

# On Dit

Volume 72  
Edition 2  
1.3.2004

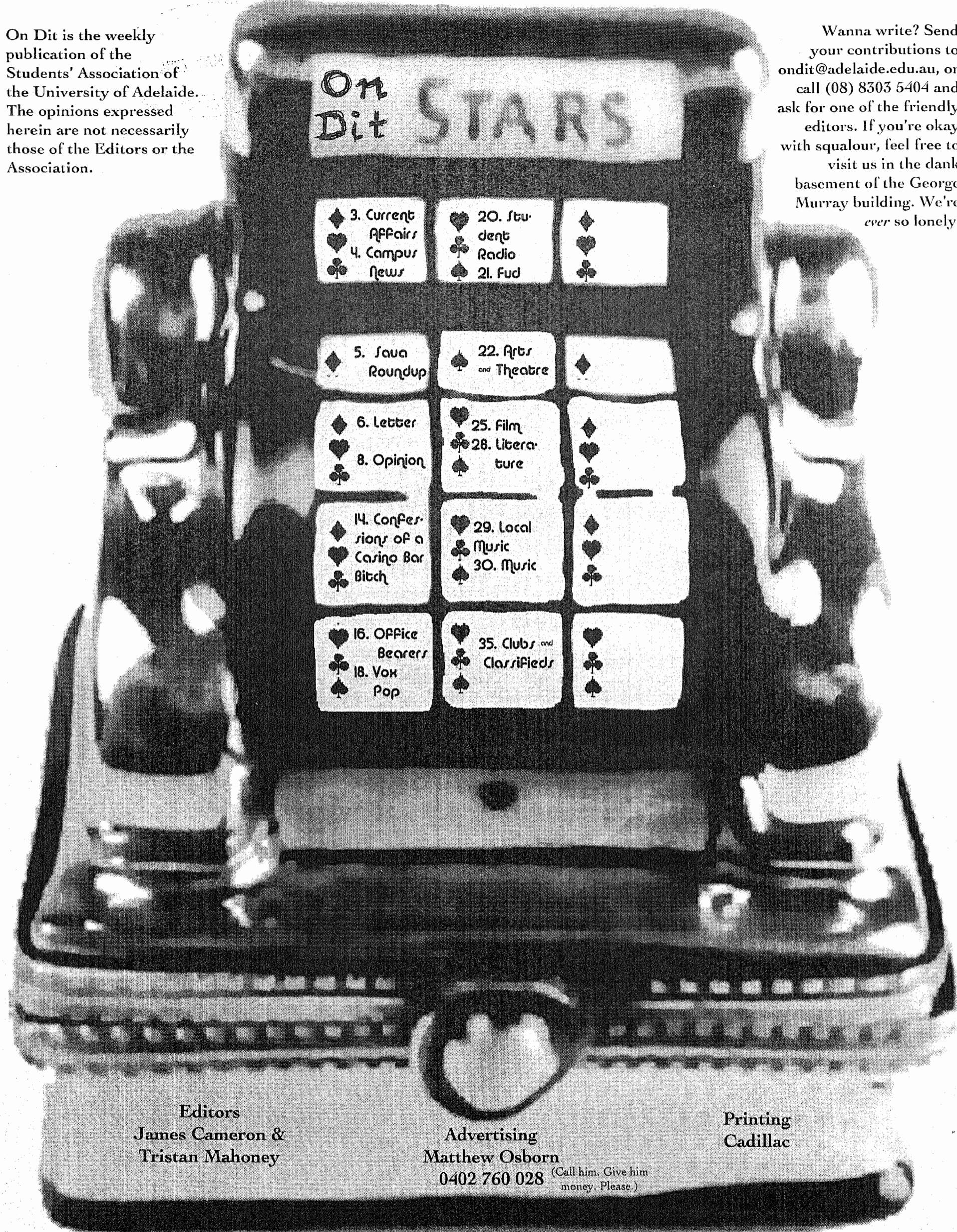
SR  
378.05  
05  
c2

LIBRARY OF THE  
28 MAY 2004  
OF ADELAIDE



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

Wanna write? Send your contributions to [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au), or call (08) 8303 5404 and ask for one of the friendly editors. If you're okay with squalour, feel free to visit us in the dank basement of the George Murray building. We're *ever* so lonely.



**Editors**  
James Cameron & Tristan Mahoney

**Advertising**  
Matthew Osborn  
0402 760 028 (Call him. Give him money. Please.)

**Printing**  
Cadillac

**Current Affairs**  
Ann Mitchell  
**Opinion**  
Russell Marks  
**Music**  
Dan Joyce  
Dan Varricchio  
**Local Music**  
Luke Johnson

**Arts Team**  
Leo Greenfield  
Alex Rafalowicz  
Stephanie Mountzouris  
**Film**  
Jo Norton  
Danny Wills

**Literature**  
Sukhmani Khorana  
Ben Hagemann  
**Vox Pop**  
Jacqui Katzivas  
Stephanie Mountzouris  
**Fud**  
Esha Thaper

**Thank You**  
Andrew & Victor (& Paddy) for a splendid O'Ball, Cruickshank & Clark, Mattyo, GAMBLOR, Kimmy, The Yak, Bec the Transcriber, our readers for not burning last week's edition in the streets, Bonnie and Rudi for putting up with our shit, Victor's mum for the sandwiches, Sarah in the window.

# THE REBELS IN HAITI

## How did it happen?

Haiti is the world's first black-led republic and the first Caribbean state to achieve independence. However, Haiti's pride has been dented by decades of poverty, environmental degradation, violence and dictatorship which have left it as the poorest country in the Americas.

Haiti's political arena has been rough. It is notorious for the brutal dictatorships of the 'Voodoo Physician', Francois 'Papa Doc' and then his son, Jean Claude 'Baby Doc.' However, when former Roman Catholic Priest Jean-Bertrand Aristide was democratically elected in 1990 with over-whelming popular support, an end to the violence and turmoil was predicted.

These hopes were ruined when just months later, he was overthrown in a bloody military coup. He returned to power in 1994 after new rulers were forced to step down under international pressure and with the help of US troops.

Forbidden to run for a second consecutive term, Aristide was replaced by Rene Preval, but was re-elected in the 2000 elections. These elections have been disputed and caused the freezing of foreign aid and a coup attempt in 2001. Aristide's second term was also hindered by continuing political, social and economic crises.

The recent unrest has stemmed from this disputed election, the main opposition coming from a coalition known as 'Group of 184' that comprises representatives from political parties, civil society, trade unions and business associations. The group has no obvious leader.

The group has boycotted congress and refused to co-operate with government initiatives since Aristide's re-election in 2000. Their opposition has flared and become more aggressive in recent months, especially in rural cities such as Gonaives and Cap-Haitien. Some 70 people have been killed in the past few weeks, a large number of them being police. Some suggest this is due to 2004 being the anniversary of Haiti's 200 years of independence. Some political oppositionists hope the

international attention the anniversary will bring the country may help them topple the Aristide government. There is also a fear that Mr Aristide may rig legislative elections later this year, allowing him to stand for a third term in the 2005 elections.

As the opposition spread, the rebels received support from exiled soldiers who served under former strong-man Raoul Cedras who ousted Aristide in the early 1990's. Many of these soldiers have crossed over from the Dominican Republic where they had been living in exile, into Haiti. One clear leader of this group is Louis Jodel Chamblain who was suspected of involvement in the 1987 election massacre in which 34 voters were killed. He also co-founded the 'Front for Haitian Advancement and Progress', a group accused of killing thousands of supporters of Aristide. Chamblain and other leaders now lead the armed rebels against the government. Many civilians also support this cause but have approached the matter in a less violent manner.

To worsen the situation, the violence and aggression continues to spiral with limited authorities available to control the situation. Loyalists of Aristide have become more aggressive since Haiti's small and demoralised police force has fled the rebel advance. The insurgents have torched more than 20 police stations across northern Haiti since the uprising. Further more, Haiti has no military - it was disbanded in 1994 after US troops

returned Aristide.

The present situation seems to be worsening. Last Sunday, the rebels seized their biggest victory so far when a force of 200 heavily armed rebels over ran Cap Haitien, a city of about 500,000. This seizure put rebel forces in control of much of the North of the country. During the attack, Chamblian was surrounded by about 50 rebel fighters dressed in military fatigues and automatic rifles.

The civilian opposition, which has distanced itself from the armed rebels but whose cause has been highlighted by the simultaneous violent up-surge, have been involved in negotiations with the US and the international peace keeping community. They claim they will only agree to a deal if Aristide steps down.

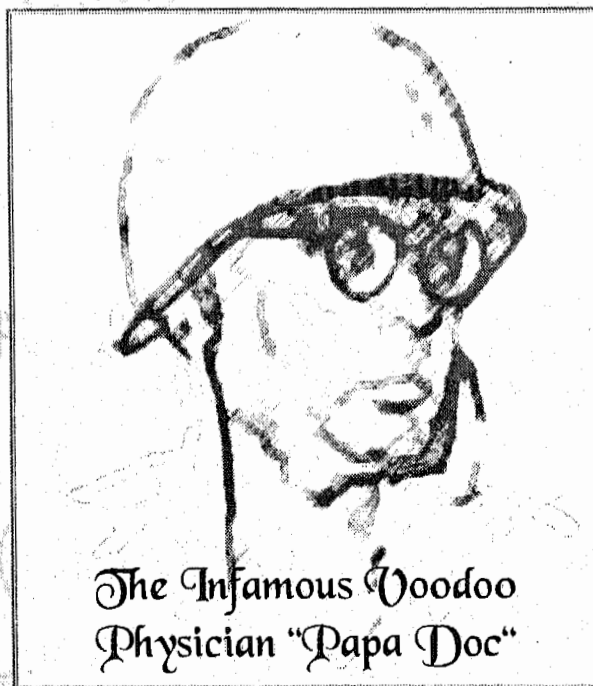
With negotiations literally happening on an hour by hour basis, a day-to-day plan has emerged. The plan, proposed by the civilian opposition, calls for the appointment of a new, independent prime minister and government and ends with Mr. Aristide handing his resignation to a new prime minister on March 18 this year. However, he would maintain shared powers until 2006.

The initial plan is backed by the Organisation of American States (OAS), The Caribbean Community (Caricom), France and the USA.

Although the armed rebels have been excluded from the power-sharing talks, Aristide's approval of the plan last Saturday has been praised by diplomats who see this as an encouragement for armed insurgents to put down their arms.

Until a suitable and viable plan can be negotiated, instigated and upheld, US President George W Bush is encouraging the international community to provide a strong security presence in Haiti, to attempt to minimise the island nation's escalating violent and aggressive turmoil.

Ann Mitchell



The Infamous Voodoo Physician "Papa Doc"

There's no  
Campus News  
Whaddo we  
put here?  
Any ideas?

Fake Ad!

German minimalist  
Page II... Shuddup.

funny names of  
card games in  
crazy fonts.

