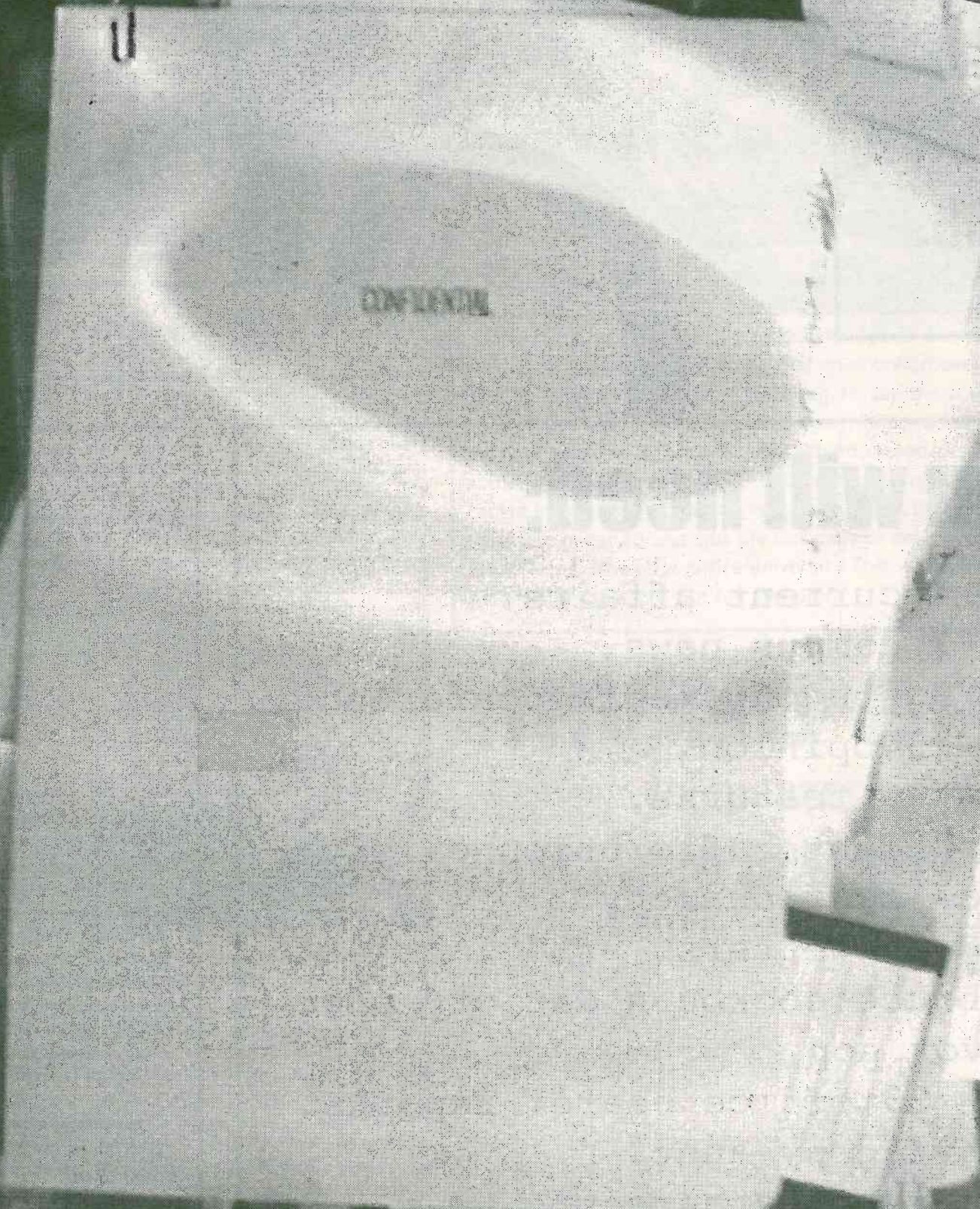


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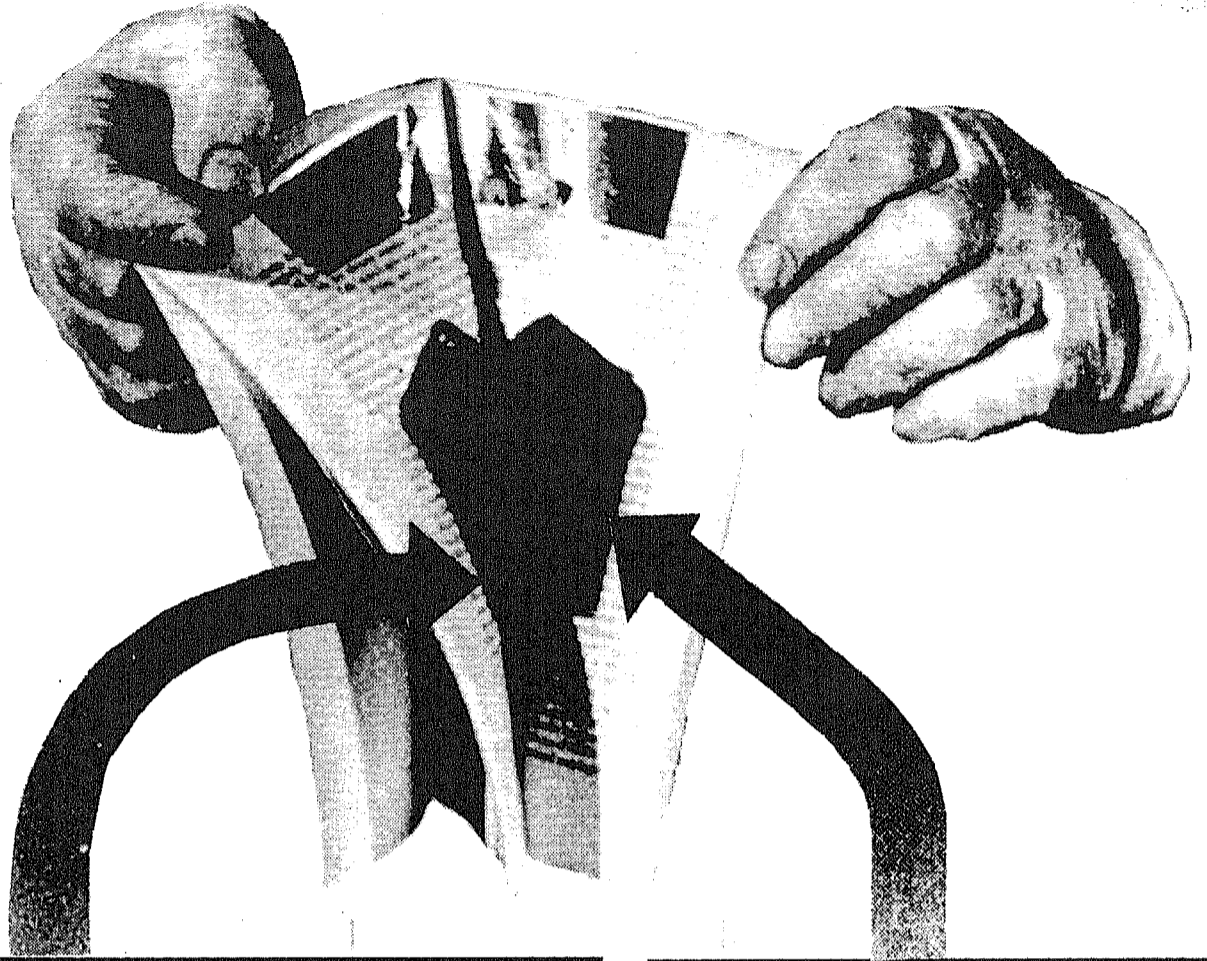
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Volume 70
Edition 18
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- 3 - 4 current affairs.
- 5 - 7 campus news.
- 8 - 9 student media conference.
- 10 -13 opinion.
- 14 - 15 features.
- 16 student radio/union calendar.
- 17 a- z of anarchy.
- 18 - 19 letters.
- 20 bruce cockburn variety page
- 21 vox pop.
- 22 - 23 office bearer reports.
- 24 tv/agony aunt.
- 25 bar & restaurant.
- 26 wayward.
- 27 video/dvd.
- 28 - 29 film/internet.
- 30 - 31 literature.
- 32 - 33 local music.
- 34 arts.
- 35 - 38 music.
- 39 clubs & classifieds.

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

Editors

Michael Fyfe, Jennifer Kalionis & Linda Rust

Advertising

Bonnie Cruickshank

Printing

Cadillac

Distribution

Mickey 87 and Chaos Agent K

Agents at Large

Opinion: Gemma Clark, Tristan Mahoney
Current Affairs: Laura Anderson, Tim Williams
Wayward: Yak Rozitis, Music: Sara King, Matthew Osborn
Local Music: Michael Bourlotos
Film: Daniel Varricchio, Arts: Emily Heidrich
Literature: Melissa Vine
Video/DVD: James Trevelyan
Internet/Computers: Karen Roberts
Agony Aunt: Victoria Hammond
Vox Pop: Joseph Hynes, Paul Huebl,
Bar/Restaurant: Clementine Ford

About the Cover:

Special thanks to Connal Lee whose photographs appear on our 'spy' cover.

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:

Deadline: October 23
Published: October 28

Thanks go to: Stanley, Bonnir, Gemma, Yak, *Honi Soit* (especially Jenny for the Pomo girl cartoons), 'Watch It Man', all the proofreaders, Vicki, Elise, Mel, Santo, vanilla, Dan, Mark, Matt.

No thanks to: blower man, Ronald, Manicade, pants, the lighter elf and layout lady.

Bitchin' Bipartisanship

In these troubled times, it's all too easy to look to the enemy without - Saddam, al Qaeda and so on - but more than ever it's time to look to the enemy within. No, not flying schools or Lebanese, but a scourge even further entrenched and more numerous - women. And thank Christ there's bipartisan support to deal with them.

Both the Liberal and Labor parties have hardened their stance on women with just the right amount of political spin. Take the Federal Department of Health's recent media release on breast cancer touting a "new guide to help save women's lives through early detention." It's simple and it's brilliant. Lock girls up before they become a menace while telling them it's for their own good.

Those cancerous feminist knockers can be heard already: "It's just a typo, get over it", they're saying. They won't be so smug from behind the razor wire. Ruddock ideology is sweeping through the bureaucracy to the benefit of freedom-loving men everywhere.

Always keen to imitate Liberal policy, federal Labor used its hotly-contested rules conference to launch a pre-emptive strike on the female scourge. Under cover of raising the female quota from 35 to 40 percent, the party now has a 40:40:20 rule. In instituting an equal minimum male quota, the party is sensibly guarding against female takeover. The male of the species is territorial and it's border protection time.

The bleeding hearts and sympathisers will be out in droves with their undergraduate cries for "evidence". Well how's this then? For the first time there are more professional women than men. They're taking our jobs. It just proves what we've known forever, that the ceiling should have been built with something much stronger than glass and certainly less transparent. Like the burkha.

What's more, like all the nastiest diseases, women are becoming more resistant to existing remedies. Until recently, the prevailing wisdom was that marriage was 'good for him and bad for her', a stabilising institution for men while an effective policy condemning women to psychological misery and isolating them in the kitchen to minimise sympathetic media coverage.

New research shows that marriage is now the best thing to happen to women since they stopped having to slice our bread for us. Apparently women who 'have it all' - working, married mothers - have the best mental health of any group and hence pose a greater threat than ever.

Australia must not be a soft touch no matter what the United Natashas say. So, save your testosterone-driven vitriol for them while giving thanks for the strength and foresight of the major parties.

You know it makes sense.

I'm Tim Williams
(Tim idolises Slammin' Sam Kekovich)

*This editorial is not necessarily endorsed by the female Current Affairs sub-editor who was not consulted.

"We know what's right and what's wrong and we always do what's right."

This is Rupert Murdoch's response to claims that the corporate governance of NewsCorp is failing its shareholders. Attendees at the Annual General Meeting for giant media company News Corporation last week represented the current lack of international confidence in large multinational companies and their executives. Held last week in Adelaide, the general meeting brought up fundamental issues of corporate governance and accountability.

Rupert Murdoch, a long established business leader, has come under criticism for his company not being accountable to its shareholders. Some commentators have even gone as far to say that his time as chief of the company should be up. It was the first time NewsCorp shareholders have raised questions on corporate governance at an AGM.

For someone who owns 15% of News Corporation, Rupert Murdoch has been asked by shareholders to make his actions more transparent. Especially when the company has listed losses of over \$12 billion in the last year, resulting in a significant fall in share prices.



Obviously shareholders want strong, stable dividends from their investments. The mood at the AGM reflected the negative impact a dip in share prices has had on shareholders, especially when compared with the vast salaries that NewsCorp executives receive. Rupert Murdoch himself earns around \$47,000 per week, a total of \$8 million annually. Shareholders made it obvious they desired accountability from those in power, questioning Murdoch about the salaries of NewsCorp executives. Murdoch was defensive, stating that the executive salaries and bonuses at NewsCorp are the smallest of any multimedia conglomerate.

Some commentators state that significant profits and share performance over the past few years have made shareholders turn a blind eye to corporate governance. Now with the dip in the profits as well as the current international attitudes to corporate leadership, consumers and investors are starting to take more interest.

Murdoch put the fall in prices partly down to the events of September 11, but predicted that the company was now stronger than ever and would face double-digit growth in 2003.

By Laura Anderson

Lecturer Exposed In Undercover Sting



What do lecturers get up to behind closed doors? We here at *On Dit* decided to find out, so we headed up an undercover sting operation. The findings were certainly shocking, to say the least. As the photo above illustrates, Joy McEntee may seem like a rather sedate, ordinary lecturer, but this is just a facade. Behind closed doors the real Joy is actually a Russian spy, whose codename is The Hyena. She has been caught by our high-tech surveillance equipment breaking into the English library in order to tear out the last page of each book. Such sabotage could bring down the entire university. This woman must be stopped before she can carry out her evil plot!

IRVING BABY!

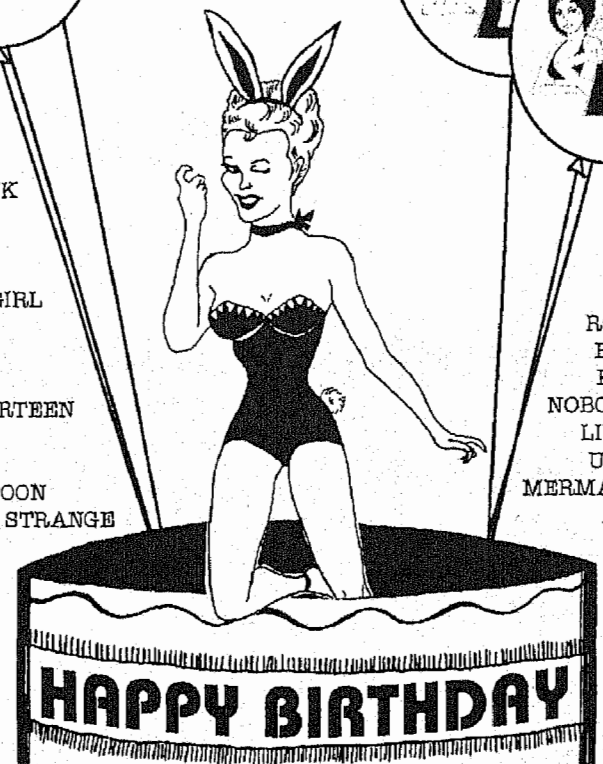
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Strike, self-harm and ACM violence at Pt Hedland

Last week the situation for refugees at Port Hedland Detention Centre intensified, as the detainees' continued their strike into its third day along with ACM's (the company in charge of security and facilitating the detention centre) intimidation, lies and violence. While the refugees' work-strike continued, their hunger strike terminated after the first day. On Wednesday morning, two of the Iranian leaders of the strike were whisked away from the camp by heavy-handed mobs of guards while they were still half-asleep, and it is speculated that they have been taken to jail or thrown into isolation as punishment and mental torture. Furthermore, five people have slashed their wrists and attempted suicide, as an act of protest and sheer desperation in the face of their continuing inhumane treatment inside Australia's shameful concentration camps.

It was 5am on Wednesday morning when an estimated fifty ACM officers broke into the E-block cells housing the detainees who arrived from Curtin Detention Centre three weeks ago. The extra officers have been flown in from the Eastern States to increase the intimidation against the detainees' strike and protest. The detainees had all of their personal belongings thrown out into the exercise yard, and ACM shut them out of E-block. The block has now been declared closed. ACM's shock and intimidation tactics, which woke peacefully sleeping detainees angered the residents, as did ACM's treatment of their personal belongings. In protest, the detainees emptied rubbish bins and scattered around the compound.

One detainee, traumatised by his experiences in his country as well as by spending years in detention in Australia, went

into shock at the sight of fifty ACM guards raiding his cell and others. He has become paralysed, with half of his body numb, and he is unable to move. Fellow detainees do not know of his whereabouts since the incident and are extremely worried for him, but believe he may have been taken to a local medical clinic. Another detainee slashed himself twenty times on his chest, legs, arms and wrists. Although he was bandaged up not long after, the detainee threatened suicide again if ACM did not meet his demands. His fellow detainees demanded to ACM that they call an emergency meeting with the gentleman, to address his concerns and to prevent further self-harm, and it is reported that one ACM officer merely scoffed and laughed at this suggestion. It has been common practice for ACM in the past to throw suicidal residents into isolation, where they are monitored and kept in cells that have no means for self-harm. In isolation, they are only allowed out in the daylight for one hour a day. This is ACM's way of dealing with severely depressed people.

The detainees who were thrown out of E-block have been told that they have to move in with other detainees, making conditions even more cramped. Some have said that they will just sleep on the floor, and

One detainee, traumatised by his experiences in his country as well as by spending years in detention in Australia, went into shock at the sight of fifty ACM guards raiding his cell and others. He has become paralysed, with half of his body numb, and he is unable to move.

all have resolved that they will continue striking until their demands are met. An all-in residents meeting was held last night, in which the detainees produced a list of seven ACM officers that they do not want working at the centre. These were the officers that were on strike for better working conditions, but who blamed and scapegoated the refugees, and fabricated false claims of them harbouring weapons and planning to riot. The refugees are offended that they have been wrongly accused, falsely slandered against,

and had their name and dignity further attacked. The list will be presented when delegates from amongst the detainees, and ACM management meet tonight.

That the seven ACM officers not be allowed to return to work is their first demand. Their other demands are an end to ACM violence, better facilities and opportunities for entertainment, especially for the children, higher wages (they are currently only receiving \$2/hour for their work in cooking, cleaning and maintaining the facility), and more work. At the moment, they are only getting one shift a month, which they say is barely enough to even buy a phonecard to call their families or a packet of cigarettes from the little kiosk that ACM opens in the yard for a few hours a week.

Five comprehensive weapons searches have been carried out since the ACM and AWU coordinated their strategic lies, and nothing has been found. Despite this it was reported on ABC Newsradio and a local Perth community station that makeshift weapons were in fact found. Activists who have contact with the detainees inside reported that the refugees knew nothing of any weapons being found, and were never harbouring weapons in the first place, nor

were they planning a riot like ACM claims. One Iranian inmate was shocked that such a lie had been broadcast over the radio, and he felt angered by being sprung with news of further lies.

Several activists contacted ABC Radio in Perth to enquire about their sources. ABC said that the news had been passed on to them by ACM and the AWU, but that the claims had not been verified. ACM even failed to specify what sort of weapons they were. Apparently, one staff member from ABC Radio began to get really worked up and quite rude and defensive. One activist asked why they hadn't bothered to verify the claims or get the detainees' side of the story, and offered the name and number of a refugee who agreed to be interviewed over the matter, if the ABC so desired. The ABC tried to refuse taking these details, but eventually noted them down before hanging up.

It is clear that these false ACM reports are further attempts to intimidate, cover up and justify their subhuman treatment of refugees. Officially, anything ACM does that involves force (read: violence) must be authorised by DIMIA, but this is always disregarded, as it was last year when a water cannon was used on peacefully protesting detainees at Woomera. The government and DIMIA are also to blame for allowing human rights violations to continue, and for upholding the policy mandatory detention of asylum-seekers, which is illegal under International Law.

The detainees' courageous strike inside the Port Hedland Detention Centre needs the support and solidarity of refugee rights supporters on the outside. Solidarity actions need to be coordinated, the truth needs to be disseminated independent of the capitalist media, and the refugee rights campaign needs to be taken to the next level, until the government and those with the money and the power yield to public pressure; to the grassroots counter-hegemony of the people; of you, me, and ordinary Australians everywhere. The refugees' freedom is our freedom.

Sarah Hanson

North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

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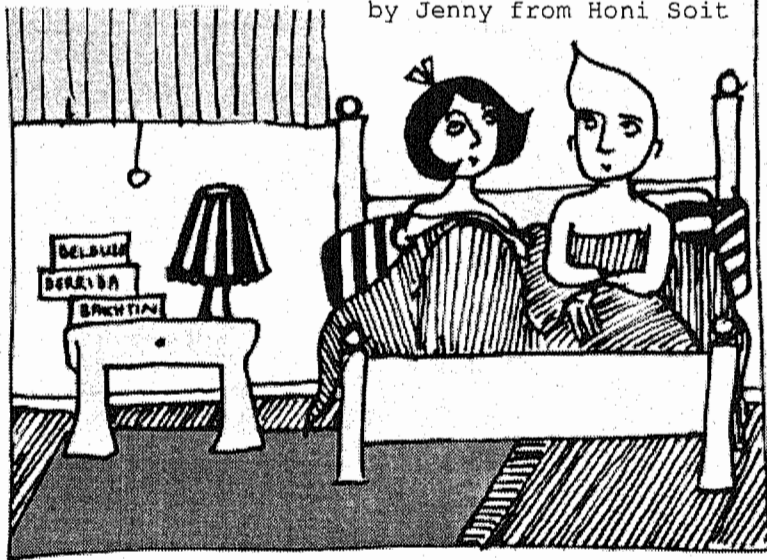
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performance and value
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livin' in a po-mo world
by Jenny from Honi Soit



did the paradigm shift for you?

Student Print Quota to be reviewed

Students were notified via e-mail last week of a review of the student printing quota.

Currently, most of the University's open student computer labs have a "free allocation" of 100 pages of printing per semester. Any printing beyond this quota incurs a charge.

However, according to an email to Humanities and Social Sciences students from Clement Macintyre, Associate Dean of Information Technology, "the volume of printing being done in the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences labs has now escalated to a point where it can no longer be sustained as a free service".

In response from October 8, after issuing students with a fresh 100 page-quota (worth \$10), students' printing use will be monitored to determine a new quota for 2003. If students exceed this quota, they will be invoiced for \$20 (or 200 pages' worth). This additional quota can be carried over to 2003.

In keeping with the trend of centralisation of campus services, the print charging system will operate from the Card Centre on Hughes Plaza.

To a cynical mind, the offering of a fresh 100-page quota with only four academic weeks to go could suggest a buttering-up before Humanities and Social Science students have their resources cut even further in 2003.

As we await the results of the review, students are recommended to restrict their printing to that for purely academic purposes. I also ask that you hit the print button only once, and if wanting to print material from a website, copy and paste the relevant text or images into Microsoft Word and shrink the font size before printing off reams of superfluous headers, links and ads, because it's really fucking annoying - you're the ones costing us the quota as well as time in the printing queue!

Gemma Clark

What exactly is status quo, hmmm?

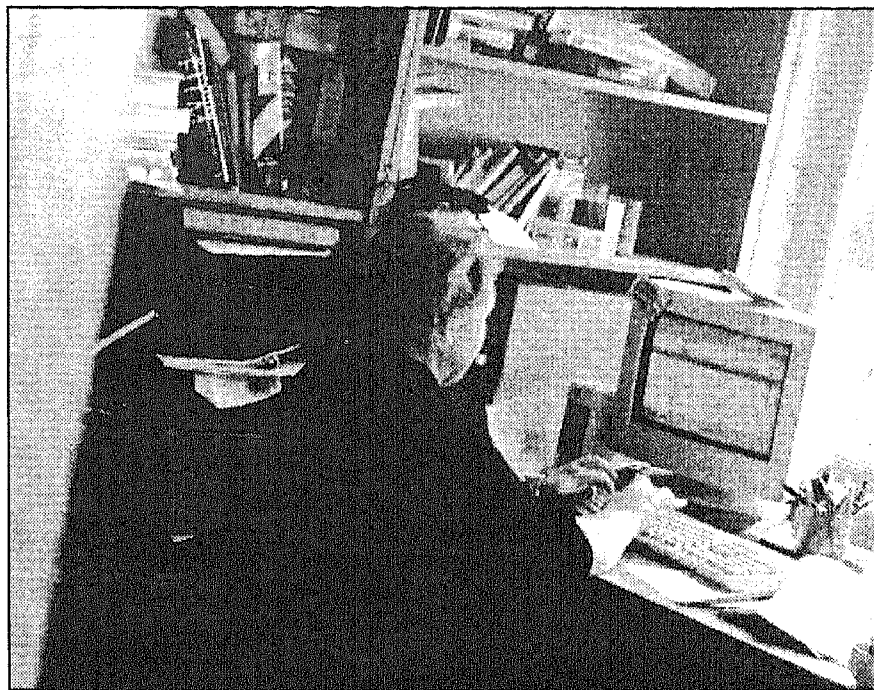
At a recent meeting of AUU Board convened on September 30, a motion was passed awarding Finance Chair, Rachel Swift, the equivalent of a quarter time honorarium (roughly \$7000). The motion put concerning this payment acknowledged the grant for "commitment and dedication to the AUU during her term and recognition for her services". Normally the Chair of Finance is not paid for their work, being elected to the position for the opportunity to serve the Union rather than for the reward. It is expected they will do so. However, it has been decided that in the 2003 budget the Chair of Finance will be paid.

What *On Dit* finds most odd in this situation was that the vote came down to a tied situation. Ordinarily when this occurs the Chair (in this case President Susie Young) must exercise their casting vote, and to go with the status quo. President Young quoted this rule when exercising her vote, explaining that the status quo represented the 2003 budget. *On Dit* wishes to point out that status quo actually means:

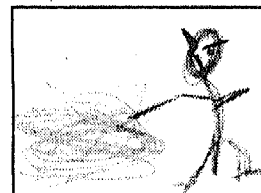
Status quo /-'kwou/, n. the existing or previously existing state or condition. Also, **status in quo.**

Quite clearly this means the situation of now or the past, and not that of the future. *On Dit* believes that such semantics should be rectified before such large chunks of students' money are handed out, and that representatives come up with valid reasons when such a potentially contentious issue comes to hand.

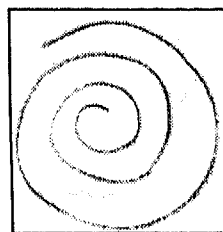
Lecturer Exposed receiving trans-atlantic 'mindwaves'



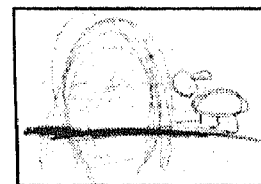
Shockingly, Lecturer Joy McEntee was discovered hacking into the University's server and harnessing its power to receive trans-atlantic 'mindwaves'. Here are some visually converted examples of what she received:



Harvest Time



The Embassy



Summer Solstice

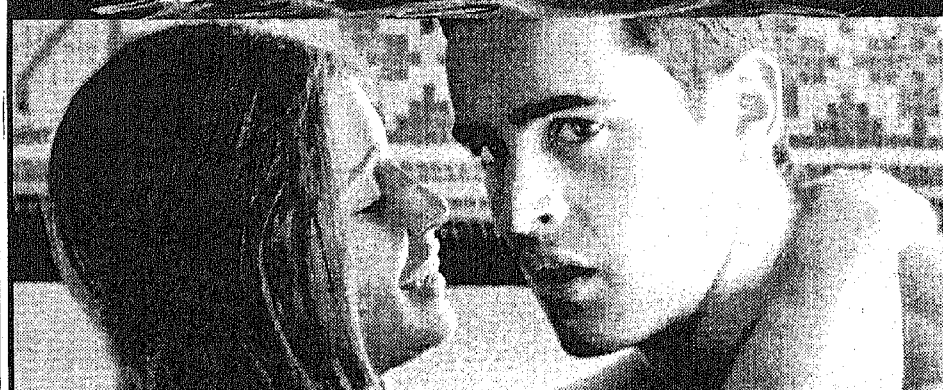
The investigation into Joy continues...

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Government of South Australia

Security
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UGLY

Subject: Personal Security on Campus
Date: Tue, 08 Oct 2002 17:24:04 +0930
From: Marie Gutsche <marie.gutsche@adelaide.edu.au>

TO ALL STUDENTS AND STAFF

Message from the Students' Association and the University of Adelaide
 The University of Adelaide and the Students' Association are working in partnership to increase personal security awareness among students and staff.

Campus Security's emergency number is 8303 5444.

Here are the key things you can do to maintain your safety when travelling on and off campus:

- Ensure that others know your plans, i.e. tell your lecture buddy or colleague what time you are arriving etc.
- Try and travel with others, but if you are on your own, stay alert and aware of your surroundings and those around you.
- Have the number of campus security readily available to you, in your wallet or in your mobile phone.
- Find a more open or public path to travel when going back to your car or bus station/ taxi station.
- Ask someone from Campus Security to escort you back to your car/bus or taxi station.

Other things you can do are:

- Learn some simple self defence moves. Campus Security offers free self defence courses for students, and also a separate course just for women if desired. You can register for a course at the Security Office, located in the Hughes Plaza, directly opposite the Hughes Building.
- Even if you are feeling uncomfortable in your surroundings, report your situation to Campus Security on 8303 5990. These reports will be treated in the strictest confidence.
- Feel free also to raise any issues of concern with the following:
 - Students' Association on 8303 5405 (located in the Cloisters)
 - Education/Welfare Officers on 8303 5430 (also located in the Cloisters) and;
 - University Counselling Centre on 8303 5663 (Located on the ground floor, Horace Lamb Building).

On Wednesday, October 9, the Students' Association will be holding a BBQ on the Barr Smith Lawns from 12pm onwards, free for those staff and students who have the security number in their mobiles or in your wallet.

SECURITY ON CAMPUS

444 NUMBER

8303 5990. Located on Hughes Plaza

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Scholarship applications close 31st October.
 Research degree applications close 15th January.



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SECURITY BUS AND ESCORT SERVICE

Subject: Personal Security on Campus
Date: Tue, 08 Oct 2002 17:20:46 +0930
From: Marie Gutsche <marie.gutsche@adelaide.edu.au>

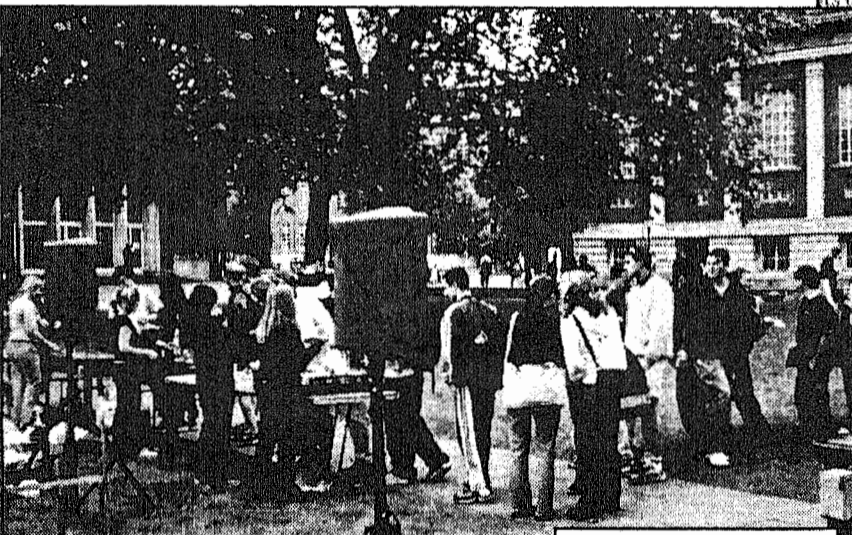
TO ALL STUDENTS AND STAFF

I am concerned at recent claims made by the Students' Association about security on the North Terrace campus. It troubles me to think that the Association would be sending out information to the media and the public that is not accurate and which may cause undue concern to students and staff.

For the record, let me address the issues raised by the Association in today's Advertiser newspaper. There have been no physical attacks on students, staff or other members of the public reported on our campus in the last two years. Those few incidents that have occurred in the last two years have all occurred off campus.

In the two most recent cases, one of the victims was male — he was the victim of a robbery at Botanic Park. The other was female — she was attacked near the River Torrens and ran onto campus for safety. In both cases, the University's security staff and police responded immediately to calls for help. This has resulted in the alleged offenders being caught, and there is no evidence of any link between the incidents. The University of Adelaide takes security of its students and staff very seriously. More than \$1 million is spent each year on security at the North Terrace campus alone. The Security Office is staffed and open 24 hours a day. There are numerous security phones across the campus, and the University offers other services such as night time shuttle buses, self defence classes and other security awareness measures. I am puzzled about the reasons behind the Students' Association's recent comments about security. The University has been working with students to develop a security awareness campaign. We look forward to working further in partnership with the student bodies in raising security awareness. The University has a strong reputation as a safe place to learn and work, and I am sure that reputation will continue. I urge you to take the time to read the accompanying email which sets out some of the key things you can do to ensure your safety on campus.

PROFESSOR JAMES A. McWHA
 Vice-Chancellor



Staff and students at the Security BBQ.

