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THE ICE IS MELTING GLOBAL WARMING TURNS RAPPER INTO A PUDDLE



THE CAMPUS

ENQUIRER



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JUNKIE TURNS SHERIFF! Jason dobs in his technicolor neighbors

Volume 70
Edition 10
2/05/02



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On Dit horror - paper has Contents!

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On Dit

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About the Cover: Now you all know that it's not real kiddies, don't you? Good. It's a tabloid spoof, don'tcha know!

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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It's going to be Sooty!

Thanks go to:

Yakult the devoted locator of errors, Bonita his partner in crime, Gemma, Mikey B., Mark, John Candlish the photoshop whiz, Dan J., Southwark, Nat Teakle for helping get the Digicam, Bonnie from Cadillac, Carmel, Georgia, the Labor Club, and Simon Guthrie (you champion).

On Dit Discovers Australia!

A daring *On Dit* investigation has uncovered fresh evidence of the existence of the mythical continent of 'Australia'. Ingeniously posing as white Zimbabwean farmers, a handful of intrepid reporters have managed to escape the horrid fate of all those who have previously attempted to reach its fabled shores but have never returned. Reporting to civilisation via a primitive communications system the natives call 'Telstra', the daring few say they have been warmly accepted into local so-

cieties but are shocked by the cruel treatment of those who failed to adopt similar disguise when seeking the ironically labelled Dark Continent.

For age upon age, legend spoke of this great southern land existing in complete isolation from the rest of humanity. Its great warships patrolled the vast and majestic coastline seeking to conquer the imaginary foes conjured in the narrow minds of its paranoid rulers. Stories abound of the cruel and exceptional lengths these rulers took

to ensure no outsider, however poor and defenceless, ever escaped from its dreadful dungeons. The policy of utter isolation was fuelled by a backward religion that tolerated no threat to the central tenet of white supremacy so integral to the psychological makeup of the native society. As the centuries passed, fact became legend became fairytale: the story of 'Australia' became the allegory we use to teach our children of the destructive force of racism as a political tool. Now the process is reversed, as legend becomes frightening fact.

The discovery poses immense moral dilemmas for the civilised world. How will we deal with such a place? Is it fair to impose our ideals on this primitive society in order to co-opt it into civilisation? It seems the best way forward is to accrue as much knowledge as possible of the history and practices of the forgotten land before deciding on action.

It is believed the continent cut itself off from all existing trade following a series of disastrous historical incidents. Take the tragedy of the beautiful Ansett, for example, a bird so large and docile that it could transport several hundred passengers at once to destinations as far away as South East Asia. Corporate marauders from the land of Kiwi, whose envy of a national symbol that could fly knew no bounds, threatened the exquisite Ansett with extinction through criminal mismanagement. The rulers who had surrendered the plight of the bird to the foreigners made only half-hearted attempts to conjure a Phoenix-like resurrection for the doomed species, whose demise coincided

with the Immaculate Conception made possible by the merchant-king Richard of Branson.

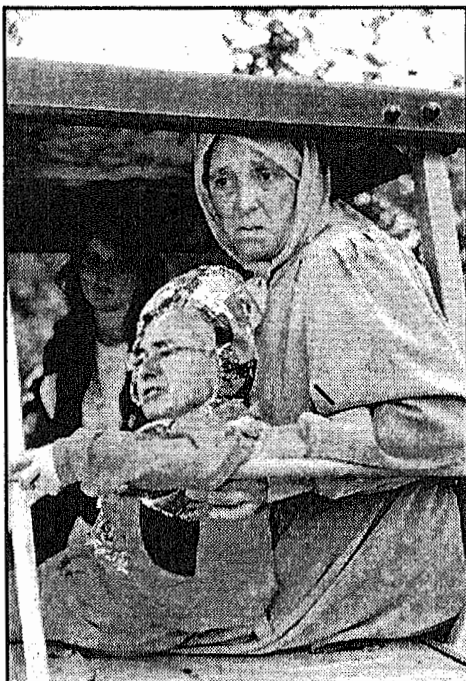
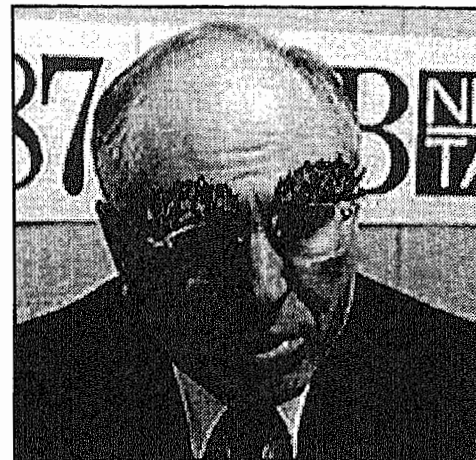
Not long after, the strange land closed all its ports in the wake of a devastating invading alliance involving Canadian money, Ukrainian labour and Bahaman lawlessness.

The contraction of trade, however, was really only the economic manifestation of a paranoid and xenophobic leadership which brought shame and ruin to the land by draining all the people's resources to keep the imagined enemy at bay and themselves in power. The sick and the poor were left to fend for them-

selves as the great island sank from the memory of other lands so comprehensively it may as well have sunk into the blue. Many thought it had. It had been, so the legend goes, the greatest per capita emitter of greenhouse gases in the world at the height of its crude 'civilisation', prompting the theory that rising of the Southern Ocean had simply swallowed the continent whole.

Only time and detailed study will prise the truth from the remaining myths. But how much time this ancient land of ancient minds has left is debatable. It is a society that has been in decline ever since its most revered ancestor came to power. This leader, who divorced Australia's fate from all other peoples, and whom the natives oddly believe, was eventually crushed under the weight of his own eyebrows - perhaps the only instance of justice this foreboding place has known for an unfathomable stretch of time.

Tim Williams



Swap Horror!

Enthusiasts in the Immigration Department are looking forward to their first refugee swap-meet with the U.S., designed to send the message to potential asylum-seekers they won't be settled in their destination of choice. According to Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock, the government is aiming "to offload some of the Middle Eastern ones we've had for ages and hopefully pick up some quality Cuban and Haitian ones in return." Ruddock admitted that Central American refugees are "very hard to get in good condition," meaning Australia may have to exchange several "bog-standard, mass-produced" Afghans and Iraqis per trade. "If this works to reduce refugee numbers, then so be it", he added. "But rest assured, we won't get gyped."

The reaction of refugees held in locations such as Nauru has been one of fear. Those interviewed have pointed to the Howard government's poor record when it comes to swap-meets, citing the multi-billion dollar losses Treasury endured through disastrous currency swaps in recent times. One detainee, who wished to remain anonymous to protect his trade value, said, "We are worried that when the Australian Government sets out to swap things, it loses them permanently. This time maybe on purpose." Some, however, are philosophical about being traded to America. They reason that U.S. officials usually turn a blind eye to flying lessons, which would enable them to pick a destination by air - a sure method for being allowed to stay. "Besides", said one, "No-one wants the humiliation of going into the draft. You never know who might pick you up. I do NOT want to go to Freo."

Tim Williams



Attack Of The Clone

The results of a national poll undertaken for the *Daily Telegraph* have prompted John Howard to splurge on funding for research into cloning, believing Australians now want him to be Prime Minister forever.

The poll found a significant majority are none too impressed with either Peter Costello or Tony Abbott as potential replacements, while Labor spindoctors are hard at work surgically removing the minus sign from Simon Crean's approval ratings. Electorally, the incumbent is all the rage.

Howard has been careful to disguise the real motive behind his trip to China by concentrating on a \$20 billion gas deal. However, he has been heard to repeatedly ask the Chinese President, "You lot all look the same. How do you do it?"

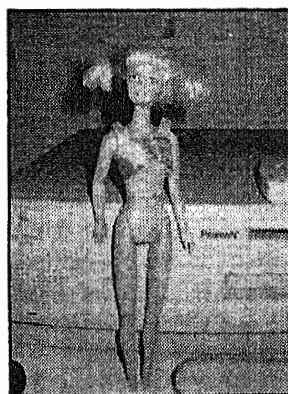
Meanwhile, revelations that Treasurer Costello is mathematically dyslexic have fuelled hopes the budget may be in the black after all. Despite an approval rating of only 36% for his budget, Costello proudly reported the poll as evidence "the majority of Australians believe this is a good budget for the economy."

Tim Williams

Plastic Surgery Scandal!

Hollywood actress OD's on Botox and runs away with Ken

*Story Page 63



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AUSTRALIA

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Stem Cell Research Debate Rocks Country!

Uproar as woman gives birth to celery!

As well as being a leading researcher of stem cell treatment, Leon McQuade is a diabetic. Stem cell research to him represents a lifestyle where 'I don't have to worry about pricking my finger three or four times today to get my blood glucose results... I don't have to worry about having insulin injections... I don't have to worry about the side effects of having long standing diabetes.' The stem-cell debate is one of those stormily contested issues at the moment that spans across a wide spectrum in society; it seems everyone feels like this is their issue.

On one hand, science is a rational quest for solutions to human problems and researchers strive for possibilities to develop their science and find the missing links to millions of cures. Then on the other hand, there is the predictable 'floodgates' argument about cloning, which can lead to the talk-back radio answers about what God intended, a future of fetuses produced solely for research, etc etc. All of these opinions are justifiable; they are beliefs that have been instilled in people since they were born. These opinions most likely mirror those of their family and friends. The issue of stem cell research is never going to get 100 per cent support; it is going to be a bloody battle to decide its future.

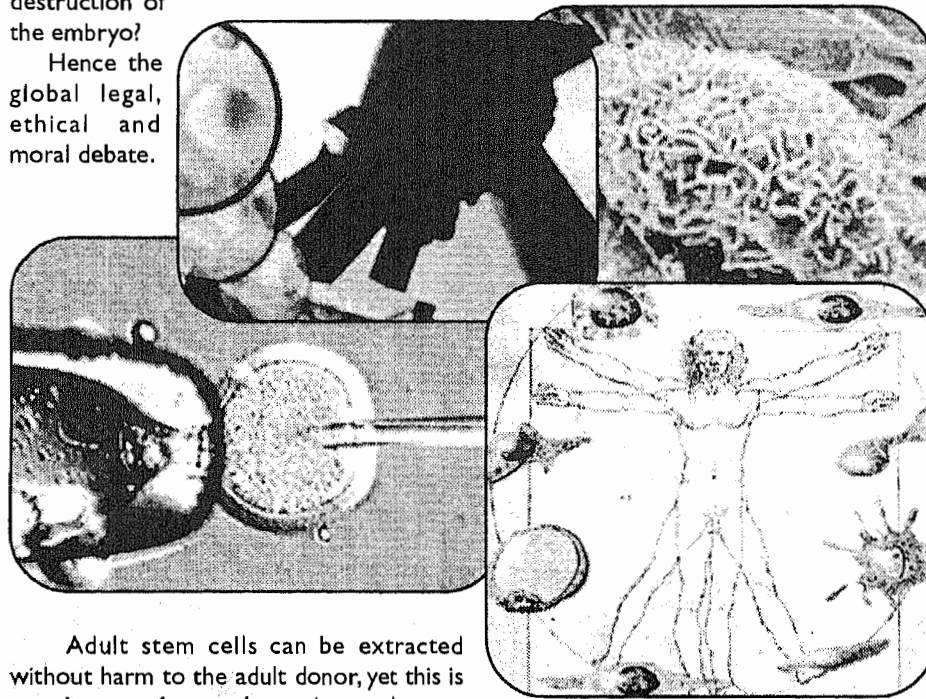
As everyone who attends Law School well knows by now, the precise wording of acts and statutes can be the crucial issue in deciding civil and criminal cases. In a profession where every word counts, the thought of creating legislation allowing stem cell research and cloning would be a nightmare in terms of implication; especially in an issue where ethics and morality are at the very core, and people's opinions are as set as their political preferences.

Now to the technicalities... stem cells are cells extracted from embryos that have not been used to produce a normal foetus. They are currently extracted from unwanted embryos collected for the IVF program. Stem cells are effectively raw materials of the body, and the fact that they are unspecialised means they have the potential to develop into any cell in the body. After a week, embryos begin to produce these 'blank slate' stem cells, making them vital to research into numerous diseases. Diseases such as diabetes, Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, heart disease and spinal cord injuries are only some of the diseases that would benefit from stem cell research. Adult stem cells are definitely a safer option, however they are 'pre-programmed' in that they are only able to form

one type of tissue, and exist in limited numbers. Adult cells are still effective for research, but it is the embryonic stem cells that have unlimited potential in the long-run. Embryonic stem cells have the ability to replicate themselves continually, which means there is an infinite supply. There is an endless potential with stem cell research, anything that makes us ill as a result of problems at the cellular level can be cured, results which will transform the lives of millions. Well known identities such as Christopher Reeves, now a paraplegic, and Parkinson's sufferer Michael J. Fox are now helping to strengthen the consensus on stem cell research. The potential for fighting disease is obvious, but there is still a long road to travel before faultless cures are discovered.

The moral - and legal - issue in this debate is: can we extract stem cells from embryos, if this process results in the destruction of the embryo?

Hence the global legal, ethical and moral debate.



Adult stem cells can be extracted without harm to the adult donor, yet this is not the case for surplus embryos that are used for research. The destruction of embryos is obviously a contentious issue that brings protest reminiscent of the abortion debate, and means stem cell is obviously a subject where parties involved must tread lightly. In this debate, many issues revolve around the question of what a human being truly is. Is it the first cells created, the week-old embryo, or is it the foetus? This distinction of when life begins could be the pivotal point on which society decides if stem cell research goes ahead. This distinction between embryo and foetus is why there are more supporters of stem cell research, rather

than abortion. The stem cell debate questions our most central views on humanity, life and death. The 'right to life' argument sticks to the principle that human embryos have dignity and a right to life from the first moment of their existence. The fact that the embryos have no characteristics of human life, no emotions, no organs, no consciousness, is irrelevant. Their potential as human beings is what is argued as important. As previously mentioned, the 'floodgates' argument is prominent in this debate as well. Opposers argue that allowing stem cell research will lead to the creation of embryos solely for research and destruction. Then it leads onto cloning, and what the future will be for us as a civilisation. This discussion is never-ending.

At this stage, federal committee recommendations focus on banning therapeutic cloning, rather than finding

technologies. There is also the issue of how legislation will tackle and account for notions such as 'morality' and 'human dignity'; a problem that recurs in the euthanasia debate. How do you create legislation for an issue that is centred around people's moral and religious beliefs without causing disruption in society? The law is often reluctant (or unable) to legislate on ethical issues. In the stem cell issue, parliament cannot tell people what their moral direction should be; it would be disputed in a democratic society that embraces freedom of speech. "Cell therapy is the great hope of the relatively near future for miraculously transforming the way we treat injury and illness."

The negative result of an ethical dilemma such as stem cell research is a situation in which compromise and understanding are forgone for political benefits. Behind closed doors across Australia, many families suffer with a situation in which they could lose a person they love because this research cannot be facilitated. It is this situation that blurs the view of what is right and wrong in this debate. Destroy week-old embryos or let people who are alive, who are conscious, who have emotions and loved ones, to pass away or live their lives ill. There is no black and white; this whole issue is tainted with different shades of grey. There are no straightforward answers, and parliament will undoubtedly be criticised for whatever ethical decision it classifies as the law in this country.

The central point to remember in this debate is what is at risk - lives are threatened if society cannot distinguish between an embryo and a foetus, between cloning and stem cell research. Stem cell research is one of the most promising medical advancements in regards to restoring people's functional abilities, and it gives us a glimpse at cures for previously untreatable diseases within the next decade. At this present time, it feels as if both the government and society are being forced to make a decision in a hurry on an issue that could potentially span years. What we must remember however is the next generation who suffer from progressive diseases, and what we have to offer them if research begins straight away. For a pregnant friend of mine, stem cell research represents a future in which her son will not have to be on a drip every night for his blood disorder, and a future in which he may live past 30. A young man who is a quadriplegic summed the debate up in these words: "I would hate for anyone else to be in the same situation as me, knowing that that research is there and there is something at hand that can stop them having to go through what I'm going through."

Ethical dilemmas, such as euthanasia, abortion and now stem-cell research and cloning should not be seen as a bad element of society and the law-makers. They encourage debate, they force the law to shake off some of its cobwebs and they make all members of a society question their most fundamental beliefs. The benefit from such a controversial, and emotional debate, is that it creates a strong society in which mutual respect and diversity of opinion rule over self-righteousness and politics.

Laura Anderson



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 provided by the SAUA Education Department. For more information contact Georgia Heath, Education Vice President on 8303 3898



SHOCK REVELATION

Education IN CRISIS!



Is this man helping or hindering the cause?

Over the last 20 years or so, educational institutions such as the University of Adelaide have been finding it harder and harder to meet student demand and compete in a global arena. This is due mainly to Federal Government funding policies, which have seen universities' budgets slowly diminishing to the point where they can barely pay their electricity bills, let alone invest money into things such as staff training, student support or infrastructure. This means that increasingly universities must look at alternative funding sources purely to survive.

Once upon a time education was free. Not only was it free, but education in Australia was based around the principle that universities are academic institutions,

away from the dog-eat-dog world of corporate competitiveness, and free to do as they wished provided that there was an underlying academic merit to their pursuits. Sadly, the day came when the wicked budget witch of the west waved her magic wand and educational institutions, as the pillars of academic excellence, were no more. Faced with crippling budget cuts, academic administrators set off on a journey to find ways to gather money for their universities, free from the wrath of the Federal Government.

One of the first things the universities did was to start charging students fees for their courses. Whilst technically the cost of all material required for learning must be covered by HECS, universities are unable to pay for the costs of tutorial readings, practical worksheets and all other materials required for the courses they offer. Students then have to cover this cost out of their own pockets, which can often reach the \$600 mark for one semester alone. This cost eases the burden on the institution, placing it on to the student who often cannot afford it, whose education suffers as a result. This practice is common and is particularly problematic in terms of a university's social responsibility. No student should be prevented from accessing education due to cost. However, this is sadly not the case.

Once the universities had maximised their ability to save funds by placing the burden of ancillary fees onto students, the administrators moved on to staff and resource cuts as their next method of saving money. Last year alone almost 19% of staff were cut from the Faculty of Science with further cuts rumoured for Humanities and Social Sciences. Over \$1 million was cut from the library's \$4 million budget for journal subscriptions for the year 2002. This type of cut has meant that class sizes have risen,

access to resources has been restricted and in some cases entire subjects or departments have been shut down. This is bad for the institution, as the quality of education we receive depends on a variety of things including access to academics, quality of resources (like laboratories).

Unfortunately though, internal budget cuts and staff redundancies have not been enough to make up the ever-increasing budget gap that the University of Adelaide faces each year. The University therefore has again

Unless this university is prepared to invest resources to make our degrees the best they possibly can be, students will continue to turn away.

looked at students as a source of income. This time it has been international and full fee paying students who have suffered most. Full fee paying students pay anywhere up to \$25,000 per year to study at this univer-

sity. It is within the university's strategic plan to further increase these numbers over the next few years.

Where the university has fallen short, however, is in their ability to attract full fee paying students in the first place. Because of the funding cuts and high ancillary costs that have been implemented and the effect this has had on the standard of education, the university is in a tenuous position when it comes to marketing themselves in a global, fee-paying market.

Student representatives have continually argued to the university over a number of years that the way to attract more international students to Adelaide is to provide the best, most respected degrees and support systems. This may mean that they train all staff in issues of language and cultural sensitivity, or to employ the best lecturers and to have smaller class sizes.

All of these ideas however come at a cost, and therefore the university is reluctant to pursue them. Quality degrees are something that all students want and are the one thing that a university must pride itself on. If a student can afford to go to almost any university they like, why would they want to come to Adelaide? Unless this university is prepared to invest resources to make our degrees the best they possibly can be, students will continue to turn away, preferring to spend their money on a degree that is guaranteed to get them a job.

As a final resort, the University of Adelaide has increasingly been turning to commercial enterprise to increase funding. The Santos School of Petroleum Engineering is a good example of this. This large company has invested so much funding into our University that not only do they have entire schools named after them, but also to a large extent they get to decide upon the content of the courses to be taught within these

schools. This transition to consumer-based education is one that has been met by opposition with both students and academics reluctant to let corporations dictate the materials to be taught in their courses. Not only does this undermine the principles of academic institutionalism, but it also narrows the range of job opportunities for graduates. For instance, if a company is the only company to use a particular method, and students are only taught that particular method, their employability is restricted to that of the single organisation. If that organisation were to cease to exist, that individual's education would become redundant, as they may no longer be able to gain employment in their field. This is dangerous to say the least and is one of many problems entailed in the corporatisation of our education system.

Universities have most definitely reached a crisis point in terms of their financial viability. For the University of Adelaide to continue to exist as a competitive institution on both a global and domestic scale it must seriously look at the way it operates. It is not enough for an institution to remain financially accountable if it is not effectively educating minds. The federal government must act soon to ensure that all of our educational institutions remain competitive and have at their

core a quality academic program that allows their students to ultimately gain valuable employment. It is disappointing to see federal budgets that deplete funding to this essential human investment. It is a mistake on the part of any government who takes money away from education to think that this will not ultimately affect our ability to liaise with the rest of the world. If Australia is supposed to be the "smart nation" then we have a long way to go to prove this. I suggest that the smartest thing our government could do is to invest money into our education.

Georgia Heath
SAUA Education Vice-President

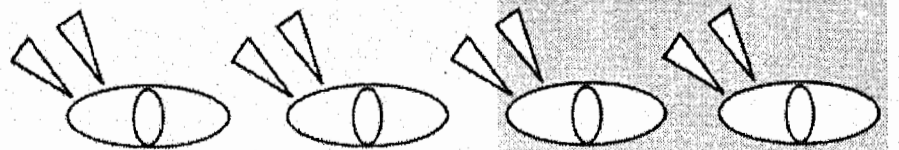
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Student Card Holders Save 15%

Federal Budget 2002

in review

The most wicked and, let us hope, final Costello Budget has arrived. We have taken it on, to examine and expose some of its greater evils. Be afraid, be VERY afraid... The Liberal party has offered the ever-fearing public a 'scary' look in to the future. They proclaim that in 2042 there will be a straining amount of pensioners and not enough young tax-paying people to support them. They use this prediction as justification for

the 'scaling back' of certain areas and for the funding of election promises. They plan to scale back education spending and health and disability programs. But if they were serious about this proposed phenomenon, other areas would be looked at with more precision, for example superannuation and leaky boat protection, and the budget would not be in deficit.

Labor Club

The Campus Enquirer asks: what the fuck is this?

Federal Budget night may have been two weeks ago but the fun and excitement lasts so much longer than Kerry O'Brien's 7.30 Report special.

The six previous Costello budgets delivered fairly predictable groups of winners (big business, high income earners, private schools) and losers (low income families, the unemployed, students, public hospitals, public schools and universities). This budget, delivered in the post-9/11 world, was different however - truly a sweet victory for all healthy, able-bodied Australians who purchase hardware for the military and intend to die rather than receive drugs for any future illness.

Every daily newspaper around the country accurately summarised the budget with various permutations of the headline 'Sick and disabled fund military increase'. Essentially the cost of prescription drugs will increase and the criteria for the disability pension tighten in order to fund a two-and-a-bit billion dollar increase in 'defence' spending. The reasoning behind this is clear. Australia is currently spending large sums of money by sending our troops overseas to irritate foreigners. This of course means we need to spend larger sums of money to protect ourselves from irritated foreigners.

The Australian public has generally accepted this shift in spending as it is widely known that we shouldn't worry about say, affording our daily insulin injection when there are (allegedly) millions of

non-Christian extremists about to destroy the entire world with a Death Star like device constructed from glitter, macaroni and Paddle Pop sticks.

The other notable feature of the budget is the bottom line. Peter Costello has always prided himself upon delivering large surpluses, claiming nothing else mattered but that x-billion dollar surplus. Before the last election the Liberals promised balanced budgets - today we have a one and a half billion dollar deficit. Obscene amounts of money have been wasted on private consultants, GST advertising and administration, the expanding costs of the failed 30% private health subsidy (plus advertising for that), involving the military in the asylum seeker issue (estimated at around \$2 million per day) and leasing South Pacific islands to temporarily hide some asylum seekers during the election. If it was election sweeteners the Liberals wanted, it would have been cheaper to buy a few sugar manufacturers.

Everyone knows that the Liberals are not a socialist government, and we should all expect at some point to be screwed to the wall and have our wallets taxed, but how they got the reputation of being financially responsible is beyond me. While our public schools, universities and hospitals are begging for adequate funding, I will always consider John Howard and his men to be economic irrationalists.

Patrick

Another case of heartless disease

Sick of cuts to public health? Don't expect a prescription from the government. Our system is already below world standard, but the budget will make it harder yet to get simple health care. It squeezes the ill, the needy, and even the disabled for easy cash.

Over \$1.9 billion has been cut from subsidised drugs for the sick, and the cost of prescriptions will rise by about a third. Medicines will be more expensive for the people who most need them but who can least afford them. About 312,000 people with disabilities will lose their pensions, including people with schizophrenia and AIDS. Instead they are told to compete for jobs with the fit and healthy. This budget forces the most helpless among us to pay for new detention centres in the name of 'national security'. What has happened to theirs?

Rowan Nicholson

Sick and disabled suffer whilst endless war is fought

Peter Costello is attempting to pull the wool over our eyes by placing the focus of the 2002/2003 Budget on defence. In classic Costello style, he played the same tune used by the Government during last year's federal election campaign by using the post-September 11 rhetoric: 'the world as we know it has changed forever' and 'we live in uncertain times.'

It now is certain that because of these uncertain times elderly, disabled and sick Australians will have to suffer even more thanks to increased costs produced in this budget. Prescription medicine will increase by \$6.20 to a new high of nearly \$30 per script and the disability support threshold will be doubled from 15 to 30 hours. There was not a single mention of education in the budget for the first time in history, and the media failed to investigate, justify or even report on this issue. Whilst the disabled and the sick were being exploited, private school students managed an increase in funding and will now receive \$300 per student. Thanks to the GST, the Australian Taxation Office received a funding increase of \$320 million.

But whilst those in pain will suffer even more, they can have peace of mind knowing that because of the Government's lack of financial support for them, they are assisting in fighting a war that has no end, improving the education standards in private schools, and helping the taxation office to take more money from small business.

Penalising the wrong people: why are we cutting disability pensions?

A lot has been said about the plans in this budget to reduce the availability of the disability support pension, and I wonder whether Howard and Costello ever actually sat down and thought about what effect their plans would have. Do they realise that the overwhelming majority of people are on the pension because they are physically or mentally unable to work? Probably not. They have tried to convince us that there are a large number on the pension who should be coaxed back into the workforce by giving them the option of either going on the dole or getting a job. In doing so, it seems they have forgotten the very reason why people apply for the pension in the first place.

It is not easy to get a disability pension. Your disability must meet stringent and inflexible criteria. Contrary to what Mr Costello would like us to believe, it is not easy to "rort" this system. A friend of mine recently had a bone marrow transplant. Without going into too much detail, this is a lengthy procedure which places a person under enormous emotional and physical stress, the effects of which can last for many years after the procedure. When my friend applied to Centrelink to receive a disability pension, he was told that no, he was not eligible, despite being unable to work, study or even partake in mild physical activity. This was because his doctor could not unequivocally say, that his patient would be unable to work at least 30 hours a week for two years. Some people can return to work six months after a transplant (the lucky ones), while others may never be physically able to return. And yet Centrelink said "no, sorry. Your doctor must either tell us that you cannot work 30 hours per week for two years, or you won't get it."

Imagine this scenario under the new rules Howard and Costello propose. They would like to see the only people on a disability pension be ones whose doctors can say, without doubt, that their patient cannot work 15 hours per week for two years. This is ludicrous for a number of reasons.

It suggests that someone who could work 16 hours per week, is able to support themselves on the amount they earn from that. It suggests that if someone cannot work for one year then can work 20 hours per week in the second year, they will not get the pension. It also places undue pressure on sick people to return to work because otherwise, simply, they will have no money. In the case of my friend, fortunately he was able to prove his incapacity for work, and is now the recipient of a meagre amount. But under the new rules, it would be even more difficult for him to get the pension, and would put him in the miserable position of potentially having to sacrifice his recovery by returning to work.

Why are we punishing sick people for the Government's dubious election promises? I am ashamed to live in a country where we plan to force vulnerable people back into the workforce, because some conservative politicians don't want taxpayer money to support them.

Adelle Neary

Intergenerational Report: '40 Year Plan' or 'Necessity, the Mother of Taxation'

Nestled somewhere between the 'Five Year Plan' and the '1000 Year Reich,' lies Costello's '40 Year Plan.' As the mainstream finance and commerce sectors narrow their vision to see nothing beyond the immediate financial quarter, our consummate economic rationalist boldly peers 40 years into the future and 'tinkers' with the lives of those living in the present.

The blame, of course, resides with the 'baby boomers', who have distorted global economics at most stages of their development; as their appetite for material consumption has waned, the alarm bells have begun to ring. What of a solution? In an economic climate of increasing wealth for few and outrageous rewards for executive incompetence, the answer is simple: squeeze further blood from the stone in the form of pensioners, students, the unemployed, the disabled and the infirm.

Naturally, there are other, more egalitarian solutions. The top end of town could reduce its appetite for constantly ascending profit and pay their share, but Costello and Co. would not stand for that. In order to address the concerns of the Government and other bodies such as SA Business Vi-

sion 2010, regarding under-population, perhaps incarcerated asylum seekers could enter into our 'under-populated' society and prop up the increasing shortfall in the tax base - but the wrong cultural background perhaps? No, the simplest solution is to give 'couples' a tax break for reproduction! Naturally, the more affluent the couple, the more bloated the rebate. This is not the first time that material reward has been offered for pregnancy and certain historical figures would approve of the level of cultural homogeneity this may protect.