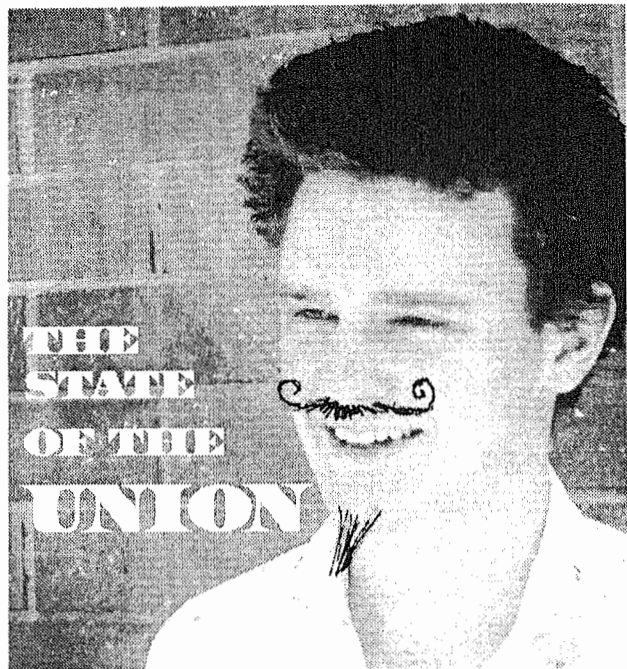
I'm hungry.

"Geometry"



dan V 1.3.04 CAM

4



This year the National Union of Students has treated freshers around Australia to glossy corporate goody bags. Phone cards, discount vouchers, even Corn Thins. Yet little to show what NUS is or does.

In fact outside the narrowest of political cliques students know almost nothing about our national peak body.

Five dollars of every student union fee goes straight to Trades Hall Melbourne. With this NUS has to lobby our government and media, research student issues, and co-ordinate nationwide campaigns.

Many who think nothing good comes out of Melbourne call this a big waste of our five dollars and someone else's time.

So should NUS leave student representation to campus unions?

Should it play up its strengths? Rebrand itself the National Union of Poster & Sticker Distributors?

Before you rush to agree please remember why we need a national union. Why it is still better to have a somewhat deficient one than none at all.

From year to year NUS battles on with scant resources and the constant threat that its warring tribes and disengaged members will pull it apart.

In over ten years its fee has never risen from five dollars.

So maybe we should be more surprised than let down when it meets this challenge. No other body can speak on behalf of all Australian students or link up campuses across the country in common cause.

Moreover if one day NUS were to collapse we would have few tools left to build something new and better from the rubble.

We might complain now but without any nationwide voice our interests and views would be marginalised even more. At least this one comes cheap.

Rowan Nicholson  
President

Adelaide University Union

# SAUA ROUNDUP

Precious little to report on in the Students' Association this week. SAUA Council hasn't sat for some weeks, due in part to a disappointing (for some) lack of quorum and the unbridled Chaos that is the final throes of Orientation.

Some of you may remember last year's introduction of an Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander (ATSI) department in the SAUA. The plan was to appoint an interim ATSI officer until such time as a referendum on the issue could be passed, allowing the department to become a bona fide fixture in the SAUA constitution. However, the referendum was abandoned after a row over the SAUA's inability to devise a way to register ATSI students without breaching the Privacy Act. Last year's Interim ATSI Officer, Darren Kurtzer, insisted right

up until the last minute that only ATSI students should be allowed to vote for their representatives (currently not the case for women and queers), leaving the referendum – and the department – up in the air for another year.

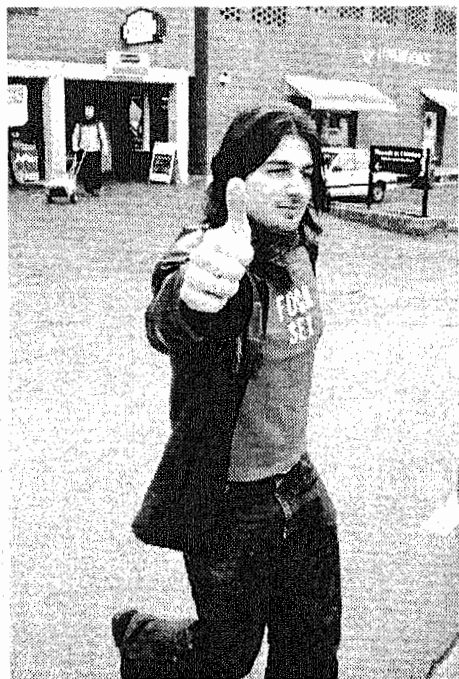
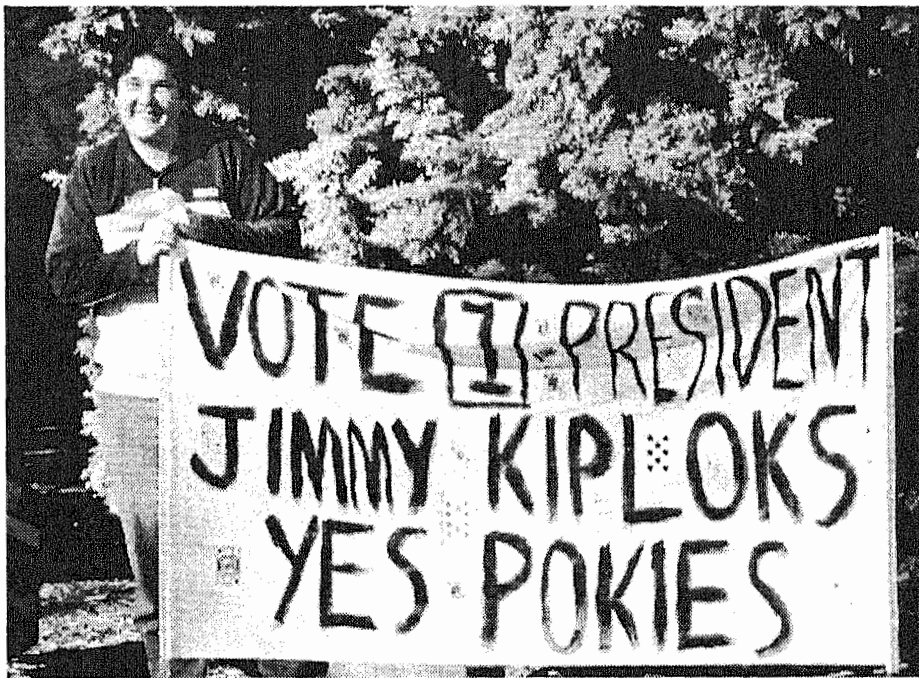
Two new ATSI Officers, Cody Morris and Sam Nona, will be sharing the interim position for 2004. Currently assembling an ATSI Standing Committee, the two are optimistic about the future of the department. Hopefully the logistics of both the constitutional referendum and the hairy problem of ATSI voter registration will be resolved in time for the election.

In other news, Orientation was a resounding success – especially as far as the books are concerned. Bucking the trend of recent years, O'Ball in particular made a hefty profit,

currently estimated to be between \$9,000 and \$1.4 million. 'The secret is to pay the bands less money,' says Director Andrew Flemming, who was in charge of much of the band negotiation. As we write this, tired and emotional Orientation Co-ordinator Victor Stamatescu is currently being cared for by no less than a former Orientation Co-ordinator and two former Orientation Directors at the Daly Street Home for Former Orientation Staff.

*On Dit* congratulates all those involved in Orientation 2004, and hopes SAUA Council remembers their efforts when it finally comes to deliberate their honoraria...

Stan & JC

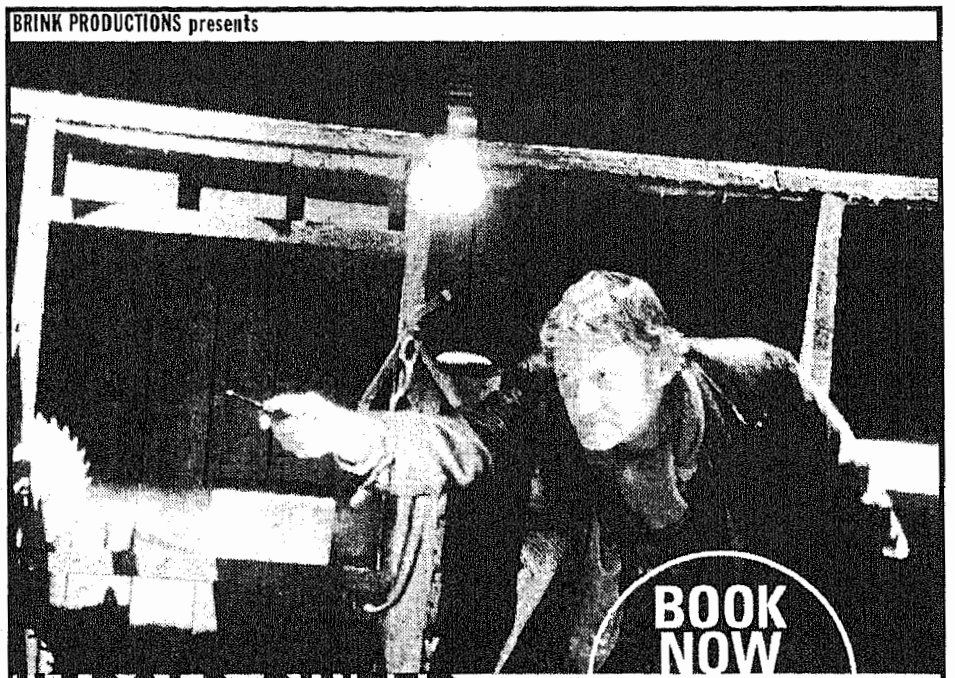


Amusing election week photos # 2 & 3: Dan Varrichio's "Fuck Sex" tilt for Male Sexuality Officer was a resounding failure, despite his handsome good looks and ingenious slogan (left).

Jimmy Kiplocks was far more successful, managing to win a number of standing committee positions (not to mention preferences for the Liberals) on a bizarre pro-gambling ticket (above).

**Conclusion:** democracy just doesn't work.

5



## HAROLD PINTER THE CARETAKER 3 MEN—2 BEDS—1 ROOM

Following hit Adelaide Fringe and Festival shows including *The Ecstatic Bible 2000* and *Killer Joe 2002*, Brink Productions proudly presents one of the most significant plays of the 20th Century as a part of the 2004 Adelaide Fringe.

The Odeon Theatre

Feb 28 - March 13 check the Fringe Guide for session times

Tickets \$25 con \$15

All Bookings through FringeTIX 8100 2004 or online [www.adelaidefringe.com.au](http://www.adelaidefringe.com.au)

**"brink are back and they're better than ever"**

Revolves

Director HANNAH MACDOUGALL Set Design GEOFF COBHAM, HANNAH MACDOUGALL Lighting GEOFF COBHAM  
Featuring ANTHONY PHELAN and BRINK ENSEMBLE MEMBERS WILLIAM ALLERT and DAVID MEALOR



#### LETTERS FROM THE FRONT ?

Those who have been noticing will have seen Australia shoulder the responsibility that comes with being part of a large and dominating culture, yes, even empire. Those who rejoiced in the liberation of East Timor will have noticed it. Those who advocate the liberation of the refugees, locked away here and abroad, after seeking sanctuary in Australia, will have noticed it. Some fear that our enemies will have noticed it too and some postulate that we have made enemies by our actions on the international stage, in arenas both near, such as East Timor, and far afield, such as Afghanistan and Iraq.

Noam Chomsky, in 'Hegemony or Survival', refers to the interventions in Kosovo and East Timor as "the two jewels in the diadem". If these are the two jewels, then the plight of refugees in Australia and those in Guantanamo Bay are the two standout sores.