SECURITY BUS AND ESCORT SERVICE
 Being involved in a security incident can be a traumatic experience. Our Security Office provides a range of services to help you deal with the aftermath of an incident. We can provide you with a list of local services, such as police, ambulance, and legal services. We can also provide you with a list of local services, such as police, ambulance, and legal services.

REPORT IMMEDIATELY!
 If you are in a security incident, please report it immediately to the Security Office on 8303 5444. We will provide you with a list of local services, such as police, ambulance, and legal services.

BE PROACTIVE!
 We encourage you to be proactive in your security. We can provide you with a list of local services, such as police, ambulance, and legal services.

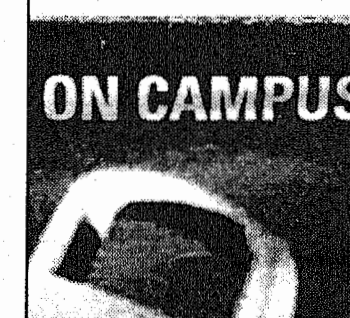
FREE SELF-DEFENCE COURSES
 We offer free self-defence courses for students and staff. These courses are designed to help you protect yourself in a security incident. We can provide you with a list of local services, such as police, ambulance, and legal services.

SECURITY ON CAMPUS

DON'T BE FOOLED

EMERGENCY 8303 5444

Why not pick up a couple of these security pamphlets? Don't be fooled! Your personal security IS an issue.



SAFETY AND SECURITY: THE REAL DEAL

Last week the Students' Association, in conjunction with the Postgraduate Students' Association (PGSA) and the Adelaide University Union (AUU), ran a safety and security awareness campaign. Throughout the week we handed out wallet cards telling students and staff about the services security offers as well as tips on keeping safe. We talked to students at the beginning of lectures and encouraged them to be aware of their personal safety, particularly when travelling to and from campus, and asking students to program the emergency security number into their phones or have it in their wallet. On the Wednesday we ran a free BBQ on the lawns for those with the security number in their phone or wallet. We also asked students to sign a petition asking the university to move Security Services from Property Services to Student and Staff Services, and supporting in-house rather than outsourced security in the future. Students were very receptive to both the wallet cards and the petition, and the campaign was a success. It was, however, overshadowed somewhat by a clash between the SAUA and some University Senior Management staff. Students may have been confused by the two e-mails sent out by the Vice-Chancellor's office half way through the week. This article attempts to explain the events that lead up to the sending of the e-mails and responds to the statements made by our Vice-Chancellor James McWha.

The campaign was initiated because the SAUA, PGSA and AUU were concerned about the recent attacks that occurred just off campus. One attempted sexual assault occurred on September 3 near the Zoo and the other unrelated attack occurred near the University Footbridge on September 7. We felt that all students and staff of the University needed to be informed of these attacks and aware of ways to keep themselves safe whilst travelling to and from uni.

Initial planning for the campaign began with a meeting of the three student bodies, the university security services manager, Owen Godfrey, and three other university staff members, including Elysia Ryan. After this meeting it was our intention to work with the University on this important campaign, however subsequent to the meeting (apart from a couple of phone calls and e-mails) the University had nothing further to do with the campaign. Elysia Ryan went on leave and no-one from the University took her place. A day or two after the meeting, Environment Officer and President Elect Sarah Hanson was sent an e-mail from Security Services informing her that the University had asked Security Services not to involve itself with the Students' Association or its campaign. We were not given a reason for this sudden decision by the university to halt communication between security and the Students' Association. We could only assume that the university were trying to keep Security Services from voicing their concerns to us and prevent us from running a campaign that did not paint the University in a totally positive light, particularly in reference to the rumoured plans of outsourcing security. Whatever their reasons may have been, we were forced to plan the rest of the campaign without the benefit of the knowledge Security Services could have provided. It was at this point that we began to question the University Senior Management's commitment to student and staff safety.

We were also bemused as to why an all-student and staff e-mail had not been sent out informing everyone about the recent attacks and cautioning students and staff to not walk alone from campus to their home/car/bus stop, etc. The Students' Association requested that an all-student and staff e-mail be sent out. A week before the awareness campaign, SAUA President Bek Cornish wrote the e-mail and gave it to the university to be sent, however this did not occur.

By this stage we realised that the University did not wish to directly involve itself in the campaign, but rather preferred to pay lip service to the issue by setting up the initial meeting, then leaving it up to the three student representative bodies to organise, co-ordinate and fund the campaign. This may have been considered appropriate behaviour by some, except that they then attempted to sever communications between the student bodies and security, and then refused to send out any e-mail that stated that attacks had occurred.

The SAUA sent out a media release outlining the components of our security awareness campaign and voicing our concerns about the university's perceived lack of responsibility for the safety of its students and staff. *The Advertiser* picked up the story and ran an article in their Tuesday October 8 edition. University Senior Management was not impressed by the article or our media release, and began what I would describe as a campaign to undermine the Students' Association and more importantly our entire security campaign. Paul Dauldig of Property Services attempted to respond to our claims on radio stations, coming up (I reckon fairly short) against Sarah Hanson on 5AN's morning program. He claimed that he was aware of only two attacks off campus, one the robbery of a male and not a sexual assault. He also stated that the University took security seriously.

After a meeting with Bek Cornish on Wednesday afternoon, the University agreed to send out the all-student and staff e-mail, provided that there was no mention of attacks and that the Vice-Chancellor add a sentence onto the bottom of the e-mail stating that the University was in support of our campaign. An hour and a half later, the Vice-Chancellor's office sent out two e-mails. The second was the one written by Bek Cornish outlining ways of keeping safe around campus. The first e-mail claimed that the Students' Association's media release had been inaccurate and may cause undue concern to students and staff, that the University had been working with the SAUA, and that the attacks had occurred off campus (see reproduction of e-mail opposite).

By now I hope to have demonstrated that the University had very little to do with the campaign. This was their decision to make. You can make up your own mind as to whether you think that shows a commitment to your safety or not.

However what concerns me more about the University's response to this campaign is the idea that it is more interested in its reputation and avoiding bad publicity than its regard for keeping students informed about their own personal safety. Rather than becoming defensive and denying they have a responsibility to inform students about attacks, University Senior Management could just have easily taken the initiative to send out an e-mail themselves to all students and staff, alerting them to the risk of attack and ensuring students and staff that they are doing everything possible to prevent them. This was done by previous Vice Chancellor Mary O'Kane in 2001. Instead of being pro-active, the University decided to make the point that the attacks happened off campus. This, in my view, is a ridiculous argument to make. Regardless of whether the students attacked were on the University's grounds or not (and just for the record, the University Footbridge is owned by the University and leased by the council, and is literally five metres from the gates of the University) University Senior Management is delirious not to think they have a responsibility to inform students that these attacks occurred. Unless we can be beamed into the University grounds, we will always need to walk around the perimeter of the University. All students and staff should therefore be aware that the perimeter of the University grounds is not necessarily safe.

Despite the extraordinary effort of Security Services, who do their best with the resources and budget they are given, the North Tce. Campus and especially its surrounding parklands and dimly lit roads, are not immune from attacks on persons. I find it repulsive that the Vice-Chancellor should send out an e-mail to all students and staff claiming that the SAUA's media release could cause UNDUE CONCERN. Attacks have occurred, two recently reported, others unreported. It is not the intention of the SAUA to create campus wide panic, but rather to encourage students and staff to be conscious of their safety. In my opinion, being aware that attacks can occur will only encourage students and staff to be responsible and to take precautions in regards to their own safety. Hopefully, rather than walk through the dark alone to a car, to residential colleges or to a bus stop, students will use the services that Adelaide University Security offers. We don't need attacks to go unnoticed around campus. We will not be silenced. We believe students need to know about attacks, they need to know about the existing services and they need a security service that is well funded, well staffed and not outsourced to a company with no vested interest in this University or its students and staff. I am happy to talk to anyone about these issues. I can be contacted through the SAUA office. The security campaign will continue until the end of term. If you would like to sign the petition, it can be found at the SAUA, PGSA and AUU offices.

Elise Duffield
SAUA Women's Officer



National Student Media Conference

Welcome to gritty, gritty Newcastle!

Ask most young people what they know about the city of Newcastle, New South Wales, and they'll probably answer "silverchair". It's probably true to say that in recent times this city has become best known as the birthplace and playground of the angst rockers, but a walk around its streets reveals an interesting and far-reaching history. Newcastle today has a population of about 470,000 and is located 160 km north of Sydney, earning it the unofficial title 'capital of the Hunter Valley'. A two-and-a-half hour, \$17 train ride past scenic Lake Macquarie will get you there from Sydney - beware the lack of leg room and lack of luggage holding facilities. Most interstate students would know the place as the home of This Is Not Art (promoted by Triple J), Queer Collaborations (the annual queer students' conference) and the Student Media Conference.

Newcastle struck me as one of the most depressing yet inspiring places I have visited. The ornate heritage buildings, now mostly boarded up and grimy, give the impression of a long-gone golden era of decadence and progress, since replaced by recession, desertion and general gloom. Two significant occasions in Newcastle's recent past are no doubt contributing factors in this: monolith

BHP's closing of the city's steelworks in 1997 and the subsequent gaping hole left in its livelihood, and the 1989 earthquake that left 13 people dead with a bill of about \$4 million.

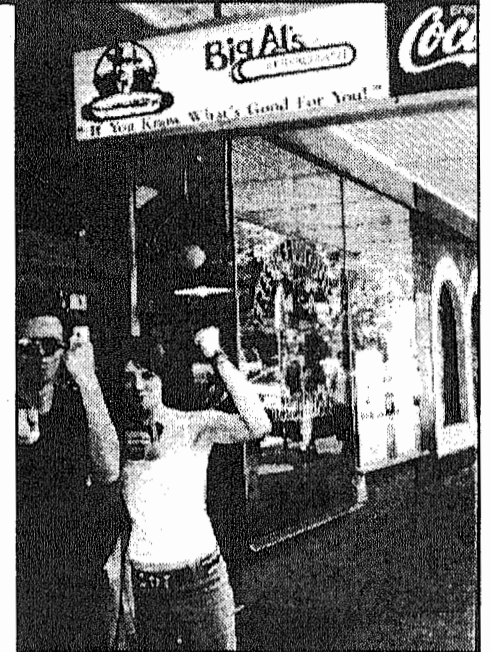
A walk down any main street will leave you with the impression of there being more abandoned buildings than functional shops or homes. On Hunter Street, a large shopping complex, apparently rebuilt after the earthquake, has been left with only two stores still trading. Boarded-up shop exteriors are decorated with politically-incisive murals by militant graffiti artists. One particularly large building was graffitied from a great height with the words "THIS IS NOT ART", lending the city's annual festival its name. Eateries are few and far between compared to Adelaide's cafe saturation, meaning a place like Big Al's ("a strange remnant of a national franchise that never was", according to the TINA Newcastle Guide) dominates meal options.

For the substantial squatting community, some enterprising and community-minded folk have set up, in Hunter Street Mall no less, a mock real estate office with a convincingly professional window display. SquatSpace, with the slogan "Don't let houses rot!" provides photographs and locations of empty buildings available as accommodation

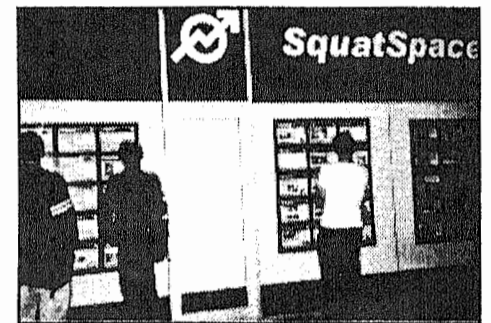
for the less discriminating. When a building becomes inhabited, its details are removed from the display and another available place advertised.

Newcastle is a place of paradoxes. Hectares and hectares of imposing, eerie-looking industrial structures dominate the north view of the city, whilst to the east, beaches of soft sand are packed with teenagers and families on sunny days. To the south, from the vantage point of the grassy Obelisk, the perfectly manicured gardens of King Edward Park give a colonial English feel to the place. Incidentally, the colonial-era founders of Newcastle apparently had a penchant for dodgy-sounding names, with attractions like Nobby's Head, Fort Scratchley and Blackbutt Reserve. Fort Scratchley is the only Australian fort to have engaged an enemy, after an attack on Newcastle by a Japanese submarine in World War II - interesting given that Newcastle today begs the question, 'why bother?' Towards the west are increasingly working-class suburbs along the train line back to Sydney.

It's a crappy yet quirky city for bohemians and barflies, op-shoppers and old folk, labourers and long weekend day trippers.



Newcastle Nite Life



A phony real estate agency for Novocastrian squatters



Stan peruses an unsuspecting Novocastrian zine fiend



Gemma meets her (not-so-) secret crush, Santo Cilauro

This Is Not Art / The National Young Writers' Festival

The appeal of TINA resulted not only from its tip-top student media schedule, but also from the opportunity it provided to learn from the teachings of other members of the arts family. Other facets of the festival included: National Young Writers' Festival (teaching the 'I before E' rule and many other pearls of wisdom), Sound Summit (focussed on production and business operations behind independent electronica and hiphop), Electrofringe (with viewings from local and international audiovisual makers to satiate the most avid of voyeurs), Radioactive (national radio industry), the Second Oceania Indymedia Convergence (mediums doin' it for themselves), and colourful displays of Shopfront Art (to add spark to those evening strolls). Needless to say, with such a diverse crowd, the seminars and workshops were interesting and eclectic. The topics ranged from 'cybercultures' and spoken word to 'dumb white males' and hiphop.

One panellist at the "Does anyone know a Liberal voter?" seminar issued some insightful advice to an audience member in regards to no topic in particular; "Watch it! What it!" (repetitively). But went on to calm frazzled audience members by assuring them that if the didn't happen to see 'it' they can

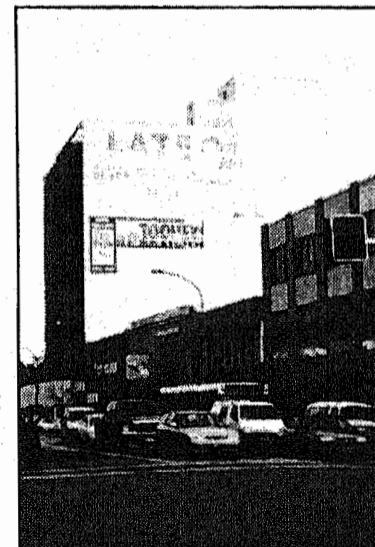
"watch me, because I am watching it!". After absorbing an hour and a half of this and other similar advice, most audience members left feeling more confused about their political orientation than before they entered.

Although these sessions provided us with much glee by day, the real merriment came

at night as hungry students feasted on the bevy of free food and wine available at the numerous publisher-funded launches. In fact, aside from veggie burgers distributed from the catering combie van, h'oderves solely comprised most attendee's diets. Other popular night time activities included; trading of zines and stickers, enjoying Newcastle's famous alcoholic ginger beer at the Festival Club, and vandalising the Army Reserves' promotional tent and faux warzone

display, set up in adjacent park.

All of these elements seemed to blend to make a peculiar but thoroughly enjoyable stew, all boiled up in the sweaty heat of the most popular seminar room, the "Totally and Permanently Disabled RSL". Ahh Newcastle, more contradictions than you can poke a gluten free/soya based stick at.



Rush Hour, Newcastle style!

Newcastle social scene

Newcastle is a 'strange fish', attracting a wide variety of people, from spaced-out hippie backpackers to mullet-clad dock workers, all of who don't mind an ale or seven. This, combined with a massive university and a healthy dose of urban degradation adds up to an underground scene that flourishes during an arts festival.

The Hunter (or 'Hunna' to the locals) is located two doors down from where the festival pitched its headquarters. While *On Dit* was in town, The Hunter was full of pale, long-haired beatnik types filling the place with cigarette smoke and strange feedback-base music. A friend of one of the musicians gave us the hard word when we reacted to the place with some extemporaneous interpretative dance. Seems like the patronage was too precious for our take on Newcastle's unique brand of noir metal.

Located just around the corner from the Hunter is the Clarendon, a well-lit bar full of fashionable posers and unpleasantly drunk middle-management types. This appears to be the place where much of Newcastle's dwindling pseudo-glitteratti converge.

However, by day all kinds of organised craziness can take place in the plaza behind the bar - like Sunday afternoon's Chilled Experiments set - and it shouldn't cost you anything to have a look.

We had hell of a time at a place called The Star, which apparently used to be a hive of artistic activity. Nowadays it is a slick bar with a back-lit logo and pokies in the back room. Newcastle too seems to suffer from an aging population. Nevertheless, the beer was cheap and many of the patrons were associated in one way or another with the festival.

Surrounded by factories, industrial waste and boarded up shopfronts, the Novocastrian youth appear to be making a good fist of what they have. The Electrofringe Festival, for example, attracted a wide variety of electronic acts from Brisbane and Sydney, the highlight of which was the Hardware Warehouse rave on Saturday night.

In short, Newcastle isn't as dingy as you might think. Even if it is, it can be fun to marvel at the town's strange underground atmosphere.

Stuff we learned

The conference was valuable on a number of levels. Although there were a number of conferences running concurrently with many cross-promoted sessions, the Student Media Conference did have the most relevant offerings for student media types (funnily enough). Sessions usually took the format of three or four speeches by assigned speakers followed by opening up the floor to questions, and were held on topics as wide-ranging as 'Freedom of speech and how to live without it', 'Sue me while I'm still poor', 'Digging up dirt in a squeaky clean world', and 'Printing press? That's so 1970s...'. Unfortunately, technical sessions were a little light on, with the 'Layout for aesthetes' session being particularly unhelpful ("I know a lot of really nice body text fonts, like Times New Roman, and uh... um... let me think of some more... um..."), but the sessions related to content, boosting readership, editorial philosophies, ethical and legal dilemmas and the practicalities of running a newspaper more than made up for this.

As described in its promotional material, the conference did indeed provide opportunities for skill-sharing and networking. *On Dit* made friends with some nice editors and ex-editors from other papers (in particular, finding kindred spirits in the eds of the only other weekly paper in Australia,

Honi Soit of the University of Sydney) talked shop with professionals, and even got to shake hands with famous people. Of the most charismatic and informative were freelance journalist Bob Burton, ex-journo, radio personality, lecturer and half of B(if)tek Kate Crawford, *Revolver* and *HQ's* Lee Tran Lam, and *Working Dog's* Santo Cilauro of *Frontline*, *The Castle* and *The Panel* fame.

Panel members did tend to be a little eastern states-centric in their approach, but this is no doubt a result of the lack of any South Australians volunteering their expertise. This is a situation *On Dit* hopes to rectify next year.

Perhaps the most valuable information was gleaned from the informal chats over the Brewery's famous alcoholic ginger beer in the Festival Club or at well-catered exhibition openings. Learning of other student papers' struggles and triumphs in day-to-day existence over funding, censorship and political issues was most enlightening.

For those who have been scared off by reports on other national conferences as being unproductive, factional shitfights, never fear. The Student Media Conference has an atmosphere more akin to the Fringe Festival with the added bonus of being able to chat with the performers afterwards. The conference is open to anyone even vaguely interested in media and is well worth the trip. For more information visit:

<http://www.studmedia.org>.



Another session unfolds at the Totally and Permanently Disabled Soldiers Incorporated Building

Student Media in Australia

If there's one thing you can learn from meeting the teams behind other student papers, it's that you learn to distinguish between what makes a good paper and what makes a bad paper, and which circumstances make producing a paper easy and which circumstances make producing a paper really fucking hard. In my humble opinion, your very own *On Dit* isn't doing too badly. Although having had three editions cut this year due to funding hiccups, *On Dit* enjoys virtual autonomy from what could be a heavy-handed students' association/guild/representative council/what-have-you, is managed by a cohesive editorial team directly elected by students rather than a medley of factional members thrown together to work it all out, releases a new edition every week, and balances a careful blend of news and information with reviews and funny stuff. A quick look at some student papers in other states draws some interesting contrasts...

Getamungsttit, Griffith University, Gold Coast

The editors of this publication are not elected directly by students, but are appointed through a board. Eight editions are produced per year, with a print run of 3000 copies (although 8000 are printed for the O'Week edition). Each edition is 48 to 60 pages of full colour, glossy paper.

Getamungsttit experienced some draconian censorship in 2001, with no religious or political expression permitted. Ouch. In one incident, the publication of a visual arts student's work depicting a scarecrow was deemed 'anti-Catholic', and all copies of it were pulped.

Attitudes towards the content of student papers appear to be very university- or campus-specific. In contrast to the SAUA's office bearer line-up containing the 'activist' portfolios of education, women's, sexuality and environment, Griffith Gold Coast have a President, a Vice-President (akin to our own Activities/Campaigns Vice-President), a Chair of Sport, and a Chair of Student Affairs (what are the other portfolios for then?). University culture very much dictates what can and cannot be published, and what content will boost or cut readership - at Griffith Gold Coast, political issues and current affairs don't seem to make people pick up papers.

Also of interest is the method of transport the *Getamungsttit* crew used to get to Newcastle: a new eight-seater van, lent to them by their students' association. Lucky schmucks.

Tabula Rasa, Swinburne University, Melbourne

Editions are produced monthly, or three per semester. A print run of 4500 copies combined with widespread student apathy - 10 per cent of students vote in elections - means that bundles of the paper usually end up being thrown out. (This also wasn't helped by a disgruntled ex-editor ditching piles of it in the bin, who was eventually captured on security footage and had images of his misdemeanour published.) This year's editors consider *Tabula Rasa* to have a more entertaining and journalistic focus, rather than a political one. The editors made a switch to full colour, glossy covers in an attempt to boost readership, as well as handing out copies of the paper at uni events.

Emit, Monash University, Griffith, Victoria

The editor of this publication is elected as a media representative by the students. This campus of Monash has an unusual population in that 4000 of its 6000 students are 'off-campus', which can't help in developing

campus culture. Each edition (exact number unknown) has a print run of 3000. *Emit* relies on advertising for its existence, and its editors are also responsible for the student diary and wall planner. Phew! The reps from *Emit* at the conference said 2002 was the first year of political content, with its front-page coverage of Monash's plagiarist of a Vice-Chancellor attracting mainstream media attention.

Other interesting stuff to come out of story-swapping:

- the University of Wollongong never has a shortage of contributors, because it can pay them! A media collective of 25-30 people provides the content for its paper

- *Grok*, of Curtin University, Western Australia, advertises externally to fill its editor position, in the hope of "external professionalism". This editor, who doesn't have to be a student, works full-time and is paid \$28,000 per annum. It should also be noted that Curtin is one of the universities under voluntary student unionism

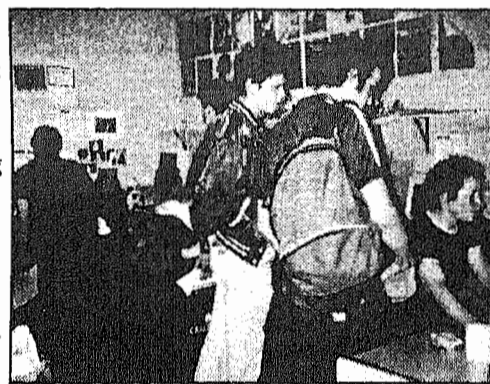
- Those universities with strong media, communications and journalism faculties have no better luck enticing more students to contribute regularly than those without these media-relevant students. Huh?

Written by Gemma Clark, Bonnie Cruickshank and Tristan Mahoney
Photography by Gemma 'Chill it' Clark and Mikey 'Kick it' Fyfe

On Dit and Honi Soit: Bizarre Similarities and Differences



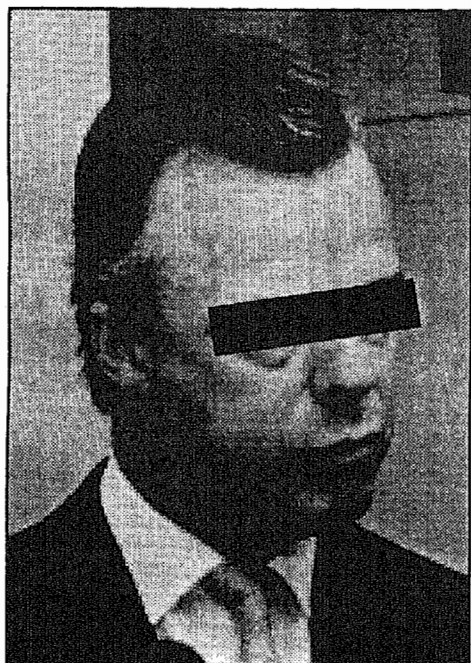
French name, often pronounced incorrectly, meaning 'what the people are saying'.	French name, often pronounced incorrectly, meaning 'evil be', from a greater phrase 'honi soit qui mal y pense'.
Belongs to the students' association of a sandstone university	Belongs to the students' representative council of a sandstone university (University of Sydney)
Established in 1932	Established in 1929
Steered by a maximum of three editors, elected in annual student elections, who share an honorarium of \$48,000	Steered by a maximum of thirteen (regulations now amended to ten) editors, elected in annual student elections, who share an honorarium of \$33,000
Produced in a dank, stuffy basement office (floor space approximately 40 square metres)	Produced in a dank, stuffy, basement office (floor space approximately 25 square metres)
Released on a weekly basis	Released on a weekly basis
Has a print run of 3500 copies, of editions of 36 - 40 pages	Has a print run of 5000 copies, of editions of 24 pages
Scrapes through on a scant budget (no glossy covers, pages same thickness as bog roll)	Operates on a somewhat more generous budget of \$150,000 per year
Must accept advertising for financial survival (advertising budget \$55,000, inc. GST)	Is not required to accept advertising
Rejected an advertisement from the Department of Defence on political and moral grounds	Rejected an advertisement from the Department of Defence on political and moral grounds
Enjoys limited political censorship	Has any comment on student elections censored, DSP reviews it.
Has a layout style favouring gaudy stars	Has a layout style favouring gaudy stars



On Dit compares notes with Honi Soit

CROSSROADS

The responsibility of the student?



Few people realise that Dr Nelson is in fact a deranged CIA agent.

I detest Crossroads. I have read the report and believe that such an attack on equity of access to education and academic integrity cannot go unchallenged. But there is one issue which, although not fully realised in the report, underpins some of its basic assumptions which I find to be somewhat compelling. It is simply this: that students are granted a great gift (a 'right' to education) and yet rarely do we see signs of a corresponding responsibility being shown towards the society that has conferred this upon them.

Now do not misunderstand me. I think the Federal Government's declarations that, as students get the most benefit from their study they should pay for it, misleading and demeaning of the importance of education. But I do find that, in general, students believe that this 'right' to education, means that once they have graduated they can go off and make lots of money in their chosen profession without giving anything back. And this is wrong.

As students of the higher education sector in Australia, we have accepted a responsibility to be the 'elite' of the future. We have taken upon ourselves the weight of making Australia work in the years to come in a very real social, political, cultural and (dare I say it) economic sense. If, having accepted such a responsibility through the benefit of public funding, we are then going to use our new skills for only our own financial betterment, then we must be willing to accept the full cost of our knowledge and not burden society with it. It is fairly obvious that, by a rigid adherence to the doctrines of economic rationalism, competition and self-interest, the government has engendered this behaviour in us. But we are supposed to be able to think for ourselves.

I believe that the only way to counter the logic of the government is by action. We, as responsible and aware students and graduates, must show that the social capital

that is gained through our right to 'free' education outweighs the cost to the government. By simply working to enrich ourselves, we provide further fuel for the economic rationalists to tear at the very fabric of our education.

Use your knowledge for the good of the community. Vote! Become active in your local

government. Volunteer your skills and services. Be active civically and lobby your local MP on issues with which you will have an educated view. Ensure your professional fees are reasonable. Be professionally outspoken about social ills. But most importantly, recognise that you

have a very special responsibility by virtue of the level of your education and realise that you are obliged to give something back.

By simply working to enrich ourselves, we provide further fuel for the economic rationalists to tear at the very fabric of our education.

Brett Whittaker
is pursuing a Bachelor of International Studies

★ 2003
On Dit ★

Fame! Notoriety! ★
Chronic sleep deprivation!

We're looking for a group of enthusiastic, dedicated and friendly students to contribute to On Dit for 2003. If you are interested in journalism, design or just like the idea of being involved with independent student press, why not put your hand up?

Applications are now open for:

Current Affairs Sub-editors

Objective, relevant and entertaining coverage of local, national and global issues.



Local Music and Arts/Theatre Sub-editors

News, reviews and interviews of Adelaide artists, both established and up-and-coming.

An Advertising Manager, who'll get paid.

Vox Pop Sub-editors

Our very own paparazzo, interviewing and snapping students to bring you the word on the street.

Bar & Restaurant Sub-editors

Writing and co-ordinating reviews of Adelaide's eateries and drinking holes.

Campus Reporters

Sniffing out and exposing varsity news good and bad.

Music, Film and Literature Sub-editors

Liaising with music, film and publishing reps to negotiate the best free shit for a veritable posse of reviewers. Everyone will want to be your friend!

Opinion Sub-editors

Writing and soliciting rants on a diverse range of issues.

Wayward sub-editors
Kreating a crazy, kooky compilation of kampus kulture. (Funny stuff.)



If you're not quite ready to see your name in lights, never fear. We're building an army of writers, reporters, columnists, reviewers, artists, designers, cartoonists, photographers and more.

WHAT TO DO:

Get your application form from the Students' Association or stop by the On Dit Office and talk to Bonnie, Tristan or Gemma. Applications close 5pm on Monday November 25. Interviews for positions commence early December.



CRITICAL ★ MASS ★

more than just free-wheeling hijinks

AS FAR AS I'm concerned, cycling is one of the least offensive past-times imaginable. When I first bought my bike nearly a year ago, it occurred to me how hard it was to maintain a surly disposition whilst cycling along Linear Park on a balmy summer's day.

Cycling is cheap. After the initial outlay of a couple of hundred dollars (or less, there are a lot of cheap second-hand bikes available) it will only cost you a very small amount to maintain.

It's quick. It beats walking, and when driving to and from uni in peak hour traffic, I like the feeling of cruising past commuters trapped in their metal boxes.

It's easy. Most people have the balance inherent in riding a bike, and if they don't I'm sure that they can pick it up with ease.

It's clean. Obviously there are no greenhouse emissions associated with cycling.

It's good for the body and soul. It keeps you fit if you do it regularly and it generally makes you feel great.

It's exhilarating. I always get this feeling when I'm on my bike that it could carry me anywhere, given the unusually efficient transfer of effort to motive power. Riding through the parklands at night is kind of cool, especially since the paths are black, it's like you're floating in raw firmament. The paths undulate, but since you can't see them, there's no way of anticipating it and you get a sense of being carried aloft on the gusts of the universal ether or somesuch freaky thing.

So cycling has all these positive aspects associated with it. It is entirely harmless, benign, unhurtful, and any other synonym I can think of for inoffensive.

That's why I get so puzzled at how derided cycling is. Take a case in point: I was cruising through the neighbourhood streets of Glynde and I passed by a social gathering of several dozen adolescent men. One of them turned to me as I glided past and said something or other but his voice was lost in the wind through my ears and I didn't hear. I cycled on half a street. Another group was there, obviously heading towards this party, and as I approached, several of them started to shout the same thing at me that the first guy said. Eventually I heard what it was they were saying; "Real men ride women!"

Real men ride women. Whatever. Apart from the pathetic sexism and homophobia of the remark, regardless of the fact that the very reason I was spending twenty minutes on my bike riding through the suburbs was that I expected to score some action at my destination, it seems an entirely pointless and churlish thing to shout. The two groups shouted it independently so it must be a fairly accepted belief.

Another time, I was in Super Elliots and a guy came in to the shop to ask for a new rear wheel. I looked over, and in his hand he had a buckled rear wheel he was obviously wanting to replace. I overheard the story of how his wheel got that way and I got angry. The cyclist was attempting to cross an intersection, and the car driving next to him, displaying total disregard for life and limb, decided to turn left, driving over the cyclist if the need arose. As it turned out, the cyclist managed to jump off, leaving his bicycle to be crushed and escaping with nothing worse than a few scratches. He was laughing about it, "Yeah, but at least I've still got my legs." That is an admirable sentiment I suppose, but it also demonstrates how accepting we as a society have become of this attitude of contempt towards cyclists.

My point is this: Why is it that cycling is so devalued? Cyclists have as much right to the road as cars do, and use their space much more efficiently. It's illegal to ride on the footpath, but often I'd rather risk a fine than gamble with my life at an intersection. It has become entirely acceptable, it seems, to intimidate and in some cases physically harm cyclists if you're in a car. I can handle the abuse, but I'd take a very dim view indeed of someone thinking that it would be a good idea to nudge me along the road or open a car door in my face.

THIS IS WHY I attended Critical Mass on the first Friday of the holidays. Critical Mass is a worldwide movement of

cyclists to reclaim road space and force people to acknowledge the right of cyclists to use the road. Every last Friday of the month, cyclists gather at one of the city's squares, usually Hindmarsh, at about 5.30pm and then spend the evening riding around on the streets. On Friday September 27, given that it was Car Free Day, quite a few people came out to ride together. When it was approaching 6 o'clock we set off with much ringing of bell. We set off down Pirie St,



Once the workers reclaim the streets they will be free to play bicycle polo.

making noise and raising awareness of Car Free Day and the merits of cycling. Our progress was well received as we swept through the Central Markets at which point my bell broke (bugger!) through over-zealous ringing. A few motorists were a little irate but usually we would indicate that they could take a side street to avoid us because we had no intention of conceding the road. Sometimes a cyclist would pull up alongside a car with an open window and explain that we were traffic too, had a right to the road that all we asked was their understanding and that it would only delay them for five minutes. This worked quite effectively.