And what of Costello himself in 2042, assuming the inevitable terrorist threat doesn't claim him as a victim. On the proceeds of his taxpayer-funded super, he will be living a life of luxury, which by his prediction, will be alien to most other baby boomers. As part of the bolus choking our economy, what will he sacrifice himself? Unfortunately, that question doesn't require an answer. However, with the crystal ball put aside, one thing is certain: if Islamic terrorists don't get us, the baby boomers will, and it is best that the underprivileged and infirm pick up the tab for both.

David Cannon

Refugees: no surprises

Peter Costello's seventh budget hits even harder at those in our community who may already be doing it tough. This begs us ask: what does the Liberal Government think is so important to fund that it cuts disability pensions and raises the price of prescription medication? Defence spending will be increased by \$912 million for 2002-03, yet even this money isn't going to where it is truly needed within defence.

Instead, \$200 million dollars is going towards the war on terror in Afghanistan. Then of course there are those ever 'dangerous and life threatening' refugees who the government will do anything to prevent from even setting foot on Australian soil. A new detention centre will be built on Christmas Island, costing taxpayers \$220 million to construct and maintain over the next four years, and an additional \$455 million to receive and process 'boat people'. If there are more arrivals than the Government expects, the Cocos Islands is the next stop.

So does this mean that on one hand we'll pay to bomb the shit out of Afghanistan and on the other we will refuse to take Afghan refugees who may be a result of this war? It doesn't take a genius to realise that it doesn't add up. What if the 'boat people' are genuine refugees? Is Australia refusing to take its fair share? The government would save a lot more time and money if it would simply speed up the processing of refugees rather than spending millions of dollars (may I repeat, MILLIONS OF DOLLARS), to accommodate potential refugees on an isolated island. Come on Costello, you've got to do better than this!

Siobhan Reed

Barefoot & Pregnant

Under the baby bonus scheme, John Howard values motherhood at just \$1.37 a day, which would barely buy a litre of milk. - Sharan Burrow, ACTU President.

\$432 million of this budget is directed towards fulfilling the vote-buying election promises of grants for houses and babies. The government does not believe that there are enough babies being born. Instead of paid maternity and paternity leave, Johnny H has opted for a 'baby bonus' scheme which drastically undervalues parenting and effectively demonstrates John Howard's choice of family.

The bonus new mothers receive for their babies works around an income-stay at home-based model constructed by a party that believes a woman's place is in the kitchen, barefoot and pregnant. \$2,500 a year to stay at home is the maximum amount one of these barefoot swollen-stomach ladies can expect to receive. It is an amount based on your income, and reduced if you earn less than \$55,000 a year. The amount becomes only \$500 per year for up to five years if your annual income is \$25,000 or below. The Government has admitted that people lose income when they have children, and yet still grossly undervalues parenthood and fails to make any inclination towards paid maternity leave (because, obviously women don't want to return to work after having a child).

The government has shown its stance on women ever so clearly in this budget. It is outrageous and outdated. It is decades behind other countries, including countries that it desperately admires, such as 'mother' England. Australia, it is time to grow up.

Leah Marrone

Privatising the Profits and Socialising the Losses

This budget, whilst a little more extreme, is largely the same as all before it. Our Federal Government is again engaging in the same tired agenda of privatising the profits and socialising the losses. It is this agenda that governments have been so quick to employ throughout Australian history, none more so than the Liberals. Let me give you an example of this insidious strategy these federal politicians so often employ.

Not so long ago the Liberals lured most of the middle classes with a 30% subsidy into the Medibank Private sham. This was basically done to get as many people out of the exhausted public health system as possible. Public hospitals were overcrowded, staff overworked and the sector needed a huge boost in funds. Instead of increasing funding into public health, the government instead decided to heavily subsidise private health premiums.

Despite this being a more expensive undertaking, the government sees no problem in Australian taxpayers handing money to these private companies who then make profits off of the Australian taxpayers. The money goes right around but never back to our community. Remember when the cost of rates rose by between seven and nine per cent in February? Now the government is even suggesting a complete privatisation of the project! It's throwing the lambs to the wolves.

An even more disgusting example of this *esprit de corps* the Liberals share is what goes on inside detention centres every day in Australia. Centres are run by ACM, a subsidiary of the multinational corporation Wackenhut, which was founded by an FBI agent named George Wackenhut. He is an avowed right-winger who once referred to

George Bush Snr as "that pinko". A retired FBI man said of Wackenhut, "if you need a dirty job done, call Wackenhut".

Inside these detention centres refugees are forced to work to pay for luxuries such as phone cards. However it takes about 12 hours of menial employment to pay for a \$15 phone card. Somehow, probably quite similar to the effect the tardis has in *Dr. Who*, phone cards actually cost four times their monetary worth once you pass the barbed wire of a detention centre. Whatever it is, someone is making profit and I'll bet it's not the Doctor. Whilst our government seems content to foot the bill for health, education and so on for the refugees, money made from their suffering goes out of the country faster than a deportee. These foul economics strike again, privatising the profits and socialising the losses.

This is the same agenda at play when the state Liberal government sold the TAB for less than the revenue it makes in one year. It is the same agenda when our government is forced into paying employee entitlements because employers go bankrupt. And it is the same agenda when investing in defence means a couple of not-so stealthy subs and some 1960s helicopters straight from the global military junkyard. It is the same agenda when \$500,000,000 has been spent since Tampa and yet only 3,000 refugees have been dealt with. You do the maths.

So the next time John Howard calls someone un-Australian, you can laugh out loud and know that his economic principles are at the core very un-Australian. Or you can just tell him to fuck off.

Rory Spreckley
NUS State President

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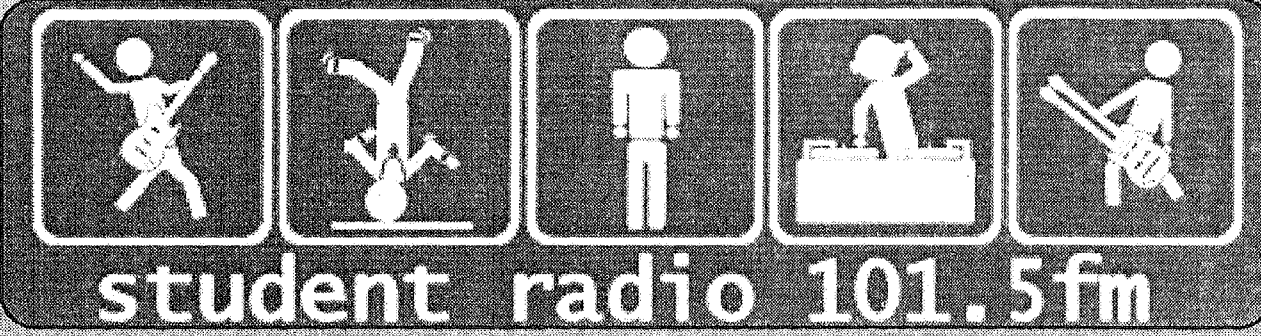
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SHOW PROFILE

Name of Show: hIP hOP Haven
Next Show: 9pm, Monday June 3
Presenters: Sime Squillace, Dave Gray
Style of music: Hip hop (rap music)
Tune in and hear from: Snoop, Biggie, M.C. Abrupe, M.C Hammer
Biggest claim to fame: Scooped all networks with announcement of the imminent break-up of UTP (Unemployable Transient Posse)
Describe your show using words that start with the letter I: Introducing infrequent internodal idiom indahouse; icepoles instead. In an uncertain and immoral world, it is comforting to know that there still is one last bastion of extra-heavily prejudiced family values. At HipHopHaven we broadcast the kind of sounds that you'd invite home and introduce to your mother. Only tasteful acts such as Murder Dog, Cyberkunt and F**k Yo Grandpa are on permanent rotation here. Tune in for our popular radio drama, titled *radio silence*. It's on for young and old next Monday, 9pm!
Old skool vs new skool: This week on Punk Around (Monday, 11pm) is a retrospective; not on themselves, but on punk music! Covering the early '90s these guys will play old NOFX and Offspring, but they will also delve into the archives for some Sex Pistols. Relive your high school days with Mark and Dave! And congrats to all those who won our CD of the week: **One Dollar Short's Eight Days Away**. Come along be the station and pick them up.
SURVEYS A-Go Go
 As you may remember, we have been running a survey over the last couple of weeks. Thanks to all those hundreds who sent one in! Watch this space for the winner, and the results.

Remember, tune in from 9pm, and give me noise! Be excellent to each other,

Tim & Liam
 AUSR Directors

MONDAY

9PM hIP hOP Haven
 Tune in to hIP hOP Haven for a fortnightly installment of Aussie and imported hip hop. Co-hosts Dave and Sime play choice beats, funk lyrics and the occasional old skool track.

10PM Radio Free El Salvador
 The voice of the people. Those crazed revolutionaries of alternative rock radio, Jesus Alvarez and Hector Lopez, return for another year of their critically acclaimed show, broadcast to over 30 000 homes in South America

11PM Don't Ask Us, We're Just Girls
 These two lovely ladies debut as Agony Aunts. They also play Tool. How can you not trust their advice?

12PM Punk Goes The Weasel
 WARNING: This show not recommended for CARDIAC PATIENTS

TUESDAY

Local Noise
 You know the drill: live acts, live to air - so contrary to popular requests, there will be no sets from The Doors

On Dit Radio
 You've read the paper, now listen to the radio. Let Linda and Jenny guide you through this paper if you are having trouble reading it. It's all about the latest music news and reviews.

Soup
 Our promise to you - We'll put on phony voices, limit toilet jokes to one an hour, and all of our music has been personally approved by either John Farnham or the bass player from Simply Red.

Noisegate
 Luke and pals return for the 23rd year of experimental electronic music. Just relax and let the sound take you away.

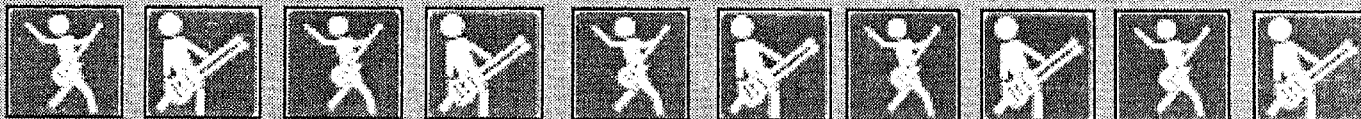
SATURDAY

The Women's Show
 Join Elise on an exploration of women's issues and events. But be warned: inside this feminist is a Motorhead fan trying to escape.

The Mowtown Hour
 Visit Detroit without leaving the comfort of your bedroom. Or car.

Agitpop
 Why is it that the only way to change the world is through metal? Turn in and find out.

The Flux Capacitor
 If anyone knows more about Back To The Future than Ben of Phil, we certainly don't know them. Ben even owns a Delorian.



UNION CALENDAR OF EVENTS JUNE

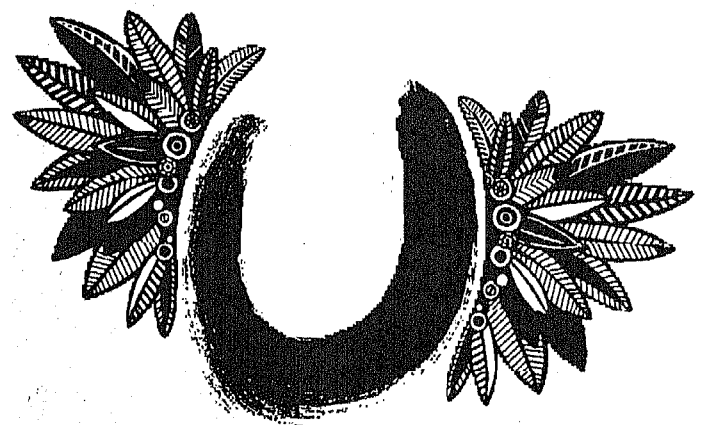
27 - 31 SAUA WEEK
 CONTACT: BEK CORNISH PH 8303 3897

28 DEBATE - 'CORPORATISATION OF EDUCATION IS THE WAY TO GO'
 BARR SMITH LAWNS 1PM
 CONTACT GEORGIA HEATH PH 8303 3898

31 VIDEO GAMES 2-8PM UNION CINEMA ALLYR
 CONTACT NEILL PHILLIPS PH 0421 785 435

4 JEWISH STUDENTS FILM SCREENING
 NORTH DINING ROOM 7PM
 CONTACT EVE 0402 119 695

7 VIDEO GAMES 2-8PM UNION CINEMA ALLYR
 CONTACT NEILL PHILLIPS PH 0421 785 435



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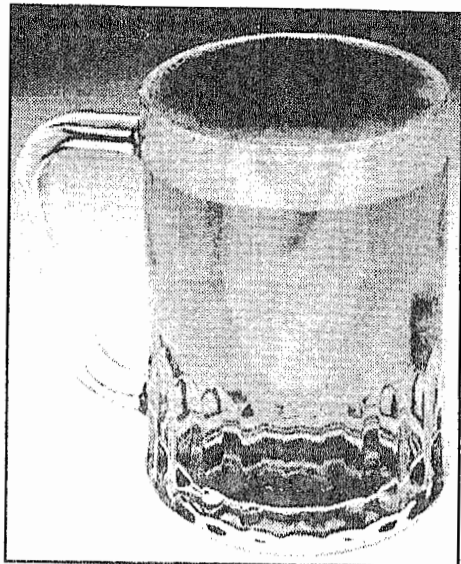
Then check out Cloisterphobia for the Union Card fortnightly Lucky Numbers draw for your chance to win!

www.union.adelaide.edu.au/cloisterphobia

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

On Dit Adventures In Beer Land

Editors Return As Masters Of The Beer



It's not every day that you get invited to a beer education luncheon, so the intrepid *On Dit* team trooped off on Wednesday to The Historian to find out just what beer is all about. Upon our arrival we were warmly greeted with a beer and a smile and directed to amuse ourselves until the show started. We were immediately drawn lemming-like to the laptops set up in the corners of the room and began playing with the Beermaster program, that was the actual subject of this event. As soon as we discovered that the pro-

gram enabled you to brew your own virtual beer, we attempted to create a new label that would set the tastebuds of the world on fire. Sadly, our first misguided attempts resulted in beer that could only be kindly described as 'a little different' (which in reality meant that it tasted like pond scum's slightly tastier cousin).

After beginning the drinking with a dry ale and some vegetarian sushi (we were kindly offered an alternative to the chunks of meat that were being passed around), Lion Nathan Australia's Chief Brewer and creator of Beermaster Bill Taylor opened the proceedings. Beermaster is a CD Rom that has been developed to foster beer appreciation, which has been largely ignored in the past in comparison to wine. Aimed at hospitality workers, this program will hopefully educate them so that they are able to improve beer quality and customer service. Recognised by TAFE, Beermaster covers not only how to brew beer, but also beer history, cellar training and product knowledge. The CD Rom has a series of modules that are then followed by an online exam, after which you can proudly call yourself a Beermaster (can't wait to try that one at the pub).

We proceeded to experiment with Tooheys Old which complimented our curried vegetables, and finished with stout and chocolate mudcake. Sound strange? We were pleasantly surprised to find that beer and mudcake are more than awkward bedfellows, they actually bring out the flavour in each other. Bill Taylor also

provided us with an edifying demonstration on how to pour the perfect glass of beer. Before he was even halfway through, we were clumsily attempting to imitate him (and in my case, failing spectacularly). Of course, after my maiden effort, I had to try again, which resulted in a rather damp sleeve and a slightly intoxicated editor. All in a day's work really!

Having thoroughly enjoyed our Beermaster lunch, we returned to the office replete (well, rotund and groaning would be a more accurate description), carrying showbags of beer and CD Roms that will be put to good use around the office. Many thanks to Southwark for an informative outing.

Poptart

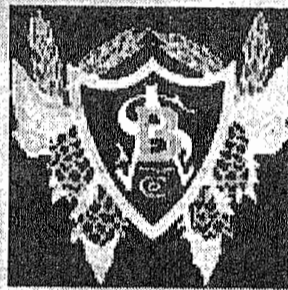
Coming soon - *On Dit* explores Southwark and finds out just how beer is made...stay tuned!



Beermaster Giveaway!



We have two Beermaster CD Roms to giveaway! Interested parties who aspire to become beer masters and stun their friends with their mastery of beer (and that doesn't mean that you can drink ten pints in thirty minutes) should come on down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 1pm with a short poem entitled 'Ode To Beer' (which may be printed at a later date for the amusement of your fellow students). Remember, in the words of Buffy - "Beer Foamy!"



Shocking Discovery - Aussie Of The Week!

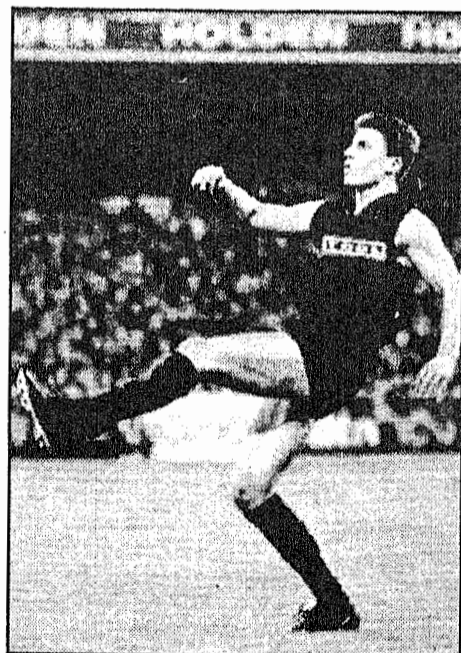
that only demonstrates further the passion of the game.

This year is seeing increasing attendances at SANFL games. My most recent SANFL experience was at the Parade last week, where I was fortunate enough to witness the mighty Redlegs tame the humble Bulldogs (I don't believe in bias) in the top of the ladder clash. The ground was packed, and there is another AFL club based in Adelaide that would find such interest in their home games a powerful morale booster.

I guess what I am getting around to here, is that local footy is something we need to get along and support. The great players that have emerged from the SANFL are numerous, and include Malcolm Blight, Johnny Platten and Tony Modra. What else but support for the grass-roots footy league can encourage a higher standard locally, and further, a higher standard in the national competition?

Don't sit at home and bask in the glory that is the multi-networked AFL coverage this season. Get on your woolies, get to your local ground and support local footy!

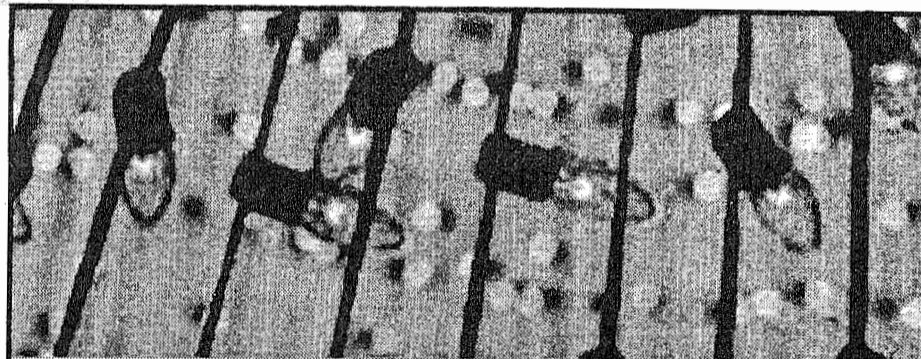
Paul Huebl



Aussie of the Week: AFL Footy

Footy, Australian Rules or Aerial Ping Pong, as it is known to the no-neck rugby states in the east, is without a doubt our country's game. Some say we created it, so Australia would always win it. That is rubbish, Australia wins everything else anyway, so let's throw that argument out the window.

As the runner for a Division 10 amateur footy side in the local competition, I am constantly being reminded of the passion and dedication that Aussie Rules players have for their game. At this grass-roots level of the game, it can often be confused as a two-hour long fight, with a leather ball thrown in, but



RETURNING OFFICER

Applications are now open for the position of Returning Officer in the upcoming Adelaide University Union and Students' Association of the University of Adelaide annual elections, being held 2-6 September, 2002.

Successful applicants will be responsible for the conduct of all aspects of the election and will be remunerated accordingly. Applications open Monday 27th May, and close 5pm sharp, Friday 7th June. Applications should be submitted to Susie Young, Adelaide University Union President, or Bek Cornish, Students' Association

President. Further information may be obtained from:

the Students' Association office, George Murray Building, Telephone 8303 5406 or the AUU Administration Office, Lady Symon Building, Telephone 8303 5401.



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION AND THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE



The

STANLEY GEORGE

Variety Page

COULD THE POWERS THAT be at the Santos Building please quit broadcasting their bad taste across the city? Orthodox Easter is finished already, and your stupid clip-art light shows are an eyesore and a waste of our precious electricity. Surely you people must realise that a pair of sixty-foot musical notes makes a mockery of Adelaide's already embarrassing skyline. Please desist, lest I hijack a plane and pilot it square into your piece-of-shit building. Thank you.

COMMENTATORS ARE NOW CALLING George W Bush the most popular president in the history of the United States. Even now, after suggestions that his administration should have anticipated the events of September 11, President Bush is still worshipped like a righteous defender of the Free World.

Needless to say, the President's unprecedented approval ratings are almost entirely due to the events of September 11 and the bullshit War on Terror that ensued. Given that it is well over six months after the fairly tragic events that took place in New York and Washington, we here at *The Stanley George Variety Page* feel that we can take a rough stab at our very own conspiracy theory. Namely, that Vice President Dick Cheney is the evil genius behind the September 11 attacks, and that President Bush is unwittingly reaping the benefits.

Sound ridiculous? It is. But so was the Watergate affair, and so is the fact that a gormless moron is currently sitting in the most powerful office in the history of civilisation. American politics is like a *Star Wars* flick. On the surface, it looks like an innocent struggle between good and evil, but behind the scenes there is always a megalomaniacal genius moulding the entire thing into a spectacular propaganda piece.

As far as I can see, the conspiracy started about eighteen months ago. With Cheney in tow, George Bush is running for the Republican Party's nomination for President. Bush's main rival for nomination is the eminently wise Senator John McCain. Despite being a Vietnam veteran, McCain supports a reduction in military spending and a less interventionist approach to foreign policy. He is a confessed civil libertarian who has a more than reasonable grasp of economics and foreign affairs. He firmly believes in legislating against special interests groups in the electoral process. He is experienced, well-spoken, thoughtful and has no



Evil genius: Dick Cheney

qualms about changing his mind in public. In short, McCain's candidacy didn't have a snowball's chance in Florida. Instead, the diabolical combination of Bush and Cheney received the blessing of the party membership.

Confused? You ought to be. It should have been well known that Bush was a failed businessman, a mindless executioner and the son of the most mediocre President in recent history. Not to mention the fact that what little

IQ he had was long ago ravaged by his former addiction to whisky and cocaine. However, one look at his running mate and you'll realise that Dick Cheney was always intended to be the brains of the operation. Together, the pair of them smacked of Hitler and Goebbels. From the beginning, it should have been clear that something was drastically awry, yet no one seemed to cotton on to this. Cheney and Bush were hailed as the saviours of the Republican movement, and any suggestion of political puppetry was scoffed at. Such a massive deception could only have been the work of a criminal mastermind like Dick Cheney.

Nowadays, Cheney gives many Americans the heebie-jeebies, and not just because his medical history suggests that he could drop dead at any minute. Like most criminal masterminds, Cheney looks quite normal, akin to every American's semi-retired Uncle Phil. Nevertheless, he definitely has a touch of the Machiavellian about him. He has served on countless intelligence committees since the beginning of the first Bush Administration. Furthermore, the Vice President has been suspiciously involved in "counter-terrorism" since well before September 11.

Skip forward to about a fortnight ago, when all manner of FBI documents surfaced proving that the White House was warned about the possibility of terrorist attacks on the American homeland. It is now becoming clear that the Bush Administration was aware of Osama Bin Laden's intent to strike, and that members of his Al Qaeda organisation had enrolled themselves in flight schools in Florida and the Mid West – one of whom had already been brought into custody. Furthermore, FBI operatives had even suggested that the White House, the Pentagon and the World Trade Centre were in fact prime targets.

Almost four months before the attacks, the head of an Interdepartmental Terrorism Taskforce managed to assemble the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the White House Situation Room. His name may have been Dick Clark, but he definitely wasn't about to wish anyone a Happy New Year. Clark recommended that all counter terrorist personnel cancel their vacations and place themselves on much

shorter periods of alert. 'Something spectacular is going to happen here,' he told the President.

It was around this time that members of various Senate committees contacted the office of the Vice President about the state of US counter-terrorism organisations. Cheney, despite repeated warnings from the FBI and the CIA, denied all requests to improve

America's readiness for a terrorist attack.

Finally, well and truly spooked by all the reports he was hearing, Bush specifically requested a report on all possible al-Qaeda attacks. Nobody is quite sure what happened next, least of all *The Stanley George Variety Page*. What we can tell you is that the White House took no action whatsoever, right

up until September 11. What's more, the Bush Administration insisted the attacks had completely taken them by surprise, and that literally no one had given a single thought to the possibility of terrorists piloting planes into symbolic landmarks.

Obviously, the White House was talking out of its arse. The threat was real and it was obvious – this much is becoming clearer by the day. If you ask me, Cheney was keeping the President in the dark about the urgency of the threat, right up until the nefarious events took place. Why? Because the hijackings were practically engineered by the office of the Vice President.

Need more proof? Senator Majority Leader Tom Daschel has for some weeks been trying to get his hands on a number of CIA documents proving that the White House was warned about the attacks. Several times Cheney has personally phoned the Senator, warning him not to investigate the events that led up to September 11. Then, just as the public was beginning to ask questions, the Vice President rushed to the Senate to publicly warn all concerned that suggestions of White House inaction were inappropriate in times of war. 'Such commentary is irresponsible and unpatriotic,' he said.

Has anyone noticed that the Vice President seems to completely disappear during crucial events? In the months that followed the attacks, while the President was mulling about the War Room, or inspecting the ruins of the World Trade Centre, Cheney was more often than not holed-up in a "secret location". Why? What has the Vice President been up to these past seven months?

I'll tell you what he's been up to. It is a well-known fact that the role of Vice President is the cushiest job in the executive branch. It is the kind of job that allows enough spare time to organise a military campaign

well into the future. On September 12, my suspicion was aroused when the Vice President said that the resulting anti-terrorist campaign could well extend 'years into the future'. Years, huh? Such a lengthy campaign is certain to maintain the President's astronomical approval ratings almost indefinitely. That's right, sportsfans. Dick Cheney has been calling the shots in a deliberately drawn-out War on Terror that practically guarantees to keep the Republican Party in power for years to come. Ingenious, isn't he?

I must admit, the entire saga is a glorious symphony of Machiavellian genius. Think about it. Take one group of bloodthirsty scapegoats, allow them to perform some dastardly deed on your home turf, then slowly but surely reap a popular vengeance. Brilliant!

In all seriousness, regardless of whether or not Dick Cheney turns out to be the most diabolical fiend of our time, the War on Terror is nothing more or less than a crock of shit. It is an excuse for George Bush to bathe in the kind of patriotic kudos that his father only dreamed of. Mark my words: there is something fishy going on in Washington, and the sooner it sees the light of day, the better.

TO THE FECKLESS PUNK who thought it would be funny or ironic or whatever to cut 39 coupons out of the last edition of *On Dit*. Those editions cost the Students' Association a packet, and we'll thank you not to ruin 39 of them with your nihilistic statement about whatever the fuck. Ask somebody to explain the concept of filler to you. PS, you can collect your stupid X-ray glasses from the *On Dit* office – after the twelve percent discount, they should amount to the price of a jug of beer.



Too pretty: Helen Coonan

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED that women associated with the Liberal party tend to wear altogether unpleasant amounts of makeup? Here is a picture of Liberal Senator Helen Coonan. I'm not sure if it shows up well in black and white, but rest assured that her TV complexion bears a disturbing resemblance to greaseproof papier-mache.

Need I mention the slabs of makeup that encase the likes of Amanda Vanstone, Trish Worth, Joan Hall and Bronwyn Bishop? And I'll be damned if Alexander Downer isn't wearing some kind of foundation. What's going on here? If you ask me, the link between conservative politics and the makeup industry is stronger than the government would have us believe. The amount of money and/or goods that makeup companies donate to the Liberal Party would certainly make for interesting reading. *The Stanley George Variety Page* trusts that the Auditor General is already on the case.

SANTA CLAUS, THE TOOTH FAIRY AND ME:

A TALE OF CONSPIRACY

Conspiracy theory is a hobby of mine. I guess it all stems from when I was a kid. I was told from an early age that Santa Claus didn't exist. When all the other kids started getting presents, I figured something was amiss. I mean, you start to feel left out when all the other kids have Captain Planet action figures from Santa Claus and you've got a new pair of socks from Mum and Dad. Anyway, Santa Claus seemed to exist for everyone but me. Investigation soon revealed

that the big jolly man in the red suit apparently *did* exist, but his continued benevolence towards youngsters of all stripes was being concealed from my young, impressionable mind. I smelled a rat. Querying the folks on this particularly touchy subject was tough. Every time St. Nick was mentioned, everyone seemed to have things to do. On a Sunday night. At 8pm. During school holidays. Even the older sisters seemed

This poses the question: were children's teeth going at a fixed rate, or were they in a deregulated market?

rather reticent. Could it be that there was some kind of plot between the parents and the older sisters to withhold Christmas cheer? (I learned later on in life that Christmas cheer actually comes in a bottle labelled 'Smirnoff', but I digress.) I was not amused. Two years after my Christmas revelations, my apprehensions were slightly vin-

icated by the fact that it was actually the rest of the kids my age that were being duped, and I was being told the truth. These kids went on to grow up to become right-wing leaning, productive members of society who believe that refugees throw their children overboard. Suckers.

