Paul Dempsey embarked on his nation wide solo tour in early May he had several objectives: to relax, improvise, follow tangents and generally play whatever he wanted. On May 10 at Heaven for the Adelaide leg of the Singularity tour, he did just that. Dempsey arrived on stage shoeless with an acoustic guitar in hand, and proceeded to play one of the most chilled out 2 hour sets I've ever experienced. Switching between acoustic and electric guitar, Dempsey managed to work his way through an expansive set list covering songs from 'Elsewhere For 8 Minutes' through to the more recent singles from *Echolalia*.

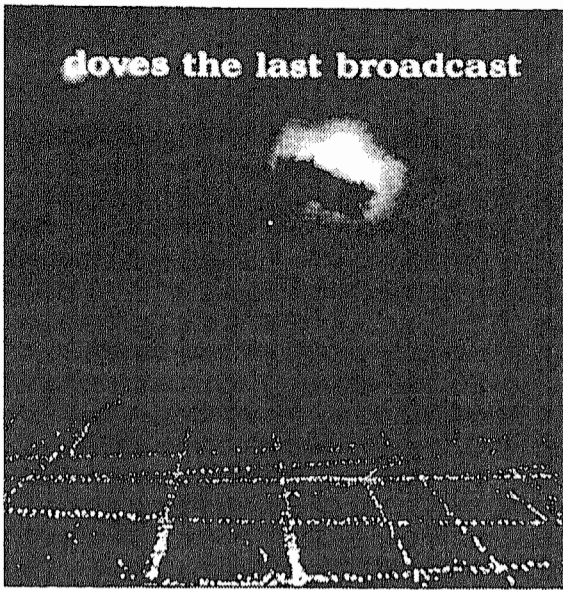
The audience was an interesting cocktail of diehard fans (those sporting Something For Kate t-shirts circa 1997), mid-teen alternative/pop cross overs (passionately mouthing the words to 'Monsters') and unadulterated Adelaide style bogans (yelling and screaming inappropriately upon every lull in the music). The best call of the night came from one of the said bogans who responded to Dempsey's call for song requests with "Something For Kate!!", which raised a chuckle from both



unirecords

Album of the Week

Doves
The Last Broadcast
EMI



They've worked alongside the likes of Tricky and New Order, have established a cult following around the globe, have just returned from two sell out US tours, and are now producing some of the most unique music to come out of the UK. There is no denying that Doves are cool. The problem is that no one seems to be able to identify quite what their music is: rock? folk? pop? instrumental? experimental? Who knows. All I know is that after listening to Dove's third long player release, *The Last Broadcast*, you'll be tightly wrapped up in the mystery genre and gagging for more.

The Doves have been together for 10 years now, but it wasn't until 2000 that they released their debut album, *Lost Souls*. Since then they have released a B-sides album to satisfy the needs of their rapidly expanding fan base in the UK and overseas. Their latest offering is much in the same vein as the previous releases, but has a more optimistic and upbeat edge. "We hope people will hear more optimism in there than last time. We can only write about what happens and what has happened has been good so some of that is starting to shine through in the writing" says Doves member Jimi Goodwin of the new album vibe.

Many of the songs (such as 'M62 Song') have folksy sounding guitar and vocals which are reminiscent of the big, open and honest sounds of fellow UK band Turin Brakes. Lush instrumentals, and beautiful orchestral passages are the driving force of many others ('Where We're Calling From', 'Satellites', 'Caught by the River'). The only other comparison I can draw for these songs is to the simple but mesmerising sound of acts such as Mercury Rev. Many people would have also heard the first single to be taken from the album 'There Goes the Fear', a playful, folksy tune which is currently being played a fair bit by Triple J Doves advocate, Richard Kingsmill.

Doves are touring our fair shores as part of the upcoming Splendour In the Grass Festival in Byron Bay running from July 20-21. Other confirmed acts include Gomez, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, George, Gerling, John Butler Trio and Supergrass, so it's well worth the road trip to head up there and check them out. Their latest and greatest album *The Last Broadcast* is available from Unirecords, so head in there and have a listen, and then buy it. Join the legions of (confused) fans supporting the Dove's genreless cool.