After we passed through the markets though, we encountered a lot of motorists who typified the kind of attitude that created the need for Critical Mass. These motorists were a reckless lot who thought nothing of trying to intimidate us by accelerating up to us and trying to force their way through. Also, as the evening began, the cretins started coming out for the night. This caused a whole lot of comments to be directed at us such as, "Get a job," which was almost as popular as, "Fuck off, you dirty hippies," and, "Have a shower and wash your hair." However, there was also a lot of support and coming down Rundle Street and several cyclists having a coffee got up and joined us. Grenfell Street was frightening because one driver was so livid I was

sure that he was going to knock someone down. His passenger was screaming at him, appealing to him to calm down as he got more and more rabid.

After over an hour of riding, the first police presence was encountered at Hindley Street. Quite disappointingly, I rode away. What happened is that several of the riders without lights and helmets sprinted off and, subscribing to an admittedly pathetic herd mentality I followed by reflex. That was a shame because there wasn't much they could do for two reasons. Firstly, if everyone was adhering to safety gear laws, all we had to do was pull over to the side of the road and ride past.

Secondly, if they did stop us, then there wasn't an awful lot they could charge us with. If everyone claimed that they were just riding through coincidentally and that they'd always ridden on the side of the road and not been part of whatever group it was that was obstructing traffic, then I imagine it would be very difficult to prove otherwise. Further, since they were only two and we were about twenty (excluding those who didn't have safety equipment), if we rode past them in the middle of the road whilst they were talking to the front riders, there's no physical way they would be able to stop us.

This all occurred in retrospect and I kicked myself thoroughly while riding home. Still, it was a lot of fun and very effective.

THE IDEA IS that if consistently this happens with significant numbers lending themselves to the number hopefully a paradigm shift can be influenced such that motorists become accustomed to the fact that cyclists are traffic too and deserve a lot more recognition and respect. As more people are attracted to start riding bikes through this shift and making a habit of it, the idea will become self-perpetuating. This is the concept of 'Critical Mass,' the idea of having a critical number of cyclists involved to sway the balance and influence society to re-evaluate the accepted 'truths' about transport.

It has been very successful around the world in influencing change. For example, I have heard that in Sweden the government refused to mark bicycle lanes on the streets because of the cost. In response hundreds of cyclists mobilised across the country to clog the streets and make a point. The bicycle lanes were eventually marked.

It is certain that we made at least a few people start to think about why we were doing this and hopefully assert the fundamental merits of cycling.

What we were demonstrating is, on a small scale, what we have to deal with every day on a much larger scale if the roles are reversed. We hogged the road and made life difficult for motorists, which is pretty much what happens all the time with cyclists.

It is also a spot-on demonstration of the extent to which cycling is devalued, given that multitude of childish

remarks that the action attracted.

So I appeal to anyone who likes to cycle, feels intimidated on the roads or owns a bike, get into it! Come on down to Victoria Square at five o'clock every last Friday of the month. It's great fun, and also is a great way of making a statement about reclaiming road space.

Jekabs Rozitis
does wheelies to impress cute people

It is certain that we made at least a few people start to think about why we were doing this and hopefully assert the fundamental merits of cycling.

PR / media.

How the Public Relations industry controls what we hear, see and think.

It's no secret that the commercial media is nowhere near the independent source of news and current affairs that it could be. After a cursory glance at the likes of *Today Tonight*, *The Advertiser* and *The Herald Sun* anyone with an ounce of nous will realise that much of the media industry is about as informative and formidable as a monkey with a typewriter.

The mainstream media's reliance upon the public relations industry does nothing to help this depressing situation. Faced with dwindling staff, a lack of resources and a protracted downturn in the advertising market, overworked editors and journalists are relying on press releases (churned out by large PR companies) as their prime source of information. Studies have revealed that an average of 65 percent of the content of the *Sydney Morning Herald* is the result of information released by PR companies. Worse still, it is believed that more than 90 percent of the daily business section in *The Australian* is the result of PR, while it is fairly safe to say that most of the content of papers like *The Advertiser* and *The Herald Sun* is thinly paraphrased PR.

These figures are frightening to say the least. They clearly show that the mainstream media has placed itself at the mercy of those individuals, corporations and government organisations wealthy enough to employ the

services of an influential PR company. Tragically overworked journalists are no longer willing to gather material independently – why leave the office when there's a pile of carefully written press releases next to the fax machine?

The cosy relationship between PR and the media is by no means a new phenomenon. The concept of public relations was made famous by French entrepreneur Edward Bernays, who is often referred to as 'the father of PR'. Bernays first took advantage of the idea during the First World War leading him to become involved with the US War Department Committee on Public Information. Having learnt the effectiveness of wartime propaganda, the Wilson Administration ensured that Bernays was amongst the American press contingent covering the Versailles peace conference. With Bernays whispering in the collective ear of the press, the White House knew that it would be painted in a favourable light no matter what the outcome of the conference. Since then, powerful interests in western society have taken full advantage of PR's formidable influence over the media.

However, there are two factors that make the current relationship between PR and the media of greater concern than ever. One stems from the fact that mass media such as

television, radio, syndicated newspapers and the Internet allow PR companies to broadcast to the kind of audiences that Bernays could only have dreamt about. Secondly, a closer look at the PR industry reveals one of the most lucrative industries in Australia, turning over billions of dollars every year, with an annual growth rate currently in excess of 25 percent.

Traditionally, it has been the nastier elements of our society that take advantage of the services of the PR industry. In the United States, car companies, conservative governments, energy conglomerates, big tobacco companies and the military provided the historic foundation of PR, and remain the largest and most lucrative clients of the more dominant PR firms. Here, the armed forces, large mining companies and the Federal Government provide the Australian PR industry's bread and butter.

Given the sheer cost of a sustained PR campaign, the less wealthy interests in our society find it almost impossible to attract attention from the mainstream media. On top of this, a culture of corporate spin is prevailing amongst the larger organisations in our society. The big end of town is no longer expected to speak for itself – it is becoming more and more acceptable to pay a professional to do the talking for you. What's more, the techniques used by PR firms are fast becoming the only way of attracting attention from media outlets. Essentially, the mass media's addiction to PR campaigns has marginalised the rest of us while government and big business bathe in the glow of their own carefully choreographed notoriety.

Throughout its history, the PR industry has attempted to justify its existence with claims of social purpose. While they were busy defending big tobacco companies and helping the US government control the flow of information, 'pioneers' like Edward Bernays insisted that PR was merely the art of educating the polity. According to Bernays, PR practitioners merely allowed various interests to communicate with the wider public. What few people from both the mainstream media and the PR industry fail to either understand or admit is that any semblance of independent journalism is cast out the window when press releases provide the basis of content. Furthermore, even if the deadline-stricken journalist finds the time to investigate the story behind a press release, the PR company has still provided the original idea for the story.

PR companies are setting the news media's agenda to a greater extent than ever before. At worst, they are capable of controlling information by invisibly manipulating the opinion makers in our society. It was the Australian Defence Force's savvy use of PR that was largely responsible for the media's coverage of both the Tampa and children overboard affairs, which many political commentators believe to have resulted in the Howard Government's victory at the last election. Shades of Chomsky's notion of 'manufacturing consent' spring to mind...

In the face of such a dire situation, suggestions about what can be done are few and far between. At a recent seminar on the relationship between PR and the media, a member of the audience suggested that a tax could be placed on the PR industry, the revenue of which could be earmarked for some kind of regulatory body. This is an interesting idea in theory, but begs all manner of logistical questions. How does one enforce a tax on such a wide reaching and ill-defined industry? How on earth does one regulate the PR industry in the first place? And for

that matter, what happens when corporations inevitably begin to rely on their own in-house PR departments instead of a heavily taxed – and therefore even more expensive – PR industry.

So if PR is so difficult to regulate, we obviously need to do something at the other end of the equation. Somehow, the mainstream media needs to deal with its own reliance on public relations. Currently, organisations such as the Australian Press Council and the Federation of Australian Commercial Television Networks act like pseudo governing bodies, but are incapable of enforcing the kind of standards that would otherwise protect against PR generated 'cheer-squad journalism'. While self regulation has its merits (not least in protecting the media from both government and corporate interests), the only way the media can adequately separate itself from PR is through some kind of independent regulation.

In the meantime, it looks for all the world like PR is here to stay. The least we can do is remain constantly aware of the fact an overwhelming portion of journalism is the result of spin. We can no longer rely on the mainstream media as an independent source of information.

Tristan Mahoney

PR / Newspeak

Information subsidies, n.

Patronising term coined by early PR practitioners. Implies that the PR industry is generous enough to 'subsidise' the information received by media outlets.

Greenwashing, v.

Often humorous technique used by PR firms to make their clients appear environmentally friendly. eg. fast food companies making a song and dance about the introduction of a small amount of partially-recycled packaging.

Bluwashing, v.

A similar attempt to associate an organisation with other seemingly 'humanitarian' causes. Eg. Phillip Ruddock wearing an Amnesty International badge during interviews and at press conferences.

Cheer squad

journalism, n.

Overly enthusiastic endorsement of a specific interest, usually encouraged by a PR firm. Most common on prime time television or in the 'lifestyle' sections of newspapers.

New Labour, n.

British Labour
 +
 conservative electorate
 +
 MASSIVE amount of PR
 +
 New Labour!

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The Stanley George Variety Page

IT RECENTLY OCCURRED TO me that too many of us find it difficult to resist the temptation to thoughtlessly blame the ills of the world on the United States. Unfortunately, as with many lessons in life, I managed to learn this truth shortly after being brutally (and deservedly) shot out of the sky.

Allow me to set the scene. I'm sitting at a table with three Australians, two Germans, one Swede and an American. The eight of us are holidaying at my housemate's shack in a flyblown coastal town called Stansbury. The sun is shining. Classical music is playing. There is beer in the fridge and a bottle or two of cheap fortified wine for later. On the table is a supermarket chicken, a fresh garden salad and several small fish that we had caught from the nearby jetty. Everything was in place for an idyllic weekend away.

It wasn't my idea to sit at the head of the table, I swear.

Nobody else was willing to sit there, and there weren't any other chairs left. With the benefit of hindsight, I should have snaffled a seat next to the chicken where my drunken vitriol would have attracted less attention.

The conversation had turned to the problem of American Imperialism. One of the Germans was putting forward the argument that it isn't necessarily the fault of the United States that the rest of the world is prone to blindly accept its will. "Is it the American's fault that it is the only 'adult'?" Of course the Americans are looking after their own interests - so should every other country. Shouldn't the onus be on the rest of the world to look after itself?"

It was something along those lines. I'm not entirely sure. At the time I was too busy thinking of something clever and witty to say. After all, taking a position opposite American politics / society / culture / foreign policy is all the rage in the circles I tend to move in. As such, cogent though the German's argument was, I took it upon myself to take an opposing stance. "Bollocks," I replied. "American Imperialism is the bane of the entire global community. It's an insidious, creeping, homogenising abyss of violence and money. As far as I'm concerned, the United States represents a terminal disease - a creeping, festering cancer on the face of civilisation."

Something to that effect, anyway. I was a little drunk at the time. Less than an hour earlier I had been engaged in a rollocksome round of golf with two members of the Australian contingent and a hipflask full of Jamaican rum. Needless to say, my internal censor was on an extended coffee break by the time we all sat down to lunch. I should have noticed the sole American at the table grinding her teeth. Trouble was brewing.

Mercifully, the conversation turned to a slightly less controversial topic. One of the Australians pointed out how

cool it would be if we all became a crack team of ninja assassins who would stealthily eliminate troublesome world leaders like Bill Gates, John Howard, and Osama. We all agreed that it was an excellent idea, until I suggested that an assassination attempt can just as easily turn the victim into a popular hero, what with mass media, public sympathy, martyrdom and all that.

All of a sudden, I was deftly cut off by the American. "You know, I'm sick of your attitude, Stan." Silence. I was a sitting duck. "You've never been to the States. How can you make such generalisations about millions of people you've never met?"

Uh oh. In one fell swoop I had been exposed for the belligerent, hypocritical dolt that I was. There was little I could do but attempt to lighten the situation with self deprecation. I'm an expert at self deprecatory humour - there is rarely a shortage of material. "Hey, I have so been to the States! I spent two whole hours in an LA airport. I bought a key ring. See?" I frantically fished about my pockets for a star-spangled souvenir that I knew I had left back in Adelaide.

To be fair, I managed to defend myself to some extent. I tried telling her that I wasn't necessarily referring to the American experience of assassination. After all, if John Howard caught a sniper's bullet, his popularity would doubtless skyrocket.

But it was too late. I had already been reduced to the argumentative

fool who thought he could sit at the head of the table and pass judgement on 250 million Americans. What I - along with many other self-important lefties - had forgotten was that a significant majority of Americans aren't gas-guzzling, gun-toting, war-mongering, bible-bashing, baby-eating Republicans. Some of them are as humble, kind and peaceful as General MacArthur was arrogant, cruel and warlike. Indeed, one of them was sitting across the table from me.

Oops.

My point is this. The United States government may be rife with violence and stupidity, but that doesn't give us licence to blame the American people when we ourselves can't stop our own government from fawning all over the White house. Blaming the current state of the world on America is akin to blaming the stench of the Torrens on fungus. We are the ones who allowed the fungus to grow, and we are the ones who continue to perpetuate it. Okay, so the similie breaks down a little, but you all catch my drift.

Having eaten faster than everyone else at the table and retreated into a self-imposed exile from the conversation, I had to think of something to get my mind of my crushing defeat. The best I came up with was sculpting a crude dove out of the remaining cheese wax. Dear me. When will I learn?

Blaming the current state of the world on America is akin to blaming the stench of the Torrens on algae.

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In the tradition of Luther, Galileo and Darwin, herein lies a challenge of the accepted wisdom, an affront to the accepted religious paradigm of the time; namely, IT solutions.

During the mid-year holidays I had the pleasure of dealing with Peoplesoft in accessing my grades. As usual I was treated to the typical rigmarole of flaws and bugs, inexplicable misconnections, accessing other people's results, pointlessly horrible Americanised interfaces using unfamiliar Yank jargon and results not being available when I've been emailed that they've been posted.

It got me thinking, what wondrous tribute to e-bureaucracy will we be surprised with next year? What ghastly ordeal will we have to undergo next time around? It would be fun to speculate where next year's set of unusable software will be sourced from. So, for your perusal, here are...

By Yak

5 B-Grade Software Packages

the University could find a use for

1) Pagansoft

Description:

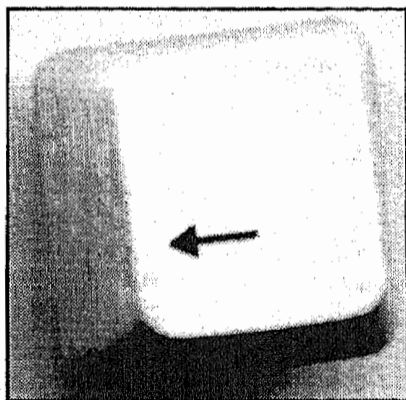
To be registered on this system, on enrolment you have to bring your tax file number, birth certificate and two dead pigeons or a bloodied goat's head. The timetables will be decided by phases of the moon, and every time you log in you will have to reaffirm fealty to the mother goddess.

Applicability:

This option is attractive for the university because it doesn't foster a spirit of enquiry, just acceptance of things that happen to be the harmonious natural order. Hence, anything that doesn't work like it should can be easily explained away by invoking the phenomenon of natural order. No more academic grievances! Hurrah! No more service complaints! Hurrah! No more harassment claims! Hurrah! Natural law has decreed it so. Let's all now get naked, paint ourselves in mud and cavort under the harvest moon. Hurrah!

Support:

There is a very helpful eDruid interface to deal with technical issues. It is not clear though, if the refectories would start stocking pints of rabbits' milk for the elaborate cleansing ceremonies involved in resolving them.



2) Dictatorsoft

Description:

This software streamlines all the functions of any self-respecting Dictatorship, including garnishing aid funds for importing Portuguese prostitutes as well as 'Apathitech' advances which increase the degree to which the First World turns a blind eye. The package comes with CashCrop v2.1 (with easier 'terrorise peasant' function), and KickBack v2.0 (works with CashCrop to ease trade to the First World). It works disturbingly smoothly, given the vast amounts of money that McDonalds and Nike have invested in its development.

Applicability:

There are rumours of a notorious C² clause having been included in drafts of the Nelson Review. C² refers, of course to Coffee and Coca and the plan is an ambitious programme of growing exportable crops on available university space to raise funds. It is my understanding that the University had put in a serious bid for this software in case the clause made it to the final review. Also, tracts of the Barr Smith Lawns have been earmarked for agriculture.

Support:

Once this system is implemented, the changes will be sweeping and involve more than just replacing PeopleSoft. This programme comes with its own operating system. Now, if you're not a Computer Science student you may not know this, but the basis of an operating system is its kernel. The kernel is always right. Do not question the kernel. The kernel has been appointed by the will of god/ the people/ my ailing grandmother and it is not your place to cast doubt on the ineffable will of god/ the people/ my ailing grandmother. Complaints being registered will cue a subroutine that displays the graphical representation of your complaint being taken out and shot.

3) HoodSoft

Description:

These days, to stay on the cutting edge of gang warfare, no half-way decent homie crew can do without streamlining their operation with this package. It includes MyGhetto, a user-friendly interface incorporating all the aspects of gang management into one convenient page.

Applicability:

University administration, having been accused of being out of touch with the student body has indicated interest in this package. The chancellor, when questioned as to the choice was quoted as saying, "For real, this be a dope opportunity to show those whack-assed students the degree to which we be down wi' the scene, you know what I'm saying? That's my word, booty!" There was also a view that, if the jargon was to become more obscure, it should at least be fun. As an example, a singular stationary implement, ie. pen becomes your 'piece.'

Support:

Although this system has got various functions to provide support such MyWelfare, an extensive part of the MyGhetto page, the assistance it offers is in such small amounts that you may be better off by manufacturing viruses that will generate pleasant graphic effects on computers and sell these to other students. Although you will in most cases irretrievably fuck your system up, you will make a whole lot of money and will worry less about university and the IT systems it uses.

4) OnDitSoft

Description:

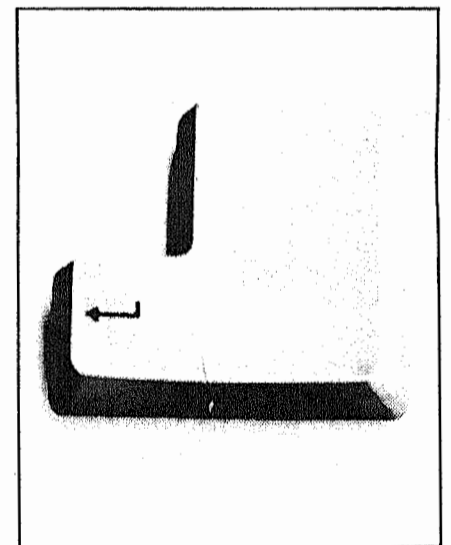
This software is sleek, intelligent and easy to use. It has a sexy interface and is witty and relevant. It also gets better every week.

Applicability:

The beauty of this system is that if there are any aspects of the programme you don't like, it is very easy to contact the programmers and submit your own code to optimise those aspects. What's even better is that you don't need to be a professional coder to contribute.

Support:

There's no need to call inaccessible hotlines or email customer service, all you need to do is to find your nearest office and come on down to mix it with the deliciously funky support team. They'll take care of your problems and offer useful and valuable personal advice.



5) CasinoSoft

Description:

Given the advent of online gambling, there has been an increasing need to develop a programme to deal with the various logistical issues involved. Hence the development of CasinoSoft. Its sophisticated random number algorithm can simulate games of chance, issue credit upon online payment and provide gimmicky distractions from the fact that you are being royally screwed.

Applicability:

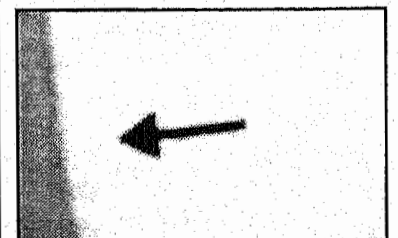
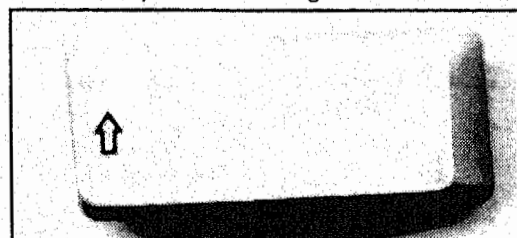
This software can be easily tailored to schedule timetables, accept online union fee payment and provide gimmicky distractions from the fact that the thing is a piece of shit and entirely useless for doing the things it claims to and that you want to have done.

It's comparatively cheap and is in favour with university administration given that the

current student body is likely to already be familiar with most aspects of its operation; namely, its inherent uncertainty.

Support:

Well, it clearly is the cheap option, so it seems silly to nullify this advantage by spending money on training academic staff in its use. It's a very smooth working programme that requires very little user support in the way it operates. Any objections to its implementation can be redeemed for e-chips which can be fed into a programme that will process the information and deal with the complaint. However, this will only occur if the random number algorithm can pick five consequent images of cherries out of a selection of various other images of skulls, bells and one-armed bandits. The odds of this happening are about 12 million to one.



Notice to Postgraduate Students at the University of Adelaide ELECTION OF POSTGRADUATE STUDENT MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL

Two nominations have been received for one vacancy:

PHIL HARRISON
HELEN KAVANAGH

There being more nominations than vacancies, on Wednesday, 6 November 2002 there will be an election of one postgraduate member of Council, for a one-year term from 6 March 2003 to 5 March 2004.

All postgraduate students of the University are eligible to vote in this election. Ballot papers will be sent automatically to all postgraduate students currently enrolled in the University. If you do not receive a ballot paper and wish to vote, please:

- Visit University Reception, Ground Floor, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus; or
- Phone 8303 4194 or
- Complete the form available on <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/governance/council> and send it to the Returning Officer, Division of the University Secretary, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus.

Ballots must be placed in a ballot box at the University before 6.00 pm on Wednesday, 6 November 2002 or posted or delivered to the Returning Officer at the University so as to arrive before 5.00 pm on that day.

Please note that the *University of Adelaide Act 1971* is currently under review and may be amended before 5 March 2003. It is possible that Council membership categories will be changed. It therefore cannot be guaranteed that any or all students elected will actually take up a position on the University Council. However, elections are proceeding in accord with current requirements.

SUSAN GRAEBNER
Returning Officer

HOW NOT TO SEE THE YORKE PENINSULA

Hello, travellers. You might remember me from my adventures in the Adelaide Hills last year, though it's probably best if you don't. Anyhow, this time I've been further afield discovering the secrets of this great state of ours and I'm proud to present this definitive guide on How Not to See The Yorke Peninsula.

Firstly, you'll be needing a friend in tow, preferably one who's been putting in the hard study yards interstate and is in need of a genuine South Aussie getaway. The friend's name is Jon, though substitutions can be made without seriously compromising the authenticity of your experience. Your 'Jon' will need to have access to his/her parents' station wagon and a shack in the prestigious resort town of Wool Bay. Before departing, you'll need to make an unbreakable pact not to return home until you've pulled something live and squirming from the sea.

Taking the necessary provisions is vital. You'll need a semi-functional CD player, a mutual appreciation for the work of Bon Jovi and Jimmy Barnes, and a carton of Carlton Cold (substitutions are acceptable only concerning the brand of beer, not the beer itself and definitely not the music). Marshmallows are a must, as, for reasons to become clear later, are tinned peaches.

Jon will arrive at your place well before dawn. Despite being mid-winter and dark, your mother will tell you to take sunscreen. Do your best "I'm not three anymore!" routine and hit the road.

Jon will do the driving on the way there as he has been to the fabled Wool Bay many times before. (Your only knowledge of the place comes via dim memory of Jon's Year 11 English project titled 'Wool Bay Has No Sheep'). Despite this, you will miss the correct turnoff and begin heading towards the wrong peninsula. Turn back.

Spend the two-and-a-half hour trip playing 'spot the abattoir' and getting any need for D&M conversation firmly out your system. Girls may need to drive longer to achieve this, but you'll be missing more than one turnoff to accommodate the need. (Brainwashed by Bonners and Barnsey, a certain degree of sexism will creep into your perspective too). Upon arrival, you will find the aforementioned 'shack' is in fact one of the largest iron sheds in the southern hemisphere, ingeniously containing a caravan with all the mod cons. It will also contain an enormous old radio with no recognisable tuning device (hope you like 5DN), a piece of ancient pottery with a cord stuck up its backside posing as a kettle and, of course, a piano. Thankfully, some unknown fairy has moved the tractor outside. You have no experience with tractors.

Go to the payphone down the road to inform parents of your safe arrival (as ordered). Your father will ask if you remembered sunscreen. Hang up.

Resolve to get down to the real business of the trip: fishing. Go to the store in the next town to buy live maggots and, more importantly, chocolate biscuits. Both suffice as snacks or bait. You and Jon will master the art of trace-making in quick time. You have only one bloodied finger.

Mentally and physically primed after feasting on Nutri Grain for the first time in years, you will march down to the jetty in a buzz of anticipation. There would be a spring in your step if only you weren't so weighed down with choc-chip mugeli bars. Jon will start catching things almost immediately. Do

your best to pretend this doesn't bother you, then secretly experience overwhelming relief when finally you hook something that isn't seaweed. The pair of you will end the afternoon devising an ingenious tag-team method for catching squid. One will squirt ink all over the expensive rain jacket you borrowed from your Dad. Perhaps you shouldn't have hung up on him.

The sunset over the cliffs will be strikingly beautiful. Leave the jetty very proud of your hunter-provider credentials, safe in the knowledge that with your powers combined you can outsmart small sea creatures.

Preparing the squid will be your first priority. This is not a process for the faint-hearted. You have a documented history of passing out and squid have a higher percentage of icky bits than any other creature known to man. Despite this you will perform brilliantly, producing an impressive pile of clean, prime calamari. You will have no idea how to cook it, so freeze it as evidence of those hunter credentials and cook pasta instead.

WARNING: The rear burner on the gas stove in the caravan will not light no matter how much gas you release. Releasing a similar amount from the front burner before lighting would be a mistake, however. It will produce an impressive explosion. Ironically, Jon will be struggling to light a fire in the combustion heater (with the remains of the Nutri Grain box) while you are inspecting your singed hair.

Preparation of food and fire will complete your satisfying regression to Primitive Man. But Primitive Man didn't have marshmallows! Jon will resolve to rise early in the morning when the fish are biting. Dream of the Big One That Got Away...

Begin Day Two by sleeping through half of it. Curse as if you really hadn't expected to do exactly that, then indulge in more Nutri Grain. You will decide that having come this far it would be silly not to go exploring around the peninsula a bit and drive down through the national park. Take a moment to scoff at roadworkers in Marion Bay who tell you 'There's no fish for 5000 miles'. Marvel at the lookouts, blowholes and shipwreck remains before being spooked by a guy in a bright yellow rainjacket at the Stenhouse Bay jetty who claims 'the fish bite on a full moon, you know'. You'll wonder if there's a hook beneath that long sleeve. You've seen *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*, haven't you... Despite the moon, you'll catch bugger all. Lesson for the day: Roadworkers know more than serial killers.

Decide to head back to the shack to spruce up for a big night on the town in Edithburgh. All will be swell until you make a wrong turn that necessitates taking a dirt road into Wool Bay. "These roads are so much fun", Jon will say. You'll concur by perhaps

accelerating a little quickly on what turns out to be a very loose surface. Suddenly the wagon will be swerving towards the trees. You'll try to wrest it back but it just bucks the other way. You'll have no control as the car snakes wildly back and forth deciding which line of trees to plough into. Knowing not to put on the brakes, you'll eventually do it anyway, putting the car into a 270 degree spin that ends in a superb reverse park between trees. 3.2 difficulty with a slight crash on entry. The best park you've ever done. And the worst, of course - You'll have dented the front panel. Thankfully, Jon will be remarkably calm. Strangely, so will you be, considering you've just endangered two people's lives and crashed someone else's car. You will, however, feel more sheepish than anyone else in Wool Bay.

Crawl back to the shack with the steering well and truly shot. You'll then dubiously decide you've earned some pub grub and nurse the car into Edithburgh. Once in town, both hotels will have just that minute turned off their grills. Have a beer anyway and discover that the owner who's been there seven years is 'still not a local'. Then head out into the night to discover a flat tyre. You'll



Tim hides his gooey travel secrets where you'd never look

eventually get it sorted and crawl back whence you came. At least you'll have the experience to cook sans fireball tonight. To cap off the evening Jon will report that you are now the proud guardians of a second flat tyre. Having used the spare already, you'll now be stranded: If Wool Bay has no sheep, it's not going to have a tyre centre, is it?

The first task of the morning must be to build your strength for the struggle ahead. Draw on the your last remaining source of sustenance, the tinned peaches. A man who travels without them is a fool and no mistake.

Some folk in Yorketown will deliver for a price (we're talking tyres, now, not peaches - stay with me) but they'll try and flog you a pair because they don't carry the sort on the car. Pointless trivia: the entire peninsula must run on Bridgestone. Enter the saviour of the situation, a wonderful local called Arthur who has the best shed in - bugger the southern hemisphere - the whole wide world. Two boats, a tractor, every tool imaginable and, thank Christ, an air compressor. It'll turn out the tyre isn't stuffed after all. After hacking out all the crap squeezed under the rim upon impact and reflating, she'll be good as gold.

WARNING: There is a right and a wrong way to screw on wheel nuts. What's more, the way that looks right is wrong. Putting them on backwards can result in cutting through and detaching of the wheel such that you will crash and die. Or so I am told. You, of course, will not have known this the previous night in Edithburgh when you

did it all wrong. Arthur will thus quite literally be your saviour. You will now think of him as Uncle Arthur.

Give Uncle Arthur all the beer you failed to polish off the night before and get on your bike, so to speak. It's not such a bad analogy given that the last time your steering was this bad you had trainer wheels.

To your wonder and amazement, Yorketown has a specialist Holden dealer who, despite the queues of vehicles parked outside, will sympathetically attend to you straight away. Take the opportunity to experience the playground facilities, which are second to none. Trust me, you don't know what excitement is until you've lugged your way down the spiral slippery dip. Several times. The bemused school children passing by won't seem to appreciate just how lucky they are.

The car will prove to have minimal mechanical damage and you'll be back in business within an hour. Soon, however, Jon will turn to you and say, "(Insert your name), there's something wrong with the accelerator. There's no power." You will, of course, have been so concerned with the greater well-being of the vehicle that you both neglected to feed it. Leave the hazard lights on and resolve to walk to the next town on the map. It's written in big letters so there will surely be somewhere to get some fuel. Only when you have trudged some fair distance and resorted to hitch-hiking with a friendly doctor (prejudice will inform you that an expensive car with two baby seats in the back is about as safe as you'll get when accepting rides from strangers) will you discover that your destination is not really a 'town' at all and the next servo is a good 20km up the road. Intelligence scale: you < map maker < serial killer < roadworker.

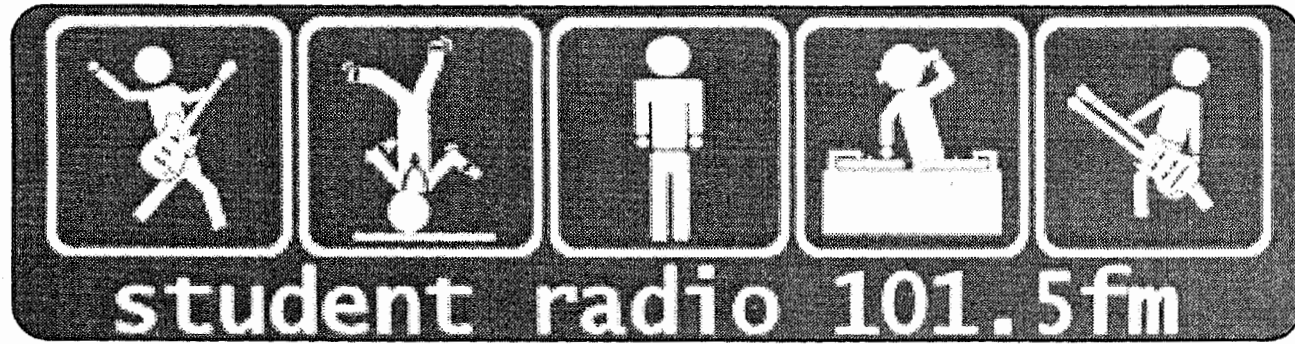
Dropped at the servo outside Ardrossan, you will have no choice but to accept a huge old kerosine can and a funnel evidently retired from filling aircraft carriers from a surly attendant. Begin trudging whence you came (note the pattern emerging) with arm and thumb extended. The light will be fading, and as you now appear to have the means not merely to blow up a car but to divorce the peninsula from the mainland and send it heading toward Kangaroo Island, no one will pick you up. Thankfully, Jon will have a cunning plan: to wander into Ardrossan, find the police station and blackmail the cops into giving you a ride. After all, they can't condone hitch-hiking, can they?