What about the Easter Bunny, I hear you ask. Well, I'd had enough Beatrix Potter read to me when I was a kid (yes, those traumatic times) to know the deal Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail had going. After all, who did they think they were, trying to convince kids that rabbits could lay eggs? Sure, it might go over the heads of four-year-olds, but did they expect us to swallow it lock, stock and chocolatey barrel? I think so. Do you know how hard it is to make an omelette from a batch of Cadbury Crème Eggs? I can never get it just yellow enough. Next thing you know, it'll be all over the news that these three prime examples of

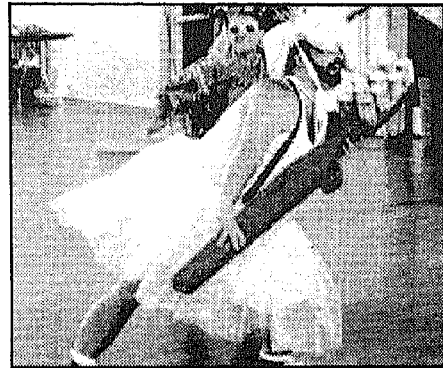
Oryctolagus Cuniculus were engaged in an active campaign of misinformation and (dare I say it) conspiracy, and were in cahoots with the owners of a global conglomerate of cocoa bean plantations.

As for the Tooth Fairy, I always knew that only parents could be soulless enough to pay 20 cents for each tooth they collect from

little kids. I can understand why it was done – emotional damage caused by the loss of a beloved body part and all that, but why 20 cents? Is that what the world economy was offering at that time? This poses the question: were children's teeth going at a fixed rate, or were they in a deregulated market? I envision a neo-capitalist future where world commodities are gauged on how many teeth each is worth. Yes, that's right; kids' teeth will be the One World Currency. Given that a child's tooth was worth 20 cents when I was a kid, and considering global inflation rates, a schoolyard full of snotty-nosed little primary school kids would be worth a small fortune. I really do need to buy a hammer.

There you have it. The roots of modern-day conspiracy, hidden in a bunch of fairy tales. What next? Subliminal advertising in *On Dit*? Most likely.

James Knevitt is on the run from Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail



This man is not the real tooth fairy. See page 39 for the shocking full story.

Listen up,

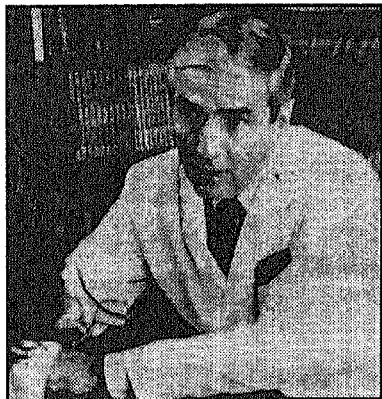
you useless bunch of pig fuckers!
It's about time some of you put together some cogent opinions, lest we emerge from the office and beat you with sticks. Next edition, we're looking for opinion pieces about:

- Cross-media ownership legislation
- Concerns about about the state of your chosen course or faculty
- Good things about Liberal / right wing policies (yes - we are willing to print non-leftie articles)
- Hand puppets (especially Sooty and Sweep)

We reserve the right not to print any sexist, racist, homophobic or defamatory material. Our deadline is Wednesday of every week. Late submitters will be tied up and burnt with cigarettes (or have their articles filed for later editions). So make yourselves useful, you feckless proles. You make us retch.

Amazing Scientific Discovery

Scientists find miracle cure for ugliness!



A Medical Doctor

THAT'S RIGHT!

Researchers have developed a facial cream that actually works! Wondermask™ is set to take its place at the forefront of treatment for ugly people.

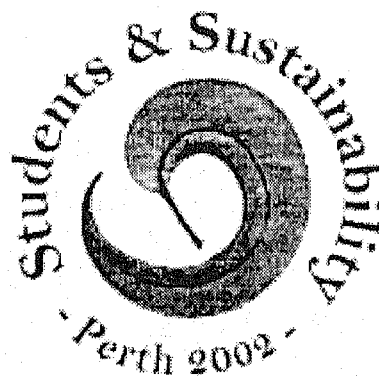
According to Doctor George Patriarchevic, MD from the University of Good Looks and Informative Education, the cream takes a radical new tack on treating the affliction. "Instead of trying to eradicate the symptoms of ugliness, we decided that it would be far more effective to simply mask blemishes, lines and even whole facial features with a thick, opaque layer of quick-drying sludge."

We all know that makeup companies charge a packet for foundation. Wondermask™ does the same job far more effectively and for a fraction of the cost. Liberal Party politicians have been using the same technique for years - why shouldn't you?

YES! I am desperately ugly and I want to smear this amazing product all over my homely mug. Send me an absolute shitload of Wondermask™ for the low, low price of \$49.95.

Name _____
Address _____
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Tick here to be put on the exclusive UGLIE mailing list.



July 7th - 13th

Murdoch University
Perth, Western Australia

Open to all students and interested members of the wider community.

Students/unemployed \$130
Waged \$150

If you are interested in coming please contact SAUA Environment Officer Sarah Hanson on 8303 5182 or greengirl@sarah-coral.com (Please register by 31st May)

Ignored to Death

Youth Suicide and the queer community

The mention of youth suicide causes understandable sorrow. With one in four Australians aged between fourteen and twenty-four attempting suicide, we are all affected. As depressing as they are, statistics concerning youth suicide serve two crucial purposes; firstly they provide information with which different programs can best address this problem, and secondly, they cement in our minds just how real and prominent youth suicide actually is.

Australia has the fifth highest rate of youth suicide in the world and it has been this way for a disturbing number of years. Unfortunately, there is a stigma attached to this problem that has been the catalyst for numerous myths and falsities that need to be rectified. Suicide (or its attempt) is not about seeking attention; it is a cry for help, which in some cases is never heard. Youth suicide is not an act of stupidity, and such branding trivialises the severity of the pain that these people suffer. These youths are not automatically crazy simply because they are suicidal: they are in pain.

Between 40 000 and 60 000 people will attempt suicide each year in Australia, of which 30% is sexuality related. What does this mean? Young gay, lesbian and bisexual people grow up very aware of the prejudice, discrimination and possible violence they are to face if and when their sexual orientation is discovered. The cultural homophobia to which Australian youths are exposed can internalize and reinforce feelings of alienation. The turmoil that most people deal with during their teen years is therefore increased for queer or questioning youth, by the lack of information, visibility and community acceptance that queer sexuality generates.

Last year NUS ran a campaign based around the growing concern of the link between youth suicide and sexuality, and more importantly the lack of acknowledgement that this received. Their poster read: "Some countries kill their Queers; in Australia we let them kill themselves." The poster at-

tempted to highlight the fact that sexuality related youth suicides are considerably disregarded. Only 300 out of 835 youth suicide programs mention sexuality and homophobia. More disturbingly, of these 300 programs mentioning these issues, only 12 address it! 12 youth suicide programs address sexuality and homophobia, and yet it is proven statistically that 30% of youth suicide is related to this subject - does it seem right?

To further aggravate the situation, young gay, lesbian and bisexual people are not recognized by Centrelink as valid de facto couples and still do not qualify for independent youth allowance based on living with their partners for over a year. Instead they are deemed dependent on their parents. As previously stated, queer youths are disadvantaged by the lack of information, visibility and community acceptance that queer sexuality creates, and all three of these elements can be found in the average Australian family. It is not unheard of (in fact it is often the case) that youths cannot come out because not only do they lack the emotional support a family provides, but also the financial support that will keep them off the street. It is through the government's blatant discrimination, that queer youths are becoming railroaded in this matter, and their ignorance is disgusting.

This Wednesday, the Sexuality Department will be handing out information regarding sexuality related youth suicide. We encourage students to take the time out to read the pamphlets and understand that despite the fact that this type of youth suicide may be considered insignificant to our government leaders, these people that are affected are your friends, fellow students and family who deserve support and encouragement instead of fear and alienation.

Adrian Di Paolo is the SAUA Sexuality Officer

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SEX for most of your LIFE

Are you pulling totty?

No?

Then why not volunteer for a forty year study into the effects of continuous sexual activity?

Volunteers must be:

- Fit
- Healthy
- Pretty
- Willing to wear a variety of skin-tight leather products.

Send applications and photographs to
Stanley George,
c/o On Dit Student Newspaper,
Basement of the George Murray
Building

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE PRESENTS...



AIR GUITAR COMPETITION

HEATS EVERY DAY DURING SAUA WEEK (27 - 31 MAY) WITH THE FINAL BEING HELD AT THE 'B-FEST' ON WEDNESDAY JUNE 5TH

Register your interest at the SAUA or on the lawns during SAUA Week. For more information, contact Paul at the SAUA office on 8303 5406.



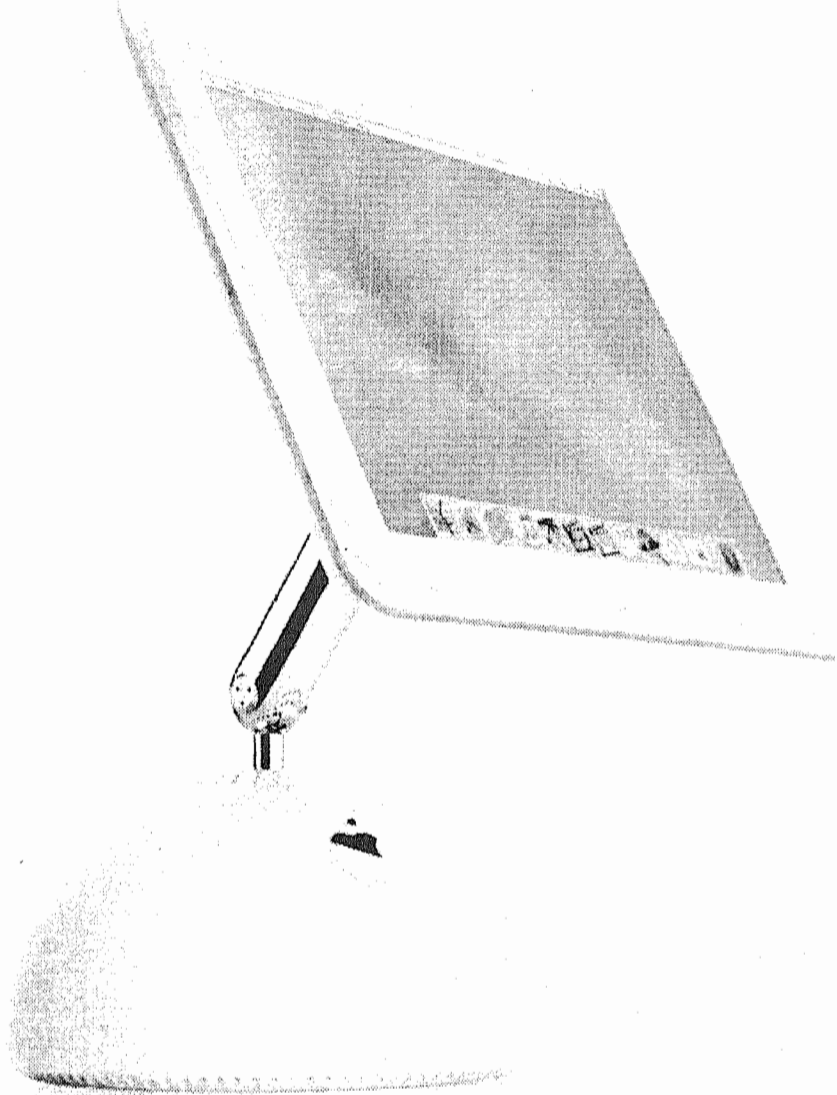
Mutant Saucer Mogs at Large on Campus!

These frightening images were captured by Ms Tara Binkle of Prospect, SA. She has since committed herself to a mental facility.



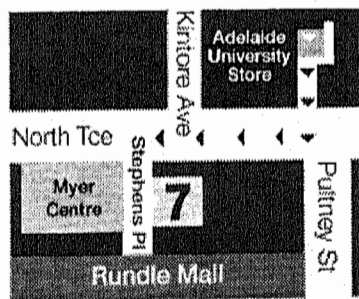
Readers are encouraged to keep their eyes peeled for these nocturnal beasts, which are reportedly abducting and performing strange sexual experiments on small children.

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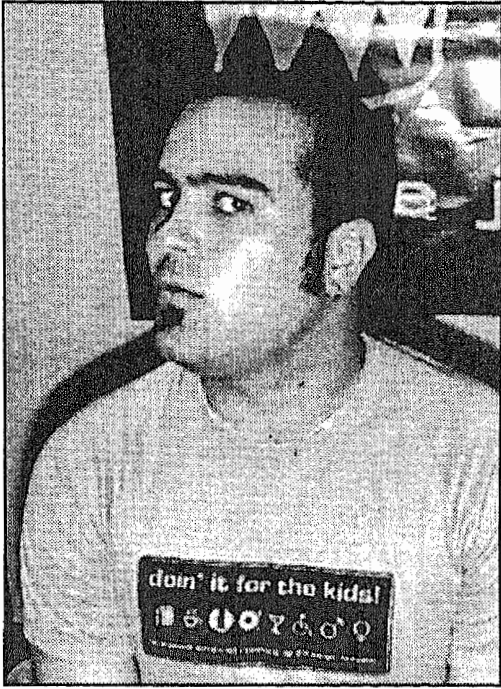
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Australia's Macintosh Specialists

Leading News Stories

Activities/Campaigns Vice President:

Paul Huebl



NDA

The National Day of Action two weeks ago went well, with plenty of people enjoying the free barbecue and cheap beer. The rally made its way up to Trish Worth's office (the Federal Member for Adelaide) and numerous speakers were heard, including the NUSSA President Rory Spreckley, and Peter Goers.

SAUA Week

The Annual Showcase of the SAUA, held in Week 5 (this week). Each department will be showcasing itself on each of the days. Look for the timetable on page 17.

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 the following Wednesday, June 5 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 June 5, 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!

That is it for this week, so remember to stay beautiful.

*Still not a certainty.

Three-Eyed Dog Leads Soccer Team to Victory!



Women's Officer: Elise Duffield

SAUA Week

This week is SAUA week. Look out for the yummy BBQ's and breakfasts. As I mentioned in previous reports, the Women's Department is running a reproductive health and freedoms campaign. The booklet should now be available for students. It contains information about contraceptives, IVF, abortion, relevant health services and more. You can pick up a copy on the Barr Smith Lawns or from the SAUA office. Big thanks to Kate Young, Georgia Phillips, Laura Davis, Mel Vine, Clem Ford and Kate Ninnes for helping produce the booklet. You are all the wicked women for this week.

We are planning a second run of the booklet, having it professionally laid out and printed, so if you would like to add your own articles, pictures or poems to the booklet, or think there is something we haven't covered that you would like us to add, don't hesitate to contact me and I can organise for additional material to be added.

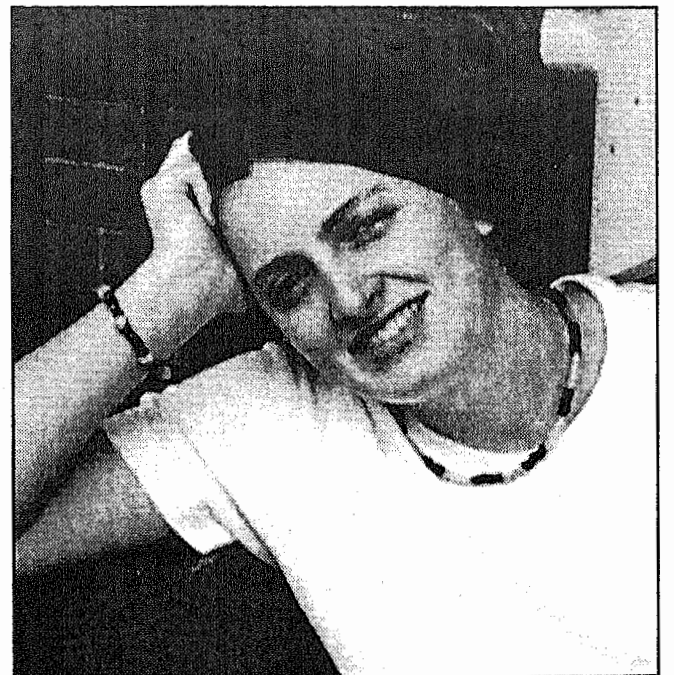
Women in Black Vigil

This coming Wednesday (May 29) the women's department will be joining other women in a silent vigil on the steps of Parliament House to protest against

ongoing military violence. If you would like to join us, the vigil starts at 5.30pm and goes until 6.30pm. Wear black clothing. For more details, contact Jillinda: 83417517, Cathy: 82964357 or myself.

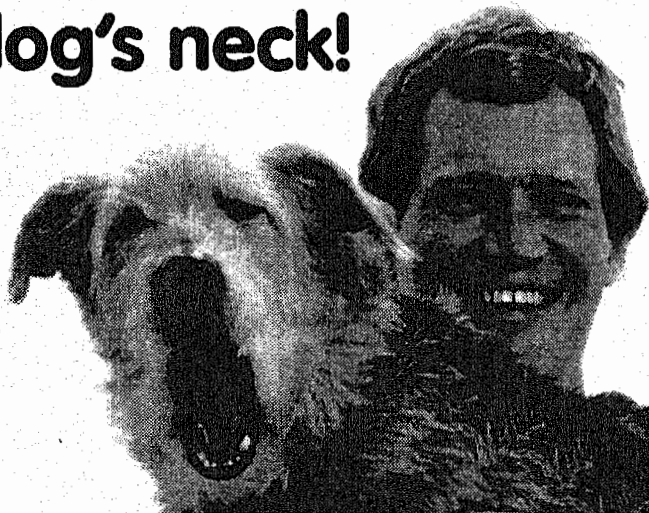
NOWSA

This year the Network of Women Students Australia national conference will be held in Townsville, North Queensland from July 8-12. All women students are invited to attend. This year the conference has proposed to look at the following issues, in addition to others: women, legal rights and government policy, education, employment and social security, invisible women, cultural practices which oppress women, abortion and reproductive freedoms, women's health, domestic violence, and dynamics of feminism. If you would like more information, registration details or would like help in applying for funding from the Students' Association to aid your travel and registration costs, please come and see me (SAUA office), give me a ring (83036481, 0421743610) or e-mail me (womens@saua.asn.au). The closing date for registrations is May 31 (!), so act quickly.



Goiter in the shape of David Letterman found on surprised dog's neck!

NBC offers contract for talk show.



Surprised student finds L. Ron Hubbard's face in Mayo lasagne!



Mayo staff switch to Scientology.



Education Vice-President: Georgia Heath

With SAUA Week taking place this week all students will have a wonderful opportunity to find out what it is that the Education Department does, who is involved and just how your education will benefit from the representation and campaigns that we run. Come and see us on the lawns on Tuesday for a debate "That corporatisation of education is the way to go". Corporatisation is a huge issue that is having an effect on our education and I urge all of you to come and hear all of the issues regarding this philosophical direction. The debate will take place from 1-2 and the Education Standing Committee will be available for anyone who wants to talk about any educational issues at length.

The "Khaki Budget" that Peter Costello released last Tuesday night is disturbing to say the least. Yet again we see human necessities such as welfare, healthcare and education being ignored whilst election promises are not only prioritised but exploited to the utmost.

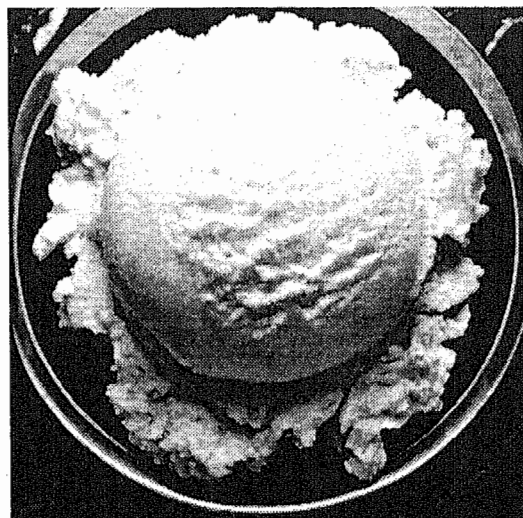
This is a disgusting betrayal by our nation's leaders and I urge all students to write to their State and Federal MPs outlining their concerns regarding this year's allocation of funding.

With exams coming up I am sure that many students are beginning to find that they have concerns regarding their assessment. Both the Education Department and Student Care exist to help students with this type of problem. Don't let any assessment problems get out of control: speak to someone soon so that you can ensure a good outcome for your study.

If you would like any more information about any aspect of your education or any Education Department campaigns, please do not hesitate to call me on 8303 3898 or email:

georgia.heath@student.adelaide.edu.au.

Clairvoyant sees new Cold War and Nuclear Holocaust in ice cream... "Can't you see the mushroom cloud?" she implores.



Environment Officer: Sarah Hanson

Student & Sustainability Conference July 7 - 13 @ Murdoch Uni, Perth

All year the Environment Department has been raising money to send Adelaide University students to the National Students & Sustainability Conference in Perth in July over the mid-year break. Ideally I would like to send as many students as possible - it is conferences like S&S that I firmly believe general student (ie not student politicians) should be encouraged to attend, both to the benefit of their own experience and the skills they can bring back to their campus.

This annual conference unites people from all over Australia and the Asia-Pacific region for an inspiring week of workshops, forums, fieldtrips and actions, to explore current social, economic and environmental issues and promote sustainability. The conference will facilitate the exchange of visions, information, ideas and strategies for action, creating new possibilities for the future, and uniting diverse sectors of the community to work for positive change. The conference is a celebration of life and sustainability. Delegates will leave feeling empowered to create the world they want to live in.

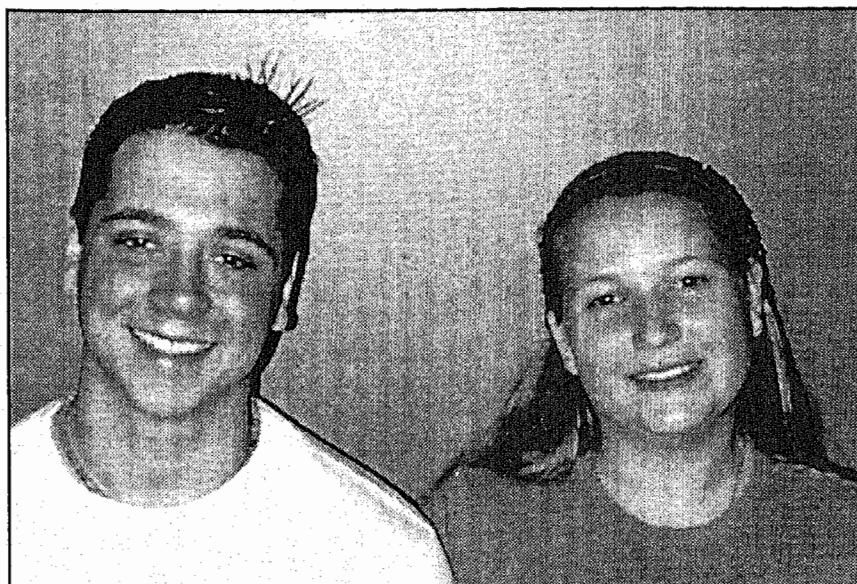
The theme of this year's conference is "Sense of Place." The conference will enhance participants' sense of personal space, geographical place, and historical context. The aim is to give delegates a sense of who they are, the nature of their local environment and its global context. A range of issues will be examined from a personal community, regional and global perspective's throughout the week.

If you would like to come please contact myself this week on 83035182 or email greenirl@sarah-coral.com

Speak to you soon,
Love Sarah xxx



Sexuality Officers: Asta Cox and Adrian DiPaolo

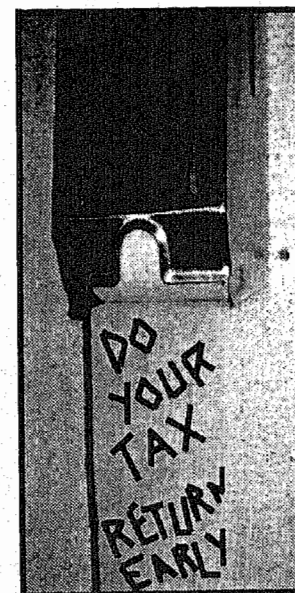


Hi everybody! Well as promised I will tell you how Thursday night went for Sexuality Week. It was fantastic! We had numerous people come up to us during the night asking us when the next karaoke night will be. The answer is that we do not know, however it will be sometime next term. If you didn't go this time, make sure that you come next time and if you did go, then do not fear, there will be another one. Unfortunately the band that we had playing and judging the competition that night was an interstate band and we will not be able to get them again, however we will make sure that the next band is equally as good.

The George Duncan Memorial was also fabulous, the plaque that was unveiled can be seen just before you cross the footbridge so if you're walking past please keep an eye out for it and have a bit of a read (the mistake on the plaque will be fixed). We would like to correct a statement made by the department in last week's report as it was only alleged that it was police officers who murdered George Duncan. However the fact that no one was prosecuted for the brutal murder, even though there were eye witnesses, is one of the reasons why his death is such a milestone for gay rights. Well that's all from us this week, we hope that everyone is enjoying the lovely weather, until next week, farewell to you.

Sexuality Department contact number: 8303 3899

Intelligent toilet paper dispenser found - sage advice offered!



* Eskimo Jesus does not believe himself to be cool and resents the fact his photos were used.

Eskimo Jesus* Implicated in

"Cool Messiah" scandal!!

On Dit
EXCLUSIVE!!

SHOCK
PICS!!

There is no defining quality to cool. People act in certain different ways to get their own combination of cool. The thing is, though, whatever manifestations of cool you assume in your persona, these also contribute to your overall wankerness. On Dit, undisputedly possessing the highest distribution of cool this side of Tijuana and home of Eskimo Jesus -the Messiah of Cool, bring you the low down on the hard hitting issues.

So you think you're exclusively cool, right? WRONG! You see my gormless friend, life is a seamless cloth. The universe is balanced. For every instance of order, there is corresponding chaos, for every good, there is related bad, for every particle, there is an antiparticle (pointing out that photons are an exception to this rule is terribly uncool). In addition, for everything that makes you cool, there is an associated aspect of wankery. Allow me in the following article to crush whatever fragile self image you have and stamp the shattered fragments into the ground. We're all ruled by our insecurities so allow me to prey on them for a little while; it makes me feel big and important.

What is cool? Cool is anything which raises you in the esteem of your peers. Conversely, wankerness is what makes people avoid you like a door-knocking Mormon. What follows is a small sample of different brands of cool along with their Cool Factor (CF) as well as their Associated Pants-ness (AP).

Bohemo-cool

Characteristics: Bohemo-cool people can be found wandering around with a dreamy expression, barefoot and with sackcloth clothing and mumbling profundities.

CF- The air of mystery cultivated by such people does convey a certain sense of cool. And listening to Jazz is very, very cool.

AP- Deeply significant stream of consciousness free verse is a cover up for what is largely mindless drivel. Oh, and put some shoes on please guys. Also there's quite a fine line between mysterious and anti-social exclusivist.

Retro-cool

Characteristics: These folk are defined by clothing and tastes from decades gone.

CF- If you can pull it off, it is possible to get the best aspects of the last half century and combine them into a glorious gestalt. It's very easy to go wrong though.

AP- When it goes wrong, it goes horribly wrong. There's a reason why some things change, and who are you to hold

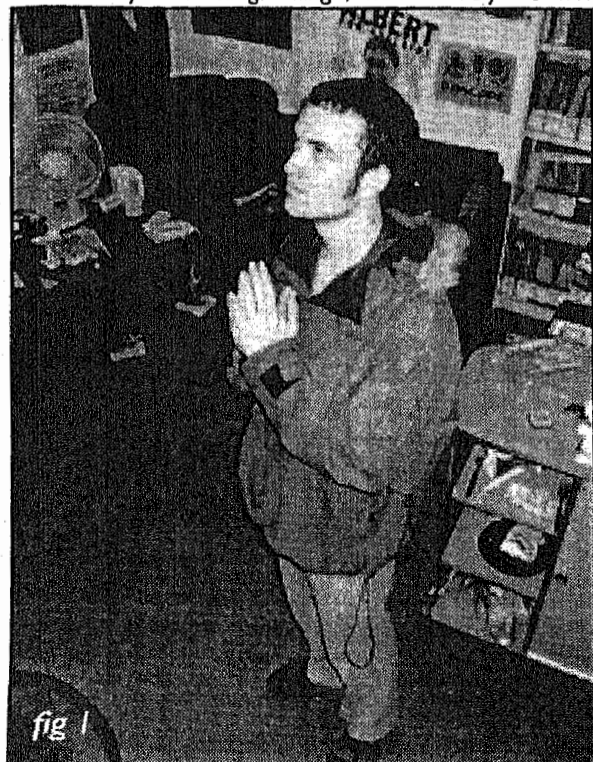


fig 1

back the betterment of the world with 'past-coolness' statement? See, pop culture is shit. It's shitness becomes ever more apparent when put into a different temporal context. The only excuse for the 80s was that it was the 80s. That crap doesn't wash anymore. Anyone ever been to Timewarp? Hmmmm.

Label cool

Characteristics: People who always have to buy labels. It doesn't matter how practical or visually pleasing it is, as long as the label is right. In the most extreme cases, these labels are indiscriminantly splattered over clothing with total disregard for aesthetic principles.

CF- I dunno, I suppose they manage to look new and expensively tacky. Not sure if I see the point.

AW- What essentially is being demonstrated to the world is a lack of personality and taste. These are people who are entirely unable to define themselves by any other criteria other than the clothes they wear. They need overpaid marketing types to plan their image for them. Also, they're advertising a product and paying for the right to do so. That's stupid. Traditionally, the premise of advertising is that companies pay you for the use of your space to advertise their product.

Yuppie cool

Characteristics: These people make themselves look good and act suave by spending large amounts of money.

CF- It certainly is impressive in its own way to see someone buy a meal for the price of a small car. It does encourage a certain level of envy and jealousy implies a desire to emulate. Desirable = cool.

