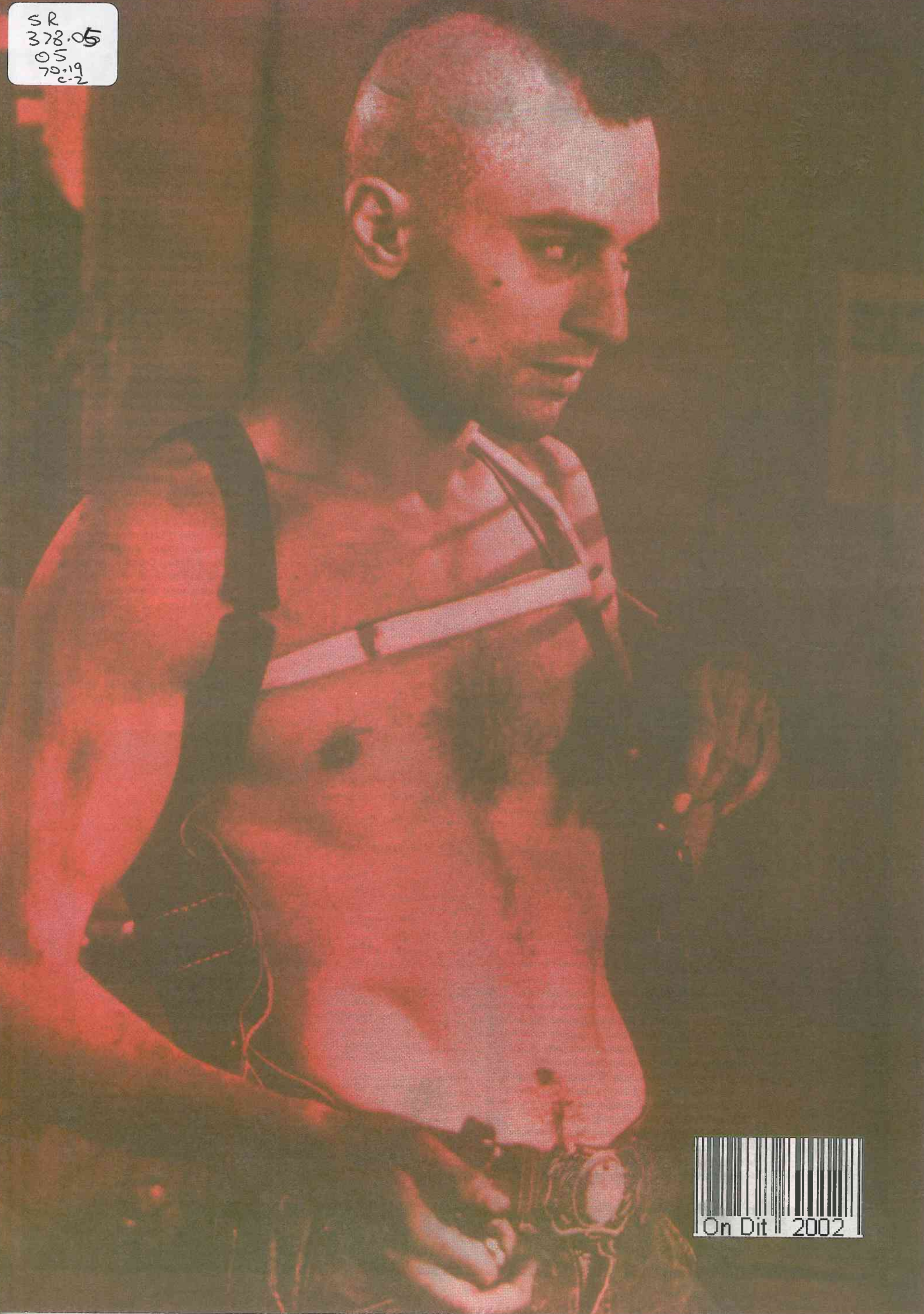
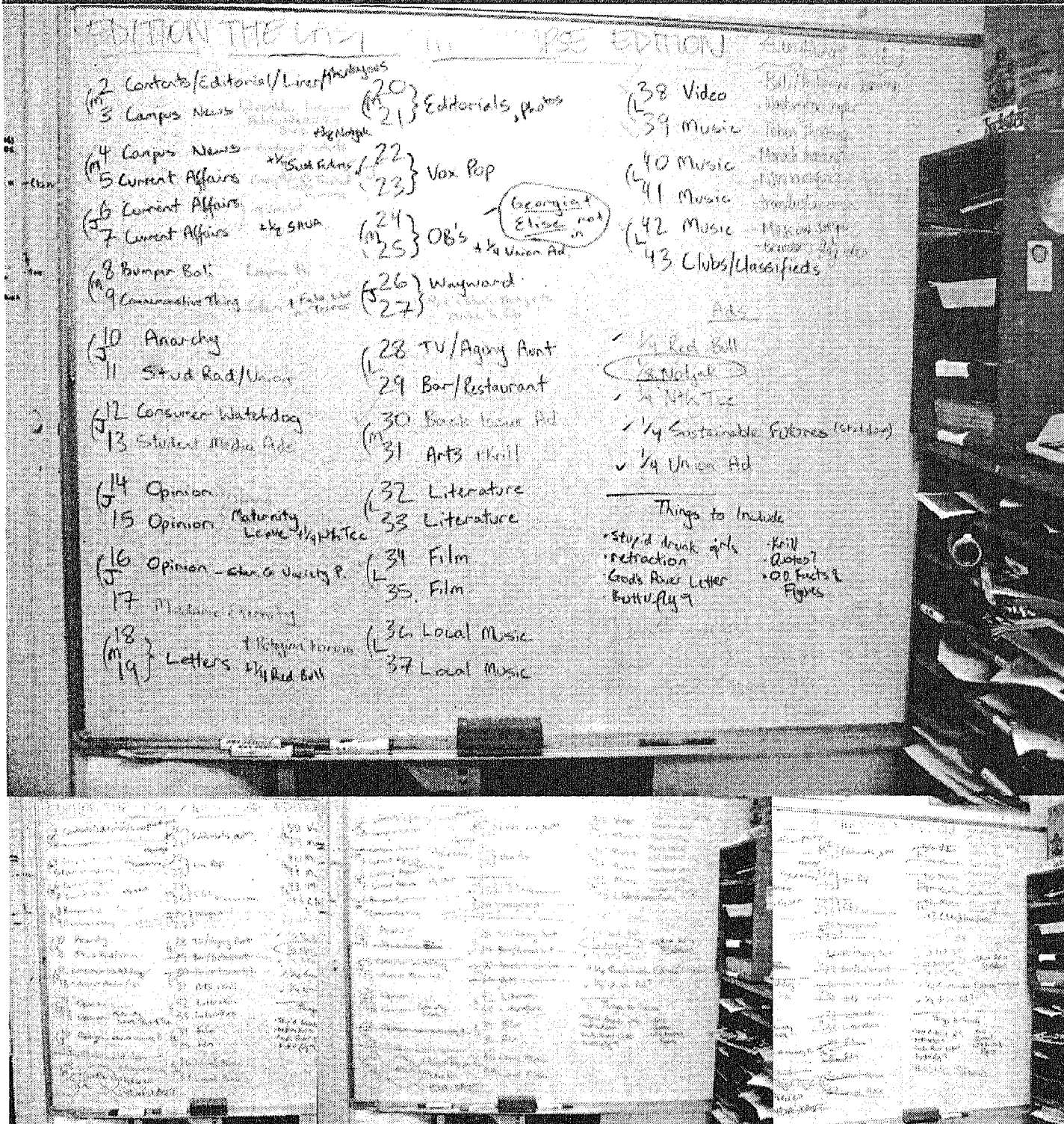


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Last and Final EDITORIAL

Welcome, dear reader, to the final edition of *On Dit* for 2002. We hope that you have enjoyed at least one of our editions this year. We wish that we could have brought you several more during the second semester but the budget fairy whacked us with her cut-back stick and we had to retreat into the shadows.

We here at *On Dit* would like to take this final opportunity to apologise to everyone who we have offended throughout our short-lived careers. We'd like to say sorry to everyone who was offended by the AI C'ider ad that appeared in Edition 18. The implication (by exclusion) that the Catholic Church was not capable of terrorism was not intentional. They're just as capable of terrorism as the next scapegoat. Hey, at least we've inspired a bit of debate. Some might say we've been a little bit provocative, like Madonna in her Erotica phase. Mads knows that a bit of controversy is the spice of life, and *On Dit* also enjoys free expression, however distasteful.

If this editorial rant is making your blood boil or your eyes light up or inspiring you to take a nap, why not put a hot student injection into your student newspaper? Saunter on down to the office and put your hand up for a sub-editorship or a jaunt as a reviewer or guest columnist. Or simply write us a letter - small mail or e-mail, we're not fussy.

Lastly, we'd like to say thank you for picking up a copy of *On Dit*, even if this is the only time you've done so this year. We've worked very hard, we've lost a lot of sleep and we've aged 30 years making this paper. We hope you liked it.

Good luck for all of your assignments and exams!

Lots of Love, *On Dit* 2002.

On Dit Volume 70 Edition 19 28.10.02

On Dit Volume 70 Edition 19 28.10.02

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 or the Association.

Editors

- Michael "Eskimo Jesus" Fyfe
- Jennifer "If a man answers please hang up" Kalionis
- Linda "I'm going to kill Dan" Rust

Advertising: Bonnie "Detox starts tomorrow" Cruickshank

Printing: Cadillac (thank you for everything Bonnie)

Sub-Editors

- Opinion:** Gemma "I'm cold" Clark, Tristan "I'm almost finished" Mahoney
- Current Affairs:** Tim "God" Williams, Laura "Condolezza" Anderson
- Wayward:** Jakabs "Another cake? Why you shouldn't have" Rozitis
- Music:** Sarah "Prof Booty" King, Matthew "Resume Boy" Osborn
- Local Music:** Mikey "Toooooootally" Boulotos
- Film:** Daniel "I swear I'll be there in 20 minutes" Varricchio
- Arts:** Emily "Cute as a button" Heidrich
- Literature:** Melissa "You Betcha" Vine
- Video/DVD:** James "Yeah, great" Trevelyan
- Agony Aunt:** Victoria "Well here's the thing" Hammond
- Vox Pop:** Joseph "Saucer of milk for table five" Hynes
- Bar/Restaurant:** Clementine "Blue Moon" Ford
- Television:** Linda "well *sigh* looks like I'm the TV columnist" Rust

Missing in Action

- Vox Pop:** Tom "Poon" Horne & Tania "Legally Blonde" McCudden
- Film:** Leila "Whitlams" Hallak
- Cartoonist:** Steven "I should be back from Queensland some time soon" Somebody
- Music:** Mark "fuck fuck fuck fuck" Jordan
- Internet:** Karen "Spam of the Week" Roberts
- Agony Aunt:** Hannah "Sigmund" Brown
- Distributors:** The Wonderful and Talented Sarah and Connal.

About the Cover: Everything's going crazy, with an aggressive and sadistic red wash.

Wanna Write? *On Dit* 2003 is looking for writers, sub-editors and contributors to form next year's team. Grab a form from the Students' Association to register your interest. For more information see page 13. If you want to see us, our office is located near the Barr Smith Lawns in the basement of the George Murray Building. Otherwise, take advantage of the email address at the bottom of this page.

Thankyous: Bonnie, Stan, Gemma and Yak (the 6am crew), Mark J xx, Bubbles, Sarah F, Fiona D., Flip, all of our sub-editors and contributors, the Mayo and its Fairies, Quincy, Eye Chicken, Linda's cat, Mikey's Grandma, Joy McEntee, Shannon, the Nats (Teakle and Enright), Sarah and Connal, Belle and Sebastian, Georgia, Tanisha, Elise, Vicki, Kate N., Gigi, Sonja and *Honi Sait*, our parents, Photo Stitch, sexy Dan, all the nice couriers we continue to have, and of course Doug Divine.

On Dit Volume 70 Edition 19 28.10.02

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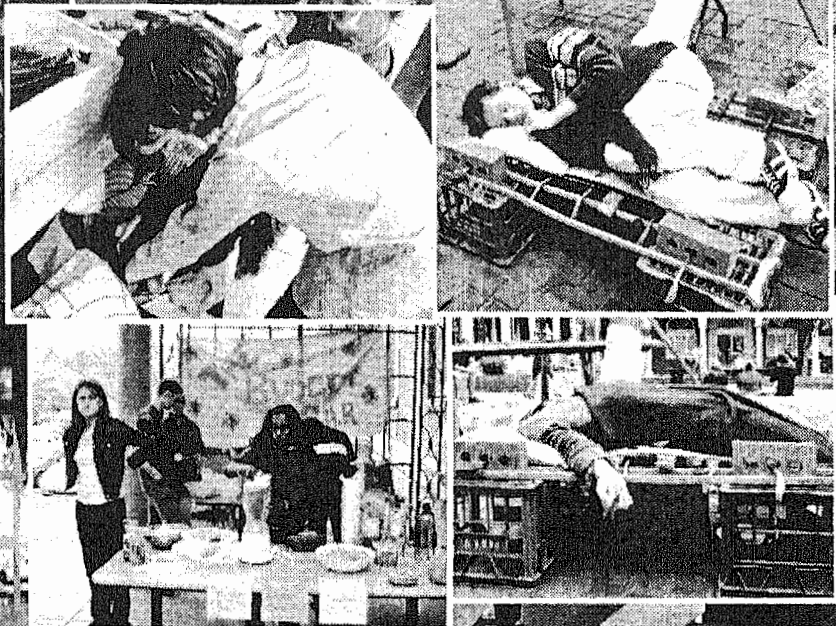
VOID OF INADEQUACY, OBVIOUS TO ADVERTISING WWW.ADTJAK.COM.MET

Liveable Incomes

Last week the Education Department ran a three-day campaign around the concept of 'liveable incomes'. This campaign highlighted the fact the Youth Allowance is only 52% of the Australian Poverty Line, if you can get it at all. To qualify as "independent" for the purposes of receiving Youth Allowance, you must go through a rigorous system based on outdated and irrational criteria. Whilst the Federal Government will happily acknowledge that you are an adult for the purposes of crime, taxation or anything that involves you giving them something, when it comes to Youth Allowance you are deemed to be dependent upon your parent until you reach 25. Some students even choose to get married rather than even attempt to pass any of the other criteria, so on Thursday we held a wedding to highlight the problems in this absurd policy. The week also saw Centrelink staff on campus to talk to students about their rights, financial advisors and presentations on graduate careers and 'sexually transmitted debt', as well as a second-hand stall, a 'Budget Bar' and many other fun activities that focussed around budgets and incomes.



October
22 - 24



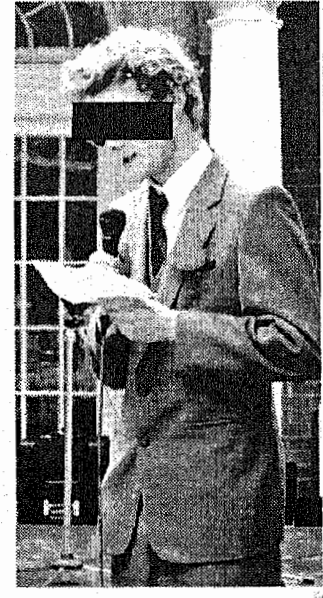
The Centrelink Marriage



"Ladies and Gentlemen,
"We are gathered here today in the face of financial difficulty, to see [names withheld], two poverty-stricken arts students, come together in unity to claim the independent rate of Youth Allowance.
"Their unity has not been easy, but they have made it here today despite conflicting sexual preference, no desire to form a loving or sexual relationship together, or blessing from either of their parents or the Commonwealth Government.
"If anyone believes that these two should not be wed, and should continue their lives of stealing groceries to eat, evading the landlord, or forcing friends to shout them pints, speak now or forever hold your peace.
I now invite the couple to say their vows."



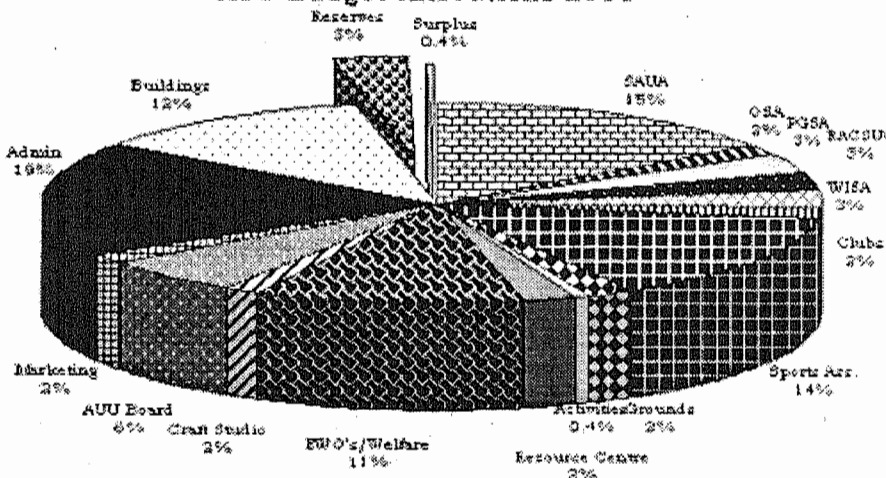
"In the name of John Howard, I [name withheld], take you, [name withheld], to be my lawfully wedded wife purely for the purposes of receiving the Common Youth Allowance.
"I take you to be my wife from this day forth, for better, for worse, for hopefully richer than poorer, on the Commonwealth Disability Pension and in health, to love and to cherish our liveable incomes, till graduation do us part, or we turn 25 and are finally recognised as being independent. This is my solemn vow to you.
"I will only undertake under-the-table cash-in-hand work and because of this will not receive any workplace benefits including leave entitlements, job security or even the award wage, but I promise not to disclose my correct income to Centrelink, so that you are not left in poverty.
"I will not reveal to loudmouthed friends the convenient nature of this marriage so as not to blow my chances of receiving a liveable income whilst I pursue further education to better myself and my chances of one day finding a reasonable job.
"All this I swear before the unholy altar of social engineering and an inequitable welfare system."



"In the name of John Howard, I, [name withheld], despite being in a relationship with a woman, take you, [name withheld], to be my lawfully wedded husband, because Centrelink doesn't recognise same-sex defacto relationships.
"I take you to be my husband from this day forth, for better, for worse, for hopefully richer than poorer, on the Commonwealth Disability Pension and in health, to love and to cherish our liveable incomes, till graduation do us part, or till we turn 25 and are finally recognised as being independent. This is my solemn vow to you.
"I will accompany you to all Centrelink means test appointments and will have properly memorised answers to all questions pertaining to our relationship, so that we are never found out.
"I will honour and obey all the Centrelink rules for couples in a relationship as prescribed by the federal Liberal Government. I will not leave you wanting by being discovered by undercover Centrelink officers, in the bed of another.
"I recognise that this marriage makes a mockery of the sacred act of matrimony, however I acknowledge the fact that the Federal Government's welfare system has thus far forced thousands like me to wed prospective partners whom they might otherwise find thoroughly unpleasant.
"All this I swear before almighty Howard and a grossly heteronormative welfare system."

The 2003 AUU Budget

AUU Budget Allocations 2003



The 2003 budget is based on the premise that the commercial activities will break even, allowing for a self funded capital replacement program to continue in order to meet OH&S requirements. 2002 saw commercial return a surplus for the first time in ten years. This was due in part to our involvement with the Fringe Festival. 2003 should be viewed as a year to consolidate on the improvements implemented during 2002.

The buildings and maintenance costs include a property services manager and two Stewards as well as encompassing the cost of electricity, air conditioning, cleaning, rates and taxes and general maintenance of what is a quite substantial amount of building space. It does not include any redevelopment project works which would be budgeted separately as a capital cost as and when required.

Given 2002 started with having to negotiate an overdraft to meet our daily bills, the AUU Board moved to a position where it is able to reinstate its formal Reserves Policy in order to give some comfort to future Boards and employees. These reserves should ensure the long term viability of the organisation and will provide funds for future growth in student services. This requires a small percentage of student services fee to be put aside each year as a reserve fund. In 2003 this will be 2.5% or \$98,000.

One of the more significant reports during 2002 has been the Cash Flow Statement. It is an uncomfortable situation to be borrowing money to meet operating costs. Now, due to careful management and some new initiatives, the AUU operations in 2002 have generated sufficient cash to no longer require an overdraft. The financial accounts for the year ending December 2002 should show a healthy cash balance. However, this not only includes a reserves provision but must carry normal operations through to March/April 2003 when the first of the 2003 student fees received. In line with these advances the 2003 budget assumes no requirement for overdraft funding.

Over time the distinctions between different areas became a little blurred. This year the Finance and Development Standing Committee has made a clear distinction between affiliate funding, student services funding and general operations. General operations not only includes general administration but AUU Board and building costs, both of which are quite significant.

Finally, to underline the Board's desire to maximise opportunities for student services, the 2003 budget provides for an 8.2% increase in affiliate funding on 2002 and 7.7% for student services. This is despite a forecast revenue increase of only 2.7% and reflects a 5.6% reduction in general operating expenditures.

AUU Board is a significant cost because it contains provisions for all corporate governance expenses and new student service initiatives. Corporate governance includes audit fees, legal fees, commercial advisory panel, strategic planning and development and liability insurance. It also includes election costs.

If you have any questions about the 2003 budget please contact me on 8303 5401 or at rachel.swift@adelaide.edu.au.

Rachel Swift
2001/2002 AUU Vice President
Finance & Development Standing Committee Chair

The Youth Factor: Embracing Sustainable Futures

Date: 13 November 2002
Location: Adelaide Town Hall – Banquet Room
Time: 4.00 pm – 6.00 pm

Join world renowned expert Professor Amory Lovins at a Youth Forum for sustainability, leadership, action.....now!

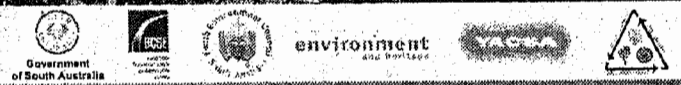
We're heading for a crisis. Human populations on earth are consuming far too many resources and countries like Australia are the worst offenders! If we are to truly move towards sustainability young people need to share in the decision making in all levels of society! Discover how this can be done and participate in creating sustainable solutions for South Australia.

Amory B. Lovins, CEO of Rocky Mountain Institute (www.rmi.org), is a consultant experimental physicist educated at Harvard and Oxford. He is renowned for his wide-ranging intellect and unique problem-solving approach. He promotes resource efficiency as a solution to a variety of environmental, economic, and social problems. "There is no waste in nature" he says "everything, everything that is not used, goes back in some way to regenerate for the future. Human production must aim for the same formula." Amory points out it can't be efficient to be extracting a trillion tonnes of resources out of the earth, and then seeing 93% of that lost in tailings or waste.

For information and registration contact Nick Goode on (08) 8226 4829 or Email: goode.nick@saugov.sa.gov.au

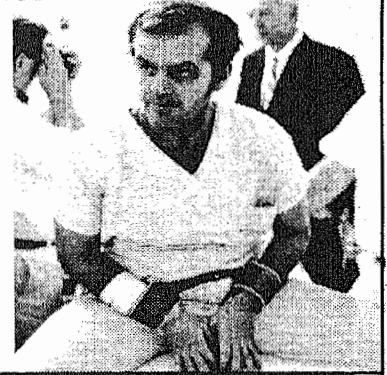
AUU Budget Allocation 2003

	\$	%
SAUA	495,002	14.9
OSA	61,656	1.9
PGSA	106,764	3.2
RACSUC	91,465	2.7
WISA	95,052	2.8
Clubs Ass.	60,846	1.8
Sports Ass.	480,463	14.4
Grounds	62,400	1.9
Affiliates	1,452,648	43.6
Activities	15,000	0.5
Resource Centre	74,712	2.2
Welfare	368,932	11.1
Craft Studio	53,368	1.6
Services	512,012	15.4
AUU Board	187,386	5.6
Marketing	55,063	1.7
Admin	622,789	18.7
Buildings	390,054	11.7
Administration	1,255,292	37.7
Reserves	98,010	2.9
Surplus	12,738	0.4
Reserves	110,748	3.3
Total	3,330,700	100



EVERYTHING'S FUCKED.

Just lately, the world has gone a little crazy. One might go so far as to say that everything is fucked. Let's quickly run through the various shenanigans that have occurred throughout October. There's been alleged terrorist attacks in Bali and the Philippines; Margaret Tobin, the head of Mental Health in South Australia was shot dead in her office building; two students were killed and others injured by a fellow student at Monash University; there's a crippling drought sweeping our nation and devastating bushfires destroying the east coast. Last week there was a horrific bus/train/car crash that claimed lives in Salisbury and the evening news was peppered with reports of the Chechen guerilla siege in Moscow and the sniper scenario in Washington. It all seems to be bad news lately - or is it just that this sort of unfortunate activity has finally crept into our part of the world? *On Dit* decided to take a brief look at some of the other stories of which students should be aware.



PATRIOTISM: THAT'LL FIX IT

So Brendan Nelson wants us to sing the national anthem every morning while gazing passionately at our nation's flag. And that is supposed to aid us in solving the problems facing our country? Mr Nelson, go and stick your head back under a rock - maybe you will find another bright idea lurking under there. Do you truly believe that Americans "are taught very strongly about American history, about what it means"? Have you ever actually been to the US? You certainly haven't attended high school there. I was lucky enough to spend my senior year at an American high school, and unsurprisingly, I walked away with both the US History award and the US Government award. Most of my classmates were barely able to place their own state on a map, let alone the rest of the country. In a test, many actually thought that Mexico was above the US and Canada was below. And that is not even mentioning the fact that they thought that we celebrated Christmas in July. Does Mr Nelson want this country to degenerate into a blindly patriotic, insular nation more concerned with the symbolic nature of a piece of cloth than the real meaning of humanity? I couldn't care less if someone burnt the flag or spouted abuse against Australia - there are more important things in life, like attending to the state of the education and health systems. Perhaps you would also like to introduce conscription while you are at it? It costs too much to attend university anyway, so we might as well go straight into the army and start serving our country.

Why don't you stop trying to divert attention from the appalling state that our education system is in, and start trying to improve our situation, rather than brainwashing our children into mindlessly repeating a bunch of words that they don't really understand. A flag is just a piece of cloth, but an education lasts forever.

Poptart

On Dit 70.19

Environmental activism alive and kicking in NSW: Family Forest Fair turns cute and cuddly

Think activism is left with nowhere to go? By the accounts circulating on student activist e-mail networks, the jamming of the recent State Forests NSW's 'Family Forest Fair' in Cumberland State Forest, north of Sydney, was an inspiring success.

State Forests is a government body, accountable for the exploitation of trees for wood-chipping, old-growth logging, et cetera. The Family Forest Fair is essentially a PR exercise to convince the public that their forests are "in safe hands", through such devious tactics as face painting, camel rides and sausage sizzles.

A group from Lismore's Rainforest Information Centre and others arrived just after midday with showbags for everyone. These 'Woodchipping Fun Packs', distributed by activists in quoll, glider, owl and koala costumes, were decorated with the State Forests logo manipulated to read "TRASHED FORESTS". They contained, among other things, papers titled "Your Forests Are Not In Safe Hands", colourful badges saying "State Forests Woodchipped My Home" and pretty stickers.

By the time the SF personnel realised what was happening, children had swamped the cute animals and demanded extra stickers and badges, by then stuck everywhere. State Forests mounted a desperate attempt to undo the RIC crew's damage, trying to convince parents to exchange the "wrong" showbags they had received for the less desirable SF ones, which contained only a copy of the *Bush Telegraph*, SF's monthly magazine. It has been estimated that only 20 - 30 of the 250 Woodchipping Fun Packs distributed were retrieved. A banner (later ripped in two by a SF rep) reading "State Forests: Don't Believe the Lies" was displayed around the fair, while SF bushwalking guides were forced to field some tough questions from environmentalists posing as loggers.

The action remained peaceful other than the Head Forester of Cumberland shoving the quoll in the head in front of two barbecuing families. One police officer did attend, but only to find lots of happy kids with colourful stickers.

A video of the action will be available soon!

Gemma Clark

Security

In light of the recent fatal shootings at Monash University, the Vice Chancellor, Professor James McWha stated that "the University of Adelaide takes security issues seriously, and in light of events over the last week we feel that we should introduce improvements to our security as soon as possible."

The real question is not why the shooting occurred in the first place, but why it has taken an event of this nature to highlight the security concerns that the Students' Association and the security office have been trying to draw attention to for a long time. It is terrible that it has taken deaths on a university campus to finally motivate change in our security services at the University of Adelaide.

On Dit is interested to learn what exactly these proposed 'improvements' will entail. We hope that the students will be kept well informed.

Jenny

Say no to WTO: Sydney, November 14 - 15

A storm's a-brewin'. The next in the growing wave of anti-globalisation protests will take place in Sydney for the meeting of the World Trade Organisation on November 14 and 15.

The WTO is the self-described "only international organisation dealing with the global rules of trade between nations", to "ensure that trade flows smoothly, predictably and freely as possible". Its critics are more likely to describe it as a destroyer of the environment and an oppressor of disadvantaged minorities.

If you can't get to Sydney, a group of Adelaide activists is putting on the annual party for public space, Reclaim the Streets, on Friday November 15. To get in on the action, contact Sarah Hanson at greengirl@sarah-coral.com, or attend the next meeting, Mondays at 5pm outside the SAUA.

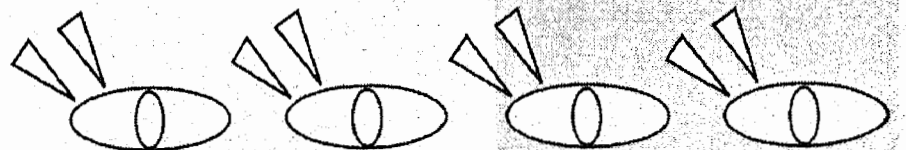
Gemma Clark

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WHAT TO DO

The temptation to label terrorist motivations 'irrational' is an excuse to ignore their complexity and lines of action that may be opened up by their investigation.

The question of how to combat the threat of terrorism has seemed to polarise around two camps. One holds that the perpetrators want to kill all Westerners, are completely irrational and hence cannot be handled any other way than hunting them down to the last. The other claims that unless the underlying causes of anti-Western terrorism are addressed - poverty and varied lists of injustices - there will forever be a stream of fundamentalist militants at the ready. 'Root them out' versus 'root causes,' in other words.

One Sydney commentator best exposed the absurdity of extreme viewpoints, pointing out that conspiracy theories involving the CIA on the crackpot Left, and a desire to push ordinary and extremist Muslims into the same basket on the crackpot Right, are both positions held by Abu Bakar Bashir. Not much credibility there.

As webdiarist David Makinson wrote, the refusal of each side of the debate to acknowledge the other only obscures the problem: "The Left says our government's public support of the US makes us a target. We sense the truth in this. The Right says that it is folly to think that a passive stance will protect us. We sense the truth in this. The Right says a military solution is the only solution. They may be correct. The Left says violence begets violence, and they too may be correct. Neither group can recognise the merits in each other's case, and so the true, far more complex solution eludes us." This, of course, creates camp number three: the 'We're all rooted' camp. The one we're all in together.

So, while admittedly there is nothing sexy about taking the middle ground, it is a view that seems sorely lacking from much, if not most, of the mainstream analysis. Surely it is only logical to combine camps one and two and pursue the following: remove those whose minds you will never steer from their terrible fixation while nullifying their attractiveness to malleable innocents.

First, let's not forget that the motives behind the Bali bombings may yet prove to be the secular ones of the Indonesian military, outraged by Australia's involvement in East Timor and intent on sending a message to the Megawati government. That makes the attack no less excusable, but the possibility is one not often raised by the 'root them out' camp. The TNI has a recent history of co-opting Islamic extremists into terrorising further independence movements in the archipelago and is angry with constitutional changes set to remove its automatic presence in parliament. Executing a major terrorist act without claiming responsibility may be a calculated measure to regain American financial support - to crack down on terrorism(!) - withdrawn after the TNI's murderous behaviour in Timor. The 'root them outers' are silent on this because of Australia's and the West in general's long-standing support for the corrupt and homicidal Suharto regime under which the TNI thrived.

Having said that, let's assume the Bali attack was carried out by Islamic militants, if only to engage at the point most commentators have taken up the debate. As Singaporean terrorism expert Kumar Ramakrishna argues, there is good reason for the assumption. The massive scale of human life taken is consistent with extremist Islamic attacks of the last decade. We know Osama

and Co. ordered new attacks in early October and since then there has been the French supertanker bombing and attacks in the Philippines in addition to Bali. The targeting of Westerners in Bali makes militant Islamic involvement likely, as does the timing of the attack to coincide with the second anniversary of the USS Cole bombing in Yemen.

To the 'root'em outers' there is no argument to be made. Anything but righteous indignation and military response is absurd. They say, for example, the fact that a French tanker was targeted when the French have been very cautious in their stance on the US-Iraq confrontation points to a complete lack of rationality in choice of target. Mark Steyn quotes a spokesman for the Islamic Army of Aden as saying: "We would have preferred to hit US frigate, but no problem because they are all infidels." And Hussein Moussawi, former leader of Hezbollah, concurring: "We are not fighting so that you will offer us something. We are fighting to eliminate you." From this Steyn concludes that the 'root causes' are completely unhinged: "The more you insist the Islamist psychosis is a rational phenomenon to be accommodated, the more you risk sounding just as nutty as the terrorists."

Before countering, it must be acknowledged this view is not without some merit. Firstly, there are frustrating voices on the other side, such as former Australian diplomat Bruce Haigh, quoted as saying, "The root cause of this issue (Bali) has been America's backing of Israel on Palestine." Thus chronic over-simplification is not solely the domain of the trigger-happy. Secondly, there is little doubt extreme Islamist leaders delight in the elimination of any Westerner. However, that does not mean there is no rationale to the choice of their targets. William Shawcross, while peddling the 'We're all infidels to them' line, notes the switch from targeting Americans with massive economic fallout as a bonus (September 11) to projects aimed less at the 'worst' infidels than at global economic interests, namely tourism (Bali) and the oil industry (the tanker bombing).

The temptation to label terrorist motivations 'irrational' is an excuse to ignore their complexity and lines of action that may be opened up by their investigation. As Ramakrishna argues, to acknowledge al Q'aeda and JI as the most likely perpetrators should be to acknowledge that Australians were probably not the primary target, but rather Bali itself, thus undermining the 'we're all infidels' line that gives far too little credit to the terrorist, even if he trots it out himself. Killing Westerners in Bali does more than disrupt the tourist economy there. Judging by the collapse of the Asian Tigers in the late 1990s, foreign capital is likely to be withdrawn from the entire region by a financial sector which views South East Asia as an "undifferentiated bloc." A resultant socioeconomic crisis can only weaken governmental legitimacy and create fertile ground for extremists to recruit. If Australians WERE specifically targeted, it would likely be for the same reason the TNI would attack our citizens - East Timor. According to US ambassador Tom Schieffer, "Osama bin Laden put out a whole laundry list of countries that needed to be attacked [and he] listed Australia, not because it was a friend of the

States, not because it had done something in the Middle East but because it had done something in East Timor, because the East Timorese were largely a Catholic population inside a Muslim state."

There is another type of argument that must be exposed, the one that presents the very best of the West and the very worst of Islam from which to draw its conclusions. No surprise that Janet Albrechtsen is an exemplary culprit: "The final message from October 12 is an echo from September 11: Not all cultures are equal. Political orthodoxy meant we looked the wrong way for too long, not questioning even the most abhorrent cultures. Calling a cultural spade a spade means there is no room for militant Islamic terrorists. A hearts and mind campaign that Western values - the rule of law, free speech, human rights - are non-negotiable is long overdue."

It's an argument that fails not for its substance but for its selectivity. If militant Islam can be labelled a 'culture,' then yes, it is abhorrent. But where is the acknowledgement of wider Islamic thought? And yes, the best of Western values are worth universalising, but where is the acknowledgement of economic exploitation, of cultural imperialism? Note the absence of 'hypocrisy' from Albrechtsen's list of exportable ideals.

Janet Daley attempts to compress the previous two above arguments into one. Western rationality, when viewed with Albrechtsenesque selectivity, looks like a winner. The case runs something like this: democracy depends on rational choice-making and accepting both a social contract and a basic starting premise that life is worth living. The point of government, then, is to make life better, while religion's preoccupation with the next life is a hindrance to this goal. Terrorism is "beyond the scope of reason, and therefore not within the frame of reference of our politics." All of which is fine, except that it forgets the entire history of global expansion and bloodshed which operated under the cover of concepts like rationality. The very history of the term is a history of power politics: it's always 'rational' when WE do it. So whereas 'human rights' is a fairly stable concept invoked selectively, big-R Reason is one of the most dangerously adaptive weapons ever devised. The point is not to take away from a proud tradition of democratic process, but to expose the shrieks of Western triumph for what they are: obstructions to the eradication of terrorism.

The concept of 'modernity' - the reign of the secular and the material - seen as developing hand in hand with the rise of Western rationality, is another tool of those who claim causal thinking cannot be applied to a problem supposedly lying outside the bounds of our political heritage. Radical Islamists are 'anti-modern', to be sure, in the sense that they connect economic regression with the creation of a climate suitable for the spread of fundamentalism, and also because they no doubt harbour resentment (with some justification) and jealousy toward the Western world and its material success. Thus they seek to create and valorise an entirely different type of existence. However, the temptation to slip to the position that all Islam cannot co-exist with modernity must be resisted. Hence the task of redressing the conditions in which moderate Muslims

ON TERRORISM

(Catholics, Hindus) become militant fundamentalists is the most important of all.

In relation to that task, those who write off the term 'cultural imperialism' as wanky claptrap or as drained of explanatory power would do well to read Rosemary Neil's recent thoughts. Neil notes how reactions to October 12 "betray how we see Bali as our tourist colony; an extension of the Gold Coast's schoolies week, a tropical Earls Court." Yes, Bali relies on tourism and our "cultural arrogance" is not in itself an explanation for the attack. However, it is fair to generalise that tourist behaviour in cheap Asian havens "contributes to the widening culture gap between Islam and the West. And that culture gap is one reason a mass murderer such as Osama bin Laden, or a loopy terrorist cell such as Jemaah Islamiah, do nothing for their own people but are still seen as liberators by their followers." Islamofascism may be as obvious a cause of poverty as Western exploitation, but if the former seeks to give meaning to a life of poverty, its attraction becomes understandable. It must be recognised that this kind of thinking is NOT blaming the victim nor exonerating the perpetrator, but seeking to solve the problem by identifying its mode of perpetuation.