The cunning plan will work a treat with no blackmail required. The country cop will prove the finest of a fine breed and very understanding. Jon will volunteer to sit in the confined space of the prisoner cage. Let him. The officer will forget to turn the light on for him and by the time the journey is over claustrophobia will have set in. Fill your mini aircraft carrier and head for home. It is too dark to play 'spot the abattoir' so spend the trip desperately wondering how you are going to explain yourself.

The understanding of Jon's parents will outdo even the magnificent country cop. In fact, they will seem to find the whole adventure quite amusing. This will be a little disconcerting, but thank your lucky stars - again. You seem to have more than your fair share looking out for you.

Bookings for Tim's upcoming tours are filling fast.

Tim Williams



More Fun Than Sticky Fingers

Student Radio is powering into the home straight! Each of the fantastic shows on 101.5 Student Radio are gearing up to a grand finale to what has been a fantastic year. This Monday (October 14) sees a couple of specials battering the airways from 9pm. First up Ashes on *None The Wiser* continues his Top 90 Countdown. For the list so far check out <http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au/> and follow the link on the home page. The count down is nearing the top 20 and there is some real gold to come - We've already had Metallica and Peter Gabriel. Make some money from it, start running a book on the top spot! Straight after *None The Wiser* on Monday, catch The Beginners Guide To Punk on *Three Chords*. Tim and Liam have been looking for a way to justify playing some very old school punk like The Ramones and Sex Pistols and they believe they've found a way. A two part special, the first show features the punk explosion of the late seventies and eighties while the second show will feature the punk revival of the nineties to the current efforts of the entire punk world's finest. Fresh from their awesome Loudmouth at the Drive special last Monday, Mark and Dave slap down more of the finest of the punk and hardcore going around. 11pm is the hour for these crazy kids on *Punk Around*, have the phone ready to dial 8303 5000 to request your favourite punk tracks. They have promised to limit themselves to five Bodyjar tracks this week! With a fresh email address, you can make sure Matt and Ian on *Heavy As A Really Heavy Thing* have your metal track at the ready. Send you mail to heavy_as@mail.com and listen in from midnight to the dark side. As the say: Feeling tired, run down? Maybe there's not enough metal in your diet. So there's your *Mostly Hardcore Monday* decked out for you. Remember 101.5 Student Radio broadcasting from 9pm each night.

Have Fun and Stay Vertical,
Romerio Q Lopez

MONDAY

9pm **None the Wiser**
Like alternative music? Think JJJ sucks? 'nuff said.

10pm **Three Chords**
These two punkers are back for a third year. Will they learn? Rumours abound that between them they have a full arse*.
*Not guaranteed.

11pm **Punk Around**
Two punk shows in a row! You would have thought that it was planned like that.

12pm **Heavy as**
Feeling tired? Lethargic? Short on breath? Perhaps you are not getting enough metal in your diet. *Heavy as* provides 1/3 of your daily metal intake.

TUESDAY

9pm **Local Noise**
Something for Kate, the Lapdogs, Hummel & Revolver have all been on Adelaide's premier live music show. Listen in for live-to-air tunes!

10pm **Big Arts**
Mike Clarkin, famed for his movie reviews on Crud Radio, returns with Big Arts. The hour will feature music, movie and theatre reviews. Get some culture into you!

11pm **I Took my Prozac**
Leila and her gang of trained monkeys present a show of giveaways, reviews and indie music.

12pm **Lost in the Mix**
DJ Dave mixes up dance tracks seamlessly from midnight. He does it so well you'd think he was a commercial DJ. Oh hang on, he is!

SATURDAY

9pm **If you think I'm crazy**
Stacey and Jakin are two lovely young ladies. Unfortunately they are both insane and listen to indie pop. Join in and help them with their pain.

10pm **London loves whipping Piccadilly**
Brit pop pure and simple. From Blur to Gorillaz you are guaranteed one Damon Albarn track a night*
*Not guaranteed

11pm **The G-spot**
Idle banter, frightfully funky music and prank calls to German tourists, brought to you by a bunch of nice young chaps.

12pm **Paul and DJ Zanda**
Two mismatched personalities: one playing funk and the other rock. Join in and find out which will win!



OCTOBER OCTOBER

15 Surviving a PhD. Brought to you by the Counselling Centre. For more information call 8303 5663.

25 PGSA Staff Awards 2002
5pm, Upper Refectory (Level 4, Union House).

Focus Groups regarding food and beverage on campus - have your say! Free tea, coffee and biscuits plus a free meal. Email kate.fuss@adelaide.edu.au or phone 8303 5401 for more info

16 FREE Self Defence Course
5pm - 8pm. Union House Level 4 Upper Refec
Registration of \$5 - returned on the night. For more info, contact the security office on (830) 35990

22 Golden Key Quiz Night
7pm-10.30pm
Upper Refectory, Level 5, Union bldg.
Tickets \$5 each. Contact: tscoleri@maths.adelaide.edu.au

26 Killing Heidi
Adelaide UniBar, over 18's

27 Killing Heidi
Adelaide UniBar, Licensed
All Ages

Tickets on sale from:
Venue-Tix* www.venue-tix.com.au
Phone: (08) 8225 8888. or email bookings@venue-tix.com.au
and CIB Ticketing Outlets Phone: (08) 82321484
\$22 + Booking Fees

29 Performing Your Best At Exams. Brought to you by the Counselling Centre. For more information call 8303 5663.

V is for violence

Anarchists are opposed to most sorts of authority. I say most, of course, because young children cannot avoid being cared for and guided through adolescence by their parents. Nor does it seem particularly pernicious that we listen to eminent scientists (or, in the past, theologians) in order to inform our decisions on relevant issues. Although we must remain free to accept or reject their advice. At certain times it seems, authority can be considered inescapable, even beneficial. Yet, destructive forms of authority also abound within society. When authority is wielded unjustly, it becomes violent because it coerces and inexorably harms the victim. Violence and anarchism are often, but wrongly, thought of as synonymous. This is incorrect. Most anarchists reluctantly accept the necessity of some revolutionary violence. Many anarchists, however, are pacifists. But, according to an extreme minority of anarchists, some groups or individuals in society deserve to be the victims of violence. To the great chagrin of genuine anarchists, the actions of this minority have coloured the general conception most people have of anarchy in an imprecise and unjust manner.

The Russian anarchist Mikhail Bakunin is remembered for celebrating the 'poetry of destruction' despite his distaste for arbitrary and counterproductive acts of violence. This is, however, exactly what occurred in France during the final decades of the 19th century. Within one of the most fertile periods in the history of anarchist thought, a number of zealous anarchists took their beliefs to extreme lengths and performed several acts of 'propaganda by the deed'. Bombs and revolvers were employed in an attempt to expose and challenge the nefarious nature of State rule. The anarcho-communist Jean Grave claimed that "all the money spent to propose deputies would be more judiciously used to buy dynamite". The most notorious terrorist of the time, Emile Henry, seemed to agree. He threw a bomb into a crowded Parisian café, which was, he felt, a haunt of the bourgeoisie

and therefore complicit in the injustices prevalent within society. These men chose to fight fire with fire.

Despite the fact that these were isolated incidents and despite the fact that violence carried out in the name of liberalism or capitalism is far more discernible on the pages of history, anarchism remains tainted by the acts of these desperate men. Am I suggesting we excuse their actions? Justifying the means one uses to achieve their political ends is obviously a sensitive subject in the current climate. Yet, the question exposes the problem that perpetually face marginalised groups. While no one deserved to die on September the 11, the actions of the terrorists must be placed within a context of marginalisation and perceived oppression for the problem they represent to be understood.

Attempting to understand why people resort to violence is of central importance for the anarchist, for only by addressing the causes of violence can we take measures to eradicate it from our political and social relations. The anarchist rejection of the authority wielded by the State, the Church, or big business, necessarily entails a rejection of the violence carried out in the interest of such institutions. The vast majority of anarchist thinkers thus remain proponents of non-violent political action. Violence seems to be the most pernicious form of authority because it coerces so blatantly. Yet, it can also operate subtly, almost imperceptibly; the manner in which particular social discourses construct notions of 'normal' and 'right' restricts the freedom of individuals by disallowing certain courses of action. Today, human behaviour is so regulated by these 'norms' that the possibility of breaching them is almost always present. Thus the potential for violence also hangs perpetually over our heads.

While the threat of violence is disturbing enough, anyone who has been attacked or held against their will knows that actual, physical violence is one of the worst experiences available. Yet the governments of the US, UK and Australia seem more than willing to choose violence over reason and dialogue. Anyone who cringes when the rhetoric of power politics permeates the popular media, should, like the true anarchist, question the value of violence in achieving just social and political outcomes.

Unionism: Anarcho-Syndicalism

Anarcho-syndicalism dates back to the First International and can count the anarchic heavyweight, Pierre-Joseph Proudhon among its progenitors. It was a social movement that developed mainly from the revolutionary trade union movement in the late 19th century. Syndicalists believe that trade unions have a larger role to play in society than merely securing better wages and conditions for workers within the capitalist system. As voluntary organizations, which already exist within the framework of the existing corrupt state, they are in a perfect position to enact social transformation, once the general strike and/or revolution has toppled the existing order.

Syndicalism enjoyed its most 'constructive phase' in France and Italy between 1894 and 1914. However, it was in revolutionary Spain where anarcho-syndicalist theories were most spectacularly put into practice. As we have seen (*On Dit*, Vol. 70, Edition. 17), the anarchist CNT, played an important role, not only the revolution and civil war, but also in the transition to syndicalist based production and distribution. After the old order crumbled, the syndicalist co-ops demonstrated their ability to maintain ample levels of production within an egalitarian, non-capitalist structure. Unfortunately, the

Fascists and Stalinists had little sympathy for such utopian experiments, and the co-ops were eventually crushed.

The experience of Spain is a useful illustration of the ability of unions to assume control of production in a democratic fashion. Unfortunately, the prospects of a syndicalist future are quite grim, and the fault can be substantially attached to unions themselves. In industrially advanced nations, trade unions have been far too effective in achieving the bourgeois aims of its membership. Union and social democratic reforms have succeeded in turning a large percentage of the mass of workers into self-interested individuals, with middle class aspirations. Union success in bourgeoisie society has had, paradoxically, a detrimental effect on the union movement as a whole. As a result, membership is low and ever dwindling. This is not a basis for the vast collective of unionists required to assume control of production and distribution once the established order falls over (or is gently pushed!).

However, the cycle of politics and society may swing once again (just like the middle-class voter!) and the ranks of the unions may swell. Then a general strike, such as the one that the 'radical left', Alan Jones, called for to better the wages and conditions of nursing workers, may recall the wonder of revolutionary Spain.

W William Godwin (1756-1836)

The first anarchist political philosopher, William Godwin, ranks as the founder of anarchist social and political thought. As one of the foremost political thinkers and agitators of the turbulent 18th century, he was regularly at the forefront of radical thought and action, frequently exposing the incompetence and corruption at the heart of British political life. His philosophical and practical radicalism, which earned him the enduring hatred of Britain's political establishment, found its most acute expression in his two greatest works, the political novel *Caleb Williams*, and the more abstractly philosophical treatise *An Inquiry Concerning Political Justice*. Although he denounced most social mores held sacrosanct by respectable 18th century society, including, most controversially, the institution of holy matrimony, Godwin eventually married his fellow Enlightenment radical, the early feminist Mary Wollstonecraft. Their daughter, Mary Shelley, rose to prominence by writing the archetypal Gothic novel, *Frankenstein*, a work whose central theme, the unjust persecution of the misunderstood and unwanted monster, shows strong anarchist sympathies.

Although he never explicitly referred to himself as an anarchist, or, indeed, ever used the term to describe his doctrines, Godwin anticipated many of the classic anarchist criticisms of political life. Most crucially, he maintained that all human beings are naturally equal, arguing that vast inequalities of wealth lead to the distortion and attenuation of natural benevolence and empathetic understanding. Since governments only re-enforce these inequalities – and, in the form of graft and corruption, actively increase them – Godwin advocated the introduction of a resolutely non-political society, in which all individuals would be free to realise their essentially human qualities and potentialities. Only in this way, Godwin argued, would the reign of reason supplant the dominance of superstition, iniquity and violence.

Although Godwin's thought is marked by the overly optimistic hopes characteristic of much Enlightenment thought, including, most obviously, a belief in the inevitability of moral progress, his work represents a landmark in the history of anarchist theory. While his specific doctrines might seem quaint and unrealistic, his animating passions – the fight against arbitrary authority, persecution and inequality – still inform contemporary anarchist criticisms of political and social life.

LETTERS



This is the second-to-last Letters page for the year. Uh-oh! Better get writing to us quickly lest your smelly opinionated laundry fail to be aired!

Keep your letters around 250 words and go easy on the sexist, racist, homophobic or defamatory stuff. Drop them down to the On Dit office (next to the Barr Smith Lawns) or better still, email them to us using the address at the bottom of the page.

All Created Equal?

Dear On Dit,

A recent dinner discussion at my place stirred in me an interest in discovering an answer to the pertinent question of exactly how many people had been killed in response to the loss of the three-and-a-half thousand Americans who died in the September 11 attacks.

This interest was only evoked further by the unrelenting September 11 anniversary specials of late. Finally, having flicked channels and found nothing but never-before-seen footage, I resorted to a copy of *FHM* where I discovered an interesting little statistic: that 3 213 people had died in the terrorist attacks and between 1000 and 3000 *civilians* had been killed in Afghanistan. I stress that this figure did not include the soldiers that the Americans were aiming for.

Reflecting on this statistic while being presented with unrelenting reports of services, ceremonies and tributes to mark the anniversary and mourn the loss of the 3 213 Americans killed, it is fair to say I found myself getting quite angry.

Mourning death is a tragic, painful and difficult process. I sincerely hope I will never have to endure the pain that the thousands and thousands of friends and family of those killed in the September 11 attacks have had to endure and I truly feel great sympathy for them. However, why do I feel like the only one who also feels great sympathy for the pain and loss of those friends and family of the thousands of Afghans killed?

It is ironic that it is the Americans who so frequently use the phrase 'all men are created equal'. If this is true, then why does the death of 3,213 Americans warrant ceremonies attended by world leaders of countries all over the world, while the death of an equal number of Afghans is ignored or in some cases praised?

It is not exactly a secret that America views itself as a bit of an exception to the rule, but the thought that this extends to the loss of American life being of more importance than the loss of any other human life, and the fact that this view appeared to be supported by people all over the world is deplorable.

Stephen Mitchell

Email Conspiracy

Dear On Dit,

Did anyone notice last week how the student email accounts went to shit? For some reason, the University and its techno geeks saw fit to change what was a perfectly good system and turn it into a mass of rubbishy looking web page with confusing directions as to the date of emails and the like.

Now, I was already miffed at this sudden change, but imagine my incomprehensible rage when I logged in a couple of days later to discover that the system had been changed BACK to its original form and had subsequently erased all prior email correspondence previously held within its hallowed inbox. Where has my email archive gone?! I am severely displeased with the University's actions on behalf of my personal correspondence. I expect them to fuck with my education – I don't expect them to fuck with my private life.

I want my emails back you crypto fascist bourgeois bastards!

Penelope Clearwater

PS. The BSL may be the biggest library in the Southern Hemisphere but where there's more space there's more shit.

I, am Eye Chicken

Dear On Dit,

Please kill me. I want to die. You see, I am the product of a horrible experiment. My story begins in a farm not far from here. Plucked in the middle of the night by sadistic scientists from my coup, I was taken to a secret location where I was horribly mutilated. I used to be a chicken, but now, I am Eye Chicken. You see, this mutilation left me with nothing but an eye and a sliver of brain. I have no beak to eat with. Instead I am kept alive like some freak in a sideshow, by nutrient infused eye drops. This is no way for a chicken to live. Thankfully, I have made friends in similar circumstances. Through them, I am able to communicate. I blink in morse code on the body of Beak Chicken, who many of you out there may have conversed with on the telephone. However, this letter comes to you via Feet Chicken, who kindly typed it out for me, using his spindly feet.

So, as I was saying, please kill me. The misery is too much for one chicken to bear. Please.

Yours Sincerely

Eye Chicken

I was the first, but I will not be the last.

PS Please.

Library Blues

Dear On Dit

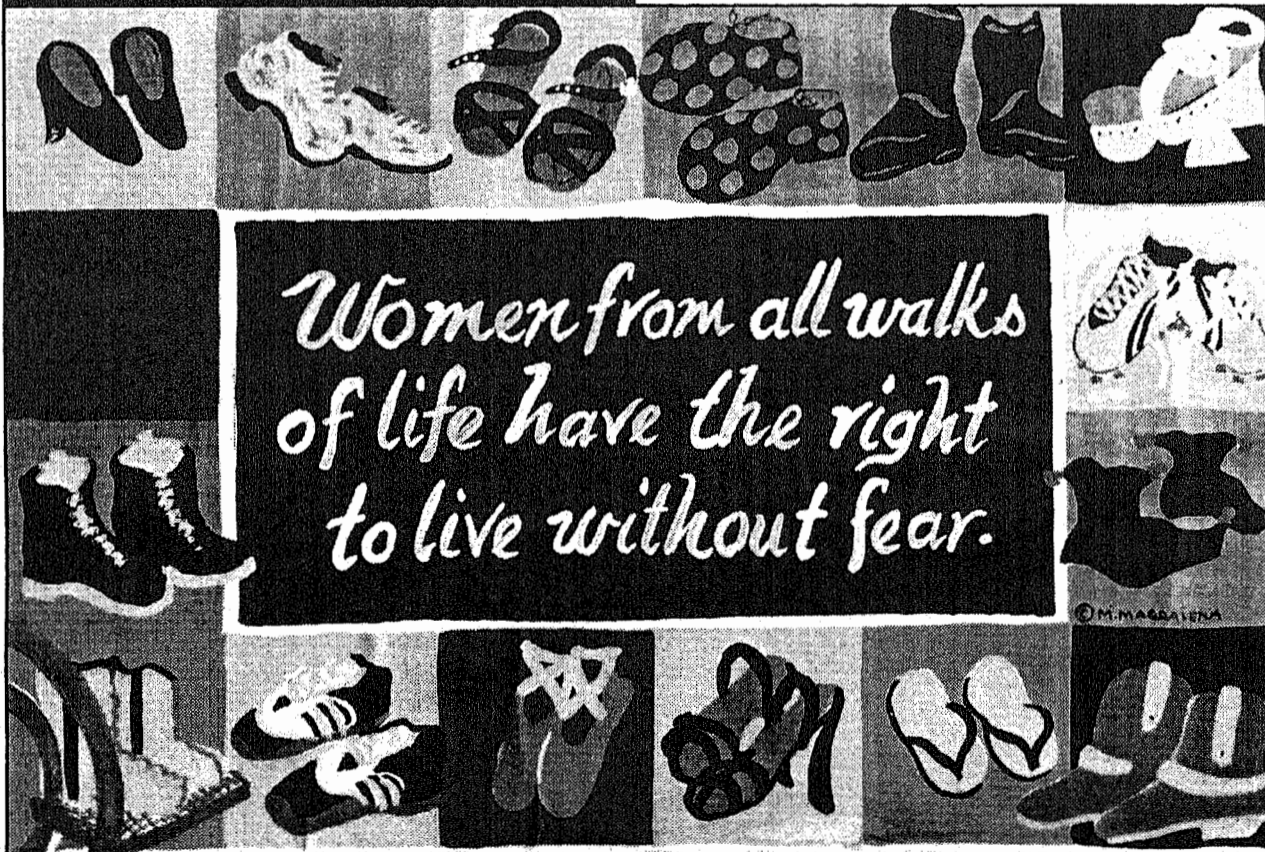
I don't usually make a habit of publicly complaining. But in this case I can no longer stand to hold my tongue. All of my grievances pertain to the Barr Smith Library.

I am sick and tired of the following.

1. The lack of a large stapler at the end of the counter.
2. The Self Service machine constantly breaking down.
3. The inadequate warnings given as to when demerit points would commence.
4. That stupid security gate that beeps if you so much as pass wind upon exiting.
5. The insensitive and uncharitable staff who seem to take sadistic pleasure in not allowing patrons to borrow.
6. Inadequate policing of the 'no mobiles' rule.
7. The overpaid and under-qualified student assistance.

My attempts to bring these complaints to the attention to the library administrators have fallen upon deaf ears. I hope that someone in a position of power learns of my feelings and takes appropriate steps.

Simon



RECLAIM THE NIGHT

FRIDAY OCTOBER 25

6.30PM VICTORIA SQUARE

7.00PM MARCH TO THE FESTIVAL IN HINDMARSH SQUARE

Protest Protest

Dear On Dit,

How was throwing placards at the Prime Minister supposed to help asylum seekers get out of detention? And how was shouting obscenities and trying to hustle the Prime Minister supposed to get more funding for education? Well, it's quite simple. It wasn't.

If the protesters were trying to send a message to John Howard, they were very successful. Adelaide Uni is made up of a bunch of idiots. John Howard had absolutely no chance of actually listening to what the protesters wanted to say. But then again, what were the protesters more interested in, getting their message across, or just creating a scene?

And if you disagree with that, then you would at least agree that they only achieved one of these. Finally our uni has a chance to be proud of its achievements, and the Prime Minister comes to visit, and what do we do? We put on our worst behaviour, and act like a bunch of wankers. And who would be at the front of the pack? Union leaders.

It is NOT the responsibility of the student union to use the union's name or funds to voice their own political stance, on any such issues. Education is the only issue that should be addressed by the student union. The detention of asylum seekers is not, nor is health care or any other political agendas. (Not that I disagree with what they were saying.)

And free speech? Fine if you wanted to act like a four year-old and complain about everything under the sun, but if you didn't, we'll push you around, tear down your banners, and spray you with paint. It's great to see the union leaders shouting at those who pay their salary, and for their t-shirts on their backs. How dare you!

I pay my student fees, and I vote, and I am fed up with our Union. I am also what the University is made up of: people who don't like what they see, but simply don't have the time to doing anything about it, as we're too busy trying to study.

There are many nice people that are part of the union, but there are also many who destroy all the hard work, and embarrass both the union and the University. I say to them now, we are sick and tired of your crap. Be concerned for my views and welfare, and have some respect for me, because that's what you're there to do.

STOP embarrassing MY union and MY university.

Disgruntled Engineering Student.

It's all IT's fault

Dear On Dit,

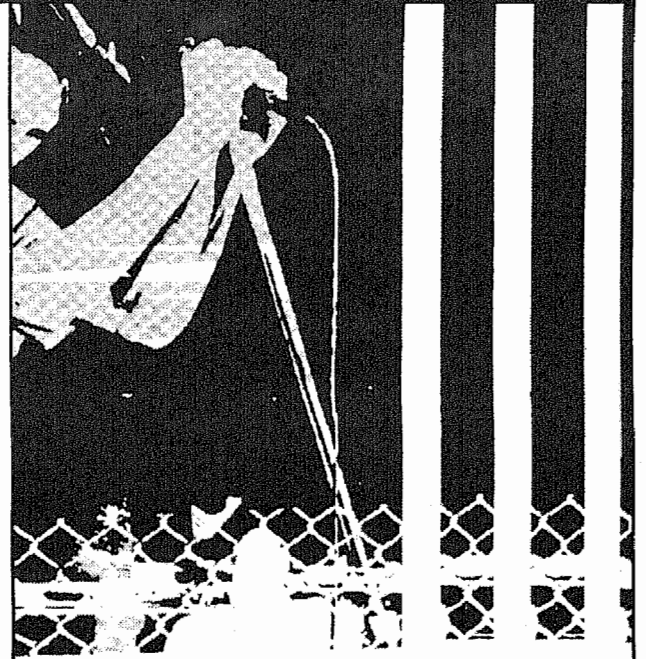
I must take affront to the hurtful personal attack published about me in the last edition's music pages. I feel I must defend myself against the spurious allegations of being "a disorganised mess of a man" that I found printed therein. Although this characterisation is entirely accurate in a general sense, the author cites a poor case in point to support the claim. At the time of making the commitment to interview 1200 Techniques, my timetable indicated that I was free on Monday morning at the time arranged. I had, perhaps foolishly, not taken into account the ineffable logic of whatever computer programme it is that is responsible for allocating rooms. Silly me! Of course I neglected to consider that the process of mapping the n-dimensional algorithms of PeopleSoft (p-space) onto the two dimensional timetable (t-space) causes an overflow into the time dimension, leading to a transient, time-dependent schedule. Not having compensated for this state of timetable flux, I didn't realise that I wasn't free to honour my commitment until the night before. Instead I attended a compulsory, assessed Thermodynamics tute which, I can assure you, wasn't half as much fun.

Why is this the process of timetabling? I don't know. IT seems to be the new religion. You don't question it, you don't understand it; you just believe its inherent wisdom to be axiomatic and occasionally sacrifice a few vestal virgins on its electronic altar. I'm sure, that when viewed from a particular point in the universe, the algorithmic processes of say, posting marks on MyUni looks quite pretty. Now this is entirely useless to the poor peons (ie. us) who like delude ourselves with the idea of 'IT solutions' being relevant solutions, and not solutions to the lack of viewing material for trans-dimensional hyper-beings. Ours not to reason why, ours but to do, I suppose.

Curse you, poorly implemented IT 'solutions', curse you all!

Yak

PS. At the risk of being first in line for a colon-branding when the Microsoft inquisition comes, I have dug out an old idea for an article for this week's Wayward selection which this letter made me think of. Turn to page 14 right now.



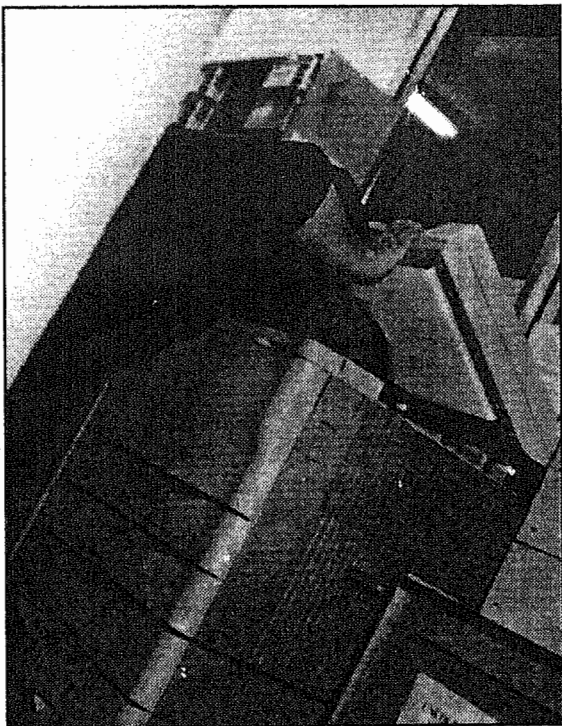
Rock the Boats

Speaking Tour: Thursday October 24, 7.00pm Union Hall
Speakers include Bridie Carter - "McLeods Daughters" Refugee TVP holders, and refugee advotes

Band Tour: Friday October 25, Uni Bar
Fear of Flying, Lessie Does, August Falls
Doors Open 7.30pm

Tickets available through the Students' Association
Details contact Sarah Hanson: 8303 5406

More Sinister Goings-on Discovered!



Joy is seen here using Uri Geller's mind-bending technique to glean secrets from the photocopier. Who knows what she may have found! Not us. That's for sure.

Dolly's 1992 LETTERBOX

NO PRESSURE FROM DOLLY

I'm writing about the "Beauty Is An Opinion" letter in the April issue. If the writer just opened her eyes a bit, she would realise that magazines like *Dolly* aren't pressuring females to look beautiful. They're only printing diet and beauty articles for the benefit of the people who want to better themselves.

Open-minded *Dolly* lover, Tas

ROXETTE UPSET

I want to complain about one of the record reviews in your May issue. I am a devoted Roxette fan and believe Stuart Hitchings was a bit unfair about their *Joyride* album. He must have liked some of their songs. His views conflict with other reviewers, including Molly Meldrum, who praised Roxette. Stuart's comments were uncalled for. How can he say that Sweden, which has produced Abba and tennis champions, with one of the best economies in the world, is dull? C'mon, support real music and not manufactured pop!

From a **BIG Roxette Fan**, Vic

P.S. It would be great if you could do more articles on Roxette and, apart from this complaint, I congratulate you on your great magazine.

STUART IS BIASED

I had never realised just how biased Stuart Hitchings really is. In May Spin Out he reviewed Orbital's self-titled album, and said it is "bleepy nonsense" which "bores me senseless". You can tell this guy is a 'music connoisseur', who sits at home listening to commercial radio. You're supposed to dance to techno music, not savour it. Get some rhythm, Hitchings!

Disappointed techno freak, WA

MY TYPE OF MUSIC

I am complaining about all the album reviews by Stuart Hitchings in *Dolly*. Do you know what music is? Many of the albums you review and pay out, saying they're no good, are the ones that make it in the US and the Top Twenty! So don't think everybody is going to like your type of music Stuart Hitchings, but try to think what others like too, and have an open mind on what you review.

Disgusted, NSW

ROXETTE ARE TOPS

I can't believe the stuff Stuart Hitchings wrote about Roxette's *Joyride* album some months ago. Roxette has produced some of the best music around from that album - they've had two number ones, and several other songs that have easily made the Top 10. Explain this, Stuart - and while you're looking for an answer, have a look around for some taste, like the rest of us Aussies have.

Devoted Roxetter, NSW

THE BRUCE COCKBURN VARIETY PAGE

HELLO THERE! MY NAME is Bruce Cockburn and I'm here to inform you about a very important issue that has been concerning me for quite some time. I am referring to what appears to be a process of rapid rebogianisation of the Adelaide metropolitan area.

Am I crazy, or has Adelaide's bogan population increased in both size and visibility? Take a stroll down Hindley Street on any given evening and I'm sure you'll encounter dozens of bearded and potbellied yokels milling about the Woolshed, swilling cheep beer and generally making a altogether unpleasant ruckus. Not only that, a wide variety of horrid rednecks appear to have discovered the Hungry Jacks on the corner of Frome Road and Rundle Street, resulting in a marked increase in vulgar language and awkward bouts of fisticuffs.

How did this happen? What could have transformed the streets of Adelaide into the bogan playground that it has now become? I'm afraid I can't answer that question with any kind of authority. All I can do is offer a few helpful suggestions about how the City of Adelaide can sweep those pesky bogans off the street and back into the trailer parks where they belong.

In my native Ontario there used to be quite severe yokel

problem. It got to a stage where you couldn't walk down the street without seeing some awful drunkard retching in the gutter. Yecch. It became obvious to all right-minded citizens that something drastic needed to be done.

After several months of painstaking deliberation, the Ontario City Council finally caved to a suggestion made by my ever-loyal agent, Larry Crackheimer. Larry cited studies from the sixties that clearly showed an inversely proportional relationship between redneck numbers and the presence of weak-as-piss folk music. In light of these findings, the Council decided to install a network of 40 watt speakers around the central business district, each one pumping out folk music 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Marvellous! Naturally, Larry managed to secure the contract, leaving Ontarians are constantly and permanently subjected to my contemporary brand of adult easy listening. The yokels soon skedaddled, and those poor suckers left behind were too folk-addled to cause any kind of disturbance.

All this helped propel me to the kind of stardom that other folk singers can only dream about. I ended up winning a whopping six (6) folk singer of the year awards in the space of a single decade. Not only that, I was doing the good folks in Ontario a noble service to boot! Gosh, I'm such a swell humanitarian.

Anywho, enough about me. My recommendation to you good folks is to lobby your city council until they finally install the necessary equipment to flush out every last one of those awful beasts with tender, calm, mildly evangelical me. You know it makes sense.

Stanley George's unpleasantly named folk singer of the week

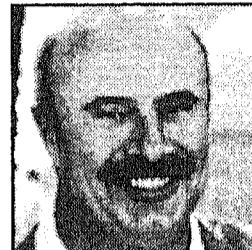


Bruce Cockburn

Born on 27 May 1987, Canadian folk singer Bruce Cockburn was named Folk Singer of the Year six times between 1971 and 1982. In 1974, Cockburn converted to Christianity after a mystical encounter with a being whom he assumed to be Jesus Christ. Bruce is also a competitive shooter and longtime collector of knives.

No part of The Bruce Cockburn Variety Page is in any way associated with Bruce Cockburn, the Canadian folk music industry or anybody else with enough money to sue.

FREE bookmark!



I'm so FUCKING happy!

Open any edition of O magazine (Oprah Winfrey's very own monthly glossy manifesto) and I guarantee you will find page after page of utterly derranged maniacs. Here is just a sample of the hideously manic happy faces that pepper every article, pictorial and cheesy advertisement. I don't know about you, but they scare the shit out of me.

ACHIEVE TOTAL FULFILLMENT!

That's right, kids! Now you too can experience the spiritual joy that is your very own glow-in-the-dark latex cock ring!



As seen in the men's room of the Port Vincent Roadhouse

Glow-in-the-Dark

TINGLER RING

- Enhances Pleasure For Both Partners
- Achieve Total Fulfillment Together

Available in unpleasant men's rooms across Adelaide.

VOX POP IS **HAPPILY** BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Mamicaade™
 PUT ON THAT Mamicaade™ GRIN!