AP- You have to pay to be cool, nuff said. It's artificial cool which has been scientifically proven by trained lemurs in lab coats to be at least 13.8% less cool than all-natural, bio-organic cool with no additives. As an interesting aside, the same study found a concrete correlation between world peace and Bulgarian yoghurt.

Promisc-cool

Characteristics: Those who make themselves cool by the amount of people they sleep with.

CF- Given that the urge to copulate is an evolutionary characteristic, sex drive is more or less common to everyone. Thus, by frequently engaging in intercourse, you are doing something which almost everyone wants to do. Again, the desirability of nookie available at the drop of a hat bestows certain coolness to promiscuity.

AP- Sex and fishing are two fields of human endeavour where exaggeration is rife. What people claim is rarely true and if it is, it's probably not as good as they make it sound. Think about this: if for you crazy, monkey sex is the norm, you don't have to brag or make a big deal about it because it's business as usual as far as you're concerned. However, if you're a little repressed, even getting a hand (someone else's) down your pants is cause enough to telegraph the Queen.

Fig. 1 & 2: Eskimo Jesus oozes with righteous Cool Factor (Left). Such is the depth of his cool, that even when he's experiencing some Associated Pants-ness (Right), he's still deeply cool. Let the light of his style be your guide! Socks, sandals (what all the cognoscenti are kicking about in around Gallilee), pyjama pants and furry jacket. Hallelujah! The Saviour is amongst us! Praise Be!

Alco-cool

Characteristics: These are the people who set great store by how much alcohol they can consume and how quickly. The idea can be extended to any drug.

CF- I'll again invoke some Darwinian tripe. Given herd mentality, humans will gravitate to the most powerful individual; a throwback to the days when we lived in trees, and relied on the strongest of the tribe to provide and protect. Alcohol is a poison, so ability to consume it with few deleterious effects is a symbol of power.

AP- This again sort of speaks for itself. So you think you're cool for squinting belligerently at everyone, swaying unsteadily and mumbling bollocks unintelligibly? Taking a brief pause in disturbingly sleazy conversation to vomit on your prospective target's shoe does not for coolness make.

Ignoro-cool

Characteristics: A type that's particularly prevalent in high school, this describes the people who have an aversion to demonstrating any spark of cognition at all.

CF- I can't come up with anything for this. Broadly ill informed people are the bane of my existence and I can make up/imagine no reason for it to be desirable.

AP- I'm sure that anyone would testify to the annoyance of an uninformed dickhead giving the world their opinion. Also, ignorance makes people vulnerable to exploitation by those who know better. That's not very cool at all. Well, it's cool for those doing the exploiting.

Smoking Cool

Characteristics: People who smoke because it's cool.

CF- An extension of the same concept as for alcohol, smokers are demonstrating control over flame and possibly playing on something in the primitive psyche about fire breathing.

AP- Smokers smell, are stained and have no money. They also have to antisocially pop out every however often to light up.

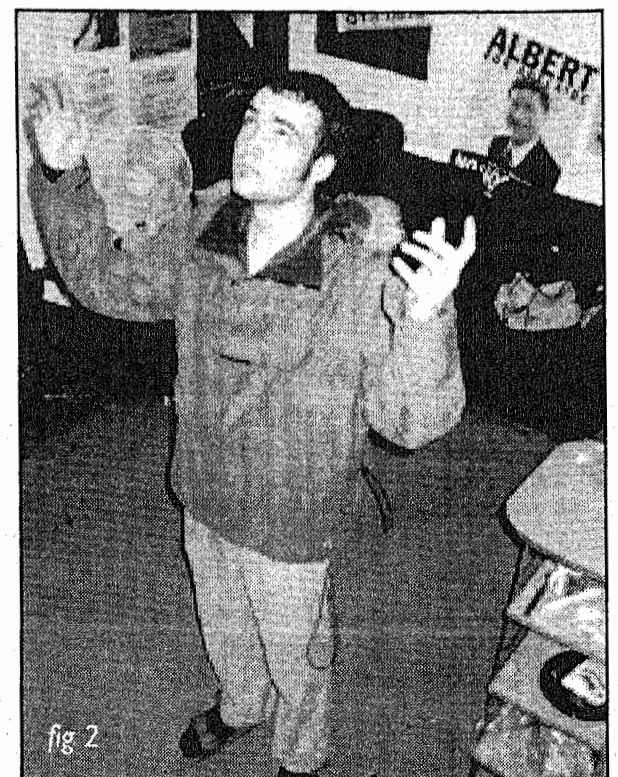


fig 2

Funny Cool

Characteristics: People who are always the life of the party, entertaining with their antics and anecdotes.

CF- People like to laugh. So that's cool I guess.

AP- After a while they can begin to try a little too hard. The only way to get away with this is to continuously change friends because their peers get to know the usual routines a little too well and they just don't cut the mustard after a while. A constant redefinition of personality hides an underlying (and needless to say, uncool) insecurity.

Intellectu-cool

Characteristics: Well read, articulate and intelligent people who seem to enjoy acquiring knowledge for its own sake.

CF- People who can hold their own in any conversation and are able to advance and validate a cogent argument are cool. It's an ability to be accepted anywhere. It's easier to have to associate in an environment below your level than it is for dim people to be convincing in an environment that's above their level.

AP- Nobody likes a smart arse or a know it all. Also, unfortunately, some have a propensity for setting too much store by their knowledge, making them close-minded to alternate ways of thinking. Also, if a person is a boffin, that is to say that all of their expertise is in a very particular field, that's not overly cool.

Pop-cool

Characteristics: You know the type; people who follow *Big Brother* a little too closely (such as logging into the website), keep JJJ on 24/7 and get their fashion ideas from seeing *Sex and the City* on the net before the episodes air in Australia.

CF- Given an encyclopaedic knowledge of the latest and greatest in popular culture, it's possible to flog to death upcoming catch phrases and mannerisms before the filthy masses jump onto the bandwagon. Everytime that those phrases or mannerisms are used, people will unconsciously think about where they heard it first, ie from you.

AP- Pop culture is so vacuous and trite. This is a reflection of what pop-cool people must be like. Also, you'll find that you lose friends the more you assume American culture (arguably the biggest pop influence) as part of yourself.

Streetwise cool

Characteristics: People who, if they were any more 'down' they'd have to be in a mineshaft or some such similar deep well. They are more dope than heroin and sharper than a needle (no one tell Apollo 440 that I'm ripping off their material please).

CF- There's something oddly enticing about the patois of the streets. Trying to cultivate 'player street-cred' provides an attractive outlet to living in a mundane town by acting out a gangland fantasy sans the desperate poverty.

AP- This isn't West Harlem or South Central LA. This is Adelaide. We have an ageing population. You don't need a gang to protect yourself from the 'lavendar menace.' You just end up looking like a cowardly twit.

Alterno-cool

Characteristics: Anyone who thinks that they belong to some sort of minority interest group. This can be subdivided into many other sub groups. As an example you have your punks, goths and ravers as a narrow selection. The common theme seems to be some sort of perceived rebellion against the 'system.'

CF: These people keep variety in society. They prevent the population from becoming dull and homogenous.

AP: As a general rule anyone who identifies with these alternative groups is fooling themselves about how underground they are. What they don't realise is that it's all just mutations and derivatives of pop culture and not necessarily of more intrinsic worth. It's also too easy to suffer from the fate of bohemians, namely becoming a little too exclusive.

Last Word:

You're never as cool as you think you are, but usually cooler than the impression you get from others.

Something like that.

Yak

I hate smoking. I hate the way it stinks, the way it always drifts into your face and up your nose and into your lungs. The way you flop into bed after a big night out and your skin smells, the way the smoke clings to your hair and sticks to your pillow so you get a face full of it when you wake up in the morning. These are fairly aesthetic things, but I also hate the way it makes people die of cancer and robs them of income and all that other boring, angst-ridden guff that I'm sure everyone has thought of at some stage already.

However, I also quite like the concept of smoking. I admire it for the fact that it's almost an art, the art of posing. How many people out there started smoking to be cool? Peer pressure, sure, but there is something in that cool factor that actually works. I like the way it can validate doing nothing. If someone is leaning against a wall by themselves, you get suspicious, but if they are smoking a cigarette, you think nothing of it. It justifies the need to take a break from something. If someone says "I'm just going to stand outside for five minutes and stare into space", you think there's a problem, but if they're just going outside for a smoke - hey man, no sweat.

Where am I going with this? Well might you ask Timmy, well might you ask. You see the other night I had a vision. It wasn't a pretty vision, nor will it ever come into fruition. In fact, just by speaking it into being, I may lose friends, colleagues and the acquaintance of anyone who recognises my name from the bottom of this article, but here it is: what if smoking swapped places with a complete social taboo? What if people only smoked in private with the doors locked and the shades drawn? And what if that social taboo took the place of smoking as a socially acceptable activity? The social taboo I'm talking about ladies and gentlemen is of course, masturbation.

Picture a world in which people masturbated in place of smoking cigarettes. Get to the bus stop ten minutes early? Plenty of time for a little onanism. Had a long tutorial full people and questions that seem to be pissing you off? Just pop outside and spank the monkey for five minutes. Just imagine the scene as people leave work and fill the city on

their way home, wrists a-flicking. Those who work in hospitality must appreciate the value of the after work knock-off drink and requisite cigarette. Friends, just picture your workmates sitting there, feet propped up on the bar, sipping a beer with one hand, but instead of smoking a cigarette with the other, they are enjoying a quick fiddle. People are more relaxed, their hands are a bit stickier, but their wallets are a little heavier and their bodies a little healthier. Orgasms do all sorts of wonderful things for your constitution. Private parts aren't the great mystery they are in our society. Other things would change along with this paradigm shift. Cancer clinics become treatment centres for the masses of tennis elbow sufferers. It is the custom to shake with the left hand. Smokemart would change to Spankmart, selling all kind of masturbatory paraphernalia: rubber gloves, K-Y jelly, vibrators and of course, boxes of tissues by the truck load. Instead of ashtrays in bars, there are little bins everywhere and in pubs, where people flick their ash on the ground, and people take off their shoes whenever they go inside someone's house.

With masturbating being the social norm, smoking is naturally still a non-discussed taboo. Newsagents are required by law to sell cigarettes from behind the counter wrapped in opaque plastic. More embarrassing fires are caused by teenagers smoking under the covers. Controversy reigns about whether smoking should be taught as acceptable in schools. Adult shops get their sordid name from the bongos, lighters, pipes and (gasp!) cigars they sell in brown paper bags behind their painted out windows. Churches discourage smoking before marriage and teenage boys walk around trying to hide the nicotine stains on their fingers. People sniggeringly email each other pictures of girls with big lips and guys with black moustaches smoking two cigarettes at once. People jerk off after they've had a good smoke together.

Picture it. Just imagine for a second what it would be like. Can you see someone smoking now, while you're reading this? What if they were doing something else instead?

Sam Franzway

A VISION

sawua week
27-31 MAY 2002
BARR SMITH LAWNS

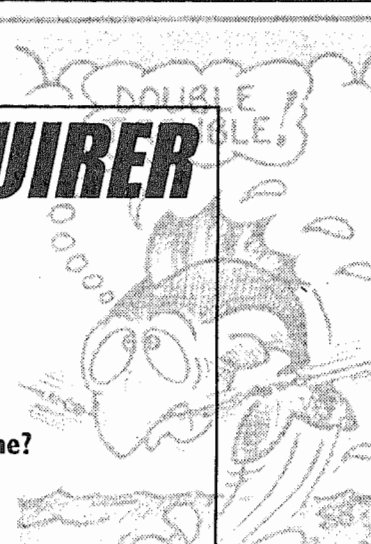
- 1 **monday**
Womens' Department Day
- 2 **tuesday**
Education Day
- 3 **wednesday**
Sexuality Department Day
- 4 **thursday**
Environment Department Day
- 5 **friday**
Activities Day

Celebrating student control of student affairs
Come down to the Barr Smith Lawns for cheap beer & BBQs daily, with breakfasts on Tuesday & Thursday mornings & other activities all week long!

THE CAMPUS ENQUIRER

ASKS THESE QUESTIONS...

1. What is the most illegal thing you have ever done?
2. What is your favourite urban myth?
3. What is your favourite Harrison Ford movie?



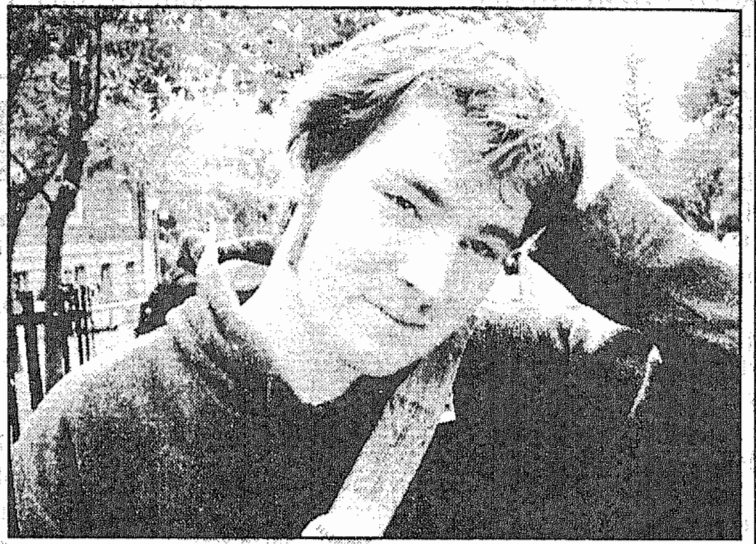
VOX POP

YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE THINGS YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS ARE UP TO

Never tell me the odds!

John

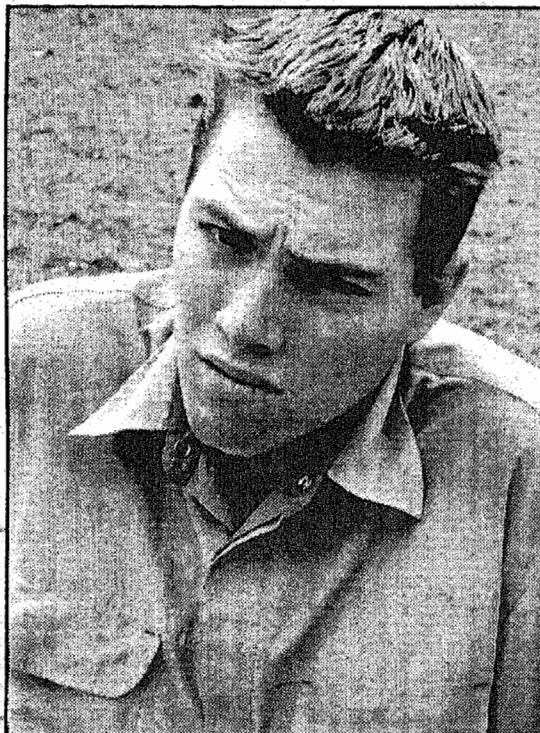
1. Shoplifting as a kid. I once stole a 6ft telescopic fishing rod and sold it to my mates.
2. That I'm some kind of drug merchant, it's all bollocks.
3. Star Wars - because he gets to stroke his Wookiee.



I loved that dog

Billy

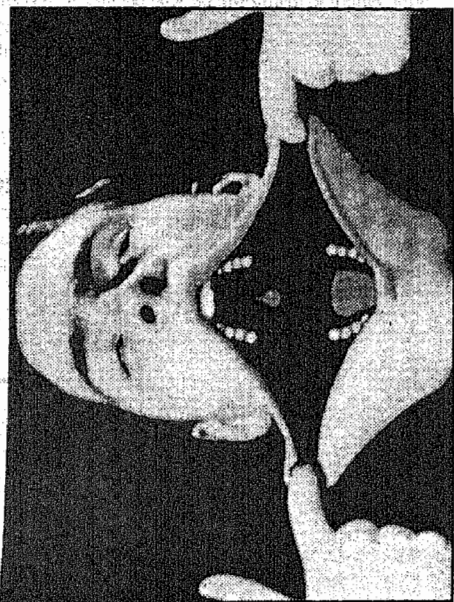
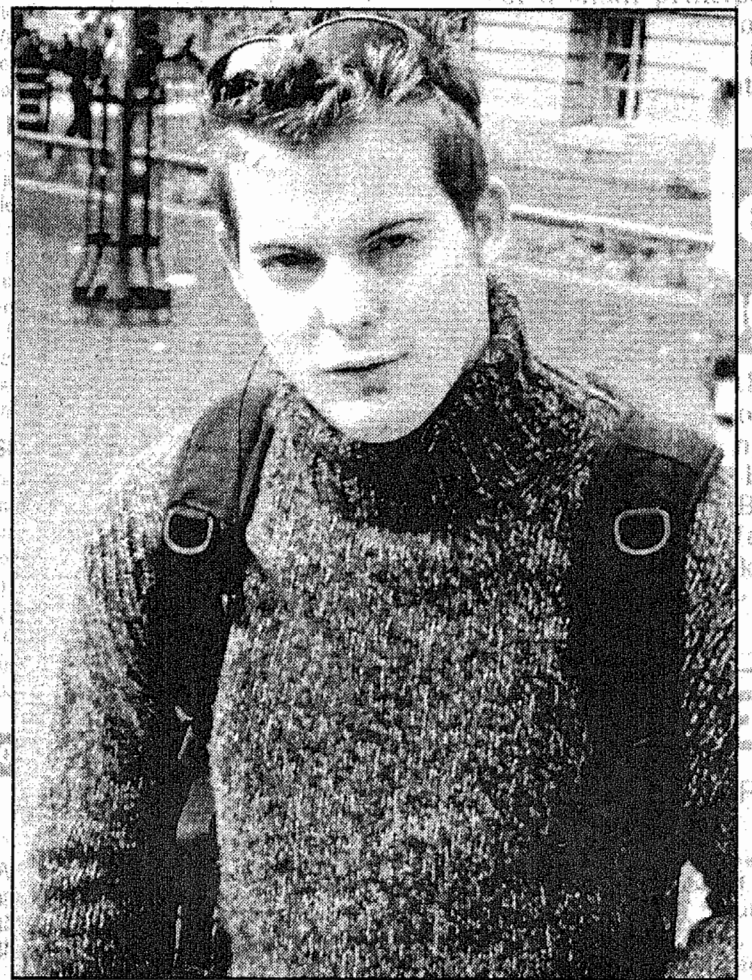
1. Car Surfing whilst holding various council items.
2. That girls always have pillow fights in their underwear when they have pillow fights.
3. Too many to choose - American Graffiti, I loved that cowboy hat.



I hate snakes!

Paul

1. Had sex with a minor when I was 20.
2. That Engies have fun at uni and then get good jobs with cash.
3. Blade Runner.



Get off my plane!

Michael

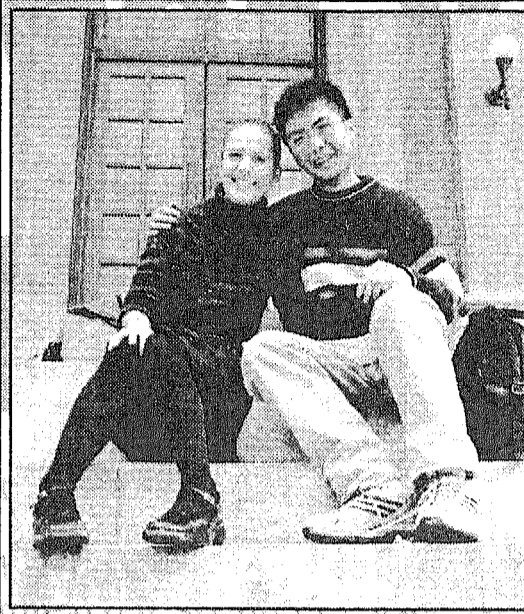
- 1. Smoke pot and danced on a table.
- 2. Motorbike.
- 3. They're all good - the one where he's a lawyer.



Stop calling me junior

Amy and Min

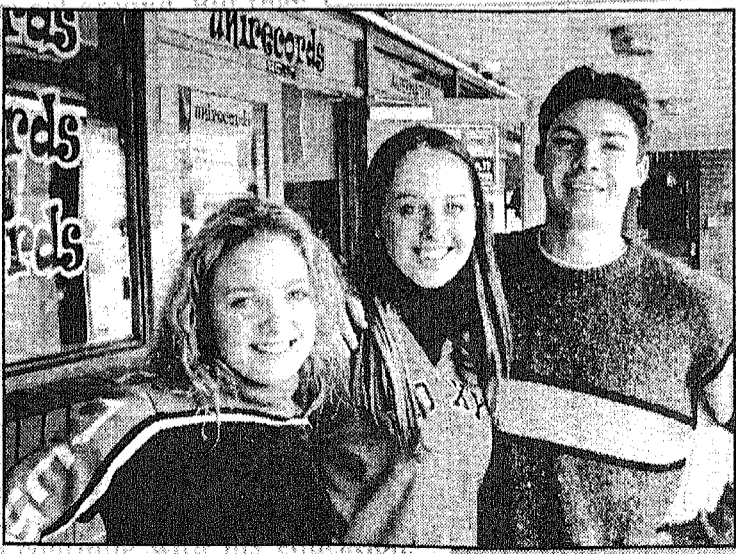
- 1. A: I stole my boyfriend's virginity.
M: I embezzled 1.8 billion dollars from Microsoft.
- 2. A: That Aussies ride roos.
M: That one where someone takes your organs out.
- 3. A: Star Wars.
M: Air Force 1.elp — the



It wasn't me! It was the one-armed man!

Corri, Megan & Chook

- 1. Ch: Stole a church sign on Easter Sunday.
C: Skinny dipped at Glenelg every week and trafficked E's at the Big Day Out.
M: Broke into the Royal Coach Motor Inn and swam in the pool.
- 2. M: The one with the old lady with the dog.
C: Hindley St. is dangerous.
Ch: Jack and the Beanstalk.
- 3. C: Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Last Ark.
M: What Lies Beneath or Patriot Games.
Ch: Empire Strikes Back.



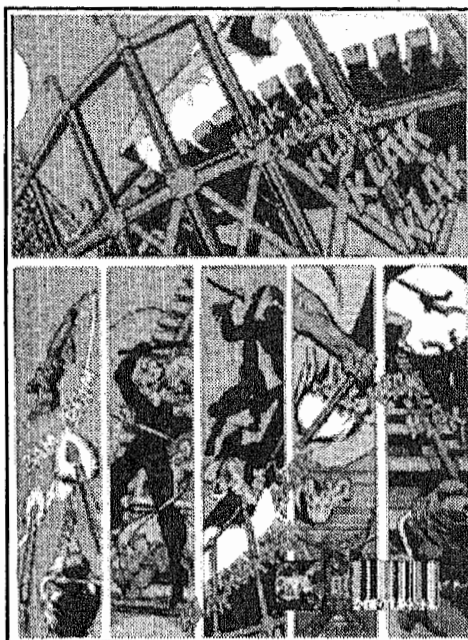
Back entrance huh? Good idea.

Emily & Morgan

- 1. E: Stealing street signs
M: Ditto.
- 2. E: Being buried alive
M: Waking up with no recollection of who you are.
- 3. E: Air Force One
M: Devils Own



Startling Documents Seized!



SAUA attacked! Office Bearers aghast!

Dear On Dit,

Whilst skimming through the paper the other day, I noticed that it was international No Diet Day. I was looking forward to the festivities on campus (mmm, donuts and chocolate) as the SAUA Women's Department has always celebrated this day with such enthusiasm. There was no celebration, to my disappointment.

Statistics show that four in five women are not happy with their body image and the amount of women and young girls developing an eating disorder is on the increase. Understandably it has been Sex Week this week, however I don't think that an issue of this importance should be neglected. Departments need to work together and I cannot understand why the Women's Department could not work with the female Sexuality Officer in a campaign to challenge the social constructs of the overweight dyke or a limp-wristed gay man (as this is the way that movies and general media portray gay people). It is a real shame and disappointment that the Women's Department did not decide to take this issue seriously or participate in the national campaign in some way.

Anyway, I have one other gripe. Having read the letter last edition I think, regarding Prosh, I have to agree in saying that Prosh was okay this year, far better than last year. However, before jumping into endless praise for the ACVP for doing a brilliant job, I have

to question what he actually organised. I could see that Prosh After Dark and Drink The Pub Dry were organised by helpers, in fact when asked which pub it was at he replied "I don't know, I didn't organise it". The pranks were organised by a few diehards, and the sponsorship for the week was delegated to committee members. So I would like to congratulate the ACVP on a great job of delegation of tasks.

Also where the hell is the Education Department on this campus? I think I've seen a cake stall, maybe the education campaigns were hidden in them. Regardless, EVP, you're a shame to your predecessor.

C James

Dear James,

I ran a body image/no diet campaign during Women's Week. There was cake and chocolate mousse (yum), information about anorexia and bulimia nervosa and a body image survey for women run by the YWCA. I did not run an additional campaign on National No Diet Day for a couple of reasons - I did not want to infringe on the already organised events during Sexuality Week, and I knew in advance that I would be in Sydney that week farewelling my partner who is now overseas for five-and-a-half months (I took four days' annual leave in case you are wondering). I appreciate your concern. I assure you that such issues are important to the Women's Department, hence the campaign during Women's Week. Sorry you missed out on the cake. Many students enjoyed it.

Elise Duffield
Women's Officer



Hi Eds,

I'm sickened by the continual usage of graphics from that well-known oracle of the internet weird-o-tainment world: www.fark.com.

Last issue was the poor kid dressed as Pikachu. The one before that was the cliché kitty "don't masturbate" pic. All I ask is that the source is credited - and eager students sent to that wondrous place of Photoshop contests, occasional Australian stories and a small smattering of porn: fark.com.

The IP Theft Watchbody

Dear IPTW,

We are sorry this occurred. We were sent both pictures as forwards, the sender of which had not been the original finder of the material. We promise to, at the very least, credit fark.com or other sources where we can in the future.

Eds

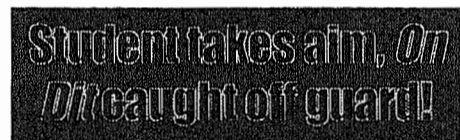


Dear Eds,

I just felt the need to, as an apathetic woman on campus, support Elise as our undeniably sexy, talented and devoted women's officer. I can admit that I don't take part in much of the activism at uni and I have no idea of the politics that go on, but aside from her sexiness, Elise has given so much to the women of this uni, last year as our female sex-o, and this year as our women's officer. She needs to be admired, revered and thanked by all the women, apathetic or not. Anyone who criticises the officers we select to represent us need to take a look at the hand they write such thoughtless words with - those hands will never do as much for the women on this campus as Elise's have.

Thank you for everything, Elise.

© Elise's secret admirer



Dear Eds,

I believe I have cracked the On Dit matrix. Mix one part Green Left with one part Smash Hits. Add Sunday Mail social page. Dilute with filler to taste.

Voila: On Ditty goodness.

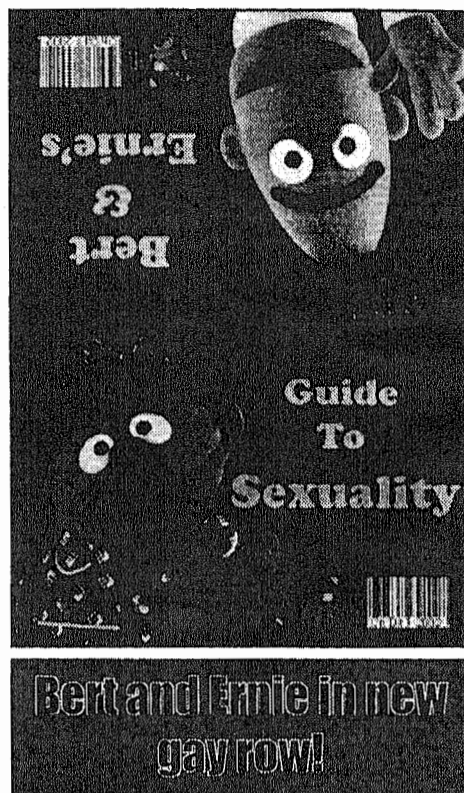
A loving reader



Dear On Dit,

I was talking to a girl named Elsie Defiled and she was telling me that Doctors and Yampires porn is wrong. Please stop printing it.

Concerned



It appears that putting Bert and Ernie on the cover of the Sexuality Edition wasn't such a bad idea after all. A new film that features popular children's television puppet characters Bert and Ernie as gay lovers has reignited a row with the show's makers, and Sesame Street may sue. Ernest and Bertram, a spoof that features Bert and Ernie from Sesame Street confessing their feelings for each other has upset the show producers. Peter Spears, the film's director and writer presented the eight minute film at the annual Sundance Film Festival. In the film, the pair admit to being gay and loving each other 'in that way', and describe fellow muppet Miss Piggy as a fag hag.

A spokesperson for The Children's Television Workshop said that they were seeking legal action. She said "We are unhappy with the film's content. Ernie and Bert are friends who live together. There is nothing sexual in their relationship. We've consulted lawyers and will decide whether to take this matter further."

The pair who live in a well-decorated house in the film, admit to sharing a bedroom and bathing together occasionally. Rumours concerning the puppet's supposed sexuality have dogged the Children's Television Workshop for years, according to the Urban Legends Reference Pages' website. The show's producers have persistently denied rumours about Bert and Ernie's sexual orientation. According to the website, the Children's Television Workshop stated in 1993 that Bert and Ernie, who've been on Sesame Street for 25 years "do not portray a gay couple" and "are puppets, not humans."

Well gee! Thanks for clearing that up!

If you're fan of writing letters, but can't be hanged submitting it to our office or using the email address conveniently located at the bottom of this page, have we got news for you! There is now a box for letters located in the Barr Smith Library, just near the exit where you might perchance to pick up a copy of On Dit. Now you can write letters with as much griping, whinging and moaning as you like, all in the comfort of the library!

On Dit, making procrastination come exam time that much more satisfying.