'Islamofascism' is not a term used without reservation, but La Trobe University's Robert Manne is persuasive about its appropriateness: The bin Laden and, by extension, militant Islamic ideology is Manichean, dividing the world in two just as communism and Nazism did, this time on a religious basis but with equally limitless ambition. Like Nazism it is anti-modern while

deploying distinctly modern technologies. It is also supremely racist. Though war should always be a last resort, Manne persuasively argues that, as with Nazism, a war of force against militant Islam is unavoidable and necessary. It does not, however, call for belligerent warmongering fuelled by misguided patriotism, nor for riding on superpower coattails.

Patriotism is a major bone of contention. The 'root'em outers' continue to confuse any search for answers with betrayal. Neil puts the case that "If your fellow citizens are the primary victims of an unprecedented attack – and if others may be vulnerable to further attacks – why censor debate of any potential underlying factor?" So seeking to understand the causes behind our loss CAN validly be seen as patriotic. In fact, it boils down to a blind, selfish patriotism versus one whose concern is for our own first, but seeks protection for ourselves via the protection of all. 'Root'em outers' certainly do not control a monopoly on the pride Australians have felt upon hearing the stories from Bali, of their countrymen and women endangering themselves to help others, imploring medical staff to treat others before themselves and expressing their sorrow for the Balinese.

So that's patriotism dealt with. As for superpower coattails, it's time to let go. That's

not to say the Australian government should give in to calls to shut up or risk further acts of terrorism against us. Fearful self-censorship is, presumably, a by-product terrorists would be more than happy to have produced. Our government should never cease to speak its mind and should be judged on the ethics of its foreign policy, not the likelihood of retaliation it produces. Having said that, the ethics of subservience to the US stink.

Australia should not support a war that should have stayed focused on al Qaeda but has veered wildly off course with the revelation of the Bush doctrine and its fancy for pre-emptive strikes and endorsement of US 'exceptionalism'.

Quite apart from the fact that the US does not readily return our sycophantic support – it refused to dirty its hands in Timor – Australia should not support a war that should have stayed focused on al Qaeda but has veered wildly off course with the revelation of the Bush doctrine and its fancy for pre-emptive strikes and endorsement of US 'exceptionalism'. As former Australian ambassador to the UN Richard Butler put it, bending to the Bush doctrine would signal a step back "from more than 50 years of striving to assert the civilised principle that the conduct of the world's affairs can be regulated and enlightened by law and principle to the admittedly more ancient idea that more important than anything else is the possession and exercise of raw power. Isn't this what the terrorists want?"

Why associate ourselves with a US administration playing so dangerously with

inconsistencies and double standards? Why does the US remain friends with Saudi Arabia, the biggest producer of terrorists? Why is Iraq singled out and not North Korea, when the latter has an equally horrendous human rights record and has admitted to a weapons of mass destruction plan? This only fuels suspicion that a Middle East war is more about American interests than saving lives. The extension of the hopelessly ambiguous war on terror to selective preemptive strikes on 'axis of evil' regimes cannot be justified without solid evidence of connections between the likes of Saddam Hussein and al Qaeda. None have been produced. Talk of a 'generic link' by John Howard and Bush's floundering on the issue amount to admissions on that point. In fact, as Monash's Andy Butfoley claims, the most relevant connection made recently "appears to be the proliferation linkage between North Korea and Pakistan, a key US ally in the war on terror", while the axis of evil rhetoric has only muddied the waters between anti-terrorism and non-proliferation.

Both terrorists and the causes for their gaining a following must be uprooted. Australia's role is to produce an independent and ethical foreign policy advocating multilateral efforts through the United Nations. Sadly when it comes to ethics, the Howard government is nothing if not consistent. So heaven help the poor Iraqis who come to beg for our hospitality once we've visited there with Uncle Sam.

Tim Williams

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WHERE TO GO FROM HERE?

THE REPERCUSSIONS OF THE BALI BOMBING

I think it is sad to end the year as Current Affairs Sub-Editor writing about an event such as the Bali bombing tragedy, but it is a tragedy that will stay with Australians for many years to come. It feels disloyal to write about any other issue.

The events in Bali this month show that terrorism is still thriving in the international sphere. Australians, as a particular target in these attacks, now face an enemy that is everywhere, yet nowhere. The randomness of the victims in the Bali attack has made us all painfully aware that we are no longer safe. Over the past week, the sense of community across Australia has been palpable, as people have united together to raise money or to pay tribute in memorial services. Talkback radio stations have been inundated with people wishing to express their feelings of sorrow and helplessness, as were the volunteers at the 'Australians Unite' pledge last week. The enemy of the 21st century is all around us.

Crimes and international conflicts usually have logic in their choice of targets. The scary aspect of terrorism is that there is no logic – the choice of target and victims is one that cannot be predicted. The choice of young Australians holidaying and out having a good time was one that could not have been predicted, yet with devastating consequences. The normal rules of crime can no longer be applied; we do not know what the next attack will be or when it will occur. There are so many possible targets in so many different countries where terror can be unleashed; it leads to massive insecurity in the hearts and minds of all western countries. The one thing uniting Western allies in the war against terror is the unpredictable and random nature of the attacks. It leaves all those affected feeling completely powerless, and the world in a more insecure and chaotic state than ever. The families of the victims of September 11 have offered their support to Australians who lost loved ones in Bali. Members of the Coalition of September 11 Families "wanted Australians to know that we feel their pain... having suffered similar loss". Chaplain Ian Whitley said he finds it hard to justify the attacks. "My calling challenges me to ask where is God in all of this? Where was He on Saturday night?" He could not contemplate in his mind why Australia had lost the "young fit and healthy to a senseless act of violence".

Australians are now fighting to maintain and uphold their way of life – their freedom, their modern democracy. It is not a war that can be fought with an army, trade sanctions cannot be imposed, and the perpetrator cannot be caught. The Bali attacks have made all Australians very aware that we are currently in the war against terror, against a wide

spread network of perpetrators. We are fighting for our belief that life is worth living. At the memorial service at St Peter's Cathedral on Sunday, the Dean of the Cathedral, Reverend Steven Ogden, expressed his grief. "The disbelief is passing and the sorrow and anger is growing," he said. "There are no excuses for this monstrous act. It shakes us to the very core of what we believe and hope for. We will never be the same again, this great nation of Australia, but when the time of mourning is over, we have some work to do as a people to find a new and distinctive voice."

Mourning someone who has passed away is difficult enough when that person is elderly or has been suffering from a known illness, but how can you grieve for a death that comes so violently and unexpectedly? There is no justification. The people in Bali will never be seen again, and their deaths have changed so many other people's lives. Even for those who have survived with horrific burns, their quality of life will be forever tarnished, and their psyche scarred with issues such as survivor guilt. British Prime Minister Tony Blair has stated that "massive insecurity" is now a prevalent characteristic of life in the 21st century.

We are now familiar with the rhetoric of world leaders making statements denouncing the terrorists as committers of "heinous acts" and demonstrated "barbarous evil". These statements have become so common in the media sphere that they no longer reach the hearts of those watching. It is the tearful recollections of those involved in the incidents that hurt us. Political statements do however give us some sense of relief in the shape in which they are presented. The regularity of the comments about the perpetrators and a possible military response give viewers some sense of familiarity. Discussing military objectives takes people's minds off the actual truth – that the mass murders being committed are beyond the scope of reason, and cannot be solved in the political sphere. Democratic institutions have little hope of beating this enemy as it exists outside of their realm of control [are you suggesting an Enabling Act? - Eds]. Politics involve a nation state, whereas world affairs and events such as terrorism occur globally. Crime, commerce and terrorism now extend beyond a country's borders. Globalism, with the help of tools such as the Internet, has made borders irrelevant. An invasion of the 'axis of evil' as Bush refers to it, may bring down the leader of Iraq, but will most likely spread the weed of terrorism across the globe [Actually, you can't invade a rhetorical concept - Eds].

Foreign Minister Alexander Downer states that Australia will fight terrorism in South-East Asia through diplomacy, rather than sending in the Australian Defence Force. Downer emphasised that the primary objective of the Howard

Government is to ensure regional security and stability with these attacks coming so close to home. Downer defined an "overwhelming focus on our own region and our own environment." He said terrorism concerns in the region were going to be dealt with with a diplomatic, rather than military, response. "This is much more going to be conducted through encouraging governments in the region to take still more effective domestic measures to stop terrorist organisations operating within their borders. That sort of work is much more likely to be done by the indigenous defence and security forces of the region, rather than foreign forces being sent in."

We are fighting a faceless enemy that celebrates the death of innocent lives, and sees the killing of these people as part of their sacred duty. It is impossible to understand how these people cannot see the human value of what they have destroyed, but they seem to rejoice in the infliction of pain and agony. The bombs that went off in Bali were done so to make the victims run towards the door, and ultimately towards the car bomb that would take many of their lives. The suffering by the friends and families of the victims seems even more frustrating when taking into account that other human beings purposely inflicted this. Terrorism is the fusion of all of the appalling and unfathomable facets of the human condition.

When George Bush calls terrorists the enemies of freedom, he is true. Terrorists are an enemy of freedom, of life and of optimism. Trauma touches people to the very core of their being, and those who witnessed September 11 and the Bali bombing will never forget. The events of Bali even more so, as this is Australia's own individual pain and awakening. We can no longer distance ourselves from the attacks on America – we were definite targets. Faces and memories will stay embedded in people's minds, and anniversaries are likely to continue to stir up the emotion of such appalling events. Grief takes time to deal with and overcome emotionally, but trauma is a wound to a human being's psyche. The emotions, such as the fear and the anxiety, will continue to be relived when set off by certain triggers. Headlines such as 'World Alert: Season of Terror' must shake even the strongest of people. Army chaplain Hayden Swinbourne told a memorial service that Australians will "take away scars in our bodies, in our minds and on our souls."

Prime Minister John Howard talked of the effect on Australia at many memorial services across the country last week. "Perhaps we may not be so carefree as we have been in the past but we will never lose our openness, our sense of adventure," he said. He described the attacks as "wanton, cruel and barbaric" and the terrorists as people who "can never be understood... can never be excused."

"Australia has been affected very deeply but the Australian spirit has not been broken, the spirit remains strong and free."

Laura Anderson
was one of this year's
Current Affairs Sub-Editors

The opinions expressed in this article are not necessarily those held by On Dit or the Students' Association



12-10-02 Cutting through the spin

Okay, so we've all seen the humanistic reports and observed the occasional moment of silence, but what is the real significance of the Bali bombing? Was it really the 'blackest' day in Australian history? Can we be so crass as to call it our own miniature September 11? Will the history books remember it as a cynical opportunity for the Howard Government?

Or will the death of 114 young Australians finally force us to rethink the wisdom of committing ourselves to what will probably pan out to be a hideously expensive cycle of war and retaliation?

In a rational world, maybe. Unfortunately, Australia in 2002 isn't exactly a world of common sense, and we as a country aren't known for turning the other cheek. If anything, Bali has galvanised a conservative-friendly climate of fear, paranoia and vengeance. It's horrible to admit, but Australia's reaction to the Bali bombing looks like it will match the Americans' response to terrorism in terms of blind hypocrisy.

If you remember, the immediate reaction to the September 11 attacks lacked any sense of causal analysis. No one in government or mainstream media dared to suggest any plausible motivation for the attack, other than madness, hatred and jealousy. Crucial questions like 'why?' and 'what have we done?' remained strictly rhetorical. Even now, more than a year later, it is considered insensitive and unpatriotic to pay any attention to the suggestion that such an act of terrorism – heinous though it may be – may be the result of an ignored injustice.

The result of all this is a set of ideal conditions for a sitting conservative government. Any criticism of leadership can be branded unpatriotic, while blame directed anywhere but squarely at the 'other' is either non-existent or dismissed as callous opportunism. Nations instinctively rally around their

leadership in the face of crisis, and the status quo is defended more enthusiastically than ever – usually at the expense of democracy and civil liberty. Call me biased if you must, but it is the progressive side of politics that should prevail in the face of crisis, if we are to assume that the status quo has allowed such a disaster to come about.

Of course the Howard Government isn't responsible for the tragedy in Bali. However, this doesn't mean our leaders shouldn't take responsibility. Taking responsibility doesn't mean 'fighting terror', it means taking steps to correct what the terrorists are attempting to attract attention to. Forget about the stigma of 'giving in to terrorism', why not try taking away the terrorists' motivation?

There is nothing wrong with bringing the criminals behind the atrocity to justice.

However, this will do nothing to prevent the kind of deep seated rage that leads to such extreme acts of violence. I'm no Jesus freak, but phrases like 'violence begets violence' and 'he who is without sin may cast the first stone' certainly spring to mind.

It's not too late to extract ourselves from this ridiculous war on terror. While mainstream commentators announce to the world that Australia is now well and truly involved in the war on terror, they are baiting their supposed enemy. Conservative interests perpetuate fear of an unknown, impossible to defeat enemy, while simultaneously defining the rest of us as targets for terror. What right does anyone have to declare me a target? I would prefer my government not to loudly confirm my eligibility as a candidate for incineration to crazed and largely invisible mass murderers, thank you very much.

A number of surveys conducted since the Bali attack have suggested that the Australian public is beginning to feel the same way. A Newspoll survey revealed that support for the war in Iraq has remained steady at 39 per cent since the bombing, when it was otherwise expected to increase. However, I remain to be convinced. John Howard is riding a wave of instinctive patriotism that shows few signs of abating. Support continues to gather for a more powerful intelligence service, along with wider executive powers in the hands of the Federal Government.

There is, of course, some hope. The Greens' recent victory in the previously safe Labor seat of Cunningham has shown that Australians might not necessarily swing so dramatically to the Right. The Greens managing to walk away with the first post-Bali bi-election, allowed the party to claim that the public aren't as keen on a war with Iraq as Howard likes to imagine. All this despite Party Leader Bob Brown previously drawing criticism for suggesting that the bombings were the direct result of Howard's uncompromising support for America's push for a war in Iraq.

In light of all this, there appear to be two ways of reading the political consequences of the tragedy. One is that

Australians will be forced to rethink their support for Howard and his submissive attitude to the war on terror. The other, more likely reaction will be one of anger – Australians will redouble their determination to exact some kind of vengeance, just or otherwise. *C'est la guerre*, I suppose.

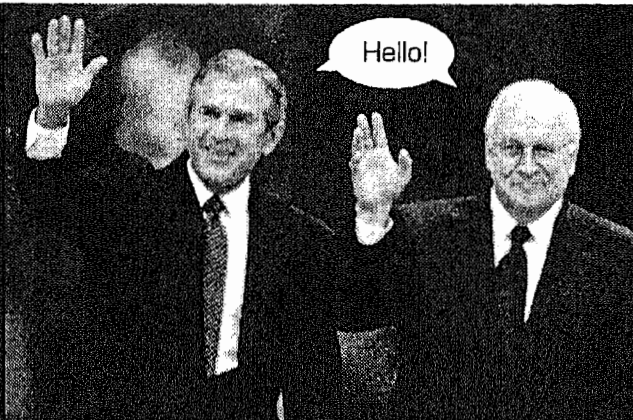
Tristan Mahoney

John Howard is riding a wave of instinctive patriotism that shows few signs of abating.

Will the death of 114 young Australians finally force us to rethink the wisdom of committing ourselves to what will probably pan out to be a hideously expensive cycle of war and retaliation?

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- ★ The War on Aggression™
- ★ The War on Being 5 Minutes Late™
- ★ The War on Unpaired Socks™
- ★ The War on Terrorism II (patent pending)

Here's what students like you are saying about the shiny new range of Wars:



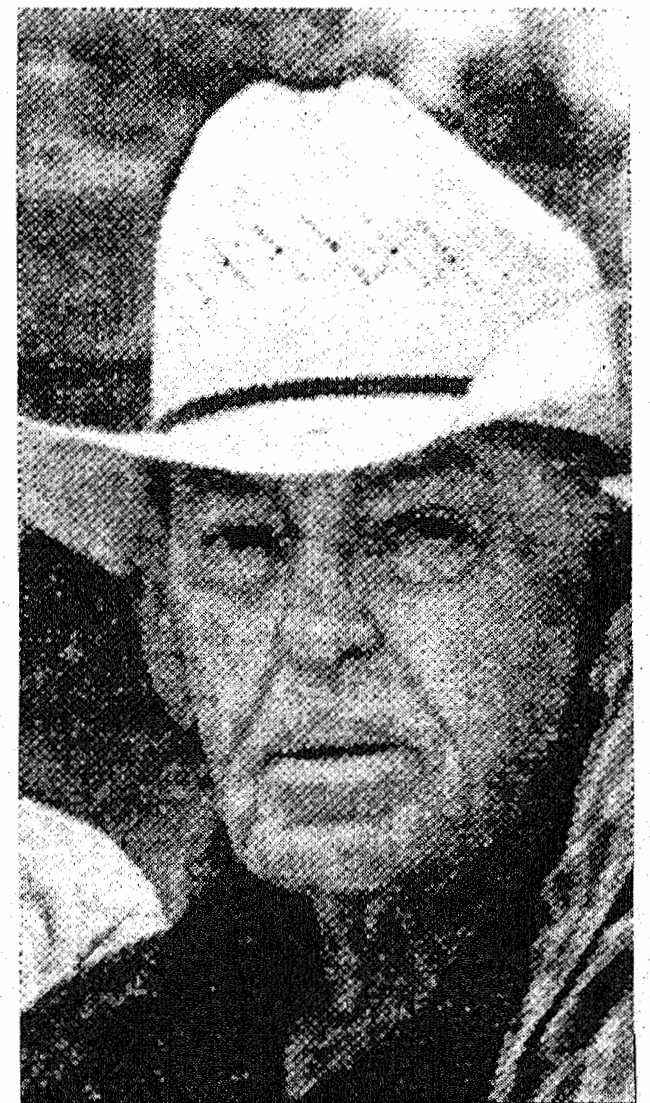
The new Wars have given me a new blind zest for life (and I hadn't finished with the old one yet!!) Momma always said, "Better to worry about things that don't exist than things that do! Now eat your damn pie!" Momma liked pie.

Whitney Stebbins



"Is Zorro on?"

Darryl Blevins

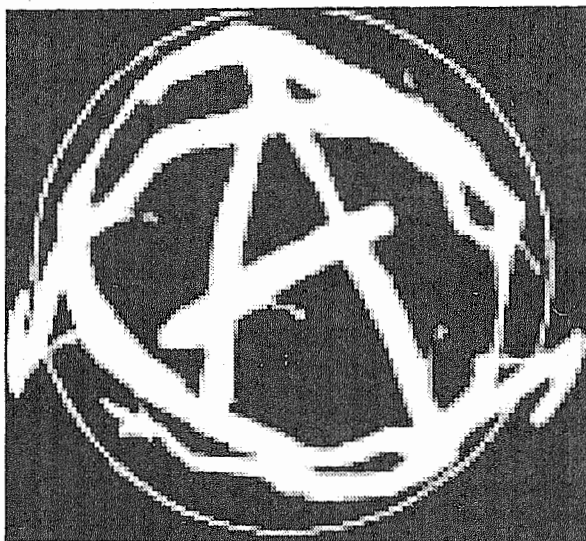


**YOU'RE MY
SWEET 'TATER**

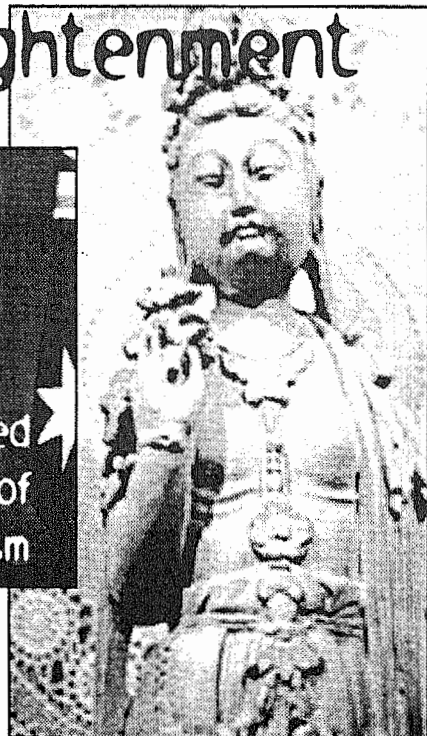
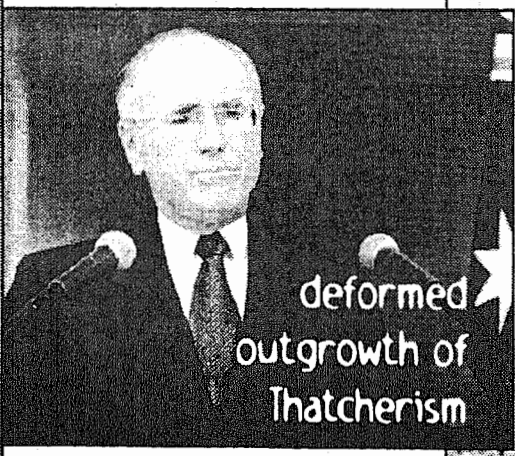
the A-Z of anarchy

X (ex)

Ex: words to negate: *State*: defunct form of social organisation popular in the twentieth century. *Nationalism*: tool of ruling oligarchs to make their vested interests into 'the will of the people.' *Liberal Democracy*: see 'Nationalism'. *International Community*: term used to vindicate policies that are essentially barbaric; consensus of the 'International Community' usually created by media magnates (hence see 'Nationalism'). *Terrorism*: anything that goes against the State. *War on Terror*: see 'Nationalism'. *Liberty*: term used by the hegemonic ruling class to advocate their privileged status. *Economic Growth*: something seen as infinite, even though there are only finite resources; common delusion of economists, liberals, and politicians. *Thatcherism*: moo. *Reaganism*: see 'Thatcherism'. *John Howard*: deformed outgrowth of Thatcherism. *George W. Bush*: best not to comment (otherwise the AUAU may soon join the 'Axis'; and we cannot yet afford flack jackets).



enlightenment



Y (why) Anarchy?

At the end of our epic journey, this is the logical question. The impetus behind our articles has been twofold. First: The liberation of the wider theory of anarchy from the misconceptions that most people hold about the theory, in regard to violence and disorder. These misconceptions have arisen from the hostility of both conservatives, on the one hand, and Marx and Marxists, on the other. Even today, prominent figures use the word anarchy to describe or warn of absolute chaos – war of all against all. Hopefully, our articles have gone at least some small way to illustrate that this confusion is akin to mistaking a marshmallow for a napalm bomb. Anarchism has never stood exclusively for violence, and on the occasions where a tiny percentage of anarchists have become violent, their actions were well publicised, but in themselves, relatively insignificant. As for 'chaos,' anarchists believe in order, but order of a special kind, voluntary and self-regulated.

Why these misunderstandings? An anarchist would quite simply argue that their project criticises and seeks to remove the enormous power structures that have swelled in size, influence and violence since the bourgeois revolutions. This 'leviathan' is, of course, the myriad of interests that make up the State. What interest could the State have in discrediting Anarchist theory? The answer is obvious.

However, anarchy keeps some reasonable company as the target of the States enmity. Feminism, post-structuralism, post-colonialism and Marxism all criticise the prevailing bourgeois systems of power,

which have been imposed on humanity since the Enlightenment (At this point it is interesting to note that the thinkers who challenged the feudal system, and thus brought about our current epoch, would arguably have much more in common with this maligned list than the bloated, corrupt, inhuman, capitalistic, exploitative, consumeristic, unsustainable 'Bastard' which deformedly developed from their ideas). Each is discredited, and, in the case of Feminism and the insights of Marxism, are partially absorbed into the State structure as necessary tactics to prolong its own existence.

The second motive behind our articles is linked to the first, but has gained urgency in the current global political climate. Arguably, three white Anglo-Celtic/Saxon males (Bush, Blair, Howard) have recently hijacked global political and popular ideology discourse. They have God, truth, and right on their side. Any challenge to the boundaries of discourse implemented by this triumvirate of shallow humans, is an attack on 'democracy' and 'freedom loving people'. Where does anarchism fit into this scenario? At this point, an anarchist would suggest that, regardless of whether these posts were held by Bush, Blair and Howard or Gore, Duncan-Smith and Beazley, the current situation would be near identical. It is not the people who are necessarily the authors of the insanity of recent (and not so recent) times; it is the power structures of the State. Given that the post-Cold War euphoria surrounding the 'new world order' and the 'end of history' lasted not even a decade, a thinking person may conclude that the anarchist's are onto something!

The AUAU would like to thank Paul Nursey-Bray for his valuable assistance in the writing of these articles. His editorial and directional contribution has been instrumental. We would also like to thank Tom Fowles for his 'anarchic' contribution. The politics department will offer the subject 'Anarchism and Libertarianism', in 2004.

Zen Buddhism

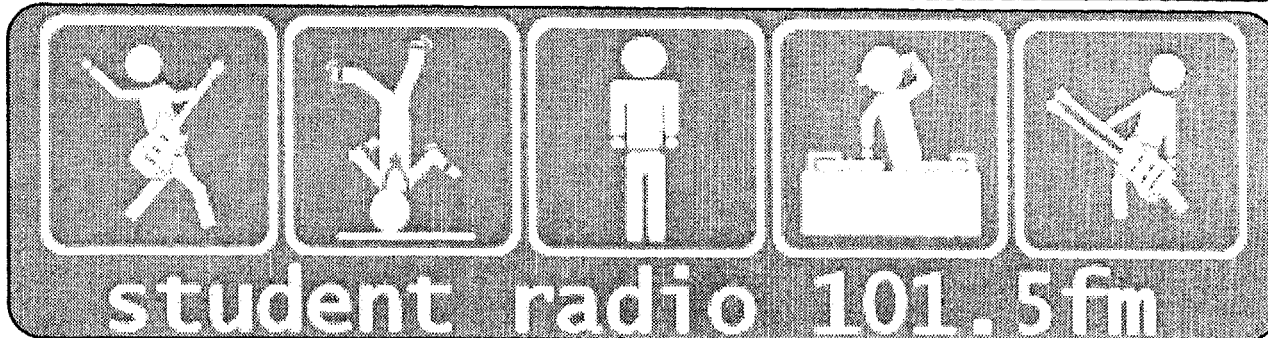
Religion is often viewed as being incompatible with genuine anarchist ideals. A deep concern for freedom has led many anarchist thinkers to challenge the validity of the authority attached to God and the Church. Mikhail Bakunin once wrote: '...if God existed, only in one way could he serve human liberty – by ceasing to exist'. Yet, there is one religion at least, in which anarchism finds some common ground.

Zen Buddhism is an impressive and intriguing system of thought. Buddha taught his followers that life was characterised by suffering and that only by overcoming desire could one avoid suffering. Far before the emergence of today's consumer capitalist societies, Buddha preached a message of thrift in an ego-driven world. Zen Buddhism takes this idea very seriously and attempts to be rid of everything—not just material things—but also traditional religious crutches such as concepts, scriptures and ritual. It is religion with few of the common characteristics of religion.

The Zen master, unlike a Catholic priest, is not an intermediary between God and the individual. Instead, the Zen master is an exemplar who challenges the student to attain freedom, via the acknowledgement of their own ignorance and the rejection of previous modes of thought. A Zen practitioner must, therefore, rely on their own ability and self-discipline along this path, for only in this way can they attain freedom from reliance upon others and gain true autonomy. The aim of this process is *enlightenment*, which we can crudely explain as seeing into the nature of oneself and understanding it as being part of a larger, organic whole. This holistic way of conceiving of the world is increasingly evident in anarchist thought today, the social ecology of Murray Bookchin being a prominent example.

The Zen path to *enlightenment* requires one to view people as being born free and equal, thereby negating the systems of hierarchy and domination that humans have built out of their vast reservoir of ignorance. Peter Marshall writes: 'Zen tries to break the log-jam of our mind, and to free us from the finite world of power, wealth and status.' The idea of *karma* is important here because it encourages the development of egalitarian considerations. Within a system that fails to privilege certain people, hurting others becomes analogous to hurting oneself. The equal treatment of everyone in society seems to be a logical consequence of the Zen approach to social relations. The idea of private property is also in tension with a Zen understanding of material possessions, which should, because of their superfluity, be relatively useless.

Thus, the Zen Buddhist way of viewing the world is of significant interest and value. The Zen critique of mindless consumption is particularly pertinent today in our irrational, capitalist society. So too is the belief that, despite our inherent capacities as individuals, we need to incorporate other humans, animals, plants and matter into our attempts at comprehending the nature of our own existence. We are not simply *in* the world, but *of* the world. Within this organic approach, however, Zen Buddhism, like anarchism, values the role of the individual in forming their personal identity, and rejects the notion of hierarchy and domination. It seems, therefore, that anyone concerned with personal liberty and self-fulfilment should become a Zen Buddhist. If the poverty, hunger and solitude of the monastery crush your feeble spirit, however, may we suggest the next best thing – genuine devotion to the values contained within anarchist political theory.



Show in profile

Name of Show: Agitpop
Next show: Sat, November 10 - Just before exams!
Presenters: Patrick and Rory
Style of Music: Heavy as a really heavy thing.
 [Now that's cross promotion! - Ed.]
Tune in and hear from: Rage Against The Machine.
Biggest claim to fame: Interview with George Dubya.

Describe your show using words that start with the letter I: An Imposing iconic irreverent intuitive intramolecular radio show somewhere in the Indo-Pacific hosted by intriguing isorhythmic isocratic invigilators. Why is it that the only way to change the world is through metal? Tune in next Saturday and find out.

Some words...
 Hi everyone!
 As the year draws to an end, we hear at Student Radio will help with the fun of exams and those inevitable supps in the form of fine music.

Coming up this Tuesday on Local Noise, Adelaide's premier live music show, we have Amy Richardson from the Barwenches. Remember, this starts at 9pm. Next week Local Noise presents August Falls - check 'em out before hand at www.augustfalls.com. Now that we have got this out of the way - down to business! Are you interested in becoming a radio star, and having your very own radio show? If this sounds like a lark, or you are just mildly curious, grab an application form from the Students' Association, or our webpage, student.radio.adelaide.edu.au by the end of exams, and Mark and Dave, next year's directors will do the rest! If you have any questions, just drop by our website, or drop us a line at radiatorradio@senet.com.au

Be excellent to each other,
 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 of 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

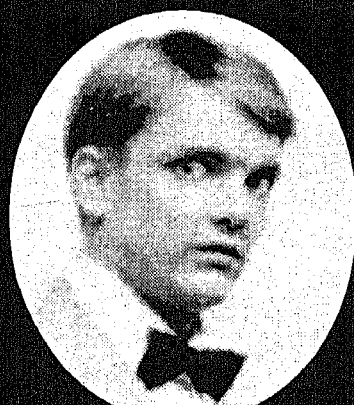
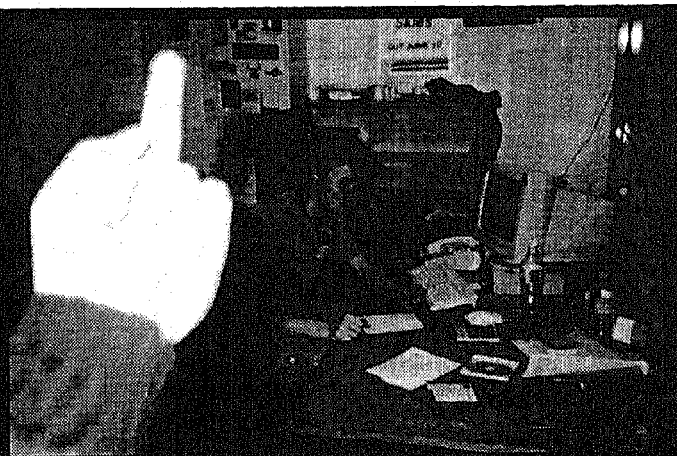
11pm **The G-spot**
 Idle banter, frightfully funky music and prank calls to German tourists, brought to you by a bunch of nice young chaps.

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



ON DIT GIVES THE NEW STUD RAD DIRECTOR The Bird

[This means "Welcome, we hope that you prosper" in Student-Mediaspeak]



Love
 Doug
 xxxxx

On Dit's Ambassador of Good Taste and Welcome Greetings Doug Divine wishes Mark and Dave good luck! He also would like to request 'Close To Me' by The Carpenters or Christina Aguilera's 'Genie In a Bottle'. Thanks boys!

ON DIT'S DETATCHABLE MULLET be the coolest kid in skool!



Before



After



Before



After

Hurry while stocks last!

ORIENTAL GO-GO JUICE

HARMLESS STIMULANT OR ADDICTIVE KILLER?

Ever wondered how the hacks at your favourite student paper manage to stay awake during the ungodliest hours, slaving over page after page with a noble and selfless dedication to the student's right to know? Well here's the scoop: some of us are hopelessly addicted to exotic stimulant beverages available from oriental grocery stores in and around the Central Markets. What follows is a basic (and altogether medically unqualified) round-up on the most common varieties.

ASALI WONDA COFFEE / SUPA LATTE

That's right, folks. It's Japanese coffee in a can! What next? The can says 'relax and enjoy', but just one of these puppies will render you incapable of anything close to relaxation. The buzz hits almost straight away, and can last for up to a couple of hours. Either this stuff contains a disturbing amount of caffeine, or there's some other semi-legal ingredient that hasn't been printed on the can. Works a treat mind!

RED HORN ENERGY DRINK

This is your standard fizzy can o' go-go (caffeine, taurine, sugar et cetera). It's quite cheap and works rather well, but you'll need more than one can once the effects of the first one wear off. This particular variety is available from the big massive Asian supermarket in the central market. It's slightly more expensive cousin, Red Horn Love Tonic, is also pleasant enough, although its aphrodisiac effect is dubious at best.

LIBOGEN TONIC VITAMIZED DRINK

This is a standard amongst bleary-eyed go-go connoisseurs. After sampling its saccharine taste and syrupy consistency makes it taste like you've just swallowed a hideous amount of caffeine, taurine, sucrose, niacinamide and sundry other stimulant compounds. As you might expect, the right amount of this stuff will invariably turn you into a frantic cross between a hummingbird and a meerkat. Great for those sleepy emergencies when you've got one hour to finish an essay, or you're too pissed to walk home at night.

YUNKER D HERBAL SUPPLEMENT DRINK WITH VITAMINS

This bad boy can only be described as the Rolls Royce of oriental go-go juice. It contains industrial quantities of nicotinamide, sodium benzoate, cyanocobalamin and other useful laboratory stimulants. It also includes 'healthy' doses of vaguely natural substances like: extracts of guarana seed, angelical root, logan fruit, jube jube fruit, royal jelly, rosemary leaf and oyster. If someone in a labcoat so much as suspects something to be a stimulant, it's probably in here. Sure enough, this stuff works out to be the go-go equivalent of tabasco sauce. It even comes with its own shiny gold box, straw and helpful instruction booklet (I kid you not). The manual claims that this product *should only be used under medical or dietic supervision*. Ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner.

[Name and origin unknown]

This mysterious concoction comes in a pretty brown cough-syrup style bottle, and tastes like a thicker, sweeter, non-fizzy version of red bull. Indeed, the only recognisable markings on the bottle are a pair of bulls and the phrase KRATINGDAENG-L. Spooky huh? The rest is in this bizarre script that looks a bit like Hindi. Quite frankly, this stuff scares the bejesus out of me and I loath to think about it too deeply. It's cheap and it keeps me awake and that's all I need to know.

HEALTHY BEE GUARANA ORAL LIQUID

This little gem can be found in the Clearlight Healthfood Store on Rundle Street, along with a half a dozen or so other inexpensive vials of stimulant liquid. Of course, this stuff wasn't meant to taste nice - it's obviously designed to provide an emergency kick of some sort. It sort of does, but lacks the sugary fizz needed to speed it into the bloodstream. The vial itself is also frustratingly impossible to open at 4 am. The watchdog had to frantically bash the cap with scissors until half the stuff spilled all over his trousers.

Stanley George

★ **Fame!** ★
★ **Notoriety!** ★
★ **Chronic sleep deprivation!** ★

★
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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?

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

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Vox Pop Sub-editors

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

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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. ★

Adelaide University Student Radio

★ **SO YOU WANT TO
BE A RADIO STAR?** ★

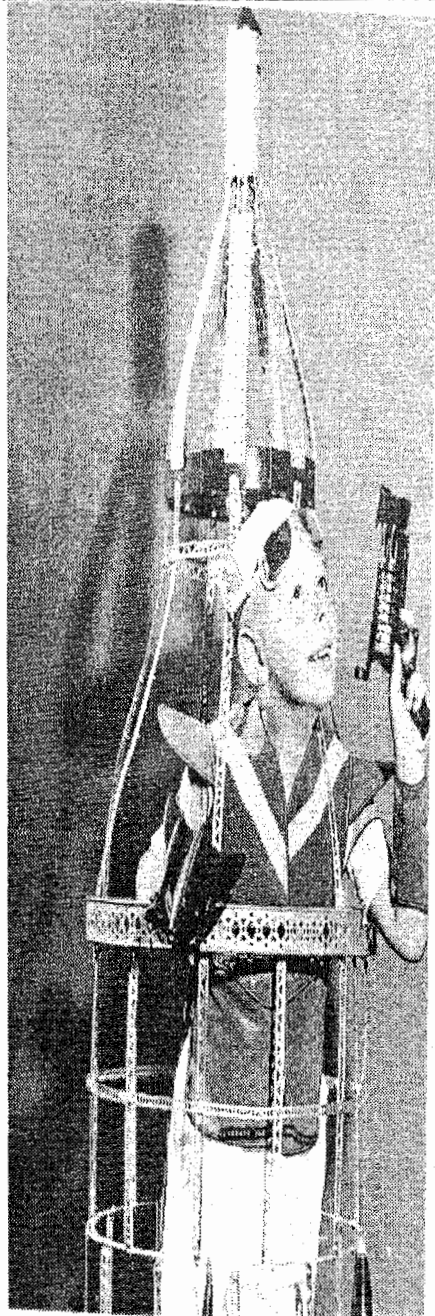
★ *Did your mother ever tell you that* ★

★ *you had a beautiful face for radio?* ★

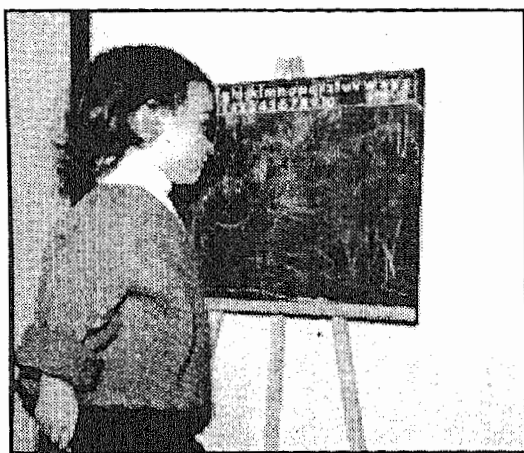
Applications are now open for 2003 Radio Presenter Positions.