SWEETENING THE AFTERTASTE OF CAPITALIST LIVING WITH A DASH OF FAUX VANILLA

I'm Happy
 Happy
 Happy
 Happy
 Happy
 WITH MY

Mamicaade™

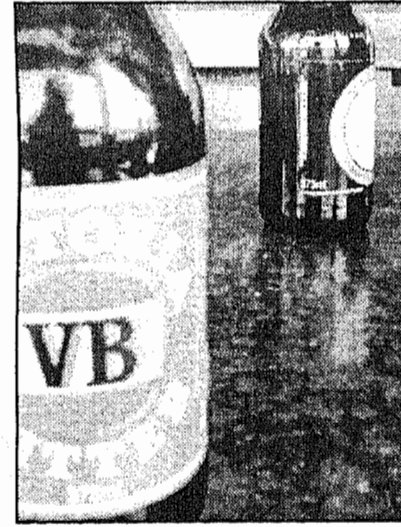


**PICK N' MIX
 VOX POP....**

PLAY DECTECTIVE IN YOUR LUNCH HOUR!
 TRY OUT WACKY COMBO'S!
 MIX 'EM UP!

Questions

1. Who is your favourite spy?
2. What sort of spy gadget would you most like to possess.
3. What is your deepest darkest secret?



Our lawns operative

1. John Steed.
2. A poison tipped umbrella.
3. There is no way I'm telling you that.

Are you talking to me?

1. Penfold. The unsung hero of *Danger Mouse*.
2. An everlasting martini.
3. I like Pepsi Max.

The chicken is in the oven.

1. Maxwell Smart, no hang on.....99.
2. Go go gadget anything.
3. It's in the box.

This man almost killed me...seriously.

1. Danger Mouse.
2. Ex ray goggles.
3. I went to Scotch.

We have ways to make you talk!

1. Its gotta be Bond.
2. Bullet time. Like in *The Matrix*.
3. I had sex with my mother.

I will call him....Mini Me

1. B: Austin Powers.
 M: Inspector Gadget.
2. B: James Bond's BMW.
 M: A house that fills with wee when burglars break in except we would be outside.
3. B: I had sex with a virgin in the toilets at Heaven.
 M: Today I asked for a threesome at child care.

I don't want to talk to you

1. I definitely didn't like James Bond. That guy should get himself a man's drink.
2. A Swedish made penis enlarger.
3. I can't tell you now...I think that Pale Ale is following me.

**UNDERCOVER
 OPERATION**

YOUR MISSION

(SHOULD YOU CHOOSE TO ACCEPT IT)

IS TO LINK UP THE
 VOX POP PICTURES WITH THE
CORRECT ANSWERS.

**THE FIRST 5 PEOPLE TO BRING THE
 CORRECT RESPONSES DOWN TO
 THE ON DIT OFFICE WILL RECIEVE
 A HANDFUL OF BRIGHT RED
 LOLLIES (TO KEEP).**

Secret Office Bearer Reports

Environment Officer: Sarah Hanson



Well only three weeks left of classes...but don't fret there's still heaps of stuff going on in the environment department.

Adelaide Uni Environment Handbook

If you have always wanted to spread the word about environmental issues or tell people your own little secrets for protecting the world, or if there was something that you thought should have been in the Enviro

Edition of *On Dit* now is your chance! The Enviro. Dept. is looking for submissions for students to be put into the first ever Adelaide Uni Environment Handbook. Articles, recipes, opinion pieces, poetry, artwork, graphics whatever you can think of - send it in and we'll make you famous! Email work to greengirl@sarah-coral.com or drop artwork it into the Students' Association.

Freedom Funk @ the Rhino Room

The final Rhino Room gig for the year will be held this Thursday October 17. *Freedom Funk* will be raising money for the Adelaide Uni Refugee group. If you would like to get involved in this group come along on the night listen to some top music from August Falls, and meet with other students who want to do something about the plight of refugees in Australia. Doors open at 8pm.

Environment Notice Board

I am currently looking into establishing an environment notice board where students can place information and advertisements that have a specifically environmental edge. Whether it is a notice of rally or a group meeting or an advertisement for people looking to share a house with a vegetarian this will some be the place to paste on and look at! If any one has any suggestions or would like to offer their artistic assistance in creating the space just let me know.

Rock the Boats!

On October 24-25 the *Rock the Boats National Campus Tour* will be coming to

Uni. On Thursday 24th there will be a public forum on refugees in Australia. Speakers will include prominent Australians, people who have been in detention and a local Adelaide Uni student. **This is your chance to hear the other side of the debate.** Deliberate misinformation spread by the current federal government and some parts of the media has demonised refugees. The *Rock the Boats* speaking tour intends to raise awareness on campuses nationally on this critical issue, **allowing you to ask pointed questions and make an informed decision.** It will be held in Union Hall @ 7pm.

On Friday October 25 the Uni bar will be filled with the **Rock the Boats Band Tour made up of well-known Aussie bands** who are concerned with the treatment of asylum seekers and wanting to raise awareness of the issues. Rocking the boat for Adelaide will be *Fear of Flying, Leslie Does and August Falls plus a big Surprise Headline Act!* Doors open 7.30pm-till late Tickets \$15 students \$20 waged.



86, KAOS is leaving a bad taste in my mouth. I need a refreshing new beverage. Find me one!



I'm on it, Chief!

President: Bek Cornish



Welcome back to the last term of this year's fulfilling academic program. I'm sure you're all busting to get back to the books and knuckle down for the next four weeks.

Security on Campus

As I have talked about in my previous columns, we in the Students' Association have been paying close attention to the security facilities on campus in light of the attacks that occurred around the campus perimeter last term. After discussion, we decided to run a Security Awareness campaign on campus to highlight personal safety not just for students, but for staff of the university also. The first week back this term saw a week long push by the Students' Association to ensure that all students had the Campus Security number in their mobiles or wallets. We also sent out an all student/ all staff email to encourage people to maintain awareness of their surroundings when traveling on and around campus, not just at night time. We were hoping to work with the University on this campaign, but the Vice Chancellor decided to send out and all student email before the SAUA email was posted to inform students that we apparently have no clue what we are talking about when it comes to student safety, and also denying that any attacks or any form of harassment happens on this campus. It is unfortunate that the VC's ignorance allows him to overlook the fact that people can be

attacked anywhere, even on campus. This does not mean that you have to be frightened about being on campus, there are a few handy things you can do to maintain your safety:

Travel with a friend when going from place to place, or ensure that your friends or colleagues know your arrival times and can meet you.

- Choose well lit paths to travel on.
- Try and park your car/ bike etc as close as possible to where you will be.
- Keep the Security number (8303 5444) on you at all times and know where the Security office is (Hughes Plaza).
- Learn some self defense moves, which you can sign up for at the Security office.
- Sign the SAUA petition to the University to improve their security services.

If you are feeling uncomfortable in your surroundings, or you have been attacked, please go to either the Security Office, The Students' Association or the Education/ Welfare Officers (both located in the Cloisters). Also, if you are someone that has experienced harassment of this nature and are disturbed by the VC's refusal to accept that these things happen on campus, feel free to come and chat to us in the SAUA.

Be aware and take care!

I can be contacted on 8303 5406 or at bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au

A fundraiser for Refugee Action Collective Adelaide & Students' Association of Adelaide University Environment Department

FREEDOM FUNK

THURS 17th OCTOBER
@ THE RHINO ROOM

live music, poetry, cocktails
August Falls
Josh and Dan (Academy)
PLUS
puppetry by Adam Oehler



savetheforestfunk@hotmail.com

Women's Officer: Eise Duffield



Security Awareness Campaign
Last week was the launch of the Security Awareness Campaign. This was very successful, with media attention, posters, stickers, lecture bashing, and many signatures for our petition. Not to mention a free BBQ. You can read all about what happened on page 6. It proved to be a very eventful week, and demonstrated a further need for the SAUA and other Union affiliates to continue to lobby the University of Adelaide to prioritize student and staff safety. The campaign will continue until the end of term, with wallet cards and stickers being distributed. If you haven't signed the security services petition, it is located in the SAUA, Union and PGSA offices.

Reclaim the Night
Reclaim the Night, the annual women's march against sexual violence, will kick off from Victoria Square at 6:30pm on the October 25. We will march to Hindmarsh Square for a festival. Bring whistles and other noisemakers. If you are keen to help out,

meetings are every Thursday at Fleet St. Café at 6:30pm, or you can contact me in the SAUA - 8303 6481. Also, if you are a woman and interested in performing at the festival, please let me know. The march is women only, however men are welcome to join us at the festival. Please come along and show your support.

Women's Room

The women's room is currently undergoing a few renovations. The space is still open and functioning, but the bed area is temporarily unavailable. A study area is being created for you instead of the tiles and sink. Please bear with the inconvenience, it will be fixed up soon. Also, I would like to organise an end of year get together of all the women who use the women's room, with nibbles and drinks and maybe a video or something. I thought it would be nice for us all to get together and chat. I would like some indication from women students as to whether they would be keen to do this, so please drop me an e-mail - leafyduffy@yahoo.com.au and let me know.



Careful 99, looks like there a large case of toxic Al C'ider around this corner...



I'm sure you know we've got the place surrounded by thousands of experienced SAUA hacks...Would you believe, a pair of tongs and a barbecue?

Sexuality Officers: Adrian DiPaolo and Asta Cox



Hey everyone, welcome back to the last half of the final semester for this year. The weather is still unpredictable, but hopefully that warm summer temperature we've been waiting for will arrive soon. We spent the two weeks of the mid-semester break on annual leave, and are refreshed and eager to get back to work! As we mentioned in our last column, we have loads of prophylactics (namely condoms, dental dams and lubricants) still left over from our safer sex stall that we had a month ago. We also still deal with student grievances concerning issues of sexuality, and we hope that students needing to access this facility, will not hesitate to contact us.

Feast 2002

The Adelaide annual Lesbian and Gay Cultural Festival known as 'Feast', will be held from November 8 to December 1. This year the themes for the sixth Feast are Wisdom, Home and Food. You will be able to see these themes throughout the 112 individual events happening every day (and night) for 23 days. For those eager to see an overview of what the festival has to offer, then the Opening

Night Party is for you. It is the first event that Feast has, and it will be on Friday November 8 from 6pm to Midnight, and will be located at the Festival Centre Terrace and Piano Bar, King William St. Adelaide. There will be a Feast Information Stall open from 7 - 8pm, and is definitely worth visiting if you are interested in finding anything out about the festival. If you cannot wait until then, and you would like to know what will be happening now, there are Feast guides located throughout the North Terrace Campus, and we have plenty here in the SAUA. There is also an Internet site you can visit: www.feast.org.au

Once again, if you have any queries with what the department is doing, or even if you would like to get involved, our contact details are:

Phone: (08) 8303 3899 (direct) or (08) 8303 5406

Adrian: adrian.di_paolo@student.adelaide.edu.au
Asta: asta.cox@student.adelaide.edu.au

Education Vice-President: Georgia Heath

Welcome back to the final three weeks of this year! It's almost over for another year!

In week 3 the Education Department will be running a "Livable Incomes Campaign" around the issue of student poverty. Youth Allowance is only around 52% of the poverty line and there is statistical data which shows that large numbers of students have to give up furthering their education because they simply cannot afford to continue studying when they also have to live out of home, work and try and run their own households. The campaign will run from Tuesday October 22 to Thursday October 24 on the Barr-Smith Lawns, and the three days will be filled with creative and informative events focussing around minimalist budgets. There will be presentations from financial advisors, centrelink, and the Union's Employment Service, as well as a "budget bar" where you



can get cheap delectables, a mock wedding to highlight the problems with Youth Allowance and 'how-to' workshops on everything from interior design on \$20 or less to simple car maintenance and a second hand market to top it all off! Look around campus over the next week to find out more about this exciting event!

If you would like more information on this or any other Education Department event, please give me a call on 83035406 or email education@saua.asn.au.

Notice to Undergraduate Students at the University of Adelaide ELECTION OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL

Eight nominations have been received for two vacancies:
BEK CORNISH
CAROL FOY
SARAH HANSON
GEORGIA HEATH
SEB HENBEST
MARK HENDERSON
JAKIN RAVALICO
RACHEL SWIFT

There being more nominations than vacancies, on Wednesday, 6 November 2002 there will be an election of two undergraduate members of Council, each for a one-year term from 6 March 2003 to 5 March 2004.

All undergraduate students of the University are eligible to vote in this election. Ballot papers will be sent automatically to first year undergraduate students who enrolled in the University for the first time in 2002 and those who voted last year in the election of undergraduate members of Council.

If you will not automatically receive a ballot paper and wish to vote, please:

Visit University Reception, Ground Floor, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus; or Phone 8303 4194 or

Complete the form available on <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/governance/council> and send it to the Returning Officer, Division of the University Secretary, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus.

Ballots must be placed in a ballot box at the University before 6.00 pm on Wednesday, 6 November 2002 or posted or delivered to the Returning Officer at the University so as to arrive before 5.00 pm on that day.

Please note that the *University of Adelaide Act 1971* is currently under review and may be amended before 5 March 2003. It is possible that Council membership categories will be changed. It therefore cannot be guaranteed that any or all students elected will actually take up a position on the University Council. However, elections are proceeding in accord with current requirements.

SUSAN GRAEBNER
Returning Officer

Spy television is something that I only remember from my childhood. Not only was I addicted to *Get Smart* and his rather noisy *Cone Of Silence*, but I was also an avid fan of *Dangermouse* and *Secret Squirrel*. Although I can't recall much about the latter, *Dangermouse* has certainly left a lasting impression. Who could forget the amazing custard explosion forced upon the world by Baron Von Greenback, and the Custard-Eating-Bird that solved the sticky problem.

But nothing compares to the irreplaceable *Danger Man*. Now, I mentioned this fascinating television show in an earlier column, but I can't help mentioning it again. Maybe it's the wooden expression, the appallingly detectable undercover work, and the openly racist attitudes. It could just be the alluring Patrick McGoochan and his suave way with the ladies.

If you haven't managed to catch an episode of *Danger Man* yet, then fear not because it's a staple on late night television. I have only managed to catch six episodes so far but they have all been gold. McGoochan plays John Drake, the ultimate spy for British Intelligence, who is strangely inept at remaining undercover. Of course that could be due to the way in which he insists at every turn that he is but a 'simple soldier', a dead giveaway in anyone's books. And if you thought that Bond had some impressive gadgets, he hasn't got anything on *Danger Man*.

Perhaps the best episode was set in a small Scottish community, in which Drake set about investigating vodka smuggling. Posing as an American tourist must

have seemed a good idea to someone, even though Drake's accent was more Cockney than American. Although the award for most appalling accent would have to go to the Scottish Laird, who somehow sounded more



Italian vampire than Scotsman. But hey, whack on a kilt and anyone could be Scottish, right?

Of course, Drake manages to be propositioned by a beautiful woman, which he predictably turns down. Sad isn't it? The guy is a famous secret agent who can't even take advantage of his position to sleep his way around seven continents. Bond would be turning over in his grave. Even Austin Powers has more fun.

Poptart

PS. If you are looking for something, anything to watch, make sure that you tune in to *Grosse Pointe* on Sunday nights, Fox 8. Each episode is getting better and better. It's a real shame that the show was cancelled after one season, leaving us on a cliff-hanger as to whether Stand-In Dave and Marcy were going to get together.

Falling that, possibly the only worthwhile thing on television anymore is *The Panel*. Last week saw the debut of the appalling Jess from *Big Brother Two* as a guest panellist. I hope that this trend will not continue. Preferably people with some kind of wit, intelligence and verbal skill should appear on the show in the future. Producers take note...

And on a final note, things are hotting up in *Buffy*, which is up to the fourth episode in the States. If you can't wait until it comes on at Easter time, then check out *Psyche's* transcripts or Leoff's *Wildfeed* page to catch up on the exciting developments. Spoilers ahoy!

SEX AND THE SINGLE STUDENT

Well as we all begin to miss the shortlived beauty of the spring holidays, I think it goes without saying that it is always the holiday weeks that bring us the most passion and sexual excitement. Well it certainly does for my group of friends. As for myself, I like to believe that everyday is like a holiday and so like to fill each day with as much sex and romance as one would expect from a trashy Mills and Boon novel or a lustful summer fling. Perhaps, it is high time that you placed this philosophy onto your sex life too. Food for thought!

BE WARNED THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE MAY CONTAIN INTELLIGENCE TEXT CODING. ONLY INTELLIGENT INDIVIDUALS WILL BE ABLE TO READ THESE CODES.

ALSO, IT MAY CONTAIN THE OPINIONS OF MADAME VESPA. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

Dear Madame Vespa,

I have recently decided that I am now ready for an intimate relationship. Perhaps, in the past, I was involved with the wrong people, however, right now, I know that a good healthy sex life is in order and that a relationship is just what I need to improve my personal well being and happiness. Do you think it is wrong to place such high expectations on love?

Anxious Amber.

Dear Amber,

Firstly, I think it is actually quite beautiful to believe in the power of love (few people still do!) Secondly, it is medically proven that such forms of intimacy as kissing and touching can increase blood flow circulation to the brain and the nervous system, actually improving your outlook on life. And let's face it, there's nothing like a good, healthy sex drive to cheer you up and make you feel good about yourself. Though feminists may argue that you don't need to be in a relationship to feel like you have self worth and that it is the patriarchal society that leads women to believe that they are insignificant without the love of a man, have you ever noticed that the majority of the 'feminist' women you know who spout this are all in loving and committed relationships themselves? What I'm trying to say here Amber, is that I think it is a great idea for you to get back on that relationship donkey. But there is a crucial ingredient missing from this recipe for success and that is the significant other!

Dear Agony Aunt,

Over the holidays, I had my first same sex sexual experience. It is something that I have been wanting to explore for quite some time, yet when it finally happened, it was nothing like how I had imagined it. Now I feel more confused than before. I know that I am not gay as I still find women attractive and a great chunk of me always will, yet I now can't stop thinking about this boy. We only did it the once as he was only over here for the brief period of the University Games and I really regret not sleeping with him a second or possibly third time. Now I don't know if I will ever see him again. Have I lost my knight in shining armor? Will I ever find a man such as beautiful as him again in my life?

Stir Crazy Steve



Madame Vespa takes aim at your problems.

Dear Steve,

Don't be ridiculous! If anything, this boy has been cosmically placed here to show you the opportunities that are present in your life, opportunities that could very well have been ignored, leaving your true self suppressed and pissed off. An eye opening experience like this can help you to discover your true sexuality. Though, it may have been nice to have been able to pursue something with this boy, don't dwell on what could have been and instead focus on what lies ahead. 'Off Tap' pick ups at the Mars Bar and intimate beers at the Ed. Your journey of sexual discovery is going to be a good read guaranteed!

Dear Madame Vespa,

My boyfriend and I have been together for about a year and though I am quite impressed with my level of commitment to him, lately things have been getting quite serious. He wants me to move in with him. Though, I have been basically living in his inner city studio apartment, I don't know whether I am ready to evolve into the de facto relationship box of my Centrelink form and I certainly don't want to have to start paying him rent for a place that I am already enjoying for free. Heaps of my friends have moved in with their lovers in the past and though I had warned every single one of them that this usually ends in disaster, they all came running to cry on my shoulder when everything went Pete Tong. Can I now go and make the same mistake? I would usually think, in situations such as these that it is time to pack my things and go but how can you replace a boy who lives in a studio apartment on Carrington Street?

Lovely Rita

Dear Rita,

Are you really as shallow as you sound? If you are milking this guy for his beautiful apartment, then, nice work! However, this is not how regular people sustain relationships in this generation. If you don't want to move in with him because you're not ready for such a change, then be honest with him and if you love him and he loves you, I am sure that you will sort things out. However, if your only interest in this boy is the nice apartment and the beauty of rent and bill free living, I think it is about time you left before he catches onto your deviant ways of finding affordable student accommodation and destroys your buzz by landing you with a nice big, fat bill for all the debt incurred through squatting with a lover. Maybe he already knows what you are up to and is only really asking you to move in so that he can make you pay! Either way, you're playing with fire.

Let's hope that this put enough drama into your dreary lives for one week! With enough catch phrases to put Burgoes out of a job, I will leave you with the conspiracy theory that I, myself am Burgo from Channel Seven's Catch Phrase and that the real Madame Vespa is still holidaying in the Caribbean.

**Love and lust always
Madame Vespa**



Coopers



SHOTZ BAR

161 PIRIE STREET

(Sub-ed's disclaimer: I realise that a review of Shotz has already been printed this year, but this is a specific review of a theme night and as such should be considered as an entirely separate and special review.)

Some of you may be old enough to remember the glorious days of Generation X Karaoke, and its regular appearances at Stix on Gouger Street. After Stix closed its doors (and it was a sad day for us all) and Generation X Karaoke finished, we were left scratching our heads as to where we could go to belt out our favourite Brit Pop songs whilst half inebriated. Fel Fella Café was an option of course, but apart from the fact it's recently closed down, it didn't offer much in the way of cool music to sing. Shotz has stepped in to fill the dark emptiness, with their very special Karaoke Thursday nights. Not only do we now have a plethora of excellent music to choose from and hence satisfy our insatiable lust for rock stardom, but the night itself is hosted by two very lovely ladies, one of which is one of *On Dit's* own editors. Jenny and Poptart have charisma, grace and downright sauciness, and it is this which helps elevate the status of Shotz Karaoke Thursday to dizzying new heights!

As you may remember from the last review, Shotz is an open plan, spacious pool hall with dingy lighting and the occasional vomiting Nancy in the corner. But don't let this put you off. The real treasures in Shotz are to be found in the characters you'll meet and the cocktails you'll consume. With an excellent selection at \$8 each, you'll be happy to sit down and get steadily plastered while listening to the (and I'll admit it, often bad) songs that radiate from the Karaoke Thursday jukebox. With a variety of colourful personalities draped in black situated around the area, you'll not only feel right at home but the ease with which you settle in will be enough to have you screaming manx a Marilyn Manson song into the machine while images of groupies dance through your head.

But I digress.

Shotz Karaoke Thursday is actually a really fun night out. It's unlikely in many karaoke venues for you to find some of the more desirable songs that tickle your fancy, but if you like rock and melody, you'll be hard pressed not to be satisfied by Jenny and Poppy and their magical Karaoke Thursday machine. I do have a couple of complaints however. They are as follows, in no particular order:

- 1) The couches that previously filled Shotz in resplendent succulent comfortableness have been mysteriously removed. This is not cool.
- 2) The bouncers fuck off way before closing time, often leaving just Jenny, Poppy and the lone barperson to combat any drunken fuckwits that may cross their paths (as happened last Thursday).
- 3) Unfortunately, bigots are to be found everywhere. Last Thursday, in a response to a guy wearing a skirt on stage, a group of neanderthal wankers attempted to pick a fight and then proceeded to ignore Jenny's polite request that they leave. With no bouncers to sort out the problem, the ignorant twats managed to remain in their position of stupidity on the corner couches. If any of you are reading this, you are all bigoted fucksticks.

If you can bear the occasional unsavoury character, then Shotz is an excellent place to go on a Thursday night, and Jenny and Poppy are just lovely. Sing your heart out, and I bet you won't be sorry. For those of you who don't think that Shotz is your scene, there's always the Blue Moon Bar who I hear are doing a roaring trade following the review from earlier this year.

Percy Weasley

LA RUSSO - CAFÉ - MERCATO

236 RUNDLE STREET, ADELAIDE

Have you ever been hungry for a late lunch in the city only to find that only the allegedly crusty Stag is serving a decent lunch past two? Do restaurant owners not know that the average student gets up at one and is not in town and ready to find a quality lunch until past three? I was cruising along the strip one bright afternoon last week with my girlfriend looking for a place that was still serving lunch at four. We were both originally mortified to find that our beloved Cactus Café had been replaced by what appeared to be yet another Italian café on Rundle Street. I used to love Cactus Café, sure I never went there (perhaps a contributing factor to its closure) but I liked the idea of a Mexican restaurant in amongst the sea of average cafes in the area even if it was no where near as good as Gringos down at Glenelg. "This new place, La Russo had better be worth the disappearance of a Rundle Street icon," I said as I perused the menu on the window. The prices weren't overly expensive and at this point I was in the mind frame that I would pay anything for a decent lunch. The choice was extensive and it all looked pretty delicious. My mouth began to water profusely when I scanned the words bocconcini, capers, kalamata, char grilled eggplant, prosciutto and roasted capsicum all over the menu. When I asked whether they were still serving up such delicious treats, we were delighted to discover that this place was open from breakfast till late each day and that they were serving meals straight through. I was sold. We sat down and ordered a coffee straight away (you can always tell a good Italian café by the pride they take in making your macchiato) so far so good. Neither of us could decide what we wanted so to solve this dilemma, we ordered as much on the menu as we could afford. We started our feast off with an antipasto platter to share, which was delicious and at the price of \$7.90, very reasonable for what you got. It was quite refreshing to find a decent antipasto platter in Adelaide, one with probably the best char grilled eggplant I had tasted in a long while and these delicious home grown and produced juicy kalamata olives. In three minutes, it was gone and we waited in anticipation for our mains. I ordered the steak of the day special and my girlfriend ordered the pollo special. We had also decided to share a Caesar Salad. When these meals arrived, we realised that we had underestimated the value for money that this restaurant provided. The servings were huge and we knew right there and then that we had a challenge on our hands. I ordered my steak rare as usual, when I ask for medium rare I am given an over cooked Dunlop tyre. However, this Italian style roast melted in my mouth, it was perfectly cooked.

La Russo's is now my new favourite eatery on Rundle Street. The staff are really friendly, the menu is extensive and caters for everyone's taste buds, the meals (though not the cheapest on Rundle Street) are definitely the tastiest and the servings leave even the most courageous stomach with the need to undo a notch or two on their belt. The best thing about La Russo is that they are open all day everyday. Do yourself a favour, drop by for a late lunch and you will be savouring the flavours for the rest of the week!

Madame Vespa

Australian Made, Australian Owned.

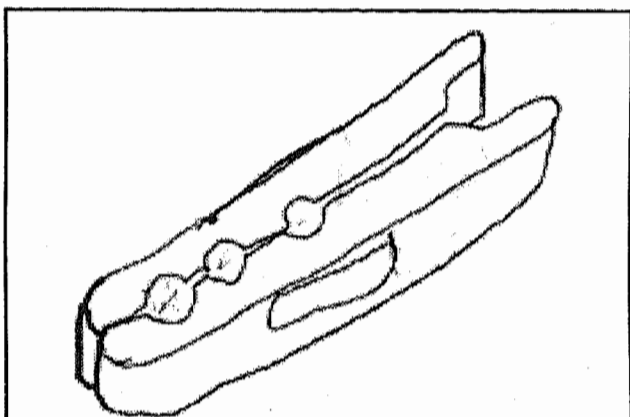
Spy Gadgets that never made it.

In this current unstable political climate, it is more important than ever for all self-respecting agents to be adequately equipped. You never know when you will be required to conduct recon in Riga, murder in Murmansk or spying in St Petersburg.

Yak Espionage Industries brings you the 1973 summer catalogue of what every smart agent-about-town is using this season. Every item guaranteed to be cooler than decades of Cold War and sturdier than the Iron Curtain.

Accent Creator

Are you having difficulty keeping to a role? Is faking an accent getting wearing? Do you find yourself letting your cover slip inadvertently? Then maybe you need to buy yourself an Accent Creator. Discreetly attaching to the nose, the Accent Creator takes the effort out of sustaining your alter-ego and keeping yourself alive. Not even friends or relatives would recognise your voice. The results are amazing!



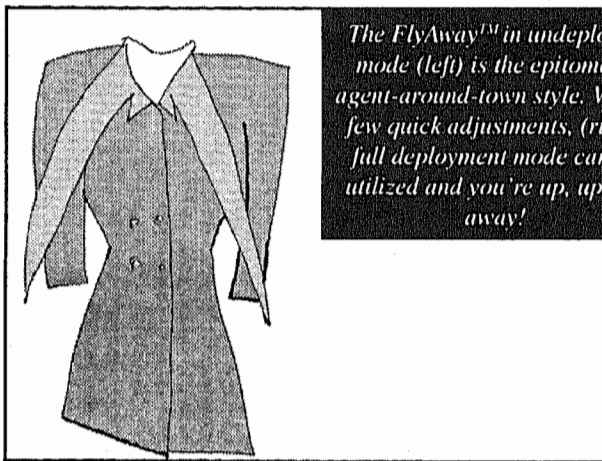
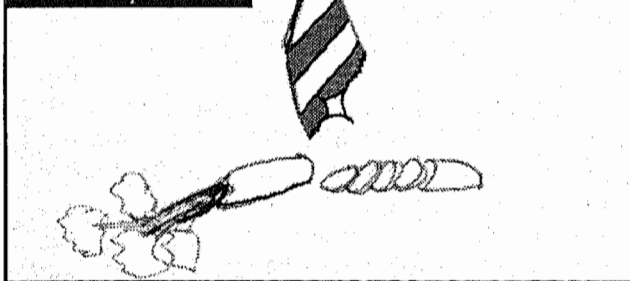
The Accent Creator also comes with a comprehensive manual which will have you speaking with a convincing twang in no time!

LookSharp™ Tie-Blade

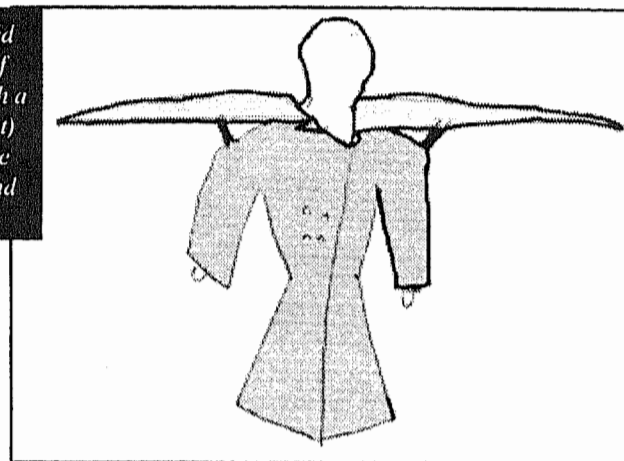
Be at the cutting edge of fashion with this nifty crushed diamond coated tie. Perfect for eliminating targets at Embassy Balls, where no one will suspect the lethal nature of your fashion accessory. It slices, it dices, it circumcises. The only thing it doesn't do is stab, although the StabSmart™ rigidity attachment is available from all reputable dealers.

Comes in all shades of blood red! Also useful for dismembering corpses so that they can be later removed in your handbag.

Look at the sharpness go! That tie sure made short work of the hapless carrot. It removed all traces of hap.



The FlyAway™ in undeployed mode (left) is the epitome of agent-around-town style. With a few quick adjustments, (right) full deployment mode can be utilized and you're up, up and away!



FlyAway™ Extra Large Lapels

Impress with your contemporary urban chic in the undeployed position. When deployed, these monstrous flappers will support the weight of all but the most portly agents in unpowered flight! Great for escaping from those awkward roof/dam/radio aerial situations!

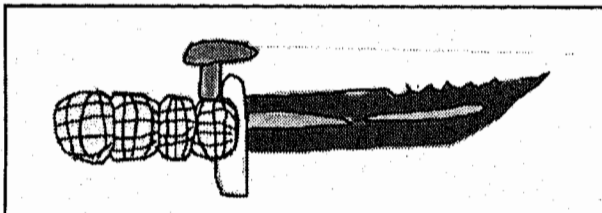
Prosthetic Liver

More subtle than a colostomy bag, this bodily enhancement will ensure that you can attend countless Foreign Ministry Cocktail Parties and be none too shabby for it. Drink all night, and still manage to keep enough presence of mind to sleep with the clerks of the Ministry of the Interior for secrets. Drink opposing agents under the table and get them to spill the beans as they get sauced! All these benefits from one easy to use, discreet attachment!

It's hard to draw a convincing picture of a prosthetic liver so no attempt has been made. Yak Espionage Industries sincerely apologises for the inconvenience.

SureStab™ Laser Sighted Knife

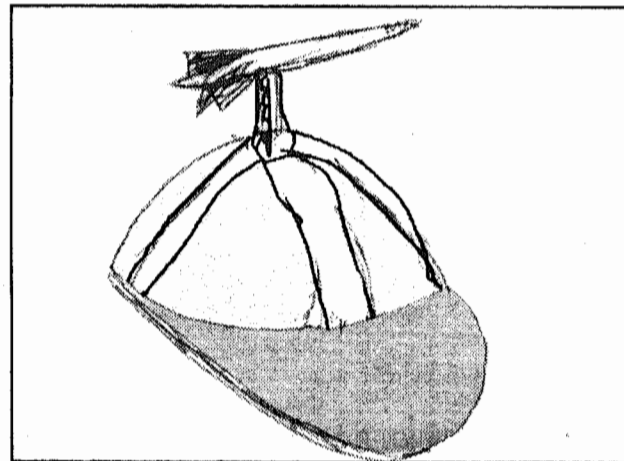
Are you having trouble hitting home with your frenzied stabs? Are you finding yourself missing the 'critical hit' time and time again? Are you needing more than three swift blows to despatch your opponent? Then the SureStab™ weapons system may be for you. Line up the vital organs before plunging the knife in. No more random 'tracer' stabs! No more messy intestine ruptures! No more wasted effort clubbing your opponent to death with the handle! This item is guaranteed to make your target 'get the point'.



Stabbing has never been so easy or so fun!