Shiskabob Hair

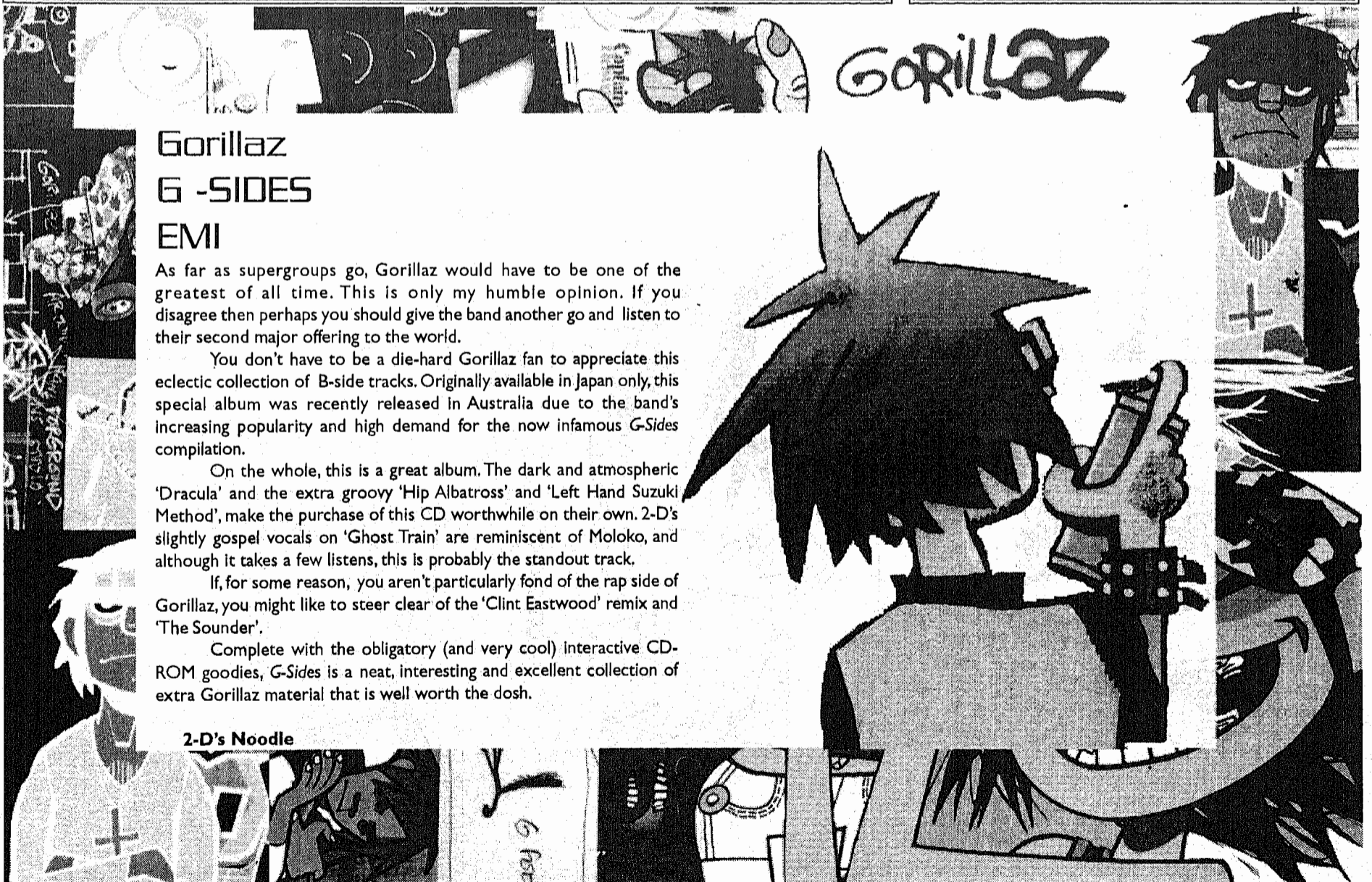
GIVEAWAYS!

STAND TO
ATTENTION!



If you're a fan of free stuff in all its glory then this is the information for you!