Just get an application form from the SAUA Office or the AUSR Web Site:
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*2003 AUSR Directors
Dave & Mark*



Oh, baby! Women, wombs



AUSTRALIA'S FERTILITY RATE

The latest wave of demands on women's fertility was flagged notably by then Victorian Premier Jeff Kennett's visit to a private girls' high school in 1999. Later quoted mercilessly by media outlets, he reminded the students that "women are not producing enough offspring to simply maintain our population levels". Kennett's fear that women (evidently the only party responsible for reproduction) are "only producing 1.8 children" on average has been echoed more recently by the Prime Minister and others. The landmark decision by the Australian Catholic University on maternity leave for its staff earlier this year ignited the paid maternity leave debate in earnest, and has drawn in politicians, employer groups, doctors, child carers, and - of course - women for fuel.

Of course, there are some women who would love to have children but are currently barred from the technologies that would assist them to do so - take single women and same-sex couples seeking in vitro fertilisation - but we won't go there. That's worth a whole article on its own.



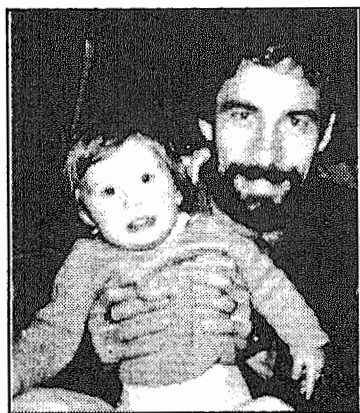
GETTING IT OUT THERE: HAVING THE BABY

You'd think that it was a simple enough process - after all, for every human being on this earth, a woman somewhere, somehow has managed it - but it seems that childbirth is becoming a more and more tricky act.

'Natural' (ie vaginal) births are now considered more dangerous than those with medical interventions in Western countries. The rise and rise of the Caesarean section, although apparently being selected increasingly due to women's choice, could be attributed to an increasingly litigious society and obstetricians' preference for 'safer' measures - like slicing open the woman's abdomen. (See feminist critiques like Naomi Wolf's *Misconceptions* for some interesting information countering the medical establishment's stance.)

Insurance premium increases have meant that a typical hospital birth with obstetrician, paediatrician, anaesthetist, private hospital room, et cetera incurs charges hundreds or thousands of dollars more than such a stay would have incurred only months ago. An example in *The Weekend Australian* cited a couple whose \$2225 delivery quote rose to \$4000 in July.

A revolving door mentality has taken hold in many hospitals, where a woman's stay after the birth has become shorter and shorter. The current average stay of 2.89 days is being nudged down by programmes like the Lyell McEwin's pilot Mothercare scheme, where mothers can return home after just six hours, in return for 36 hours of 'home help' spread over six weeks.



No matter how hard he squeezed, he just couldn't get more bonus per baby

GEE, THANKS, JOHNNY! THE GOVERNMENT'S BABY BONUS

In response to growing debate around the issue of paid maternity leave and in keeping with the Liberals' pledge to 'family-friendly' policies, the Baby Bonus scheme was announced amid much fanfare last year.

For babies born after July 1, 2001, mothers can collect a Baby Bonus rebate, the amount of which is determined by several factors. Touted as an incentive for taxpayers to produce more offspring, even a vague inspection of its clauses reveals this 'Bonus' as more of an insult than anything else, created by a Government utterly out of touch with the realities of child-rearing for the bulk of the population.

The minimum entitlement of \$500 per year (or \$9.60 per week) applies to income earners of less than \$25,000 per year. This works out to less than the price of a concession holder's Multitrip - perfect for those without their own cars living in suburban areas. The maximum entitlement is equivalent to \$48 per week - perhaps just enough for a sweet little jumpsuit from a baby boutique - and is available only to those earning over \$52,666. Making even less sense is that, to receive the full entitlement, the mother must stay out of the workforce for a full five years. Aside from the considerable pace at which many industries move and the disadvantages of falling out of touch, surely anyone who could afford to stay at home for five years would be relying upon an income source that would not need bolstering by Government benefits. Oh, and the Bonus only applies to one baby per mother.

The Baby Bonus, designed to repay the mother's tax paid on their income in the year prior to the child's birth, assigns benefits to those already on high incomes, and further disadvantages those needing financial assistance in the first place. It's clear that the Howard Government would rather support the birth and rearing of children of higher socio-economic standing over those already disadvantaged.

"There'd be quite a number of women that would be earning \$50,000 before they went out of the workforce to have children."
Peter Costello



Some key adjustments could mean greater support for families

THE DEBATE MOST FIERY: PAID MATERNITY LEAVE

When the Australian Catholic University decided earlier this year to grant its staff members 40 weeks' maternity leave at 60 per cent pay, on top of the 12 weeks' leave on full pay already under the University's policy, it reignited a debate that had been simmering relatively quietly for years. Currently in Australia, workers in the public service are entitled to 12 weeks of paid maternity leave, and those in the private sector are entitled to 12 months without pay for the primary carer, and a minimum of five days' unpaid paternity leave for a partner.

Although above the baseline drawn by the International Labor Organisation of six weeks' leave, Australia is not a shining example when compared to some other developed, Western countries. By the end of the 1970s, the equivalent of at least 13 weeks' of pay was available for those on maternity leave in Finland, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Austria, Germany and France. Today, the Danes expect 30 weeks' leave on full pay, the Norwegians 42 on full pay, the Finnish a year on 70 per cent pay, and the Swedes 64 weeks on 63 per cent of average wages.

The rationale for paid maternity leave is simple. Rather than seeing motherhood as the inevitable end of a career or the point at which a female employee can expect her promotions to plateau, paid maternity leave recognises the worth of retaining

highly skilled and knowledgeable workers. However, not all employers are so farsighted or accommodating. A study by TMP Worldwide found that 42 per cent of CEOs and general managers believe that women should not expect to come back to the same job after maternity leave, whether the leave was paid or not.

The Howard Government is vehemently opposed to any push to develop paid maternity leave schemes any further, citing the potential cost to taxpayers. Official costings for a 14-week minimum wage model sit at \$475 million, and rise to between \$680 million and \$780 million for a full wage-replacement scheme if applied after one year to employees with more than one employer. In comparison, the Baby Bonus has been costed at \$510 million per year. Predictably, the Federal Opposition has advocated exactly what the Government opposes, but with no obvious pushes to actually do anything about getting it in place.

Femocrats, such as Sex Discrimination Commissioner Pru Goward have also weighed in to challenge the Government's stance. Goward supports a 14-week minimum wage model, which she claims would provide full income replacement for seven out of ten women workers. Perhaps weakening her argument by going out on a limb, Goward also claims a health risk for women not receiving support from their employers after childbirth. Citing the link between not breastfeeding and breast cancer as evidence for a paid

"Australia must adapt to the reality of an ageing population and not indulge in futile efforts to defy it. We must work now to deal with the fact and not waste time, energy and taxpayers' money trying to stop or reverse it... These are dangerously naive suggestions which simply won't work."
Federal Finance Minister Nick Minchin

and work in the 21st century

maternity leave scheme, she said: "Now, there is no better way to ensure a woman cannot breastfeed her newborn baby than to send her back to work and then expect her, as many of us have done, to express in the toilet." Although there may be some truth in this, it might have done better to not confuse the Howard Government any further with medical data to do with women's bits, and stick to some good, sound, economic rationalist ideas.

The stickiest point on paid maternity leave is who is going to fund it. Many employers fear that they will be stuck with the bill, meaning that female candidates aged between 20 and 40 may be viewed with suspicion at hiring time. The ILO convention contains no suggestion that employers should do this, however. The idea of taxpayer funding is also unpopular, but more widely supported. Other options include setting up a lifelong 'employment bank' to defer the age pension in return for support in childbearing years, and early access to superannuation in return for later uptake ages.

Parental leave: hopefully coming soon to a nursery near you!

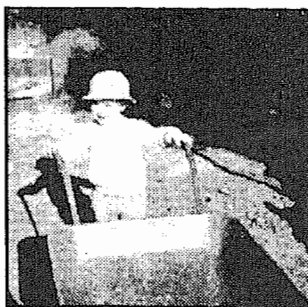


THE NEW BLACK: PARENTAL LEAVE

Virtually unheard of in this debate was a concept gaining credence in other developed countries: parental leave. In some European countries, parental leave is allowed for, with the division of it up to the parents' discretion. In Sweden, couples are allotted 450 days, partially paid, for each child, with 30 days reserved for the father on a 'use it or lose it' basis. In Germany, time off for parents can be shared and taken part-time, until the child's third birthday, at a flat rate of \$A535 per month for the first two years. In the Netherlands, fathers are entitled to reduced hours, with 13 per cent in 1994 switching to a four day week while their children were small. However, some resistance is still apparent, with only 2 per cent of German fathers and 17 per cent of Danish fathers opting to accept more parental leave than their paternal leave entails. Although the idea of paternity leave works on the heteronormative assumption of a father figure, paternity leave legislation would represent a commitment to more equitable sharing of child-rearing responsibilities and challenge limiting, stereotypical parental roles. Promoting the use of the terms 'parental leave' and 'partner' would be more inclusive of same-sex couples, whilst still allowing for paternal leave.

It is clear that there are some socially constructed hurdles to the concept of equally shared parental leave really taking off. The culturally enshrined notion of the male as breadwinner and child-rearing as 'women's work', the disparity between male and female wages, the low pay entitlements of some parental leave schemes, and employers' perception of parental leave as a lack of commitment to work all figure in the picture.

"Paid maternity leave would boost the economy by reducing staff turnover and retraining costs, keeping productivity high and giving the country healthier, happier babies and families."
Deputy Leader of the Opposition,
Jenny Macklin



Particularly young labour may need to be employed to finish the required child care centres on time



AM I A BAD MOTHER? THE STATE OF THE CHILD CARE INDUSTRY

Currently, 15 per cent of Australian children are in some kind of child care, which is low compared to the OECD average of just over one-quarter of children under three. By comparison, at least 40 per cent of under-threes are in child care in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Canada, the United States and New Zealand. Countries with state sponsored or heavily subsidised child care encourage women back into the workforce, with only three per cent of Danish mothers at home full-time.

Aside from the guilt felt by some women for returning to work whilst children are young, reinforced by scientific studies claiming potential harm for the children of working mothers, there are huge economic obstacles. The prohibitive cost of child care must be a factor in Australia's low fertility rate— with meagre incentives like the Baby Bonus for stay-at-home mothers and the prospect of earning little more or even less than the price of childcare if one does venture out to work, why bother at all?

The Howard Government has been less than supportive of the child care industry. Community-run centres have been hard hit by recent reforms, like the removal of the operational subsidy in 1997, limiting the payment of child care assistance for non-work-related care to 20 hours per week and making only 7,000 new long day care centre places available for child care assistance in 1998 and 1999. Not surprisingly, the number of low-income families using childcare services has dropped seven per cent since 1998. Now many centres have waiting lists of two years (another reason to use family planning) and the increasing corporatisation of the industry is a worry for community-run centres.

"We are talking about a national scandal here to have babies under the counter at two weeks because (the mother) has got to pay the rent. I think it's a moral issue, a moral judgement about what we think is right for young women."
Sex Discrimination Commissioner
Pru Goward

WHERE TO FROM HERE?

Without a doubt, something must be done about the lack of support for Australian parents, and mothers in particular. Aside from the bogeypeople of a dropping birth rate and ageing population, the economic and professional obstacles to women desiring children will also result in emotional and mental strain.

The key to this debate is ensuring that the outcome allows for choice - the choice to have children, the choice not to have children, the choice to stay at home with children whilst maintaining a career, the choice to go back to work and place children in accessible, affordable, safe childcare. The reality that many women are working 'time-and-a-half' (full-time parent, part-time worker) means outcomes need to be flexible.

Although it is important to recognise the significance and importance of a mother's bond with a child, it is also important to remember that maternity leave works on the somewhat patriarchal assumption that child-rearing is first and foremost a mother's responsibility. This need not be the case. In a society where the nuclear family is slowly morphing into extended families of various permutations, child-rearing should be acknowledged as a communal responsibility. With the exceptions of certain biological factors, like physical recovery after childbirth and breastfeeding), child-rearing need not be 'naturally' solely a woman's job. I support the notion of parental leave, where an adult guardian - male or female, straight or queer, professional or proletariat - can take part in the raising of a child in a loving, secure environment.

Perhaps part of the problem is that this debate has been dominated by white, male, middle-class professionals, who wouldn't have a clue of the hurdles some parents face every day. Janette may be happy to stay home for you, John, but I want to pursue my career and have the chance to provide for and raise a family. When was the last time a man was asked how he planned to balance work and a family?

Gemma Clark
thinks she'll wait a little longer before starting a family

SOME NUMBERS: MOTHERS IN THE WORKPLACE TODAY

The proportion of new mothers at home for the first 12 months of their child's life has dropped dramatically over the decades, with 83.4 per cent at home in 1976, 71.3 per cent in 1986, 64.5 per cent in 1996, and 62.5 per cent in 2001. 51.3 per cent of new mothers in two-parent families are back at work when their child is between one and two years old.

An International Social Science Survey of 15,098 'representative' interview subjects found...
Two-thirds favoured full-time homemaking for mothers of children under six, and most of the remaining one-third favoured part-time work for the mothers.
Two-thirds favoured part-time work for mothers of school-age children.
Two-thirds favoured full-time work for mothers of grown children.

The Stanley George Variety Page

BY NOW, WE'VE ALL heard the arguments against President Bush's dogged determination to lay waste to Iraq. To be honest, the whole "Bush is a war criminal and he should keep his whiskey-soaked nose out of the Middle East" bleat has become more than a little passé.

Don't get me wrong. I'm as anti-war as the next lily-livered pinko communist. However, we can only hear so much of one half of an issue before it starts sounding like the kind of propaganda that we should be trying to avoid. For one thing, the idea that nobody has managed to prove Saddam Hussein's ability to employ weapons of mass destruction is dubious to say the least.

When the rest of us think 'Ethnic Kurd', Saddam thinks 'Sarin Test Subject'. When the rest of us think 'Jew', Saddam thinks 'Stab, crush, throttle, ha ha aha ha aha ha ha!' You get the idea. It doesn't take a detective-genius to arrive at the fairly safe assumption that Hussein would gleefully make it his business to bathe Israel in a vicious nuclear fire if he were to so much as wake up on the wrong side of bed. Furthermore, it is probably even safer to assume that Hussein at the very least covets the kind of horrible weaponry that would make Darth Vader weak at the knees.

In spite of this, anti-war purists continue to emphasise our current lack of proof. But what is 'proof', anyway? I can say with a great degree of certainty that President Bush is gormless moron and that Dick Cheney is a Machiavellian genius, and a sensible person such as yourself is likely to agree. However, ask me to supply you with concrete proof of these assertions and I would have to admit that I have none. That doesn't mean I'm not right – if anything, it means I'm willing to cut through the shite and arrive at the most reasonable conclusion I can come up with.

In light of this, *The Stanley George Variety Page* is going to make a suggestion that many readers of this newspaper might not be expecting. And here it is:



ARE YOU COOKIN'
BEANS ?

Hey America, **BOMB SADDAM!**

That's right. Bomb the living shit out of him before the evil little sonofabitch tries anything funny. Don't warn him, just figure out where the bastard has his breakfast and hurl a dozen or so of those fuckoff bunker-piercing missiles right up his totalitarian arse. Fuck *proof*. I don't care how many poindexter weapons inspectors come away with squat – he's hiding something horrid, and his entire regime needs to be crushed into the desert before we find out what he's up to.

The fact that a pack of arrogant and vengeful hypocrites are the only ones willing to knock Saddam out should be notwithstanding. I say, let the babies have their bottle. If the Americans are willing to remove a violent and despotic warmonger in the middle east, then why not let them? And if it all goes horribly wrong then it was bound to happen anyway, right?

My point is this: some of us progressive hippie types need to stop and think about the issues, rather than simply bleating the default stance allotted to our particular patch of political real estate. If Hussein poses a threat to millions of lives in the middle east, then *something* needs to be done before he starts bumping uglies with the likes of Israel. It's bad enough that Iran, Pakistan and Israel – themselves not known to play nicely with each other – are capable of melting every grain of sand between them. Why allow an insane mass murderer to prance about in their midst? Let's see if we can't kick back with a case of whiskey and watch the Americans sort out the one man in the region most likely to kick up a stink. If nothing else, it'll make for some excellent TV during the summer break.

NOW TO NORTH KOREA, and the prospect of nuclear war on the Pacific Rim.

It seems the Bush Administration has finally come around to admitting that the North Koreans have a healthy nuclear weapons program, consisting of two warhead-equipped missiles capable of laying waste to a city the size of Tokyo. Gosh, who wouldda thunk it? And here's me thinking that President Kim Jong-il was in the running for the Nobel Peace Prize.

What's more, the North Koreans have *themselves* admitted to the world that they have both chemical and biological weapons programs. In effect, North Korea appears guilty of everything that the United States *suspects* about Iraq. Naturally, these 'revelations' beg a number of questions, the answers to which should make everyone in South East Asia more than a little edgy.

First off, why is Kim Jong-il so hellbent on weapons of mass destruction? The short answer is, 'the same reason my Uncle Aubrey likes to lick his genitals and howl at the moon.' That is to say, he's crazy. If it's possible for there to be an even nuttier despot than Hussein, then Kim Jong-il is living proof. His refusal to accept foreign aid, his personal affection for elaborately choreographed Nuremberg-esque rallies and his iron-fisted control of the tiny fragments of information that leak in and out of his poverty-stricken country add up to the kind of bloodthirsty maniac that would make Suharto look like the Mahatma.

Second, why are the Americans (and, by default, their lapdog Australian counterparts) doing so little about the North Korean situation? After all, if President Bush is going to kick up such an almighty stink about the possibility of Iraq having any kind of nuclear program, why aren't they bent on similar "regime change" in North Korea?

The answer, of course, lies with President Kim's powerful neighbours; namely the Japanese to his east and the Chinese to his north. The Americans know that any military action against North Korea will open a can of diplomatic dragons that could never be closed. No one knows for sure how nuclear capable China might react if the US took another crack at Korea, let alone what the North Koreans themselves might try – particularly given their stubborn hatred for the nearby Japanese. In effect, any use of force against Korea could easily result in the loss of millions of lives. For quite some time now, North Korea has been akin to that crazy kid in High School who nobody wanted to mess with on a account of his nervous twitch and poorly concealed hunting knife.

That's part of the reason why the US State Department waited more than a fortnight before it decided to reveal its knowledge of Kim Jong-il's nuclear weapons program. That, and the fact that both the US and Japan have been negotiating a deal to build a pair of billion-dollar nuclear power plants for the North Korean government.

The phrase 'stranger than fiction' springs to mind.

THIS IS THE PART of the trashy column where the trashy columnist thanks everyone who was either polite enough not to tell him that his ranting was offensive and grossly under researched, or honest enough to insist that he get his sorry act together and stop embarrassing his beloved student paper. Thanks and praise be to The Sensible Professor, Bonnie "Investigate Bonnie Situation / You Don't Have a Phone / Gnooyiee" Cruickshank, Gemma "Dangerfield" Clark, Jek "Lewd Bastard" Rozitis, Jenny "Sweet Tater Pie" Kalionis and, of course, Mikey Fyfe – who will go as far as he wants, so long as he isn't shy about venturing where angels fear to tread.

That was the last you will ever hear from Stanley Aubrey Montgomery George. Hooray! In case you're interested, he was last seen en route to a mysterious beach in South America. He is thought to be accompanied by Victoria Hammond, Clementine Ford and a case of whisky.

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madame mullet



Sometimes my sister talk to me and sometimes she don't. I like it when peanut butter sticks to the roof of my mouth. I bet you got a purty voice. I can help you if you want. Call me and we can talk all night.

1900-BILLY-RAY-GREASE-HOT

My sister might listen, but.

Lady Iron Fist



Are you alone? What are you wearing? No, shut up I'm talking. I'll tell you what to wear. That's right - I like to wear the pants. Tight. I've been told that lots of people like to think of me during sex. Give in to your desires, let a Tory totty who knows how to dominate take control.

1900-I'VE-TAKEN-OFF-MY-JACKET

MADAME ETERNITY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

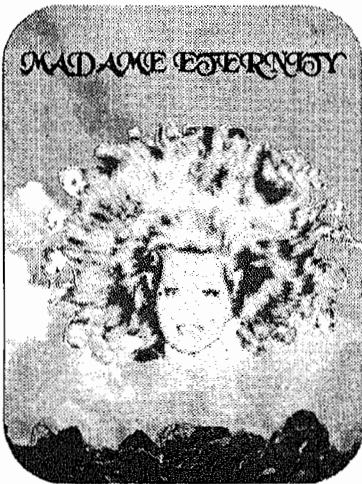


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When you call, she answers*

WORLD'S
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It's not often that the world is blessed with a talent as great as Madame Eternity's. Since her line opened up in late May this year, she has soothed millions of troubled souls from almost every nation in the world!

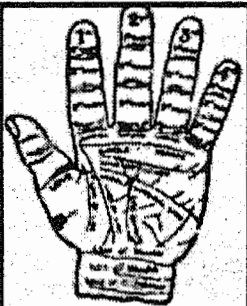
Now it's your turn! Why should you continue to suffer through your miserable life alone? Throw down the shackles of skepticism that bind your weary mind and call Madame Eternity today!

Why not cut out the Madame Eternity power card (left) and take her good vibes with you everywhere?

Where worldly ills flourish, Madame Eternity will prevail.

If a man answers, please hang up

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Ordinary Palm Readings are often too general

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WHEN PEOPLE STOP LISTENING...

CALL A DOG!

I CHASE MY TAIL!

BECAUSE SOMETIMES, WHEN WE ARE SAD, ONLY THE GENTLE ADVICE OF A HOUND-DOG CAN PULL US BACK FROM THE ABYSS

1900-007-\$DOG

*May be a cat

I WANT! THIRD EYE

Become compositesent with an extra sensory organ! Send name, address and \$12 to the On Dit office. You will receive your extraordinary third eye in three working days SATISFACTION!

Psychic I Can Solve Any* Problem You Can Think Of To Ask Me

I Am So Good I Will Call YOU in 20 - 45mins! *Some Problems May Be Too Hard To Solve

ARE YOU A LONELY PERSON?

DO YOU OFTEN WONDER WHY YOU ARE HERE?

ARE THEY WATCHING YOU?

The only way to solve the problems that plague you is to travel back in time and seek vengeance. If you are ready, meet me on Thursday at the West entrance of the BSL at dawn.

Sminki pinki bang bang GIZMO!

As seen on television!



Hehhehhehhehehe Gizmo!

Pump Action!

Chop-Chop won't go anywhere without his GIZMO!

"GIZMO! YEAH!"

"I wouldn't go anywhere in the whole wide world without my GIZMO! Sometimes life is hard and the world is cruel. GIZMO's pump action makes everything okay."

It makes a distinctive gift!

Wow! That's Amazing! Please send me a:

Study GIZMO

Orgasmo GIZMO

The original GIZMO Regular



Heyyyyyy GIZMO!

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money cheerfully refunded.

Send a stamped, self addressed envelope to us today!

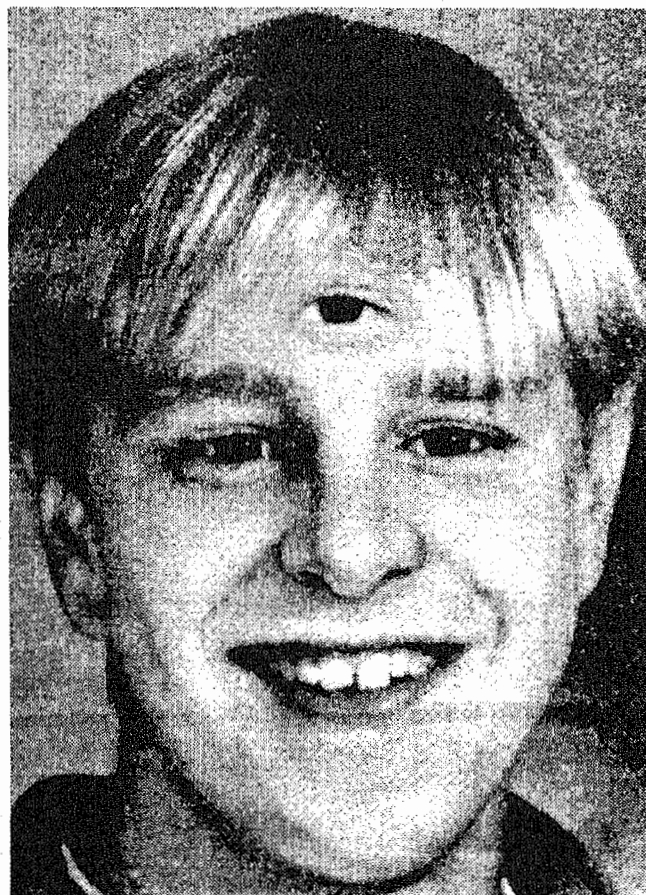
GIZMO!



THERE'S SOMETHING

WRONG

WITH YOU



ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT MY

EYE?

LETTERS

Well, this is the last page of letters for this year, but never fear, for it will be back bigger and better than ever in 2003. Make sure to spend your summer stewing over your problems (campus-based or otherwise) so your can spurt them out via this page next year. Or, if you think you'd like to contribute in a more permanent fashion, check out page 13 for details on how to get involved in both *On Dit* and Student Radio.

A

Dear Eds,

If you didn't go to the Rock the Boats speaking tour last Thursday at the Union Hall you really missed out!

The speakers were amazing... Bridie from McLeod's Daughters shared her interesting thoughts about Australia's refugee policy, a psychologist from the Women's and Children's Hospital spoke about the impact that detention has on children and we even got to hear the story of an ex-Woomera detainee who had also been imprisoned in a jail in Kabul. The speakers had some really valuable thoughts and experiences to share.

I was disheartened to see the small turnout of people on the night and was disappointed by the absence of some student politicians who claim to be so dedicated to the cause.

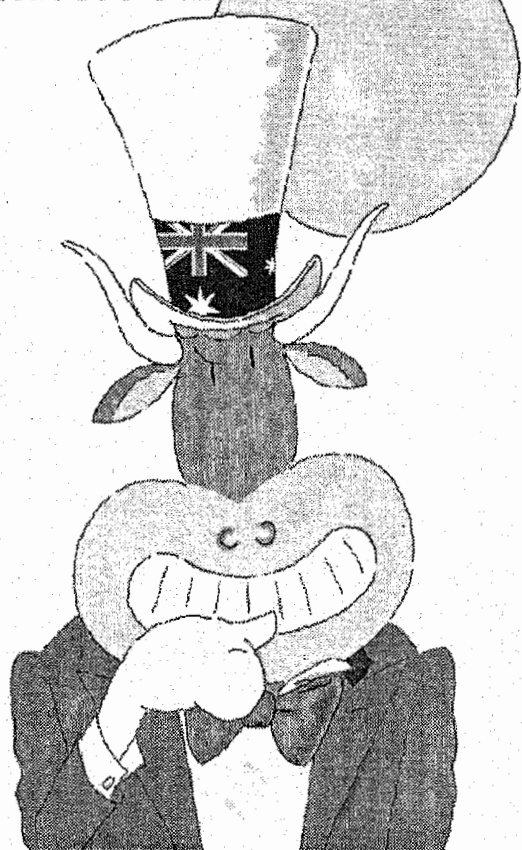
Just because this issue has left the media, doesn't mean it has gone away. There are still hundreds of people locked up in detention centres all over Australia. It's about time we let the Federal Government know that abusing human rights is not OK... ever!!

Cheers,
Kirsty

P.S. My praise to Sarah Hanson who organised the event!

WE WANT YOU.

UNIJOBS@REDBULL.COM.AU



The world's leading energy drink is looking for out-going, motivated students to represent us on campus. Applicants need to be involved in uni life, whether it be with colleges, the union, clubs, societies etc. Technically it's work, but in reality it's a lot of fun. If you want to know more, email your name, uni and contact details to unijobs@redbull.com.au

B

My letter goes out to the author of the "Library Blues" letter in the previous edition of *On Dit*.

Dear Simon,

Firstly, my warmest congratulations. For someone who apparently doesn't "make a habit of publicly complaining," you show remarkable talent. Furthermore I would like to take this opportunity to respond to each of your grievances individually.

1. "The Large Stapler"

Ahhh, the epic saga of the large stapler. Let me break this down for you. A library is essentially a place where one reads, borrows, photocopies and returns books. It is not a peddler of discount office supplies. That's what we call a newsagency.

2. "The Self Service Loan Machine" If the machine doesn't work, use a human. There are more than enough, as you put it, "sadistic...overpaid and under-qualified" librarians who will be only too happy to check out your books. Let me assure you that any staff member would jump into any task, which involved getting people like you closer to the door, with savage zeal.

3. "Demerit Points"

Oh, poor baby can't borrow today. STIFF SHIT. Although demerit points were down for the better part of the year, this wasn't an open invitation to take out books three months a pop. Buck up and take that suspension on the nose like every real student would do, and does.

4. "The Security Gate"

Stop passing wind then. Filthy urchin.

5. "Insensitive and uncharitable staff"

Insensitive to what? Uncharitable in which way? Are they supposed to sit you down in a comfy couch with a warm cup of cocoa, tactfully break it to you that you are barred from borrowing and then offer a shoulder to cry on because your precious dissertation is due tomorrow? Sensitivity can be found at any good therapist which, judging from your letter, might be an appropriate waypoint for a gentlemen such as yourself. Charity can be found in many places depending on just how screwed in the head you are.

6. "Inadequate policing of the 'no mobiles' rule"

What exactly are they supposed to do, short of posting armed sentries? Staff members are equipped only with a barcode zapper and name-tag. Thus far, these apparatus have proved ineffectual in deterring people from reaching for their Nokia. I'm sure there open to any suggestions. Maybe you should start a vigilante movement.

7. "The overpaid and underqualified student assistance"

Students, by their very definition, are supposed to be without qualification. That is why we are all here, Simon. However, if this was not an attack on their resume but rather on their value as people, I smell nothing but sour grapes my friend. I see a sad little boy who feels he might burst into tears if he has to wash another dish.

Let me conclude with this Simon, if that is your real name. You're obviously very upset. And while my heart does bleed for you, I think you need to stand back and see the bigger picture. It's not a perfect world. Neither does it revolve around your fragile sensibilities. The staff and funds simply aren't there.

A concerned student

C

Dear *On Dit*,

At last, someone has had the balls to address the bullshit we students are forced to endure at this library of ours. I, too, am mighty pissed off about much that goes on in the Barr Smith. I join Simon in his demands for a better library and call for the University Council to investigate the substandard conditions of this institution. In particular, there is a somewhat dishevelled character who occasionally works in the check out section. He has short, dark hair and smells like my Uncle Henry's shed. I question his qualifications and request that his continued employment be examined, at bare minimum, that he should be forced to shower. The book-borrowing minority at Adelaide Uni cannot remain silent for much longer!

Clarence

D

Dear *On Dit*,

I have this problem with lectures held before 10am. Sometimes the lecturers dim the lights so they can use the over-head projector, and I come over all sleepy. When I wake up at the end I often have to deal with a conspicuous erection. What should I do? When I was a kid, I used to think about things like sand, Margaret Thatcher and my winkle being sliced into thin slivers with a breadknife. However, a lascivious process of association has led to me fantasise about the Iron Lady mutilating me on a sandy beach. Help!

I've tried tucking it into the elastic in my pants, but sometimes people see me and give me the skunk eye. Please give me some advice - I'm sick of being the last person to leave the lecture theatre.

Yours
Stanley George

E

I have a few points to make in reply to 'Disgruntled Engineering Student (DES)'. This individual makes several claims which I'd like to address.

One is the matter of money. DES makes the claim that 'Union leaders' were responsible for using the 'Union name' as well as 'Union money' to further some unspecified cause of a group of select individuals. Now DES, please make an effort to understand the structure of the University.

The action held for the PM's visit had little to do with the Union. It certainly wasn't carried out under its auspices and definitely didn't receive any funding from it. It was largely organized by Sarah Hanson, a *Students' Association* representative. That distinction is very important. First of all, the *raison d'etre* of the *Students' Association* is advocacy and representation. Its purpose is to organise lobbying the government in matters that directly affect university students, viz. education policy as well as matters of social justice which affect us a little less directly such as woefully inadequate welfare policy, health care and yes, even asylum seeker detention.

Further, the total cost of the action would've only amounted to the printing costs of a few placards as well as some posterings

prior to the visit. As such, it couldn't have cost more than about a hundred dollars. This was not, as claimed in last week's letter, money spent by an elite few to further their own machinations. This was money spent on an event attended by something like 400 students. I've done the counting for you; that amounts to about 25c a student. I would argue that this was one of the most cost-efficient, relevant and effective examples of action I've ever seen in my lengthy years here.

So if it is purely an issue of money, I'm afraid you don't have a leg to stand on with your ill informed claims.

I realize that there are many instances of flippant and negligent usage of student money by the Union, and this was certainly not one of them. I submit that a) it wasn't the Union's money b) it was a paltry sum which certainly doesn't warrant the outburst of disgruntlement and moral rectitude and c) it wasn't wasted given the attendance.

Expanding on a point introduced previously, education is NOT the only issue that should be addressed by students. As students of a tertiary institution, we are privileged to be in a position of having access to knowledge and resources with which we can study the world. Combined with a collective voice, this puts the student body in a powerful position which we have a responsibility to use to challenge injustice and lobby on behalf of people who have no voice because they are in detention, uneducated or non English speaking.

The argument of, "Yeah they are bastards but taking a visible stand is not going to make a difference" is not good enough. It is quite frankly a pathetic, defeatist excuse to attempt to absolve oneself of responsibility for the world.

Perhaps DES needs the concept of protesting explained. The idea of a protest is to offer a visible presence of dissent. This does a few things. If four hundred people mobilise to express their discontent at one small university in one small city, it is reasonable to suggest a proportionate dissatisfied demographic in other universities across the country. This represents a significant proportion of the vote. Now, even if this doesn't intimidate Howard into changing policy (and let's face it, we don't expect it to), other parties interested in obtaining a greater approval may tailor policy to take advantage of it. This has the effect of making the issues much more visible and provides an alternative for voters. It also makes it more likely for these issues to be debated at higher level, rather than them being constantly ignored. The issues are made more credible as a result and receive much more public exposure and awareness. The public become better informed and more likely to themselves express dissent in some way, thus creating a considerable movement of opposition. This cycle feeds itself until change is initiated. There is a misconception that nothing happens because the process takes years to complete—at least the length of time of an election term. Thus, with our instant gratification society, there are individuals who become disillusioned and impatient because nothing happens the very next day. What DES needs to accept is that the entirety of what we achieved is not going to be manifest immediately, and it is immature and unrealistic to expect otherwise. Furthermore, protesting is a legitimate vehicle for engaging high profile figures who are otherwise out of reach. Perhaps I should have instead invited him around to my place to discuss policy over scones and a game of backgammon. No, sorry,

try as I might I can visualise that being effective at all.

I also have a serious problem with what I perceive to be a pointless idolatry of John Howard. There is a sentiment of not wanting to embarrass oneself in front of the Prime Minister by engaging in behaviour that may be deemed confrontational and unfitting.

Pardon me, I wasn't aware that the PM had done anything recently to merit my respect and deference to his position. This is a man whose election was founded on lies propagated by his defence department, who refuses to take responsibility for centuries of genocide in the name of British Imperialism, who continues to enforce unworkable welfare standards for single mothers, students and queer couples and who generally has done a lot to advance the cause of right wing oppression.

He is altogether a contemptible individual and I'd sooner lance my genitalia with white hot gimlets than kowtow every time he comes to town. No, considering the circumstances, I don't see myself acting like a 'wanker' on my 'worst behaviour'. That language in itself is emotive and judgmental, and does little to advance a convincing argument. By the same token, I find it reprehensible that someone who isn't content with the governance of this country is happy to sit quietly and watch events unfold. In fact, I would say that in light of the blatant racism, dishonesty and inequity of the Howard government it is 'worst behaviour' and 'acting like a wanker' to do nothing.

Here's an idea: next time policy is passed that we don't approve of, we'll all sit quietly on our own, really concentrate and try to think the world better. Honestly.

Entirely Gruntled Engineering Student

E

Dear Editors,

I had the chance to read your paper for almost a year now. All in all I enjoyed most of the issues (not all of course, some tended to be too far left-wing for me). Unexpected, the quality of the articles was way better than I hoped for (living together with three of the authors sometimes just makes you shake your head, makes you hope there might be some kind of god again and lets you pray for a happy end). In comparison with the student papers back home, yours is stunning, even more if you consider that most of the staff does not receive a cent for their work (except for this overdose of crazy ideas, cigarettes and sleep deprivation as I could observe on my housemates). So at the end of my stay in Adelaide I can highly appreciate what (especially) Stan, Michael F., Jenny, Dan V., Michael B, Linda, Gemma, Linley, Victoria, Clementine, the Professor, Yak, Bonnie, and all those I forgot to mention because of my bad memory managed to work under conditions not even acceptable in the Third World.