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



Coopers



Vegetarian Delight (Ket Thien Duyen) Chinese Vegetarian Restaurant 462 Port Road, Hindmarsh

"Purity of taste removes dust and grime. Roots of vegetables nurture the true spirit." Such is the claim made by Vegetarian Delight, a quaint Chinese/Vietnamese restaurant that claims to welcome everyone to a 'Harmonious New World of Healthier Eating'. Nestled into the crook of a modest red-brick strip of suburban shops an acceptable distance down Port Road from the city, Vegetarian Delight was the venue nominated by my rather picky vegan grandmother for our Mother's Day luncheon.

Perusing the extraordinary menu was an achievement in itself, as it comprises a staggering 125 dishes spread over 15 categories, including one mammoth division labelled 'Our Chef's Recommendations' which actually contains one quarter of the total dishes. The other delights on offer, averaging \$8 in price, range from Vegetarian Chicken Dishes to Vegetarian Beef Dishes to Vegetarian King Prawn Dishes, as well as curry, rice, noodle and sweet and sour servings.

If you were thinking something didn't sound quite right about the last sentence, there is an explanation. Vegetarian Delight specializes in those 'mock' meats: bases of textured vegetable protein (TVP) converted to flesh with a little help from flavouring from a source unknown to this reviewer, food colouring, and some creative food modelling. You may or may not have seen the Consumer Watchdog dedicated to these foods in *On Dit* last year, featuring in particular the succulent mock duck. In other words, Vegetarian Delight seems to be a vegetarian restaurant that markets itself on serving food as close to meat as possible without it actually being meat.

Bewildered by the sheer size of the menu and the prospect of having to order from it three courses each for 6 people we eventually settled on a banquet. Feeling generous, Mum sprang for the \$18.50 per head banquet (minimum six people; a four-person banquet sets you back \$15.50 per head).

The sequence of the banquet courses went something like this: prawn toast with sweet and sour sauce, chicken and sweetcorn soup; and then in rapid succession, honey lemon chicken, steak in black bean sauce, beef in satay sauce, fried rice and a few forms of tofu dishes. There was probably a *shengken* (gluten flour) dish in there somewhere too.

The fact that I don't remember any of the dishes in any particular detail is probably an indication of the overall mediocrity of the meal. It was indeed filling (perhaps thanks to some cornflour), and the flavours were pleasant, but the dishes were not as delightful as I had hoped. The TVP extravaganza in fact proved to be kind of gross to both vegetarian and non-vegetarian diners alike in its excess and its unwavering dedication to the goal of meat imitation. This may actually be a common complaint, as there is a disclaimer at the start of the menu explaining the rationale for all the faux flesh; apparently, it demonstrates the variety of tastes, textures and ingredients available in vegetarian foods.

Well, okay, but the whole concept kind of misses the point of why I denounced meat in the first place: I thought it was gross. As such, it was a bit of a low point of the meal having to prompt my neighbour to remove the gelatinous 'chicken' fragment firmly adhered to his gumline. As a Gender Studies major, indulge me a little as I explain this the best way I can, via a feminist-vegetarian analogy. If the only way women can elevate their social status is by imitating those with social power (ie men), by dressing like men, talking like men and behaving generally like men, it devalues those characteristics that are innately or conventionally considered to belong to women. So if the only way vegetarian foods can be accepted as normal and worthy foods is by imitating the dominant western meal filler (ie meat), by looking like meat, tasting like meat and feeling like meat, it devalues the yumminess and nutritional value of vegetables and their friends.

On the plus side, the exotic fruit juices (coconut and lychee) were deliciously refreshing, the tofu fruit dessert (available from the Coles refrigerated section, if you'd like to give it a try) was a pleasant round-off, and the staff were delightfully friendly and obliging, particularly when it came to clueless grandparents with complicated cameras. Also, the kitsch yet quaint shrine to Buddha taking up the western wall of the dining room was cute, especially with its flashing LEDs.

All in all, it was a nice lunch out for a reasonable price. Give it a go, especially if you're curious about the whole fake meat thing.

Gemma Clark

GRUB



**Shocking results
of bestiality in high
French society come
to light! Diners at
high class restau-
rant skip dessert!**

PUB

The Lion Melbourne St. North Adelaide

Now, the Lion isn't necessarily the first place many of you will think of first when you think 'great night out'. However, do not be fooled. The Lion is a spiffing establishment. Not only does it feature comfortable seating, but it also boasts an extensive bar and often has a fab band playing for the enjoyment of the patrons. To boot, the bar staff are ultra spunky and very helpful. In much the same vein as the V-bar, the Lion is a great place to go that's out of the city centre and hence without the bogan populi you would otherwise encounter. If it's a meal you're after, or even just a few bevies, the Lion is a great place to kick back and relax.

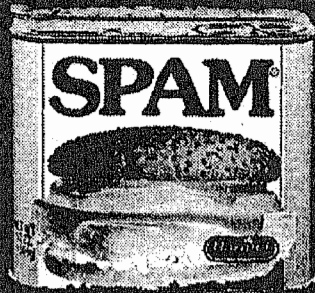
To begin with, if you're planning on going to the Lion, rustle up a suitable group. We're talking six or seven people here. Too few and you'll be competing with the space provided by the booths and the noise, and too many and you'll be stranded across the space of two seating arrangements. We had seven and only just managed to squeeze into one of the booths, and that was with four very slim hipped men. However, you can get away with a large group if you are just planning to drink and dance, because the space is very accommodating and the dance floor inviting. We chose to partake in a meal, and were ultimately satisfied. Although there is an adjoining restaurant, there is also a larder menu which provides you with standard pub fare, if not food of a much higher quality than would be usually expected from a counter meal. One of our number ate a veggie burger which was very tasty, whilst the rest of us opted for chicken parmies. In fact, a certain somebody in our group declared their parmy to be "beyond the seventh realm of heaven". I can certainly back this up. Thick and juicy, the parmy plate comes accompanied by a tasty salad and many crispy fries. I recommend ordering sour cream with your fries. On top of all this, the parmy comes with ham which is a trend I have yet to see replicated in any other establishment. At around \$10 a pop for a meal, you can't really go wrong, plus being a pub you are entitled to smoke following your meal, which is refreshing for the many smokers out there.

We were very well looked after by the bar staff who ensured that our drinks were never empty. In particular, look out for bar guy Simon. Not only is he a stone fox, but he is tops at his job. Although beer is a little expensive at the Lion (you're looking at around \$3.20 for a schooner of pale), they come in lovely beer glasses which makes the alcoholic experience a whole lotta fun. Simon also managed to introduce us to a tasty shot called a Chernobyl Meltdown (Midori, vodka and a sugar lemon to suck on, covered in flaming Sambuca) and I highly recommend one of these mid meals.

In short, the Lion was a great night out. Always a favourite with the North Adelaide college kids, the Lion is a place that needs to be frequented by more uni kids. There is always a band to entertain the masses, and much dancing can be had whilst drinking is done and food is eaten. The staff are friendly and the prices reasonable, and all within a very comfortable setting. Next time you're pondering your big night out, consider the Lion and all it has to offer. You won't be disappointed!

Max

Australian Made, Australian Owned.



Spam of the Week

Bumper Sticker Bonanza

Everyone has a photographic memory. Some don't have film. Save the whales. Collect the whole set. A day without sunshine is like, night. Diplomacy is saying "nice doggy" until you find a rock. Change is Inevitable, except from a vending machine. Back up my hard drive! How do I put it in reverse? I just got lost in thought. It was unfamiliar territory. When the chips are down, the buffalo is empty. Seen it all, done it all, can't remember most of it. Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't. I feel like I'm diagonally parked in a parallel universe. He's not dead, he's electroencephalographically challenged. She's always late. Her ancestors arrived on the June Flower. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be misquoted, then used against you. I wonder how much deeper would the ocean be without sponges. Honk if you love peace and quiet. Pardon my driving, I am reloading. Despite the cost of living, have you noticed how it remains so popular? Nothing is fool-proof to a sufficiently talented fool. Atheism is a non-prophet organization. He who laughs last, thinks slowest. "Very funny, Scotty. Now beam down my clothes." Friends help you move. Real friends help you move bodies. I'm as confused as a baby in a topless bar. The gene pool could use a little chlorine. We are born naked, wet and hungry. Then things get worse. Suicidal twin kills sister by mistake! Make it idiot proof and someone will make a better idiot. I'm not a complete idiot, some parts are missing! He who laughs last thinks slowest! Always remember you're unique, just like everyone else. Give me ambiguity or give me something else. A flashlight is a case for holding dead batteries. Lottery: A tax on people who are bad at math. There's too much blood in my caffeine system. I wouldn't be caught dead with a necrophiliac. Hard work has a future payoff. Laziness pays off now. I won't rise to the occasion, but I'll slide over to it. Assassins do it from behind. If ignorance is bliss, you must be orgasmic. Puritanism: The haunting fear that someone, somewhere may be happy. I don't suffer from insanity. I enjoy every minute of it. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine. "Criminal Lawyer" is a redundancy. If Barbie is so popular, why do you have to buy her friends? For Sale: Parachute. Only used once, never opened, small stain. Why do psychics have to ask you for your name? Boycott shampoo! Demand the REAL pool! I'm not cheap, but I am on special this week! I intend to live forever - so far, so good. If you ain't makin' waves, you ain't kickin' hard enough! Mind Like A Steel Trap - Rusty And Illegal In 37 States Quantum Mechanics: The dreams stuff is made of Televangelists: The Pro Wrestlers of religion. When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane. Ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy. What happens if you get scared half to death twice? Energizer Bunny arrested, charged with battery. Shin: a device for finding furniture in the dark.

"Yes, the operator should have seen the deer, and yes, it should have been removed."

WALTER BORTREE of the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation, on a road repair crew that paved over a dead deer

1989 Thunderbird, V6, AT, brn, great cond, speaks spanish, \$4,550.

Feeder skirts, good cond, \$2000

ARTIFICIAL CHRISTMAS TREE — For Sale. Like new. Needs stand, ornaments, lights, and branches. \$99.00 firm. Call

friendship and possibly more. Single male seeks double-jointed supermodel who owns a brewery and grows her own pot. Access to free concert tickets a plus, as is having open minded twin sister! Do you like long walks in the

FOUND. DIRTY WHITE DOG. Looks like a rat. It's been out awhile. No collar. Better be a reward. (410)364-

PUPPIES Part cow part German Shepherd \$25 each 717-597-

FREE TO GOOD COUNTRY HOME-3/4 Rottweiler, 1/4 Shepherd, 3 years old, female, spayed, very intelligent, loves to eat live rabbits and kittens, loves to play ball with kids. Call after 5:00 pm. (614) (12/20).

'Save the whales' trip cut short after boat rams whale

SAN FRANCISCO (Reuters) — A California activist who embarked on a trans-Pacific sailing adventure dedicated to saving the whales called off the attempt Friday after his boat ran into one of the large mammals.

Trees stolen

Someone sawed two 4-foot trees to ground level from the front yard of a residence in the 200 block of Timberline Drive between 1 p.m. Nov. 20 and 1:44 p.m. Dec. 4, police report. The trees are valued at \$250 and were described in the report as green in color.

FOR SALE: One pair, hardly used dentures, only 2 teeth missing, \$100 OBO. Call Ira 878- after 6. 029

System Shock 2 (PC) MA15+ Looking Glass Studios Rating: ***** (out of five) Release/Price: Oct 1999/\$25

The original *System Shock* was undoubtedly a landmark title, one which offered a little more depth to the first person shooter genre by adding a complex Interface, a well-developed plot, a detailed, Immersive environment and the element of stealth. Expanding on those elements is the sequel, *System Shock 2*, which takes place aboard the first faster-than-light spacecraft, the Von Braun. Before beginning your journey, you must undergo three years of training - what is essentially 'character-creation' - in which you choose your skills based upon which branch of service you enrol in: Marine (weapons expert), Navy (Hacking and technical skills) or OSA (Psi 'mind' powers).

Once that is completed, and your journey aboard the Von Braun has begun, you awaken from suspended animation to find that, as far as you can tell, most of the crew is dead or incapacitated and you are alone but for an Artificial Intelligence, Xerxes, and an array of hideous creatures, the origins of which will become apparent as you progress. This is one game where running into a room guns blazing will make your appointment with that wooden box come that much sooner. In that regard, it plays more like *Thief* than, say, *Half-Life*. The plot and numerous side-stories (including an excellent love story) is revealed through emails

and through various 'voice logs' which are found scattered throughout the confines of the Von Braun. Unlike the heavy Non Player Character (NPC) interaction of *Deus Ex*, the overwhelming majority of *System Shock 2* is spent alone (scared out of your wits, of course), cautiously surveying each corridor before deciding what action to take.

While the game is a few years old, *Shock 2* is no slouch in the visual department. The games graphic engine does a wonderful job in immersing the player, and has many great features that other, more immediately aesthetically pleasing engines such as *Quake 3*, don't possess; such as the lean function and greater interactivity.

The sound is just plain incredible, and it plays a critical role in the gameplay. A 3D soundcard and a surround speaker setup or headphones are really a necessity to appreciate the brilliance of the sound effect design.

System Shock 2 is simply an incredible gaming experience. It has this ability to pull you into this world and immerse you so completely you forget about this one, the real one. *Immersion* is the key. Just like the films at the cinema have been doing for years, when truly at their peak games can produce even greater immersion due to their interactive nature. Very rarely can games achieve that: only the *Thief* series, and perhaps *Allens vs. Predator* comes close in this regard. I hope this game (or 'experience') can have the same influence on you as me, but even if it doesn't, it is still a remarkable game and worthy of any PC gamers attention.

Joshua Blackman

Different Watch
Adelaide Festival Centre Foyer
Until 30 May

Different Watch is an exhibition that challenges the viewers' perceptions of art and provides a view of the world from a unique perspective. It features work from 20 artists with an intellectual disability. The pieces were created during workshops conducted by John Foubister and Alison McCarthy.

The 72 paintings and drawings vary in colour usage from black and white through to vibrant block colours. The artists use felt pen, pencils, and acrylic or oil paints on paper or canvas to create a range of effects.

Jennifer Kirk's sequence of three paintings including *dog*, *watermelon* and *dog (no.2)*, highlights the exhibition's diversity of styles and media. The primary use of black and white through simple outlines complements the rare splashes of bright colour.

Contrasting sizes and colours give Paul Glinka's 14 *untitled (snails)* a sharp edge. The 'snails', painted in earthy shades of browns and greens, use uncomplicated shapes of varying sizes to create unique effect.

Colour usage is also a strong point in Kelly Gowling's work. *A world without green* and *a world with green* cast a different light on a seemingly simple idea.

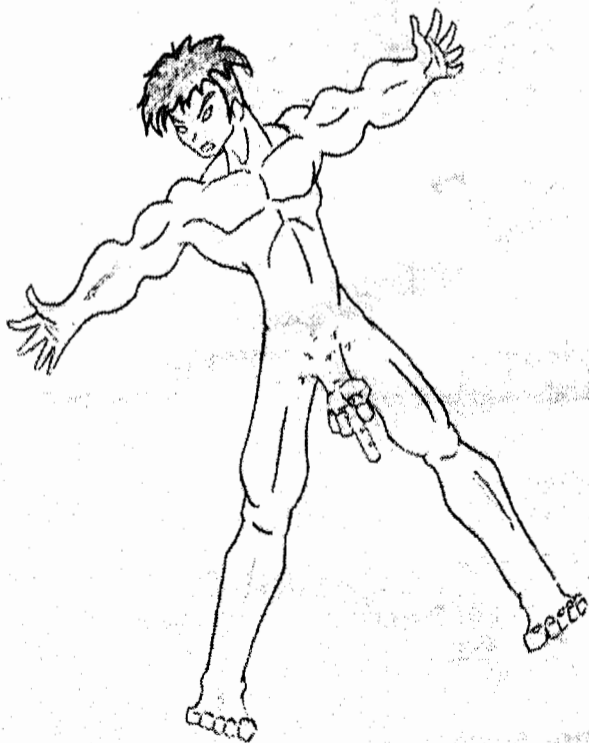
Like any exhibition, *Different Watch* has its fair share of works whose interpretation is left up to the viewer (in other words most people have no idea what the artist is getting at). This collection, however, also features work that people can comprehend and relate to.

Rose O'Mallee's work pictures animals often in a fairytale-like setting. The gilded effect on parts of her *big painting too* adds to this effect to create a painting with a ethereal and relaxing context.

Different Watch is presented by Community Bridging Services and runs until 30 May.

Lisa Symonds

Doodle Of The Week!



Think you can do better? Bring your hen's scratchings down to the *On Dit* office and we will shower you with untold riches and free hallucinogens. Or maybe not.

Life-sized statue of man found in *On Dit* office. Sure, it's funny - but is it Art?



The Tempest
The Bakehouse Theatre
May 14 - June 1

For those of you unfamiliar with *The Tempest* it might be a good idea to bone up on the gist of the play before you go see it. It is considered to be one of Shakespeare's more difficult plays, believed by many to be his last hurrah. However, The Bakehouse have managed to more than capably adapt the play without compromising any of the original material.

The play centres around Prospero, the exiled Duke of Milan, and his daughter Miranda. Essentially, it is the story of Prospero's quaintly misogynist quest to marry off his fifteen year old daughter, and forgive his brother for exiling him to an isolated island in the middle of the Mediterranean. There's plenty of dancing and singing and frolicsome misunderstandings - rather like a twee Old English romantic comedy. Nevertheless, modern audiences may find it hard to get past the blatant sexism inherent in the play, particularly in Prospero's patronising treatment of his wide-eyed bimbo of a daughter.

I suspect that director Alex Whitham instructed his Miranda (Hannah Norris) to play up the character's naivete - particularly with respect to the fact that she has never seen so 'noble a creature' as a man before. Of course, all this has to be taken in context, considering the time that the play was both written and set. Indeed Whitham's casting of Bridget Walters as the lovably senile Gonzalo did well to counter this. If memory serves, Gonzalo is traditionally cast as a male, but changing his gender and playing up her loyal old biddy image works surprisingly well. Other highlights included Peter Green's convincing rendition of the wizard Prospero, and Cheryl Bradley's cleverly choreographed performance as his androgenous nymph Ariel. The musical "masque" in the second half of the performance is a bit naff, but this part of the play is rarely interpreted well. I imagine it would be much more interesting if the audience was suitably stoned - I'm pretty sure Shakespeare was when he came up with it.

It's a good idea to see as much small-time theatre as possible, particularly now that South Australian theatre is struggling to compete with other forms of entertainment. *The Tempest* is definitely a great place to start.

Stanley George

The Great Man
State Theatre Company
The Dunstan Playhouse,
Until 1 June

As Australia's best-known playwright, David Williamson is known for his deft observations on human relationships, politics and national identity. *The Great Man* delivers in all three areas, throwing in a great deal of humour along the way.

The Great Man can be regarded as a follow-on from Williamson's 1971 play, *Don's Party*. While *Don's Party* speculated on what may come with a new Labor government, *The Great Man* examines what happened to the party in the 30 years that followed.

The protagonist of the play is Fleur, whose husband Jack has just died. Jack was a Labor party politician who served the party through the Whitlam and Keating years. The day before the funeral, Fleur invites several people around to the house to discuss their eulogies. Joining Fleur and her 20-year-old son Adam are Eileen, Jack's first wife; Rhys, a Labor politician who wants to become Prime Minister; Terry, an artist and Jack's long-time friend; and Tegan, a young journalist who wrote a newspaper profile on Jack shortly before he died.

The Great Man is a one-act, one-scene play. While the interaction between the characters drives the action along, the play's shift of focus from one character to another is, at times, a bit contrived. The play scrutinises closely the characters and their relationships, revealing their different faces. Who was the real Jack? Are any of the characters really who they appear to be?

The characters' conversations also bring out some interesting political points. Although I found the political stuff interesting, I probably would have gotten more out of it had my knowledge of Labor Party politics, particularly the Whitlam era, been greater. Occasionally we get the feeling that Williamson is simply putting his own political views into the characters' mouths, but the play's entertaining and we can overlook this.

Several actors gave outstanding performances, particularly Cameron Goodall, the angst-ridden 20-year-old, and Bob Hornery, who was funny and touching as the struggling artist.

The Great Man runs for one more week at the Festival Centre. For the Club 26 price of \$16.50, this play is well worth the money.

Emily

Coming Events

AFTRS Screening Tour
1-2 June

Each year, graduates of the Australian Film, Television and Radio School tour the country giving screenings of, and talks about, the films they have developed as part of their studies at AFTRS. Sessions take place at the Mercury Cinema, Lion Arts Centre, and are \$10/\$7. The Information Seminar is free. For more info, have a look at www.aftrs.edu.au/screeningtour.

I Don't Wanna Play House
Starts 29 May

This one-woman show charts a course through the turbulent childhood of Aboriginal writer and performer, Tammy Anderson. The show runs for four performances only at The Space, Adelaide Festival Centre. Tickets are \$20, \$10 conc. Book at BASS.

Improvivor
Starts June 2

Improvivor is 'Survivor' meets improvisational theatre. Watch the two tribes go head to head in a battle to avoid elimination. The sessions run on Sunday nights at the Promethean Theatre and cost \$12, \$8 conc. For more info, call Matthew Smith on 0418 819 178.

Shock! Eddie Maguire's Mouth Disappears! World Rejoices

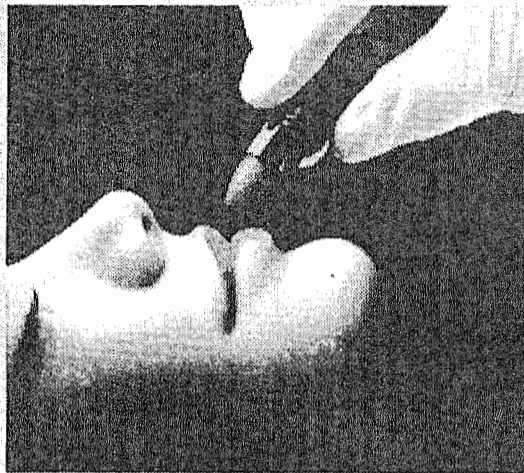


Where has all the good TV gone? It's awfully hard to find anything to write about this week, which is a sad indictment on the amount of crap that is transmitted to us every evening. I am finding myself reduced to writing about *Buffy* again, which of course I am happy to do week after week, but I strongly suspect that there would be very few people reading it. And that is the strange thing. *Buffy* is a consistently fantastic show, as is *Six Feet Under* and *Angel*, but where are they on the top ten list every week? And more to the point, why is a show like *McLeod's Daughters* still on TV? The only time I ever viewed an episode, I was only able to stomach the first half hour before my pesky self-respect got too much for me and I had to get a *Buffy* DVD out to take the taste out of my mouth. I'm not even going to go anywhere near the subject of *Big Brother* or *Temptation Island* because the very thought of calling them 'television shows' would be sacrilege.

The sad fact is that these days people are becoming more and more willing to just watch any old shite that appears on the magical glowing box in the corner. That has to be the only reason that people are still tuning in to *Who*

Wants To Be A Millionaire, despite the fact that they could get the same amount of satisfaction out of playing a game of *Trivial Pursuit*, without having to listen to the tiresome voice of Eddie Maguire endlessly dragging out each question for five minutes. Honestly, if he would just let people make a decision as to which answer they wanted, rather than prompting them to phone a friend or ask the audience, the show would be over in less than half an hour and we could watch *Sex And The City* on time for once.

The problem with the bulk of the shows that consistently rate every week is that they are all surface gloss and no heart. That's why shows like *Six Feet Under* are much more deserving of attention, because they deal with real issues that would make Eddie blush. Over the past few weeks, David on *Six Feet* has been dealing with issues involving coming out and overcoming the shame that he feels because he is queer. Instead of trivializing it like *Home And Away* usually does (I'm sure that Alf could have given him a firm talking to and he would have been ready to check out the



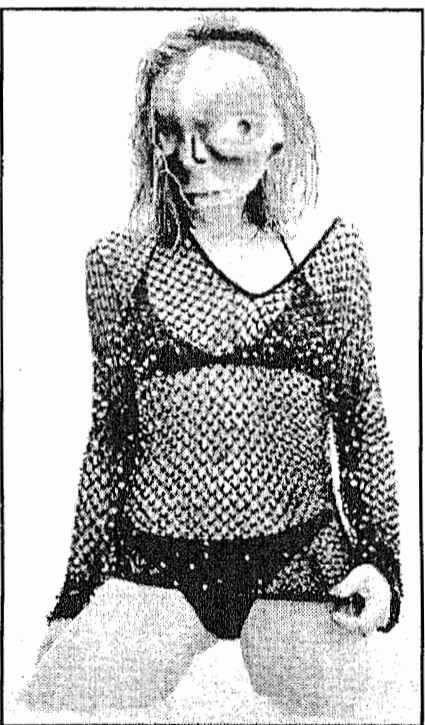
chicks at the diner in no time), this show has managed to capture the pain, shame and intolerance that can accompany such an experience, without detracting from the quirky humour that characterizes the show. It has been uplifting watching his journey from self-loathing to his declaration in front of the church committee. Even with cable channels to choose from, not much comes close to matching this level of excellence (except of course *Buffy* and *Angel* - but I will admit that I am heavily biased).

Perhaps it is about time that commercial networks started taking notice of the actual quality content of programs, instead of just feeding us any old crap that they receive. And while they are at it, perhaps they could also see fit to fire Eddie Maguire, Sam Newman and Gretel what's-her-face from *Big Brother*. It may not make the world a better place, but it would certainly lower my blood pressure. Or perhaps aliens could land and take away Eddie's mouth.

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Poptart



Agony Aunt Involved In Shocking Alien Sex Orgy!

Aloha, my stressful pets! I trust you have all had a rewarding week of intimacy and relaxation in between bouts of exhausting and time consuming study. As winter sets in, now is the perfect time to pursue that intimate passion that you have all been craving for. As always, I am here to

guide and advice you on your romance journey. Just call me your journey agent!

Dear Madame Vespa,

I have been going out a lot lately and have noticed the dramatic decline in hotties at my favourite night-spots. Where before they had been plentiful, they are now dismal. What should I do and where should I now go to pick up?

Desperate Damian.

Dear Damian,

You seem to be hunting, still for that perfect winter embrace. You may find it a little difficult to find your dreamboat at your regular haunt, the pub, due to the weather. So I recommend that you instead try such locations as the library. Here you will discover a world of beauty of both the mind and the body. Or perhaps you should venture down to some of the

cosy cocktail lounges of Adelaide. A few great places for flirtation are the infamous *Supermild* or the new and improved *Swing Cats Club*.

Dear Madame Vespa,

The other night, my partner in crime and I were looking for a little bit of erotic deviance. We were on a sexual adventure and were determined to have sex where no Adalaidian had attempted sex before. We found ourselves on the beach (not the most original location, but what do you expect from a couple of sex craved stoners?) and just as things were beginning to heat up, we noticed that we were not alone. There was this strange man, down on the foreshore watching us. Naked but for a pair of running shoes, he seemed in the darkness to be touching himself inappropriately while we were getting it on. Though this disturbed both my partner and I and left us quite out of the mood, for some reason I found myself questioning what would have happened if we had of encouraged this intruder. Would we then have had a truly intriguing story to tell?

Intrigued Ingrid.

Dear Ingrid,

We have all at one stage or another pondered what could have been. When it comes to our sex lives, the decisions we make can leave us forever wondering or fantasising about the options we have left behind. A crossroad such as the one you have just experienced is what porn movies are made of. Though the concept of this mystery man may fascinate you and the idea of a threesome may be one of your fantasies, I doubt that, given the opportunity to relive this adventure again, you would invite this stranger into your intimate world. It is often much more exciting to expand upon these feelings in your fantasy world than to actually embrace them in reality. I guess some things are just meant to be left in your 'spank bank' as quite often, the real world isn't what it's cracked up to be!

Dear Agony Aunt,

Sometime last year while I was holidaying with my wife down in Roswell, I think I was abducted by aliens. I can't know this for sure, but since then I have had these strange dreams that resemble flash-backs, where I am up in some kind of ship or craft and there are all these strange bright lights. I am being touched and probed in strange places and though in these dreams I feel rather violated, I think I actually enjoyed the experience. Since that day, I have insisted that my wife use her vibrator to probe me in a similar fashion to that of the dreams, but it is not the same. I want to be abducted again, how can I achieve this?

Probing Peter.

Dear Peter,

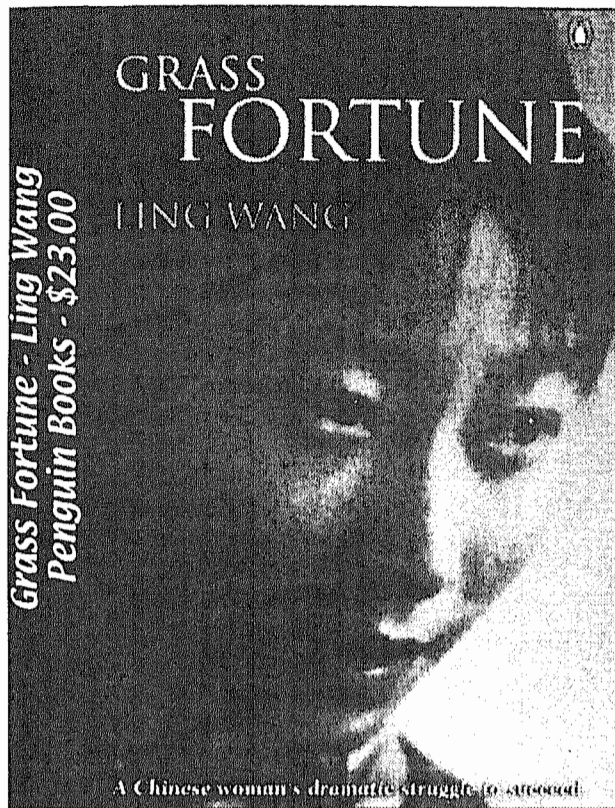
I am not sure that you have written in to the right person. Sexually, I think you may need help. However, I am not an expert in the field of unexplainable occurrences and I wouldn't know the first thing about seeking out alien life forms with the intent of future abductions. I don't know if I truly believe that you were abducted by aliens. I think that these dreams are actually a part of your own sexual awakening. You may not be happy with your current sex life and are using these dreams and the fantasy of an alien abduction as an escape mechanism from your current situation. I think you need to embrace these feelings and search for their true meaning to you.