Chomsky and others argue that "humanitarian intervention" is a façade erected to hide and make laudable the imposition of a new order or new 'normality'. This may be so. It may also be true that some lives were saved in Kosovo and some genocide averted. Ditto East Timor. If humanitarian intervention is all about saving lives then could it be argued that the Howard regime's stemming of the flow of refugees with propaganda, bad treatment and imprisonment has saved lives? After all, hundreds less are drowning trying to traverse the ocean in ill-equipped vessels. Could it be argued that the treatment of prisoners in Guantanamo Bay, held without trial to date, and with no recourse to legal representation is deterring terrorism? These arguments might possibly be made except for the two real jewels in the crown of our civilization:

The end does not justify the means. The way we exist and achieve is important.

Man is innocent until proven guilty. The processes of justice and equity are important.

Throughout the last century, the citizens of this great nation fought in battles without equal; historically huge and with accordingly commensurate casualties. Wars, actions and battles that we rightly hope will not be equalled! Ladies and Gentlemen: we are not just along for the ride, but are major players, whether we deride the fact or not. There are historians who argue that at Pozieres, for example, Australians turned the tide of global conflict.

We have fought for causes not always noble, just or right, but always in every way for things great:

- Equity, with compassion.
- Truth, in and through democracy.
- Freedom of speech and the right to privacy.
- Peace, not relaxing but striving for understanding.
- Justice, not vengeful but with mercy.
- For the chance to continue learning, the chance to add something positive, however small, to the legacy bequeathed to us by the giants on whose shoulders we stand, from Einstein and Orwell, to Plato and Pozieres.

As we stand comfortably in this new century, it may be easy to believe that every major threat is done with. The West seems to be unassailable from the highground of our technology, if not our philosophy. But this may be our darkest hour. Our darkest hour. The enemy is always within. Do you know what side you are on?

Guantanamo. Woomera. Here. In America. In Australia. Here. I am talking to you.

S.P. Dillon

Dear Eds,

When comparing Pearson and Campbell's contributions to that of DRC, it occurred to me that when it comes to propaganda, conservatives are so much more eloquent and entertaining than the Left.

If only the Left could string an original sentence together, perhaps we wouldn't be on our way to "Hell in a handbasket."

Sincerely  
Dan Joyce

Read Russell Marks  
P. 8 -Ed

**Letters:** Ooh, look at that shamelessly big picture of the Casino Royale. We don't want a great big image taking up space in our letters section. We want to fill it with letters, intelligent, opinionated, poetic, stupid, dumb, fat letters. So if anything is getting up your goat, or you just want to tell us how much you're enjoying Magnet Boy, put it into letter form and send it down to the *On Dit* Office in the basement of the George Murray building, or email it to

**ondit@adelaide.edu.au**

#### Making a Difference...

The current TV advertising campaign is true, "Adelaide University students are making a difference in the world."

Of note is former student and Law Professor James Crawford SC who is leading the case against the Israeli 'apartheid wall'. In what might seem simple Aussie logic, the argument goes "...if you want to build a fence, then build it on your land".

The problem for Israelis is that in order to do this they have to give up large areas of occupied land including East Jerusalem. And many of the settlements housing hundreds of thousands of Israelis will be on the other side of the fence.

Clearly a fence is not the answer, neither is a two state solution. In my opinion both sides need to start thinking in terms of living peacefully together in one state and focusing on issues such as human and civil rights rather than land rights.

Peter Smornos  
(former student)

#### Disgruntled Diner

Dear Eds,

It has come to my attention that the Adelaide University Union runs catering outlets on campus. I am also of the understanding that this organisation is not, as one might expect from a union, a political body. Effectively, the AUU is a glorified catering company, providing a smattering of student services. It has a Board, a CEO, a marketing department - the whole kit and kaboodle.

If this is so, how is it that the AUU can't provide basic, affordable nourishment for students at this university? I refuse to pay in excess of five dollars for a 'Gourmet' sandwich. I refuse to subject myself to congealed lasagne, or salty potato bake coated in a thick membrane of oil. If I can purchase cheaper, less dangerous food across North Terrace, why should students bother patronising such an incompetent, profit-driven pack of swine?

I don't doubt that catering on campus will improve during the Fringe. This only highlights the AUU's lack of regard for students at this university. I fail to see the benefit of my union fee if the management of the AUU is more concerned with profiting from travelling festivals than it is about a healthy student population. *Fuck them.*

Workers in car factories have unions that provide them with cheap food. When the schnitzel in the Unibar is the best value for money meal on campus, you know something is drastically wrong. Are students nowadays so affluent that they can afford to pay five bucks for a plate of dubious slop? Expect an angry letter a week until the AUU proves that it gives a damn about the health of students at this university.

Warmest regards

Mayo Hater

# Redfern: Australia's Harlem?

There are, to the realists' chagrin, many truths that emerged from the fading embers following February 15's "riot" in the Sydney suburb of Redfern.

The New South Wales police force, whose members were targeted with bricks, firebombs and other unfriendly projectiles while merely doing their jobs, has one version of events. According to Superintendent Dennis Smith, 'If young people of any age offend against the law they have to be spoken to. Sometimes young Aboriginal people in Redfern do things that are wrong, break the law and we have to speak with them. But most of our relationships are generally positive.'

The NSW government, led by Bob Carr (and backed up to an even greater degree by Opposition leader John Brogden), has a similar story to tell. 'Advice from police is that the heat and alcohol played a large part', he said. 'I've got full confidence in the way police tackled this incident'. Brogden would 'bring the bulldozers in' because he can't see any other solution.

Non-Indigenous residents of Redfern and surrounding districts often echo similar concerns. 'When will people accept the fact that if someone runs from someone legally able to detain them then what happens is the fault and responsibility of the runner?' asks Adrian Gallagher in a letter to the Sydney Morning Herald, apparently unaware of the possibility that the law might itself be unjust. 'Residents should stop blaming the police, take control of their life and invest their energy in improving their circumstances', declares Cameron Lowe in another letter. And J King, of Queensland, was 'appalled' as an 'Aboriginal woman, on camera, said the community was expressing "sorrow and anger" [while] in the background there was a large fire and youths were throwing rocks and Molotov cocktails at police and firemen'. 'Sorrow and anger, my foot,' King states authoritatively, 'they were just drunken louts looking for an excuse to vandalise and destroy'.

But a vastly different meta-narrative could be heard from Indigenous individuals and communities across Australia, and indeed the world. A London newspaper described the latest Redfern "riot" as 'a national disgrace'. This narrative, despite taking various forms depending on from whom in particular it emanated, pointed to decades - centuries - of disadvantage, victimhood, and racism. The girlfriend of TJ Hickey, the young man who was tragically and mysteriously impaled on a fence, echoed the sentiments of many of Hickey's family and friends when she blamed the police for his death. 'The police 'pick on black kids', said Caroline Bates, 19. 'I don't see white kids getting bashed'.

In contrast to police and government statements which linked the incident to alcohol, those involved denied such allegations. A 13-year-old boy said 'Even if we walk the streets, they chase us for nothing'... 'because we are black', added the boy's 12-year-old friend.

## Redfern

Redfern, about 3km south of Darling Harbour and Sydney's CBD, is in Gadigal country, of the Eora Nation. Tony Stephens of the Herald writes that Indigenous people from outlying communities began congregating at Redfern during the Great Depression of the 1930s, perhaps because of its proximity to Central Station. Despite the best efforts of the administrations of the time, an 'Aboriginal' community developed, and in 1973 Gough Whitlam's ALP government, with the Aboriginal Housing Co-operative and Indigenous leaders, endorsed Redfern as the centre of the post-referendum movement for Indigenous self-determination.

But if Redfern was a national symbol for self-determination and reconciliation, its failure to date is far more than symbolic. Only 100 Indigenous people remain in Redfern after about four-fifths of families moved out prior to the 2000 Olympics, when

a strong rumour existed that the NSW government was planning to extend the CBD into Redfern and 'relocate' existing residents. These rumours were effectively confirmed by Bob Carr on February 19, when he proposed that Redfern would become 'an area of major commercial redevelopment'.

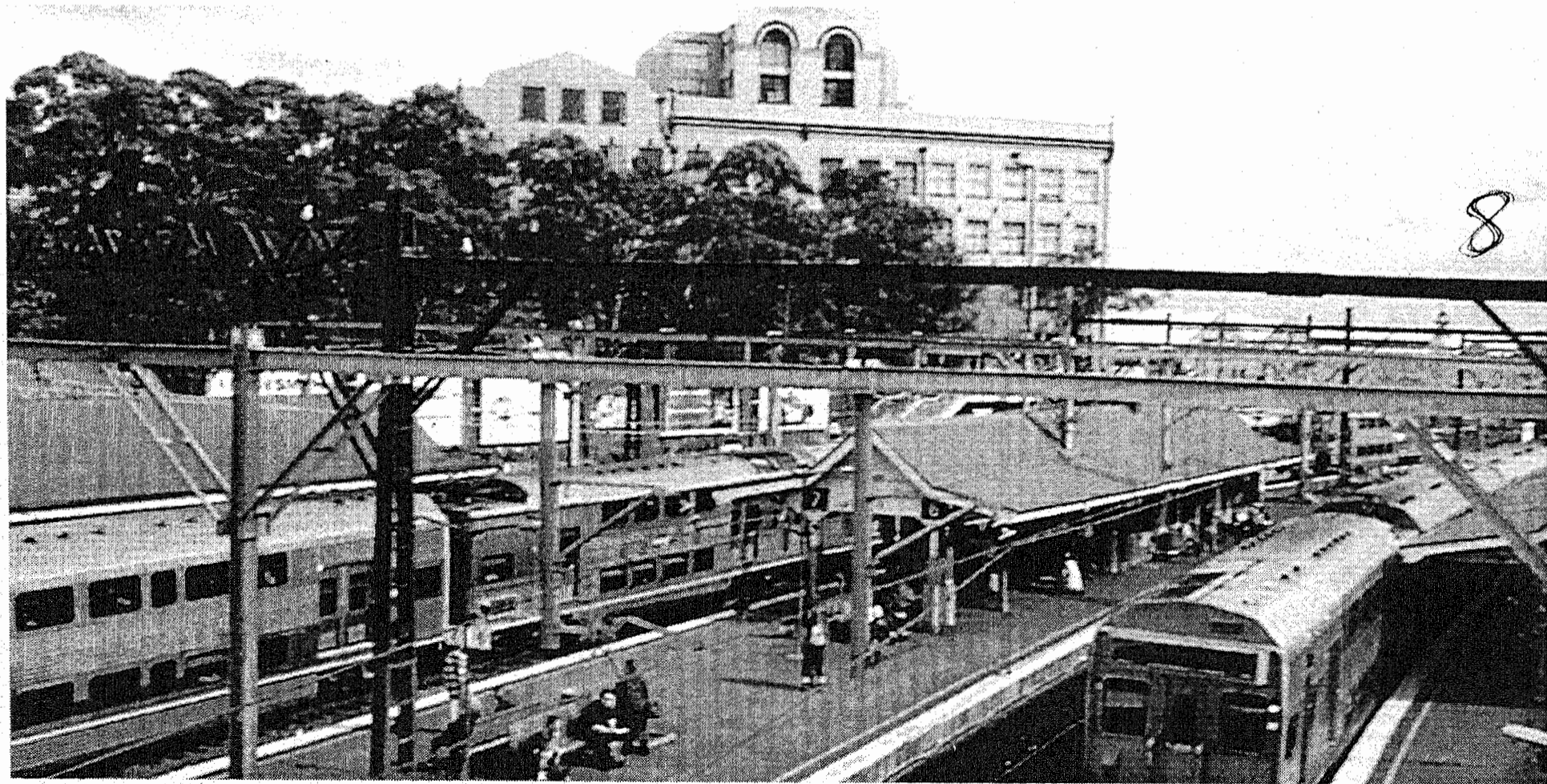
For anyone who has been to Redfern, of course, it's obvious that whatever Redfern was supposed to be, it isn't. Truancy, alcohol and other drug abuse, and strong, endemic violence plague the Indigenous community, inciting fear and propagating racial divisions.