Thanks and see you guys soon again (and good luck next year Stan, Bonnie and Gemma).

Dirk

E

Dear On Dit,

In after two years in the SAUA I have come to the sad realization that the majority of student politicians are in it for themselves. Never in my life have I seen a bigger bunch

of self absorbed rich kids spouting out what they think is left or progressive or right or whatever bullshit in the name of something or other, while being interested only in themselves and their cliquey private school wanker friends. There are exceptions, but so far not enough to create an atmosphere where student representatives can work for the good of students without political crap getting in the way. I do not regret working in the Students' Association as Sexuality and Women's officers. It has been an honour to run campaigns and events raising an awareness of women's and queer issues, however the crap I have been subjected to (and dished out, as I did not escape the SAUA untarnished by the petty-political-shit-brush) has made my job a million times harder. My advice to students is to get involved in the SAUA if you are passionate about your education, its equitability and accessibility, not because some cool kid in the cool group buys you a beer, pretends to be your best friend and convinces you that everything they say is right. And for fuck sake, those of you who get elected, work together for the good of students, not apart for the good of your stupid, pointless wankified factions. There are real issues out there that need addressing. Fucking wake up and do something about it. And for those of you reading this going, 'wow, she's such a hypocrite. She's full of shit. What gives her the right to say this?' I say this to you- Fuck off, I don't care what you think or what you do, as long as student activism lives on, and women's and queer rights continue to be fought for.

Don't you see that fighting amongst ourselves is exactly what they want us to do?? Haven't you read Marx??

Elise Duffield, signing off, 6am Sunday.

How God is Understood in the traditions of Islam Christianity Judaism

speakers
 dr. evan zuesse
 father denis edwards
 dr. omar lum

oct 31 7:00 pm union hall adelaide uni

Islamic Foundation Australia

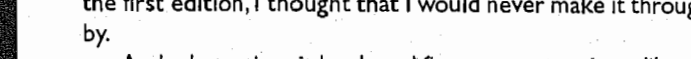
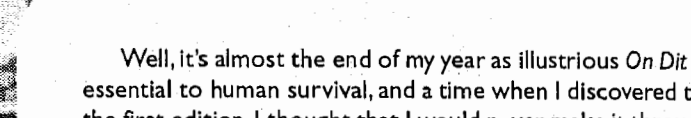
I always seem to be running late. I know I'm running late because outside, the birds are waking up and the leaf-blower man is going crazy with his wacky leaf-blowing gizmo. It's about 5am on Sunday morning and the courier is coming to pick up the paper in an hour and a half, and I haven't written my editorial yet. Thankfully, the *On Dit* crew hasn't left me alone down here. They're in the next room, laughing in hysterical bouts, just barely audible over that Radiohead track that we all go crazy for. I hope I don't forget all of this, the long sleep deprived hours, monitor tan, boys' toilet smell, panic, postscript errors, manicade, bellyache from laughing, and more panic. Most of all, I hope I never forget how much fun I've had and how much I've learnt from everyone who's been a fixture of our dank, dark office.

I don't even remember how our team was formed - all of a sudden it was election time, we were running about in purple t-shirts, attempting to convince our fellow students that voting for us was better than voting for No Candidate. Luckily, No Candidate didn't put up much of a fight and our prepared smear campaign, 'Vote for us because No Candidate is crap at layout' stayed in the bottom drawer. I think it's great that we've experienced legal threats, budget cuts, equipment problems, regular stuff-ups and some internal blow-ups. Because with along with all of that crap came the fun times, the disco layout, fort building, sleepy driving, the loonies coming down to the office and a hundred other things that have slipped my mind because it's about 6am now.

Ah, yes. It's time to say thank you. Special thanks to my co-editors for putting up with me all year long. Mikey, you'll always be my sweet 'tater. Despite the fact that you have repeatedly attempted to kill me during our 'Yep, still awake' Monday death drives through the city, I've learnt so much from working with you and Linda - all good stuff, don't worry. Linda, you're still the caption queen. Thank you to the whole office, especially the Sunday night gang.

Ta to my friends, if you're still out there. I'd also like to thank my family for trying to look after me all year and for putting up with all the long hours. To Mark, a brief thank you isn't really enough, but you know exactly what you mean to me.

To Stan, Bonnie and Gemma, good luck and best wishes for 2003.



Well, it's almost the end of my year as illustrious *On Dit* editor, a year when I learned that sleep is really a luxury and not essential to human survival, and a time when I discovered the horror that is the Postscript error. After the horror that was the first edition, I thought that I would never make it through this year alive, and now it really does seem like time has flown by.

And what a time it has been! So many memories...like the time when we all nicked off the Nick Cave concert and ended up making the paper late, and those long Sunday nights when our pages were inexplicably infected with the mysterious grey creeping disease, that swallowed entire slabs of text faster than we could cut and paste. Then there has been the recent discovery of Vanilla Coke, which has made our nights pass so much more pleasantly.

Admittedly, I am looking forward to being able to watch Sunday night television, and not having to nurse an extreme hangover while proofreading. And I certainly won't miss racking my brain each week trying to come up with a television column when I never watch anything other than *Buffy*. Maybe I will finally be able to make it to a lecture before 3pm on Mondays (although that is not a guarantee).

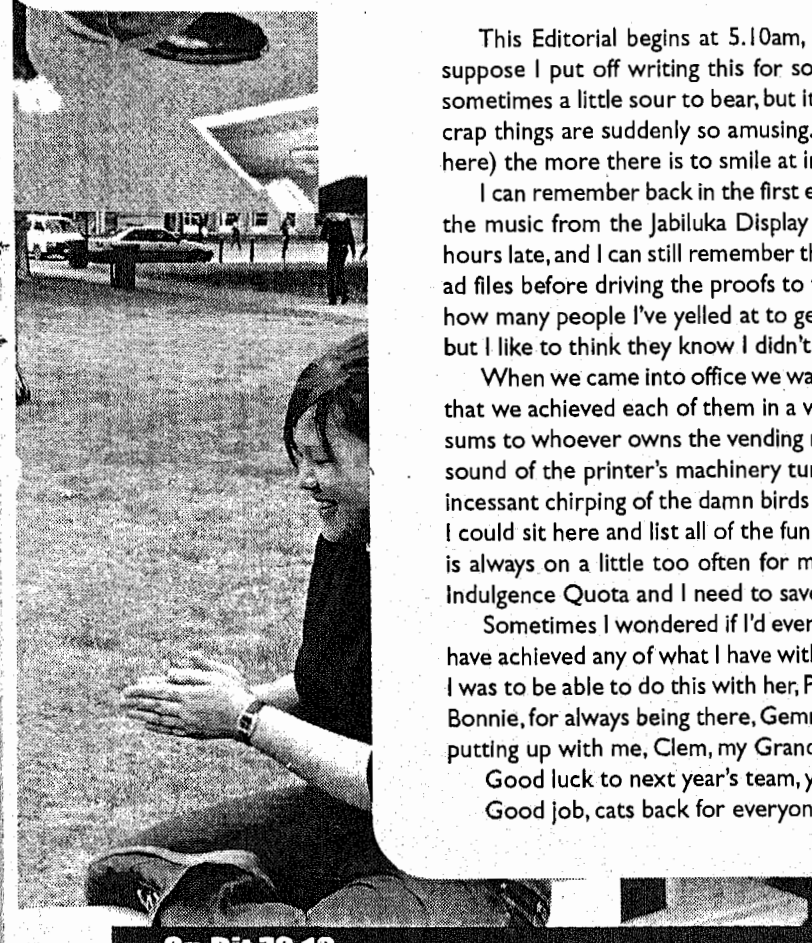
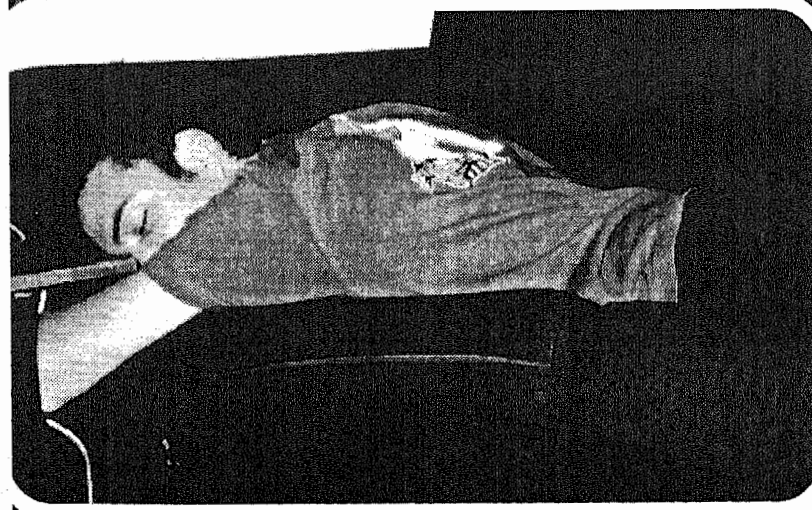
For those of you out there who don't ever bother to use *On Dit* as anything other than a handy seat for wet grass, you should stop and think about what University really means to you. If it is just a way to get a job that earns you six figures a year and a flash car, then by all means, continue on as you are. You probably haven't bothered to pick up this paper because you are too busy reading about Bill Gates' arse and which bit he likes kissed. However, if you do actually enjoy the whole process of education, or you are just here for the social life, then you should know by now that *On Dit* is essential reading. And if you have any complaints about it, then stop with your useless moaning and come on down and contribute!

But enough of my rant, it's time to get to the thank-yous. Of course, I have to start by thanking my fellow editors for managing to tolerate my general apathy and my unwillingness to sacrifice my drunken Saturday night debauchery. And of course, I have to thank my flatmates and best friends, Jenny and Jayne for helping me out with story ideas and drunken nights out. Special thanks also go to my lovely cat Stoll, for always welcoming me home on Monday mornings at 7am, despite my crankiness and dishevelled appearance.

Thanks also go out to all the sub-editors who got their sections in week after week...even you Dan V and Mikey B - I almost got to enjoy those nasty phone calls. Special mention goes to Clementine, for the road trip to get particularly disgusting Mexican food.

Also, what could I have done without vodka, beer and red wine, my three mainstays that saw me through many cases of writer's block. Thanks to Jen for dragging me to the Unibar on Friday afternoons - why start layout early when you can be drinking at Happy Hour!

Good luck and best wishes goes out to next year's editors - may *On Dit* continue to amuse, provoke and offend in equal measure.



- Number of Editors: 3
- Number of sub-editors: about 15 depending on the phase of the moon.
- Average number of trips to the vending machine on a Sunday night: 38
- Number of editions: 20
- Number of disturbingly dismembered toy dolls in office: 4
- Number of unidentifiable PostScript Errors encountered: 14
- Number of hair follicles lost per edition by Editors: 1564
- Number of hours taken by certain local music sub-editor to layout own page: 35
- Number of expletive outbursts in the office: 72 587
- Number of said outbursts attributed to Mark Jordan: 65 465
- Number of promotional red lollies of doom consumed: 178 980
- Number of red lolly related regrets: 178 979
- Number of times we learnt the error of our red lolly ways: 0
- Number of times each page is proof read: 3
- Number of times mistakes get through anyway -umm.. too many
- Number of times the use of filler spot™ has been vetoed: 58
- Number of times someone has thought that something inherently unfunny can be made humorous by the addition of the phrase 'may contain traces of peanuts': 679
- Number of times the addition of said phrase has actually been funny: 3
- Total number of words edited from Brad Kitschke's self-absorbed rants: 12 354 908
- Number of editions marked Edition #2: 3
- Litres of exotic go-go juice consumed over the year: 580
- Number of times legal action has been threatened: 3
- Number of times we wish we didn't have to listen to Placebo: 89
- Number of threatening reminder notes placed around the office: 45
- Number of times the Film pages were in by the deadline: 0
- Number of fantastic, earth shattering, life changing ideas had at 5am: 765
- Number of Ideas that remain life-changing after a decent sleep: 4
- Number of times the office has been urinated on: 2
- Number of unlimited egg life-cycles: 0
- Number of wands of justice: 11 (justice=2 wands, I think you have to be a fruitcake to understand that. I know that none of us do).
- Number of times Yak's opinion on campus security has been quoted as expert: 1

This Editorial begins at 5.10am, Monday morning, and the courier should be here in 50 minutes. They're not usually late. I suppose I put off writing this for so long because I don't really want it to end in a way. This year has been stressful, crazy and sometimes a little sour to bear, but it's been nothing if not memorable. Looking back, all of the fun things are still fun, and all of the crap things are suddenly so amusing. In fact, the more objectionable the occasion (insert relevant legal action or financial setback here) the more there is to smile at in retrospect.

I can remember back in the first edition, in the midst of the Fringe. The unfamiliar equipment was failing, deadlines rushed by and the music from the Jabiluka Display Truck on the Barr Smith Lawns blared unceasingly in a repetitive, jangly tune. We ran seven hours late, and I can still remember the look on Jenny's face as we stumbled around in the city in the noonday sun chasing corrupted ad files before driving the proofs to the printers ourselves (there's only so long you can keep a courier waiting). It's hard to recall how many people I've yelled at to get things done, how many friendships I've tested in a childish way of making myself feel better, but I like to think they know I didn't really mean it.

When we came into office we wanted to be more creative in our layout, more controversial, and funny. Sometimes I like to think that we achieved each of them in a way, and other times I'm not so sure. At least we've had fun along the way, and given over large sums to whoever owns the vending machines outside of the Wills Building. On a good day, I close my eyes and I can hear the sweet sound of the printer's machinery turning and whirring as a fresh clean A3 page smooths its way out. On a bad day, I can hear the incessant chirping of the damn birds as dawn comes, or the sound of the infernal leaf blowing man. You take the good with the bad. I could sit here and list all of the fun times I've had with all the people I cohabitate with in this dank little office (where the heater is always on a little too often for my liking). However, I believe that would be drawing a little too heavily on the Allowable Self Indulgence Quota and I need to save all I have left for the thank-yous.

Sometimes I wondered if I'd ever make it through the year, and now that I have I am sad to see it finish. Of course, I could never have achieved any of what I have without the help of many people, in particular Jenny, for making me think every day how fortunate I was to be able to do this with her, Poppy, for teaching me a lot about myself, Stan, for flourishing despite my brutal condemnations, Bonnie, for always being there, Gemma, for always caring, Yak, for reliability, Kate A., for giving me whatever shifts I pleased, Matt, for putting up with me, Clem, my Grandma, Dan V, Mel, Vicki, my body for not giving up on me, and my sister Sarah.

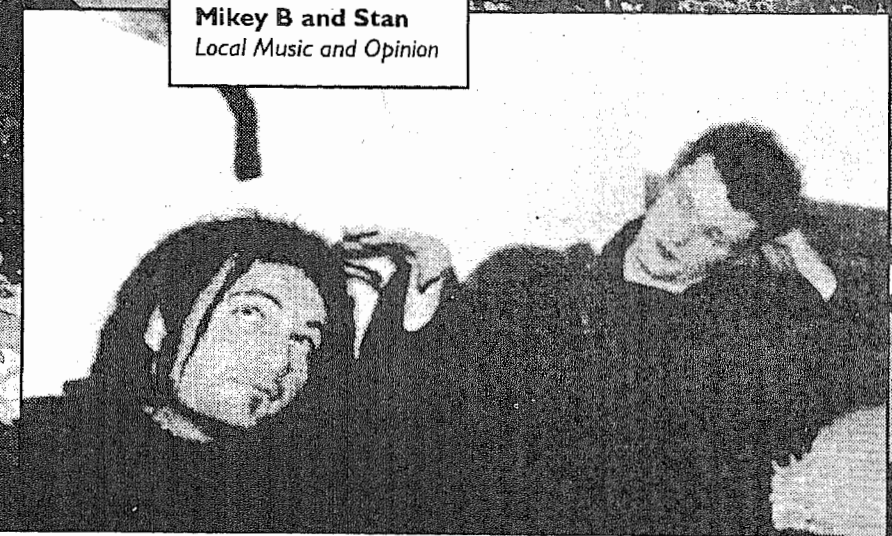
Good luck to next year's team, you'll be great.
Good job, cats back for everyone, good as new!

OFFICE VOX POP

QUESTIONS:

1. What was your favourite *On Dit* moment?
2. If the world was ending, what would you do?
3. What are your plans after *On Dit*?
4. Give us some parting words of wisdom...

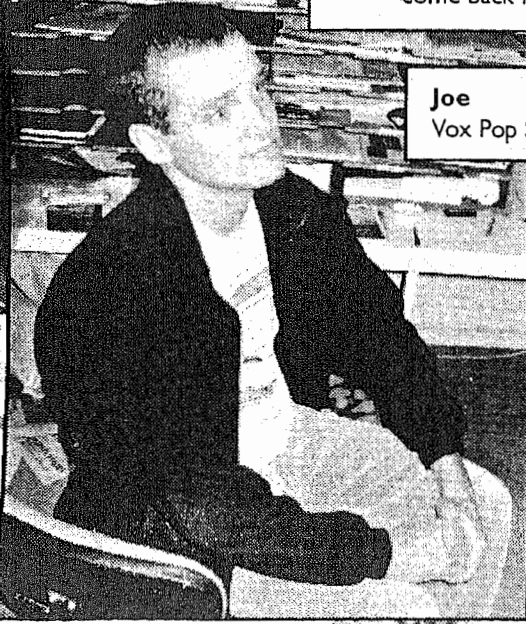
Mikey B and Stan
Local Music and Opinion



- 1 M - That time when Fonzie broke his leg and was too scared to walk on it because of the pain and then Ritchie had to goad him into walking again. They weren't all *Happy Days*...
S - Scaring the bejesus out of Bonnie Cruickshank.
- 2 M - Duck and cover.
S - Nude up.
- 3 M - Anything involving smoked meats.
S - A nice, healthy smack habit
- 4 M - Don't shit where you eat or just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean they're not after you.
S - Maintenance is the key.

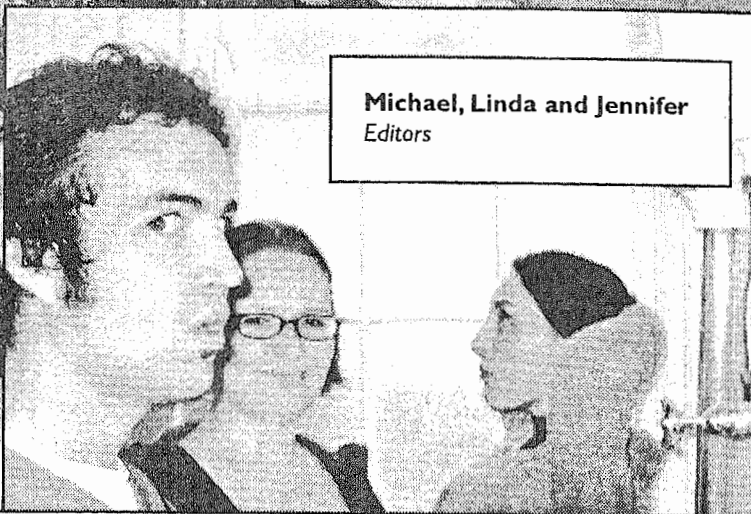
- 1 When I became a sub-ed through potential legal action.
- 2 Perform "Uptown Girl" naked in Rundle Mall.
- 3 Launch my solo singing career.
- 4 If you love something set it free. And if it doesn't come back hunt it down and kill it.

Joe
Vox Pop Sub-Editor



- 1 Any before or after concert action that went down in the office.
- 2 Run for the nearest music store and pillage just in case the world wasn't really ending.
- 3 Using my brain for creative thought by joining the *Justin Timberlake Fan Club*.
- 4 I've been inspired by the ways of Holly Valance and Nick Oliveri to say "the nuder the better".

Michael, Linda and Jennifer
Editors



- 1 M - Probably the time we were running so late that Jenny and I had to drive the proofs to Cadillac after being up for 48 hours, and I fell asleep at the wheel three times and nearly hit a bus, or so Jenny tells me. But that's a bit sad, so probably the time I came second top on Snood (Evil Level). I'm fourth now.
L - The moment when I figured out where my collection of cats had disappeared to. And the night we all took off to see Nick Cave, even though the paper ending up coming out late. I love you Nick... please come back!
J - So many happy moments... But there's a place in my heart for one special moment - you know who you are.
- 2 M - Say sorry.
L - Hmm... I would have to fulfil my every fantasy, including that rather strange one about Brett Anderson, a pair of handcuffs and a small Peruvian goat.
J - Drive the Delorian back to 1987, when 'Bad' was top of the pops.
- 3 M - Dedicate all my energies to following the current season of *Survivor*.
L - Apart from world domination and a promising career in the sex industry? I plan to find a sexy man with awesome sideburns who is available all hours of the day to satisfy me.
J - It's getting hot in here, so I'm going to take off all my clothes.
- 4 M - Don't lie when you tell me when you're going to get it in just to placate me. Give me a realistic time frame and then do it, or I'll rip your throat out.
L - Some of the best articles are written while under the influence... and a nice set of sideburns can be damned hard to find.
J - Earth time is short.

Sara
Music Sub-Editor



Gemma, Yak and Bonnie
Opinion, Wayward and Advertising



- 1 G - I have a couple. Seeing only one name under *On Dit* posted up on the wall - ours! - on nomination night was pretty exciting, as was being sent a picture by a freelance photographer of one of the suits at the fated opening of the School of Petroleum Engineering reading an article by me.
Y - Sharing a certain cookie-of-doom with some office folk and having to go home early one Sunday night, thinking that I was half a metre ahead to the left where I actually was. Oh, we also stole a cache of watermelons that night.
B - Stomping and screaming dance with Mikey very early one morning whilst waiting for the courier (don't worry SAUA staff, no one hurt). Plus the night of the ballot draw and the Fringe
- 2 G - First I would try not to jump to conclusions or assume the worst. Then I would cuddle up with my loved ones in a really big bed with several pillows and lots of fresh fruit and salads and watch something universally entertaining like *The Simpsons*.
Y - I'd rewind to the beginning and watch the good bits.
B - Hitch a ride with Jenny on the Delorian. Now that Christopher Lloyd is dead, who else is going to check the flux capacitor?
- 3 G - Between putting together the Orientation Guide, preparing *On Dit* 2003 and messing around at Fresh FM, I'll be making lots of soups and catching up on my feminist tome reading.
Y - I'm brewing a promising scheme to become a megalomaniacal, tyrannical dictator of a Small Eastern European country.
B - Unlimited egg-time cycles
- 4 G - Chipping away little by little at a big task really is the least painful way to get it done.
Y - No matter how you jump and dance, the last few drops fall down your pants.
B - Eat supremely delicious food, wear only brown pants, and sprinkle pixie dust aplenty! Also: Justice, 2 wands.

Dan (& Dan)
Film



- 1 Spending an entire Saturday night in the office trying to hammer out a mere 400 word review, eating "special" cake with Mikey (who coincidentally produced some of his best layout that night) and being thoroughly mind-fucked by Stan and the Mikeys who explained to me that Jesus was taken off the cross, moved to India, had a family and kids and became known as Krishna. Oh, and the entire Fringe period was pure gold.
- 2 I'd organise a MASS EARTH REALIGNMENT (patent pending). This involves getting the world's population to congregate in Reykjavik, Iceland. On the signal, all will jump up in unison, thereby altering the Earth's gravitational field and averting disaster.
- 3 I'm going to elope with Quincy, and crown myself Prince of Morocco.
- 4 Nobody deserves to die but every girl deserves a little death.

Clementine and Victoria
Restaurant Reviewer and Agony Aunt



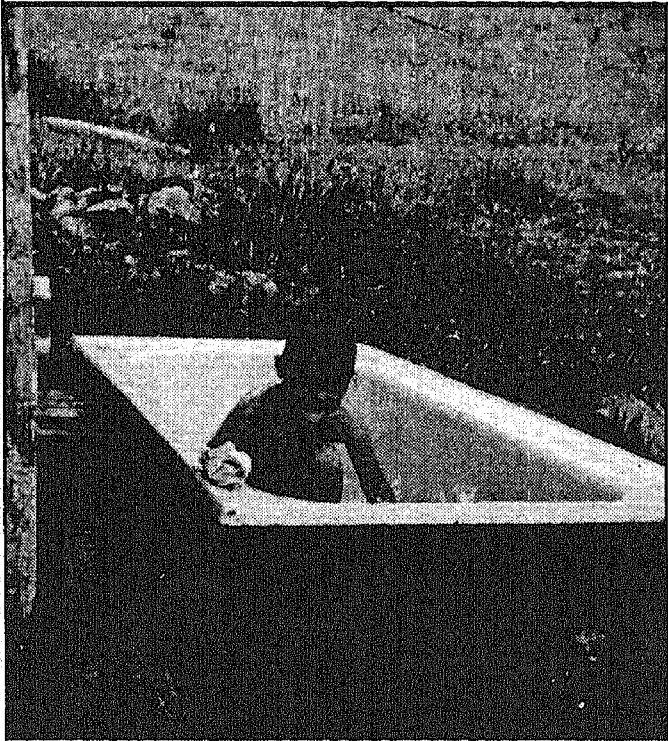
- 1 C: Without the fifth Harry Potter book or *Survivor: Marquisis* to stimulate conversation, nothing really comes to mind.
V: Where would any of us be if it wasn't for the beloved smoke on the ledge. It was there for us when we needed a bitch, when we need to cry and when we longed for some interpretive dance entertainment. Thank you crazy people!
- 2 C: I'd play a game of chess with Mikey, hoping that the apocalyptic threat would distract him enough for me to make my final move... then I'd gouge his eyes out so he couldn't see the board.
V: I would sneak away with an air of mystery to a secluded place (most likely the basement of the Barr Smith) and delve into a final passionate coital embrace.
- 3 C: I'm off to explore the wonders of Japan, where I shall become a chess shark and severely throttle Mikey upon my return.
V: Let's face it, I am never going to graduate, so I am sure that I will be around here for a few more years yet. But when the dream is over, I intend to live alone in my castle with fifty cats, and a picture of you.
- 4 C: Everything you need to know about people can be gained from one viewing of *All About Eve*, and if you wear your socks more than twice, remember to leave them outside.
V: If it wasn't for the last minute, nothing would get done. Flattery will get you everywhere and if you want something done properly, it is vital to have English speaking servants. Plus kids remember... the dregs will still get you drunk.

Matty and Mel
Music and Literature



- 1 Mo: I have many, but the *On Dit* slumber party rates highly, as does forcing poor uni students to dance to 'Pussy Town' to score a copy of Machine Gun Fellatio's *Paging Mr Strike*.
Mel: When I was given my own drawer in the locked cabinet and no longer needed to share with the space-hogging music sub-ed.
- 2 Mo: Hightail it to Supermild and dance like a mad thing to some James Brown.
Mel: Put on my extra comfy pyjamas, get monster stoned and play backgammon until it all comes crashing down.
- 3 Mo: I plan to mobilise my army of reviewers to storm the *Advertiser* building and summons Lauren McMenemy to be at the mercy of the International Music Crimes Tribunal, thus ridding planet Earth of this scourge and restoring peace to the Galactic Republic.
Mel: Leaving the country to avoid making any meaningful decisions about my future.
- 4 Mo: Read the Bible. And be kind to your mother
Mel: Iron only when absolutely necessary, pay your bills on time, try yoga, read Roald Dahl's short stories, keep an organised diary, subvert the dominant paradigm, eat delicious food, don't tolerate freeloaders, respect the beach.

ENVIRONMENT OFFICER: SARAH HANSON



Well, this will be my last *On Dit* column as Environment Officer, so here's the low down on what will be going on over SWOT Vac and exams for those of you who can make it.

Embracing Sustainable Futures: a forum designed for uni students who are concerned and interested in environmental sustainability. The forum will be led by world famous environmental and social activist Amory Lovins, who will share his thoughts on how we can all share in creating sustainable solutions for South Australia and beyond. The forum is being organised by the SAUA Environment Department, the Flinders Uni Environment Collective, USASA Environment Committee and the State Government Department for Environment and Heritage. It will be held in Adelaide Town Hall in the Banquet Room, on November 13 from 4pm-6pm. For more info contact Nick Good on 8226 4829 or myself on 8303 5406.

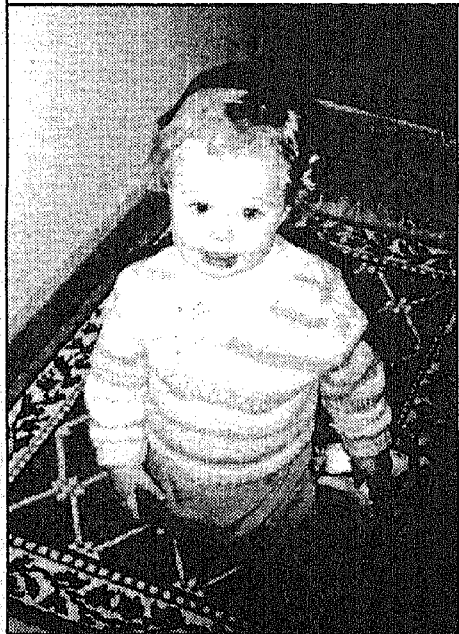
The World Trade Organisation (WTO) is holding its mini-ministerial meeting in Sydney on November 14 and 15 to escalate the trade liberalisation agenda. Students wishing to take part in the numerous protests surrounding this meeting can contact either myself or Elicia Savvas to find out about

buses and other transport that is being organised from Adelaide to Sydney. For more information check out www.nowto.cat.org.au or www.gotswatch.org

Reclaim the Streets: For those of us who will not be able to go to Sydney due to exams and stuff there will be a **Reclaim the Streets party held in solidarity of the protests on Friday November 15.** If you would like to get involved in organising RTS this year email greengirl@sarah-coral.com or come along to the next meeting. Meetings are held every Monday at 5pm outside the Students' Association at Adelaide University.

On a goodbye note, I would just like to thank everyone who has supported me this year in so many ways and to everyone who has turned up to the numerous meetings, events and activities that I've worked on. I am in eternal debt to Kirsty, Nat, Gemma, Bek, Zane, Hugh, Matt, Camille, and Georgie, thanks guys! Seeing as I will be President next year I'm still available if anyone wants any information or has any ideas about things to we could do in the SAUA to make the world a better place. Taking over from me as next year's Environment Officer is Paul Grillo, who is very keen to get as many students involved in the Environment Department next year as possible.

PRESIDENT: BEK CORNISH



The year is almost finally over and all your hard weeks of studying will pay off when you get your exam/assignment marks, I'm sure! This year for the Students' Association has definitely paid off for the hard working office bearers who have been representing you and your needs. The times that we are not out there chatting to you, running campaigns and throwing BBQ's and activities we're still active: chasing after the University Management making sure they are doing what is right by your education and academic welfare, writing submissions to the University and the government regarding higher education and generally being your watchdog.

The SAUA has been as active as possible this year in the face of financial difficulties, and I believe those involved with the SAUA this year have learned a lot about the values of team work in a trying time. Being involved with charity events and raising money for causes such as youth suicide prevention and cancer research has not only given the campus community an opportunity to learn about issues and be involved in the local community. Our focus on security on campus this year has also benefitted all students with a massive overhaul of the security service being looked at, and has seen the University prioritise this issue immediately for improvement. The

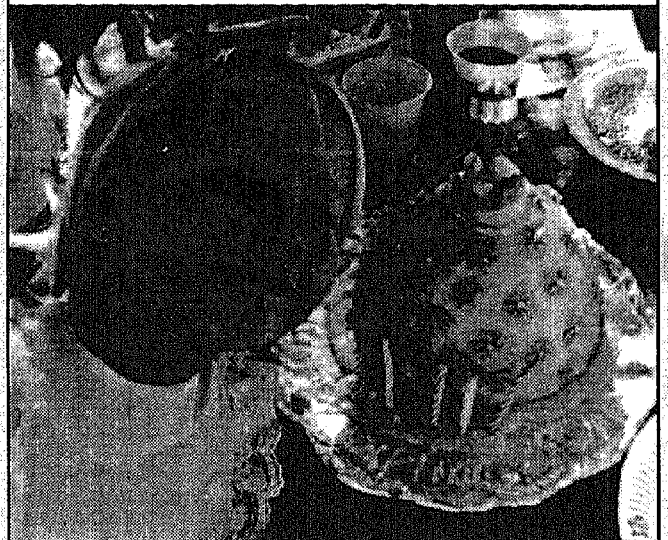
Quality Audit also gave us reps a chance to make our concerns heard regarding the quality of your education at Adelaide Uni. Don't forget the services the Students' Association provides you: cheap movie tickets, drycleaning and photocopying. Come in and get your exam revision photocopied before the rush, project and research assistance, or access our desktop publishing department for all your creative work.

Also, if you have trouble or any issues regarding your exams/ assignments, marks that you think are unfair etc, please come into the SAUA Office for assistance.

To end this year on a high, make sure you come to the **END OF YEAR BALL**, this Friday from six in the Games room, next to the UniBar. Tickets are \$15 for Adelaide Uni Students, \$25 for others, and is an all you can drink affair! Some food will be provided so make sure you get yourself there early so you don't miss out! There will also be breakdancing performances, wicked music and screenings of Japanese anime. Tickets are available from the Students' Association Office, corner of the Cloisters, and at the door.

In the meantime, if you have any questions about anything, call us on 83035406 or email me on bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au

FEMALE SEXO: ASTA COX



With this being our last column as the Sexuality Officers, we'd like to take this small but opportune moment to thank those people who have contributed to the department's success this year. A special thanks to Narelle Lintern, Jasyn Walsh, and those nice people who invented the Viking Bars. We would also like to thank all the office bearers, particularly Elise Duffield, for their support this year. And Sam Butler's always present inspiring words.

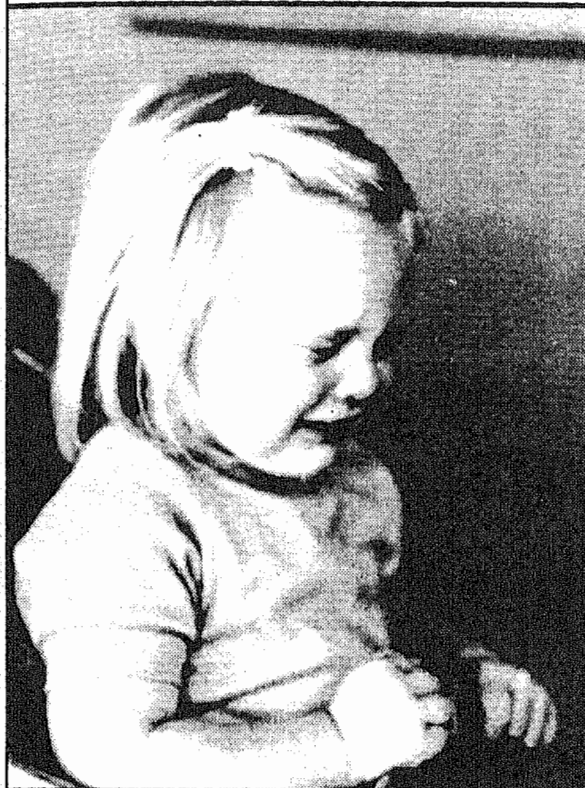
Our campaigns this year included Sexuality Week, Youth Suicide Week, an anti-homophobia campaign and Safe Sex week. The support and dedication of our helpers was great, as the campaigns wouldn't have been a success without them. The final event will be Picnic in the Park on December 1 so if you go, make sure to look out for our stall. There should be that ever popular pink fairy floss, that us kiddies like so much.

We would also like to wish the new Sexuality Officers Emma and Jasyn all the best for next year, we know that they will do a terrific job. Just one final note we would like to share with the student body is that we have enjoyed being the Sexuality Officers for 2002 very much. We have learnt and gained so much from our positions, and only hope that some of you also gained something from our work.

MALE SEXO: ADRIAN DIPAOLO



WOMEN'S OFFICER: ELISE DUFFIELD



Reclaim the Night

The Reclaim the Night march and festival occurred last Friday. The annual march against sexual violence was a great success. Much hard work and running around paid off in the end. The march had an excellent vibe and there were some fantastic performers at the festival on Hindmarsh Square. I hope that all of you who were able to attend had a wonderful time. If you missed it, there's always next year. Thank you to all those who helped out with the organising of the event and the putting up of posters.

What Now?

As Reclaim the Night was my final event to organise before the end of term, I will now concentrate on writing some new and updating the old SAUA women's department policy. I will also undergo a changeover period with Georgia Phillips, your Women's Officer for next year.

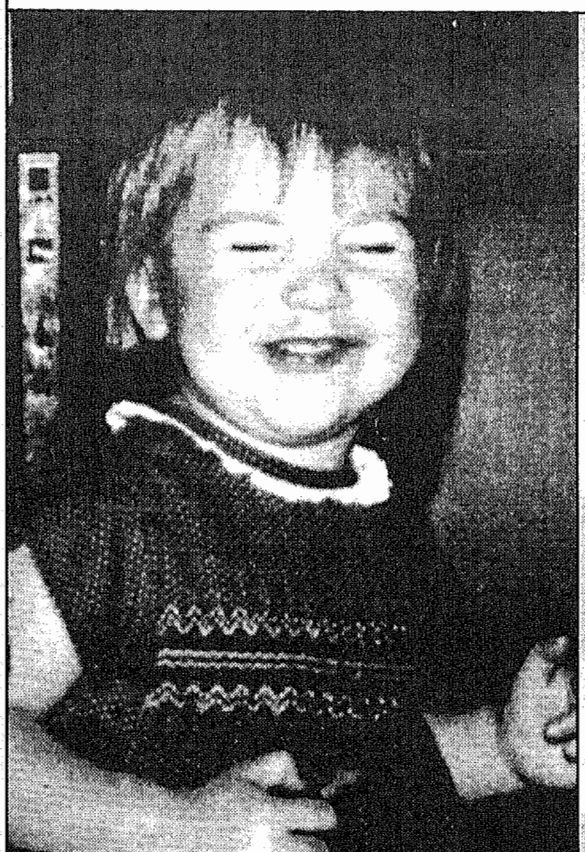
Thank you, last words etc.