CHOAD (Cap-mounted HE Ordnance Advanced Deployment) system

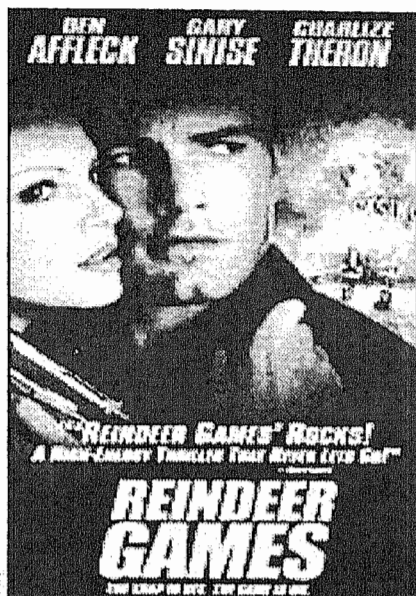
This nifty gadget looks to all intents and purposes like a novelty hat with a model rocket mounted on it. How devious! No one would ever suspect that this whimsical accessory actually conceals a dark purpose. The model rocket is actually a cunningly disguised... real rocket! How terribly jolly! Catch those fiendish commies with their proverbial pants down; as they're laughing uproariously at your witty Soviet fashion statement, blow their socialist limbs off! The streets will run redder than red!



If all else fails and your colleagues are captured or exposed through gross incompetence, you can always rely on your government to threaten the responsible nation with its ridiculously large stockpile of doomsday devices, MIRVs and ICBMs.

trends don't exist if you refuse to get caught up

notjak



DVD

Reindeer Games
 2000 D: John Frankenheimer
 Ben Affleck, Charlize Theron
 Gary Sinise
 Roadshow Entertainment

Rudy (Ben Affleck) has never been much for holidays, especially not Christmas. And while serving time in Iron Mountain Prison for grand theft auto his troubles continue. He is weary of his old ways; all he wants is a new life and to cherish the little things that he has missed. Rudy is due for release and his cellmate Nick, who is doing time for murder, slobbers over some amorous letters that a woman named Ashley (Charlize Theron) has written. Nick has never met this woman but she is a beauty that Rudy unsurprisingly keeps hearing about.

Nick dies in a prison mutiny so, when released, Rudy masquerades as Nick to play 'reindeer games' with Ashley. But some ruffians, including Gabriel (Gary Sinise) disturb said games because they need Rudy to help them rob a casino which Nick used to work in. Rudy refuses because their menacing ways become tiresome and Rudy isn't really who they think he is. And this is where the edgy action begins...

Reindeer Games is filled with panicky characters who are trapped in falsehood and the story is told at a good pace. The Director's Cut is much more violent than the original but the realism of the characters and the general humour is the true focus of this film. From the opening scenes to the end climax I found that every scene was absorbing. You realize that Rudy will win against the rogues but how he gets himself out of his quandry is fun to watch.

John Frankenheimer's dexterous direction indicates his shrewdness by using sharp camera angles that are impressive and linger in the mind. The contrasting characters fortify the director's vision and the actors are in strong roles here. I was pleased with Ben Affleck's character because it grabs you immediately; I think it is his best role. And he is paired with Charlize Theron whose grace could set a sun; her character is the ultimate example of what happens when you get involved with the wrong girl. The core performance is by Gary Sinise; he plays his unpleasant character to perfection. To hold the willowy story together you need actors like this to ignite the minds of the audience, especially towards the end where some of them double-cross each other. *Reindeer Games* is fun to watch; it is a cool film. And you don't have to take it too seriously.

DVD Extras: A commentary by John Frankenheimer, which is clever. He speaks about the cruel process of preview screenings and which scenes he had to change, and the ones he shouldn't have. He also talks about his level of commitment with the actors he appreciates so much. There is a neat featurette and a trailer.

Matty Herfurth

VIDEO

RECOMMENDED VIEWING

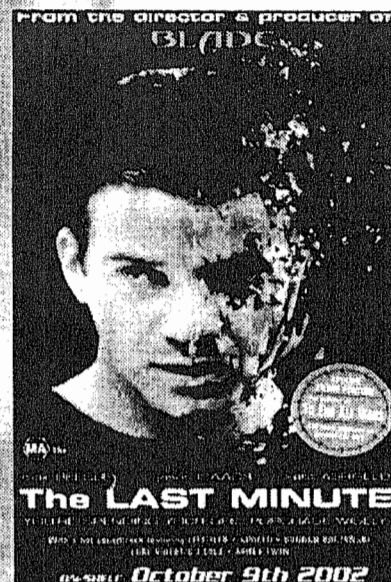
State of Grace
 1990 D: Phil Joanou
 Sean Penn, Ed Harris
 Gary Oldman, Robin Wright
 Roadshow Entertainment

Stylish and ultraviolent, *State of Grace* follows 'Scary' Terry Noonan (Sean Penn) as he returns to his old neighbourhood, Hell's Kitchen. He hooks up again with his best friend Jackie (Gary Oldman), who bemoans the yuppie gentrification which is transforming his beloved neighbourhood into a series of luxury condos. He complains to Terry, 'You know they don't even wanna call it the Kitchen no more. They've renamed it Clinton. Sounds like a fuckin' steamboat!' Jackie is a member of a crime family led by the nasty Frankie (Ed Harris), who is Jackie's older brother. Terry was a member of this crime family several years before, and is welcomed back into it upon his return to the Kitchen. But he hides a secret which could well end his life if it was to be revealed.

State of Grace is a highly engrossing gangster thriller. Harris and Oldman sear the screen. As usual, Oldman delivers a flawless, mesmerising performance. Jackie is a fiercely loyal character prone to outbursts of extreme violence - witness the scene in which he beats another man half to death for chatting up Jackie's girlfriend Irene. This beating is administered as Guns N' Roses 'Sweet Child O' Mine' blares from the bar's juke. If filmic violence offends your sensibilities then definitely steer clear of this one.

Upon Terry's return to the Kitchen, he resumes his romance with Kathleen (Robin Wright), who is sister to Jackie and Frankie. Kathleen is repulsed by the violent, nocturnal world which her brothers inhabit and has moved all the way uptown in an attempt to distance herself from them. The film's central theme is Terry's attempt to live in a state of grace when all around him is murder, violence and betrayal. 'You try to believe that there's such a thing as a state of grace,' he observes in a gripping monologue near the film's violent ending, 'but it's got absolutely nothing to do with reality'. Do not miss this one.

James Trevelyan



The Last Minute
 2001 D: Stephen Norrington
 Max Beesley, Jason Isaacs
 Kate Ashfield, Tom Bell
 21st Century Pictures

This tale of moral, physical and spiritual decline tries to be *Requiem For a Dream*, but comes off as a weak imitation of that relentlessly dark and graphic masterpiece. Having said that, *The Last Minute* is still a very entertaining film. Certainly, like *Requiem*, much of it is hard to watch, but it is quite well-made and delivers a strong anti-drug message.

Max Beesley stars as Billy Byrne, a handsome young man who has achieved fame and fortune overnight. He is the flavour of the month and all his neon-glitter dreams are coming true. Suddenly, it is all over; his career takes a nosedive and he is derided by the critics as being talentless and as simply rehashing that which has been done better before and by other, more gifted people. He sinks into depression and despair and hooks up with Anna, a junkie thief who takes him into her tenebrous world of stealing and fixing. Soon Billy is a heroin addict like his whipper-thin, dark-haired female friend, and together they inhabit a labyrinthine maze which they share with many other street urchins. They rely on the grizzled Grimshanks for drugs, who is a modern-day Fagin to his young charges. All hell breaks loose when 'Percy' Sledge, the dealer who supplies Grimshanks with his tinfoil goodies, comes looking for his money. 'Percy' Sledge's nomenclature is a reference to the soul singer of the same name who scored a hit with 'When A Man Loves A Woman'; there is a great scene in which 'Percy', apropos of nothing, suddenly bursts forth into song, doing a sterling version of the aforementioned soul standard. Earlier in the film, he sings Cole Porter's 'I've Got You Under My Skin' while spattered with a DJ's blood. If all this sounds decidedly bizarre, it is!

The Last Minute reminded me of *Trainspotting*, *Bright Lights*, *Big City* and also Gus Van Sant's wonderful *My Own Private Idaho*. It is a real diamond in the rough, one of those direct-to-video releases which is not dreck, absolute! I really enjoyed director Stephen Norrington's last film, the ultra-violent vampire flick *Blade*, and this is a pretty worthy follow-up. Sure, it is quite derivative, but isn't everything these days?

James Trevelyan

Getting Wet With Jesse Bradford



While the name Jesse Bradford may not yet bring instant recognition, it certainly will when I mention *Bring It On*, *Romeo and Juliet* and the current box office hit *Swimfan*. I recently had an opportunity to chat with Jesse about his latest role as high school swimmer Ben Cronin, the target of a disturbed fan's advances after an encounter goes wrong.

For much of the film, Jesse spends his term immersed in water. "The swimming was a big part of it - I already knew how to swim, but there's a difference between knowing how to swim and looking like you might one day be able to go to the Olympics. So I started swimming a month and a half before we even started shooting and did it all the way through, pretty much every day. And I figured it was the only way to really get the right sort of look, the right kind of body type, because there is a difference between the way a guy who spends all day in the gym looks and the way a guy who spends all day in the pool looks. It's been a year so since I shot the film, so I have had time away from it, but I definitely didn't keep swimming once we were done shooting. It's a very effective form of exercise and I have a lot of respect for it, because it's very difficult and strenuous. If I ever need to get into really good shape really fast then that's what I'll do."

Cameras and water are always an uneasy mix, and for this movie the two were combined quite often. "The whole filmmaking process is slowed down drastically when you are shooting with water, it's just one extra thing to worry about. You know what the most annoying part of it was? The very first day that we were in the pool, they had over chlorinated it. I think they call it a shock - when they put so much chlorine in it that they kill every living thing in it, so it's completely clean. Well clean is kind of a relative thing since it's bogged down with chlorine, which is not exactly good for you. So literally they had shocked the water three days before, so it was still completely packed with chlorine, and I had to film underwater with my eyes open, and literally for two or three days after that I couldn't really see that well. My eyes became really sensitive to the light, they were permanently red and bloodshot, and that was a real pisser."

For *Swimfan*, Jesse got to work with Australian director John Polson, who is well-known for his work as an actor. "He's a great director, he's really creative behind the camera, and he works well with actors, and is open minded to new ideas." Getting the part was a lengthy process for Jesse. "I read the script and then went in and auditioned for John Polson and the casting director. The weird thing that happened was that then I didn't hear anything back except that my agent told me that they liked me a lot, but then I didn't hear anything for months. I literally made two movies in the meantime, and then all of sudden five months later I get a call from my agent who said that the movie was finally getting made and that they were very interested in me. I talked to John Polson on the phone again and then got hold of his movie *Siam Sunset* and watched it, and it all went from there."

Making *Swimfan* is certainly not a new experience for

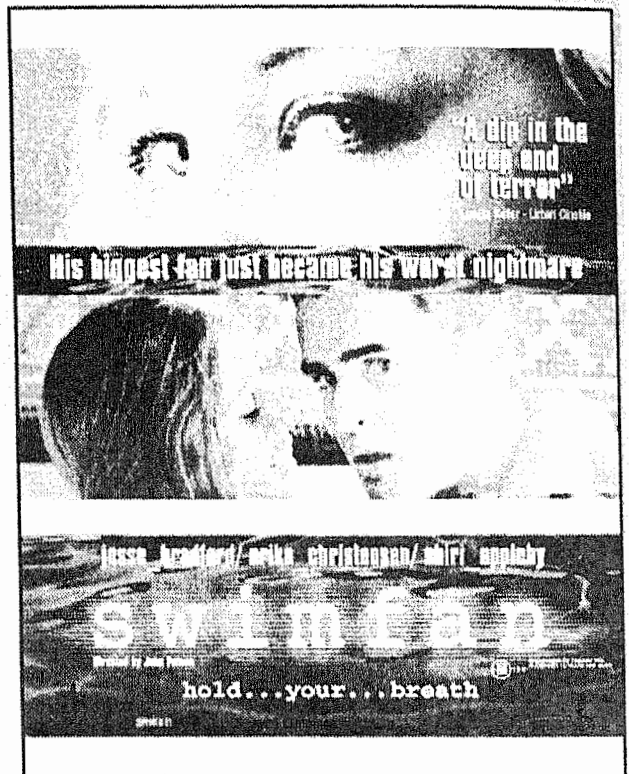
Jesse, as he has been acting since he was a child. "My parents were both actors, and literally my mom was working all the time in commercials, even while she was pregnant with me. Then once I was born people that mom knew in the business expressed an interest in using me. My parents saw an opportunity to start saving up a college fund. It all went from there, it just never became something that I didn't want to do. Then as I got older it dawned on me that in a society where you simply must have some kind of job, unless you are born with a silver spoon in your mouth, you have to pull in some loot somehow. My buddies were getting jobs delivering papers and flipping burgers, and I felt so lucky that I had such a great job, so I just always wanted to stick with it. Not to mention that it's a very therapeutic emotional and creative release. I also studied film at Columbia, and I did that so that I could direct someday. I'm really not in a rush with that though, I would really rather just hone my skills in that department, without ever really showing anybody. I like to make little movies just using my video camera to show my friends, and just kind of experiment and get used to it. To use an analogy that works in my real life, I've been playing guitar for ten years, and after the first year or so, I was in a band. We had a great time making music, but we sucked. But ten years later after playing for that long I could probably almost pull it off. I've got some practice under my belt. I know how to handle my instrument at this point. It's kind of the same with filmmaking for me, I feel like I need a few years of practice under my belt before I make anything for mass consumption."

Although he has made a name for himself as a leading man, Jesse has also made a large number of independent movies. "I certainly intend to continue with it. The independent world is really an arena where people seem more willing to give me the opportunity to experiment. I think that mainstream Hollywood sees me as being able to fill the more leading man type duties, in a comedy or a drama, that's kind of the pigeonhole that I fall into in Hollywood. Whereas in the independent world, people are more willing to let me try weird shit. I think that they are happy to have me on the project even if I am playing a character that they wouldn't normally expect. I owe a lot to independent film, and I don't ever not want to do it. Matter of fact, once I start making movies, it's more than likely that they will be independent."

I asked Jesse about how *Swimfan* has been received overseas. "In the States, the critics were a little hard on *Swimfan*, but you know what's the best remedy for that? Being number one at the box office on the opening weekend and making 5 million dollars more than anyone thought you would. I am at a point now where, it would be foolish to say that I don't pay any attention to reviews because everyone wants good reviews, but at the same time there always going to be people who don't like what you are doing, and people who don't understand it. I guess I'm at a point now where I read a couple of reviews and then I no longer care. *Swimfan* is not designed for the 45 year old seasoned film critic. And frankly I do think that there is plenty of really good filmmaking in the movie that the seasoned film critic should be able to pick up on and appreciate. If they can't see past the fact that it is a movie designed for younger people then fuck them!"

With the success of *Swimfan*, we will be seeing a lot more of Jesse Bradford in the future. "I don't have anything set up right now, I've kind of been intentionally taking a break, and now I feel like I'm in a pretty good position right now with *Swimfan* doing pretty well in the States. I'm ready to work again, so I'm looking for my next job now. I have been intentionally avoiding work for the last year. I went back and finished school and just hung out with my friends, and then I ended up doing this cross country trip with a buddy of mine for about a month, so it's been a good year." A good year indeed!

Poptart



Swimfan
Now Showing
Most Cinemas

More than just your average teen thriller, *Swimfan* takes the idea behind *Fatal Attraction* and frightens a whole new generation of viewers. Directed by Australian actor John Polson, *Swimfan* stars Jesse Bradford (*Bring It On*) as Olympic swim hopeful Ben Cronin, who is content with his daily routine of swimming, schoolwork and romance with girlfriend Shiri Appleby (*Roswell*), until he 'accidentally' meets Madison (Erika Christensen). Seduced by her attentiveness and persistence, he commits a fatal error and sleeps with her. Unfortunately for Ben, this fling turns deadlier than most, and he is likely to lose more than his girlfriend in the process. But who is going to believe that the extremely attractive Madison is also extremely disturbed?

Erika Christensen, fresh from her success in *Traffic* is well cast as the seductive yet crazy Madison, hell-bent on having Ben any way she can. Bradford slips surprisingly well into the leading man role as Ben, convincingly playing the flawed hero that you cannot help but sympathise with. Although she doesn't have a particularly meaty role, Shiri Appleby's girl-next-door charm shines as the maligned girlfriend.

You may know John Polson only as an acclaimed actor from such films as *The Boys*. His debut as a director was on the patchy yet enjoyable romp *Siam Sunset*. This is his first largely Hollywood venture, and he has more than succeeded. This movie manages to marry the values of the thriller genre with the language of the teen genre, to make a truly frightening and entertaining film. *Swimfan* is an enjoyable teen thriller with more than a little bite in its bark.

Poptart

Swimfan Giveaways!

Thanks to Picture This Marketing, we have in-season double passes to the new thriller *Swimfan*, starring Jesse Bradford and Erika Christensen to giveaway. To get your hands on one, come to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 1.00 pm. Easy!

Bloody Sunday
Now Showing
Palace Nova Cinemas

Bloody Sunday is a graphic and gritty depiction of the tragic events immortalized in the U2 song of the same name (which adds a Sunday at the front), when a planned peaceful march in the town of 1972 Derry, Ireland became a bloodbath after British soldiers slaughtered innocent civilians. Although the army still maintains to this day that they were fired on first by rogue protesters and IRA elements, you may feel differently after viewing this moving account.

Director Paul Greengrass gives the film a pseudo-documentary look by following the events over 24 hours from the perspective of four characters involved. While it is obvious he has taken the usual artistic liberties, the film gives you a sense of how elements on each side views the other with barely concealed contempt and aggression, and how others strive for some peaceful middle ground.

Protestant politician Ivan Cooper (played by James Nesbitt) aims only to lead a peaceful protest through the streets of Derry calling for civil rights. Meanwhile, the British military descend on the town in the cover of darkness the night before to quell what they believe will be a violent anti-British mob of hooligans and IRA terrorists. As reports filter through to the march organisers the next day of the strong military build up within the city, fears and tensions mount, and questions are raised about whether the march should be cancelled. The march goes ahead, and young Catholic boy played by Declan Duddy joins it with his rowdy friends, later antagonising the troops by throwing bricks and stones as the march reaches British-manned road blocks. Brigadier MacLellan (Nicholas Farrell) tries to avoid a violent confrontation, but his troops are eager for a fight and his superior has encouraged them to use force and "teach the hooligans a lesson". When the soldiers break ranks and start shooting civilians, it is with live ammunition and not rubber bullets as before, and it is not another army they attacking, but unarmed boys, and fleeing old men. When the dust settles, thirteen civilians are dead and dozens are injured, despite their being no evidence of shots fired at the British army.

Greengrass' elicits extremely realistic performances from his actors, and his effective use of hand-held camera work during the skirmishes adds to the overall frenzied atmosphere. Most disturbing than the violence however, is the chilling realisation that it was this event that was largely responsible for the recruitment of scores of vengeful young men into the IRA, thereby leading to cycles of further violence and fear throughout generations. All the more significant as modern day Britain gears up to deal with a new group of "terrorists" with the US, *Bloody Sunday* is a disturbing reminder of a dark day in the history of British-Irish conflict.

Garage Days
Now Showing
Cinemas Everywhere

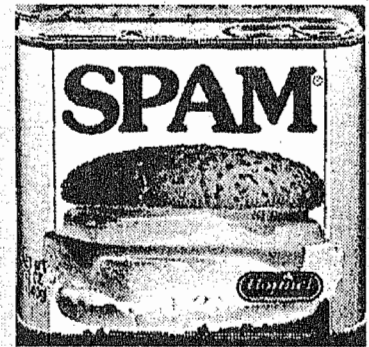
It is pleasing to see the Australian Film Industry has graduated beyond the merely quirky to the more substantial in recent years. After such international successes as *Muriel's Wedding*, *Priscilla* and *Strictly Ballroom*, one could be forgiven for thinking that Australian cinema had fallen into a stereotype of its own. However, lately the industry has really been forged and defined through the production of quality dramatic ventures as well as the more comedic genre defined in the early nineties. It is refreshing to see that Australia is proving its worth on an international level without resorting to poking (too much) fun at the Down Under stereotype. *Garage Days* is one such film. Whilst relatively lightweight, Alex Proyas' film remains an intelligent and humorous film with many references to local concerns and idiosyncrasies. Rather than adopting an Americanised stance, Proyas manages to maintain a distinctly Australian feel through the incorporation of political references to pokie machines and a redefining of the staid version of the Aussie battler.

Garage Days tells the story of a garage band in Sydney struggling to hit the big time. Faced with the phasing out of live music venues through noise protection laws and pokie invasion, the un-named band led by Freddy (Kick Gurry) try repeated scheme after another in an attempt to get a fat cat music producer to sign them to his label. Facing personal challenges of their own, including a complicated love triangle and some hilarious antics from drummer Lucy's (Chris Sadrina - spelling not guaranteed) quest for the perfect high, the band play against the odds looking for that killer opening track that will guarantee them star status and turn them into rock and roll legends. With amusing performances from Sadrina and Russell Dykstra as the band's manager, the film treads the delicate balance between comedy and drama in places, yet manages on the whole to remain an uplifting piece.

There has been criticism levelled at *Garage Days* due to its fluffy nature and reliance upon filming techniques rather than substantial storyline. Whilst this may be the case, it is important to remember that not every film need be an exploration of art and life. For some, it is enough to watch a pretty funny film with some quite cool cinematography and exploration of relevant 'youth' issues. Despite some problems with miscasting and Pia Miranda's apparent problem with anorexia, *Garage Days* is a lighthearted movie that will make you want to laugh and accidentally take acid at important family dinners.

Mabel Stanley

Spam of the Week



The 007 Watch Joke

A very confident James Bond walks into a bar and takes a seat next to a very attractive woman. He gives her a quick glance, then casually looks at his watch for a moment. The woman notices this and asks, "Is your date running late?"

"No", he replies, "Q's just given me this state-of-the-art watch."

The intrigued woman says, "A state-of-the-art watch? What's so special about it?"

Bond explains, "It uses alpha waves to talk to me telepathically."

The lady says, "What's it telling you now?"

"Well, it says you're not wearing any knickers...."

The woman giggles and replies, "Well it must be broken because I am wearing knickers!"

Bond tuts, taps his watch, and says, "Damn thing's an hour fast."

Top Ten Signs You're James Bond

1. You actually know how to play baccarrat
2. Emotional moments leave you shaken, not stirred.
3. You jump off a cliff to catch your flight
4. You emerge from the wood chipper relieved that you haven't wrinkled your suit.
5. People who borrow your pen never return it - neither are they ever seen again
6. Things blow up when you set the time on your watch.
7. You find skiing boring unless you're shooting at someone.
8. Every guy you meet wants to kill you and every girl you meet wants to sleep with you then kill you.
9. You accidentally blew three fingers off your right hand signing for a package with one of "Q's" damn gadget pens!
10. You look through the Sharper Image catalogue and giggle at how simple all the gadgets are.

Top Ten Signs Your Neighbor is a Secret Operative Agent for the CIA

1. He just returned from an extended "Florida Vacation" without a suntan — but speaking fluent Urdu.
2. Comes over and asks to borrow a cup of listening devices.
3. Someone lives there?
4. His subscription to *CIA Today* keeps getting left in your mailbox.
5. His entire car pool wears dark Ray Bans and dark suits, every single day.
6. Bumper sticker says: My other car is a Black Helicopter.
7. You are pretty sure that Ford does not offer a "smoke screen" option on the Taurus.
8. Whenever he has friends from work over, driveway is full of unmarked white vans.

dan V

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Dir Yoshiaki Kawajiri, 2000, 35mm, 115min, Japan

FRI 11th Oct
Tai Chi Master, plus ep 1 of *Love Hina* M 15+
Dir Wo Ping Yuen, 1993, 35mm, 98min, Hong Kong

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Perfect Blue, plus ep 1 of *Cowboy Bebop* MA 15+
Dir Satoshi Kon, 1997, 35mm, 81min, Japan

FRI 25th Oct
Time and Tide MA 15+ Dir Tsui Hark, 2000, 35mm, 113, HK
plus *Gundam Wing* op 1

SAT 26th Oct
Fist of Legend M 15+ Dir Gordon Chan, 1994, 35mm, 106min, HK
plus ep 1 of *Wandering Samurai*

For further information contact Mark on 8410 0979 or visit our web site at www.mrc.org.au

Literature
Literature

EVIDENCE

BY EMMA
TOM

Evidence
Emma Tom
Flamingo \$20.95

Okay, so you all know who Emma Tom is by now, don't you? Yes, she writes a column for *The Australian*, and yes she was briefly married to Dave McCormack from Custard. What you probably didn't know was that she already has a book under her fashionable belt that won a prize for Best First Novel. *Evidence*, her second novel is a peculiarly Australian crime book that follows the story of fourteen-year-old Cheryl Kiss, as she

attempts to find who killed a fellow student and in the process discovers the strange tale of her origins.

Cheryl is a reclusive overweight teenage who has just been dropped by her friends and constantly suffers the nagging of her newsreader mother who wants her to lose weight. Her new stepfather keeps leaving *Pillow Biter* porn magazines under her mattress and one of her schoolmates and next-door neighbour has just been horribly murdered by being set alight. With her world in chaos, Cheryl decides to solve the mystery of what happened to poor Samuel Ledhead. In doing so she also uncovers the mystery surrounding her absent father and what exactly happened to her mother in a bar in Mexico.

Emma Tom's caustic wit translates well into novel form, and the character of Cheryl is particularly interesting – appealing and repulsive at the same time. She is certainly not your usual type of heroine, and this makes for a rather twisted mystery. Her troubles with her mother will resonate with a lot of people, as well as her inability to cope with her schooling. In fact, these problems actually dwarf the murder inquiry, until the novel becomes a tale about growing pains rather than about a murder.

If you are looking for a straight out detective mystery then steer well clear of this novel. If, however, you like your intrigue with a hearty dose of sarcasm and teen angst, *Evidence* is likely to hit the spot for you.

Poptart

Street). Not that I'm suggesting plagiarism, but rather that fans of Earls' will surely enjoy this story.

Set in the early 1990s, Danny, a young Scotsman with a gambling addiction, finds himself in debt to one of Vietnam's biggest triad leaders, Mr Five Oranges. Danny and his brother Frankie, Vietnamese wife Mai, together with others from Danny's past and present, must devise ways to save Danny's life. Throw in characters such as Young Bob, who's not so young, Happy "Gellignite" Jack, the McCludgie Brothers, and Jade, the transsexual prostitute ('only one more operation to go'), and there are some genuinely funny moments in this book.

Despite the distraction of stereotypes, the originality of the presentation still stands out. During the course of the book, there are frequent crosses made – not only between time frames, but also from character to character. Switching time frames from Danny's past in an Australian sausage-making factory ('the braunschweiger has a very interesting history...'), to a bar-owner in Vietnam, presently, is initially confusing. However, the switches made from character to character, between Mai, Danny, Frankie and the McCludgie Brothers, add style and depth to the story. Although this in itself is not a highly original concept (think *Pulp Fiction* in a book), crossing between characters in *Saigon Tea* is skilfully done, without being overly irritating.

This is essentially a boy's story – no in-depth plot, and full of women – from nasty, bitching wives to sweet, pleasuring prostitutes. For a simple, easy read, there's not much more you could ask for.

Fen

SAIGON TEA



GRAHAM REILLY

Some of the funniest characters I've ever read
NICK EARLS

Saigon Tea
Graham Reilly
Hodder \$20.95

All bar girls in Saigon drink Saigon Tea. A little Jim Beam and much milk. Girl drink many and not get drunk.

Dog-eating Asians, drunk, poor Scotsmen, Vietnamese triads, and good of Aussie blokes who talk only of women, football, sex, drink, cars and more sex. Cultural stereotypes are abundant, almost comically, in *Saigon Tea*. Admittedly, *Saigon Tea* takes a little while to get into. However, to let stereotypes detract from the story would do it an injustice.

Graham Reilly's writing style is remarkably similar to that of Nick Earls (*Headgames*, *48 Shades of Brown*, *Zigzag*

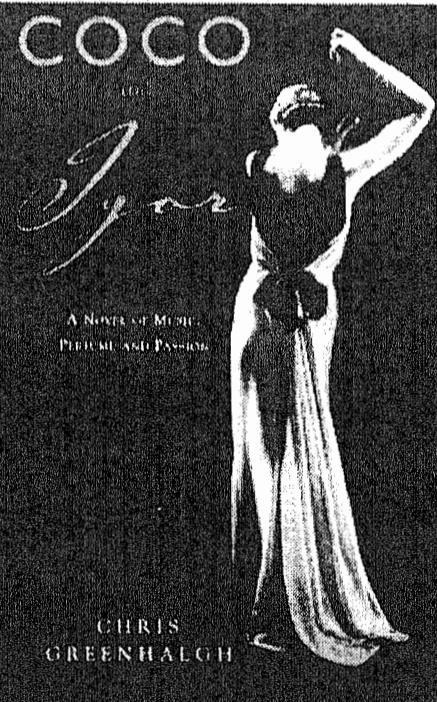
CANDIDA CLARK

THE
MARINER'S
STAR

The Mariner's Star
Candida Clark
Review \$29.95

The Mariner's Star is an awfully heartbreaking tale of one woman's journey to discover the truth and courage inside of her to cope with the loss of her husband at sea. It is written from the woman's point of view, and as we accompany her through the maze of her thoughts, the reader truly connects with her emotions (girls get that tissue box ready!). This is Candida Clark's third novel, but she writes with a style and wisdom well above her years. I have to tell you, you won't be able to put this book down, not only because of the format and short chapters which make it so easy to read, but also because you'll crave to know what's going to be revealed next.

As the main character sets out alone in



Coco and Igor
Chris Greenhalgh
Review \$29.95

Bedridden and/or bored? Do you need something to fill the time, that won't make you think too hard, nor leave anything unresolved? Then maybe Greenhalgh's *Coco and Igor* is for you. It might also help if you enjoy a romantic storyline, and can live without kung fu, guns and a cowboy. *Coco and Igor* is a delightful book blending biography with romantic fiction, that tells the story of an intoxicating love affair between the designer Coco Chanel and the great composer Igor Stravinsky. Fans of Chanel and

her husband's boat, the myriad of memories of the times she spent with her lover floods back, and we learn of the events that led up to this tragedy. The whole book is written in a space of a couple of days, but during this time she must confront the long buried secrets, as well as face a storm and find peace either through redemption or death.

It is very hard to describe the depth of thought which each paragraph entails, or all the issues raised by the author about the individual, love, life, relationships and loss, therefore I thought I might give you a small taste of what you can expect if you decide to get this book:

"I am nothing. I am only this suspended thing, dangling from a gibbet with all the life and purpose now bled out of me. I know this. I knew it the second he was gone – that there was nothing left. That I had suffered to no purpose. That the world was without sense or meaning. That life was a false thing lit up only by the illusion of love, not by any fact of the love itself. Because how can love be real if it is contained within flesh, which dies? So then nothing is real but what is now."

This book is virtually for anyone and everyone, even though it's written from a female point of view. If you have ever been in love, are in love, or have lost someone, you will definitely be able to relate to the main character's thoughts and feelings, or if you don't fit any of the above categories, this novel will give you some insight into what it's like. In all honesty, I simply love this book! It is very sad, but without revealing too much, there is hope at the end of the tunnel. Will she find her lover? Will she survive? You'll have to read to find out...

Agnieszka

Stravinsky may be interested in this book, however, I recommend that one stays wary of its factual credibility.

The novel is set in 1920, and where else but Paris, "He enjoys the city's trembling energy, its radial symmetries, its broad avenues, and it bridges spanning the river like the frets on a melting guitar." Through implication (or desire?). Coco invites Igor and his family (note: wife and four children) to stay with her through the summer in her villa just outside the city (hmm, summer lovin' in a place of very phallic trees?). The novel charts the pivotal moments in the characters lives, as Stravinsky rewrites *The Rite*, and Chanel discovers her fragrance No. 5.

The novel reminds us of the exquisiteness of a true love affair, the type that breaks the boundaries of all time and space, dragging two separate bodies and different limbs into one, whole moment of perfection - yes that's right, the type of love affair we only read about in books. I recommend this book, if for nothing but its incredible imagery; "From Igor's study comes the first promptings of the piano. Notes float across the lawn like scraps of fallen laundry. The rhythms are awkward and syncopated, with a fury fed from within." I would not disagree with arguments that there are a few too many references to champagne and red velvet. And often its hard not to question the credibility of the two characters as they stumble around giddy and drunk on Chanel's No.5, acting like rabbits; taunting the wife, sick with consumption upstairs. However, as long as you stay aware of this it is a very enjoyable book, the perfect accompaniment to a sunny weekend.

Juella

ALISON ALEXANDER

A WEALTH OF WOMEN

THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES OF ORDINARY AUSTRALIAN WOMEN FROM 1788 TO TODAY

A Wealth of Women
Alison Alexander
Duffy and Snellgrove \$25

A Wealth of Women was commissioned by the Commonwealth Office of the Status of Women in the Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet and was funded by the National Council for the Centenary of Federation. It describes the experiences of ordinary Australian women from white settlement in 1788 to the present day. Many of the stories within it are taken from the History Search done by the Office of the Status of Women in 2000, and include the full spectrum of Australian women, from traditional Aboriginal women to the young flapper of the 1920's and the recent immigrants to Australia.