Well, I hope this puts your sexual angst to rest for yet another week. Love and coital bliss to all,

Madame Vespa.

Editorial Disclaimer: All characters in this column have had both their names and their identities changed to protect those who actually feel compelled to contribute. Any resemblance of characters to actual persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Sorry Erika.

Books found in shock reading scandal!



Grass Fortune is the story of Ling Wang who became a member of the Chinese judiciary at the age of 27. It also documents her life growing up in China. Each chapter focuses on a particular point in her life, from childhood, adolescence to adulthood, and the struggles she and her family faced along the way. The story is primarily concerned with her experiences as a presiding judge in the Chinese criminal justice system, and her belief that no one is above the law. This book gives the reader a history of life in China and the judiciary from a woman's perspective.

Wang believes that law comes before power, which leads her to be ostracised by her male colleagues due to her belief that everyone is equal before the law and is innocent until proven guilty.

With a strong determination to succeed and follow in the footsteps of her father who was also a judge, Wang takes every opportunity to become a successful student that means sacrificing her personal life for study and work.

Wang is adamant in delivering justice as a member of the Chinese Judiciary. When other judges accept fraudulent evidence relating to the stabbing of a security guard, Wang does not form an opinion until she has interviewed each suspect and has a clear picture of the events from case to case. This leads to unfavourable treatment from her male colleagues who also treat her with suspicion. Still, Wang stands up for what she believes in and rules her court according to law.

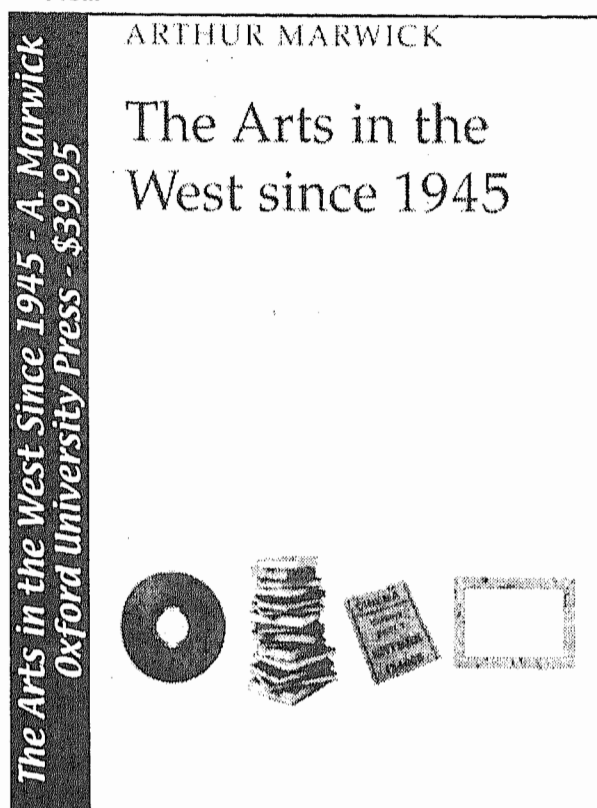
Grass Fortune gives the reader an interesting history of Chinese politics from the 1930s to the present day, and the struggles her mother and father had from working and raising children under a government that shifted loyalties.

Wang also shares a history of the Chinese Judiciary and

the criminal justice system and its practices. I thought this was one of the most interesting aspects of this book because it gives an insider's account about life in China and the laws that they live under.

Grass Fortune is written in a simplistic style, with minimal detail about her personal life which slightly annoyed me, perhaps because Wang did not convey all her emotions, she moved quickly from situation to situation. I do admire her fierce determination to deliver justice in her courtroom.

Fleur



One might imagine that with a title such as *The Arts in the West Since 1945*, Arthur Marwick's new book might have limited appeal; perhaps its best market might be found among those interested in the 'elite arts' such as painting and literature however one could also be completely mistaken. The book, which Marwick has written, has broken the shackles of what is commonly regarded as 'art', to produce a particularly excellent contemporary commentary on various 'art forms' such as television, music and cinema.

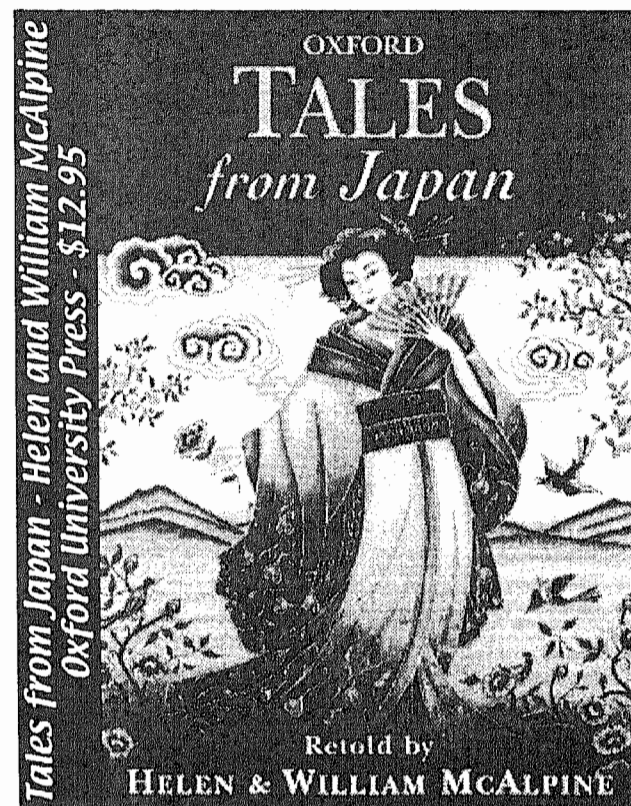
'Art' has always held a revered and respected position within modern Western society. Due to the nature of post-modern culture however the line between 'high' and 'low' art is becoming increasingly tenuous. Marwick's book is a case in point, for example as well as discussing several conventional 'art icons' such as Calvino and Heaney, it also comments on texts such as *The Lion King*, *Monty Python*, *Pulp Fiction* and *The Usual Suspects*. Most importantly, far from being condescending towards those texts it treats them with the same level of analysis, suggesting that in time their importance may be equal. Whether or not you agree with this is another matter, however it is heartening that Marwick provides an open-minded approach.

As for its content, by his own admission Marwick's book "is both very ambitious and very modest". As opposed to many art histories, which seem to stop short at or just beyond the seventies, Marwick covers a 45-year period ending early in the new millennium. As well as examining the

developments in "art" he also pays close attention to how the "arts" respond to or react against historical developments, movements, and events, the first section being centred on the impact of World War Two. Given its relatively short length, sometimes Marwick is unable to go into detailed analysis, however reading lists are provided so it is easy to find further information on areas of interest.

The Arts in the West Since 1945, is an excellent read. Although its target audience is clearly academic, the way Marwick draws on various areas including pop-culture make it readily accessible. Rarely have I found a textbook to be a compelling cover to cover read - this is an exception.

Ben Heathcote.



This collection of Japanese legends and folk tales is definitely a fun read. The stories range from legends about the gods and the creation of the world, to the epic narratives following the struggles between warring samurai clans, to lighter fairy tales with the obligatory moral.

One cannot help but be amused by the bizarre randomness of the characters and events in many of the stories. Where else but in a folk tale would you find a badger whose only magical power is to turn into a kettle?

Another aspect in some of the stories I couldn't help but laugh at was the hilarious sexism present. In one tale, the gods curse a marriage, draining it of joy and causing their son to be born "weak and boneless like a leech". The reason for the gods' ire? It seems that, upon meeting, the female spoke first - a big no-no apparently, since "man must take precedence over woman". Of course.

Although the authors have a strange habit of using modern adages, which seem out of place coming from the mouths of Japanese characters from the distant past, in general they do a great job of retelling these stories. The entire collection is very enjoyable, and very much recommended if you're looking for something fun and light.

Justin Ghan

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25

Exterminate Film Exterminate



Star Wars : Attack Of The Clones Now Showing Everywhere in the galaxy

After the slightly abysmal *Phantom Menace*, I wasn't holding my breathe for the next installment of the Star Wars saga. The depressingly childish annoyance of Jar-Jar Binks meant I wasn't about to commit myself to the hype of a new movie, let alone allow the new ones to be thought of as part of the saga. I have to admit however that despite my reservations (and its hideous name) *Attack of the Clones* left me pleasantly surprised.

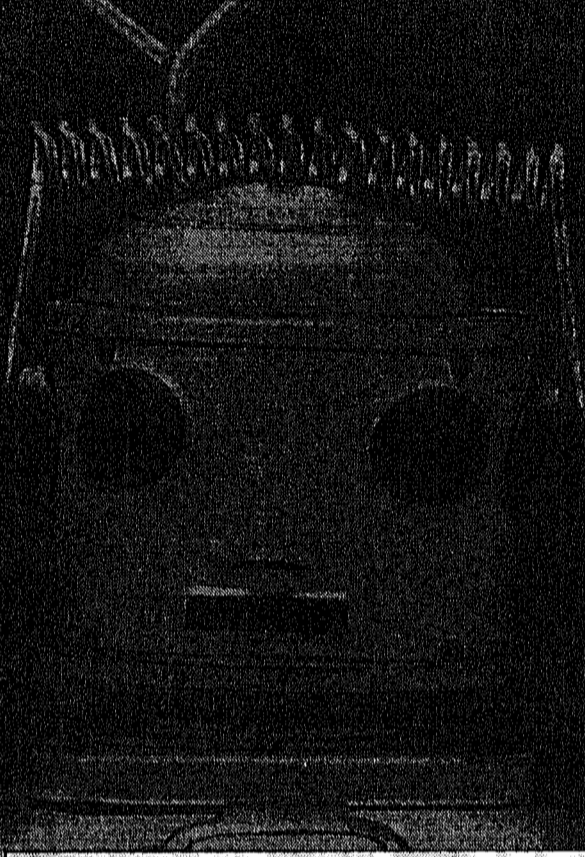
The second movie continues 10 years on from the first, providing further insight into Anakin Skywalker's (Hayden Christensen) inevitable transformation into, you guessed it, Papa Darth. His young headstrong ways, coupled with his love for Senator Amidala (Natalie Portman) lead him to defy the measured teachings of his Master, Obi-wan McGregor. Underneath this simple plotline we see the clever political manoeuvres of the Emperor bringing about war and confusion throughout the failing Republic.

While the plot of the movie is fairly interesting, with several not entirely unoriginal twists and turns, the script is often not. After seeing the sickly love scenes I misjudged that Christensen and Portman had acted badly. Only after a second sitting did I realize the unforgiving dialogue had let the actors down. With lines such as "I wish I could wish these feelings away", there was little hope that they could have ever pulled it off. Apparently George Lucas hired a scriptwriter to help him on this film after the *Phantom Menace* was badly received, but methinks the said scriptwriter was oft too scared to wrest the creative control from the father of the saga. Still, the script did succeed in allowing the corny and amusing dialogue of R2-D2 and C-3PO without descending into another Jar-Jar Binksian cringefest.

The special effects however are breathtaking, with unbelievably large-scale battles and details that are impossible to appreciate in just one sitting. Unless you know nothing of the movie, you will surely have heard of Yoda's legendary lightsaber fight. Believe me, it's every bit as good as you could imagine, even just for the collective gasp that is heard over the audience as he works his Jedi magic. It's just a pity that in a tradition of films that were forced to use strong characterisation and dialogue to overcome deficiencies in special effects, these same effects are now by far the best feature.

In all, while not always mind-blowing, *Attack of the Clones* is a very acceptable member of the Star Wars saga, and at the very least a great improvement on *The Phantom Menace*. Time will tell if Episode 3 will clear up several historical inconsistencies *Clones* posed. Hopefully all will fall into place so that Episode 3 may finally meet our galactic expectations.

Mikey



Beneath Clouds Now Showing Palace Nova Cinemas

It's nice to see a movie that differs from the monotonous Hollywood productions that monopolise the big screen. *Beneath Clouds* differs – it has depth. It works with intricate character development, interesting visual elements and confronting ideas. We see the physical and emotional journey of Lena (Danielle Hall) and Vaughn (Damian Pitt) – both of them running – both wanting a better life.

Lena sees little future offered to her in her country town in NSW. She runs from alcoholics like her mother and the idea of a teen pregnancy, the path of her friends (or perhaps she runs because she is pregnant). She leaves to find her father, a man she remembers only from some old black-and-white photographs and a battered postcard he once sent her from Sydney.

Vaughn escapes prison to visit his dying mother. He is angry at life and defensive and proud yet still resentful and angry of his aboriginal heritage. He wants a better life but doubts he will ever get one; things have been paved for him.

Confronting, frustrating and very Australian but most of all real and believable, *Beneath Clouds* is an impressive film. It may not have the action, romance, special effects and feel good ending of a Hollywood film but *Beneath Clouds* proves that this can be a good thing.

Emily



Hard Word Giveaway Mark 2

Missed out on tickets to the preview of *The Hard Word*, the new Australian crime comedy starring Guy Pearce and Rachel Griffiths, last week? Well never fear, because *On Dit* has in season passes to give away thanks to Roadshow Pictures. Come down to the *On Dit* office on Thursday @ 1.00pm to claim one.



Sidewalks of New York Now Showing Palace Nova Cinemas

This is the recent work of Director/Producer/Writer/Actor Edward Burns. After I saw this film a few people asked me how it was, and if it was a typical sappy romance. This was unusual, as I hadn't really thought of it as a romance film. This film is trying to be a little bit more original. It's about "how we fall in and out of love" and the "searching for passion and identity". Before I get too involved in this though, I'll tell you what it's all about. *Sidewalks of New York* is a movie done in a documentary style, looking at the lives of seven or so individuals (some are couples), supposedly randomly picked from the streets of New York. The lives of the characters interact and various relationships begin. However it is interesting, because we are presented with various sides of the characters. We see them interviewed either on the street or at home, and we also see their lives, various events and dates, etc, with them ignorant of the camera. So we are presented with their opinion of themselves and we also form our own opinion from their actions. Interesting.

Most of the characters are well developed, not overly complex, and the acting is really quite good. No one is a stand out, but no one is meant to in a film like this- it's about everyone. The overall concept of the film is quite interesting, however the focus I thought was not so much on love, but on sex. This is shown from the very opening of the film, with each character talking about the first time they had sex, and at the end there are a few comments from various characters about the relationship between love and sex. This relates back to the bit about it being a romance - it's more about people breaking up than getting together (with one exception). Although overall this film was enjoyable and funny to watch, it wasn't a fascinating film. If the film had been more low budget and less produced, and demonstrated the complexity of human relationships it would have been much better. It fails to bring anything new to film, neither in its documentary style presentation or in its content. So at the end it was a mild disappointment for me and also many of the other reviewers. But if you're looking for a happy, funny and veg-out style film, this is much better than most of them, and if you've liked what you've heard so far, go and see it.

rosie

Exterminate Film Exterminate



The Mothman Prophecies Now Showing Selected Cinemas

This film scared the living bejesus out of me. Not everyone will share this strong response but will still find this film unsettling. As it was put very succinctly to me by a fellow previewer, "It took me out of my comfort zone."

Although set in the present, *The Mothman Prophecies* is based on the bizarre true events surrounding a town called Point Pleasant, West Virginia in the late '60s as documented in a mid '70s book of the same name by John A. Keel. I haven't read the book (nor heard of it prior to the movie) so when they say 'based on true events' I don't know how big a pinch of salt to take that with.

John Klein (Richard Gere) is a successful journalist who, driving on a business trip, inexplicably ends up in Point Pleasant, 400km from his intended destination. After a strange greeting by a man, Gordon (Will Patton - *Fled*, *Entrapment*, *Breakfast of Champions*), who he asks for help when his car breaks down, John finds that the town has been experiencing odd things recently. He talks to Connie Parker (Laura Linney - *Congo*, *The Truman Show*), a police officer who's lived in the town her whole life and decides to stay and investigate this supernatural presence. In doing so he finds out about the concept of the mysterious 'mothman.' Is the mothman a person? A force? A manifestation of something innate to humans? It's never made entirely clear. Activity associated with the mothman (strange phonecalls, apparitions, unexplained injuries, dreams, premonitions) seems central to impending disaster. Tension mounts as John tries to interpret the frustratingly ambiguous messages from the mothman. When the disaster does occur, it is in a way that he hadn't anticipated.

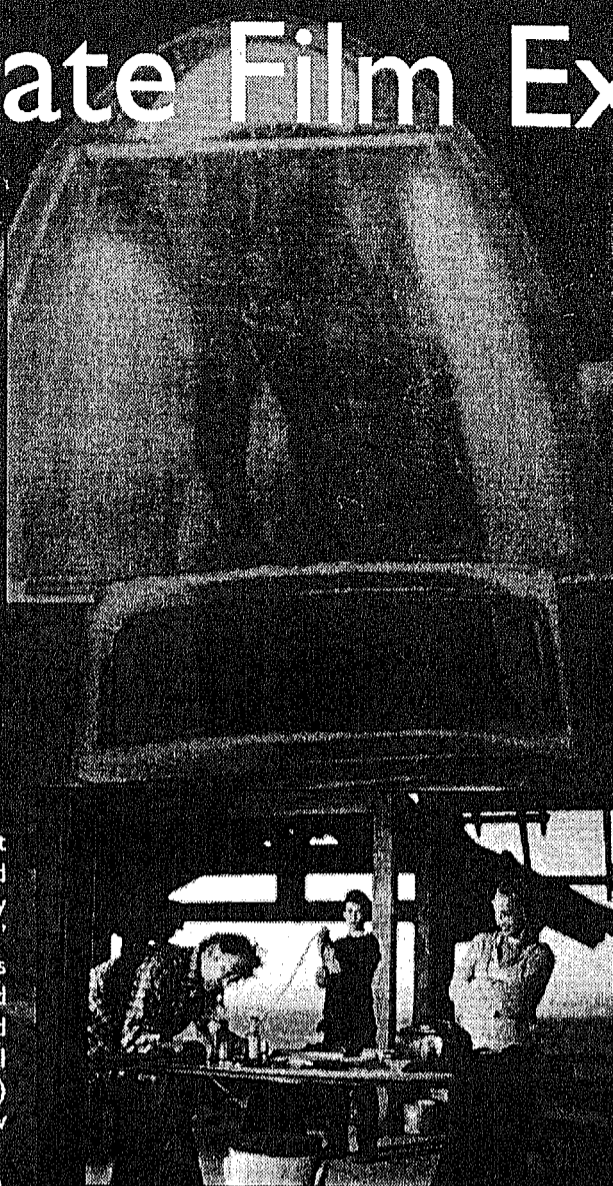
The script is very well written and keeps the story moving along and the suspense building. Characters are well developed very early on, so that straight away we are able to empathise with John and the great loss that he has to deal with. We are able to understand the drive with which he delves into the mystery to regain some sense of purpose in his life.

This film is very atmospheric, with a minimalist but effective use of lighting effects, surreal feeling camera angles and an overall perceptible noir sense to it. Along with the visual eeriness, the film is also aurally creepy. Director Mark Pellington has worked on music video projects for too many artists to mention (Pearl Jam's 'Jeremy' is his work, he's also done clips for De La Soul, U2, PM Dawn, INXS and more) and uses this expertise to great effect to ensure that the film's dialogue and sound effects are major contributors to the mood.

The Mothman Prophecies raises some thought provoking questions on the inevitability of fate and the futility of trying to forecast the future. Only in retrospect do all the pieces of the mothman's messages fall into place. What is the point of prophesy then if it only makes sense after the fact? Is the prophesy then a human construct, fitting an essentially meaningless messages to events? See it and decide for yourself.

Yak

On Dit 70.10



Life as a House Now Showing Major Cinemas

American Beauty sure was a great film, hey? So to make a nother great film, all one has to do is follow the simple formula. Take a whole bunch of characters who are fucked up in some way. Then just throw a bunch of epiphanies at them. And don't forget to let the audience know right from the start that the main character is going to die. That makes it all really poignant.

Unfortunately, try as it might, *Life as a House* is no *American Beauty*. Okay, I guess it's pretty unfair of me to judge a film by weighing it up against one of my favourites. But the similarities are so glaringly obvious that it's impossible for the comparison not to spring to mind - it would be easy to list the characters in each movie and draw lines between the corresponding ones. However, even though it falls severely short of *American Beauty* in every way, the fact that they have so many elements in common must mean that the film can't be all bad.

In fact there are a lot of good things about *Life as a House*. The basic story is that, after discovering that he doesn't have very long to live, George (Kevin Kline) sets about rebuilding his

relationships with his son (Hayden Christensen) and ex-wife (Kristin Scott Thomas). He does this by smashing up his yuck house and rebuilding a nice one. (And just so everyone can appreciate how clever the screenwriter is, the metaphor is subtly spelt out in the title of the film.)

The script offers insightful portrayals of the stranger elements of humans and their relationships, which aren't usually portrayed on screen. The problem is that, while the character stereotypes are initially avoided by making them all a little wacky, the whole father/son/ex-wife dynamic gradually spirals into a horrible cliché. The dialogue is always slightly unnatural - you can tell that the lines have been written and rewritten.

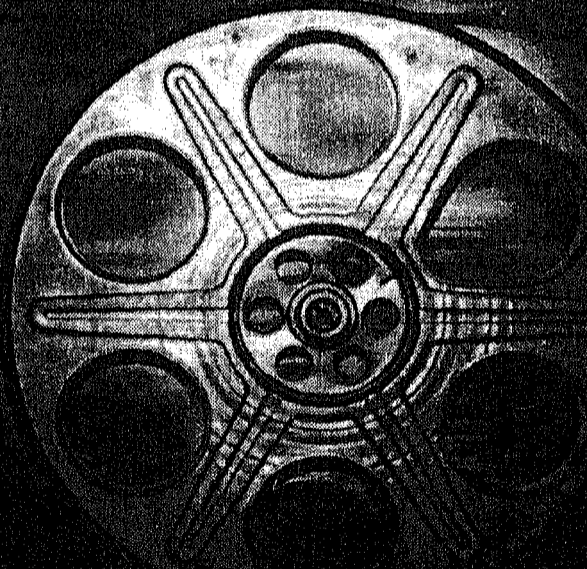
All of the acting is good, but nothing to rave about. Kline and Scott Thomas deliver the best performances, although the rather obvious sentiments of their characters probably wasn't much of a challenge for them. Christensen is pretty much the same as he is in *Attack of the Clones* (although even whingier, if that's possible). So if you liked him in that (you HAVE all already seen it, right?), you'll probably like him here too.

This review sounds pretty negative, but I do think that there is a lot to enjoy about this film, and that lots of people will like it. It's fun to be surprised by the random twists and turns as the film tries its hardest to be outrageous. It's relaxing to let your emotions be manipulated by the schmaltzy feelgood story. Just don't walk into the cinema expecting another *American Beauty*.

Justin Ghan

CINEMACHINE

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VIDEO INVOKES THE SPIRIT OF A PSYCHOPATHIC MANDOLINIST!

Get Over It

2001 D: Tommy O'Haver
Kirsten Dunst, Colin Hanks
Ben Foster, Melissa Sagemiller
Buena Vista Home Entertainment

Have you ever wondered how childhood love can blossom into adolescent emotional pandemonium? Then you have to embrace *Get Over It*, if only to experience the foolishness of Burke (Ben Foster) and his interminable affection for Alison (Melissa Sagemiller).

An extravagant introduction shows Burke being dumped because the sparkle betwixt him and Alison has withered. Alison's new love interest irks Burke, and Kelly (Kirsten Dunst) volunteers her time to help Burke win back the love he once had. Her plan is that Burke should audition for a musical production of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which their school is putting on and in which Alison has one of the lead roles. Kelly is secretly attracted to Burke but it seems that he has eyes only for his ex-girlfriend, who in turn has been swept off her feet by a handsome ex-boy band member whose good looks are exceeded only by his vanity.

Some of the jokes are beguiling; there is an elementary theme and vague characters. The real reason to watch this film is for the charisma and charm which stars Kirsten Dunst and Colin Hanks - Tom Hanks' son and also the star of the recent *Orange County* - ooze. They are very likeable, Dunst as a talented singer and pianist and Hanks as her overprotective brother and Burke's best friend.

This is essentially a novelty piece and the acting is nightmarish - guilelessly abysmal. But put all this fucking bullshit aside, and if you find that you have some time in which to watch an outrageous burlesque which features some charming flirtation, then this could be for you!

Matthew Herfurth

ALMOST A GLOBAL EXCLUSIVE!

About Adam

2001
Kate Hudson, Stuart Townsend
Frances O'Connor
Buena Vista Home Entertainment

Lucy (Kate Hudson) is pretty. One night whilst working as a singer/waitress, Lucy realizes that she has dated and discarded most of the patrons in the club. But then a new face emerges, that of Adam, played by Stuart Townsend (*Queen of the Damned*). Good-looking, clean-cut and possessing a blue Jaguar, Adam soon sweeps her off her feet.

In fact, he sweeps Lucy's two sisters off their feet too and appears only too happy to bed them. In one scene he appears to sweep Lucy's brother David off his feet too, but thankfully David finds a nice girl and shags her so he is not really a homosexual - it is all OK. We discover that these improprieties occurred via a series of flashbacks, presented from the point of view of whomever was lusting after Adam at that particular time.

READ IT HERE FIRST!

Captain Corelli's Mandolin

2001 D: John Madden
Nicolas Cage, Penelope Cruz
John Hurt, Christian Bale

Based upon the novel by Louis De Bernieres, *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* is an old-fashioned romantic tale about a beautiful young woman named Pelacia (Penelope Cruz) who falls in love with a mandolin-playing Italian captain named Antonio Corelli (Nicolas Cage). The film is set on the Greek island of Cephallonia in 1940. Pelacia leads an idyllic existence with her doctor father, played by John Hurt. Her peaceful world is shattered when Italian and then German troops arrive to occupy the island. Pelacia is engaged to be married to Mandras (Christian Bale), a simple fisherman.

But then Captain Antonio Corelli shows up with his mandolin and steals her reluctant heart when he is billeted with the doctor and his enchanting daughter. Naturally, Mandras takes exception to this, but is preoccupied with his involvement in the resistance which is secretly forming against the Germans' presence on their island.

There is a touching scene in which Antonio plays 'Pelacia's Song' on his mandolin, a piece he wrote for the young woman. And the performances are generally very good. Perhaps the real star of *Captain's Corelli's Mandolin* is the island itself. It is, quite simply, breathtaking, although also prone to earthquakes. Director of Photography John Toll, A.S.C. has done a wonderful job in capturing the inherent beauty of the island.

The scenes of war are suitably unpleasant but mercifully brief. And Antonio develops a complex relationship with a high-ranking German officer named Günther. It is refreshing to see German soldiers depicted as something other than the traditional 'We hav vays off making you talk' bad guys.

So is it any good? Yes, it is well-made and the story is quite involving. If you enjoy romantic films then this will be music to your ears.

James Trevelyan

The film is set in Ireland - we know this because there's Guinness, it is verdant and there are bad Irish accents aplenty. Australia's own Frances O'Connor (*A.I.*, *Mansfield Park*) puts in a credible performance as Lucy's bookish sister Laura who has an affair with the seemingly 'Open All Hours' Adam. Frances O'Connor plays Laura as though she was an Elizabeth Bennett-esque character in a BBC period drama but while this is a BBC Films production it will never be worthy of that coveted ABC Sunday 8.30 PM timeslot. Kate Hudson, who impressed greatly with her performance in Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous*, delivers an insipid and dull performance. Kate - presumably hired to boost American attendances - should leave the Irish roles to she-of-the-square-jaw Minnie Driver and never attempt an Irish accent again. Stuart Townsend is nothing more than adequate as the philandering Adam. The only highlight of the film is a brief scene which discusses the concept of *Dracula* as a feminist sexual fantasy. Apart from that it is not much of a film. It's all a bit lame really.

David Finch



Scary Movie 2

2001 D: Keenen Ivory Wayans
Shawn Wayans, Marlon Wayans
Anna Faris, Regina Hall

Scary Movie was a sleeper hit upon its release. It generated vast amounts of revenue at the box office, and so a sequel was *de rigueur*. And here it is, and it is even more smutty and offensive than its predecessor. The first film reveled in gross-out gags that would make John Waters cringe, and *Scary Movie 2* goes even further in the bad taste department. What an established and respected star like James Woods is doing in this is anyone's guess, but then he *does* only have a cameo, so perhaps he thought that no one would notice. He appears in the film's pre-title sequence which is an *Exorcist* send-up, playing the role of the priest made famous by Max Von Sydow in the 1973 movie.