I would like to sincerely thank the goddess for giving me strength, the dog for keeping me angry, chicken schnitzels for greasing me up, Venti slim filters for keeping the tobacco out of my teeth, John Howard for keeping me in a job, T.V. soap *Passions* and reruns of *E.R.*, To the people who made it all worthwhile- Toni Basil (you're so fine), Trudie 'You're nicked' Goodwin, Mikey Craig, Roy Hay and Jon Moss (do you really want to hurt me?), Susanna Hoffs, my eternal flame, Richie Sambora, Dave Bryan, Tico Torres and Alec Jon Such (at least we went down in a blaze of glory), Paul Lekakis (I'll go back to your room and boom boom anytime), Adam Horowitz- 'phone's ringin', oh my god', Keren, Sarah and Jacqui - so many manic Mondays- I couldn't have done it without you all. Thanks from the bottom of my heart. And last but not least, Vanilla Ice, Milli Vanilli, New Kids on the Block and Bros. You kids rock.

This column is dedicated to Madonna. It's kinda like a prayer.



EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT: GEORGIA HEATH



Hey everyone, welcome to the last academic week for 2002! As exams inch closer things still haven't slowed down in the Students' Association. Last week many of you would have seen the **Livable Incomes** campaign, held in the Cloisters. This campaign highlighted the living conditions of students and their inability to access Commonwealth benefits such as Youth Allowance. Centrelink and financial counsellors were on campus to answer questions from students, and feedback indicates that this event was a success! We also launched the "Students as Workers" booklet during the week, and you can get a copy of this useful booklet from the Students' Association office.

Crossroads is still hot on the Federal Government agenda, and will be for at least the next six months or so. This review of higher education will be in the final stages by the time everyone comes back from holidays early next year, but over the holidays the Students' Association will be lobbying politicians and other community bodies to ensure that any proposal that will be detrimental to students will be defeated. This is one of the most vital stages of the review and if you are interested in helping in the campaign please contact me in the SAUA.

Next Wednesday November 6 is the final **Academic Board** meeting for 2002. The Student Representative Standing Committee will be presenting a paper that we have been working on which outlines our thoughts on the future of Adelaide University. Amongst other claims, we ask that all graduates at this University attain the ability to 1) think, 2) teach ourselves and 3) be able to know where and how to get information. The paper primarily

deals with the concepts of academic excellence being held in esteem over and above commercial profitability. It also suggests that the best way for this University to achieve both of these goals is to find our academic strengths and to build upon these. If you are interested in attending the meeting will be held at 2pm in the University Council Chambers.

Thanks to our fabulous **Counter Calendar** editors Sara Eisner and Georgia Phillips we will be having a printed version of Counter Calendar for the first time in three years. This alternative subject guide will be ready by early December for all of you who are having trouble trying to decide what to study next year. Boxes for submissions are placed around the uni, so fill in a form and share your knowledge of which courses are good to take, mediocre, or just crappy.

For last minute exam and study tips, pop into the SAUA and pick up a set of our **study tips bookmarks**. They have quick "how to" suggestions for everything from referencing to getting a good work environment. If you are having any problems with any aspect of your assessment, the AUU's Education and Welfare Officers are located in the Lady Symon Building and can help you with any issues you may have.

Thank you to the members of the Education Standing Committee and the Student Representative Standing Committee for their dedication and hard work for all of this year. Good luck to Leah Marrone and the new ESC for 2003. Good luck for exams and have an excellent break!

WANTED:
ONE GENERAL STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE
ON THE STUDENT CARE BOARD

ONE POSITION AVAILABLE
12 MONTH TERM

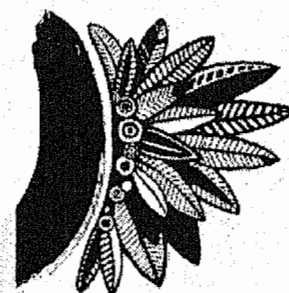
Nominations open Monday October 28,
and close 5pm Monday November 11, 2002.

For more information please call the President on
(08) 8303 5401



Apply in writing to:

SUSIE YOUNG
Union President
Lady Simon Building
Adelaide University
SA 5005



THINGS TO

Producing clever and/or offensive fashion stickers

This option is as easy as piss. All you need to do is get yourself a sheet of sticky paper (paper with one side sticky and the other not), a pen, a pair of scissors, and off you go! As far as we're concerned, the more offensive the better. For your gormless edification, included to the immediate right are some suggestions. Come up with your own or immortalise the catchphrases of the moment in sticker form. Outrageous!

Sometimes I **HURT** myself!



CUNT

Are you fucking **DUMB?**

EAT SHIT

Hey, **WATCH IT!**

Don't blame me, I voted for **★ POL POT ★**

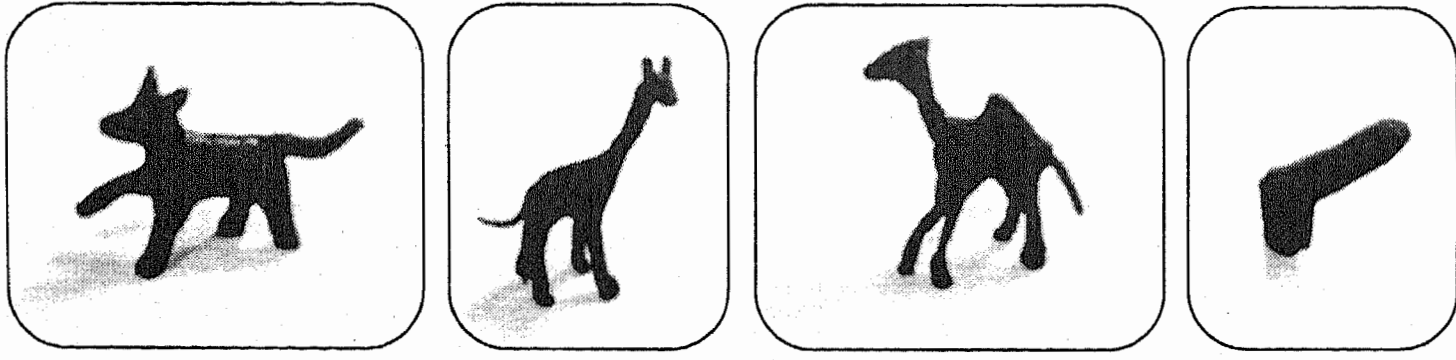
Filler Spot

The On Dee Three Dee Visor™



Modelling stuff out of discarded cheese wax

You know that malleable stuff that's used to preserve some kinds of cheese? Ever tried moulding it into various shapes? Trust us - it's a blast and a half. The trick is to approach each sculpture with no plan, then retreat into a weird zen-like zone until a procession of bizarre and disturbing creatures emerge from the creative ether. Here's some that our resident bored sculptor prepared earlier (left).



A cute doggie A friendly giraffe A crusty camel A nice big cock



Doctor Yak

Filler Spot

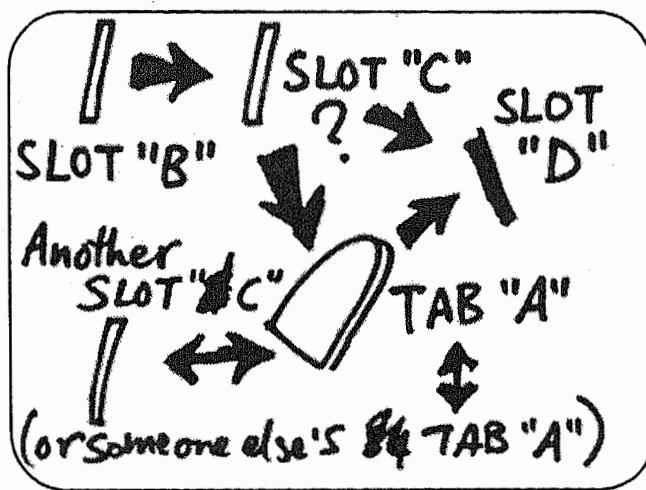
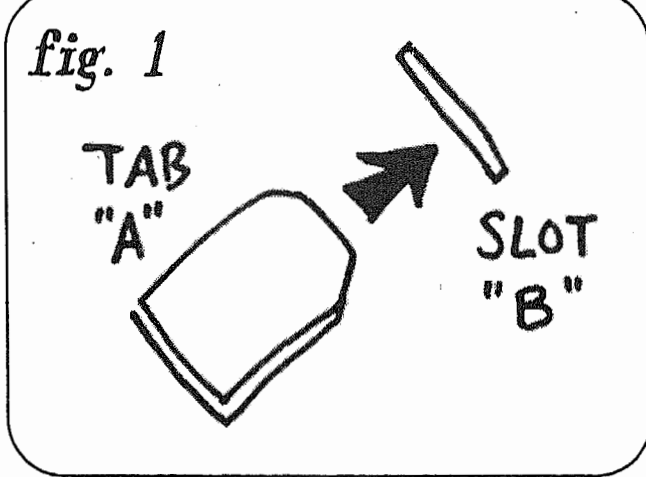
Finding it hard to procrastinate during your vital assessment period? Fear not! We here at Wayward have taken it upon ourselves to supply you with six splendiferous ways to while away those guilty hours. Have fun!

SEX

An oldie but one hell of a goodie. Sex is probably one of the best value for money pastimes around. It's straightforward, inexpensive and immensely satisfying. Coitus has the added peculiarity of giving all those involved the distinct (and largely false) impression that something is in fact being achieved. The latter quality makes it the ideal mode of procrastination. What more could a guilt-ridden slacker ask for? However, overindulgence has been known to result in shortness of breath, venereal disease and children. Yikes!

Excessive sex can also lead to alienation from friends and family, largely due to the fact that society tends to view it as a fairly private and exclusive activity. *C'est l'amour.*

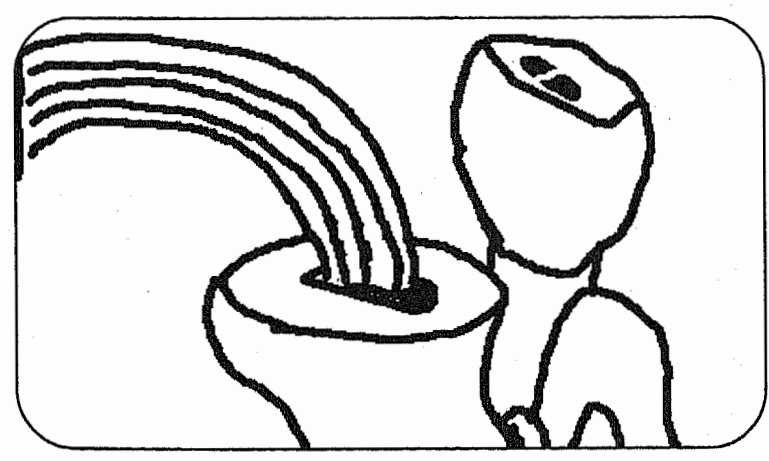
Given our shy sensibilities, we won't go into too gruesome detail. Instead, here are a few round-about instructional diagrams. The Howard Government will have you believe that there is only one kind of sex (fig 1). However, rest assured that there is a whole cosmos of permutations (fig 2) that you can try, depending on what floats your particular boat. Personally, we have serious qualms about the compatibility of slots "C" and "D". But, you know, whatever.



Professor George

Filler Spot

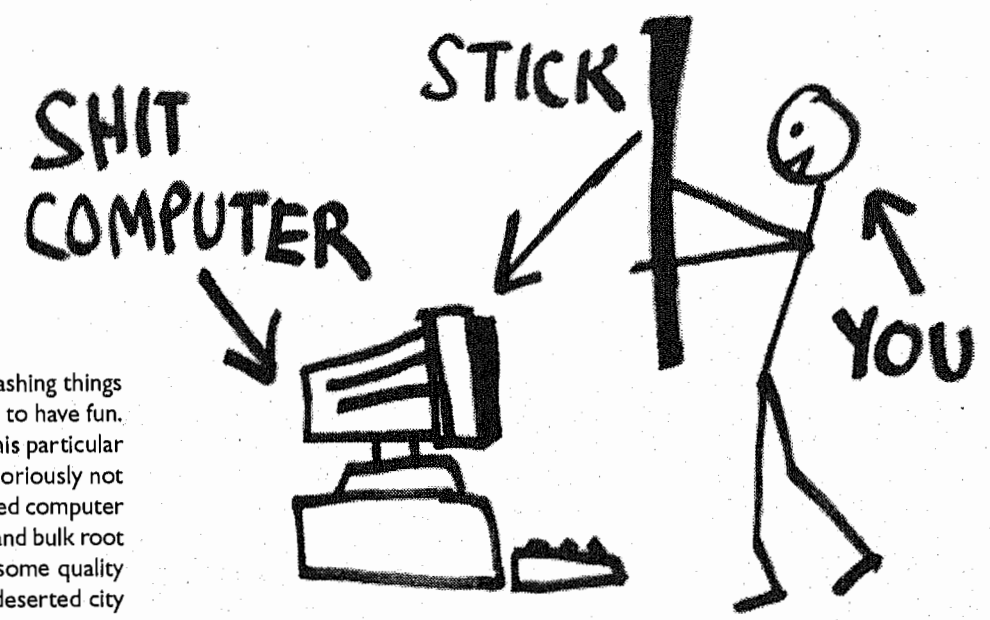
Here's the deal. Cut out or otherwise detach the above panorama from the page. Get a medium sized lamp shade and paste the resulting strip on the inside. Now wear the lampshade over your face, put some pleasant ambiencia on the stereo, become mildly drunk and sit somewhere with a pervading odour of faintly rotting vegetables. There you have it! All the charm of the On Dit office without actually having to do any work. Now spin the lampshade to simulate the effect of turning your head and talk to the characters you see. Don't be disconcerted by Bonnie being in two places at once; she has that effect on people.



"The Rainbow Serpent"

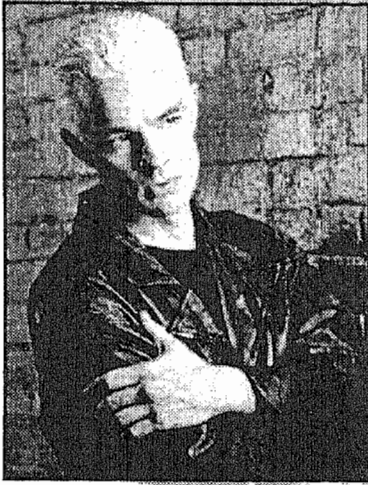
Here's a challenge you can take up with a friend or by yourself. The aim of the game is to collect the whole spectrum of urine colours in glass vials, freezer bags or whatever takes your fancy. Here are some Wayward tips to get you started: Asparagus is good for the range of green to yellow, vitamin B tablets for yellow to orange and beetroot for crimson to floral shades of pink. If you happen to find anything that's good for a blue tinge, let us know, we're dying to find out!

Bashing things with sticks (our favourite)



If you haven't already discovered the joy of bashing things with sticks, then you obviously have no idea how to have fun. Of course, there are a number of variations on this particular theme, some of them organised, some of them gloriously not so. Our personal favourite victims include discarded computer peripherals, spoiled melons, other people's shoes and bulk root vegetables. If you don't believe us, try spending some quality time with a box of potatoes, a seven iron and a deserted city street. Trust us.

MAKE AND DO



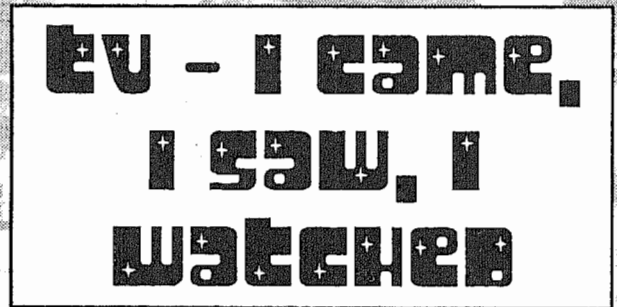
This is the end of another year of television, and it also marks the end of a year of television columns written by someone who in all honesty doesn't watch much herself. You see, no one else wanted the thankless job, so I was the lucky editor assigned to it. I won't say that it hasn't been fun, because it certainly has given me an outlet

to write about my favourite obsession (*Buff*, if you have had your head under a rock and haven't noticed). It has, however, been difficult writing about television when I really don't watch that much of it. That is after all what God invented the DVD player for.

So what have I been excited over this year? Well, my pick for the best television of 2002, would surprisingly not be *Buff* (oh the horror!), even though it was certainly, along with *Angel*, my favourite. To be fair and impartial, I would have to place my vote for the fabulously dark *Six Feet Under*, which I am hoping will return to our screens sometime next year. It would be a woeful day for the world of the small screen if this innovative and highly

unusual show did not return. Where else could you witness embalming fluid being stolen by high school students, mothers taking ecstasy tablets which were stored with the aspirin, and funeral directors attacking people picketing outside the funeral of an AIDS victim.

As to what else I have watched, my other pick of the year would have to be the Lifestyle Channel. Yes, not only have I outed myself as a long time fan of *The Bill* (mmmm, truncheons!), but I have also aired my lifestyle shows obsession. I just can't get enough of that home



improvement, cooking goodness. *Real Rooms*, *Changing Rooms*, *Chefs In The City*, *The Village*, even *Huey's Cooking Show* in a pinch. Why am I so fascinated by segments on how to grill sausages correctly? I mean, for one thing, I am a vegetarian who finds the whole idea of sausages appalling. Is it just the soporific effect of step by step instructions, or is it the idea that these handy hints could improve my life? Well, I haven't started redecorating yet,

and I still like to eat those lovely packets of rice that just require a cup of water and three minutes in the microwave.

And what do we have to look forward to for the summer? Absolutely bugger all, of course. I am still hoping for the return of *Now And Again*. I don't know if I am the only person in Adelaide who actually remembers this show, but it was something that I got addicted to over the summer. It was the story of a man (John Goodman), who is hit by a train and has his brain implanted in the body of a super man. The show was essentially about the fact that he was not allowed to see his family, but he attempted to contact them many times. The season finale was a cliff hanger, ending with his escape with the family, with the FBI hot on his heels. So what happens next! I need to know, you can't just leave me hanging here!

Poptart is an exceedingly reluctant columnist



SEX AND THE SINGLE STUDENT



Newspapers getting busy.

As it may have become apparent to you by now, this is the final edition of *On Dit* for the year. Alas, this also means that this will be the final voice of sexual clarity for you all in this time of confusion. I know it will be hard for some of you to come to terms with this harsh reality as I realise that I have been somewhat of a mentor to the young and inexperienced on campus throughout the year. However, if you would like to keep on sending me your quirky sexual woes, I will more than happily reply to as many letters as my busy schedule will allow. Please ensure that you enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for these matters. With the end of the university year rapidly approaching, I wonder whether the kids down in the *On Dit* office will suffer the loss of the paper as deeply as their sex lives have suffered over the year through many late nights down in the office. So today I pose the question, was it all worth it?

Is *On Dit* Better Than Sex?

"Why not combine the two and have some raunchy sex on top of a pile on *On Dits*. Great for soaking up bodily fluids..."

- **Linda Rust, Editor.**

"Did you know that Oprah backwards spells Harpo and that is because her mother dated two of the Marx brothers and she named her daughter after the one she didn't get but made it backwards so people wouldn't know. Don't tell her I told you."

- **Mikey Fyfe, Editor.**

"I don't mind what people do with their *On Dit*, just as long as they don't try it on me!"

- **Jenny Kalionis, Editor.**

"*On Dit* is maybe better than sex but it is definitely not better than Ky Chow!"

- **Melissa Vine, Literature Sub-Editor.**

"To be perfectly honest, I don't find either particularly satisfying!"

- **Tristan Mahony, Opinion Sub-Editor.**



On Dit group sex - they sure are a randy lot!

"Ideally both would involve Stan and Gemma."

- **Bonnie Cruikshank, Advertising Manager.**

"I'd better not answer that. My mum might be reading this!"

- **Gemma Clark, Opinion Sub-Editor.**

"I would say, why not try both? Why not lay out wayward pages whilst hilt deep, thrusting vigorously? If a consenting adult cannot be found, there's no problem. Don't tell the rest of the office, but some; nay most of my best work is done whilst fingering the pork flute. Play on, I say!"

- **Yak Rozitis, Wayward Sub-Editor.**

"I don't know. At least you can be guaranteed to get *On Dit* once a fortnight. I'd have to say.... Yagush."

- **Clementine Ford, Wayward Sub-Editor.**

"Well, I've read *On Dit* before..."

- **Matty Osborn, Music Sub-Editor.**

"For starters, there's no embarrassing squelching or sticky moistness involved in reading *On Dit* (well, not the way I read it!)"

- **Mikey Bourlotos, Local Music Sub-Editor.**

"Well, *On Dit's* look does change with every new edition, and variety is the spice of life after all. Although, sex is pretty damm important to me. Sorry *On Dit*, you lose this round!"

- **Daniel Varricchio, Film Sub-Editor**

"*On Dit* is O.K. but who are we kidding? I guess I must just have better sex than everyone else down in the office."

- **Victoria Hammond, Madame Vespa.**

Madame Vespa's Final Thoughts

Well, I guess we now all know why those involved with *On Dit* put so much of their sweat and tears into this student paper. They are all in desperate need for some good old fashioned whizz bang, boom boom boom let's go back to my room sex. That definitely explains some things. Let this be a timely message for us all. Sex, in my opinion is vital for the well being of all students. Good sex, bad sex, it's all sex, so get out there Tiger and get some! I guess this is it for yet another year, until next time, take care of yourselves and each other and enjoy your holidays!

Summer lovin' and lust always

Madame Vespa.



There's always one who likes to watch.



Coopers



That's it for the year fatties. It's been a pleasure suckling on the fat of the lands for your collective pleasure. Four released belt notches later, and there are a few cats I need to give back: Gemma and Jek for many reviews; my days at boarding school for giving me a healthy lust for non-plastic food; Sportsgirl stretch denim jeans; post dinner cigarettes; the Ky Chow contingent; the Blue Moon Bar for teaching me to reach for the stars; and finally Monday night television. Time to roll out the door.

Char of the Week

THE SMITHFIELD HOTEL
MAIN NORTH ROAD

If, like me, you have parents who opt to live in the sticks, you may find yourself spending excessive time in a hot sticky car of a weekend afternoon. More likely than not, you will be a tad peckish in anticipation of the delicious roast lunch that is going to be presented to you on arrival. Unfortunately, this lunch usually occurs a further four hours later. To ease your famished hunger en route to the nest, there will be a smattering of eateries, take away joints or pubs to present to your waiting palate. The Smithfield Hotel is one such pub. Located near Gawler (find a map), The Smithfield Hotel, or the Smithie as we like to call it, is a welcome pitstop on the long arduous trek home.

The first thing you'll notice about the Smithie is the excellent parking facilities available. With plenty of spots to choose from, there'll be no need to prolong your trip any further with cumbersome walking across lots. There is a pleasant line of trees surrounding the lot with barely any rubber marks from the burnouts that no doubt occur late at night during teenage parties. The Smithie has a solid, reliable look about it and you shouldn't be scared about going inside.

There are two restaurants to choose from at the Smithie. First of all, there's the front bar. While it doesn't sport the table menus and table cloths of the main restaurant, it does have a television (with the sound down), and two pool tables. The menu is practically the same, yet a little cheaper and the bartender is a shy sweetheart who'd probably give you the shirt off of his back if you asked for it. As for the rest of the staff, chef Gemma is an amazing maestro in the kitchen. The things she can do with a seafood basket would amaze you, and frankly, I've never seen chips that crispy.

The Smithie boasts a variety of different dishes to choose from, including the standard beef and chicken schnitzels, wedges and daily soup. There's a couple of different steaks to choose from, as well as a seafood basket and a fish 'n' chips. We chose the latter two, and together they came to \$20. Prices do remain around the \$10 mark, even for the fancier steaks. There are only a couple of beers on tap, with Coopers Pale not being one of them. In fact, the only beer on tap is the Victoria Bitters, which is gross, or the Hahn Premium Light. Honestly, if you're en route to a rellie bash and you've got these two delightful treats on offer, what's the point really?

The main restaurant does offer a couple of extra menu items, including the intriguing sounding Surf'n' Turf. I'm led to believe that this is a selection of seafood accompanied by a steak. Vegetarianism doesn't really seem to be too much of a problem up north, as evidenced by the distinct lack of anything not emerging from a paddock or pond on their menu. Despite this, a pleasant afternoon is assured for those of you visiting home and in need of a pit stop. Unless you live down south that it. That's a whole 'nother story...

Eve Harrington

Bar of the Week

THE KROFFLE BAR
IMAX LANE

According to proprietor Adam Lewis, the concept of a schnapps and crepes bar is a very European thing. European or not, Lewis has cottoned on to a section of the market that was in dire need of some shaking up, especially in Adelaide. Having spent the last few years in England, Lewis has brought to Adelaide some fresh and innovative ideas that will help to further contemporise our lovely town. While Lewis plans to incorporate Belgian waffles into the menu, for the time being it serves just crepes and mainly schnapps, and also functions as an internet café.

The Kroffle Bar is located in a prime position, just around the corner from the Exeter and next to Fina Bar on IMAX Lane. As a schnapps bar, it serves the purpose of providing further choice for those punters out for a good time on a Saturday night. However, as a crepes bar it offers a delicious alternative to the usual "Yiros or Hungry Jacks" question that invariably springs up after a big night out. Stylishly designed, the Kroffle Bar not only has a delightful atmosphere, but is also features an excellent selection of music that makes a nice change from the generic pop tunes and cover bands that filter over from the Elephant and Wheelbarrow across the way.

Despite only having been open for two months, the Kroffle Bar is quickly garnering a large number of regulars. This is no doubt due to the excellent array of schnapps on offer, as well as the delicious selection of both savoury and sweet crepes. To add to this, the Kroffle Bar's prices are extremely affordable. In fact, one might go so far as to say that they're a steal. While shots of schnapps can be purchased on their own, it is probably best to opt for the more exciting 'stick'. The stick is a uniquely styled wooden paddle with space for five shots. Where there's a gimmick, there's a way and it certainly is fun handling a bat's worth of alcohol. For standard schnapps such as the usual butterscotch, melon and the supremely flavoured chocolate, you'll pay \$2.50 per shot. However, for a standard stick the price drops to \$10, or \$2 a shot. One step up from this is the premium selection. Featuring slightly less sweet flavours such as green apple, pear and wild berry (all thirst quenching and delicious) you're looking at \$4 per shot or \$15 for a stick. Whilst these can be taken simply as shots, if you're wanting to prolong the experience it's advisable to pour the shot into a tumbler of ice and merely sip it. If you're clever enough to order crepes along with your sticks, then this is the best way to go. Not only will you be assured of constant alcohol throughout your meal, but you can also take time to appreciate the various flavours on offer.

As for the crepes, you'd be a fool to miss out. With extremely generous portions at even more generous prices, Lewis has created a wonderful menu that boasts such treats as Mexican (vegetarian or non) with sour cream, frijoles, lettuce and tomatoes or the sumptuous Goodness Grecian, packed tight with fetta cheese, kalamata olives, lettuce and tomatoes. For the savoury crepes, prices vary from \$6 - \$7 and will prove to be a popular alternative to the standard grease-o-rama usually offered on Rundle Street. After your main course, there are also the dessert crepes to look forward to, not to mention the chocolate soup (\$4). Thickened slowly and served in a bowl like mug, drink the chocolate soup and you'll never look at normal hot chocolate in the same way. However, as amazing as it is, it's not a patch on the desserts.

We had crepes with hot apple and wild berries along with Anderson's Fruits of the Forest ice-cream. Decidedly large, the dessert crepes are probably best shared with your dinner companion but certainly not to be missed. The standard dessert price is approximately \$6. This is supremely excellent value considering you'll pay only a little less for a piddly slice of cake from one of Rundle Street's many generic coffee shops.

The Kroffle Bar is set to become one of the best eateries to go to in Adelaide. If you've any kind of a brain, you'll snap this opportunity up right now and rush down to IMAX Lane for your steaming bowl of chocolate soup, your stick of premium schnapps and your delicious crepes just waiting to be ordered.

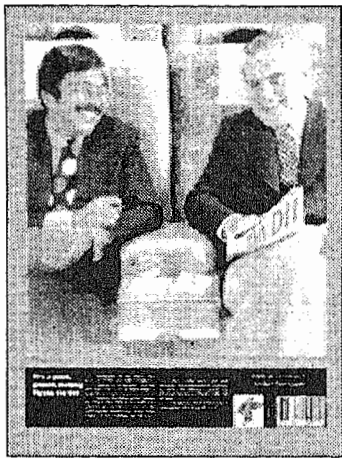
Clementine

Go to the Kroffle Bar and mention On Dit and you'll pay no more than six dollars for any of the crepes.

Australian Made, Australian Owned.

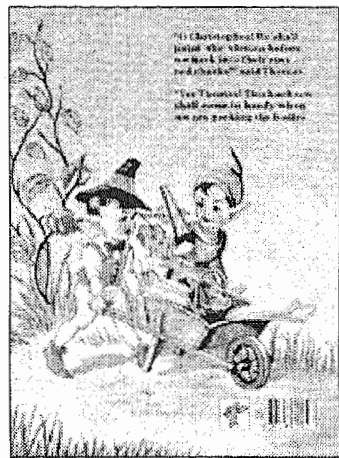
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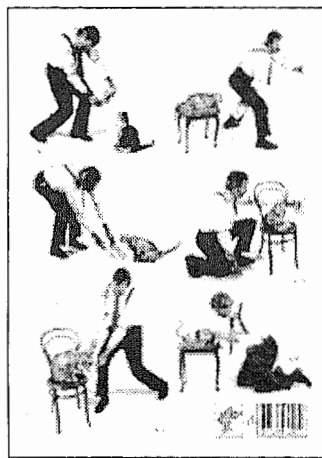
The Take-Off Edition

Got it?



The Evil Elves Edition

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The Cats Edition

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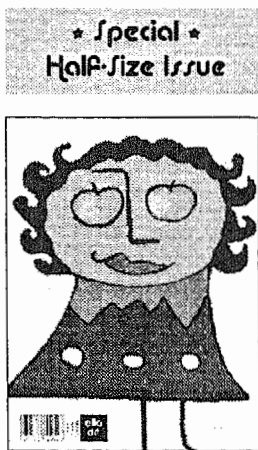
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Oprosh Magazine

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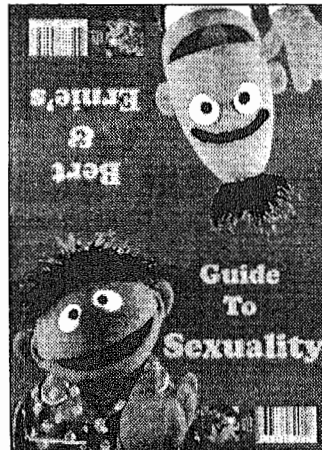
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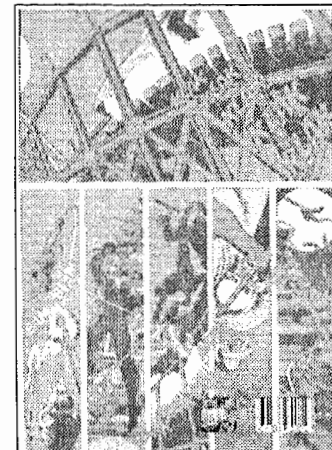
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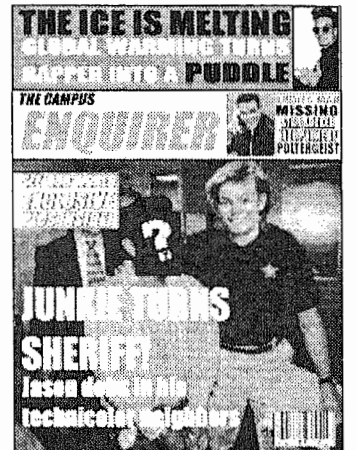
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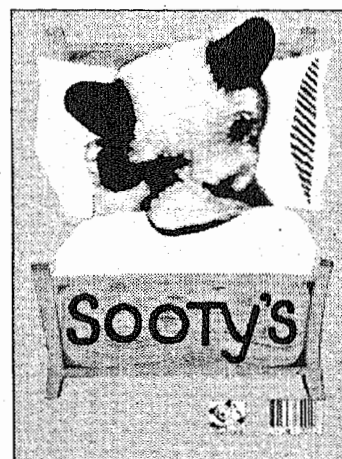
The Comic Book Edition

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The Supermarket Tabloid Edition

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The Sooty Edition

Got it?



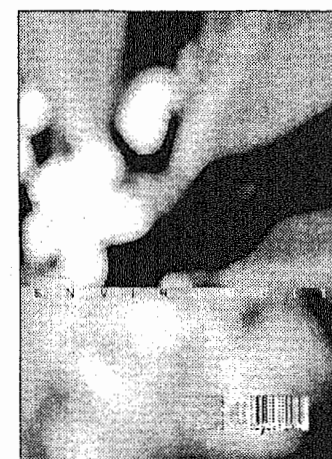
The Science Fiction Edition

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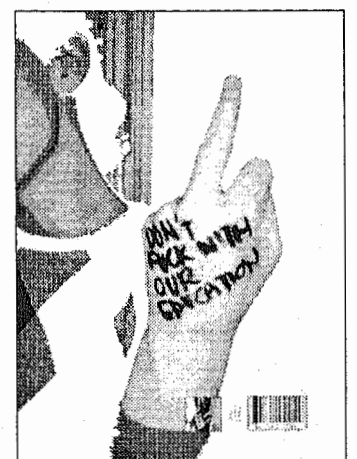
The Uniform Edition

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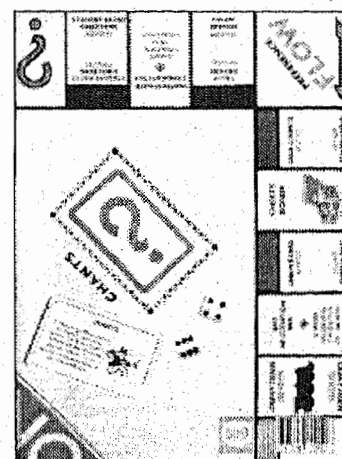
The Environment Edition

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The Education Edition

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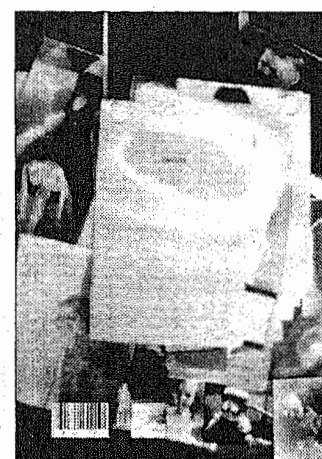
The Election Edition

Got it?



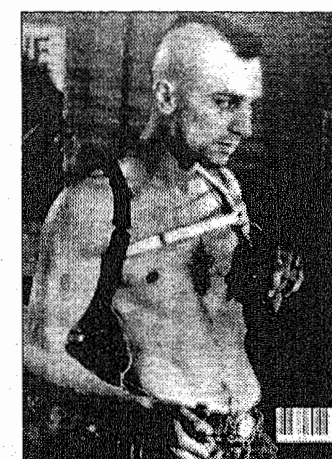
The Multicultural Edition

Got it?



The Espionage Edition

Got it?



The Apocalypse Edition or 'The World's Done Mad' or 'How I learned to stop worrying and love Dubai'

Got it?

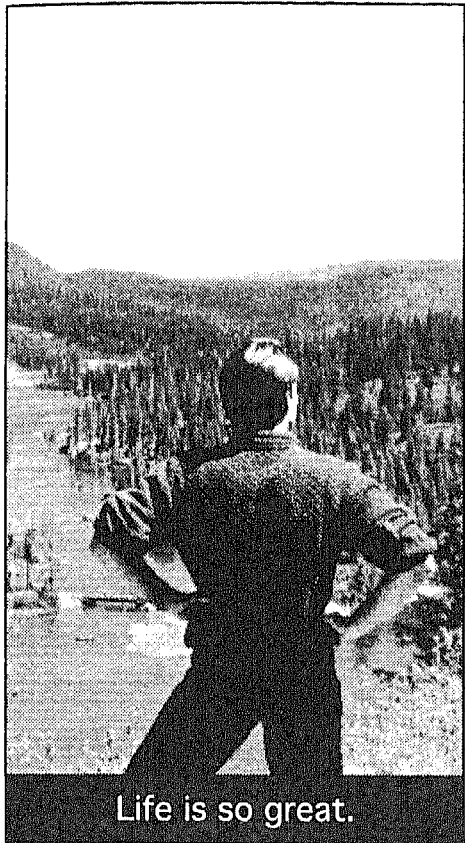
Look for the official seal:  On Dit 2002

Come down to the On Dit Office next to the Barr Smith Library anytime you see the door open to collect your missing editions.

Hurry while stocks last!

photographs of life

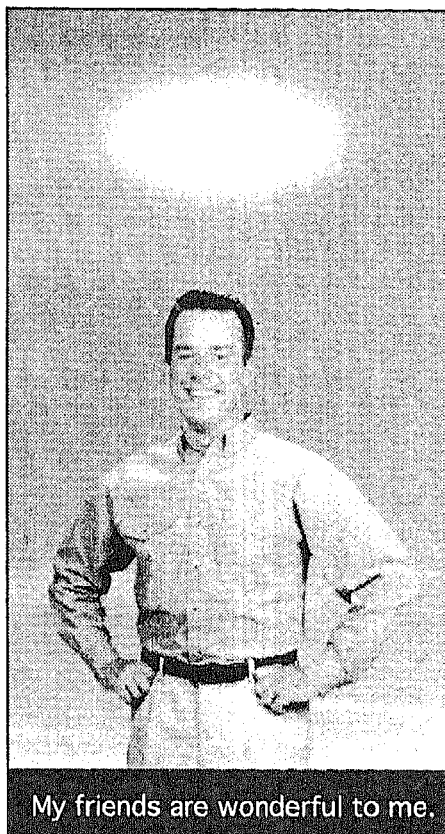
by gennifer flowers



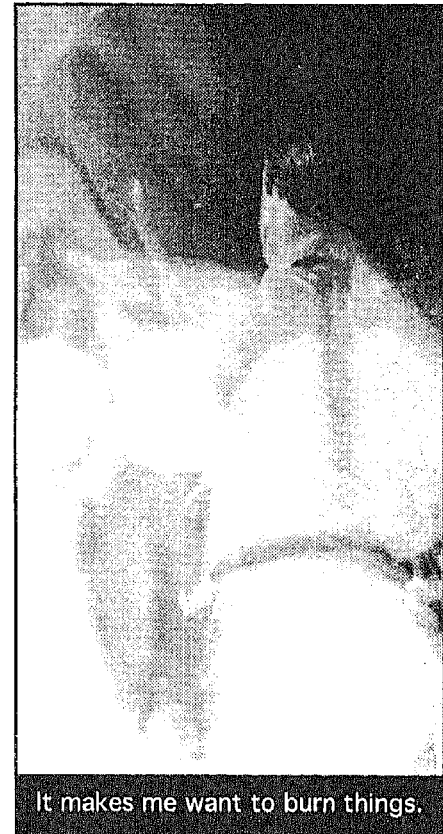
Life is so great.