We have T-shirts and perhaps even some Doves CDs. All this and more could be yours if you come down to the *On Dit* office this Wednesday, May 15, at 2pm. You may have to answer some tricky questions or perform some embarrassing Superhero-type feats, but believe-you-me it will all be worth it.



Gorillaz G-SIDES EMI

As far as supergroups go, Gorillaz would have to be one of the greatest of all time. This is only my humble opinion. If you disagree then perhaps you should give the band another go and listen to their second major offering to the world.

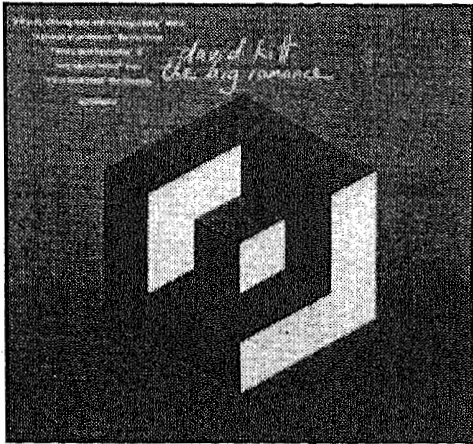
You don't have to be a die-hard Gorillaz fan to appreciate this eclectic collection of B-side tracks. Originally available in Japan only, this special album was recently released in Australia due to the band's increasing popularity and high demand for the now infamous *G-Sides* compilation.

On the whole, this is a great album. The dark and atmospheric 'Dracula' and the extra groovy 'Hip Albatross' and 'Left Hand Suzuki Method', make the purchase of this CD worthwhile on their own. 2-D's slightly gospel vocals on 'Ghost Train' are reminiscent of Moloko, and although it takes a few listens, this is probably the standout track.

If, for some reason, you aren't particularly fond of the rap side of Gorillaz, you might like to steer clear of the 'Clint Eastwood' remix and 'The Sounder'.

Complete with the obligatory (and very cool) interactive CD-ROM goodies, *G-Sides* is a neat, interesting and excellent collection of extra Gorillaz material that is well worth the dosh.

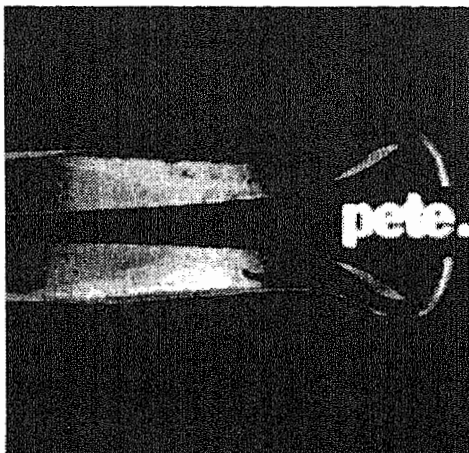
2-D's Noodle



David Kitt
The Big Romance
Warner

The *Big Romance* is the first full-length album release for Irish singer-songwriter David Kitt. His style is fresh and intriguing and it isn't hard to see why he plays to sell out crowds both at home and in the UK. The album's title perfectly describes the nature of Kitt's song writing; he is a modern day romantic. His music is instantly engaging. Uniquely Kitt's soft but deeply soulful vocal line is combined with hypnotic acoustic melodies, placid instrumentation, clever sampling and diverse hip-hop beats. "Song From Hope St. (Brooklyn, NY)" and "You Know What I Want To Know" carry you away to a different place and warm you inside on the journey there. The latter is simultaneously up beat and smooth, breathy and mystical and Diarmuid Mac Diarmada's clarinet adds fantastic charm. *The Big Romance* can't be taken lightly. It needs a bit of listening to get into but is worth the effort: try it out on a lazy Sunday afternoon.