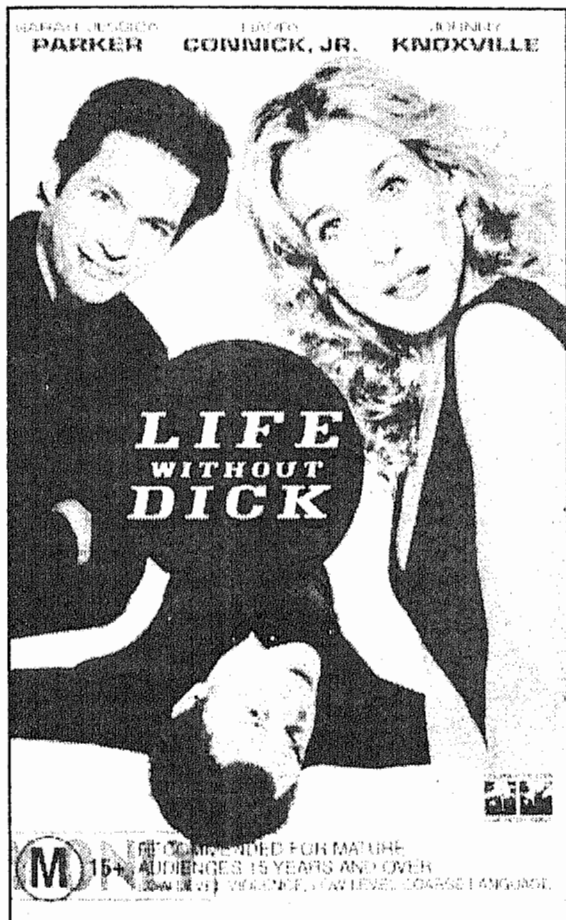
Tim Curry lures six students to the infamous Hell House on the pretext of an insomnia study. But he has darker plans: he wishes to find out if anyone can spend time in the old haunted mansion and live to tell the tale. Cindy and Shorty return from the first film, and are among the aforementioned six students. The house was formerly inhabited by the evil Hugh Kane, whose ghost still haunts the place. The students arrive, and it does not take long for the macabre mayhem to commence.

As usual, there are plenty of send-ups of other films, including *Mission Impossible II* - replete with John Woo's trademark *White Doves*, *Titanic*, and *What Lies Beneath*, and some of these are pretty funny. And, in what is doubtless a tip of the hat to *Little Shop of Horrors*, there is a marijuana plant which grows to a colossal size and proceeds to smoke the person who planned to smoke it! Gotta love that.

If you enjoyed *Scary Movie* ...

James Trevelyan

REMOTE CONTROL CAUSES EXPLOSION IN GUATEMALA!



Life Without Dick
 2001 D: Bix Skahill
 Sarah Jessica Parker, Harry Connick, Jr.
 Johnny Knoxville, Teri Garr
 Columbia TriStar Home Entertainment

What on earth were Sarah Jessica Parker and Harry Connick, Jr. thinking when they signed on for this turkey? *Life Without Dick* is trite, unfunny and just plain dumb. Parker plays Colleen Gibson, a ditzzy 'artist' who is informed by the alcoholic psychic she visits that her boyfriend, sleazy private detective Dick Rasmusson (Johnny Knoxville), is having an affair with a stripper who dresses up as a crossing guard as part of her act. Anyhow, as the film opens, Colleen arrives home to find her beau packed and ready to leave. Accompanying himself with an acoustic guitar, Dick launches into a painfully bad rendition of the late John Denver's 'Leaving On A Jet Plane' and Colleen assumes that he means to run away with the crossing guard. Pulling out a gun in an attempt to put a scare into him, Colleen accidentally puts a bullet into him instead and finds herself in quite a pickle... what is she to do with the body?

Enter hitman Daniel Gallagher (Harry Connick, Jr.). Unbeknownst to Colleen, Daniel was assigned to kill Dick by his boss, Jared O'Reilly (Craig Ferguson), who is the head of an Irish crime family. When Daniel met Colleen during a fender bender several days before she accidentally killed Dick,

he took an immediate shine to her. A relationship develops, and before long Colleen tells Daniel of her problem, i.e. the dead guy in her basement. Daniel disposes of the body for her at a dump which the crime family uses exclusively for the disposal of their various hitvics. Problem solved, right? Not quite. Before long, two detectives show up at Colleen's door because one of her paintings, which she sold to Daniel thinking he was an art dealer, has been used to dispatch a guy named Pee Wee (Brad Grunberg).

While Daniel is a very talented singer, he is not much of a hitman; he has no stomach for killing and has never actually performed the deed. So he takes credit for the death of Dick to appease his boss who is impatient for him to 'get his feet wet'. But then Daniel is presented with a list of drug dealers he must dispose of; if he refuses, warns Jared, then he will be killed himself. Unable to shed blood but fearing for his own life, Daniel confides in Colleen, who just happens to be a crack shot with a gun and who agrees to perform his hits for him and let him take credit for them. However, the novelty soon wears off for the gun-toting Colleen.

What Daniel really wants to do is sing, and the good news is that we are treated to the golden voice of Harry Connick, Jr. doing a stirring rendition of the classic Irish folk song 'Danny Boy' at a talent contest at the film's denouement. So it is not all bad.

James Trevelyan

Double Take
 2001
 Orlando Jones, Eddie Griffin
 Buena Vista Home Entertainment

This is a bad film. It is a pathetic attempt at the action comedy-thriller genre typified by the *Lethal Weapon* series. If you want to watch a film which opens with the line, 'Now you need a nut doctor' when a man is kicked in the groin, then look no further. So what is the storyline you ask? Funny you should ask that because I was asking myself that at the end of the film too.

Basically, a smartly-dressed ultra-cool African-American stockbroker, Mr Chase, gets involved in a drug cartel in Mexico through his financial interests. He dates an underwear model and we get to see her and her model friends strut down a catwalk - hint hint, kids, this is the gratuitous female flesh scene the producers wanted and thought you would like too.

What this film really does not need is an annoying, stereotypically loud and brash character to wisecrack his way from opening to end credits. So obviously there is such a character. Both character and actor are so bad they make Martin Lawrence, of *Big Momma's House* and *Blue Streak* fame, appear funny. He is described in the film as a 'leprechaun pimp'. Ireland should sue the producers.

Our hilarious jokester tells the stockbroker, 'Fat woman wanna be skinny, a midget wanna be tall, you wanna be white'. Most comedians want to be funny too. But this is proof you don't always get what you want. The word 'nigger' gets used in this film frequently, so much so I thought I was watching *To Kill a Mockingbird*. But in this film it is said by African-Americans so it is okay, apparently. Unnecessarily violent and mind-numbingly dull, this film is at your local video store now.

David Finch

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ENIGMA BAR

BUTTERFLY EFFECT
CLONE B
SNAP TO ZERO

LOCAL RELEASES



On May 2 at the Enigma Bar I went to see a few bands and have a few drinks. Sadly I got the times mixed up and ended up being one hour early but the beer at Enigma is

cheap so I was happy. The first band to play was a band that I have heard a bit about and missed at O'Ball because I was watching Seraph's Coal. This band was Snap To Zero and they opened with a great chunky instrumental piece that I quite liked. From here they entered into a set of heavy songs mixed with punk, a little funk and what I would describe as space music mostly

Snap to Zero

made by the guitar riffs. There are a lot of bands that I can compare these guys to but this was good because it offered a familiar sense of diversity. Sam, the lead vocalist/guitarist summed up their sound as "heavy grooves, fat beats" and I would agree. There were a few problems with sound and a little bit of feedback but overall it was good set. I asked the band what they thought and Seb, the bass player told me that they were "first up, so we just had fun," and it looked like they did.

Next up after a two pint break was Clone B. I've seen these guys before because they are friends of mine. Glyn, the vocalist told me to write that Clone B "Kicks fucking arse!" I must say that I agree and so did most of the

increasing crowd. If you like to have a bit of a mosh this is a energy on stage, so all in all a good band to go and be entertained by.

Finally after a three-pint break came the band that I had been waiting to see again and they were the Brisbane based band The Butterfly Effect. These guys know how to get a crowd going with their great stage presence and crowd interaction. These guys have a good, heavy feel to their music.



Butterfly Effect

As I said in the O'Ball review they have elements of Superheist, Stabbing Westward and Faith No More among others. I must say that my favourite song is 'Take It Away' because again it has such a nice flow and feel to it. At the end of the night I got to talk to these guys and I was really impressed with how appreciative of their fans they were and they took the time to talk to everyone. They were also nice enough to give me a signed CD. To sum it up, it was a good night with dynamic music and the styles



Clone B

of the 3 bands complimented each other very well. I suggest you all get off your arses and see these bands.

Reb ElYell
Photographs by Matt Carti

Abuse Ritual Design of Human Suffering Indie



Abuse Ritual seem to be a good Adelaide heavy band and I think that this EP shows their talents extremely well. I must say that you do have to look past the poor recording but I have heard worse. The main problem with the recording is that the cymbals bleed over into the other mics on the kit and the instrument levels fluctuate a bit, but for a do it yourself job it is quite impressive. 'The Lie Ingrained' was my favourite track because of its great dynamics and the great sound of the vocals coming out of the bridge. I have a soft spot for good heavy build-ups. If you like Mudvayne and Pantera definitely give 'Earth of Broken Glass' a listen. It has great pauses and that powerful punch you expect from this style of music. This is definitely a band to see live or just get a hold of the CD from Verandah Music or Big Star Records.

Reb ElYell

SIR GERBIL AT THE ROYAL ADMIRAL, HINDLEY ST

Originally a bizarre, odd-funk/death metal band, Sir Gerbil was one of the few groups to survive the 'scene', revolving around suburban underage venues such as the Riff; kind of like a Bluelight Disco for the alternative-rock-loving delinquent-youth of the mid 90s. Seeing these guys was somewhat inspirational at the time, having not yet heard the likes of bands like Mr Bungle.

On Saturday night a significantly altered lineup returned, playing a more lighthearted and easier listening slant on their original style. They began a fun-lovin' set by announcing prizes for best dancer/mosher and various other categories. Sporting a fairly typical arrangement of bass, guitar & drums they also included a keyboard as the lead instrument and a second back up vocal with often unintentionally comic results. Descent into guttural screaming and jarring changes in rhythm were similar to the performance of the Melvins weeks earlier but with a sprinkling of more comforting punk/bop style tunes. The death metal moments were complimented by a strong lead voice, though the clarity of the vocal was not helped by poor mixing and venue sound (the Admiral noted more for its cage dancing than live music prowess).

They avoided completelyfunking out, and seemed to prefer to stick with more catchy, boppy rock type sounds and with a penchant for the amusing and bizarre, plus Travis' (vocalist) tonally induced, pseudo-epileptic ventures into the crowd. Sir Gerbil quickly roused the audience. Definitely one of the more relaxed and entertaining acts around Adelaide.

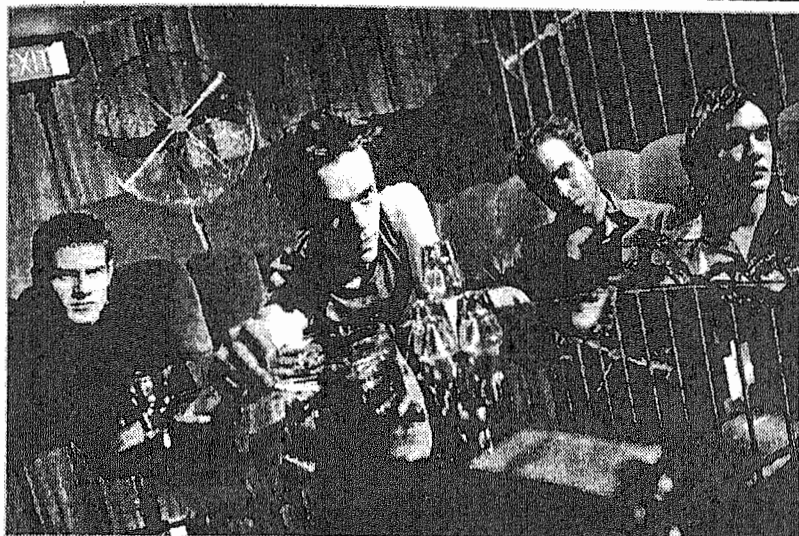
Dan J

A New Week In Local Music & Metal Lives To Fight Another Day

A Friday night is a wonderful thing, especially when you can sit around with a group of like-minded fellows and have thousands of positively useless neurons blasted out of your skull. This time the blasters in question were none other than Later That Night with a nightcap provided by No Hero. These two very new, very local bands performed for the second and first time respectively and the response was well worth the effort. Later That Night played an awesome set of some truly inspired metal including covers from the best of the breed (SOAD's 'A.T.W.A.' was a personal favorite) and truth be told I was sad to see them stop. The showmanship was impressive to boot, with the vocalist and bassist playing the majority of a song inside the mosh. While some

complained that No Hero's set was a little short, this gave them plenty of time to do what they do best, come out and see everyone in the crowd (not to mention give out free stickers). All in all, the two bands complemented each other to a tee and the lineup pleased every metal-head present (and trust me, there were more there than a karaoke bar with 'Enter Sandman'). So, if you're looking for some metal that will raise the hair on anyone's testicles, mosey on down and they'll be glad as a paedophile in day care to see you.

Ash



motor ace

like. This album is a lot more dynamic, and there is less of that incessant over driven guitar pop - there is more depth to it." Motor Ace has again teamed up with Chris Sheldon for this album, which Dave heartily agrees with. "He's nice for a whingeing kind of Pommy guy. He's really good. I did enjoy the recording process actually. It's weird how relaxed we are in the studio. I always imagined that we would be at each other's necks and stuff. It went so smoothly it was almost a non-event."

Motor Ace are about to hit the music scene again after a long silence. I recently had the chance to catch up with guitarist Dave Ong while he was in the middle of preparations for their up-coming tour. After the first apologetic phone call because the band couldn't find Dave for the interview, I finally got hold of the elusive man himself. "I've been running around picking up equipment because we are heading out on tour tomorrow. Last minute preparations."

The latest single 'Carry On' is a lush melodic tune backed by strings. I asked whether this could be read as an indication of the sound of the rest of the new album. "It's not an indication of what the other songs on the album are

we get drunk." It looks like there is going to be a lot of touring on the horizon for Motor Ace, with the band hitting the road for the single for a month, followed by a few more months after the album release.

I asked whether over-enthusiastic groupies could be a problem on occasion. "I did have trouble with a stalker once. I made the mistake of kissing her one night and then she wouldn't leave me alone. It sounds kind of mean but it was one of those strange things when you don't understand why they are hanging around and following you. In the end I had to say that she was scaring me a bit and she started crying - it was a bit freaky. She's stopped now, I actually saw her at a gig and she was fine, so she's an ex-stalker. She's a reformed

stalker".

As Motor Ace have their latest single on high rotation on Channel V, I enquired about the process of making music videos. Dave explained that in the beginning they all come up with the ideas "then it's one of those things that sort of spiral out of control. On the day that you actually shoot it the director is doing all these things and you start to think that this is not how you imagined it. I've rarely done a clip where I have been happy. No one really pushes you but when you get it back you wonder what happened. The video for 'Carry On' is really boring. It's black and white and there is no narrative, it's just us emerging out of shadow. It's 'Bohemian Rhapsody' gone wrong. I think that I would have preferred something a bit more modern".

Although Dave currently plays bass in Motor Ace, he actually also plays the guitar, so I asked him which instrument he prefers to play. "I learnt to play bass about five years ago. I took up guitar a few years later. I don't miss the bass. I do have one here but I only use that for recording demos and stuff. I would hate to play base in a band. I'm not putting bassists down but I just prefer to play guitar".

'Carry On' is out now, and the album will be out within the next few months. See if you can spot the 80s singer who appears in the single's liner notes (hint - he sung a little tune called 'Electric Blue').

Poptart

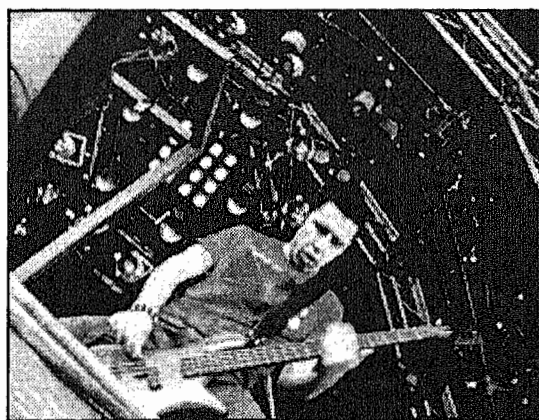
GRINSPOON

Although they were only just in town for the O'Ball, Grinspoon will be back shortly on the heels of their latest album *New Detention*. I spoke again with bassist Joe Hanson about its impending release. "It's taken us a while to do it, so it's quite exciting. We haven't seen the album yet back in our hands as far as artwork goes so it's going to be exciting." So far there have been two singles taken from *New Detention*, the melodic 'Chemical Heart' and 'Lost Control'. I asked Joe if these were a good representation of what to expect from the rest of the album. "I guess that they are a pretty fair representation. Well there is a song on there that is a country punk song with banjos in it - so there are a few more surprises!"

'Lost Control' has a b-side remix by perennial dance favourites Gerling, so I enquired as to how this mix came about. "We're pretty good friends with Gerling through touring, we've done a couple of Big Day Out tours with them. They're really cool guys and so we just asked them. We were in the studio at the same time as them when we were doing our last record, and we asked them if they would mind doing a remix. They said that for the right amount of money they would do it. So they ripped us off basically! It's cool when you get some people that you actually like to do it and it means something to you, not just when you send it away and get some mysterious DJ guy to do it."

Since Grinspoon spends a lot of time on the tour circuit, I asked Joe what they usually got up to after a gig. "We usually go out, especially if we are in a small country town,

we tend to go out to the local pub or dodgy nightclub and see what's happening. After the O'Ball we just went back to the hotel that we were staying in. There was a bit of a thing going on in the hotel bar. Generally you are kind of hyped up after you've played so you can't go straight to bed unless you are really buggered and halfway through a tour. It's fun to do country towns, because it's great to go to places like



Mt Gambier that you wouldn't normally go to. It's a good way to get around the place and you always have some kind of adventure happen to you along the way. The festival circuit's good too because there is not that pressure of it being your gig, and there are so many other bands playing that are your friends. The atmosphere is really good too, the

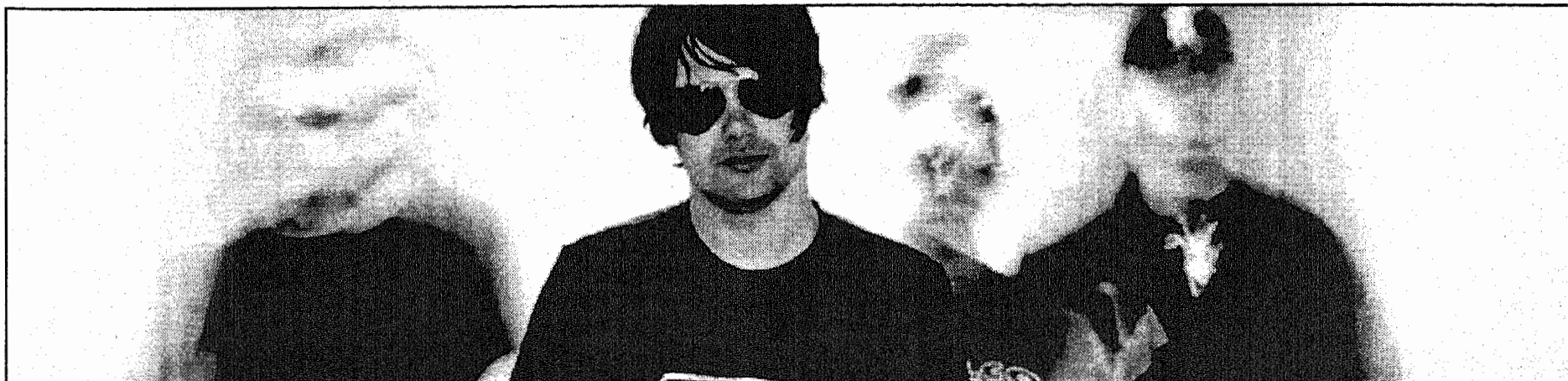
crowd has been there all day and they are pumped to see the bands, so it's heaps of fun."

Joe likes to keep in touch with the fans through the band's official website, and has also checked out the many unofficial fan sites. "Someone has a website dedicated to Phil and I've got one dedicated to me. Actually I think I was the first one to have a website dedicated to me, and I told the rest of the band members that I had my own website, then all of a sudden Phil had one - I think he may have made it up himself under a false name!"

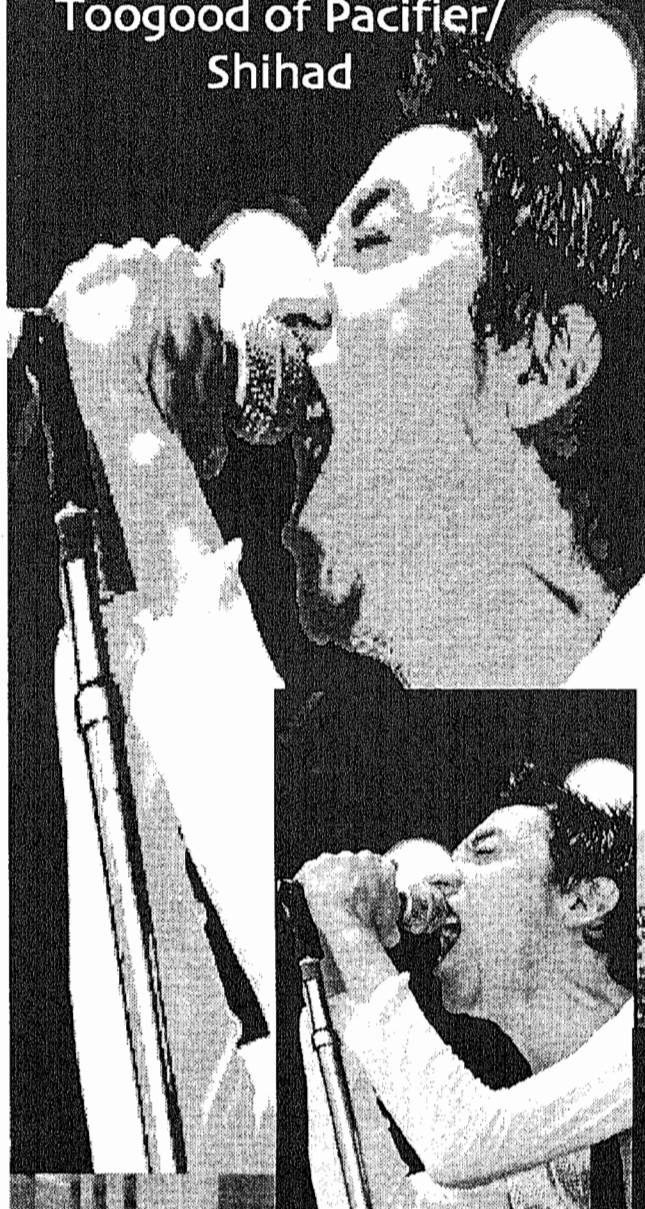
The latest music video for 'Lost Control' is a beach gig, which according to Joe was fun to make. "You usually come up with an idea and then go and talk to a director about it and see what is actually possible and then they put their ideas in as well. You just basically work out something that everyone is happy with, and then you just leave it in their hands to tell you what to do, because they're the experts. All we had to do for this one was turn up and play the gig. We just put on a show and they filmed us playing, then all the extra stuff that they shot we weren't actually around for. The only hard thing with that was that we had to do the song twice in front of a crowd so that was a bit embarrassing."

New Detention is out on June 3, and Grinspoon are returning to play Heaven in July, so make sure you catch them at one of their shows!

Poptart



Fire in the Belly: Interview with Jonny Toogood of Pacifier/ Shihad



On the brink of exploding into the American music scene, New Zealand rockers Shihad found themselves in an unexpected situation of being caught in the middle of the September 11 terrorist attacks. Frontman Jonny Toogood explains, "Before it happened we said we'd go over and live in LA and give it a go. We've got this really good opportunity to make a really cool record. The whole plan was to spend time in America and we got our Visas, and suddenly we realised we had a name like 'the Holy War against America'. It's just basically like saying 'please don't play our record and please don't bother booking our shows.'" Faced with the biggest obstacle in their 12 year history, Shihad were forced to drop their well-known moniker and to adopt 'Pacifier', a decision seen by Toogood as "unparalleled in the history of rock, when a band's had to change their name because a fucking war's going on!"

Understandably, the band were initially reluctant to bow to pressure, knowing that it would alter the identity of the band. "I was probably the hardline one out of all of us... it was just like 'nah, fuck em.' It's like changing the name of your kid when they're eleven. It's weird. I mean we just signed this huge deal in America, just made this amazing record, and then that happened, and it was like 'ahh, fuck... is that it? Should we just fuck off back to Australia and New Zealand and just forget about it? And then it was like, 'nah maybe we should just sit it out and just see when it chills out and then, and then it'll be fine.'"

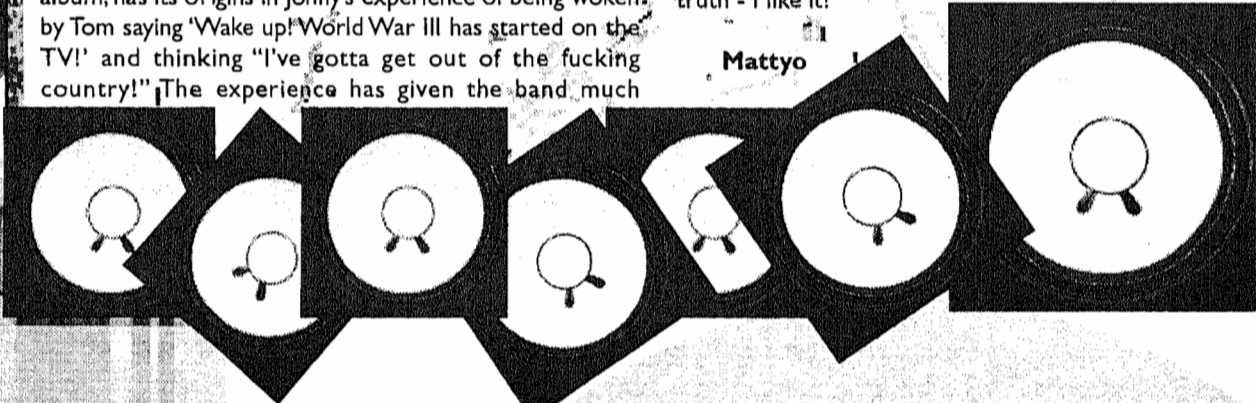
And turn out well it did. From "the weakest moment in the band's career" came the "the most creative time ever." Recent shows in the US have been met with great interest and enthusiasm, confirming the justification behind the decision to expand into the biggest market. Interestingly, the impact of September 11 is not limited to the name change, but provided inspiration for the creative process. 'Comfort Me,' the first single from the as-yet unnamed album, has its origins in Jonny's experience of being woken by Tom saying 'Wake up! World War III has started on the TV!' and thinking "I've gotta get out of the fucking country!" The experience has given the band much

perspective though. "What have I got to complain about?" he asks me. "I'm a white boy in a fucking rock and roll band. I've got the luxury to travel around places that you can plug your amplifier in and crank up your guitar! I'm not going to pussy-arse around what I wanna say, coz tomorrow I could be walking down the road and have a plane land on top of me, you know? I reckon that the lyrics are from the heart. I got pushed by our producer Josh [Abrahams] to make sure I said exactly what I was saying clearly. He said, 'Yeah it's cool to be poetic and obtuse and shit, but you wanna reach people with what you wanna say.' If you think you've got something to say, then fucking say it..." As for the follow-up to the superb 'The General Electric,' expect more of the raw, frenetic rock that has characterised Shihad of old. Despite being heavily influenced by American hip hop ("Wait and See" is all loop based"), the rule that "if it don't work on an acoustic guitar with vocals, then it don't work" is still enforced. "I think a big difference on this record is it's definitely far more organic, it's far more 2-guitars based, and a fuckin' shit kicking drum beat, you know!"

If making music involving immersing your soul in the stuff, then Jonny Toogood's going about things the right way. He's been listening to everything from John Lennon and the Plastic Ono Band to the Strokes. "Dre's '2001: the Chronic' is just an amazing album from start to finish because it's so anti-establishment, I mean, I don't agree with some of the misogynistic sexist crap, but at least it's going 'Fuck you', you know? And that's what rock and roll was supposed to be. The irony of changing the name to Pacifier is going to be even more apparent when people hear the music, coz it's just a shit storm."

Toogood asks me to assure Adelaide that Pacifier are looking forward to dropping in to play some tunes and damage our hearing permanently upon the release of the new album. "It's slightly anarchic down there, to tell you the truth - I like it!"

Matty



DJ Craze

19 May Tivoli Hotel

Arriving a little into the proceedings in the midst of a breakdancing display, our view was, alas obscured by the crowd. Kim Dezen vs Reflux hit the decks for some local flavour with scratching and hip-hop. An MC came on a little later and worked the crowd a bit. Quipping, "You ask me to freestyle but my style ain't free," he was soon throwing rhymes regardless till DJ Craze took the stage. For those of you who wouldn't know DJ Craze from a bar of soap, he is a three times world DMC champion. When it comes to turntablism he is the best. Turntablism is a visual thing as much as an aural thing and so a video feed of the turntables was projected onto the wall during DJ Craze's set. Watching his hands, it took me a little while to convince myself that they weren't, in fact, playing the video in fast forward. His hands flew furiously from cross-fader to equaliser to channel volume to pitch modulator to decks, mesmerising punters with a little showboating with his 'round the back scratching technique. Craze's set started with some hip-hop accompanied by some turntable trickery, seamlessly melded into a little RnB which was a let down. Why travel halfway across the world to play generic pop at us? Mercifully, he soon weaved in a splash more of Hip-hop before mixing into Hard Drum and Bass. Craze kept us pumping for about two hours before signing out with some very impressive turntable routines. Then, when Patch and another guest DJ (sorry, can't remember his name) took the stage, Craze couldn't resist and ended up going track for track with them, doubtless showing them a trick or two. The sound system unfortunately wasn't up to the task of reproducing the sound faithfully at the excessive volume it was set at and they could've saved money on MC's Pab and Griff since the vocal levels were not well balanced. Other than that, it was a corker of a night and well worth the twenty something dollar admission to see the world's best do his thang.