Pretty animals are everywhere.



My friends are wonderful to me.



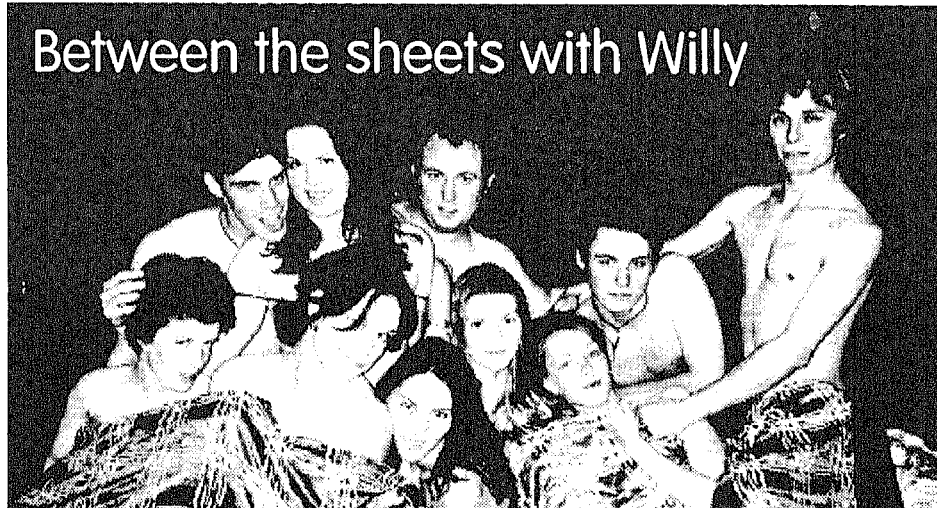
It makes me want to burn things.



Ms Flowers

Gennifer Flowers' groundbreaking new exhibition tantalises the erotic feelers of the esoteric world. Her ideas meld in a nutty cooking pot of inspiration, with a brashness inspired from her high times with the President. However, her brilliance has not ventured far enough! Full stops? No, the work must not end! Life will not be finished! The madness will consume us all! AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH Bo BO popopop booble booble bum bum.

Between the sheets with Willy



Bloody...Beautiful...Destructive...Intimate Shakespeare exposes human emotion – raw and uncensored.

Awaken your desires, delight in the darkness and bask in the beauty that is life pushed to its naked extremes....

Urban Myth's **hothouse** emerging artist's project brings you *In Bed with Shakespeare*, an exploration of some of Shakespeare's most powerful scenes experimenting with sound, movement and text to bring Shakespeare alive.

The ensemble began with varying opinions on Shakespeare's work, from those who were avid fans, to those who openly admitted to finding the language intimidating. The aim became to unlock the beauty of the language and meaning of the text to all. "We wanted to alleviate the pressure of watching Shakespeare – like when you spend so much time trying to keep up with the language that you miss the first act or end up feeling dumb,"

commented Kate Hancock, one of the 16 member ensemble.

What follows has been six months in the making, exploring the text (and each other) to rediscover what Shakespeare had to say about love, sex and sexuality in times of social upheaval. As well as set, lighting and sound design the **hothouse** ensemble also learn about the practical side of putting on a show and are responsible for their own budgets and promotion.

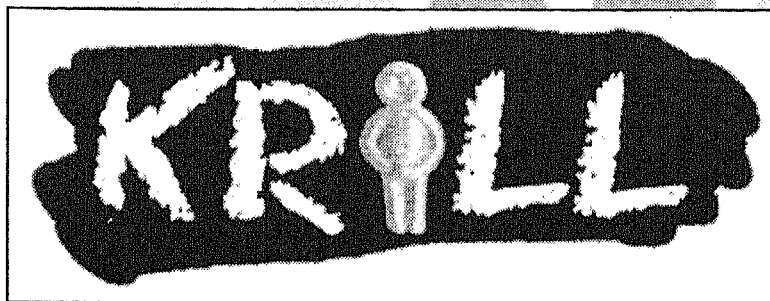
"The texts resonate with contemporary time and question our need for love and sexual expression under extreme circumstances," says director Rachel Paterson.

Support Adelaide's emerging artists and come between the sheets with **hothouse** to delve into the darkness and the serenity of Shakespeare's finest moments. Performing at the Bakehouse Theatre, Adelaide November 1-2 8pm, \$15 waged, \$10 unwaged.



TRADITIONALISM MEETS TODAY

If you liked the sound of Gennifer's new works, you'll love Walter Krondieck's new exhibition, "Abacus, cus, cus, push pineapple shake the tree". Unlock the secret's of counting, calculating, and life. Make this exhibition an exciting *addition* to your social calendar. Gluten free coffee and cake served at opening. Sorry no free list.



AIT ARTS Graduating Student Exhibition

@ LIGHT SQUARE GALLERY

roma mitchell arts education centre
39 Light Square, Adelaide, SA, 5000

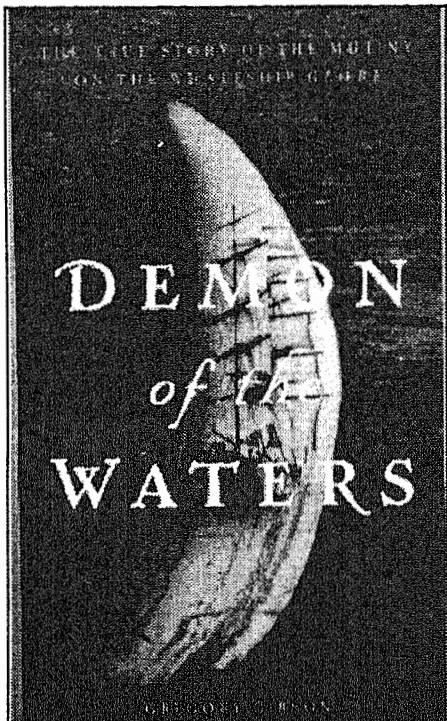
Opens - 6pm to 8pm, Wed 30th October

Concludes - Thurs 14th November

Gallery Hours - 9am to 5pm, Mon to Fri

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

For further information call Cecilie Peier 0407 864 477



Demon of the Waters
by Gregory Gibson

Published by Hodder Headline
\$24.95 rrp

The story behind the genesis of this book is almost as interesting as the subject matter. Gibson is a collector and dealer in rare manuscripts that are based around the maritime history of America, and on a visit from a book scout he came across a handwritten manuscript detailing the rescue of a band of mutineers. The manuscript was written 175 years earlier by an officer of the US Navy and detailed one of the most fascinating tales in maritime history.

A new captain is given the command on one of the finest whaling ships from the port of Nantucket (made famous by Melville's *Moby Dick*) and he makes a fatal mistake in choosing a young sailor named Samuel Comstock to take part on this voyage. A typical whaling expedition lasts for around three years, and the confines of the ship lead to formidable tensions, particularly due to Comstock's continual testing of the Captain's abilities to

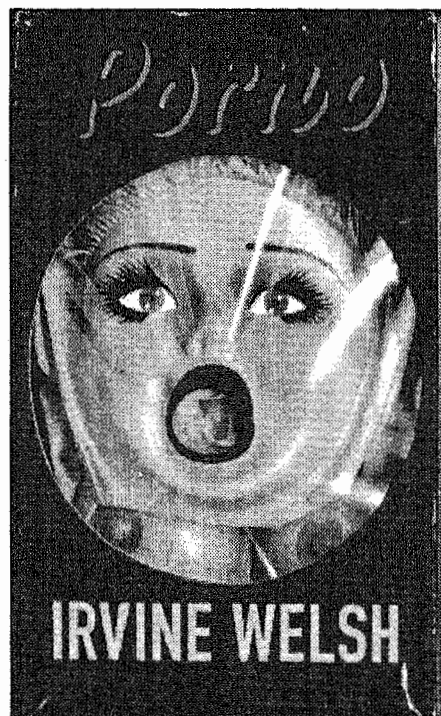
discipline his crew. The plot eventually comes to a head and with three accomplices, Comstock kills the Captain and then leads the *Globe* on a voyage to find a new home on a remote Pacific island, where Comstock believed he would rule over the native inhabitants as a King.

Things do not go completely to plan, and some of the crew are able to escape with the ship, before word spreads and the US Navy sends a crew to investigate. It is a crewman on this Navy ship that details the stories told by the surviving mutineers.

Gibson re-creates the story of the mutineers based on this manuscript and other reference materials that he was able to find, and he tells a captivating story of one of the most notorious mutinies in maritime history.

Anyone that has read *Moby Dick* will find this a very worthwhile read, as it tells the engrossing story of a unique time in America's history, where whaling was one of the most important economic resources. Mutinies were uncommon, and one of such violence and cunning as this make for a fascinating read.

Reggie



Porno

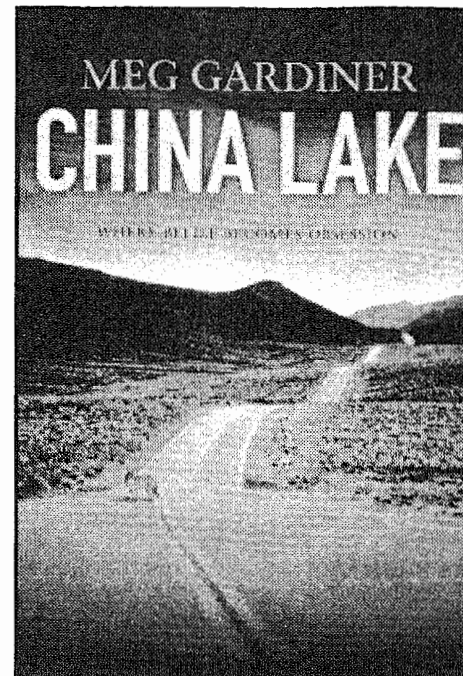
Irvine Welsh
Random House
\$24.95

If you haven't seen or at least heard of the 1996 cult movie *Trainspotting*, you're either living under a rock or you're on more drugs than the characters who were portrayed by the likes of Ewan McGregor, Jonny Lee Miller and Robert Carlyle. For the benefit of the cinematically deprived souls out there, *Trainspotting* was an intelligent, funny, disturbing and largely unconscious story of Mark Renton, played by McGregor, and his assortment of 'friends,' essentially a circle of losers, liars, psychos, thieves and junkies who were drawn together by their common journey to inevitable self-destruction. *Porno* reintroduces us to these characters, the third instalment in this series (the middle-child was *Glue*, but I haven't read it so won't try to convince you that I have).

This time, the focus of the novel shifts primarily to the dodgy dealings of Simon Williamson aka. Sick Boy, who was brought to life in film by Miller. He's returned to Edinburgh, where he grew up, in order to establish himself as a bone fide businessman, running a local pub. Fooling no one, bar the local constabulary, Sick Boy promptly embarks upon more scams than you could imagine, but his primary pursuit is filming the porn film, *Seven Rides for Seven Brothers*. Like *Trainspotting*, *Porno* doesn't attempt to glamorise the subject matter, but portrays several viewpoints in order for the reader to make the final call. It's a thoroughly entertaining journey, although the inch-and-a-half thickness of the book will immediately turn many off. Additionally, the thick accent of Francis Begbie (Carlyle) was an obstacle initially, but like subtitles, you get used to the language, even though the events aren't so easy to get comfortable with. "Ah feel muh eyebrows raise a wee bit, jist as muh gless is risin up tae this beast's ...neck. The cunt fuckin well yelps n huds ehs neck n the blood's spurtin oot aw ower the bar. Must have goat a vein or an artery. Thing is, ah didnae even fuckin well mean tae dae that tae the cunt, it wis jist a fuckin lucky bonus..."

While the love-hate relationship develops between Sick Boy and his star, the extraordinarily beautiful Nikki Fuller-Smith, what captivated me was the paranoia of Renton (who takes a much less prominent role than I expected) in relation to Begbie, whom he ripped off ten years earlier. Begbie has recently been released from gaol, but is increasingly unhinged, unpredictable and more violent than ever. During his incarceration, Begbie fell victim to one of Sick Boy's pranks, receiving gay porn on a regular basis from an anonymous source. The predator-prey relationship between Begbie and Renton propelled the narrative for me and while not wanting to spoil the story, the conclusion is fantastic and made the effort all worth it, just to see just who is screwing who (that works on several levels, okay?). If you're scared of sex, drugs, violence and rude words, don't bother, but if you want a challenging, fun and thought-provoking book, curl up to some *Porno*.

Matty



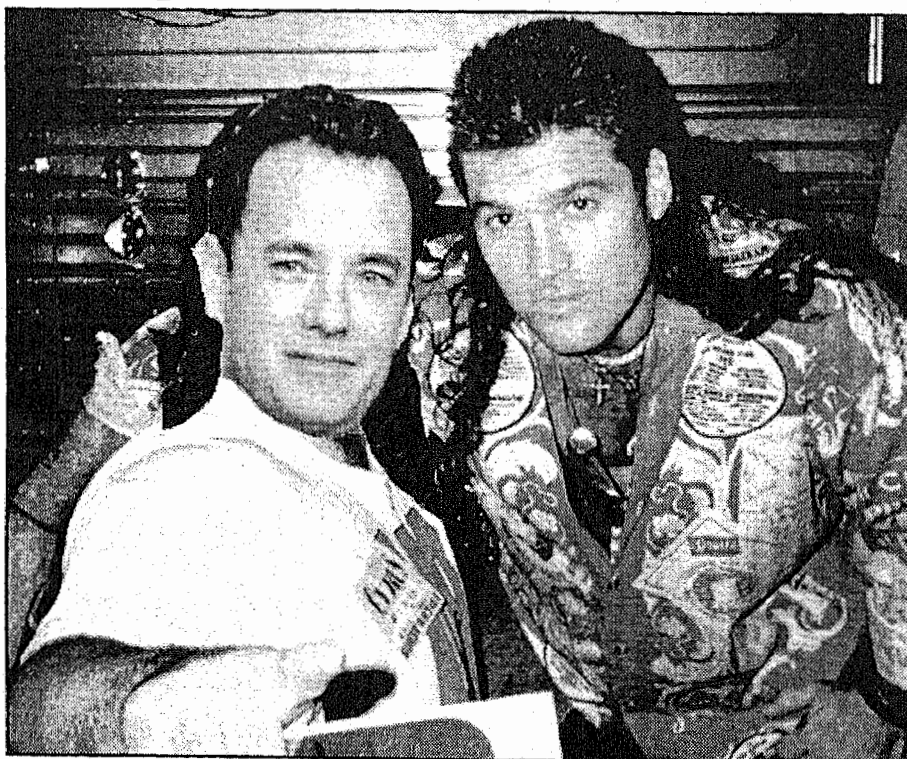
China Lake
Meg Gardiner
Hodder and Stoughton
\$29.95

China Lake is Meg Gardiner's first novel and you can tell. Her writing style was what I'll call *conversational*; she's trying to relate to the reader. Unfortunately, it seems that she thinks everyone else except her is a simpleton and her tone was, as a result, patronising at times. Strangely, one of the main characters complains about the 'dumbing down' of the American people, which I think Gardiner is contributing to. What was worse was that although she was trying to write something that was easy to read, she uses the most absurd words at times. A really absurd one was *stupefaction* when *astonishment* would have been more conversational. Nobody wants to read words that you expect to come out of the mouth of a stuck up, 1920s American high-roller's wife. With her patronising tone, and these absurd words, it seems like she's got something to prove to the literary world, which is extremely annoying.

Evan Delaney, the heroine, and Jesse, her lawyer boyfriend are too smart-arsed and pretentious to be likeable and I was hoping throughout the book that somebody would give Jesse a swift kickbox to the head. Delaney is clearly based on the author, which suggests that Gardiner has written this book as a way of making her fantasies of leading an exciting life come true. The rest of the characters lack any true inspiration and I knew that Delaney's fighter-pilot brother, Brian, would be wearing a white shirt and dog tags under his standard issue khakis before Gardiner told me exactly that.

The plot is quite twisted and while at first the twists are predictable, towards the end, things pick up. In fact, the plot picks up so much that I got over my grievance with her writing style and was completely absorbed in the complex plot. Briefly, a fanatical church group called The Remnant has announced the end of the world and Delaney must save it. This theme is forgotten in the middle of the book however, when Delaney thinks that her nephew has been selected as the chosen one for their sinister plot. Gardiner remembers that the world is under threat about three quarters of the way through the book and the plot

Separated At Birth!

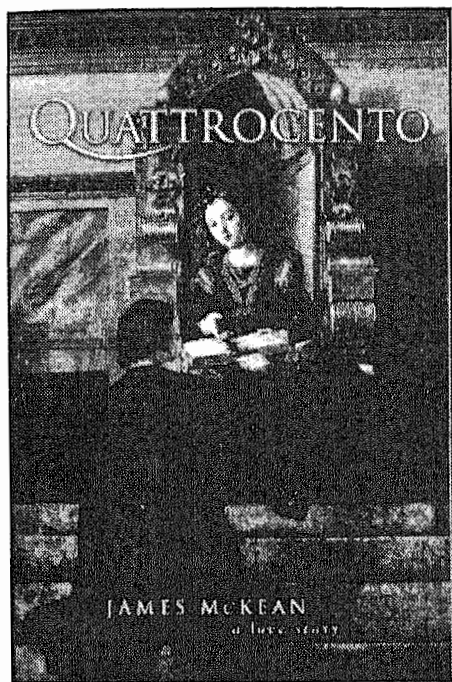


Tom Hanks recently discovered as twin brother of Billy Ray!

resumes.

If you're not too particular about the way something is written and you enjoy an intriguing plot and stereotypical characters, you'll enjoy this book. However, if American grammar gives you the runs, this book is full of it.

Painey



Quattrocento
James McKean
Hodder
\$20.95

In one word, *Quattrocento* is a pleasant book. It is easily paced, and has a romantic nature, without being the fully-fledged 'love-story' that I was in quiet dread of from the cover.

The story is of a New York art restorer Matt, who is having a recurring nightmare about being chased through a wood, pursued by a knight. He is working to restore a portrait of a beautiful woman from the Quattrocento period. He becomes enchanted by the woman, and by the stealthful assistance of a mysterious man, he finds himself projected back in time to meet her. The illustration of the world is well done and it makes a good backdrop for the story to progress upon. The characters were suitably strong, the continual banter of Rodrigo was amusing, the unrelenting aggressiveness of Leandro was menacing, and the frivolous beauty of Anna was compelling.

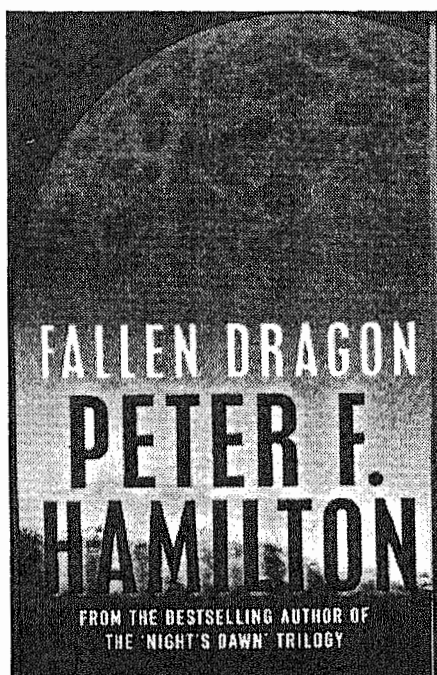
The protagonist 'Matt', or 'Matteo' as the 15th century Tuscan's liked to call him, was easy to like, and he had a passion for art which was enchantingly contagious. It is important to note that this story centres on an occurrence of time travel. I was a little disappointed with the ease in which the author allowed a modern day New Yorker, however versed in the culture of the period, to fit into medieval Italy. The only trouble he seemed to have was when he was asked where he came from.

The novel is held together more by its dedication to the finer points of art, music and later on, a layperson's explanation of quantum mechanics, than by its plot, which to be fair was really a bit thin, but it worked well to make the novel an enjoyable read. If you read this book, you will more than likely come away with a heightened appreciation of art, and when you take something from a novel it

is always good.

I would say that the author was more knowledgeable than intelligent in his construction of the story, because for all the wonder created, the intuitive details were lacking slightly. But for all its niggling flaws, I still enjoyed the time I spent reading it, and would have no problem recommending it to others. It gets three-and-a-half spuds on the spud review.

Mark Crowder



Fallen Dragon
Peter F. Hamilton
Macmillan
\$19.95

Think Tom Clancy crossed with a left-wing version of Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* where the troopers are (mostly) the bad guys. And in the 24th century they wear armour made out of meat. They've come down from space on the colony of Thallspring to forcibly extract dividends for the Zantiu-Braun corporation, which has acquired the planet from the company which put up the capital to settle it. Only a small band of rebels backed by mysteriously powerful technology stands in their way.

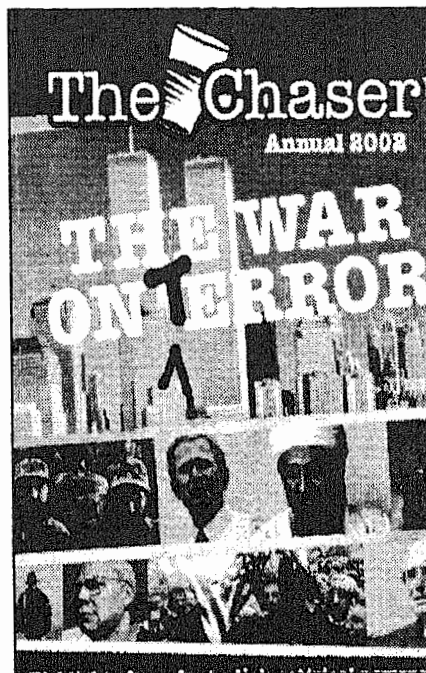
This story takes over 800 pages to tell. Along the way we get to see a broad view of future civilisation spread out amongst the stars, all informed by a very harsh and sometimes quite nasty understanding of human nature and illustrated with countless pieces of high-tech gadgetry. Hamilton goes into a lot of detail, especially when he's describing spacecraft or the workings of the interstellar economy, but his writing is fast-paced and very hard to stop reading. Numerous flashbacks and digressions somehow don't manage to interrupt the action enough to make it any less gripping.

As entertaining as most of the book is, it does run into trouble at the end. It's as if Hamilton wrote the first 600 pages expecting to have as many again to finish off in (some of his earlier books have made it to about 1200) but ran out of time and crammed it all into merely 200. It is still a lot of pages, but not enough to adequately tie off the many strands of plot floating around by this stage. Also, the book as a whole could have done with better editing; among other idiosyncrasies, Hamilton has an odd aversion to semicolons and uses

commas instead.

I was impressed enough by *Fallen Dragon* to buy his earlier, and much longer, *The Reality Dysfunction* (still available, although be sure to get the full UK edition rather than the inexplicably more expensive US half-editions). If you're looking for some marginally intelligent but not too taxing science fiction I can recommend either.

Linley Henzell



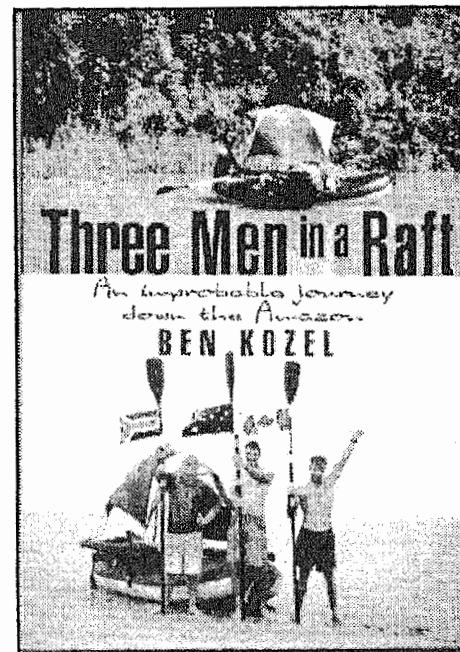
The Chaser Annual 2002: "The War on Terror"
Text Publishing

Anyone who's been reading *The Chaser*, "Australia's Satirical Newspaper," anytime over the last year will have a fair idea what this book is about, seeing as it's a compilation of articles and other material printed in *The Chaser* in 2002. It's a bit like an Australian version of the US's *The Onion* (a debt acknowledged in this volume) with slightly lower production values and a slightly greater willingness to be gratuitously offensive - some of the editors used to run Sydney Uni's student newspaper, *Honi Soit*. You may also know it from its TV show, *CNNN*, which shows Thursday nights on the ABC. Basically, it's a send-up of a real newspaper, complete with news, commentary, reviews and all sorts of other stuff.

Sometimes in amazingly poor taste ("Palestine Lifeline admits poor record on suicide," "Images of baby Christ arouse US bishops," "Nancy Crick's how-to-host-a-Euthanasia", etc) and proudly showing off its critics on the back cover ("About as funny as a breech birth" - Tim Blair of the *Daily Telegraph*) *The Chaser Annual 2002* is often amusing and occasionally hilarious. And every few pages there's something which will make you think 'I can't believe they got away with this.'

As an introduction to *The Chaser's* brand of humour you'd be better off getting a copy of the paper itself (the only place I can find it is in the newsstand outside the GPO on King William Street), but this compilation would make a good gift for the uninitiated as well as a handy reference if you ever find yourself wondering what people were laughing at in early '02.

Linley Henzell



Three Men in a Raft
Ben Kozel
Pan Macmillan Australia
\$30.00

What are you doing these coming holidays? Working off your HECS debt? Well, why don't you join the *Three Men in a Raft* on their journey down the Amazon river? Yep, the South African Scott Borthwick, Canadian Colin Angus and the author himself, Australian Ben Kozel are now part of the elite group of six people who have finished this treacherous expedition.

Travelling first on foot to its source then on a four by one and a half metre inflatable raft, affectionately named *Los Labios* (meaning 'lips' because the red raft looked like a pair of fat red lips from high above), was no easy task. Using what little knowledge of Spanish they possessed, a 50-year old map of the ever changing region, and a good dose of guessing, their chances seemed rather slim. Not to mention constant threat from the malaria carrying mosquitos, the unpredictable rapids and the dispute between the local guerrilla force and the military.

Written from Kozel's point of view, this book doesn't glorify the experience or attempt to lecture you on how to survive in a similar situation. It's simply an account of a trio of ordinary guys who decided to do something extraordinary. Interweaved through Kozel's description of their everyday tasks, were some brief reports of the Amazonian history, politics and living conditions of the natives. Their encounters with 'jungle juice' (wink, wink), the Amazonian nightlife and the women in the villages they visited were quite humorous and provided some relief from the everyday 24-hour co-existence.

I found this book quite effortless to read and it honestly made me feel a part of the three men team. You share their happiness when they find a source of drinkable water and fear when they come face to face with various jungle diseases. But the thing that struck me as most surprising was the conclusion they each arrived at in the end. Without spoiling it for you, all I can tell you is that this may not be the last we hear from the trio. I give this book a 3.25 because it did get a tad monotonous at parts, plus a 0.25 for the fact that it included so many photos!

Agnieszka

BLURRED

Blurred is the first film about that peculiar Australian tradition known as Schoolies Week. I recently had the chance to chat with two members of the ensemble cast – Nathalie Roy (Freda) and Craig Horner (Pete) while they were in town.

Since the film is based around Schoolies, I asked the pair if either of them actually experienced Schoolies Week themselves. Although Nathalie hadn't had the opportunity as she was 16 when she finished her HSC, Craig "did the whole Schoolies thing – I'm 19, I'm a Brissie boy, so it was pretty common for everyone there to do the schoolies thing. It's a huge event. You have to admit that half the movie doesn't even actually take place at Schoolies. It does seem to be marketed as a movie about Schoolies, but it doesn't matter if it is Schoolies, spring break or Victor Harbor. It's just where every kind of kid meets up for one last kind of goodbye. The element that everybody goes through at schoolies is breaking free and trying to find your responsibilities, losing your bonds and being with your friends. I think it was very accurate in that respect. I don't think that it tried to make it light hearted or cover up any touchy issues. I think that this teen film, unlike a lot of other teen films from the US, is kept truthful. Most of those other American films are so unbelievable, but this has still kept its truthfulness and Australian integrity at the same time." Nathalie agrees, saying "I think part of the strength of the film was that it was grounded in reality because it has those flashes of documentary style footage, when they actually filmed Schoolies Week last year. So we are making a film but it is intercut with reality. So it is quite interesting in terms of that juxtaposition"

Nathalie recalls that the casting process for *Blurred* was different to the usual audition system. "I auditioned at the end of the year, and they did a really interesting workshop process. This was completely different. I had two characters to read for and when I went there they had a group of about 15 actors, and each hour they had another group of maybe 15 actors coming through, and then if they liked you they kept you on. So it was almost like a drama school audition. I only liked the character of Freda, and I didn't want the character of Lynette, so I refused to learn the lines for her. When they said 'who wants to audition for Lynette' I was slinking in the corner. I got cast from that audition, and I think that I was one of the first girls cast." Craig actually found out about the movie through the director Evan Clarry.

"I was doing a TV series called *Cybergirl* for eight months and that's where I met Evan Clarry. He was doing some directing on *Cybergirl* at the time, and trying to get this script off the ground, trying to get some funding for it. And I was going to my first Schoolies experience at the time, and Evan asked for some feedback about it. When I came back I read it and wanted to be a part of it. Time went by, it got approval, it got funding, and I wanted to audition for it. The character I ended up playing was the character I wanted, and it was a complete kerfuffle because my agent told Evan that I was in Sydney when I was actually in Brisbane. After the Sydney audition I got a call from Evan who said 'where the hell are you, you were supposed to come to the Sydney audition?' I asked him 'what the hell are you talking about, I'm supposed to come to the Brisbane audition.' Luckily because he knew who I was and he knew that I had some kind of talent and wanted me for that part he managed to give me a personal audition. I have had a lot of those close calls. My first audition for anything I got, which was just luck, I just fell flat on my arse. I couldn't really have asked for anything better. That's the thing with acting - there are so many different angles that you can come in on, but none of them are certain at all. And maybe there is some sort of backdoor shenanigans way of getting in but we will leave that one alone... oh, the memories!"

With such a young ensemble cast you would imagine the set to have been a fun place to be. Craig remembers "we all got friendly at the start, we had a big dinner to get to know one another. We sat at a table together and read the

script to get the feel of the movie as a whole. There was definitely the choice there if you wanted to meet up, or just go home and chill. I personally tried to meet everybody and get along with everybody. I didn't get to know Nathalie very well, and the end scene of us together was on the second day of shooting, so we didn't even know each other, which was kind of cool in a way. It worked because we didn't know each other in the movie. Also for our characters it was a really critical moment when we had just forgotten about everything."

For Nathalie, it was much less of a communal experience. "My storyline was very much with the guys and by myself, and I didn't even get to interact with my friends on the phone, so I got along with the guys really well. On Valentine's Day they all gave me little presents because they knew that I was away from my partner, and they were just like, it's really nice to be able to give someone a Valentine's Day present. I've still got plastic roses in my kitchen that are from them. The only other time I saw the rest of the cast was at the beginning."

Working on a movie like *Blurred* is a change of pace for both actors, as they have previously done a lot of work in television. I asked whether television allows a character to become better developed. Craig feels that "you can really get comfortable with a character when you do it for a while, you can just walk in after reading the script and do the character. Which is good in a way but you have to keep the energy going, otherwise you get lazy. Everyone gets into the groove on a series and everyone gets along very well. Film goes so fast but there's something about it that it's somehow part of a bigger story, and you get more chances to get the one tiny moment right."

For Nathalie, it depends what kind of series. "If you are on the type of show where you are one of the four main characters, and then you have a lot of guest characters come in, like on a detective show, it's almost hard to develop the character because you are always doing the same sorts of things. So I think that it's great when a television actor can develop the character past the regularity of what they are doing every week. I think that film really does give you the opportunity to really work on the tiny parts of your character. I wouldn't say that that is necessarily the case with *Blurred*, because it was one of the fastest things that I have worked on. I was on the same location the whole

time – I was captured between those walls. For me it was really fast, but film does give you the opportunity to really stretch yourself, merely because television is so fast."

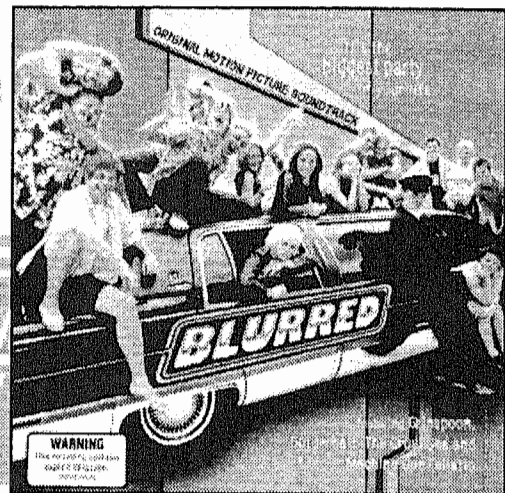
It is not often that a film like *Blurred*, with a large cast of young actors, gets made. I asked Nathalie how steady work is for actors in Australia. "I've worked in the industry for five years, and I think that there are times when you roll from one thing to another, but I had a period where I had almost a year of not much at all. Sometimes that just might be the fact that you are between age groups, or your look might be changing, or productions have suddenly dried up for a while. I think that you just have to have a life outside of the industry, if you don't have a life outside you get sucked up by the industry. Working on *Sample People* was fantastic, that was my first feature film, but I think that I am a lot more confident about *Blurred*. With *Sample People*, we kind of thought that it was going to be the next Big Thing, and it had such a fantastic cast with Kylie Minogue and Ben Mendelsohn. But it was a great learning experience, that you can be in a film and it can be great while you are in it but that doesn't necessarily guarantee you work afterwards. I think with *Blurred* I just loved doing the work. It's fantastic that *Blurred* is getting released, and I guess we will just see what happens."

Craig too, is happy with the finished product. "I know that this sounds really lame, but it really is a good movie. When I got a part I made a conscious effort of not reading anybody else's parts, simply because my character doesn't know what is going on and it creates spontaneity. I really wanted to see it as an audience member, on the big screen

for the first. You always try to separate yourself from the character but it's really hard. It's only when you start to get the positive feedback from the audience members that don't know you, that's when you start to feel good about it."

Blurred is out in cinemas now. Make sure you catch it for a uniquely Australian view on growing up, partying hard and finding new friends.

Poptart



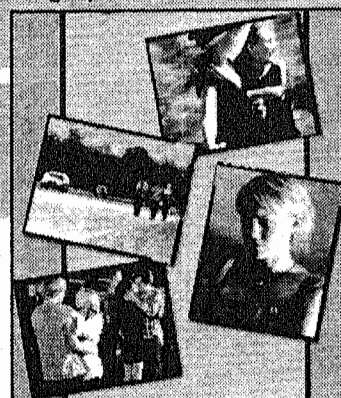
Blurred
Now Showing
Cinemas Everywhere

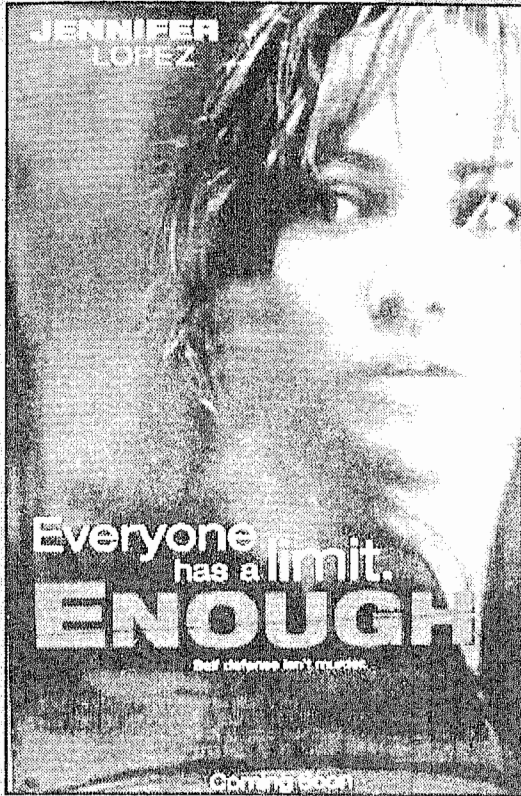
If, like me, you didn't get the opportunity to take part in Schoolies Week, then *Blurred* will give you a taste of what the event can be like. This film by new director Evan Clarry focuses on several groups of teenagers as they head for the Gold Coast for a week of celebration following their final exams. Of course nothing goes exactly according to plan, and the journey proves to be more important than the actual holiday itself.

Perhaps the most amusing of the groups featured in the film are Wayne and Calvin (Travis Cotton and Mark Priestly), two country boys on their way to the Coast with a car full of beer and condoms, which they inevitably smash into a sign. Their attempts to hitchhike, and their subsequent meeting with the grotesque Pig Man are some of the funniest in the movie. Then there is Bradley, who decides to break up with his long-term girlfriend Jillian (Jessica Gower) for Schoolies Week because "all the boys are doing it." Not content to take this lying down, Jillian grabs the nearest guy to wreak her revenge. Meanwhile Lynette, Pete and Danny get themselves kicked off a bus by playing their music too loudly. Left without their luggage and their ride to the Coast, this trio of friends soon learns the precarious nature of high school relationships. Freda (Nathalie Roy) is left waiting in her Gold Coast apartment for her two private school friends Yolanda and Amanda, who are getting busy with their limo driver Mason (a particularly lecherous Matthew Newton). The question remains – are any of these people actually going to reach the Coast in time to enjoy Schoolies?