It covers in chapter form each period of Australia, 'The Early Days', 'Building a Nation' through to 'The Boom Years', 'The Women's Movement' and 'Today'. In each

of these chapters Alison Alexander introduces the reader to the period, describing the social and political climate in Australia, and how this defined the women's role within society. While this is important in the way it contextualises the rest of the chapter, I found that some of this introductory material was slightly uninteresting as it was telling me what I all ready knew, but of course not everyone will have that problem.

Alexander also includes other smaller stories or tales throughout the book, which range from tales of the early women drivers to recipes. There are also Snapshot's throughout the book which are a timeline of particular events and how they effected women, on the subjects of Food, Health, Fashion, Education and Inventions. The book also contains an interesting selection of black and white photos. In some of the chapters Alexander writes the life story of an imaginary woman, a stereotype based on relative historical information. These are interesting as they summarise the experiences of all the other women in the chapter. The book also contains two significant chapters (5 and 10) written by Prue Torney-Parlicki which cover the struggle of Aboriginal women, shedding new light on their past and present situation.

Overall this book was very interesting to read, however some of the material was similar to what you find in many books on Australian women's history, and if, like me, you have already read about this topic, then it would be worth skimming over these sections. This book contains some useful stories and could be very useful for essays, as it has general information and specific case studies. This book is well written and the author is very genuine in her writing. Definitely worth a look if you are interested in Australian women's history or alternatively are looking for information on the topic for study purposes.

Rosie

WIN!

In the course of a year, we accrue many sundry books. Some don't find owners to review them, not necessarily because they are crap. True, some may be questionable, but there's some gold in there. I've looked.

So, what do we do with all the leftovers. The answer seems simple. Why not hold an:

AMAZING BOOK GIVEAWAY!

Send in your idea for a novel, or 'treatment', as some wankers call it, and you could be in the running. Get your entries in hard copy or via email to us by Thursday October 24.

Hurry, there's not much room down here. Sometimes I can't find my shoes.

LOST NATION

A Novel

Lost Nation
Jeffrey Lent
Picador \$28

I'm not really sure what to make of *Lost Nation*. It was like some mutated form of action novel. Basic story is; a dark and mysterious stranger takes off to the American countryside with a wagon full of supplies, a big dog and a voluptuous prostitute tied to his wagon. They set up a pub in the middle of the northern equivalent of deliverance country, where they get trapped in the middle of an American/Canadian turf dispute.

Apart from the very predictable 'only seven ways to tell a western' storyline I actually enjoyed it. It was crap, don't get me wrong, but as far as crap books go this wasn't

that bad. It was entertaining enough to while away a few hours on a wet and windy day. Most of it is Blood being dark and mysterious, it was a bit like reading *The Bold and the Beautiful* with all their meaningful pauses, but it had its moments. My favourite part of the novel is when a lunatic of a fur trapper wanders out of the forest with a severed head named Wilson tied to his sled. As is the way with Blood he doesn't even bat an eyelid, and although it sounds gruesome it really is hilarious.

There is a slightly strange romantic plot that runs between the prostitute Sally and Blood. I say it's strange because he is about twice her age and he rapes her at the beginning of the book. I'm not sure how a romantic plot can evolve out of such a crime without the crime being romanticised. There characters are quite shallow, Blood barely seems to move away from the tortured and mysterious stereotype. In fact there are few characters that don't stick to stereotypes. The storyline is basic and predictable although it can be hard tracing the characters of the seemingly inter bred township. The ending is quite exciting and doesn't stick to classical narrative, but Hollywood does step in during the Postlude turning a very good ending to mush. I recommend just skipping this part.

The language used is fairly simple although some of the sentence structures are unusual, for example I didn't realise 'The girl!' was a complete sentence, but you get used to the style it becomes easier. *Lost Nation* is the kind of book you read sick in bed or on a plane, nothing you would take seriously or admit anywhere public that you had read it. But I liked it as a kind of trashy useless fiction.

Belle

ON DIT 70.18

Brillig live @ Rhino Room

Frome Street With guests Flying Colours and Scissor Pretty

As common sense would demand Brillig have been putting themselves about the local live scene hot on the tail of the release of their *Nervous Tissue* EP. Taking into account the fact that the EP had left quite an impression on me I was eager to see a tighter, slightly more pop-driven Brillig live.

I arrived at the Rhino Room during Flying Colours' set, initially unimpressed the material started to really grow on me, like a blues, funk and psychedelic driven cancer. In fact the vocalist/guitarist really surprised me when he launched into a guitar solo and proved that he could really wail with the best of them... at least on a local level anyway.

The bassist had me quite perplexed

also. Rather than playing with a traditional technique known as "the easy way" he instead utilised an over-hand technique with the double-edged effect of looking quite impressive and also really, really silly. His basslines were rather complex however and I wondered why on earth somebody would go out of their way to make things trickier than they need to be. Still, their ability and tightness as a band was impressive. Unfortunately in an age where a band's image is almost as important as their music when it comes to marketability, Flying Colours' appearance can only be described as...unfortunate. I imagine some sort of stylist might be able to set them on the right course (it worked for The Knack).

Once Flying Colours finished their set a vacuum was created in the evening whence one could go to the toilet, liquor up,

do a combination of the two or as was my case get a little bit of fresh air while I killed time before Brillig got started. It was cold and rainy but this was appropriate really, it didn't even faze me that my ratty canvas shoes were taking in half their weight in water while I roamed around the city breathing in the night air and spending some time looking at the mural on the corner of Frome and Rundle.

I meandered back to the Rhino Room with their snazzy layout and expensive alcohol in time to see Brillig setting up. By the time they started playing the crowd seemed transfixed on them. The blend of audio and visual into one cohesive artistic stroke was wonderfully executed although the use of the reel-to-reel projector turned out to bite them in the arse a few songs into the set when technical difficulties arose. These were quickly sorted and the band and the projector soon resumed their performances.

Brillig played a solid set, essentially weaving all the songs off *Nervous Tissue* into

a song progression that was completely complimentary to the material and to the performance. This combined with the strange and cryptic images spewed forth from the projector and seen dancing across the faces of the band as their silhouettes in turn could be seen skulking across the images on the screen behind them was beautiful to the point of being hypnotic.

The songs themselves were delivered with emotion and integrity and an almost enviable level of tightness. The only conceivable flaw was possibly Matt's guitar tone. While you could expect nothing other than a chimy, jangly tone from a Rickenbacker there was maybe a little too much top-end occasionally giving the guitar a really piercing sound which became rather irritating after a while. Other than this and the unfortunate troubles with the projector, the set verged on flawlessness. This begs the question if you have not yet seen Brillig; why the hell not?

Jet Black

Brillig
Nervous Tissue
Indie

Nervous Tissue is a five track ep and the latest release from local "dark electro-pop" three-piece Brillig. The EP shows the trio examining the sonic tapestry they have woven over the last couple of years and granting further attention to the pop thread, granting further texture and appeal to the sonic palette. Their self coined "dark electro-pop" sound can best be described as very '80s, but in a very unspecific sort of way. Not quite gothic, not quite pop, not quite New Wave and not quite No Wave... but if

you think The Cure meets Joy Division meets The Birthday Party meets Sonic Youth then you might be getting close. All the songs on this EP are classy, eerie, beautiful and strong in their ability to stand up as great tracks in their own right, not just as composite pieces of a unified artistic piece (although they are that also). From the beautifully tangled male/female vocals on 'Escher' set to the eerie synth-driven soundscape with guitar jangling and screaming away in the background to the wonderfully personalised cover of 'Gandhara', the closing theme from the cult Japanese television show *Monkey* (that's right *Monkey*, not *Monkey Magic* you uncultured swine) this EP is an offering of much beauty and of much eeriness and confusion.

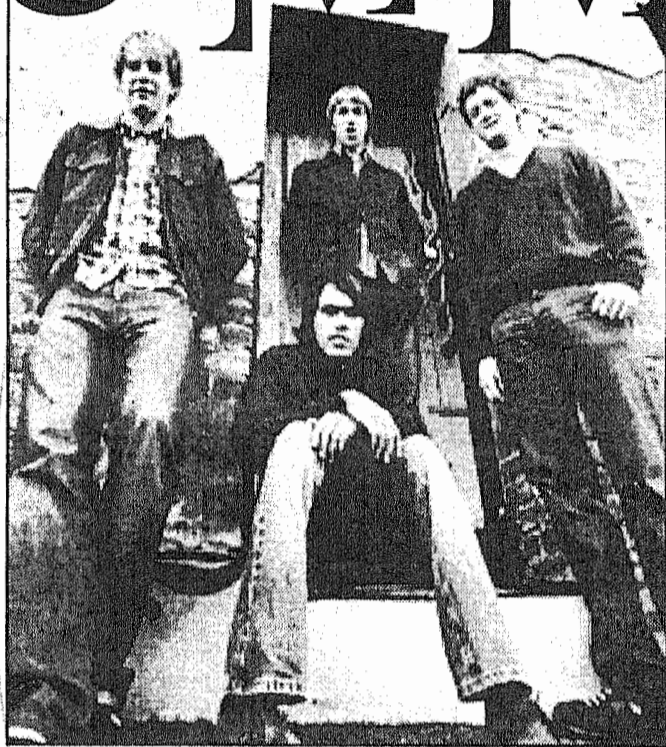
Jet Black

Brillig Giveaways...

Thanks to the wonderful kids from Brillig we have 5, yep count em, 5 copies of their wonderful *Nervous Tissue* EP to give away. Come on down to the *On Dit* office any time to pick one up. The first five to come down to the office will be the first five to walk

away with a shiny new copy of Brillig's *Nervous Tissue*. So get off your arses and get your free copy, otherwise you'll have to trek all the way up to Big Star and buy a copy instead.

HUMMEL



"It's a great feeling when you're driving along and turn on the radio to hear your own song being played." Taking time out of his busy schedule for a chat, Hummel guitarist Chris Moerman excitedly spoke about the group's new EP *Rhythm Riots*, which is receiving airplay on stations across Australia, including Triple J. "We were actually finalists for the Unearthed competition that they did in SA, but unfortunately didn't make the final cut."

Were they robbed? Perhaps. But nonetheless, Hummel have again emerged from the studios with a belter of an EP in the can.

"In a sense, the band's at a crossroad, where we really want to propel ourselves into the national market and establish the Hummel name in Melbourne and Sydney, which means we'll have to spend more time touring to back up *Rhythm Riots* [produced by Wayne Connolly, who is responsible for records from bands like You Am I, Icecream Hands, Knievel and Drag]. Partially due to Wayne's influence, I feel the EP has a more national feel to it, and definitely has the potential to be our breakthrough, if enough people get to hear it." Undoubtedly, Wayne Connolly's experience has enabled Hummel to refine their song writing and create a dirty pop rock sound that is distinctive to the band. "Wayne was a perfectionist and he taught us a lot about how to develop a new dimension to our music – more creative chord changes, experimenting with different guitar sounds, that sort of thing. Even though it's still fairly pop, it has a dirtier edge to it, which was good and helped us reveal a side that our previous CDs haven't really explored. We were keen to move away from the 'Squish City' territory, even though that song helped us out a lot. Squish City is, of course, the band's last single, which dominated the SA charts, maintaining top position for about a month earlier this year. *Rhythm Riots* will be distributed nationally

through MGM under their own label Express Lane, there's more than a slight chance that Hummel will realise their ambitions. Chris agrees, pointing out the fact that "...there's been a lot of bands that have established themselves on the back of a strong EP, and we'll do our darndest to make it happen. But we'll just keep going with the live shows, keep having fun and see what happens. Personally, I just wanna have a good time touring again after a four month lay off period, which basically sucked."

Chris believes that the Hummel's reputation is based largely on their live energy which, along with their great songs, has opened many doors, including a spot on the Big Day Out bill last year. "The whole day was just a buzz and we had an awesome time. Eskimo Joe, who we've supported before, started their set on another stage halfway through ours, and when people wandered over to see them, Eskimo Joe were yelling out 'Why are you over here? Hummel are still playing!' which was really cool."

Not willing to rest on their laurels, Hummel have ventured into the youth market, playing to large crowds at the Encounter Schoolies week in Victor Harbour in 2001 and the annual Freedom Party event. "We like playing down at schoolies, especially because all-ages gigs have a really good vibe, a great rocking atmosphere. Everyone's so passionate and there for a good time – this year we're gonna pull out a rocking set,

smashing guitars left right and centre. But we make no guarantees as to the destruction of our gear."

On the subject of 2002's rock revival, Chris happily declares that it's worked out well for Hummel. "We've been doing it [rock] for a while now, while everyone was off doing their punk and emo thing, and then everyone suddenly decided that they loved rock again. But tastes will always change, rock keeps getting harder and though styles change, we'll just keep doing our thing. Hummel have developed stacks in the last two years though and we'll continue to develop – we get bored with certain sounds from time to time and will tend to lean in different directions to keep it interesting."

"We're big into riffs, and probably always will be. It's okay with us that every man and his dog is in a punk band, or doing emo. That's fine with us and even works in our favour 'cause it lets us pick up the slack on the other side of that." While getting established as one of Australia's premier rock outfits alongside You Am I, The Fauves, Eskimo Joe, Icecream Hands, Pollyanna, Snout and so on is Hummel's eventual ambition, compromising their sound seems out of the question. "We're not going to do a Motor Ace and sell out just so we can get commercial airplay – no matter what, we'll always play the music that we like. Without that mentality, there's no point being in a band, and we may as well pack our bags and quit. Otherwise we would have been playing punk from the start, just because we know the kids would like it. In Hummel, we really enjoy making music that we like and if you like it, that's great, but if you don't like it, you can get stuffed."

Matty

Hummel *Rhythm Riots* Express Lane/MGM

Arguably Adelaide's best live act, Hummel have taken a giant step forward with their new EP, *Rhythm Riots*. Enlisting the expertise of producer Wayne Connolly (Knievel), Hummel have delivered six equally strong tracks that finally do justice to their blistering live sound. For the uninitiated, Hummel take their cues from the likes of Oasis and You Am I, but retain an originality and a diversity of sound that makes you want to shout "ROCK!" from the rooftops. Their passion for catchy pop melodies and guitar hooks take centre stage. The crafting of songs has matured, with more complex progressions, as well as introducing horns and a Hammond organ. 'Sigh' is complemented by a most beautiful cello line and is easily the most heartfelt ballad about suburban teen love in a long time. Indie rock at its best, this blissful release will no doubt make its way onto national radio and into the hearts of the Australian public. Top stuff.

Tar

Law Revue Review

Ah, the Law Revue. Like the Royal Show and Christmas Pageant, this one rolls around every year to entertain us with a flash of colour and a dash of hoopla before swiftly disappearing again. And, like the Show and Pageant, the general content of the Law Revue is both predictable and expected, yet for some reason compelling and mostly entertaining. This year's Law Revue was certainly no exception to this strange rule of life.

As a whole, Law Revue 2002 was fast-paced and very amusing, sometimes outrageously so. As well as the more traditional live sketches, there were a number of pre-filmed segments, which kept things interesting, and a series of running jokes throughout the night gave a certain sense of unity to what was essentially a series of unrelated sketches. Sure, we expected a bit of nudity – and we got it (sort of). Bad puns? We got them too. Scenes that went for too long, or abruptly ended? Oh yes, we got a few of those. Law school in-jokes? You could have bet your house on it. But we also got a high-spirited performance full of some genuinely funny jokes, clever satire, and, in the true *Hey Hey It's Saturday* spirit of entertainment, a few song-and-dance numbers too. The audience laughed a lot, the performers seemed to enjoy themselves, everyone went home a winner. Huzzah!

The sketches themselves were usually well written and quite clever, even if the subject material covered the usual fare of sado-masochistic judges, bogans and rednecks, and that perennial chestnut, 'What if Australia had a Royal Family?' However, even these standards were funny and often quite fresh. The standouts in the first act were 'Judge Johnny', with our John on the bench delivering judgement, 'The Next Big Thing', with the fashion set talking, well, 'fah-shion, dahling', and the final song 'The Girl From Innaminka' – classy catch, that one, ciggies and all. The absolute highlight however was the pre-filmed 'Nude Food', with an overly-long but truly hilarious portrayal of a shop-lifting Naked Chef.

The second act was maybe not as strong, although it actually contained easily the best scene of the night, as Boys R Us, hottest boy band in the world at the moment, talked to us in an interview before showing their new clip, 'Girl, I Want To Be Your Boy'. The song was actually drowned out by the laughter of the audience! However, 'The Stirling Ghetto Boys', with voiced-over translations of 'youth speak', and 'Talkback Radio', featuring an oh-so-clever 'I'm not a racist but...' rant from an 'educated' listener, stood out from the rest of the Revue for being so average. These were really the only times when the set-pieces of university humour failed to contain anything new to laugh at. Nonetheless, the

second act picked itself up and dusted itself off, ending in a rousing *Mary Poppins* style finale, as the entire cast sang and danced through the witty 'A Bonafide Purchaser'.

The players were suitably amateur-yet-enthused: there were no award-winning performances here, but everything was approached in the right spirit, and this became more evident as the night went on. Nonetheless, Simon Davey stood out with his near-impeccable sense of comic timing and understatedness, and Shelley Broadbent had a commanding presence and charming charisma throughout the whole performance. Steve Robert also got a lot of laughs for his dopey politician roles – "Go Panthers!". Kim Anderson and Nicole Malone deserve a mention just for the energy they put into some of their scenes, and Kirrily Turner managed both the suburban blue-singlet temptress and the upper-middle-class lesbian with some bite.

This was the Law Revue. We didn't get any lollies from clowns on bikes, and worse yet, we didn't get to watch the Holden Precision Driving Team. We weren't really presented with anything new and different. But, we were all certainly entertained, in fact surprisingly so, and the cast and crew put on a show that was genuinely funny and well-performed. I expected a few polite chuckles and instead got quite a few laughs – isn't it nice when routine throws up something just a little unexpected?

Christian Haebich B.A.(Hons)
International Man Of Leisure
Patron of the Arts, Philanthropist, Philanderer

SCENES FROM AN EXECUTION

The Dunstan Playhouse
 Until October 19

With only one week left, *Scenes from an Execution* is the only play in State Theatre's 2002 season starring its Artistic Director, Rosalba Clemente, in the lead role.

She plays Galactia, an artist in 17th century Venice who is commissioned by the state to paint the Battle of Lepanto, to celebrate the glory of the war. Galactia must choose between painting what she believes is 'the truth', or painting what political and religious leaders expect of her.

Scenes from an Execution is playwright Howard Barker's most popular play. It takes a real event – the Battle of Lepanto – and uses it to explore ideas with contemporary resonance.

Tickets, starting at \$16.50 for Club 26 members, are available from BASS.

A FEAST FOR THE SENSES

Feast 2002, Adelaide's sixth gay and lesbian cultural festival will feature music, theatre, visual arts, food and community events from November 8 to December 1. An annual event since 1997, Feast will house 112 events by Adelaide's gay and lesbian community including Picnic in the Park marking World Aids Day on 1 December. Artistic Director Margie Fischer said Feast is a festival that welcomes everybody and gives gay and lesbian artists an opportunity to show their work "The first audience is lesbian and gay people but our second audience is whoever is interested in our work and these days it's a growing audience," she said. Although Adelaide was the last capital city to have a gay and lesbian festival, Feast 1997 produced audience of 45,000 people and each year since the audience has doubled. Ms Fischer said many performers that have had initial shows in Feast have gone onto to have successful tours interstate. "Feast has been both a springboard and also a festival to work towards for emerging artists," she said. Ms Fischer said Feast is helping to break down social stigmas and stereotypes of gay and lesbian people. "We are definitely making progress," she said. "People are becoming used to difference and celebrating difference but there is still a lot of homophobia and discriminatory laws that still need to be changed."

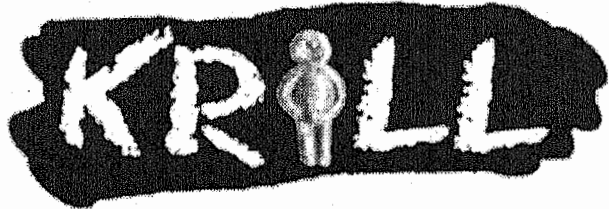
The themes of Feast 2002 are wisdom, home and food and Ms Fischer invites the Adelaide community to "Come into our world, our home and share our wisdom and food." Ms Fischer said Feast was designed to be widely accessible and houses a range \$4 events including *Queer as What – Queers on TV*, a forum analysing gay characters on television. "It's not as balanced as we would like it to be but anytime there is a non heterosexual character on TV it's a thrill," she said. Executive Producer and panellist Charles Bracewell said whilst there are gay characters on television the fight for proper representation has not ended. "There's a lot of sex but sexuality gets such a small look in television," he said. Mr Bracewell said the key to getting rid of the

fear "is seeing gay people included naturally in things. Mr Bracewell is also performing in the festival as Miz Ima Starr in the solo cabaret style show *Born Free*."

Premiering in 1997, *Born Free* is a highly coded autobiography of his career in show business and borrows from his own family experience. Mr Bracewell said *Born Free* takes an honest look at the entertainment industry and carries a "strong old-fashioned Judy Garland morale". "Through hard times there is always something to carry you forward, for Miz Ima Starr it's the joy of singing," he said. Mr Bracewell said the Feast festival allows people an insight into gay life, gay art and the gay community. "It adds to the positive feeling of the city," he said. "For a few weeks they're living another culture, it transforms communities." Samantha Francis is director and writer of *The Night Esther's Bowling Club went to the Mars Bar*, a performance that will world premiere at Feast. The theatrical performance is based on Esther mistaking the Mars Bar nightclub for a tuck shop. The play sees Esther's accidental experimentation with drugs she thought were peppermints, and her wonder at tall heavily made up women she thinks are part of a celebrity party. The show paired with the production *Hank's Night* consists of four performers and tickets will be \$18 and \$14 concession. Ms Francis, who also acts in the show, says she is proud to be a part of the Feast festival and says the play provides excellent social comment. "If you see people as human beings for their personality not their sexual preference then it does not make a difference what their preference is," she said. Feast, following the Sydney 2002 Gay Games Cultural festival from 25 October to 9 November, will attract an international audience and boost South Australian tourism. Tourism Minister Dr Jane Lomax-Smith says the festival will bring people from across Australia together to celebrate. "Feast promotes South Australia as a significant cultural destination and displays the rich and diverse talents of the gay and lesbian community," she said. Premier and Arts Minister Mike Rann said leadership in the arts is important to South Australia's image both nationally and internationally. "The Feast Festival is now an entrenched part of Adelaide's art and cultural calendar," he said.

Tickets and official Feast merchandise is available from the web site www.feast.org.au For any enquires contact the Feast office on 8231 2155.

Elpitha Sougleris



AIT ARTS Graduating Student Exhibition

@ LIGHT SQUARE GALLERY
 roma mitchell arts education centre
 39 Light Square, Adelaide, SA, 5000

To be officially opened by
 The Hon. Jane Lomax-Smith MP.

Liz Baker, Tracy Chaplin, Sarah - Jane Cook, Grant Coote, Marianne Cowley, Danica Headland, Rodric Lawrie, David Mangelsdorf, Julie Mugford, Sarah Northcott, Megan O'Hara, Cecillie Peier, Reneta Slikboer, Niki Sperou, Nicholas Uhlmann, Amanda Wight.

For further information call Cecillie Peier 0407 864 477.

Interview with Bic Runga



What would you say was your first significant musical experience?

That would have to be when I first discovered the Smiths at the Christchurch Public Library. I got *The Queen is Dead* out on cassette. I think I got it out because, well, I'd heard the name and I wanted to know who they were. But when I was about thirteen I consciously went through the all the tapes you could borrow. I discovered the Smiths and the Cure and the Sex Pistols... you know, that stuff.

What is it about New Zealand that produces such an astonishing number of exceptional songwriters from such a relatively small population?

I think it's the landscape. There's something about the land that's really inspiring and unique. And I think New Zealanders tend to be a little introverted, so I think the art scene and the music scene both seem to come from this quiet and introverted place. And that seems to be entwined with the landscape. Add to that [our] isolation in the international sense. We're so cut off from the world that... we live in a kind of Paradise, but we're so cut off it becomes almost meaningless.

Legend has it that the first Velvet Underground album only sold two thousand copies, but every one of those two thousand

people that bought the album started a band.

Yeah. Yeah, that's right. But there's a lot of bands doing that sort of stuff in New Zealand like the Jetsons and D-4. Those guys were both in last month's *FACE* magazine, and the Jetsons have just signed a big deal in England, and D-4 have as well, in the US. There's a lot of interest in New Zealand bands at the moment. And then there was a band, Straight Jacket Fits - they've spawned Dimmer. That's Shane Carter's band, and they're exceptional, and bunch of great musicians. Kind of sounds like a soundtrack to a David Lynch movie.

Nobody reads poetry much anymore, or at least it's not as popular as it was even fifty years ago. Do you think the people that would have read poetry listen to music now? Kind of pull apart the lyrics?

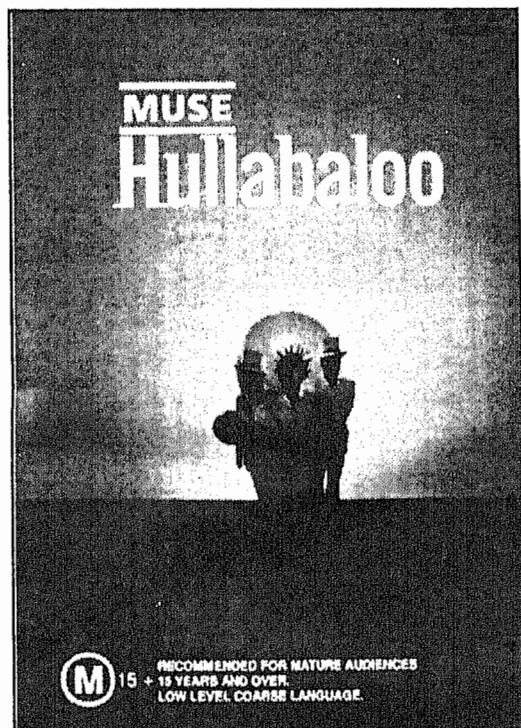
Well, my favourite songwriters I like for their lyrics. Like Leonard Cohen... and David Bowie. Bob Dylan.

Yeah, everyone disses David Bowie as a songwriter...

David Bowie is a genius. He's wonderful... such a good lyricist. You listen to 'China Girl' - I mean, he's obviously talking about his lover, but then you get to that bridge where he turns into this white supremacist, and, like, there's no conflict - I mean, what's that about?

I like Leonard Cohen a lot, although he's a bit of a chin-scratcher. Although one thing he did say about lyric writing - which I think is spot-on - was "if you're writing lyrics, be specific; why say 'tree' when you can say 'sycamore'!" There's just so much obvious, not-thought-about lyric writing today. And it produces nothing, it conjures up no images whatsoever.

JD



Muse

Hullabaloo: Live At Le Zenith, Paris DVD

Released as the visual counterpart to the double CD of the same name, *Hullabaloo* is a DVD of live footage from their show at Le Zenith. The set mostly features songs off *Showbiz* and *Origin Of Symmetry* but there are a few newbies thrown in there as a tasty treat for fans and day-trippers. The footage is very...well, MTV. It looks more like a music video than a live concert and this isn't so much a bad thing as much as it is rather unconventional. Rather than having the straight-ahead-six-different-camera-angles-and-conventional-shooting feel of most other concert-films, the cinematography flits back and forth between multitudes of conceptual ideas. Some of the camera positions are unusual enough, but the shots from the guitar mounted camera showing Matt Bellamy's hand moving up and down the fretboard are purely nauseating. All you can focus on is the background whooshing around in the distance as he swings his axe around like a maniac. Some of the editing is really very annoying and in the interests of public safety there should be an epilepsy warning plastered on the front of the case. At more than a few points in the DVD the image just keeps flickering between shots in that really annoying way

that your dad might sit on his fat arse in front of the TV with his remote in one hand and his TV dinner in the other, flicking back and forth between channels without actually stopping anywhere long enough to see what the fuck is going on. But this is hardly the issue, as any spaced out stoner with a set of headphones will happily tell you: "It's all about the music, man." Muse do not disappoint on this front, the sound quality (both on the DVD and from the band themselves) is phenomenal and all of the visually discernable parts of their performance are quite spectacular. If all of this wasn't enough (and trust me when I say it is), then brace yourself sunshine...there's a second disc. Chock full of candid tour footage featuring behind the scenes antics (including a scene with Dom in a Slipknot mask doing an impression that has our young master Bellamy in fits of stomach tearing laughter) and all set to a score provided by Muse themselves and featuring some of the b-sides released on the *Hullabaloo* CD, this is the stuff that makes the die hard fans cream their pants.

ducks and monkeys



Korn - Deuce (DVD) Epic, Sony Music Video

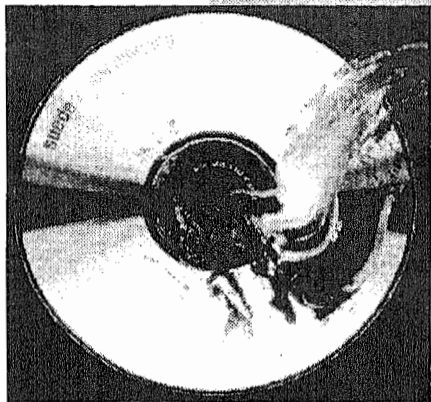
Korn fans rejoice! Virtually everything you wanted is on this DVD. Spanning their entire career (except for the latest release, *Untouchables*) all of Korn's music videos, various off-stage antics and (amusing) personal interludes provide for a well-balanced and interesting two and a half hours worth of viewing. Presented as the 'Asylum', this DVD's animated menu border on being quite freaky and disturbing. Set in an abandoned mental asylum there are plenty of body parts, unnerving screams and dimly lit corners, which the viewer is able to navigate around. The main criticism with these menus (which some may appreciate) are the lack of titles identifying what is what. By doing this, the viewer is never quite sure what they are going to see (until repeated viewings). This can be annoying, for instance, if you were inclined (like I was) to go straight to all of the music videos. Being in the 'Asylum' is quite disorienting too. If you take a 'wrong turn' somewhere, you'll end up back at an earlier menu and have to remember how to get back to where you

came from. Some of the extras are only available by entering various codes on a switchboard interface. Many are already available on the internet, but I'm sure fans will be finding new ones over the next few months. All of this aside, I liked the basic concept behind the menus. *Deuce* is, in essence, the new Korn video picking up where *Who Then Now?* finished off. Thankfully, the latter is also included on this DVD. The bonus footage (so to speak) ranges from stupid to unforgettable (and sometimes both). Snippets from Woodstock and their *Issues* album launch concert (at which they played the whole album live from start to finish) are amazing. Whilst these are enjoyable, they merely tease the viewer. However, I'm sure that these performances will eventually find their way to a public release in the not too distant future. A different take on the relatively new music DVD concept. Well done Korn.

Jorm



ALBUM OF THE WEEK



Suede
A New Morning
Sony

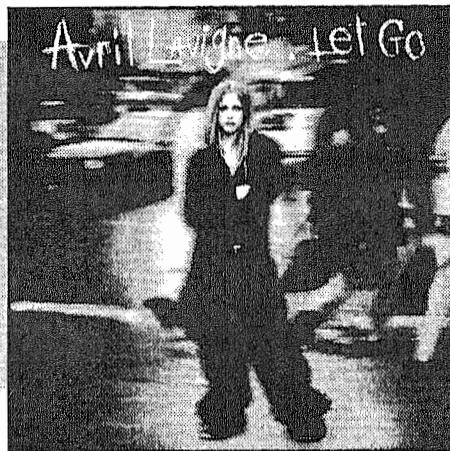
Even though I have been waiting for this album to be released for the better part of two years, I admit to being more than impressed – flabbergasted might be a more accurate statement. *A New Morning* is my contender for best album of 2002 – and I am not just saying that because I am a long-time Suede fan. Suede have outdone themselves this time. They are back and

improved (and Brett is sporting a rather Darren Hayes-esque blonde do), and this time they appear to have escaped from the bleak council estates for a weekend in the country.

That's right, Suede have finally seen the sun...and it suits them. The latest single 'Positivity' is sunny side up from whoa to go, a beautiful ode to romance. Other stand-out tracks are the haunting 'Lost In TV', and 'One Hit To The Body' which ranks in my mind with the classic 'So Young'. In fact, I would go so far as to say that *A New Morning* is on par with Suede's debut album in terms of both melody and lyrical content. And only Suede can manage to pull off lines like "It's like a watercolour forming between the pages of a dream".

If you like your music midway between despair and redemption, then make sure that you give *A New Morning* a listen. It's not just album of the week - it's not even just album of the year. Make sure that you don't miss out on this one, because it's sure to be a classic for years to come.

Poptart



Avril Lavigne
Let Go
BMG

Q: Does this world have room for yet another pop idol princess? A: Judging by popular demand, yes. Enter stage right; Avril Lavigne, a 17 year old, feisty self-styled skater (although she can't skate) punk singer. Avril has at least a couple of things going for her, a pretty amazing voice and an avid dislike for Britney Spears. She was quoted saying about the now defunct pop princess: "I mean, the way she dresses would you walk around the street in a fuckin' bra?" and "She's not being herself up there (onstage) because she's dancing like a ho. Is she a ho?" Her single 'Complicated' made US history by becoming the most played song in American radio history over one 7-day period, it has also enjoyed recent success at number one in Australia. Avril sounds a bit like Alanis Morissette, Natalie Imbruglia and Mandy Moore all rolled into one, so if you like that kind of music then maybe its time you tuned in.