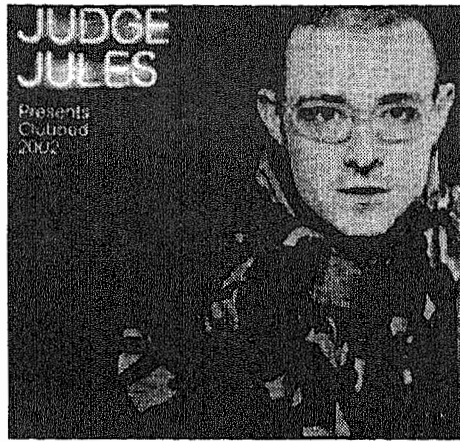
T-Mo



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pete.
Warner Music

pete. (yes, their name is all lowercase with a full stop on the end) have chosen to call their debut album, rather unimaginatively, *pete.* Predominately mainstream US rock (see Fuel, Creed, Nickelback) there is also an occasional hint of Powerderfinger, and an almost punk riff every now and then (as seen on the track 'Drugstore Alibi'). What will stop this band from becoming as successful (at least in sales terms) as any of the aforementioned bands is the lack of a catchy single. Despite having listened to this album numerous times nothing has reached out and grabbed me, or even just stuck in my head and annoyed me. Many people may enjoy this lack of a single, *pete.* are not one hit wonders. Highlights for me are the opening track 'Sweet Daze' and 'Burn'. Overall, a solid release which will at least earn them a second album.

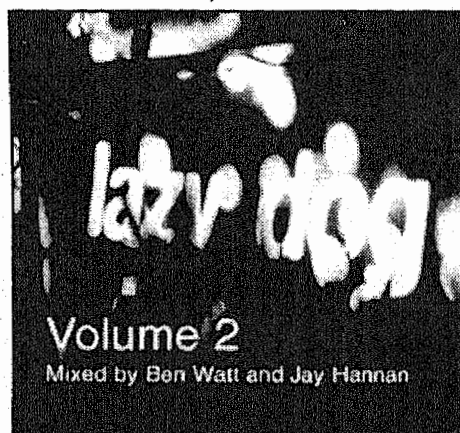
Stübbs



Various Artists
Judge Jules Presents
Clubbed 2002
Clubbed Recordings/Universal

Judge Jules is seen as one of the UK's most respected and well known DJs. He has played at every UK super club worth mentioning, made several appearances on our shores and has recently started his own record label, clubbed. This album was promoted as a double CD set in the UK, but disappointingly my copy consisted only of one. However this CD displays some of the best hard house tracks I have heard in a long time and, as the name of the album suggests, it would be well at home at any clubbing night of worthy repute. What stood out on this album was the fact that I didn't know all of the songs, in fact I don't think I had heard any of them until I pressed play. But with such well known producers as Minimilastix contributing tracks like 'Close Cover' and other wicked tracks as the 'The Oboe Song' by the Clergy and 'Shi Du Kahn' by Reysan Khan finishing off an album which is once again brilliantly mixed by one of the world's best, you can't go wrong. This is what I used to expect from other such compilations as *Ministry Of Sound Annual*, but have been disappointed of late. This makes a refreshing change. In all, one excellent hard house CD, and to finish off, read the inside cover, there is an interesting insight on how *Clubbed 2002* came about, and how bloody hard it is to compile a CD of this character.

Jester



Volume 2
Mixed by Ben Watt and Jay Hannan

Various (mixed by Ben Watt and Jay Hannan)
Lazy Dog : Vol 2
Virgin/EMI

If you've ever been to Notting Hill, London, on a Sunday afternoon and wondered at the throngs of shivering punters lining up in rain, hail and icy, horizontal squalls, this CD holds the answer. And the question? What's so good about the Notting Hill Arts Club's Lazy Dog sessions that tempts so many people to risk hypothermia? It can't be the décor or the ambience (think Mad

Love Bar circa 1996 mixed with the under-the-floor-boards vibe of Supermild and maybe even a touch of Tivoli) so maybe it's the music. Oh yes - it's ALL about the music, man. Star DJ, Ben Watt of Everything But The Girl, and Jay Hannan spin dancey tunes on a weekly basis. And they do it so well, they've started taking it around the UK. Listening to this double disc release, it's easy to understand the attraction: wall-to-wall house tracks perfectly attuned to that Sunday afternoon post-comedown, pre-peak feeling. Bring Lazy Dog to Australia, I say. I'd almost consider lining up outside the Tiv for a couple of hours. Maybe.