Blurred will be particularly amusing for those who have recently experienced the joys of Schoolies Week, either at Victor Harbor or at the Gold Coast. The film does have over-arching themes of the nature of friendship and what happens during the transition period from school to university. The standard for acting displayed is impressive, and it is refreshing to see such an ensemble cast, a rare thing in Australian cinema. It is particularly interesting to see Matthew Newton playing so well against type as Mason, a limo driver who looks rather fetching in a little black dress. Catch this one and get yourself into the mood for Summer.

Poptart





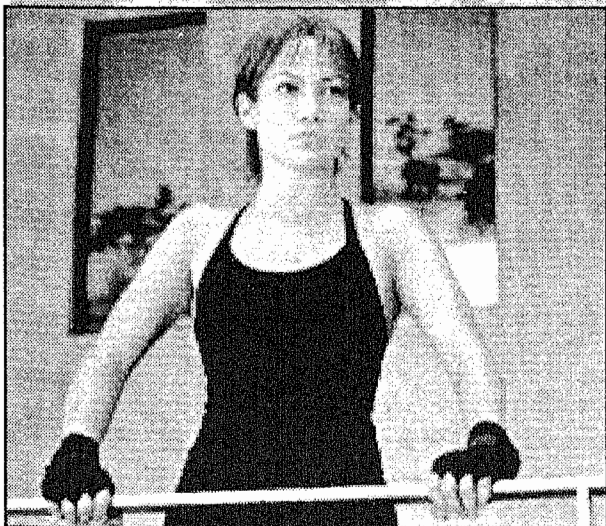
Enough
Now Showing
Cinemas Everywhere

For those of you who only know of Jennifer Lopez through her singing, you may be surprised that the girl can actually act quite well. Even though she has not chosen her roles particularly wisely recently (did anyone see *Angel Eyes*? I thought not), movies like the steamy *Out Of Sight* show exactly what she can do when given the right role. *Enough* sees JLo as a particularly gutsy woman who discovers after a few years of marriage that her husband has a darker side. In a rather daring escape, Slim (JLo) leaves her husband, taking her young daughter with her to start a new life. Unfortunately, her husband is not prepared to take it without a fight, and Slim is forced to continually change towns and identities, forever looking over her shoulder with her husband one step behind.

The audience at the Capri for the preview screening were certainly behind the character of Slim all the way, clapping and cheering her on as she finally decides to stand and fight for her freedom. Although the story is highly improbable in some parts, the suspense more than makes up for these gaps in logic. JLo really shines as Slim, maintaining an air of both fragility and strength necessary for the character. She has ample support from Juliette Lewis as her best friend, and Dan Futterman as her ex boyfriend.

While I wouldn't recommend any victim of domestic violence following the example set by the film, it does highlight the intense pain caused by abuse, and shows how inner strength can triumph against defeat. If you haven't had a dose of girl power lately, make sure that you catch this film - you will be sure to leave the cinema energised and ready to fight the good fight. Just make sure that it is with words and not fists.

Poptart



My Big Fat Greek Wedding
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas

Hot on the heels of other such multicultural features as *Bend It Like Beckham* and *What's Cooking* comes this delightful offering from Nia Vardalos. American-Greek Vardalos adapted the screenplay from her one woman show and luckily caught the attention of producer Rita Wilson. Wilson and her husband, Tom Hanks, went about the process of producing what has turned out to be a fine comedy.

Vardalos plays Toula Portokalos, a waitress in her family's Greek restaurant. Apparently stuck for the rest of her life, Toula has to endure such comments from her family as, "You're looking...old" and "Toula will always be around to run the restaurant." Not surprisingly, what Toula really wants is some adventure and romance in her life. After persuading her father to allow her to return to college, the thirty year old Toula manages to get a job in her aunt's travel agency. Bolstered by the support of her mother and aunt, hilariously played by Laine Kazan and Andrea Martin, Toula blossoms into a confident independent woman. When she meets Gus (John Corbett) a sexy yet decidedly un-Greek teacher, she embarks upon a secret relationship that will surely shatter her strict family once they find out. After all, as Toula says, "Nice Greek girls are supposed to do three things in life: marry Greek boys, make Greek babies and feed everyone until the day we die." However, once the pair decide to get married, Toula's family slowly warms to the idea and the culmination is one over the top, fru fru Big Fat Greek Wedding!

Nia Vardalos has written an amusing script full of larger than life characters and snappy performances. Whilst it is a little hard to swallow her rapid transformation from "Frump Girl" to the new and improved Toula (worthy enough of attracting the attention of John Corbett), this is slight in comparison to the strength of the rest of the film. Her family is not portrayed as a stereotype, with the ability to show depth of character clearly being given free reign. Look out for her cousin Nicky, wonderfully played by Australian Gia Carides. *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* is a delightful comedy less about Greek idiosyncrasies than the kind of farcical situations any family may find themselves in. Lightweight and funny, you'll be laughing all the way to the parthenon!

Clementine



COMING SOON

Sure, we've all got exams coming up, but you may want to check out some of these upcoming films to bypass your fears of failure and make procrastination worthwhile.



Red Dragon

Sir Anthony Hopkins reprises his role as Hannibal "The Cannibal" Lecter, in this prequel to *Silence of The Lambs*, aided by an all star cast including Edward Norton, Ralph Fiennes, Emily Watson, and Phillip Seymour Hoffman.



Black & White

Shot right in our home town, *Black & White* is based on the actual events of the 1959 trial of South Australian Aboriginal man Rupert Max Stuart (David Ngoombujarra), falsely accused of rape and journalist by the name of Rupert Murdoch who rallies behind him. Robert Carlyle from the *Full Monty* plays David O'Sullivan, the lawyer fighting for Stuart's defence, alongside local talent Kerry Fox, Ben Mendelsohn and Colin Friels.

Murder by Numbers

Sandra Bullock returns to big screen in this psychological thriller as a homicide detective investigating the murder of a woman found dumped in the woods. Two young rich kids are the prime suspects, but is all what it seems?

Dawson's Creek fans may be excited at the inclusion of Michael Pitt (who plays Henry on the show) in the cast.

Crackerjack

Australian funny man Mick Molly (with *Secret Life of Us* star Samuel Johnston and Judith Lucy in tow) brings us *Crackerjack*, a comedy about lawnbowls, and erm, stuff. It may not sound groundbreaking, but in today's climate of bombs, hostages and WMD wielding terrorists, maybe a little light-hearted escapism is just what you need.



Dan V. farewells his loyal fans with the traditional one finger salute.

The Miss Delicious Entity @ Rhino Room (Frome St) with guests; Leigh Stardust and James Sheppard.

This was set to be a landmark event in the year of local music and rest assured the evening was just as large as the organisational feat required to get six busy musicians (all of whom are involved in multiple projects) together and performing at the same time. The Miss Delicious Entity is Holly Ball's courageous and self-important attempt to bring together a cohesive microcosm of the folk/pop/rock scene in Adelaide by recruiting other solo artists as well as poaching musicians from other bands and utilising the services of serial collaborators.

The all-star line up consists of the undeniably spunky Miss Ball (Cookie Baker) on vocals and acoustic guitar and keys; Michael Radzevicius on electric guitar; Tim "Dawsie" Daws of Marquis and Neutron Folk on bass; Juliet from No See Dolly on violin; Fleur Green on drums; and the ever-insatiable Queen of Between Song Banter, Miss Leigh Stardust on keys and backing vocals.

Leigh Stardust opened the evening with a short and exceptionally sweet solo set that really primed the audience for the nuclear-folk-fusion that was to follow. While I remember thoroughly enjoying Leigh Stardust's set, some semblance of sobriety may have been beneficial in sharpening recall thereby providing ammunition for the hyperbolic-rock-journo-wank I spew forth so artfully. Despite embarrassingly hindered motor, sensory and social skills I like to think I still managed to glean a kind of impressionistic overview of her set and it was a set I sort of remember thoroughly enjoying.

'Jealousy' was a highlight as usual with Leigh meandering from tones both serene and somber to downright beautiful. Her voice was resonant and chiming all at once, as though an angel were singing along with her the whole time and this was made even more

impressive by the fact that her voice was totally clean, she wasn't being pumped through a shitload of filters and effects. Her voice is just naturally amazing. A little later in the show an enthusiastic audience member ran up to the stage bearing a gift of Harry Potter brand chocolate for Leigh just before she leapt into a wonderfully horny version of 'Harry Potter', a very spiffy song with podles of novelty value. Unfortunately thanks to modern chemistry, setlist details are a bit of a blur.

The Miss Delicious Entity followed hot on the trail of Leigh Stardust, playing the middle slot of the evening. What can I say? I've seen Holly Ball/Cookie Baker play many a gig over the last year or so, never has the music sounded so...big. The petite acoustic performer has always had a presence far bigger than her size; now with The Miss Delicious Entity the music sounded more brash, big and defiant but while maintaining the due attention to melody and phrasing required for the songs to still transcend that barrier between artist and audience.

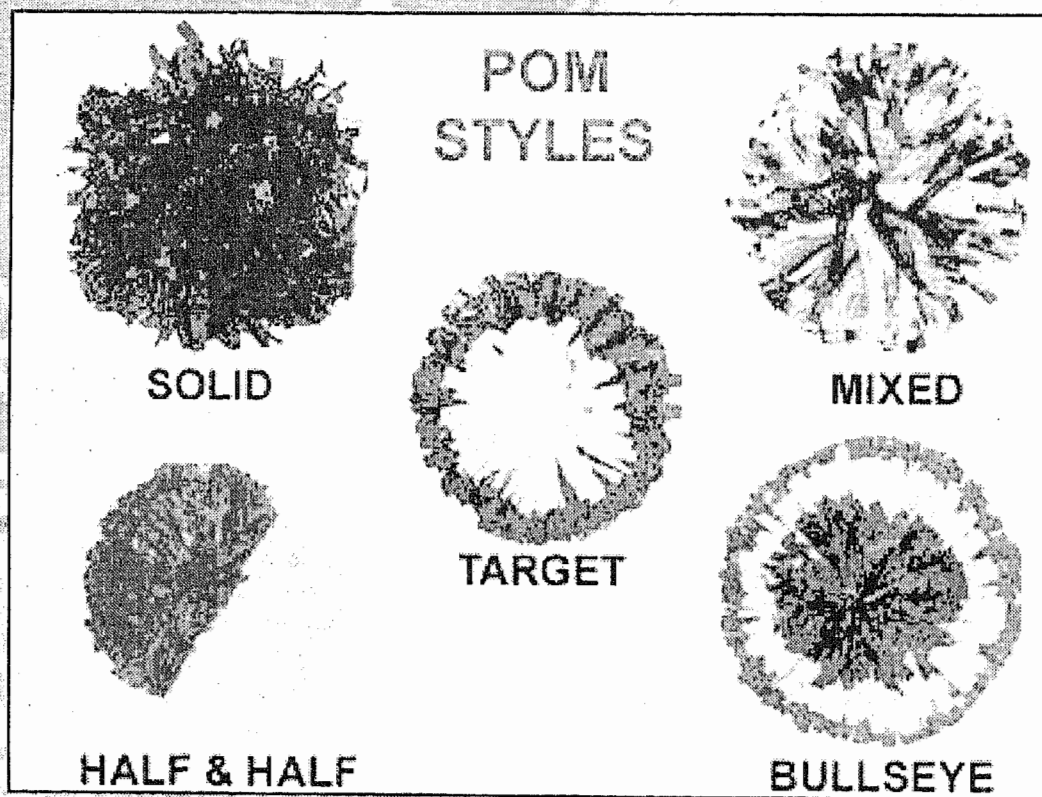
While there was definitely room for more experimentation given the number of musicians on stage, the limited rehearsal time the kids had together would surely have been a hindrance. It would have been nice to see the songs taken into a new context, turned into Miss Delicious Entity songs rather than Cookie-Baker-songs-with-a-band but this is hardly a major issue as the songs still sounded great. Hopefully TMDE use their first gig as a platform to push the songs a little further towards a new and exciting soundscape and given that the show seemed to be a success I'm sure this familial group of musicians will be more confident in stretching out musically further down the track.

All in all the performance was tight and punchy and it was great to hear some of Holly's songs performed with a band. The audience seemed impressed too with some of Cookie Baker's more seasoned fans expressing how thrilled

they were to hear the songs in a new context. The Rhino Room hummed with the drone of pleasantries from the flapping skulls of well-wishers that generally means you've put on a good show. Unfortunately the hum and drone extended into the beginning of James Sheppard's set and given that he appeared to be high as a fuckin' kite I'm not at all surprised that he seemed a little unsettled at first.

James Sheppard was essentially the constant unifying factor in what became a gaggle of Marquis/Neutron Folk boys having super-stoned-happy-music-fun in front of an intimate yet appreciative crowd. A bunch of songs were played, mostly written by James. However a personal highlight for me was the almost joyful rendition of the Smashing Pumpkins song 'Lily (My One And Only)' which contained subverted and sinister undertones as James sang with a crooked smile on his dial and even introduced the song as his "...favourite song about stalking". So as 20/20 retrospect would have it Shep turned out to be an entertaining, loose and fun wind down to an evening that coughed up a lot of great local music.

Jet Black



Zero Return CD launch @ Nexus

I really don't know what to say about Zero Return. I had intended to be brutally honest about my opinions of their show. But seeing as I don't like slagging bands off who haven't even really been given a chance, and considering I was chemically altered to a fairly extreme degree I don't think it would be too fair to tear them to shreds so soon. They had their merits, they seem to have a fairly loyal fanbase and I'm hardly the sort of person to deny the subjectivity of things like art and music so I don't wanna start preaching as though my opinion is the be-all and end-all. But I will give an observational account of the events of the evening.

I won't beat about the bush. I (like the Byrds) was eight miles high. From the moment I walked into the Nexus Art Centre or whatever the fuck it's called I felt completely out of place and this made me incredibly paranoid. The crowd was chockfull of proud dads, uncles and grandpas and the vaguely dimly lit atmosphere was more akin to Pizza Hut than a concert. I couldn't find a comfy booth though.

As I leant (as casually as I could) against a roof support waiting for the band to start I felt the glares and stares of a hundred disapproving baby-boomers and pre-baby-boomers and this possibly set me on edge. Maybe the fact that I was latched onto some bad vibes was the reason I was having trouble enjoying Zero Return once they started. Actually this is untrue, I enjoyed them thoroughly but for all the wrong reasons.

The cow-pants were one of the things I found entertaining. That and the fact that the guy wearing them looked just like a plump version of bandleader Paul Schaffer from *The Late Show with David Letterman*. On occasion I had to physically restrain myself from laughing. Unfortunately I

wasn't really in a position to make a judgement on whether the things I found so amusing were intentionally so. I don't think Zero Return are a band who take themselves too seriously and for that I commend them. However they've made the line of distinction between joke bands and serious bands extremely blurred and I just can't tell what their caper is. Average The Band are quite obviously a joke band. Brer Mouse are quite obviously an incredibly serious band. Zero Return are the sort of "liner" that in primary school Four Square would have demanded a re-serve. The only problem is that I don't really think they quite pull it off properly.

The thing that had me the most perplexed for a long while was their introduction. It was very arena-rock-on-a-shoestring-budget. The lights pulsed, the stage filled with smoke, a bass note pulsed in time with the lights creating a feel of being on the set of Engineering Deck for the original *Star Trek* series (or maybe I'm just letting my nerdiness show). Then a classic rock radio announcer-sounding voice came over the PA introducing the band, but what really spun me out was when the disembodied voice began listing the bands influences. One by one their influences were named and a

little sound bite from each artist faded in for a few seconds and then faded back out again. They listed the likes of INXS, Tori Amos and The Whiclams (who incidentally totally suck!) amongst others. The strange thing wasn't just that they listed their influences at the start of the show (which in itself is quite strange...and I'd urge them to never do it again) but they even didn't really sound a whole lot like the people they listed as influences. In fact they had much more of a honky-tonk sound than anything.

Folks seemed to dig it though, people were dancing, and a few were romancing. One of the more hardcore fans felt the need to take the stage and express how much and why she loved Zero Return and she seemed quite proud to be associated with them. She also seemed as though she'd enjoyed a bit of the complimentary wine for VIP guests.

I dunno, I personally didn't find anything I liked about the guys musically and judging from comments I heard others make after the show, like "they

sound like they should be playing at Paradise Community Church," I guess I wasn't alone. On the whole Zero Return weren't dreadful, most of the crowd seemed to enjoy it and while the music certainly wasn't my definition of "listening pleasure" I was at least entertained by the show they put on. I didn't leave thinking "Oh my God I hate them!" but I was certainly confused as to what I had just been witness.

Go along and see them if you think your taste in music is possibly very different to mine. Or if you're a drug user who finds bizarre and confusing experiences entertaining, then you might find that spending an evening with Zero Return is just what the doctor ordered. But remember, words like "heckler" and "dickhead" are often interchangeable.

Captain Anonymous

Soliloquy; Neil Finn tribute night @ The Gov (Port Road)

Ah, Soliloquy. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. Soliloquy, a kind of showcase night predominantly for solo musicians was celebrating its birthday recently and decided that a Neil Finn tribute night would be the best way to go about it.

A veritable treasure trove of local musicians gathered at The Governor Hindmarsh to pay respect to Neil Finn by performing his songs, or by dedicating songs to him (as the artists who were too slack to actually learn a few Neil Finn songs chose to do). Most of the covers performed were Crowded House songs, which is a shame because as we all know Split Enz completely shit all over Crowded House. But nonetheless the covers were tastefully chosen and nicely

executed (for the most part).

It's hard to give a detailed account of what was played by whom given that each performer or group of performers only played three songs and there were a lot of performers and I'm not the sort of nimrod who'll turn up to a gig with a notepad and a pen because deep down I know that if a performance is really good I'll remember more than enough about it to recount it with the utmost care and precision.

As occasionally happens this was an evening full of happenings and incidences. Doug, who performed under the glamorous stage name of "Doug", completely choked about half way through his first song. I don't even remember what song it was he was playing but he fucked up the chord change and instead of just ignoring it and continuing with the song he stopped and then proceeded to spill his guts to the crowd about how he wasn't any good at solo gigs. Then after the song he complained that Tom Barnes was stealing his thoughts or some bullshit. Anyway it was all rather amusing.

Speaking of Tom Barnes his set packed a bit of a punch. Consisting of one Neil Finn cover and two originals I feel he really came across quite nicely. If memory serves 'Four Seasons In One Day' was the cover he played, but I could be completely mistaken. His originals are where the set really found its groove though, a kind of prog-folk explosion and a very big sound for someone with no accompaniment. The audience seemed receptive and Tom seemed to enjoy himself. However I think it's fairly safe to say that the person who stole the show was Luke Ashby.

The man does what he does really well and his voice was so perfectly suited to the songs he chose to perform that I was quite transfixed. He also was hip enough to perform a Split Enz song, which I thoroughly appreciate. Luke Ashby obviously has the utmost respect and admiration for Neil Finn and this was evident in his handling of the man's material. Every song was nicely chosen and the delivery was phenomenal and very tight. It was clear that Ashby knew the music of Neil Finn back to front and he sang them with a lot of heart, which made his performance very special indeed.

All in all a fantastic Soliloquy, packed to the brim with punters and musos alike. If you're seriously scratching your head and wondering what to do on a Sunday night then go and see what's going down at Soliloquy. Soliloquy, it's really good.

Jerome Turner

Big Casino Sound Wants You!!!

In a recent correspondence between myself and the brainchild of Big Casino Sound I was told:

"I'd really appreciate it if you could urge other people to email me who might be interested in a project I'm looking at putting together."

The nerdfunk collective is (hopefully) going to work along the lines of two laptops connected by a mixer, each running a piece of software called Ableton live, which basically automatically synchronises pre-recorded loops and allows you to layer them, run them through effects etc.

I want to get together about six - eight people, each with their respective loops, and sort of have a tag-team thing going on. Mr A mixes with Mr B, Mr B tags Mr C to mix with Mr A etc.

Reconstructing at random..."

If you're pickin' up what he's putting down then I strongly suggest emailing nerdfunk@eml.cc

Giveaways!!

Thanks to the wonderful kids from Brillig we have five, yep count em, five 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 one instead.

Pornland, Bar 107, Sunday October 6

It may be a contentious issue as to whether or not Pornland are a valid inclusion in the local music page. They may be refugees from the Adelaide scene. They may spend more time in Melbourne than they do in Keswick. But the point is; we spawned them, so therefore we should be willing to accept our portion of the blame. It's impossible to study at the University of Adelaide without hearing whispers and vicious rumours about a group of men known only as 'Pornland'. If you haven't heard of Pornland then you're obviously not an Arts or Engineering student, and you've probably never had a conversation with Luke Toop or John Watson either...many a tale has spewed forth from the mouths of those two beautiful men, much has become folklore.

Fortunately and unfortunately (depending on your stance towards their particular brand of porn-rock) they are more than just an urban myth. They are very real and very funny (disclaimer: their level of funniness may vary depending on uptightness; brain chemistry, and which chemicals one may have unleashed upon the brain and any given time). While I may have gotten completely toasted on the way from Swingcat Club to Bar 107 as a crude and rather pleasant headache remedy (the headache I already had became really unbearable after sitting in the Swingcat watching the Westernaires - a rockabilly band with no drummer. They were very good, but the volume was a bit loud) this didn't hinder my Pornland experience at all, in fact Pornland are a really stoner-friendly experience...almost as stoner-friendly as *Video Power* - as seen at 5.30am weekdays on Channel 7 (although this may recently have been replaced with *Beverly Hillbillies*).

Bar 107 was filled with a broad spectrum of clientele from the funky-up in-crowd to the cultural excrement all of whom have firmly latched on to the Pornland junket and all of whom on this occasion turned up in force. Now, I may have just been completely out of it and correct me if I'm wrong, but besides Michael Brauer I didn't see much of the old Adelaide Uni contingent floating around the place...although on the other hand maybe I *did* see them about but just mistook them for people I don't know. Come to mention it, I'm not even completely certain that the person I'm remembering as Mike Brauer was Mike Brauer. Maybe Adam Langman was there too...oh, I don't remember, it's all like a big dream sequence to me and you don't even really care anyway. So, digressing...

The atmosphere just prior to Pornland taking the stage was, maybe not electric - but certainly not static - possibly static-electric? People began milling around in anticipation of what was about to come next, most of them knew the standard protocol too. Ceej (who never actually really seems to play anything but instead pimps the band out to the world...at least he's dressed appropriately) would come on stage and introduce everyone as they entered the stage the culmination of which sees Slatty D take the stage to a rapturous applause.

What more can I say? The band started playing and it was absolutely amazing. It was sleazy and wanky and gimmicky and completely rad. From the buoyant hair to the purple vinyl pants to the cheesy inconsistent Italian accent these guys make being sleazy and pornographic an art form. The music itself can only be described as a distillation of all of the cheesiest musical forms from the '70s. All at once bad funk, porno music, and ultra-catchy '70s TV themes (think *All American Hero*) spring to mind, it's fuckin' brilliant. But really, the music is the most inconsequential thing about Pornland. No really, it is.

Not only do they play inconsequential music but they dance too. And they look so damn rad. So much vinyl and so many mutton chops all in the one convenient location. It doesn't get any more funkalicious than that. Their stage show had me transfixed as they shrieked and soloed and did the splits to their heart's content. The thing that made the show so entertaining was that the band was obviously having a lot of fun, and that in turn rubbed off on the crowd and the crowd's excitement rubbed off on the band and...it's all very circular you see. One guy in the audience was making the show a bit of a drag. He was kinda moshing and barging into people and it was all very ugly (I think he was one of the Melbourne contingent).

At the end of the day Pornland thoroughly entertained the crowd at Bar 107, then they buggered off back to Melbourne. But they'll be back, mark my words. They'll be back.

Lance Hardcastle

Big Casino Sound Hanbaiki Indie

Big Casino Sound is the masterwork of a first year biotech student from this very university and it is wonderful to hear such a fantastic electronic release coming not just out of our fine city but also this dull, lifeless, derelict campus. I'm not sure whether to describe it as minimalist-electronica or prog-rock minus the rock. But whatever it is, it's fuckin' good. It's the sort of music you could imagine Sonic Youth making if they got sick of guitars and decided to start playing on their computers instead. Everything on this CD is artfully stripped-down and blissfully spaced-out. The ever-broadening tendrils of Radiohead's influence on modern music can be heard winding their way through *Hanbaiki* (which incidentally is Japanese for "Vending Machine"). There's also on a couple of tracks a distinctly Gorillaz-esque vibe and even stuff that's very reminiscent of some of Björk's more minimalist work (like *Amphibian*), but nothing sounds pilfered. In fact, as someone without a strong background in electronic music it's been quite difficult for me to pinpoint the influences that have been distilled into Big Casino Sound. However I can say this; it is incredibly infrequent that completely instrumental music manages to capture my full attention and I find it absolutely impossible to get bored with this music. Anyone with an appreciation for electronic music, music-as-art or "internal research" should definitely get down to b-sharp records or Big Star and fork out the eight bucks to get their hands on this disk.

headphones are better

Leigh Stardust Manly Detectives DinnerPlateDiscs/Blank Tapes

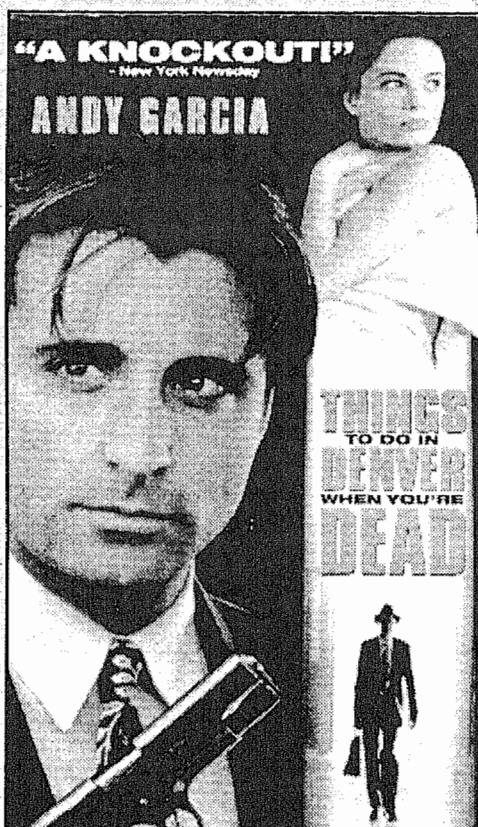
Leigh Stardust is a bit of an anomaly in the local music scene. Almost as well known for her reputation for entertaining between song banter as she is for her sweet chimey voice and Casio keyboard she has made an unusual and admirable name for herself. On *Manly Detectives* we are blessed with the opportunity to hear a darker, more subverted side of Leigh Stardust's music that is somewhat under presented in most of her live performances (although granted she does often play solo and the preset samba beat of a Casio keyboard hardly lends itself to adjectives like 'dark' or 'disturbed', and yet somehow Leigh still manages to make the preset samba beat work for her). The *Twin Peaks* mix of 'Jealousy' is probably the standout number on this seven-track disc. While the version everyone should have heard live is beautifully crafted giving due attention to the melody and Leigh Stardust's amazing siren-like voice, this mix twists and shapes the music amazingly, giving it a more eerie and sinister mood. The song has been beautifully yet subtly perverted and included here on *Manly Detectives* for your listening pleasure. All in all this is a delightfully sweet yet disturbingly subverted release that I recommend everyone has a bit of a listen to. You may not like it, but then again who really cares what you think?

Jet Black

Video: Sadly Missed



Harrison's Flowers
 2001 D: Elle Chouraqui
 Andie MacDowell, David Strathairn
 Elias Koteas, Adrien Brody
 21st Century Pictures



RECOMMENDED VIEWING

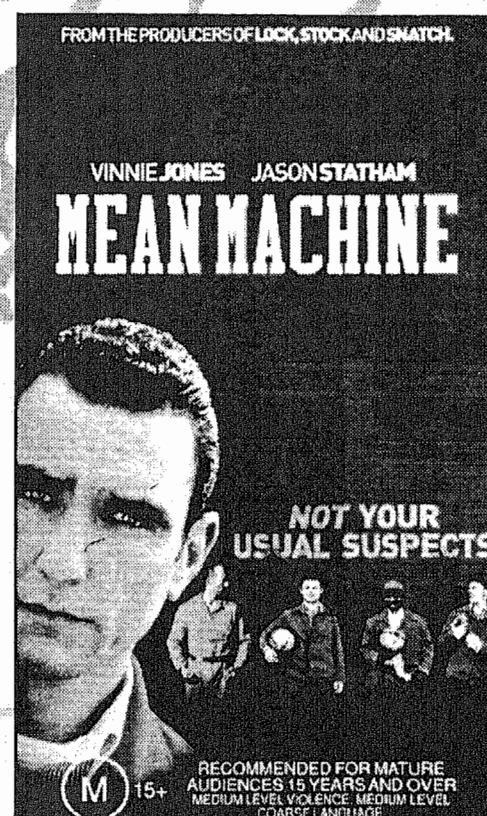
Things To Do in Denver When You're Dead
 1995 D: Gary Fleder
 Andy Garcia, Gabrielle Anwar
 Christopher Walken, Christopher Lloyd
 Buena Vista Home Entertainment

The always-smooth Andy Garcia stars in this slick crime thriller which oozes style and has some deliciously hip, Tarantino-esque dialogue. Garcia plays Jimmy 'The Saint' Tosnia, a retired crook who is called back for the inevitable one last job by The Man With the Plan (Christopher Walken), Jimmy's ex-boss and mentor. The Man With the Plan survived an assassination attempt which left him wheelchair-bound, and he is a thoroughly nasty piece of work. The job is thus: The Man With the Plan wants Jimmy to assemble his old crew and intimidate a young man into leaving his girlfriend. Said girlfriend is Bernard's ex, and Bernard is The Man With the Plan's idiot son. The Man believes that if the new boyfriend is scared off, then Bernard will have a chance to win back his old love. Simple, right? Unfortunately, the job goes horribly wrong, and The Man declares Jimmy and his crew 'buckwhets' which is basically the worst thing you can ever hope to be declared. Faced with imminent death at the hands of The Man's thugs, Jimmy's old crew begins to do some serious freaking out.

The best thing about *Denver* is its dynamite script; there are plenty of highly quotable lines to be enjoyed again and again, and the twists and turns that the plot takes are most enjoyable. Gabrielle Anwar co-stars as Jimmy's love interest; check out the intriguing pick-up line he uses upon her when they first encounter each other in a bar. Jimmy works for a business named Afterlife Advice where people dying of terminal illnesses record on videotape messages to their loved ones to be played upon their death. Treat Williams, in his best role in years, plays a dangerous psychopath who is a member of Jimmy's old crew. And there is a great soundtrack featuring Tom Waits and Blues Traveler's 'Get Out Of Denver'.

So withdraw some money from your Boat Fund and rent *Things To Do in Denver When You're Dead* today. Boat drinks!

James Trevelyan



Mean Machine
 2001 D: Barry Skolnick
 Vinnie Jones, David Kelly
 David Hemmings, Ralph Brown
 Paramount Home Entertainment

If you are a soccer fan, then you will probably really dig this. If not, it is still quite entertaining. *Mean Machine* stars Vinnie Jones as Danny Meehan, a former English soccer captain who has fallen from grace through his decision to throw a crucial game against Germany. As the film opens, Danny goes on a drinking binge and drunkenly assaults two police officers who are attempting to arrest him. He is sentenced to three years in prison and it is while incarcerated that he accepts the job of coaching the prison's soccer team.

Ralph Brown, who was wonderful as drug-dealing ne'er-do-well Danny in *Withnail and I* is quite good as hard-as-nails warden Burton, as is David Hemmings as the exceedingly corrupt governor. But *Mean Machine* is very much Vinnie Jones' film. He inhabits virtually every scene and proves himself a rather charismatic leading man. His rough diamond charm carries what might otherwise be a dull picture.

Danny's celebrity status affords him much attention inside the walls of the prison and not a little resentment. Uncertain as to why he is the focus of such resentment, Danny questions a fellow prisoner he has befriended about it. The prisoner explains it thus: 'Most of the men in here have nothing. You had everything and you threw it all away.' *Mean Machine* has its share of good lines; outraged at an all-in brawl which breaks out during the climactic game between the prisoners and the guards, the governor exclaims from the stands, 'This isn't soccer. This is bollocks!'. Beware of frequent coarse language and a particularly repellent fight scene between Danny and another prisoner.

James Trevelyan
 Special Thanks to Leah Brown

With its relentless shadowy edge, *Harrison's Flowers* depicts the vagueness, viciousness and any pure peril of war through the eyes of modern-day journalists. In 1991-95, during the signing of the Dayton accords in former Yugoslavia, forty-eight journalists were killed while practising their vocation. Harrison (David Strathairn) and Sarah (Andie MacDowell) have a staunch relationship. Harrison is a well-respected photographer/journalist and is a dinosaur in his chosen field. He is presently feeling insecure amidst the battle zones. He is not young anymore and feels it is time to hang up his boots. He also needs to think of his wife and child first. But he continues in his chosen field because what else could he do with his life?

This decision proves to be an immense error. After this, there is an awards ceremony at which Pollock (Elias Koteas) accepts an award for his contribution to the journalism world. Here he begins to speak about how much of an inspiration Harrison is to him. During this ceremony, Kyle (Adrien Brody), a neurotic co-worker, with a nose chock-full of cocaine, has his say in the toilets about the hazards of their profession.

Soon Harrison leaves for more work but later is presumed dead. Sarah has an intense, frantic breakdown but feels inside her heart that Harrison is indeed alive. And her profound love for him impels her to never give up on that hope. This gives the viewer the feeling that the performances hold the pacing of this film. I would have to say on my Acting Realism scale that Adrien Brody was bona fide throughout with his 'cat on a hot tin roof' character. And he tells us what we need to hear about the dangers of his profession.

Harrison's Flowers was quite well done. The usage of the title is dumb but I overlooked the cheeseballs and thought about Andie MacDowell. Here she seemed to be worth the rental fee. And her onscreen partner, David Strathairn, is intrepid and has a unique quality on camera (for Daniel Gear). The bedlam and the horror of war depicted in *Harrison's Flowers* is presented with grainy realism. It made me wonder why their risk-taking was worth the price of their lives. The film is better than you might imagine, despite its direct-to-video release. It is never going to be *Raging Bull* or any John Cassavetes feature, but is enjoyable on its own merits. You cannot really commiserate with the futility of war unless you are watching *Apocalypse Now Redux* starring Marlon Brando. Said film is currently available on DVD. Hint, hint and happy viewing...

Matthew 'I miss D. Gear' Herfurth



MGF - doing it for the kids.

Over the past few years, the trek up to Brisbane for the Livid festival has become almost a rite of passage for those people who feel that the Big Day Out is just not enough. And this year that trek just got a hell of a lot shorter, with the festival extending to include Sydney and Melbourne (and is rumoured to include Adelaide next year).

In good music festival tradition, we arrived at the venue late, after much consumption of Coopers Pale the night before. Security was quite tight, considering one of our group who was wearing a spiky neck chain was asked to remove it and hand it in. Of course, he just walked around the corner and inserted it in his sock (ouch!) before returning. Once inside it took us a while to figure out exactly where the music was coming from, as we walked around what looked like the Entertainment Centre before finding the exit to the main oval. By the time we arrived Motor Ace were already playing, and being rather un-enamoured of that particular band, we decided to check out the market stalls first. The items on sale were quite disappointing, in comparison to those usually available at the Big Day Out, so after purchasing some rather gaudy stars to wear on our heads (for what is a music festival without gaudy head adornments), we moseyed on back to the main stages.

I managed to catch a little of ... Trail Of Dead, before following my friend off to the Loudmouth stage for One Dollar Short. Let me say that I was completely unimpressed by the set up for that stage, since people were forced through

a narrow tunnel, and down a large flight of stairs, in the dark, with no hand rail, and a whole lot of people pushing to get through. I like to refer to it as the stairs of death. Imagine being forced to enter the general admission area of the Entertainment Centre from the very top corner, down those incredibly steep stairs. Exactly! The same goes for the Big Top stage, where bands like Machine Gun Fellatio were playing.

One Dollar Short seemed as energetic as always, and the crowd was really getting involved, but I have to say that it was not the best thing for my already pounding headache thanks to the Coopers Pale the night before. I left before the end and went to check out the dance Annexe. Now correct me if I am wrong, but don't ravers usually like to have the lights off? That's what makes those nice little glow sticks so effective. Of course, Gerling were completely wanky as usual - why didn't they stick to the guitar tunes that they were so good at?

Machine Gun Fellatio were fantastic as always, completely blowing the audience away with their lighting and glitter bombs. Is it just me, or are these guys the future of Australian music? After that amazing performance, we loitered in front of the main stage to check out Mercury Rev, who sounded incredible, particularly during their rendition of 'Goddess On A Hiway'. Content to stay towards the back of the oval, we let the sounds of Oasis wash over us - those guys have definitely improved since their last tour.

I decided to brave the Loudmouth stage once again for Sum 41, who were incredibly active (and how short is the lead singer!). They pulled some young girls on stage and encouraged the crowd to shout 'Fuck Derek'. So cheeky! I also managed to catch the end of Powderfinger's set, and they were uniformly fantastic as always, and they did an amazing version of the Motel's 'Take The L Out Of Lover'.

The highlight of the night though, the one thing that I

had been waiting for, was of course, the legendary Morrissey. He certainly didn't disappoint. From his appearance carried on stage like a fallen Jesus by his band, and his suave attire of brown cardi and ruffled shirt, Morrissey was worth every penny I had spent on getting to Livid. Singing a mix of solo tracks like 'Jack The Ripper' and 'Suedehead', along with Smiths classics 'Meat Is Murder' and 'I Want The One I Can't Have', Morrissey paced around the stage, flicking his mic cord from side to side. He also managed to keep up a running dialogue with crowd, even doing an impression at one point (to which some joker replied 'do your impression of Morrissey as a Smith', along with the usual 'Play Wonderwall'). After tearing his shirt off and tossing it into the crowd, he left the stage, returning to play a lone encore of the gorgeous 'There Is A Light That Never Goes Out'. Simply magic - come back Morrissey, please!