Yak



Giant reptile writes inane tune and is **TOP OF THE POPS!**
See page 675

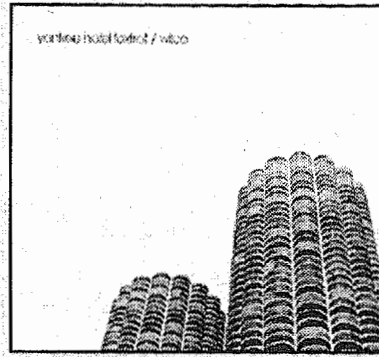
unirecords album of the week



**Blackalicious
Blazing Arrow
Quannum/Universal**

Blackalicious have that outstanding late-eighties/early-ninties hip-hop vibe that was once found in De La Soul, Bran Nubians, and A Tribe Called Quest. That is not to say that Blazing Arrow has not progressed from that time; it holds the quality hip-hop had in that era through technique, but not necessarily in style. What an album that makes! Effectively using the talents of Gil Scott-Heron, Money Mark, J5, Cut Chemist, Ben Harper and the Innocent Criminals, Saul Williams, Lyrics Born, Zack De La Rocha, the list goes on. You might be led to believe it's another old schooler album botched together by big name collaborations, but this is never so with Blackalicious, more just one big funky jam. For those unacquainted with the Blackalicious line up, there are two core members Chief Xcel and The Gift Of The Gab. Chief Xcel is a DJ extraordinaire, in the same league as artists such as Cut Chemist, and Mix Master Mike. While Gift Of The Gab is possibly the most skilled lyrical professional of our lifetime, due to his expression and the amazing speed with which he manages to spill his rhymes, he has influenced many in the hip-hop community. The album flows so beautifully, from its funky introduction and title track, to the RnB influenced 'Nowhere Fast', into mellower 'Make You Feel That Way', and at times almost psychedelic, 'Brain Washers'. A Blackalicious release is never complete without Gift Of The Gab dispensing a track of mind-blowing speed. He does so to great effect with the aid of Cut Chemist's skills on 'Chemical Calisthenics'. This is brilliant work, highly dancible, no negative vibes, and no poor synthesizer production techniques here. The only true hip-hop in my book.

Prof. Booty



**Wilco
Yankee Hotel Foxtrot
Nonesuch**

I wonder why
we listen to poets
when nobody gives a fuck
(from "Ashes of American Flags")

Wilco's latest album almost didn't see the light of day. Their previous label (Reprise) decided not to release *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, citing its "uncommercial"-ness or something. Thank God for the Internet - a couple of months worth of pre-release reviews and down-loadable song-samples helped the band secure a release through Nonesuch. Which begs the question, why is it so hard to get an album out and into the stores when people really want to buy it? And, conversely, why is so much money spent promoting acts that nobody I know will admit at all liking? But I digress.

Yankee Hotel Foxtrot is an extraordinary set. Jeff Tweedy's disarmingly simple melodies and song-lines disguise a creative complexity of work packed into every track. Talking to a record store owner-friend about the set, he said it's one of those albums you really have to listen to through headphones to really appreciate the work that's gone into it. Tweedy and collaborator Jay Bennett wear their influences on their sleeves - traces of Beck's stripped-back, reverb-free production values and well-loved shuffle-beat, circa *Mellow Gold*; nod to Stephen Malkmus's throwaway vocal delivery; the affected casualness of aural bricollage you'd expect to find in a Sparklehorse or Grandaddy or Eric's Trip set - but the album has its own, very Wilco sound, the natural progression from *Being There* and *Summer Teeth*.

Yankee Hotel Foxtrot is one of those watershed albums that, in some circles, will define a zeitgeist sub-set, the same way the Flaming Lips' *The Soft Bulletin*, Guided by Voices' *Mag Earwig* and Pavement's *Slanted and Enchanted* did in their times. One reviewer in the States described *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* as Wilco's finest hour. I'm inclined to agree, though even with the loss of multi-instrumentalist and all-round 'boy-genius'-type John Stirratt, I wouldn't write the band off from producing comparably subtle and rewarding work in the future.

Jonathon Dyer



**Tenacious D
The Greatest Band On Earth
Sony Music**

By now most of you have probably seen that filmclip. So you know where this is coming from. Appropriately labelled as "Alternative/Comedy" Tenacious D is definitely tongue-in-cheek and lots of fun with enough musical capability to ensure a high "catchiness" factor. For the uninitiated, Tenacious D consists of comedian/actor Jack Black (*Hi Fidelity*, *Shallow Hal*) and Kyle Gass. Dave Grohl provides the drums on each track with occasional appearances on guitar when required. So, is it funny? Well, in short, yes. Many of the tracks aren't musical per se, but are short "skits" that are generally funny but it's in combination with the music that the true stupid/sarcastic/witty moments lurk. Be warned, some of the comedy is sexist and naughty (see 'Fuck Her Gently') but if you find this sort of thing hilarious (like I do) then you might just piss your pants. It's likely that this will be enjoyed by most but whether people will actually fork out cash for it remains to be seen.

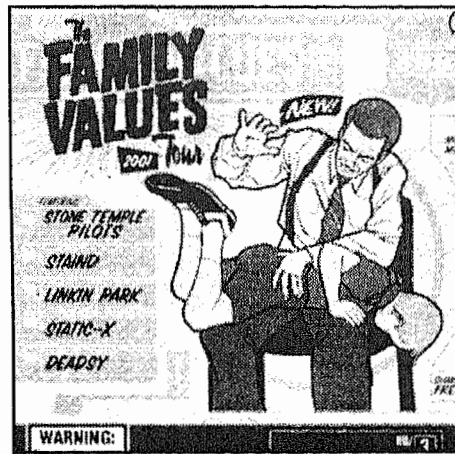
Jorm



**Pet Shop Boys
Release
EMI**

And so the Pet Shop Boys return with their 48th album, or so. Can they still cut it? Well, in a word: Yes. 'Release' is a diverse, sigh-inducing and very distinctly PSB album filled to bursting with Chris Tennant's wonderful voice singing songs about love, love and love. It's gilded with the subtle mastery of Jonny Marr's guitarwork. 'I Get Along' is essentially PSB doing 'Whatever' by Oasis, but comes across as one of those low-key anthems the Brits do so well. 'The Samurai In Autumn' is the requisite dancefloor filler. The rest of the album treads a distinctly undancey terrain, by PSB standards. Sure, the production is cleaner than Kylie's complexion. Sure it's all very nice and tasteful. But hum a couple of bars of any track off 'Release' while you cross the University Footbridge in this glorious Autumn weather and you'll know that the world really isn't so bad after all.

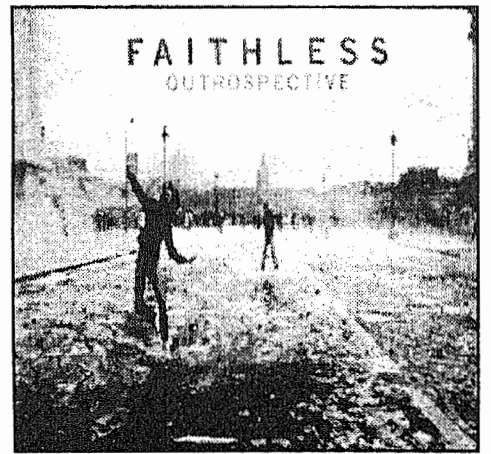
Mark Scruby



**Various Artists
The Family Values Tour 2001
Warner Music**

Headlined by Stone Temple Pilots and Staind, the 2001 Family Values tour seemed destined to be a far superior show in comparison to its predecessors. If the material on this disc is anything to go by, then it would have to go pretty darn close. OK, so your typical (yawn) boy-band/rap-metal Linkin Park are included, but this is the only real sell-out band on offer. Not surprisingly, we have the two headlining acts (see above) contributing the most material here, with STP performing both old ('Wicked Garden', 'Creep' and 'Vaseline') and new ('Wonderful') tracks. Aaron Lewis (vocalist from Staind) features heavily with him either performing or guesting on virtually every song. The standout track (whether for good or bad reasons) is his acoustic cover of Pearl Jam's 'Black'. The bonus video footage is disappointing with only one uninteresting live performance included and a wealth of shit backstage pap.

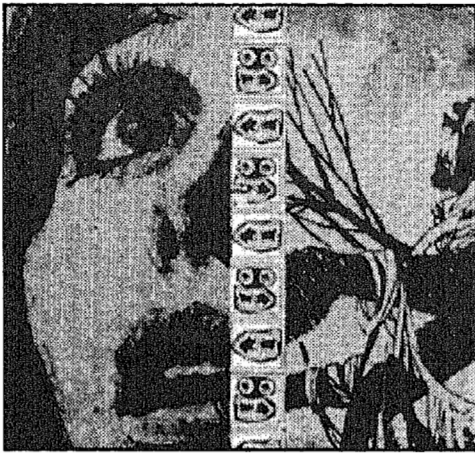
Jorm



**Faithless
Outrospective Special Edition
BMG**

After thoroughly enjoying the original release of *Outrospective*, only to lose it cruelly to a friend, I was pleasantly surprised to receive the new Special Edition. Better yet, the remixes on the new disk are so good it nearly justifies buying the album again (several of my friends even say the bonus disk is better than the original). The two mixes of the new single 'One step too far' featuring Dido (sister of band member Rollo) are so very different they are almost completely different. The other remixes are an even smattering of up and down beat, with standouts being the extended 'Crazy English Summer' and the Tuff Love Mix of 'Muhammad Ali'. This album is perfect for those having seen the recent concert and are looking to relive it.

Eskimo Jesus



The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
Plastic Fang
Mute/Virgin

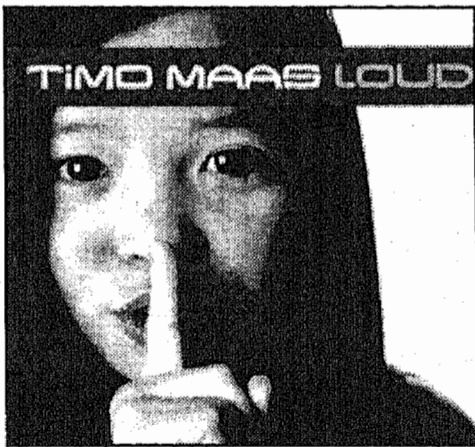
I know rock fans have been sitting around, depressed, disenchanted, dreaming of the early nineties rock renaissance reoccurring (in a not so derivative way) as soon as possible. Some relief is at hand...MERCY!...It's Spencer and the gang.

Yes, through funk-rock, country-rock, alt-rock, soul-rock, jazz-rock, blues-rock and straight up rock and roll JBSX show they have the energy and experience to make it loud, make it sexy and make it last once again. In producing this latest album they've made somewhat of a discovery in melody. Perhaps this is due to the influence of drummer/producer Steve Jordan. Drummer, Russell Simins, is still very much in the fold however, just a little less sporadic in his recorded style.

Flicking through what could be considered the most innovative CD artwork of the year, you'll find this album also has a quality all-star contributor line-up including Dr. John and Bernie Worrell (Parliament, Funkadelic).

Jon Spencer is SEX. Go get the bitten by his *Plastic Fang*.

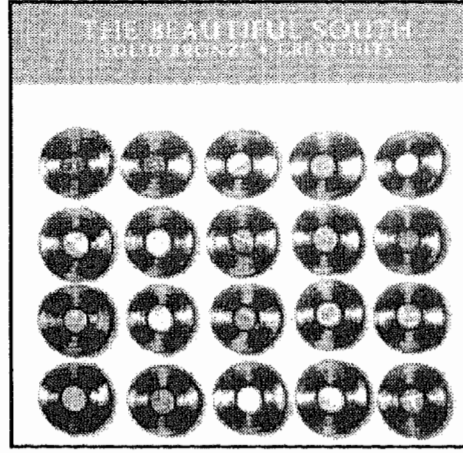
Prof. Booty



Timo Maas
Loud
Perfecto

Timo Maas is hot property at the moment, riding the reputational high of collaborations with the likes of Fat Boy Slim, Placabo and Kells. Rightly so, considering the material offered on his latest album, *Loud*. Timo's technical finesse and eclectic sonic style have caught the attention of the world and given him the reputation of a leading DJ. Most people will be familiar with track 10, 'To Get Down', as well as the new single 'Shifter', featuring Chickaboo. However some of the best tracks don't stop there, with standouts for me being Help Me (featuring Kelis) and 'Ubik', with the husky-voiced German Funkster Martin Bettinghaus. In all it is a creative and varied album, well worth listening to while lightly chilling out, or even getting ready to go out. In his own words this album "will completely kill you."

Eskimo Jesus

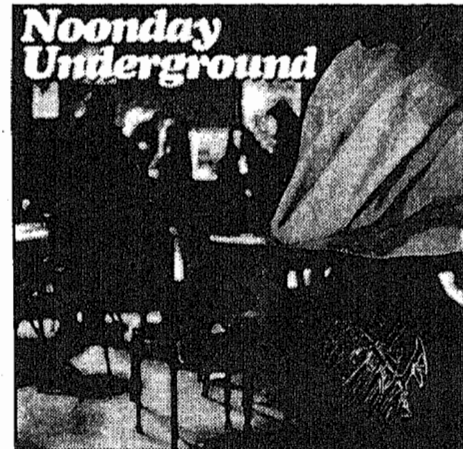


The Beautiful South
Solid Bronze: Great Hits
Gol/Mercury

The Beautiful South are one of the grand old acts of Britpop, dating back to when Damon and Graham were still poncy fourth-formers walking around the schoolyard wearing turtle-necks and carrying copies of *On the Road*. Though pretty successful, they - like contemporaries Billy Bragg and the Pogues - never really broke through the glass ceiling of the British music industry, neither possessing a bankable sex-symbol or the duplicity to compromise of their particular and immediately identifiable style. Ironically, it was that individual style - part Margate sea-side resort band, part workers' party chorus.

Solid Bronze is like a photo-album of the band's career; it holds all of the happiest moments, leaving out the rather public fights and caterwauls and the stuffy socialist stuff. And it has their cover of Nielsen's "Everybody's Talkin' at Me" - a landmark in the history of Anglo-American cultural exchange.

Jonathon Dyer



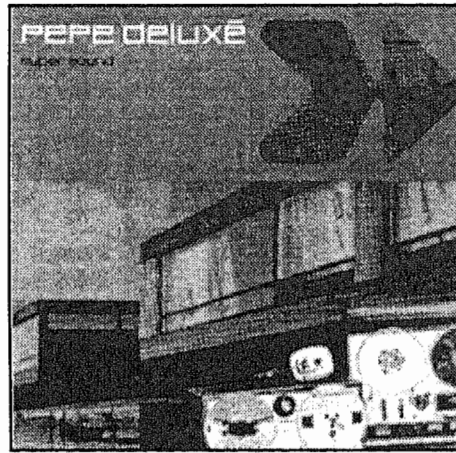
Noonday Underground
Self Assembly
Setanta

Noonday Underground's sound has been likened to Portishead on speed. Personally I think it sounds a bit like someone zapped Beth Orton back into the swinging 60s, gave her a whole truckload of drugs, a whole lot of musicians from an Elvis movie soundtrack and a microphone and let nature take its course. It's not as scary as it sounds - in fact this is a very fine album.

Self Assembly is packed full of groovy tracks that, when turned up quite loud, inevitably lead to a booty-shakin' good time. 'London' is probably the best known track on the album, it's a catchy, sexy song that evokes the spirit of London (funnily enough) in the 1960s. It's not all Austin Powers and flower power - there are also some very mellow tracks on this album. The relaxing 'Hush' is probably the best example of this.

However, on the whole, *Self Assembly* is a groovy, psychedelic experience.

Faye



Pepe Deluxe
Super Sound
Epic / Sony

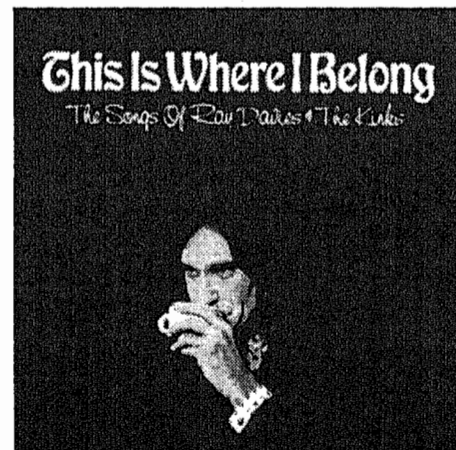
Pepe Deluxe's *Super Sound* is a high quality, if somewhat hit-and-miss album that was actually released last year. This re-release is a marketing push to coincide with the disc's number two track 'Before You Leave' being featured on the latest Levi's add.

The disc is billed as 'dance', yet the tunes found here never really make it past laid-back and dreamy. This is not a bad thing. A slow moving, jazzy number, 'The Beat Experience' is a case in point. On the other hand, tracks like 'The Ride', which is dominated by funky bass-plucking (reminiscent of The Chilli Peppers' Flea), give the album an upbeat edge.

The pick of the dozen or so tracks is 'Everybody Pass Me By', featuring (a sample of) some great blues vocals by Robert Johnson. This gem of a track is followed by the oh-so-home-made 'Thru The Motion' - a perfect example of what I mean by hit and miss - it makes you cringe. That is, until the faltering, pain-laden, distorted vocals kick in and begin to make you sit up and take notice, but then all too soon, it's all over and Pepe haven't quite managed to pull it off.

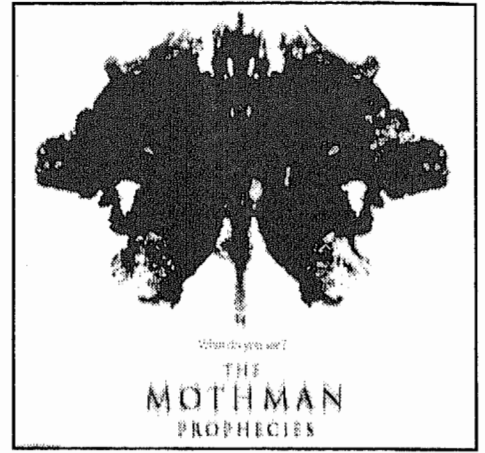
It's worth taking a look at this debut album from the Finnish, Pepe Deluxe. After all, could you really go past a band that boasts one of its members to be "...always cool and relaxed, he's a hipster who acts as the group's thermostat preventing accidental overheating."!!!! Those crazy Finns.

MP



Various Artists
This Is Where I Belong:
The Songs of Ray Davies & The Kinks
Festival/Mushroom

This is a great tribute album - a must for Davies fans. Look out for the rousing version of 'Who'll Be The Next In Line' by Queens of the Stone Age. The coolest thing about this CD is the foreword by Davies. He shares some great anecdotes but doesn't really seem to know many of the bands paying homage to him! The live (from the telly) duet of 'Waterloo Sunset', which features Davies and the fantastic Damon Albarn is a gem that makes the purchase price worthwhile.



OST
The Mothman Prophecies
LakeShore Records

This soundtrack for *The Mothman Prophecies* takes the novel approach of including both the film score as well as incidental songs inspired by the film's subject matter over two discs.

Disc 1 is mainly comprised of tracks from King Black Acid, whose tracks and lyrics mimic the dark and mysterious tone of the film. Musically, this translates to a down tempo vibe (with various cues from industrial and tremelo a la the *Twin Peaks* soundtrack), but with commercially appealing vocals. Think of it as the trip-hop that even your mother (or Triple M listeners) would enjoy. Whilst probably not cred worthy enough for the die-hard fans of dark sounds, some interesting production ideas ensure that there's something here for more discerning listeners also. It would be interesting to hunt down what these guys produce away from the pressures of fitting music into a film's thematic concept.

Much cooler is the catchy and spooky little rockin' number "Half Light" by Low (who collaborated recently with The Dirty Three) with tomandandy. There is also an all too brief piece of wire manipulation by seminal guitar terrorist (and inspiration to Sonic Youth) Glenn Branca, but thankfully if you listen closely to Disc 2, you can hear more of his unique ambiances popping up in the score.

Disc 2 is easily my pick of the bunch, featuring the score and sound pieces from the film itself, courtesy of tomandandy. Disturbing string motifs grate against discordant noise FX, ghostly whispers, melancholic piano lines and mysterious static manipulations, all filtered through some heavy aural panning. Spooky and ambitious, this is some of the best film sound design I've heard in a long time, and it is perfectly suited to the film's uneasy supernatural atmosphere. Fans of dark ambient soundscapes and those that enjoy music, which if listened to in the dark, will make you look at a moth twice and terrified when ever you hear static from the phone, should give this a look.

dan V

WHAT'S PLAYING IN THE CAMPUS ENQUIRER OFFICE THIS WEEK?

EMINEM!

Eminem is a modern poet, not unlike Shakespeare. His uh, poems have many layers and are therefore not unlike onions. They also make some people cry. When you first bring your 'Without Me' single home, you'll discover the single edit with words AND music. Listen to the B-sides and discover the joys of Eminem WITHOUT vocals (what?) and WITHOUT music. Then meld them together in a marvellous blend of melody and lyricism.

Voilà! Xenophobic white boy trash (c)rap is in da house! Well Wicked!!

Lonely Singles Seek Owners

Missy "Misdemeanour" Elliott
4 My People
Warner/Elektra

Missy Elliott has ventured into the unfamiliar world of dance and remixes for her latest single, '4 My People'. Not necessarily a good thing, I might add. '4 My People' does not have the same distinctive catchiness of last year's hit 'Get Ur Freak On' (although the single contains a remix of it) and despite being mixed by Basement Jaxx, is still pretty uninspired.

Massiv Micky D

The Chemical Brothers
Come With Us / The Test
Virgin

Chunky beats, anyone? Here's a double A-side to die for - trimmed down versions of the album opener, 'Come With Us', and album closer, 'The Test' (the latter presumably released in a bid to cash in on the Richard Ashcroft collaboration). The Fatboy Slim remix of 'Come With Us' is fun but barely justifies parting with the n.p., unless you're a fan. Buy the album instead.

Mark Scruby

Oasis
The Hindu Times
Sony

My CD player wasn't happy with this effort from the Oasis lads and neither was I. Despite the intervening years and the larger paunches, Oasis have not changed their sound at all and it is beginning to wear a little thin. Listen to 'Supersonic' again and remember the days when shaggy hair and a three day growth were the height of cool.

Reagunns

Brandy
Full Moon
Atlantic/Warner

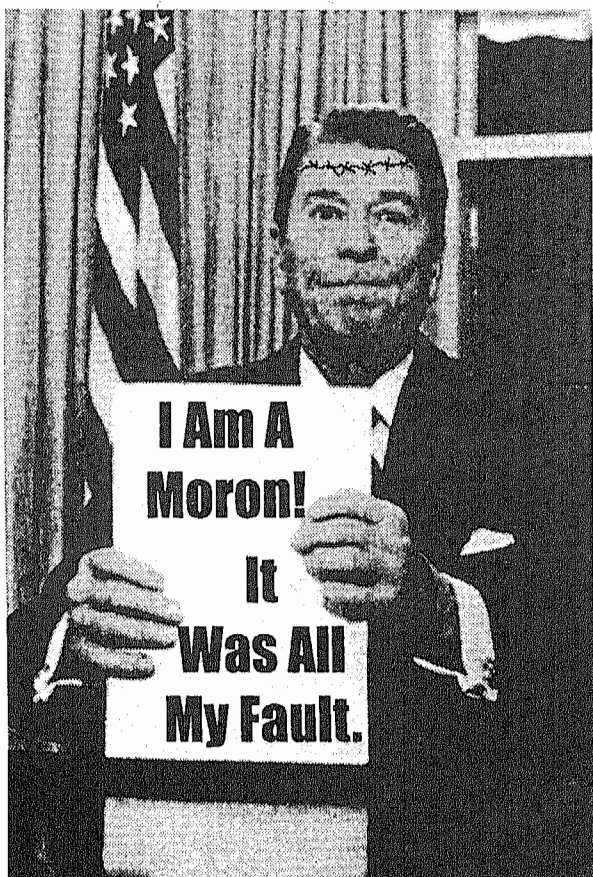
The title track from Brandy's new album is nothing special, in fact it is quite dull - but the remixes have a little more grunt than the original. The Simon Vegas Remix of the last single 'What About Us' (which works better than the original version) is probably the best part of the package.

Bam Bam

The Offspring
Defy You
Sony

Finally, the Offspring have released a song that is worthy of *Smash*, right back to their old indie-punk roots. 'Defy You' is essentially a ballad, but in a Bush sort of style, with heavy guitar riffs hopefully indicating that Dexter and the boys are sick of the crap music they were playing (see *Americana*, *Conspiracy Of One*). This said though, the highlights of the single are the live versions of 'Want You Bad' (the theme song from *Tomcats*) and 'Self Esteem'. A great buy.

Massiv Micky D



Dressing Table For Sale \$50!

Solid timber, light grey laminate surface, 6 drawers, large mirror,
Very serviceable and in good condition.
Must pick up yourself, 8262 4135 answering machine or call Vicki at
Sports & Clubs association Adelaide Uni, 8303 3410 or call in person to
the office, Ground floor Lady symon building.
vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au

Competition!

Design logo for Inagural Adelaide University Logo Challenge. (Fun Run)
There will be a prize for best design
Closing date - June 7
Hand into Sport's Association

Ex President Loses His Entire Torso In Horrific Accident! Clinton Claims He Didn't Touch Ms. Bobbit

Ex-President Tells The Truth After FBI Spikes His Haemorrhoid Cream With Deep Heat!

New Club Starting Up!

CIVECONS, Social club, IGM everyone welcome Tuesday
4th June South
Dining Room (level 4 union house opposite the Union
studio, next door
to the closed Equinox Bistro) at 1pm further information
contact Ian Day
8296 6427
ian.day@student.adelaide.edu.au

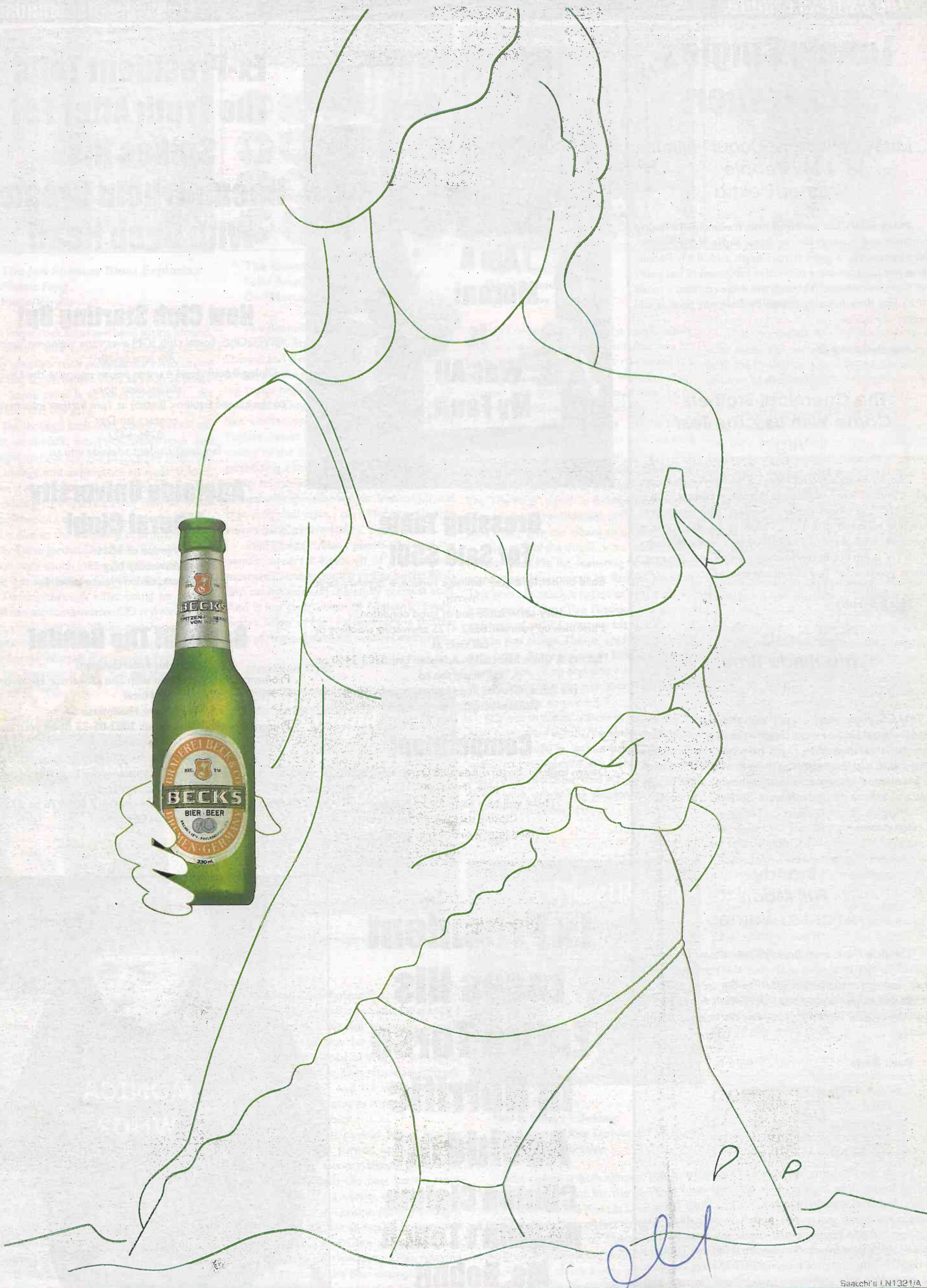
Adelaide University Liberal Club!

Notice of SGM
Wednesday May 29
1pm Equinox, Union House Level 4

Battle Of The Bands!

Memphis Entertainment
Promoters in conjunction with The Governor Hindmarsh
Hotel
59 Port Road, Hindmarsh SA
Presents Battle of The Bands 2002-05-23 Book your band
now!!
Cash Grand Final In August
Plus Winners every week receive prizes
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Phone : Bruno Grecni on Mob: 0412 805 776 or 8356
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**NO OVERT SEXUAL IMAGERY.
JUST BECK'S REAL BIER.**