T-Mo

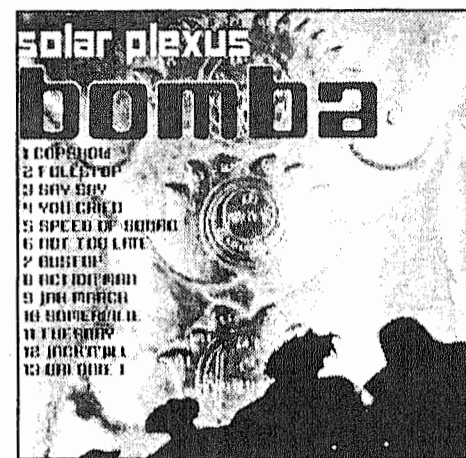


Ben Kweller
Sha Sha
BMG

The singer/songwriter Kweller is the best thing to come from Texas since George W. Bush, except the former has musical talent, and a lot of talent indeed, in fact he has been described as a mix of the Beach Boys and the Beatles. *Sha Sha* is a remarkable album which transforms from beautiful ballads such as 'In Other Words' to honky-tonk tunes reminiscent of early Ben Folds work. While music is becoming increasingly electronic with computers dominating the industry, it is good to see an album such as this containing raw sounding guitars and an original far-from-perfect voice. What this creates is an almost perfect mix of music sure to transform the alternative music scene. Get into Ben Kweller now, so that later you can claim to have known about him from the start and be far ahead of the masses.

So with the release of 'How it Should Be' and a tour of the eastern states later this year, expect a huge response, there is great things in store for this boy.

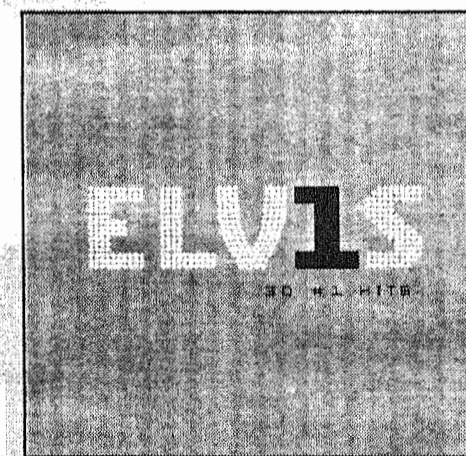
Tito



Bomba
Solar Plexus
Transmitter

So you don't like rock. Or hip-hop. Well, maybe you do but you just want to hear something different. 'Is that a disillusioned music fan I hear?' Cue Bomba, emerging from a phonebox, flying to the rescue with *Solar Plexus*. Promoted as a 7-piece funky reggae outfit, there's something for everyone on this, their second album. Featuring solid dance grooves and acid jazz overtones that would fit right in at Cargo ('Say Say') or Supermild ('Copshow' and 'Not Too Late'), one gets the impression that Bomba has the potential to become a favourite amongst the university student demographic, in a Dave Matthews Band/Royal Crown Revue sense. There's an agreeable balance of funky tracks, loaded with horns and keys ('Bustop'), and soulful numbers that allow vocal harmonies to shine ('You Cried'). If Triple J had the balls to get 'Fullstop' onto rotation, the sky's the limit for Bomba. You can catch Bomba launching *Solar Plexus* at the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel on Thursday October 17. Do yourself a favour.

Crazy Baldhead



Elvis Presley
ELVIS 30 #1 Hits
RCA/BMG

Elvis is alive. How else could you explain yet another 'definitive collection?' Assembled twenty-five years after his death, this album has broken new records, debuting at #1 in 17 countries (with the benefit of massive, global marketing and promotion), becoming the first Elvis album to top the U.S. charts. The only artist to be inducted into all three music Halls of Fame, holding the records for the most Top 10 pop singles ever (40) and

unirecords

SELECTION OF THE WEEK



Beck
Sea Change
Geffen/Universal

Poor Beck. He's just broken up and wants everyone to feel his pain. Don't expect the funky electro boogie stylings of *Midnite Vultures*; you're in for a far more mellower ride. It's a break-up album that will undoubtedly comfort many in the depths of their post-relationship blues. While *Sea Change* is true to its name, you get the feeling that this is not so much a musical reinvention, rather, an honest representation of where Beck's at. This is reflected not just stylistically but also

lyrically, with Beck abandoning his nonsensical singing in favour of crying his heart out. Nigel Godrich, producer extraordinaire of *OK Computer* fame (additionally helping out with 1998's *Mutations*), has again lent his services and the execution is brilliant, dominated by acoustic guitar and an atmospheric orchestra. Beck continues to capture and celebrate the hope of the hopeless, and although it sounds like his best friend is a big bottle of scotch, *Sea Change* is still cool. The first couple of tracks signpost the direction of the album, and it's probably here we're the fans will be separated. While I was choking back tears in 'Guess I'm Doing Fine' and the following 'Lonesome Tears,' that could well be because I'm a soft unit. It's not so much a 'world weary' album as *Who Magazine* suggest, but one that operates on the philosophy found in 'Sexx Laws,' from *Midnite Vultures* – "I'm a full grown man/ but I'm not afraid to cry." Is it epic or just way over the top? When you consider that Beck is arguably the most innovative artist since Prince, I'd just let him do his thing, and appreciate the awesome creation he has crafted.

Matty

the most gold and platinum awards (139), Elvis would have to be the most bankable name in music, which is where my sole criticism of this anthology lies. Has this album renewed life to the musical legacy of the world's best selling artist, or are a few suits merely milking a dead icon for all he's worth? There is no question as to the importance and brilliance of Elvis's music, and this album is testament to that. There's almost every Elvis track you'll ever need on this one CD, and even one you won't, namely that JXL butchering of 'A Little Less Conversation.' The sound quality is dazzling and booklet contains a nice commentary for each song, but is a little superficial, considering Elvis's virtuosity. Overall, an adequate tribute to The King but, to me, it reeks of money.

Azza

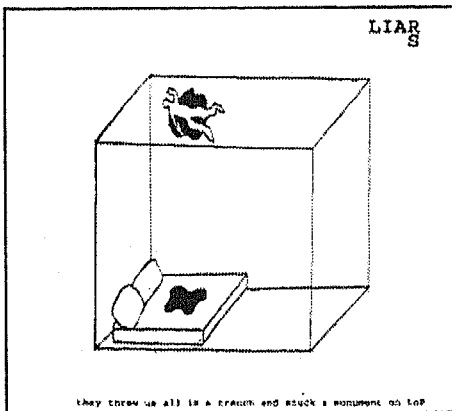


Goldmember Soundtrack
Various

Maverick/ New Line

Well sometimes you get a soundtrack full of original and classic songs, all of them hits, and then sometimes, you get *Goldmember*. Now I'm not completely bagging it, there are some good catchy songs on there including 'Ain't No Mystery' by Smash Mouth and the hilarious Dr. Evil ghetto anthem 'It's a Hard Knock Life' (remember the one with the little kids singing the chorus). But generally everything is a cover or uses parts from other songs. The high proportion of re-mixes doesn't do it justice. Maybe I missed something, but when did re-mix come to mean take the good bits out? I point out in particular a very bland version of the Rolling Stones' 'Miss You' which, as far as I can tell, consists just of Mick and a 'cut and paste' dance backing. Basically, the album has just been produced as something else to make money. It's aimed at the teenage Britney and Beyonce market with too much money and too little music history. If you're obsessed with the movie then maybe this album's for you, but anything less than that and your going to miss your money.

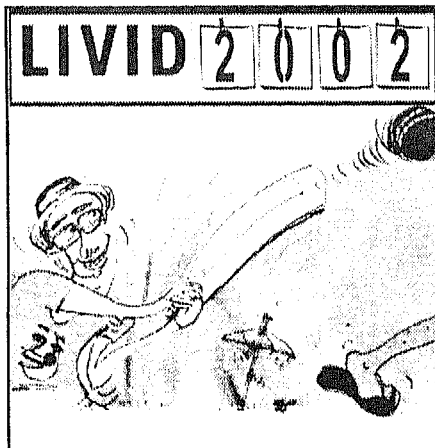
Belle



Liars
They Threw Us All In A Trench And Stuck A Monument On Top
Blast First/Mute

When manufactured music has become so prevalent that a scorching album such as this can go pretty much unnoticed by the masses, heads must roll. In a bizarre way, Liars' debut album is the punk equivalent of Radiohead's *Kid A*. Some will be quick to liken these punk rockers to fellow New Yorkers The Strokes, but such a comparison is inaccurate and naive, as Liars' sound is primal, jarring and seething, with the raw spirit of The Sex Pistols and The Ramones. But unlike many bands riding the wave of nu punk, Liars don't rip off their peers or their godparents of rock, instead, crudely fashioning a chaotic array of songs, with little regard for conventional structure. And there's not a shred of retro-cool in sight, with disturbingly bleak and irrational songs like 'Grown men dont fall in the river, just like that,' 'Mr your on fire Mr' and 'Why midnight walked but didnt ring her bell.' The final track, 'this dust makes that mud,' takes repetition to a whole new level, with a single riff recurring for a mammoth twenty five minutes. Take careful notice: this is the best underground sound in a long time and is easily one of the best records to come out of 2002.

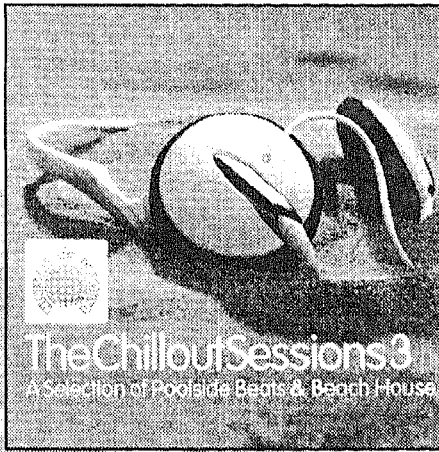
Mattyo



Livid 2002
Various Artists
Universal

If you are in the market for a must-have compilation CD for the summer, then check this *Livid 2002* release out. As usual, it is a two disc set, with the first disc consisting of the current line-up, and the second featuring past superstars and life members stretching back to 1989. Picks of this year's crop include the beautiful 'Holes' by Mercury Rev, 'The Girl Of My Dreams (Is Giving Me Nightmares)' by the effervescent Machine Gun Fellatio, and the Morrissey classic 'Suedehead'. The life members section is a veritable who's who, including 'Kong Foo Sing' by Regurgitator, 'Not If You Were The Last Junkie On Earth' by The Dandy Warhols and 'That Ain't Bad' by Ratcat. And if you aren't harbouring a copy of '(He'll Never Be) An Ol' Man River' by TISM, then you are in luck - it's also here. If you can't make it to *Livid* this year, make sure you at least grab a copy of this.

Poptart

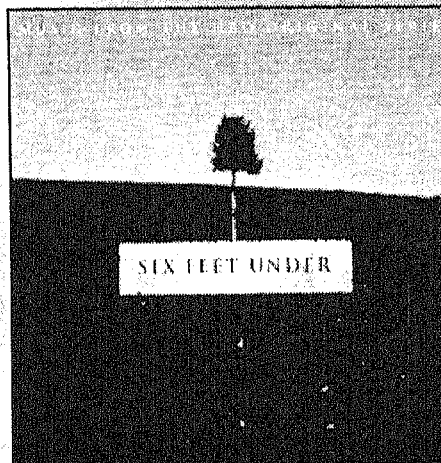


Various Artists
The Chillout Sessions

3
Ministry of Sound

A chillout album? What a great idea! While there's a dime a dozen of these available, I must admit that this offering is among the better efforts. This double album suggests the first disc is for 'pool beats' (whatever the hell that might be), while recommending that the second is more appropriate for the 'beach house.' Are we to take this as meaning that you're stuffed if you accidentally switch CDs? While you ponder this question of universal importance, take a moment to admire a somewhat respectable collection of laidback mixes. The first disc features I Giant Leap's 'My Culture,' Basement Jaxx's 'Romeo,' Moby's 'We Are All Made Of Stars' and most notably, a great mix of Groove Armada's 'My Friend' and Air's 'All I Need,' which is surprising, considering *Moan Safari* was released over four years ago. The second disc holds its own, with David Byrne's 'Lazy,' DB Boulevard's 'Beautiful,' Disco Montego's 'Beautiful,' Saint Etienne's 'Action' and even Beth Orton, contributing a stripped back version of 'Central Reservation.' I dig these European club sounds and you will too - just make sure you don't switch the discs around...

DJ Mojo

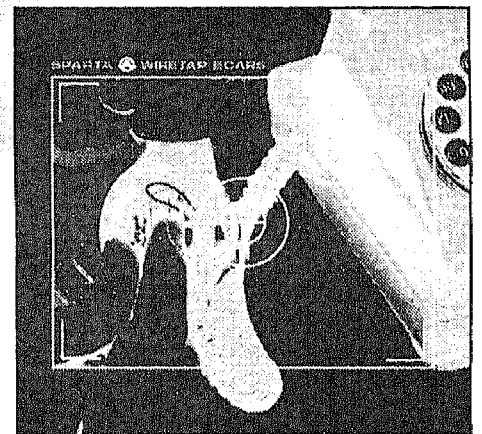


Six Feet Under
Various
Universal

These days you're never more than a stone's throw away from a *Six Feet Under* fan (or a cliché it would appear). The justifiable popularity of the series has left many fans eager for any taste of the series they can get, considering that the last episode of Season 3 aired on Monday September 16. Enter the soundtrack! The eclectic mix of tracks on this album are both stimulating and satisfying, mixing genres, eras and vocal types to catch a little of the series' magic. Never

boring, there will be tracks you're familiar with juxtaposed against the unfamiliar, but that's the joy of discovering this album. Standouts for me included the haunting Zero 7/Sia Furler compilation, 'Distractions', and the smooth and melancholic 'Let's go out tonight' by Craig Armstrong. Don't be put off by my choices if you prefer more upbeat music: the jagged 'One time too many' by PJ Harvey is an example of the faster music available. In short, something for everybody (Don't say I didn't warn you about the clichés).

Eskimo Jesus



Sparta
Wiretap Scars
DreamWorks/Universal

Is it possible to talk about Sparta without mentioning the now defunct At The Drive-In? I guess not. It's a shame really, because while elements within At The Drive-In's music can still be heard on *Wiretap Scars*, Sparta are still a fantastic band in their own right. Nothing sounds transplanted, no ideas sound rehashed or repackaged, it's just Jim Ward given free reign to just stretch out creatively without Cedric and Omar instilling their influence into the songs. Essentially this means that the strange, spaced-out, Pink Floyd-esque sounds have largely been left by the wayside with more emphasis placed on the quirky, off-beat, art/punk-rock very reminiscent of seminal Washington DC punk band Fugazi and to a lesser extent the darlings of the New York art-rock scene, Sonic Youth. From the opening track and the album's first single, 'Cut Your Ribbon', Sparta instantly and tantalisingly set the feel for the rest of the album. From the slightly skewed rhythmic nature of the opening riff/chord progression to Jim flirting with vocal techniques, seemingly teetering on the edge of singing and screaming, this record puts Sparta leagues apart from a lot of the bland commercial garbage and ill-conceived retro-rock that the industry seems to be ceaselessly regurgitating - hot on the trail of Hip. In a period of music where everyone seems to be following the same blueprint a few bands out there are illustrating how easy it is to be different and unique by comparison. Sparta are one of these bands and perhaps they were very astute with their choice of name, because I get the feeling they could achieve some amazing things even with the numbers greatly stacked against them. Sparta have proven that At The Drive-In were more than just a hair band, they've laid out there austere message in front of the world and now is the time for us to choose; are you listening to a real rock band? Or are you listening to a trendy haircut?

Michael Elijah

UPCOMING EVENTS

Big Day Out 2003

Yes, the Big Day Out is back in town for yet another year, at the Showgrounds on Friday January 31. And this time we will see a return of some old faces and some rather exciting editions. Returning will be the Foo Fighters, PJ Harvey, and Queens of the Stone Age, along with the usual array of Australian bands.

One act definitely not to be missed is the legendary Kraftwerk, who are headlining the Boiler room. Also appearing are The Vines, Millencolin and the Deftones. Tickets are now on sale from Venuetix and CIB outlets.



Morrissey

Yes, that's right. For those of you who are unable to attend the Livid festival in Melbourne this weekend, the king of melancholy is playing a very special show at the Thebarton Theatre on Thursday October 17. Make sure that you don't miss this one.

Stay tuned for the review off all the Livid action in the next edition of *On Dit*. It will almost be like being there yourself!



Mercury Rev, ...Trail Of Dead & Mogwai

Not content to just play at Livid and go home, those Mercury Rev boys are playing a special show in Adelaide at Heaven 11 on Tuesday October 15.

While you are off getting tickets to that gig, make sure that you also grab some to Mogwai and ...Trail Of Dead, who are playing at Music House on Wednesday October 16. Get your tickets from CIB outlets.



Loudmouth At The Drive

If you aren't going to Livid, perhaps you should catch Loudmouth instead. With acts like Unwritten Law, Sum 41, Bodyjar and Rocket From The Crypt, it's sure to live up to its name. The event is happening at Memorial Drive on Friday October 18, and tickets are on sale at Venuetix.

Homebake and Falls

If you have any cash left after going to see the slew of acts over the next couple of weeks, make sure that you get over to Sydney for Homebake on Saturday December 7 in the Domain, and to the Falls Festival on New Years at Lorne. Homebake has an incredible lineup, including Radio Birdman, Alex Lloyd, Machine Gun Fellatio and Paul Kelly. The Falls has announced their first wave of acts, including Jack Johnson, The Ataris and You Am I.

If you want any information about tickets or lineup details, make sure that you head to their respective websites. Both festivals look pretty damn spectacular, so make sure that if you have the money, you get along to at least one.

Stuck for something to do over the summer? Don't despair, the *On Dit* live music guide will make sure that you don't miss a thing!

BIG DAY OUT 03

SUNDAY JANUARY 19th - GOLD COAST PARKLANDS

Smith St Southport. Gates open 11am
 Tickets \$93 (inc GST) +b* from Rockinghorse (Brisbane), Skinys (Brisbane), Woody's (Woodridge), Butler Beals (Valley), Sunflower Music (Picnic Fair & Oasis Broadbeach), Pines Music Station (Elanora), Mosh Pit (Maroochydore), Alliance (Southport), Soundwaves (Byron Bay), Choppers (Lismore), In Box Cafe (Cairns), Ticketmaster7 outlets/Phonecharge 131 931 07 3404 6700 and from our website www.bigdayout.com

SATURDAY JANUARY 25th - SYDNEY SHOWGROUND

Showground Rd Olympic Park. Gates open 11am. Event closes midnight.
 Tickets \$93 (inc GST) +b* from Red Eye (Sydney), Central Station (Darlinghurst), Parade Music (Bondi), Plum Music (Randwick), Sanctuary Records (Chalwood), Sandy's Music (Dee Why), Mail Music (Brookvale), Castle Records (Castle Hill), Collet Records (Parramatta), The Sound Garden (Hurstville), Jolly Roger (Cronulla), Wow Music (Mona, Padslow), Fish Records (Newtown), In Denial (Globe), Leading Edge Music (Penrith Plaza), Redback (Wollongong), Landspeed (Canberra), Sound World (Newcastle, Garden City & Maitland), Hewlett's Record Bar (Nowra), Stop'n'Rock (Bathurst), Rock Sounds & Hi Fi (Lithgow), Clear Haze (Gosford) and from our website www.bigdayout.com

MONDAY JANUARY 27th (AUSTRALIA DAY HOLIDAY)

MELBOURNE RAS SHOWGROUND

Epsom Rd Flemington. Gates Open 11am
 Tickets \$93 (inc GST) +b* from Gaslight (Melbourne), Au Go Go (Melbourne), Missing Link (Melbourne), Gravelle (Fitzroy), Polyester (Fitzroy), Road (St Kilda), Central Station Records (Melbourne), Revelation Music (Brighton), Plato's (Frankston), CC Music (Geelong), Funhouse Music (Fyfe), Island Surfboards (Coves P.), Leading Edge Music (Horsham), R&L's Leading Edge Music (Echuca), Mellbergs Music (Mildura), Capricorn Leading Edge (Warrnambool), Ticketmaster7 outlets/Phonecharge 136 100 and from our website www.bigdayout.com

FRIDAY JANUARY 31st - ROYAL ADELAIDE SHOWGROUND

Rose Tce Wayville. Gates Open 11am
 Tickets \$93 (inc GST) +b* from CIB Network: Big Star (Adelaide, Norwood, Marion, Ridgehaven, Mt Barker), Elevator Music (Seaford), Krypton Discs (Glenelg), Oceangrafix (Port Noarlunga), Sonic Temple (Smythoria), The Flipside (Renmark), Sonic CD's (Munno Para), Venuetix outlets/phonecharge 8225 8888, CIB phonecharge 8232 1484 and from our website www.bigdayout.com

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 2nd - CLAREMONT SHOWGROUND

Graylands Rd Claremont. Gates Open 11am
 Tickets \$93 (inc GST) +b* from DaDa's (Perth), 78s (Perth), Mills (Fremantle), Nobs Musique (Bunbury), Beat Music (Karrinyup), Planet Video (Mt Lawley), Southern Sound (Albany), Leading Edge (Busselton, Joondalup), Gerakiten CD Centre (Geraldton), Bessondan Newsagency (Bassendean), Swellsounds (Margaret River), Kalgoorlie Sound (Kalgoorlie), Ticketmaster7 outlets/Phonecharge 136 100 and from our website www.bigdayout.com

TICKETS ON SALE FRIDAY OCTOBER 11th
 For full show information and internet ticket booking check out the website www.bigdayout.com



Rumba, the new pop music festival that debuted last year in Melbourne and Sydney is making its way to Adelaide this year on Friday December 6 at Adelaide Oval.

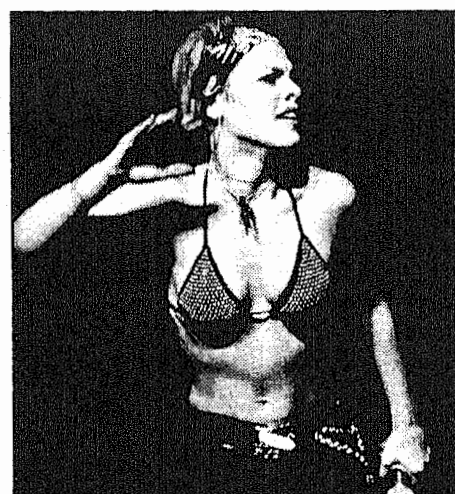
If you like your music poppy and upbeat, then there is certainly plenty here for you! Headliners include Pink, Natalie Imbruglia

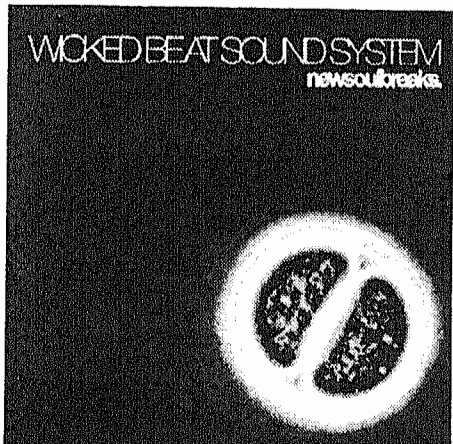
and Liberty X. Even Shaggy is returning to join the fun. It will also be interesting to see the infamous Kelly Osbourne performing live. There are also a number of Australian acts, including Taxiride and fresh from Bardot, Sophie Monk and Disco Montego featuring Katie Underwood. Other artists include Abs (ex Five), Sugababes, Toya, Bachelor Girl, Selwyn, Shakaya, Frantic and David Franj.



As with most festivals, Rumba will also feature other activities, including the Pepsi Max team and Rumba TV. The Pepsi Max Team is Australia's number one freestyle sports team which will perform choreographed tricks, in motocross, BMX, inline skating and skateboarding.

Tickets are on sale now from Venuetix outlets and www.venuetix.com.au, ph. 8225 8888.

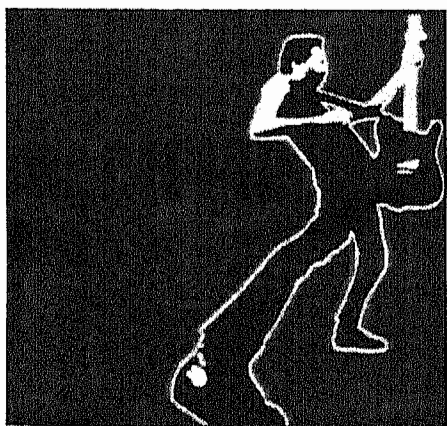




Wicked Beat Sound System
New Soul Breaks
 Roadshow/Sony

Wicked Beat Sound System seem determined to reverse the general trend for dance and electronica outfits to become one-dimensional on this, the Sydney based group's third LP. Having heard the gorgeous first single 'I Want To' some six months ago, this release has been one tinged with more than a little anticipation, and it has not disappointed. *New Soul Breaks* embraces a rich and sophisticated blend of instruments, evoking the spirit of acid jazz with their use of horns, flute, piano and bass, whilst remaining true to their classic sound. With such a diverse and impeccable collection of songs, fans will no doubt be divided as to which is their favourite track. The production is close to flawless, tightly cultivating a dazzling and soulful sound that will no doubt interest the European market. Could it be the paranoia-drenched opener 'No Fear,' bursting into raving beats that has your vote? Perhaps the massive dance anthem 'I Want To,' or the soulful 'How Many Suns,' (which is as radiant as the title suggests) might be your choice. Whatever your taste may be, you'll be blown away by *New Soul Breaks*.

Matty



Pacifier
Pacifier
 Warner

With the release of their fifth album, this is definitely the time for the band formerly known as Shihad to spread their wings and hit the radios hard. Produced by Josh Abrahams who also has control over the mix of Orgy, Korn and Limp Biskit, Pacifier have begun to create more complex harmonies. They use some beautiful lead guitar riffs to combine well with the melody for some strong chorus', but in some of the heavier songs the same over-distorted rhythm guitar takes definition away and makes a lot of the songs sound similar. The vocals have continued to be a strong backbone of Pacifier, Jon the lead vocalist saying in an interview with Richard Kingsmill "Josh pushed me really hard.....The vocal approach on this album was sing your fucking guts out until you've given yourself a hernia, when you don't think you've got any voice left, that tended to be the time you'd get the best stuff.' Generally a heavier alternative rock album, my favourite tracks being 'Bullitproof' and the single 'Comfort Me', they have also thrown in a couple of strong emo rock ballads to mix the album up with 'Walls' definitely being a standout. An extremely solid album, which grows on you with every listen. Definitely another New Zealand asset we should steal.

ArtFool

SINGLES

Augie March
The Vineyard
 BMG

Trashy guitars? Denim jackets? Augie March won't have a bar of New Rock. They'd much rather capture the feeling of your grandpa's dusty attic. *The Vineyard* is quiet and piano-filled, and the (\$5!) disc has four equally peculiar/brilliant B-sides. Check out *Rage* for the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffalo-featuring video.

Helen Steiner-Rice

Shakira
Objection (Tango)
 Epic

Shakira's latest release is picking up where Ricky Martin left off. The Latin beats over the tango swing, along with the sexy delivery of the vocals will surely attract drunken dancing at nightspots around town. This song is fun and has so much groove you'll be hooked after one spin.

Sixx

The Anyones
Come Around
 Shock

Having done the rounds of the Aussie rock scene for several years, The Anyones have been rewarded with a support gig for The Vines. Will this change their fortunes and propel them skyward? Who knows! *Come Around* is a nice pop rock ballad with a tip of the hat to Weezer. It isn't too bad either, but it won't change the world.

Pinkerton

Idlewild
You Held the World in Your Arms
 EMI

Scottish rockers 'Idlewild' have created a fast paced and infectious catchy rock anthem, complete with accompanying violins which add to the musical depth of the song, especially towards the (albeit abrupt) ending. The three additional tracks seem quite similar to the first in terms of style and pace, but that isn't necessarily a bad thing.

The Apostrophe

You Am I
Who Put the Devil in You
 BMG

Though at times threatening to slip into past territory (don't listen too closely to the riff in the chorus), You Am I look set to finish off the year in fine style if this is anything to go by. Though not available commercially, check it out at www.youami.com.au or on the tasty *Deliverance*. Big stupid rock at its glorious best.

Mr Milk

Supergrass
Grace

Parlophone/EMI

Save your money for the children! This would have to be one of the more quirky sounds to emerge from Supergrass of late, but I have always loved the whole brit-pop thing. And the B-sides are HOT! If the upcoming album is this ace, I'd better start saving my pennies now.

Matty

Good Charlotte
Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous
 Sony

Good Charlotte are causing quite a stir on the charts at the moment with this rather tasty single, and deservedly so. It is not only incredibly catchy, but it also features Kyle (of Tenacious D fame) in the epic film clip. While it could never claim to be pushing even the edge of the stamp on the envelope, it certainly hits the spot.

Poptart

Robbie Williams
Mr. Bojangles/I Will Talk and the World Will Listen
 Chrysalis/EMI

Now I'm not a swing fan by any means but I was quite impressed with young Robbie's effort here. There are some stunning orchestral arrangements in this double single and an excellent B-side of 'The Lady is a Tramp'. Definitely for swing fans or people who can appreciate swing.

Siobahn

The Shining
I Wonder How
 Sony

'I Wonder How' is a swaggering rock anthem held firmly together with a strong chorus and wavering guitars. The additional tracks 'Prove Love' and 'I Got A Feeling' are also suitably rocky, yet aren't as memorable. If 'I Wonder How' is anything to go by, keep a lookout for The Shining's forthcoming debut album, 'True Skies'.

The Apostrophe

Clubs & Classifieds Star of the Week!

Cricket Club

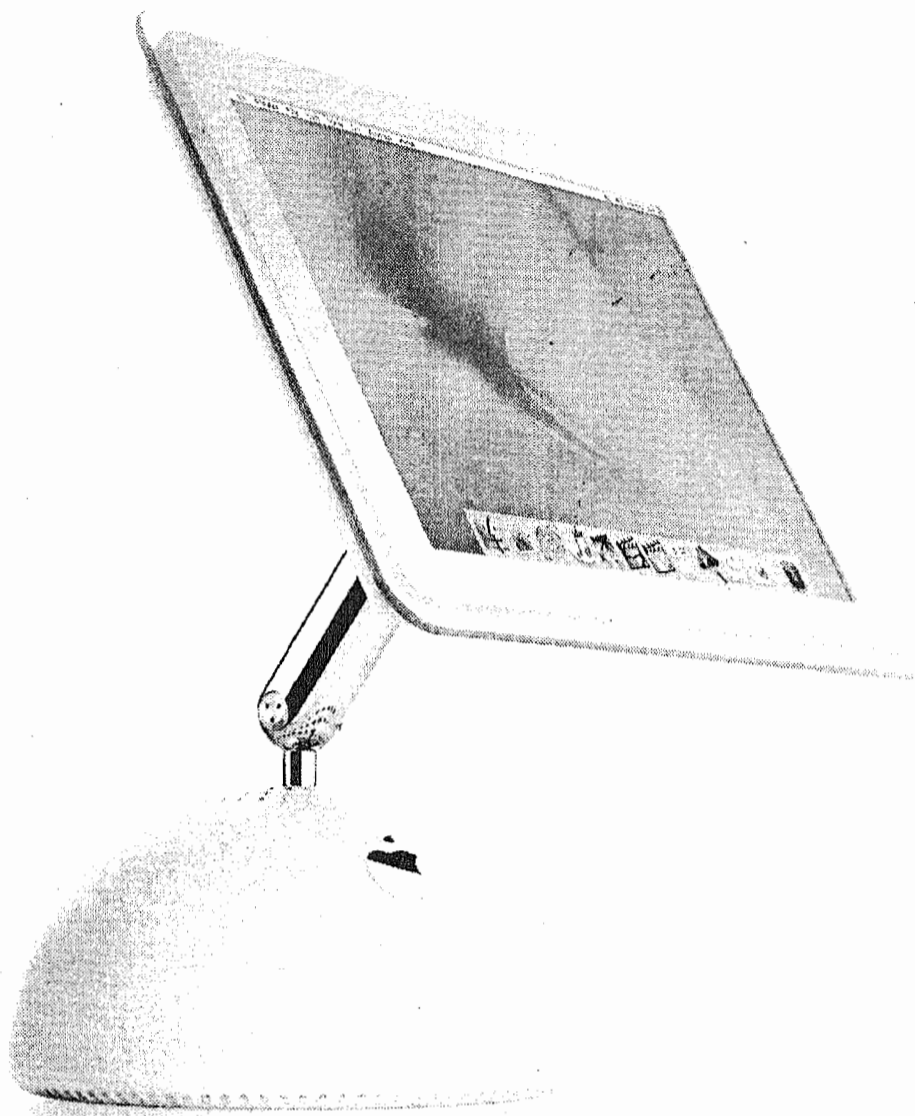
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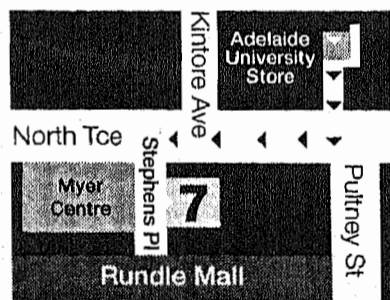
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