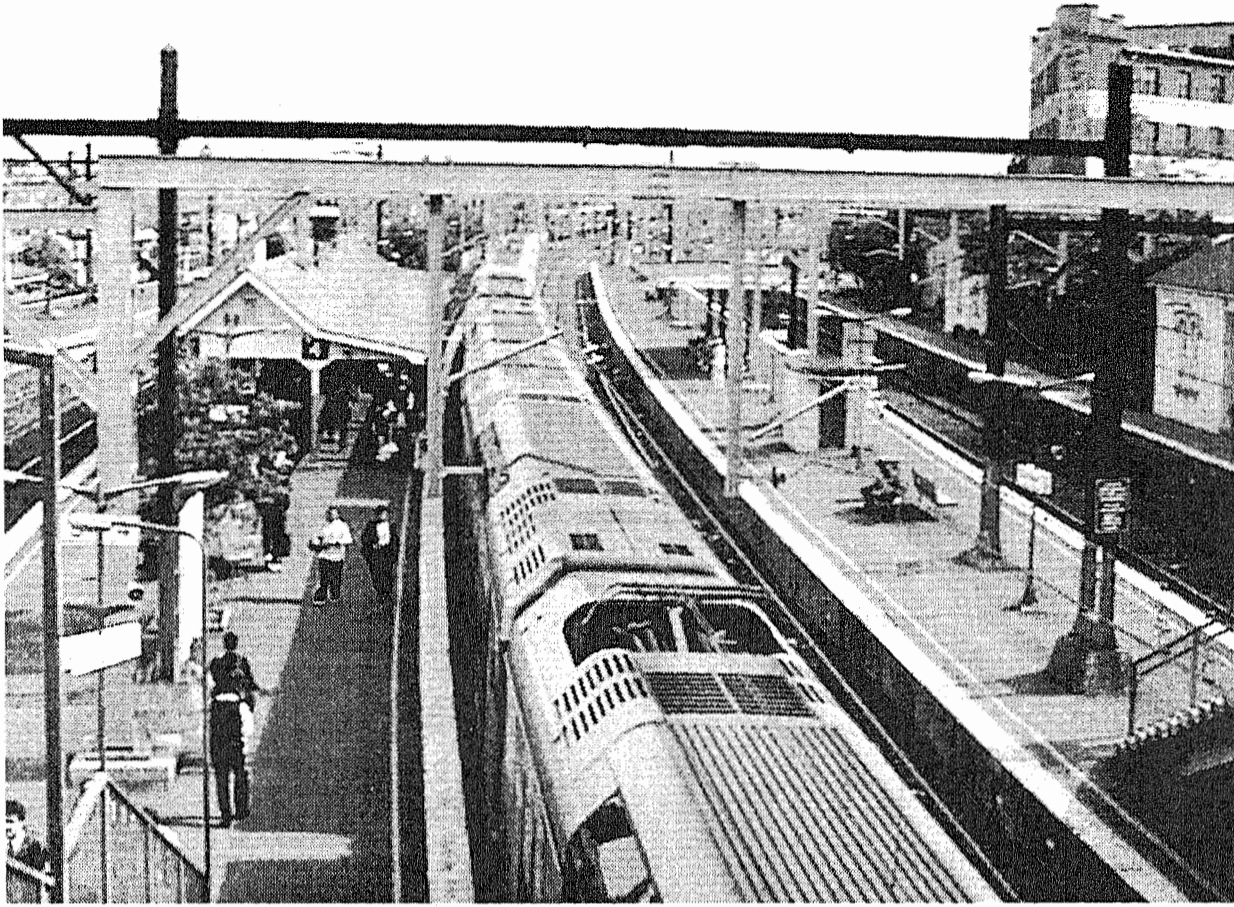
## "Riot"

According to the NSW police, the NSW Government and Opposition, and nearly all mass media, the "catalyst" to the Sunday night "riot" was the death of TJ Hickey, a seventeen-year-old unemployed school dropout who was, according to friends and family, good-humoured and completely selfless. Apparently, after TJ managed to impale himself on a fence (the police deny ever pursuing him in a vehicle), a "mob" of alcohol-fuelled youths set upon local police, actions which led to a siege-like situation and a "riot".

That most white Australians fail to recognise the racial implications of such language is no surprise, given their almost complete lack of education about race. Malcolm Knox, in a 2003 article written shortly after Darren Lehmann was suspended for calling a Sri Lankan cricketer a 'black cunt', posited that white Australians are 'not yet at a stage of cultural maturity where we even know what racism is'. Lehmann, after all, is a "good bloke", and he "didn't mean anything by it" (just as the officer who referred to Aboriginal people as 'coons' in a 1992 ABC documentary should have been excused because the term was generally accepted at the Redfern Police Station).

Another way of describing the February 15 events might highlight the fact that 100 Aboriginal people were in conflict with 200 (!) police personnel, who





were armed with guns, batons and riot shields. One might also describe the way in which NSW police would constantly patrol the area and harass local residents by engaging in racial profiling, a phenomenon not restricted to Redfern or even Australia.

In nearly every postcolonial country where there are major power imbalances between ethnic groups, racial/ethnic tension exists. Canada, the United States, Sri Lanka, Zimbabwe and South Africa provide prime examples. Many respected academics and commentators, including Carol Aylward, Kay Anderson, Nonie Sharp, Robert Manne, Frances Henry and Carol Tator, note that when more police resources are devoted to a particular area, or group of people, the crime rate goes up, merely because more offenders are caught. This feeds into a community perception of a 'crime wave', invoking further police resources.

From a conservative, status-quo perspective, Australian police are guarantors of an indispensable legal system that necessarily punishes certain forms of behaviour. It is easy, and correct, to point to examples of sub-Saharan failed states where anarchy and corruption reign supreme to lend legitimacy to the Australian system of governments, courts and police forces. On this view, a 'crime' is always a 'crime' and deserves punishment. But such a corruption of the rule of law assumes away, as it has always done, any inherent inequalities among individuals and groups coexisting in the society. It assumes away, for example, the fact that up to 30% of Aboriginal children were stolen from their parents, through force or coercion, between 1900 and 1975. It assumes away the fact that, despite the obvious genocidal intent of those proponents of such a policy, not one former government official has ever been punished, and the government responsible, which continues to exist today albeit with a change of personnel, has not even apologised.

When your children are targeted and harassed by white police officers on a weekly or even daily basis, your faith in Australia's so-called objective system of government and law enforcement is quickly eroded. Add to this the cumulative effect of generations of enforced subjugation, humiliation, apartheid, and genocide, and the only thing surprising about the recent Redfern "riot" was that it doesn't happen more often.

#### The Way Forward

John Howard's pre-Olympics focus on "practical reconciliation" was essentially a re-moulded version of his old Methodist Church's missionary objectives. That the Church changed and he didn't (when he married into the Church of England) is quite obvious, given his absolute refusal to apologise to the Stolen Generations, and is an ideology of Australia's Prime Minister that is brilliantly explored in David Marr's book, *The High Price of Heaven*.

That the man has said hardly a word on Indigenous issues since 2000 is even more telling. Practical reconciliation has, of course, never worked, no matter where it has been attempted. In the past decade, in almost every indicator of living standards, Indigenous Australians have slipped further behind the rest of the population: life expectancy, drug abuse, mental illness, health care access, school leavers, prison deaths, you name it.

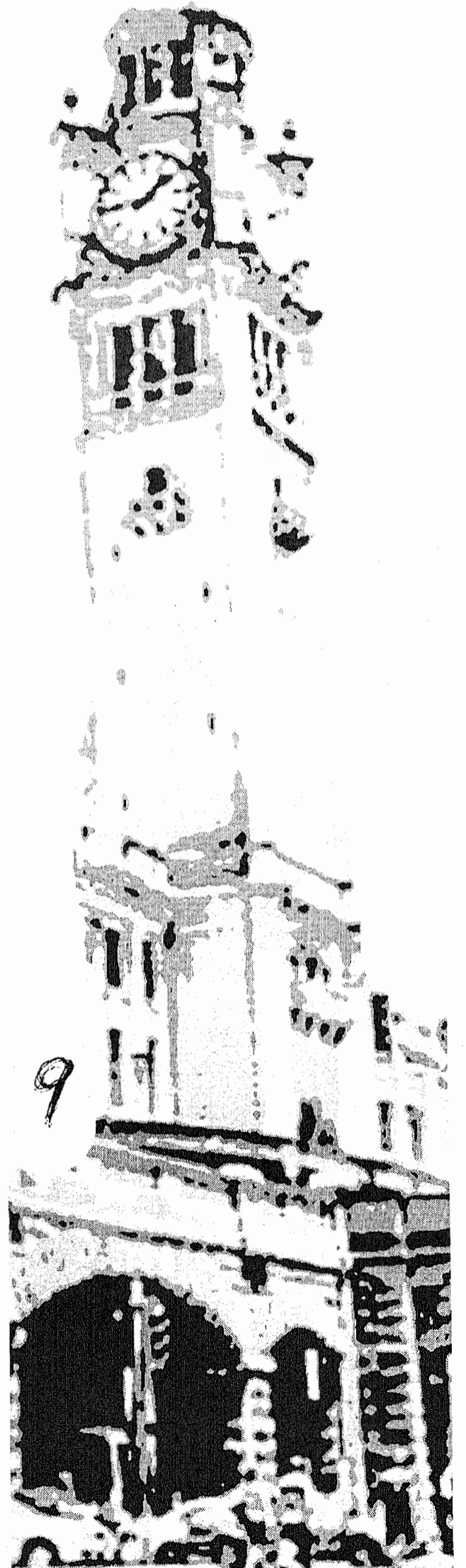
Paul Keating said 'change the government and you change the country.' While John Howard is, of course, a product of the Australian people, one has the feeling that, in Indigenous affairs at least, Keating could be right.

There must be a major focus on Australia's Aboriginal peoples, from a grassroots primary school level right through to a nationwide campaign. If language is so often a portal into cross-cultural understanding, why aren't Australian children taught Indigenous languages at school? Knox was correct in declaring that (white) Australians don't know what racism is; well, it's time they learned. Non-Aboriginal Australians must begin to engage with Indigenous people, because the reverse has been happening for 200 years.

Finally, white Australians cannot continue to pretend that this country is one of racial harmony, or even 'tolerance'. What happened at Redfern on the dark night of February 15 was not an aberration, it was a glimpse into the world of desperation and futility experienced by so many people, here in our Lucky Country.