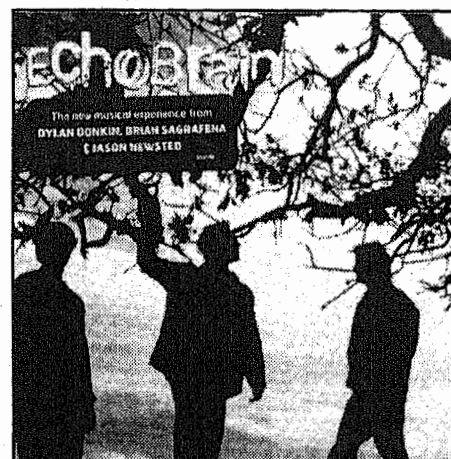
Mark Scruby



Spider-man
Various Artists
Columbia, Roadrunner, Island, Sony Music

Previewing the hype that will be the release of *Spiderman*, this soundtrack contains an unusual collection of artists that, at first glance, looks like a disappointing offering when considering the amount of 'artist-pulling' capacity this movie would have had. Kicking off with the 'Original Theme from Spider-Man' for novelty value the soundtrack progresses with the likes of Sum 41, Alien Ant Farm (no, NOT that song), The Strokes, The Hives and Pete Dinklage. Hmm...just doesn't sound right to this reviewer. However, worthy of specific mention is Jerry Cantrell's new track 'She Was My Girl' which is pure rock perfection, Corey Taylor's emotional and mellow 'Bother' and the interesting Tom Morello mix of Macy Gray's 'My Nutmeg Fantasy'. A couple of Danny Elfman's orchestral scores are thrown in towards the end to provide interesting dynamics. To finish, Aerosmith treats us with a relatively good rendition of the Spider-Man theme. Worth it for the cool 'magic-motion' cover.

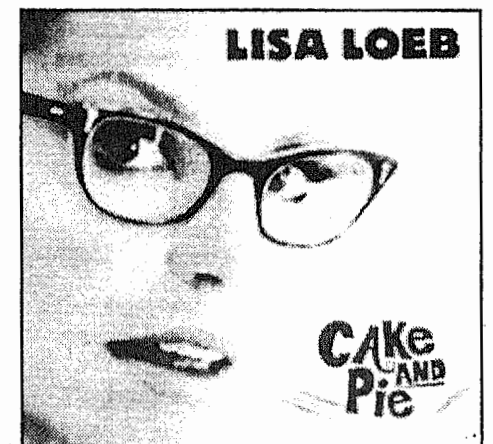
Jorm



Echobrain
Echobrain
Chophouse/Surfdog, FMR

Consisting of guitarist/vocalist Dylan Donkin, drummer Brian Sagrafena and (wait for it...) bassist Jason Newsted, Echobrain offer an interesting mix of rock with plenty of melodic content (read: catchiness). Dylan's voice is incredibly easy on the ear, with enough range and power to keep the listener interested throughout the length of each track with his voice sounding like a crossover between Cornell and Yorke at times. Musically, each musician is extremely proficient with plenty of feeling and atmosphere being drawn out even during the minimal passages of the compositions. Highlights include the dreamy, orchestrated Radiohead-esque 'Ghosts', the catchy-as-hell rock opener 'Colder World' and bass heavy swing of 'Cryin' Shame'. Check out the jazzy piss-take 'hidden track' ('The Crazy Song') for a bit of fun. Guest appearances are made by Kirk Hammett on 'SuckerPunch' and Martin on 'Spoonfed' and 'The Crazy Song'. A solid album which will surely help Echobrain generate a cult following.

Jorm



Lisa Loeb
Cake and Pie
AM Records/Universal

Back when Generation X was starting to be seen as a viable marketing demographic (think extreme Pepsi Max and Nike advertisements) a movie came out called *Reality Bites*. It starred Winona Ryder, Ethan Hawke, Ben Stiller and a 'killer' soundtrack featuring all the most radio friendly, big-A Alternative artists of the period - Lemonheads, Juliana Hatfield... you get the idea. (Ryder said in a later interview that *Reality Bites* was the longest video-clip she'd ever been in.)

The last song on the album was 'Stay (I miss you)' by Lisa Loeb and Nine Stories. Her first album, *Tails*, came out at the same time (coincidence? I think not) and saw some chart success.