A couple of friends checked out The Streets and returned disgusted, as Mike Skinner obviously didn't know where he was, since he kept yelling out 'It's 10.15 in Sydney'. After Morrissey ended, we wandered slowly out into the rather brisk night air to catch a cab home, which took nearly an hour to find. Oh well, such is the price that you pay.

Poptart



There is a god - his name is Morrissey.

LIVID

ONE DAY SERIES

2002



Unidentified music sub-ed gets up close with Trail of Dead.

While sadly missing out on the AUSCA formal dinner and the opportunity to study my socks off for a philosophy test, spending a weekend in Melbourne was too much of a temptation for me to resist. And the incredibly talented line up didn't help either. Arriving to the Rod Laver Arena/Vodafone Arena sporting complex amongst a sea of teenage punks, sporting ties, bad hair and more attitude than Liam Gallagher, it was immediately apparent that the bands I never had any intention of seeing (think George, John Butler Trio, Unwritten Law) were, in fact, going to pull a decent crowd. Not affected by these juvenile upstarts, my attention was quickly drawn to The Anyones, who admirably performed to a small crowd, which was expected, given their early allotment. Even though I saw them on the previous night at the Evelyn, I stuck around for Seafood, which turned out to be a treat, with 'Cloaking' and other killer numbers being belted out with gusto. I spent the next half hour checking out the merchandise, apparently missing out on my apparel of choice, namely Oasis and Trail of Dead tops, by mere minutes. Soothing my annoyance was not aided by the limited range of alcoholic beverages available. When VB is the best choice, it's better to stay angry. I rejoined my friends to get a spot for Trail of Dead, who put on one of the best sets of the day, confirming my suspicion that the organisers didn't entirely consider the schedule properly. The Texan rockers were fantastic, getting amongst the crowd (see adjoining

photographic evidence) and trashing their gear to kingdom come. I managed to get just the right sit when the drummer felt the desire to hurl a drum stick into the masses, and was subsequently congratulated by complete strangers for collecting the spoils. The image of the guitarist pouring the contents of his water bottle onto security will not be forgotten soon either. Briefly running into Poptart, who was decidedly amused by my overly-excited demeanour by this stage, I soaked up the sounds of Something For Kate, who were good but didn't make as much of an impression on me. Grinspoon only got a few minutes of my attention before



Oasis - polite young lads.

trundling off to The (International) Noise Conspiracy, which turned out to be the best decision I made all day. It was easily the highlight of the day, an outstanding performance that featured socialist discourse, hard rocking riffs and the best dancing I've ever seen. (I)NC soaked up the energy of the crowd and impressed everyone fortunate enough to witness their show. Facing the dilemma of Mogwai versus watching Mercury Rev while battling for a position for Oasis, I went with the latter, much to my disappointment. All reports were that Mogwai went off, while Mercury Rev went on and on. The wait for Oasis was drenched with nervous anticipation, and we were not let down, with the boys from Manchester delivering plenty. Strutting out to 'Fucking in the

Bushes,' their set was magical, with Liam at his arrogant best, hitting every note (for once) and taunting the crowd, who responded accordingly with a sea of two-finger salutes. I sang til my throat burned and then some, but it was worth it. Their classic catalogue included 'Cigarettes and Alcohol' and '(What's the Story?) Morning Glory' with their newer numbers of 'The Hindu Times' and 'Stop Crying Your Heart Out' receiving grand receptions. I was gunning for his tambourine, but some other punter got lucky. I stuck around and tried to convince a roadie to give me the other one Liam left tantalisingly at the front of the stage, but when another fan got desperate, jumping the fence in a futile attempt at the Holy Grail, I knew my chances were not good. The 'You are a Wanker' chant went up promptly as the tambourine was removed, only to have the rather witty hack shake it in response to us. Powderfinger played well, with many new songs on show, but Morrissey was a much better way to end the night, with the British stalwart giving his all and doing a mighty fine job. Overall, the organisation was not up to Big Day Out standards, but damn, what a great day! And could the owner of the Pentax Espio 738 that I found please contact the paper? That is all.

Matty



Trail of Dead pop up everywhere.

Pulling teeth out of Augie March

First things first: Augie March guitarist Adam Donovan is responsible for some of the most subtle and haunting guitar work on offer in the Australia. Nevertheless, he is an absolute nightmare to interview.

Permit me to explain. I have been a staunch fan of Augie March since I first got my hands on 2001's achingly beautiful *Sunset Studies*. Needless to say, ensnaring an interview with the elusive guitarist was an opportunity I couldn't miss. However, an awkward combination of nerves and Donovan's notoriety as a man of few words led to an interview that was, to say the least, less than *Rolling Stone* material.

What's more, each one of my questions - although fairly clever on paper - were pretty much doomed from the start. Case in point: when I asked the ambient master about the band's apparent connection to the sea, poor Donovan had nothing for me. "There is no real connection there," he mused quietly.

"There seems to be some kind of maritime motif throughout *Sunset Studies*..."

I couldn't help myself - I should have moved on. "Really? Well, I guess Glenn [Glenn Richards, songwriter and fellow guitarist] used to live in Brighton, which is a bit of a seaside town." The best I managed to squeeze out of all that was a story about how Richards had managed to inadvertently capture his own heartbeat when he was attempting to record the sound of the ocean near his home. The eerie sample was used to great ambient effect on the track 'Heartbeat and Sails'. That was okay, I guess. None of this was getting me a job at *The Face*, mind you.

Things were getting a bit desperate. At one stage I even

resorted to asking Richards what kind of pedal he prefers using (my housemate wanted to know). "You can find all that out on augiemarch.com." Was his reply. Dear me. A sure sign that you're losing your subject in an interview is your interviewee directing you to the website. I sensed that he was getting a shade annoyed at the awkward hash I was making of proceedings.

Saints be praised, things eventually picked up when I stumbled across my own love for the sheer dynamics of an

Augie March track. "Yeah, there is a definite dynamic to the songwriting. There are often these segues that we fit in - they allow us to create a different scene and sort of take the song to its conclusion." Wonderful! Finally we were on the same page. From here on in Adam and I waxed lyrical about what a typical Augie March song sounds like, and how beautiful it can be when a song takes you to somewhere you didn't expect it to. For Adam, their breakthrough single 'Sleep

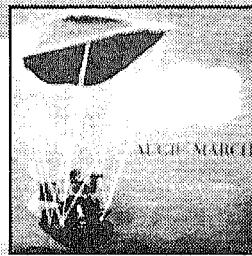
in Perfection' wasn't as quintessential as most listeners put it down to be. Which is true - it's a beautiful song, but it lacks those subtle ambient shifts that the band seem to have so wonderfully down pat.

In many ways, Adam's interview manner is not unlike his music - not exactly a disco bonanza - more like something that loathes to be forced, pursued or pigeonholed. He is a quietly spoken soul, reluctant to pick apart the intangible beauty of his music.



Stanley

Stanley



Augie March
Strange Bird
BMG

Ambient, dynamic, thoughtful, subtle, understated. These are the kind of words used to describe that singular quality that makes Augie March able to produce some of the most haunting and uplifting songs to come out of Australia. Last year's debut album developed such a cult following that few people dared to hope that the band could come up with an equally inspired follow up. Nevertheless, *Strange Bird* doesn't fail to deliver the same magic.

The new album isn't quite as instantly beautiful as the first, however perseverance is the key. It's obvious from track one that the band has moved on from their debut, with some tracks sounding less ambient and, well, louder. Rockier tracks like 'The Train Will Be Taking No Passengers' and 'Addle Brains' would definitely sound out of place on *Sunset Studies*. After a few listens, it becomes clear that most songs move with a more subtle, layered feel about them - each time you hear a track like 'The Drowning Dream' you notice something new, or find yourself listening with an entirely different set of ears. It is obvious that Augie March have decided to take their brand of music to a far more eclectic place, affording them the ability to go where the style of their previous album mightn't have allowed them to.

A must buy for fans of the debut album. If you're as yet uninitiated, give some thought to catching them at the Governor Hindmarsh next month.

Killing Heidi Killing Heidi Timeline

Killing Heidi have come along way since that fateful day in 1996 when the sound technician at their first performance encouraged them to enter Triple J's Unearthed competition. Talking to Jesse Hooper we skipped through the then and now.

1996: "I was developing my guitar skills and it all started to change when I noticed my sister, Ella was writing songs." And write songs she did! Starting with the Unearthed track, 'Kettle'; a beautiful song with its acoustic tones making the most of Ella's obviously strong voice.

1997: This was enough to capture the interest of Sony subsidiary, Wah Wah Records. Ella and Jesse started the process of writing their first album.

1998: "We recorded for a whole year, because Ella and myself were still at school. That year we were also introduced to Adam and Warren, who we immediately fell in love with and are now our bassist and drummer."

1999: The release of the *Reflector* and particularly the single 'Weir' set Killing Heidi on their path of success.

2000: Started the year off as one of the main stage acts at the Big Day Out. The previous year's efforts were rewarded back at Triple J with a number two spot in the Hottest 100 for 'Weir'. Double platinum album sales mean KH finish the year at number five on the ARIA Top 100 albums. The American scene beckons.

2001: During the completion stages of their new album Ella undergoes throat surgery.

2002: 'Outside Of Me' heralds the impending release of *Present*; an album that captures the growth of the Hoopers emotionally and musically.

Touring nationally in the next few months you'll be able to taste a little bit of their growth for yourself, in Adelaide on Saturday October 26 and Sunday October 27 (all ages).

Alternity

LAZARO'S DOG

According to Pina from Lazaro's Dog, everyone asks this question, but I don't mind being unoriginal to get a few things sorted out. What does this oft mispronounced name mean? "Well, I'll try to keep this clean... it had a lot to do with a guy that I went to school with. Let's just say that he had a very talented dog," Pina tentatively responds. It was obvious from this moment that Lazaro's Dog are not just another punk band, but one of great mystery and splendour.

Most people would remember Lazaro's Dog's first single and the title of their superstar smash hit EP, *Home Entertainment System*, with its incessant but remarkably catchy "bup-bup" tune. This was the song that really thrust this quaint Adelaidean band in to the proverbial spotlight, winning the ultimate guernsey of entering Triple J's Hottest 100 in its year of release. More recently this same track was selected to be part of the *Blurred* soundtrack (a movie detailing the highs and lows of Schoolies Week).

Apparently the band members were pretty stoked to hear that their song was selected for use in the under-ager-throwing-up scene. The band insist that this is no reflection upon their music.

Of late the band have recorded a stack of new material, including their new EP *What Happens in the Space Shuttle Stays in the Space Shuttle*. This is one for any punk rock pop fan to have a long and hard think about buying, because Lazaro's Dog are tipped to be the next big thing, and their EP is truly reflective of this. Pina was also keen to add that "the EP is just a small slice of it all. We already have stacks of songs ready to go, and about 10 ready to record". With this

apparent abundance of songs, one would be expecting an full-length album soon, but Pina informs me that it won't be until early next year, so fans will have to hold out.

Lazaro's Dog are launching their EP at the Unibar on November 2. Although prices are yet to be determined, Pina advised that there will be most affordable deals on ticket/new EP combo deals. Taking place will also be the Rock 'n' Roll arm wrestle competition, "a massive arm wrestle for rock!" Pina admitted that although Lazaro's Dog are showing some serious brute force in the Australian music scene, they are still not "tough enough to compete in the competition".

Getting to know the silly side of Lazaro's Dog:

Q. Toothpaste - do you spit or swallow?

A. Spit!

Q. Spork or fork?

A. Spork! What is it? I wish I had one!

Q. If you were stuck on a desert island and had to choose one of Nick Cave, Mick Jagger, David Bowie or

Morrissey to procreate with in order to save the human race, who would you choose?

A. Is David Hasselhoff an option? No, Bowie. No, Morrissey because I think he's cute.

Q. If you had to cut off one of your limbs, which one would it be and why?

A. My nose because the rest of the band does bad farts.

Q. Would you rather have x-ray vision, or be able to fly?

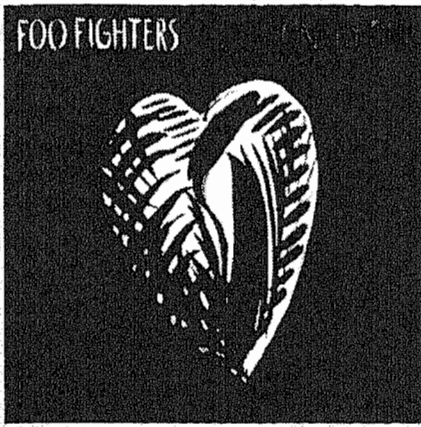
A. X-ray vision, for reasons I can't say. (Bad Pina says x-ray).

Corn On The Cob



unirecords

SELECTION OF THE WEEK



Foo Fighters
One By One
Roswell/RCA/BMG

After the demise of Nirvana, Dave Grohl's Foo Fighters neatly filled the void with a string of quality records, with more of a focus on fun-filled sing-along rock than the grunginess of their forbearers. For many, the memorable guitar hooks of *The Colour And The Shape* and *There Is Nothing Left To Lose* were particularly appealing, resulting in a sustained level of popularity for the Foos. While the band admitted that the recording process for *One By One* was not as straightforward as they had hoped, a second stint in the studio has yielded an album harder than expected, but will surely please the masses. Their recent single 'One'

is notably absent and while the album suffers from a lack of such a focal point, the more driving guitar focus and thoroughly textured harmonies suitably compensates for this. This apparent new direction means that this album is a great companion for the Queens Of The Stone Age's *Songs for the Deaf* (I wonder why...), as well as being more suited for their live energy. 'Times Like These', 'All My Life' and 'Lonely As You' are among the stronger tracks, along with 'Tired of You,' which reminds me of an elastic band that threatens to snap back and hit you in the face, yet never does. I wouldn't expect *One By One* to produce as many party pop hits as either of the last two albums, especially with no ballad in the ilk of 'Next Year,' and while it probably isn't my favourite Foo Fighters record, it comes dangerously close, getting better with each listen and is more than deserving of album of the week.

Matty

Hey Foos! Get you asses down to the *On Dit* office this Wednesday (October 27) at 12.30pm for your chance to win a copy of the Foo Fighters hella rockin' new album thanks to our A-team down at BMG. Be warned tho', you don't perform you gonna look like a damn foo! Y'all on assignment, so come prepared to be pitied like the foos you is. Damn straight sucka!

Office Top Five Albums

Matty's Top Ten

1. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *B.R.M.C*
2. Coldplay - *A Sudden Rush of Blood to the Head*
3. ...and You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead - *Source Tags & Codes*
4. Phantom Planet - *The Guest*
5. The Electric Soft Parade - *Holes in the Wall*
6. Sigur Rós - *(Untitled)*
7. Gomez - *In Our Gun*
8. You Am I - *Deliverance*
9. Beck - *Seachange*
10. Queens Of The Stone Age - *Songs For The Deaf*

Mikey F's Top Five

1. Sigur Ros - *Untitled*
2. Art Of Fighting - *Wires*
3. Belle and Sebastian - *Storytelling*
4. Télépopmusik - *Genetic World*
5. Salmonella Dub - *Outside The Dubplates*

Victoria's Top Five

1. Sigur Ros - *(Untitled)*
2. Belle & Sebastian - *Storytelling*
3. DJ Shadow - *The Private Press*
4. Télépopmusik - *Genetic World*
5. Badly Drawn Boy - *About A Boy*

Prof. Booty's Top 10

1. Beachwood Sparks - *Make The Cowboy Robots Cry*
2. Queens Of The Stone Age - *Songs For The Deaf*
3. Sonic Youth - *Murray Street*
4. Blackalicious - *Blazing Arrow*
5. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *B.R.M.C.*
6. Coldplay - *Rush Of Blood To The Head*
7. Various (radio Soulwax) - *2 Many DJ's*
8. DJ Shadow - *The Private Press*
9. Millionaire - *Outside The Simian Flock*
10. *Big Bad Love* soundtrack

Poptart's Top Five

1. Suede - *A New Morning*
2. The Whitlams - *Torch The Moon*
3. Machine Gun Fellatio - *Paging Mr Strike*
4. Badly Drawn Boy - *About A Boy*
5. Tori Amos - *Strange Little Girls*

Mikey B's top 5 albums

1. Queens Of The Stone Age - *Songs For The Deaf*
2. Sonic Youth - *Murray Street*
3. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *B.R.M.C.*
4. Sparta - *Wiretap Scars*
5. The Vines - *Highly Evolved*

Clementine's Top Five Performers

1. Selwyn
2. Craig David
3. Enrique Iglesias
4. Ja Rule
5. Nelly

ALBUM OF THE WEEK



Violent Femmes
Violent Femmes (20th Anniversary Edition)
Rhino

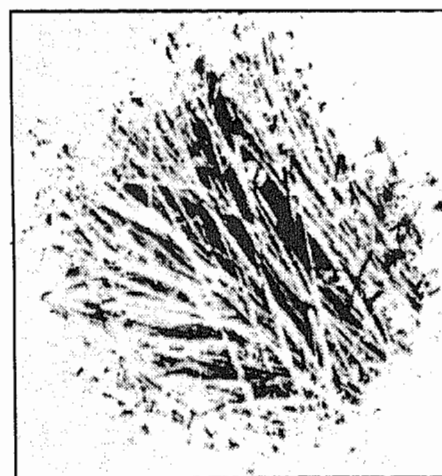
There is something disturbing about Violent Femmes. They hail from the decidedly dull city of Milwaukee, where they made a habit of busking outside a corner drugstore - a practice which gave rise to their unique 'bash and twang' sound. These humble beginnings, combined with Gordon Gano's hellish vocals and Brian Ritchie's kooky acoustic bass riffs amount to an exquisitely bent kind of music - the kind of music almost specifically designed for teenage misfits. The Femmes can be both frightening and heart warming. At once vicious, morbid, dynamic and deceptively rudimentary. I love them more than I love myself.

Twenty years after the release of their debut album, Violent Femmes have put together a commemorative double CD including the groundbreaking original album, ten previously unreleased tracks and over an hour's worth of live recordings. The album itself sounds as fresh as it did in 1983, with the possible exception of 'Blister in the Sun', which obligatory though it is, has been thoroughly destroyed by Time Warp and Thursday night karaoke. The uncharacteristic ballad 'Good Feeling' is one of the most haunting pop songs of all time - hard not to leave on repeat last thing before you fall asleep.

Among the highlights on the live CD is a fittingly raw rendition of 'Never Tell' featuring Gano imitating an absent saxophone. Classic! Moments like this, along with live versions of 'Add It Up' and 'Kiss Off' give you an idea of what Violent Femmes used to sound like playing on the streets of Milwaukee. The endnotes are typically exhaustive, including a revealing track-by-track commentary on the original album.

If you don't already own the rock and roll landmark that is the original album, this latest release will be the perfect addition to your collection. One word of warning, extended play may result in tortured yelling, nervous twitches and a strained relationship with your housemates. Proceed with caution.

Stan



Sigur Rós
Untitled
Fatcat

Conservative. Hackneyed. Dull. These words are among many that will never be used to describe Sigur Rós. This LP breaks all the rules - no name, no song titles and at times there is no discernable break between the eight tracks or there will be elongated blocks of silence, giving rise to a truly spectacular and anaesthetic-like soundscape. The formula of sustaining an unwavering low frequency sound, slowly crafting piano, ethereal guitars, and strings works beautifully and is augmented at times by heavenly vocals. Because of the lack of labels, an explicit message protesting against sterile control and the dissection of art, the songs tend to bleed into one, but this is probably intended and not necessarily bad. The Radiohead comparisons are inevitable, especially as Sigur Rós supported them, but there's not the same sense of the fear and paranoia, or the frantic and chaotic vocals that make us all numb and scared of technology. This record offers us the chance to immerse our souls in seventy-two odd minutes of music, without the trappings of modern business and capitalist ideals. Breathtaking. Incredible. Groundbreaking. These are much more precise.

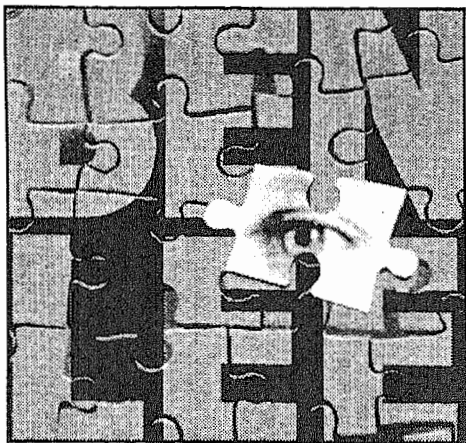
Matty



Khia
Thug Misses
Dirty Down/Epic

Offensive and nauseating. There's really no other way to describe this piece of crap. I urge every true music fan to steal this album for the sole purpose of burning it, thus preventing unwitting R&B fans from wasting their hard-earned on this poor excuse for music. *Thug Misses* has the dubious honour of being the only CD that has made me want to divulge the contents of my stomach upon first listen, not to mention being responsible for the advent of my Van Gogh-like impulse to cut off my ears rather than listening to crap like Khia for one second more. It saddens me that this genre of music, once an important vehicle for the voices of an oppressed people, has been degraded by so-called musicians of this aptitude. Whether it's 'My Neck, my Back (Lick It)', 'F**k Dem Other Hoes,' or its sequel 'F**k Dem F**k N%\$\$z', there's enough shite on this album to launch a career in horticulture or German porn, whatever is your preference.

Matty



Ben Lee
hey you. yes you.
Modular

Ben Lee's latest is an album that charts the journey of a sinking soul, who begins flirting with danger and ends up balancing on the edge. It is a brilliant offering from the young artist, which experiments with some great contemporary sounds, resulting in a wonderful blend of innovation and beauty. There really is a wealth of great stuff on this album. Tracks such as 'Running With Scissors', 'Aftertaste' and 'On & On' are all brilliant.

Lee's beautiful melodies rise, fall and flatten as he travels through hope, loss, love and despair. Probably the best example is in 'Shine,' a song less focused radiance and more about being caught in the headlights. The beauty of 'No Room to Bleed' is stunning. It's music and lyric combine to create something truly moving. Being a total sucker for this song's chord changes 'Chills' is the album's other true ballad.

While the album does deal with a lot of misery, the melancholy is balanced out with the funky drums, upbeat tempos and snazzy riffs of songs such as 'Running with Scissors' and 'Something Borrowed, Something Blue.' Well done Ben.

Juella



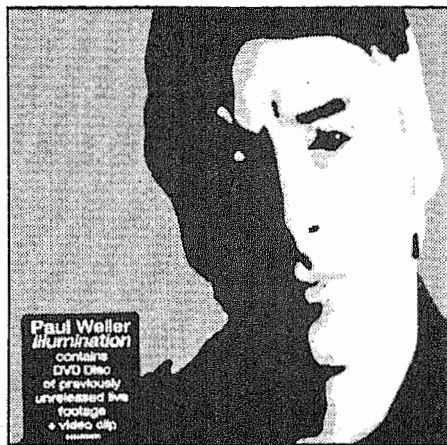
Geldof
Sex, Age & Death
Eagle Records

In an album that avoids convention, like sensible people avoid Niki Webster, Bob Geldof has searched the world over for instruments that make noise, creating in turn ten four minute blocks of sound, which he - rather creatively - has called "songs". Not that this is a bad album. Just different. Then again, haven't we come to expect this of the uncombed humanitarian?

Collecting its influences from all styles, genres, and cultures. 'Mudslide' is rock while 'Scream in Vain' blends African sounds with disco, and 'Pale White Girls' is obviously jazz inspired. I would also like to add that 'Mind In Pocket' is such a complex blend of hip-hop, rock, soul and funk, it's worth listening

to. My personal favourite however, is '\$6,000,000 Loser', a 'song' that has to be heard to be believed. I am quite happy to perform renditions to anyone who asks.

Juella

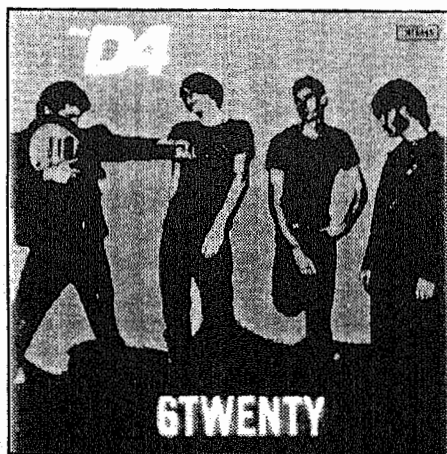


Paul Weller
Illumination
Sony

If you are a fan of Paul Weller, then you are likely to have already purchased this gem. If not, read on and let me try and convince you. Paul Weller has been around for a very long time, but like a fine wine (or cheese), he just keeps getting better. *Illumination* is his latest album, and comes complete with DVD disc of previously unreleased live footage and a video clip of single 'It's Written In The Stars'.

The whole album is a beautifully mellow guitar-driven trip on a summer's day, the sort of thing that you would probably listen to on a lazy afternoon. Latest single 'It's Written In The Stars' is easily the standout track of the album, with an irresistibly catchy melody to stick in your head all day. Other standouts include the title track, and the lyrical 'Spring (At Last)'. The DVD extras are really just the icing on the cake for this particularly tasty creation.

Poptart

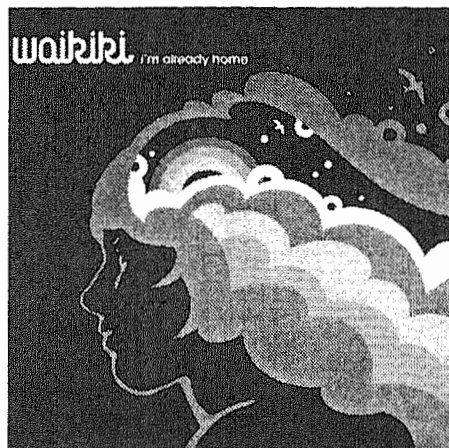


The D4
6TWEENTY
Flying Nun Records

The D4 is a New Zealand band and this CD is the first that I have heard of them. Their type of music can be described as a kind of dirty rock and roll that sounds like it was from the sixties or seventies. All the tracks on the CD are pretty generic and there are no stand-out tracks whether they be good or bad. A lot of people seem to like this type of music these days but I'm more into the style of music that came out when I was around rather than reliving a past that I was never a part of. The Americans started it with the Strokes and the White Stripes, Australia followed suit with the Vines and now New Zealand have given it a shot.

Jang Luu

Sub-ed note: Yes, Jang, yes.



Waikiki
I'm Already Home
Liberation Records

This is the debut album for Sydney band Waikiki and it has gotten quite a bit of airplay on the radio with its first two singles 'New Technology' and 'Here Comes September'. I think that this is a great album where none of the songs are bad. Their music is pretty rock but some of the tracks are less rock and more acoustic with piano like 'A Drunken Laugh'. The best songs I think are: 'Did I', 'Enough' and the kind of country title track 'I'm Already Home'. There are also two tracks, 'Lucky' and 'Beautiful Picture', where instead of the bass player Juanita Stein singing, her guitar playing brother Joel does. This adds some diversity to the album and makes it better I think.

Jang Luu



You Am I
Deliverance
BMG

It amazes me that You Am I don't command a greater share of general popularity, especially considering their competition, for lack of a better word, in many instances. Accept that they aren't going to release sequels to *Hi Fi Way* and *Hourly Daily*, and that their music should reflect their maturity rather than remaining static, and you'll dig this album. Guitars and Australian distinctiveness abound, and *Deliverance* raises the bar considerably, setting the tone and perhaps even defining what Aussie rock should be like. The explosive 'Who Put The Devil In You' is the obvious choice for their first single, and while 'Til The Clouds Roll Away' is probably not single material, it's a charming ballad from Tim Rogers to two-year old daughter, confirming his eligibility for 'Father of the Year'. Achieving an ideal balance between growling pub rock and sentimental ballads might sound like standardisation of the worst kind, but this is

a classic record, possibly the best Aussie release this year. *Deliverance* should appeal to lovers of rock everywhere, and for what it's worth, it has plastered a permanent grin on this punk's face.

Matty



Regurgitator
Jingles
Warner

It is a worrying tendency for bands to break up or venture into solo careers after releasing a 'best of' album, but I hope this is not the case for Regurgitator, one of the most inventive, creative and daring bands that Australia has produced. Juggling electronica and rap, with darker guitar rock and a dash of pop for good measure, *Jingles* contains 21 tracks of pure 'Gurge goodness. There's no real surprises with the inclusions, all their mainstream hits getting the nod, although I would've liked to see classics like '7'10', 'I Will Lick Your Arsehole', 'G7 Dick Electro Boogie' and 'Social Disaster.' Presenting EP and single mixes rather than the versions familiar to the majority of people further enhanced the album, and the obligatory new track, 'Disco Crazy,' almost sounds like Cyndi Lauper's 'Time After Time' until a wash of distorted guitars overpowers the proceedings. As well as detailing just about every gig they've done in the last eight years, there's a discography gallery in the booklet. *Jingles* will be a nice introduction for many to the world of Regurgitator, but to fully appreciate them, buy *Tu Plang* first.

Kon-Uauk



Beachwood Sparks
Make The Cowboy Robots Cry
Sub Pop/Warner

I was introduced to this album by a somewhat misguided comparison to the Eagles. I still held hope, considering the very special Jim Woodring cover artwork and the fact that the band was signed to the legendary Sub Pop label. What-do-you-know,

it's one of the best albums that have graced these ears this year. In a sentence, it's like stoned Flaming Lips; very mellow, falsetto harmonies, eccentric keyboard/electronics, acoustic guitars layered with the electric noise of their counterparts.

It's only a short album (six tracks) and not a moment is wasted on the sweet little journey. There is a certain sense of isolation to the band, like they've been jamming all their nocturnal lives under the stars in the Mojave Desert with the ghost of Gram Parsons. So much spirit it would even make the cowboy robots cry.

Prof. Booty

SINGLES

Aimee Mann
Humpty Dumpty
 V2 Records

This is the latest single from Massachusetts songsmith Aimee Mann. The single 'Humpty Dumpty' is indicative of her musical ability in that it is really well written and a great pop song with string bits in it. (Pop as in pop rock, not Britney Spears pop). Although I have heard it a few times on the radio it is a shame that she won't get the commercial success that she deserves.

Jang Luu

Grinspoon
No Reason
 Universal

The Grinners have released their third single off of *New Detention* and it's great. A slower, more melodic tune with just enough punch and a catchy enough chorus and mad guitar lines to keep it up there with Grinspoon's best. Kudos Grinspoon, kudos.

Massiv Micky D

Noonday Underground
The Light Brigade
 Liberation

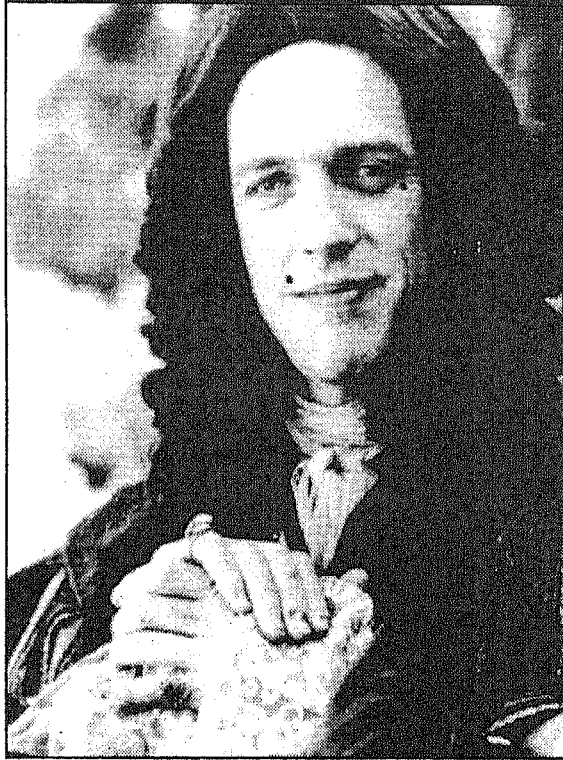
It's taken a while for Noonday Underground to get noticed, but this groovy 60's style song comes complete with soul organ, a spanking bass line and a hankering to make it into the next *Austin Powers* movie and will help to get any party started. Comes with a Gerling remix too, which makes for a friendly single.

Matty

On Dit Office Single of the Year

Without a question the single of the year would have to be the solid gold 'Hot in Herre' by Nelly. Who else could have made facial band-aids a fashion accessory, bringing relief to thousands of pimply teens? And who else could constantly misspell simple words like 'here', managing to mislead millions of only slightly literate teens? That Nelly - he certainly has a way with the ladeez! He just has to turn up the thermostat and women start getting naked. That's innovative, isn't it!

CLUBS & CLASSIFIEDS



Handsome Hugh is delighted to present the very last and rather special edition of Clubs and Classifieds. Make sure you wipe your feet before entering, and please close the door behind you.

Call For Student Volunteer

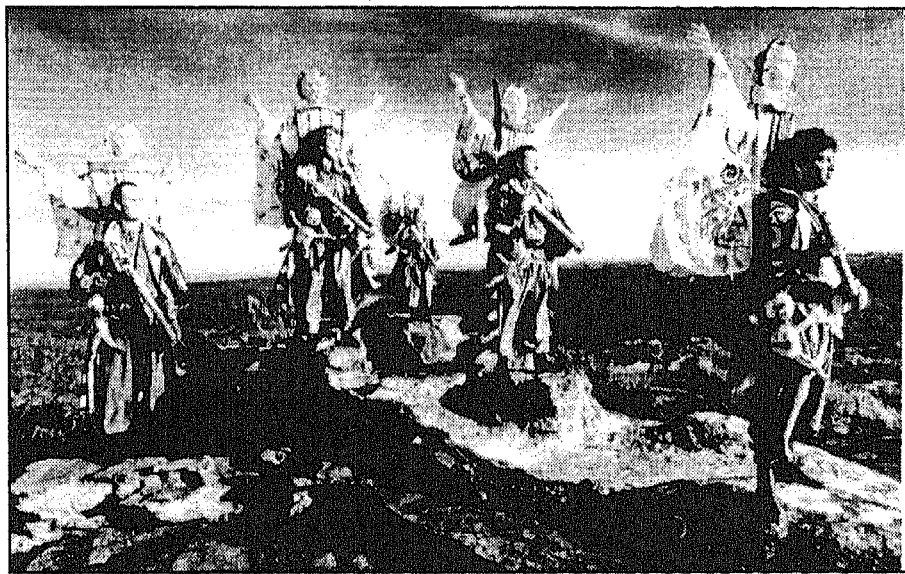
The International Student Centre is looking for 20 students to join our Volunteer Peer Support Program for the February 2003 Orientation period. Volunteers help new international students become acquainted with Adelaide and the University by showing others around, leading tours, hosting social activities, providing a warm welcome and peer advice, assisting with locating accommodation, and more! At the same time, you can gain many personal rewards by helping other students in a range of different areas. It's a great way to meet new people from all over the world, and volunteering is great experience to add to your CV. We will provide lunch on the days you work, and you will receive a certificate of achievement signed by the Pro Vice-Chancellor International at the end.

We highly value the contribution our volunteers make to Orientation and want you to have an active role in designing some of the programs we offer. Volunteers will need to attend a compulsory half-day training session on November 1 (time and location to be advised) where we will look at developing your skills, discussing the tasks we will require you to perform, assigning specialised roles, and also confirming availability times and completing rosters.

The Semester 1, 2003 Welcome Centre for New International Students will run from February 10-21, 2003, so if you have some spare time during this period, WE NEED YOU!

Email isc@adelaide.edu.au with your name, student number, telephone contact, and 'Student Volunteer' in the subject area. Please also include a brief statement about why you would like to volunteer with us.

Justine Shih Pearson
 International Student Centre



Training for the sequel to *Castaway* was hard work for those in training to play the dummy,

Mature Students Association

The Mature Students Association will be holding its annual Christmas Party, at the Brecknock Hotel, King William, St City. Friday November 1 2002, 7 pm. Tickets cost \$20 (Members) - \$25 (Non-members). This includes food, music and seven standard drinks. Tickets are available from selected committee members (ask in the rooms), and from the Clubs Association.

Last Bar Course

The last bar and waiting course this year will be held from November 25-29. Covers all relevant skills. Enrol now - \$50 deposit, \$200 for full course. Union Studio level 4 : 8303 5857.

New Bonds T Shirts

Latest styles and colours available now at Union Studio, level 4 (under Uni Bar). All cheaper than retail. Plain shirts - \$13 (lots of colours). New ringers - \$16.50.

STAR CLASSIFIED

Wanted : Housemate!

Are you looking to share a house in the city centre with an *On Dit* editor and her crazy friend? Our housemate is moving out mid December, and we need someone to attempt to fill her shoes. Rent is \$80 per week plus bond. We don't care if you are male/female/straight/gay/blue/bi/, just as long as you can put up with a three-legged Siamese cat and a slight *Buffy* obsession. The room is unfurnished but we have computers, stereos, washing machines, DVDs, Foxtel etc.

To find out more come on down to the *On Dit* office and chat to Poptart, or if she is AWOL, leave your details in her pigeonhole.



ENCHANTED FOREST 2002

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7TH 2002
SECRET OUTDOOR LOCATION

'RELIVE THE ADVENTURE'

PAUL GLAZBY (UK), MICKEY FINN (UK), L'DOUBLE (UK), KEVIN ENERGY (UK),
SHARKEY (UK), MK! (UK), MIKE LINNETTE (Godskitchen, UK), DAVE PHAM (wet musik, Vic),
NU BREED LIVE (Vic), WEAVY (WA), SCOTT ALERT (Vic), MARTIAN (Cairns),
SLIEKER (Terryaki, Vic) & MIKE CALENDER (Fokus, Vic) AND MORE TO BE CONFIRMED

Tickets: \$45 +bf (X 1000) Earlybird tickets on sale now
from 618 Records (City), Chapel Gesture, Central Station Records (Marion), Corruption,
Midtown records (City), Venuetix (all stores) & online at www.inthemix.com.au