Russell Marks

*This article was written and published on Kaurua lands.*







## No place for heroes in politics

This time last year certain key members of the Security Council, most significantly France, yielded their unelected power by threatening to veto the US led coalition in Iraq gaining the support of the public who opposed the war. Public opinion suddenly viewed the French as being a nation of peace - an anomaly in a world arena that sought to address such issues in a far more sophisticated manner than the war mongers in Washington, London and Canberra.

This, of course, was a misnomer.

Whilst studying on the West Coast of the US in the latter half of 2003 it was astonishing to see how those who opposed the war suddenly saw nations such as France, Russia and Germany as the world's last hope for providing an efficacious balance to the US, which would be less self-interested and more altruistic in their approach. This is an easy trap to fall into, because at times the principles of mass public opinion can be aligned with the interests of nation state governments. As was the case in the lead up to the war.

Yet it is a worthwhile reminder, as Louis Henkin states in her blueprint for international relations, *How Nations Behave*, that States will always act in their own best interests.

In particular, French President Jacques Chirac has recently played host to the leader of the world's biggest workshop, China. Chirac sought to forge strong economic relations with the giant by doing much more than merely laying down the red carpet. The Eiffel Tower was illuminated red for the three days whilst Hu Jintao was in Paris and the Champs Elysees was closed off for the first time to celebrate the Chinese New Year.

Yet this is nothing in comparison to the political lengths Chirac took to get the Chinese on side. During discussions between the two Presidents, Chirac more than turned a blind eye to the lingering human rights breaches and lack of democracy in China. Chirac, as the Howard Government did by banning the two Greens Senators from President Hu's address to the Australian parliament, sought to suppress humanitarian opposition within France's Parliament, and called on the European Union to lift its arms embargo imposed since the atrocities of the Tiananmen Square massacre in 1989, which was quashed unambiguously by the EU fourteen to one.

Undoubtedly the French are not alone when it comes to this sort of hypocritical behaviour when engaging with China, who have become too important for the geo-political aspirations of nation States to rough up with explicit criticism of their policy in Tibet and Taiwan. Even the Bush administration, who before 9/11 was unequivocally supportive of Taiwan, has changed its tune. In a recent meeting in Washington between the Chinese and US Presidents, Bush took the opportunity to criticize President Chen of Taiwan - an action that would have been unthinkable three years ago.

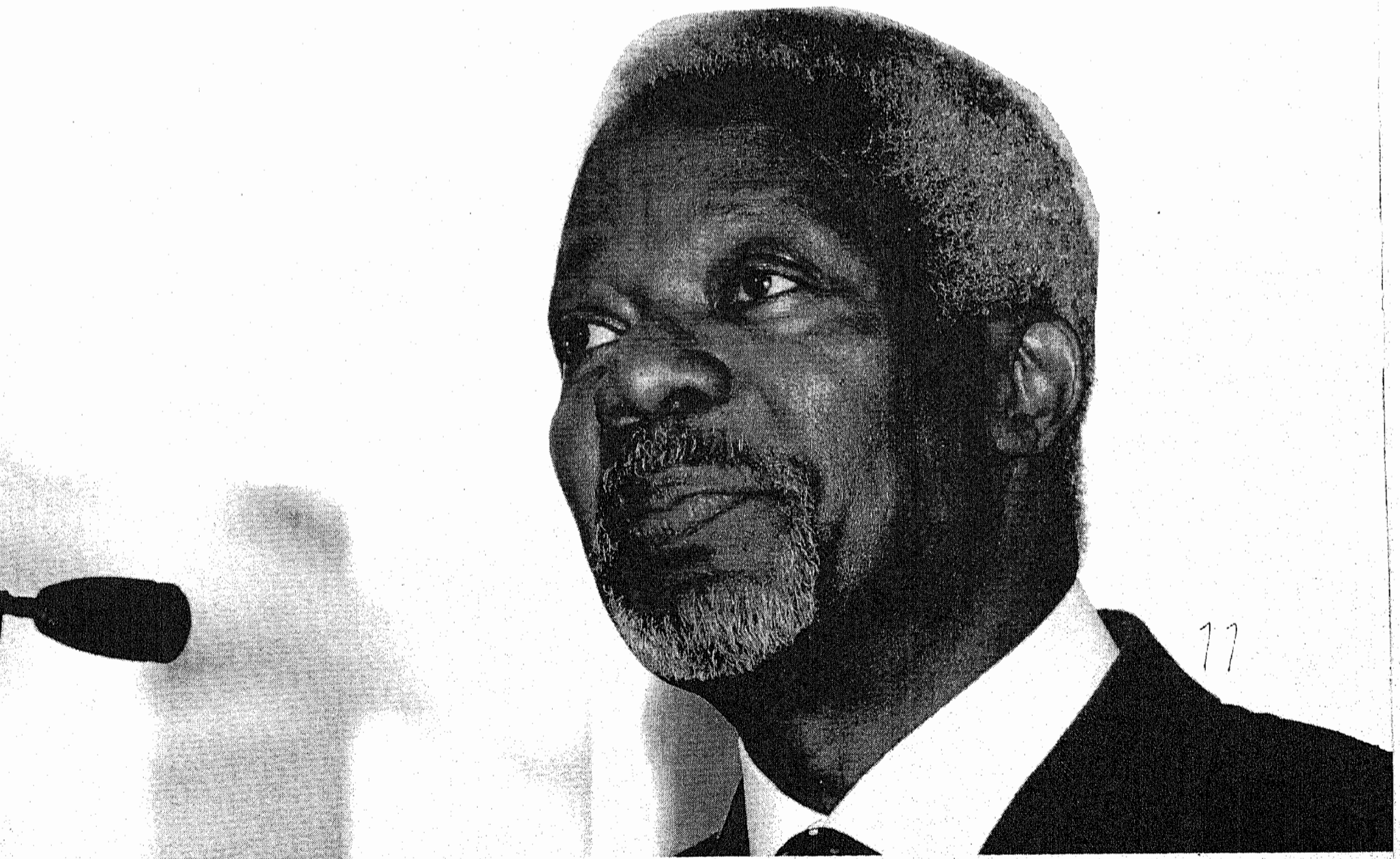
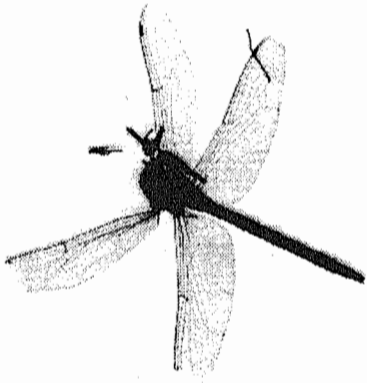
For the discerning democrat, support and criticism for any government can only be made realistically on an individual policy basis, with an informed sense of what has played before, as France did in the lead up to the war in Iraq.

It was a shame Chirac had to contradict his bold call for a world order based on peace and prosperity by playing dumb with the Chinese.

Timothy Wetherell

*No bugs on Kofi!*

Former British Cabinet Minister Clare Short dropped a bombshell last week when she claimed British intelligence agents spied on UN Secretary General Kofi Annan in the run-up to the Iraq war.



# CLASSIC COMICS LIBRARY

Presents

## A TALE of TWO ELECTIONS

by  
David  
Faber

These are the best of times, and the worst of times...Living in the land of Oz, summer comes but twice a year, at the beginning of 1st and the end of 2nd semester. But the sunshine which roasts us now is but a foretaste of the searing rays which will descend upon the hustings later this year. Already the election campaign is open and the question before us here as in the US is clear. We now know that our irresponsible governments mendaciously sucked us into their delusions to gratify their lust for power. Are we going to encourage their depravity by renewing their mandates? Or are we going to clean out the Augean stables? Surely it is time for the sake of democracy to send them to stand in the corner and meditate upon their unworthiness. For if governments are permitted to lie to the people, they cease to be effectively accountable to them, degenerating into elective oligarchies, with the polls being little more than exercises in complicity.

When Osama Ben Laden flew three jumbo's into the twin towers and the Pentagon, he stretched out a hand to the imperial fundamentalism he hates, which was in danger of losing its purpose with the end of the Cold War. Bush and Ben Laden are not so much enemies as partners in a dance of death. Neither makes any sense without the other, not that they make much sense

together. Australia's only hope is not to be caught in their antagonistic embrace. We must pronounce a pox on both their houses, and chart an independent course in our own interest, a course watchful as to security and tolerant as to diversity with a principled adherence to civil liberty. Already Howard is trying to stigmatise Latham for being so sensible. Downer, our very own provincial tory lap dog, has already accused Latham, a former Whitlam staffer, of being Whitlamesque. I wish someone would insult me like that. The Liberal Club knows where to find the *On Dit* office...

It is of course conventional to be too cool to care about politics. This affectation of critical awareness is in fact no more than an anarchoid fit of the vapours. The genteel mind swoons in the sweaty atmosphere of controversy, as if we weren't all used to it from our time in the playground. There is no cockpit so down and dirty as the sandpit of infancy. Grown ups may despise the double dealing of so much dead ordinary business as usual politics without turning their backs on principle. If everyone who could enroll did so and voted a conscience vote for any party they liked except our warmongering government, we could turn that illegitimate squatter Howard out of his, which is to say our, Kirribilli mansion. And a valuable lesson

would be thereby taught to all sides of politics: that you lie to the people at your own risk. Because you can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time. Yes, I'm quoting Lincoln, the last decent Republican president.

We now know the outlines of the much sweated 'Free' Trade Agreement with the US. The devil of course will be in the detail. So this is the price of our soul. Usually one likes to sell oneself for a better price. It just goes to show that the wages of loyalty to our great and powerful friend are pretty meagre, although one cannot place too high a value on even a temporary immunity from invasion. The US likes to claim that it is not an imperial state, on the grounds that it does not directly rule those whom it befriends or conquers. This only shows that they have forgotten or pretend to have forgotten their Thucydides. Ancient Athens was also a great naval and commercial republic with 'democratic' institutions which ruled indirectly through a network of alliances. If an 'ally' declared neutrality, the Athenians invaded. Apart from the fact that Athenian power was based on the trireme and that of the US upon the aircraft carrier, nothing much has changed.





As far as an occupation goes, the casino is exciting. It usually involves (especially if you are a younger worker) becoming a creature of the night, working in a dirty, debauched scene which is dangerous for both your mental and physical health. The majority of those on the graveyard shift resort to drinking themselves into sanity at the Strathmore at 7am in the morning, when the Casino has finally closed. Working hours are sketchy - even though the Casino enjoys a massive profit margin every year, they still encourage all workers to register as part time and cut hours whenever they can. However it is not the labour that is the most appalling part of the job. It is the mental abuse of constantly witnessing acts of human desperation and a self-absorption so deep that the clients can't see outside of the four walls that can really shatter the spirits of the workers at the Casino.

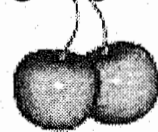
The stories flow thick and fast from any drunken Casino worker. There are cocktail waitresses pissed off because the pokie addicts don't even acknowledge them when they order drinks, scared of losing concentration on the spinning images, and that make them serve coffee even though they are sitting next to the free tea and coffee stands and even more ridiculous gripes with the clientele. My source laments the time she forgot to swipe a customer's Action card (a card which after much use in poker machines and at the Casino Bar earns the owner pokie credit



and ironically bus tickets, among other things). The elderly lady, harsh and windswept in her features, was buying an alcoholic beverage and when her card was not swiped she lashed out, screaming, "you just cost me my bus ticket home!"