Her second album, *Firecracker*, didn't do so well, at least in this country; she ditched the band and got more introspective. The biggest criticism was that it didn't carry the same alternative wallop you heard on *Tails*. True, but the emotive depth of the lyric content more than compensated.

Her latest album, *Cake and Pie*, blends these two sides of her writing. It's more diverse than either of her previous sets, with some of New York's heavy hitters playing session (Matt Chamberlain, Joe Quigley, Dweezel Zappa, Bob Clearmountain on production). The album is more of the same, but Loeb still manages to put a new spin signature stylings. The strength of *Cake and Pie* lays in the lyrics - the New York folk-poetry influence is there but without the associated pretension. All in all, a satisfying set.

Rusty Springfield

Super Singles

[love] tattoo
Love's Theme (Party)
 Husle/EMI

'Love's Theme (Party)' is another fantastic floor filler from Aussie band [love] tattoo. The percussion is great and the vocals aren't oversung, but the single contains only the radio edit and two average b-sides. So my advice is don't get the single - wait until it inevitably surfaces on a dance compilation, or just buy the album.

Bam Bam

Ryan Adams
Answering Bell
 Lost Highway

'Answering Bell' is the second single to be released off Ryan Adams latest album (his second) *Gold*. It could almost fall into the category of 'alternative country', whatever that may be. B-sides include a live version of the 'Answering Bell' and a very soulful number called 'Touch, Feel and Lose'.

T-Mo

Silverchair
Without You
 Eleven, EMI

A brooding and majestic song, 'Without You' highlights the maturity and sophistication of Daniel Johns's songwriting. And it's bloody catchy. Three non-album tracks are also included with the heavier 'stomp-rock' of 'Hollywood' making this single a must-buy for the fans.

Jorm

The Vines
Highly Evolved
 EMI

The Vines are being heralded as the Australian Strokes. This single comes on with a bang and goes out much the same way, and comes across as a hybrid of The Strokes and Nirvana. Listen to this one really loud and keep an eye out for the album.

Poptart

Puretone
Addicted to Bass
 Festival

Four years on and that annoying dance track is back; a revival inspired by a questionably successful reception overseas. Nothing's been changed too drastically here, merely a few tweaks to the samples, but funnily it somehow sounds worse, if that's possible. Yes, there's nothing quite like flogging a dead horse.

Matty



Zorro Presents On Dit Clubs and Classifieds

University Kendo Club

All members of the Adelaide University Kendo Club should be present in person and spirit for our Annual General Meeting 2002
 5.15pm at the UniGym
 Thursday May 16 (before training)
 Agenda
 President's Annual Report
 Treasurer's Financial Statement
 Election of Office Bearers
 General/Any Other Business
 Authorised by F. Laughton on behalf of the Committee



Zorro invites you to buy a sexy banadana like his and join him for a duel (moustache optional)

Yoga & Meditation

Tuesdays 12-1pm
 Wednesdays 1-2pm
 Upper Refectory level 5 Union House
 (opposite STA Travel and next door to the old, empty Equinox bistro)
 For further enquiries contact Dada 8269 7034 0421 083987
 niitish@hotmail.com

Adelaide University Bands Association

Important meeting for all musicians and bands.
 Wednesday 12.30pm,
 Barr Smith Lawns
 (look for the banner)

Clubs Association Council Meeting

North Dining Room Wednesday May 15 1pm
 All clubs delegates or Presidents must attend.
 Apologies to Vicki at Clubs office, ground floor Lady Symon Building,
 8303 3410
 vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au

Knowledge of 'self'

'True loss is for him, whose days have been spent in utter ignorance of his self'
 - Bahá'u'lláh
 Society for Bahá'i Studies of Adelaide University gladly offers:
 "Reflections on the Life of the Spirit"
 Starting Tuesday May 14, 1-2pm, Margaret Murray Room, Union Building, and continuing every following Tuesday.
 For more information on the course and registration please email - bahai_society@hotmail.com

Amnesty International Adelaide Uni Branch

Annual General Meeting
 Canon Poole Room
 22/05/02
 12:00pm
 Would all members please attend, all non-members welcome.



Zorro invites you to peruse his clubs and classifieds whilst wearing a sexy cape-and-leather-pants ensemble

i want to believe



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.