While these stories are but mere bitching, common in any workplace, it is the stories that are simply bizarre that are more unsettling. My source observes with confusion the men whom slither into the Casino with a bevy of women, usually four or five, place them at card tables around the bottom floor, and float between them all night. These Casino gigolos are forever giving them more money if they need it, dictating their moves and studying them with a chilling scrutiny, not leaving until the last call for cashing in chips at quarter to six.

Similarly distressing is the phenomenon of 2002 when the Casino opened at 12 o'clock on Christmas night, and successfully catered for one of their busiest nights of the year, bar New Year's Eve and Chinese New Year. Poor tormented souls fled from their broken families, possibly divided because of their habits, to bask in the warmth and acceptance of the Casino, a place that would welcome them as long as they carry the dosh to spare, and comforts them with flashing machines, smiling dealers and strong drinks. What kind of fucked up addiction is that? What sort of twisted entrepreneurs reap the fruit of such illness? Thankfully last year the Casino declined to open until Boxing Day morning.



# confessions of a casino bar bitch

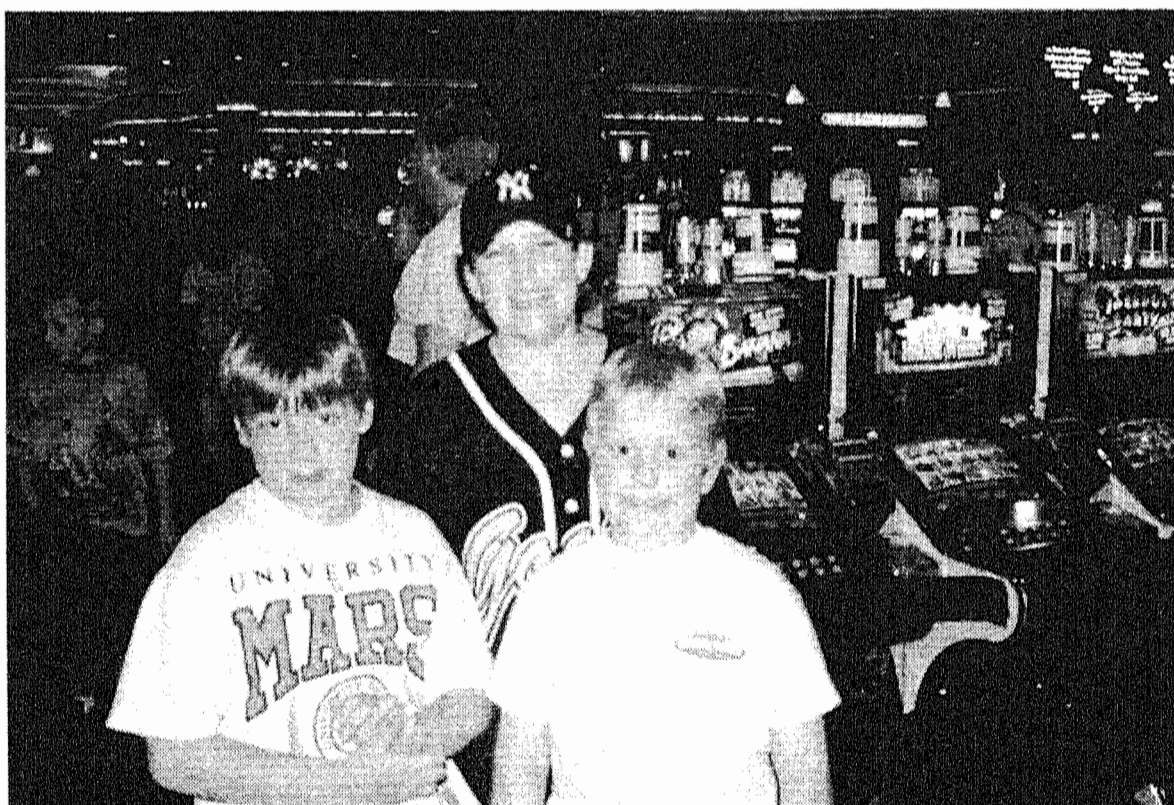
My source has a fear of passing the \$25 minimum bet card tables. On these tables players receive free non-alcoholic drinks and nibbles. With horror she recalls people in the midst of a gambling frenzy, rabid with fear, adrenaline and caffeine, pinching her by the shoulders for her attention, and screaming, "hot milk! Coke, no ice! COKE, NO ICE!!". All of a sudden everyone else around the table, drunk with the same exhilaration, is reminded they can get a free fizzy beverage, so they all pinch her shoulders for attention, until finally, her shoulders red with fingernail marks, she gets away to complete the colossal non-alcoholic order.

But it is not only the violently psychotic that are the problem gamblers, (and those that are in need of help). There is an oft-told story that has become folklore among recent bar staff in the Adelaide Casino. In the bar, nut mix and water is free.

One early Monday night, a poorly - dressed, yet not shabby middle-aged man crept up to the bar. The small - framed, meek and harmless dude spoke calmly and unblinkingly, yet with a hint of apprehension, "May I have some nut mix and hot water with a spoon please?". The barperson served him, and proceeded to watch the man mix the nuts and nibbles into the steaming hot water, to make 'nut-mix soup' for dinner, having spent all of his wages on pokies.

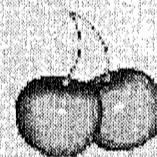
It's no wonder the (according to my informant) that the average period in which people work for the Casino is about eight months. Working for an institution that harms people and plays on their instabilities for profit is just not healthy for anyone's mental state.

James Cameron



I was trying to think of a witty caption for this photo, but honestly, who the fuck takes their kids in for happy snaps at a casino? Especially when they look like the bastard offspring of Jabba The Hut and Paris Hilton.

Poor tormented souls fled from their broken families, possibly divided because of their habits, to bask in the warmth and acceptance of the Casino, a place that would welcome them as long as they have the dosh to spare, and will give them comfort in the form of flashing machines, smiling dealers and strong drinks.



SAUA Office Bearers  
 All Bets Are Off

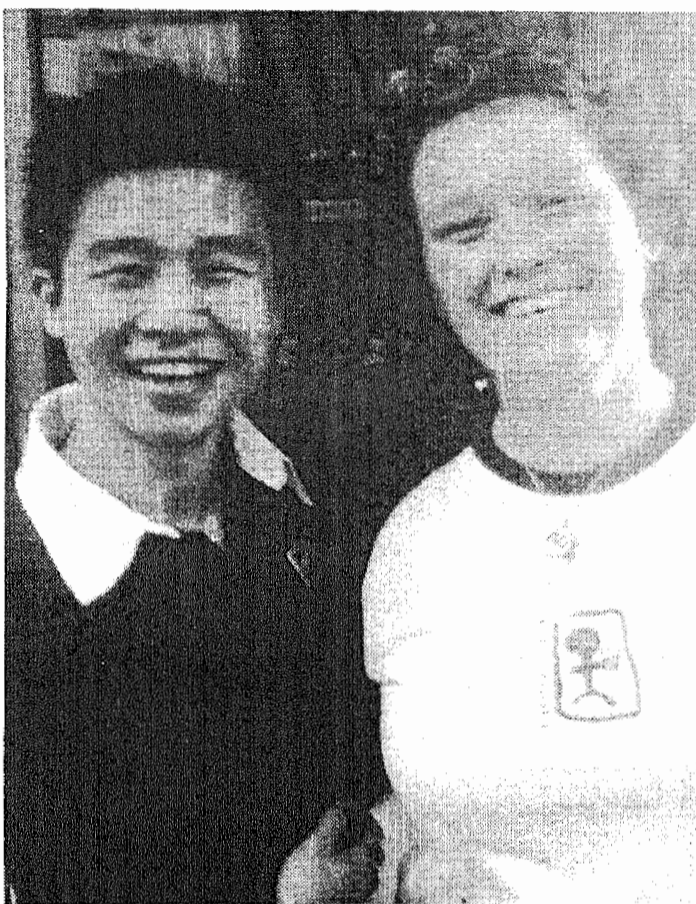


Aurelia Stapleton  
 Education Vice  
 President

Now that you have all officially started receiving your education for the year I know you're just dying to find out more about all things educational. There will be lots of things happening this year! Despite the fact that Brendon Nelson has managed to have his evil legislation passed we can still make our position clear and ensure that higher education is a top priority for politicians everywhere. More on that another time.

Right now what is really important for you is nominating yourself (or a friend) for student elections for your Faculty/School/Department. Being a student representative in this way is a great opportunity for those of you who want to have a say in how your course is run without having to sell your soul to a political faction. Also, although this sort of position is important and requires commitment, it is not a huge amount of work so it won't adversely affect all the other stuff you have to do. Over the next couple of weeks I will be making more information available regarding these elections so keep an eye out around uni and in On Dit or you can just contact me at the SAUA.

The other things to look out for in the not too distant future are Education Week and the National Day of Action when we'll be telling everyone that we demand and deserve a fair and top quality education. If you want to help out with these events you can contact me at the saua on 8303 3898 or at Aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au.



Kate Stryker & Alan Ilan  
 Sexuality Officers

Hi guys, I hope you've all recovered from your numerous hangovers and drunken rampages of last week. I learnt to avoid the big green rubbish bins during O'Week when I found out that the putrid smell was in fact egg and chicken soup spew.

On a serious note; at the moment we are organising our George Duncan Memorial Week which begins on the 10th of May. For those of you who don't know who George Duncan is, he was a law professor who was murdered on May 10th 1972 for being openly gay. While there was a Royal Commission into the matter, it is still uncertain who exactly murdered him, but there are very obvious clues. We will be holding an event to remember his death and commemorate the chain of queer law reform that resulted from his murder.

This week has been a tumultuous week for queers all around the world. The law relating to same-sex marriage is one that has sparked debate all around the world. The Sexuality Department believes strongly on this issue, and while allowing same-sex marriages would be the most desirable result, it's clear that this isn't going to happen overnight. The Sexuality Department believes that change must occur gradually and ignorance can only metamorphous into understanding and compassion over time.

On Wednesday this week, come along to our jointly held event 'Ten Percent'. It will begin with a BBQ (Gold coin donation) at 5pm at the Cloisters and finish with a movie in the Common Room, just up the stairs of the Lady Symon Building. It's a great time for queers and queer friendly students to chat, meet us and meet other students. Feel free to see us at the Lady Symon Building.

Brian: "So are you coming or going? Or coming and then going... or coming and staying?"

(Yaay Queer as Folk quote! - JC)



Stephen Kelleff  
 Environment Officer

Anyone who is interested in Environmental issues such as climate change, the logging of old growth forests, or the threat posed to endangered species (to name but a few examples), should immediately sign up for the Enviro collective for 2004. These issues and much, much, more will be discussed at the monthly meet of this group in which many showed keen interest in during that mad period known as O' Week.

This sort of group allows one to vent their anger over Exxonmobil's destructive environmental record, express anguish because of scientists' predictions that less than 40 Giant Pandas remain in the wild, or simply listen, debate, or suggest a possible solution to a current environmental issue.

One major issue is the Howard Government's environmental policies that have been a 'spanner in the works' to say the least, for all those who care for the environment and its preservation and protection in Australia. The 'Prime Miniatures' rejection of the Kyoto Protocol, appointment of Wilson 'The redneck' Tuckey as Forestries Minister in the nineties, and Australia's record amount of woodchipping occurring during Howard's current tenure, make for a very poor environment record.

With an election looming, it's time to start calling for change, and voicing our concerns to those with the vision and direction for the years to come, because Australia's environment is definitely worth fighting for. Anyone interested in attending the collective meetings can email me: stephen.kelleff@adelaide.edu.au



**Cody Morris & Sam Nona  
ATSI Officers**

Hey everyone, hope you had a great O'week. I have heard it said that it can be one of the best weeks of the year. Now most of the new students will still be in party mode while many of the continuing students are reluctantly returning to their books. Let us start by introducing ourselves. Our names are Cody Morris and Sam Nona and we are the new ATSI (Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander) Office Bearers.

Last year the SAUA acquired funding through the AUU for the launch of an ATSI Office Bearer position. This created an opportunity for the indigenous student population of the university to have a greater voice and get involved in student politics. All our efforts will be put towards planning and promotion of the referendum later this year to maximise the chance of a positive outcome ie. the ATSI officer position becomes official.

Although there is less than 1 percent of the Adelaide University population identifying as being of indigenous origin, we do face unique issues that make this position important. Hopefully through opportunities such as this department and what we can achieve will lead to greater understanding and exposure of the indigenous culture to the wider university. The Australian Aboriginal culture is one of the, if not the oldest living cultures in the world and should be celebrated in positive ways such as the foundation of this department.

Soon we will be creating a standing committee and we will be looking for enthusiastic students to join it. If you have ever had a desire to learn more about the ATSI culture of the university than this would be a great opportunity for you. This is open to all students, not just students who identify as being indigenous. If you are at all interested or have any questions do not hesitate to contact either one of us.

[cody.morris@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:cody.morris@student.adelaide.edu.au) or [sam.nona@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:sam.nona@student.adelaide.edu.au)



**Kelly Armstrong  
Smith  
Women's Officer**

### DRUNK BOY CANCELS WOMEN'S POPEYE CRUISE

It was the Penis that cancelled it. More accurately, it was the owner of the Penis, brain fuzzled with beer, eyes glazed with a new found craziness, hands groping at the zip of the pants, that cancelled it.

The Women's Popeye Cruise was going to run on Thursday of Orientation. Girls rocked up to get tickets for it - the sort that would ordinarily walk right past the Women's Department stall as if it were something embarrassingly, boringly dirty. I myself was anticipating the foam of the Torrens; dirty dish water flying up around the motor with unconstrained glee - ducks happily paddling by without the hindrance of a black swan (vicious, nasty creatures) - chatter of girls and sparkling sunlight - all of it, I had anticipated so much!

Yet, unexpected by all the sane, dry, land-dwellers, crazy things were happening on the water - girls were pashing in front of students after one exposed her breasts, boys were mooning pram-pushing mothers.

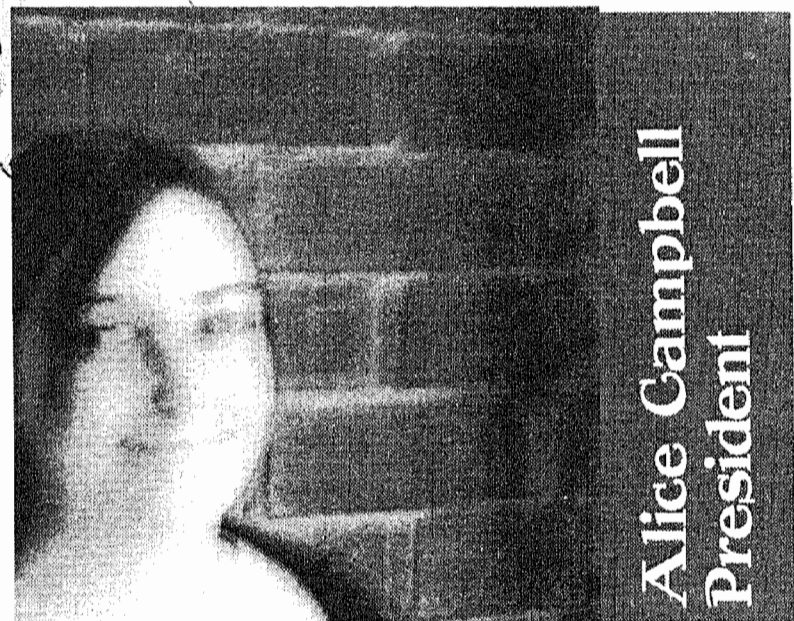
On Wednesday, the director of Orientation informed me that some guy had taken a piss over the side of the boat, thereby exposing himself in a public area and irritating the police, who spotted the layabout and revoked the licence of the cruise.

So, fellow readers, I beseech those of you who like urine-free events, to keep an eye open on the upcoming Women's International Day Forum (Monday, 8<sup>th</sup> March). (The actual march is happening on Saturday the 13<sup>th</sup> - more on that next week). It is presented by Women's Housing Association and Shelter SA, including guest speakers. Starts at 2pm at Pilgrim Hall, Flinders Street. Please come along!

Maybe if a Penis doesn't stop a women's event, the weather will conspire to.

Regards, Kellie

PS - No, I don't hate men, just the ones who piss all over my events.



**Alice Campbell  
President**

Well, Orientation 2004 is over and I would say that everyone involved is now breathing a sigh of relief, particularly due to O'Ball selling out. There's a few people that need acknowledgements for their Orientation efforts so my entire column will consist of this.

First of all I'd like to congratulate the members of the Judo club who turned up as the Sports Association team for our affiliates tug o war during O Week. Due to other affiliates forfeiting, Sports only played against the OSA and Sports won with a team that consisted of two women. Hooray!

I'd like to thank all the O'Camp freshers who helped save O'Week with all the work they put in. I'd like to especially thank Adam and Tara as I noticed that you were both crazily helpful.

I'd also like to thank all the SAUA representatives who helped out, including office bearers, councillors, standing committee members, radio people, O'Camp leaders and O Camp cooks. I'd particularly like to thank Dan M, Emma, Steve, Kellie, Alan, Stryker, Alex, Jess, Paul, Kavvy, Emily, David, Matt, Cathy, Busi and Cronin.

Thanks, of course, goes out to all the Orientation directors, Andrew, Paddy, Chris, Belle, Josh, Sarah, Alexis, Stan and JC. You all took up the challenge of having a hideous summer and you all made it through to produce fantastic results. Well done!

Most importantly, I need to thank our Orientation Coordinator, Victor Stamatescu. I know that we've had issues at times but I am extremely grateful for the enormous amount of work, stress, sleep deprivation, starvation and questionable personal hygiene that you endured in the name of making Orientation a fantastic and successful event. Good luck with honours this year. You're a champion.





# VOX POP

- Can't think of a single gambling related pun for this title.



1. What is the greatest risk you've ever taken?
2. Today is the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of paddle pops. How are you celebrating this day?
3. Describe your O'Week experience in 10 words or less.

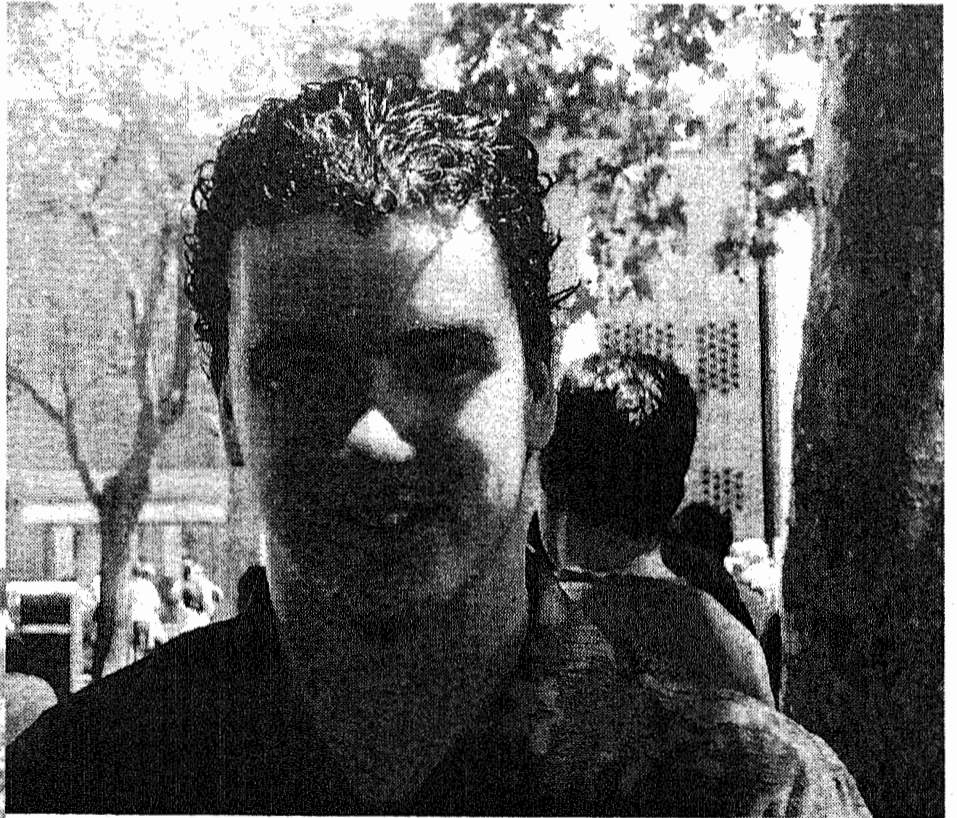


Julian and Naomi:

1. J: Riding in a flaming beach buggy.  
N: I was driving.
2. J: Now that I know I'm going to get drunk and eat paddle pops.  
N: I'm going to eat one of every flavour.
3. J: Anti-climatic  
N: I'm not even enrolled yet.

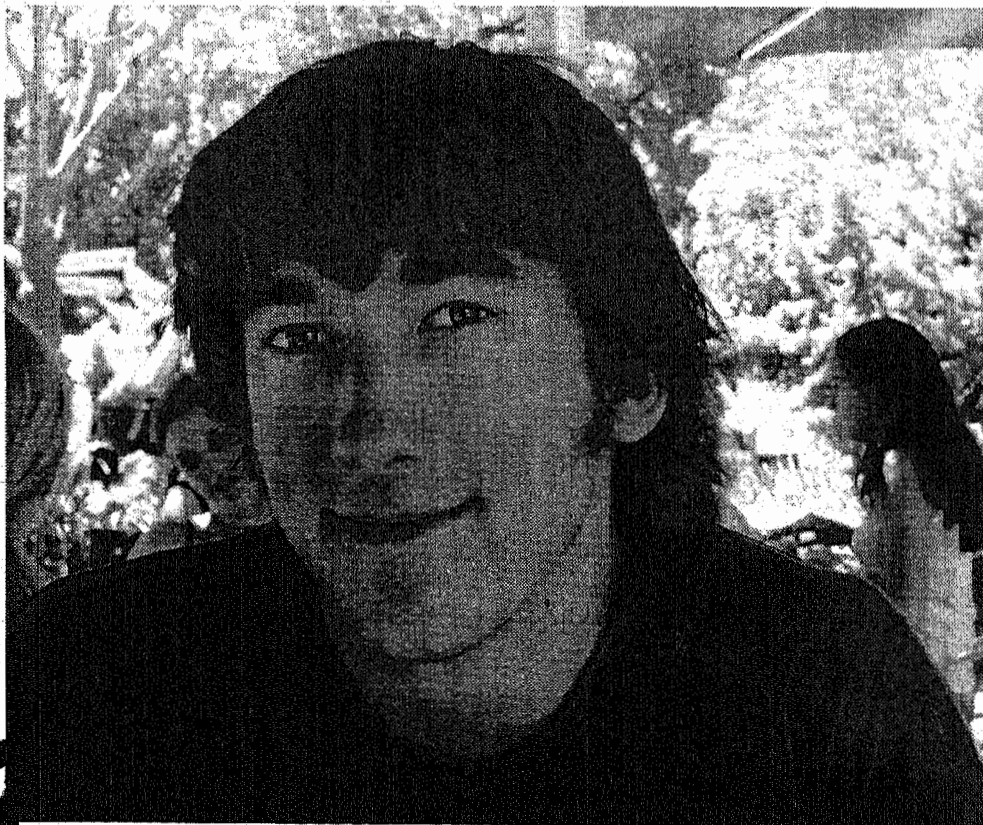
Jarrold

1. Dunno
2. I might have to get a banana one.
3. Busy. Very Busy



Dennis

1. Went bungee jumping
2. Celebrating through complete indifference.
3. More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer. Awesome!



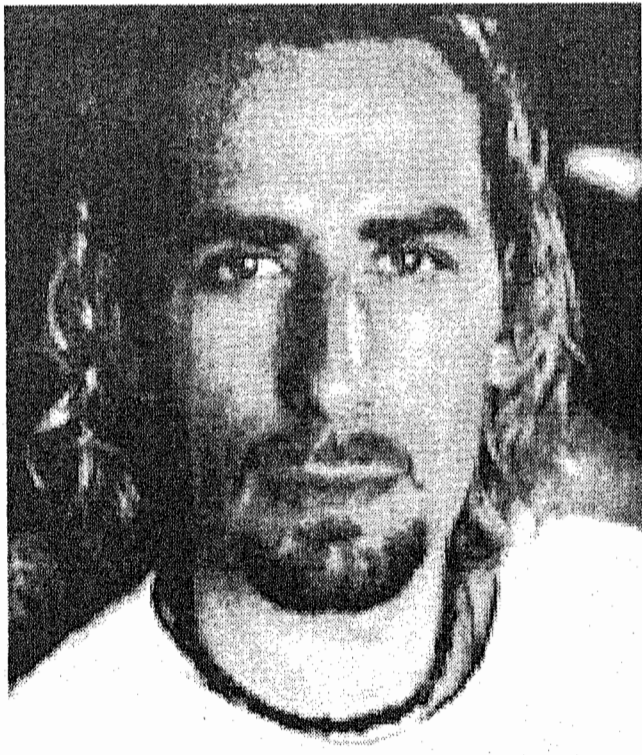


Kim and Liam

1. K: Taking acid from a stranger  
L: Stepping foot outside the unibar
2. K: I'm sticking paddle pops where they shouldn't go  
L: I'm making out with the paddle pop lion
3. K: Toilet bowls and sex with girls  
L: It's O'Week?

## Vox-Poll:

Chad Kroeger and the paddle pop lion: separated at birth?  
You Decide..



73% said yes

17% said no

10% said WTF?



Results certified by  
astrophysicist Dr Roger  
Goonbag

# STUDENT RADIO 101.5fm

Thanks everyone for coming down to the lawns and sitting through what we've had to offer. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and hope you did as well. White and Brown Fear were both a success and you'll be able to view the video on the student radio site at:

<http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au/video>

Make sure you keep an eye out for our antics on the lawns throughout the year.

If you enjoyed O'Ball, tune in all this week to hear interviews with Augie March, Little Birdy, Epicure, Ground Components and Pornland.

Plus keep your ears to the radio to hear your fav bits of O'Ball replayed.

dan & emma - your loving and caring student radio directors

	MONDAY		TUESDAY		SATURDAY	
	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 1	WEEK 2
9 - 10	<b>Saturday Night Roller Disco</b> Tomfoolery with Hector & Jesus	<b>The Flux Capacitor</b> High Jinx with ben & Phil	<b>LOCAL NOISE</b> The best local bands LIVE. March 2 - Phly March 9 - Everest		<b>The G-Spot</b> Monkey Business with Richard, Sam, Reuben & Doug	<b>Senseless, Mindless acts of radio</b> Concentrate with Andrew, Daniel & Calvin
10 - 11	<b>Aerosoul Urban</b> RnB with Lazy B, Matt Decker, Mark C & David James	<b>Flava in ya ear</b> Urban beats with Mark & Sunijit	<b>Too Loud to be Culture</b> with music maestros Bianca & Patrick	<b>It's not dead air... It's a dramatic pause</b> Controlled Chaos with Sam & Trish	<b>Transmission</b> Dance to the radio with Hannah & Matt	<b>Being Followed Home</b> Love dedications with Julia, James & Nick
11 - 12	<b>Jesus Loves Jam</b> Jazz with Dave T & James	<b>The Vinyl Lounge</b> Grooves with Potter & Mark	<b>Radio Magnifico</b> with Golden Girls Ben & Rhys	<b>Four Flies on Grey Velvet</b> Danism with Dans V & J	<b>DJ's Choice</b> Reggae & dance hall with Duncs & Adam	<b>Radio Mime - Open Mic</b> Get involved with Emma & Dan
12 - 1	<b>The House of Quality Meats</b> Fritz with Joe & Paul	<b>All Tomorrow's Parties</b> Tonight with Adam & Luke	<b>Live from the Moon</b> Up late with Lukie, Leo & Tommy	<b>You talk way too much</b> SAUA, Union & Media stuff with Alice Sarah & Belle	<b>Heavy as a Really Heavy Thing</b> Heavy Metal with Matt & Tim	<b>Bourne Live</b> Shits & Giggles with Phil & Kingo

## SHOW PROFILE

### Aerosoul

**Urban Grooves on Student Radio**  
10pm - 11pm Monday Nights

This collective of talented up and coming DJs has taken the Adelaide Urban Club Scene by storm. Coming from all different walks of life, and comprising a wide range of musical histories, the Aerosoul crew have "urbanized" the Adelaide R & B Club Scene by applying house mixing techniques to a mish mash of old and new urban tracks and throwing live digital tricks into their crowd pleasing sets.

Under the watchful eye of club veteran David James, the crew, including local club stars Mark C, Lazy B, Matt Decker, Demise & Dynamic have shot to the forefront of the Adelaide R & B Club Scene. Every

Wednesday to Sunday night, crewmembers grab their headphones & head out to the CBD & surrounds, rocking dance floors throughout Adelaide.

Away from the late nights, women, peach iced tea and bass drops this band of urban musketeers spend their time in dimly lit environments with close friends, playing computer games whilst devising plans to take over the remaining 15% of the Adelaide Club Scene.



## STUD RAD REPLAY SYSTEM

You'll be able to hear student radio around campus this year with the introduction of the Reply system. This system plays back the previous night's programs over the PA systems in the following locations: the Mayo refectory, the Unibar, Rumours Café, the Wills Lounge and Backstage Café. We are currently trialing it in the Mayo to make sure it works, so it might be a few weeks before you hear it in the other spots.

## OPEN MIC

If you are interested in the Open Mic show where you pick the tracks, talk the talk and become a campus celebrity (without throwing up milk), please email us on [student.radio@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:student.radio@adelaide.edu.au) and we'll hook you up with a show.



# South Australia's Own

## The Greek

75-79 Halifax Street, Adelaide

Phone: 8223 3336

The Greek. Such a simple name, but it wouldn't sound very good if it was called The Italian, or The Chinese, would it? And when I told someone I was going to The Greek, they asked, "The Greek what?" I was pondering the name of this place as I drove along Halifax Street, my mood darkened by a long day at work and annoyance at a friend. When I saw the place though, I was charmed.

They were definitely trying to impress when they converted it from an old house in to a restaurant filled with after work crowds and people with money. As well as all these people, there was us – an eclectic group of six school friends who descended upon the Greek for a little reunion. The layout of the restaurant meant that we were secluded in a tiny room near the kitchen. There was a table for two as well, but fortunately our incessant chatter didn't disturb any romantic dinner for two.

Our resident Greek was both disgusted and amused by our pathetic attempts to pronounce the Greek on the menu, and knowingly directed us to the most palatable dishes. They weren't palatable on my wallet, but the prices didn't hurt too badly, and I'd been expecting a lot worse. We started off with a Tour of Greece Meze, which is basically a plate to share, with cheese, olives, calamari, dolmathes, and dip. The dolmathes were one of those things I felt I *had* to like because they seemed exotic – they were rice balls wrapped up in grape leaves – but when I think about it, I'd actually been a bit alarmed by the bright green colour of the oil. I preferred the fetta cheese, which was creamy and very good quality. We also had tzadziki (a yoghurt dip) and taramasalata, which was pink and tangy. Taramasalata is fish roe, and if anyone knows exactly what that is, find me and tell me. Starters can be annoying because of their ridiculously small portions, especially if they're good quality and taste good. If they taste bad, you seem to get enough for a main meal. The starters at the Greek were simple, but everything was excellent quality. It doesn't have to be complicated to be good, and the less complicated, the more exciting combinations you can make yourself. I tried calamari with fetta and tzadziki. Mmm...the mouth waters.

The extremely attentive staff brought the specials board to us so that we were made clear of "all the options." How thoughtful. Since I was over-tired, everything on the menu started to blur and look

the same. There seemed to be an abundance of meat and vegetables, as well as fetta and haloumi (a very salty cheese, I was told.). In the end I stabbed my finger at the Haloumi Hirino (pork with haloumi), mainly because I wanted to try the cheese. It's lucky that I love cheese, because I got about a month's worth during that meal. Despite the lack of advertised onion and pear, I didn't feel too cheated. The servings were generous, and the meat was perfectly flavoured and cooked. The wedges that came with my meal were a pleasant non-advertised surprise. The others made delighted noises and faces – we were impressed by the artistic presentation. The Katsikaki (baby goat) looked like a dessert, and it was almost a pity to watch my friend demolish those pretty towers of meat and pastry. She nodded with satisfaction at the tenderness of the meat. It must have been because it was *baby* goat, not just plain goat.

We indulged in a bit of food swapping, which led to even more appreciative noises and the emergence of a theme in the food: cheese, meat, and distinct flavours. Don't go there if you're on some no dairy, carbs, or meat diet. If you are, I pity you, you poor soul, because you're missing out! My neighbour and I eyed each other's dishes greedily, and exchanged portions of our meals. There was a huge contrast in flavours of my food and her chicken with chilli and fetta sauce, or Kota Htipidi. The girls who had ordered the prawns with fetta and tomato sauce (Sagnaki Garides) complained of a "weird aftertaste." I sampled it and it tasted like saffron, but if you were hungry and adventurous you probably wouldn't notice it.

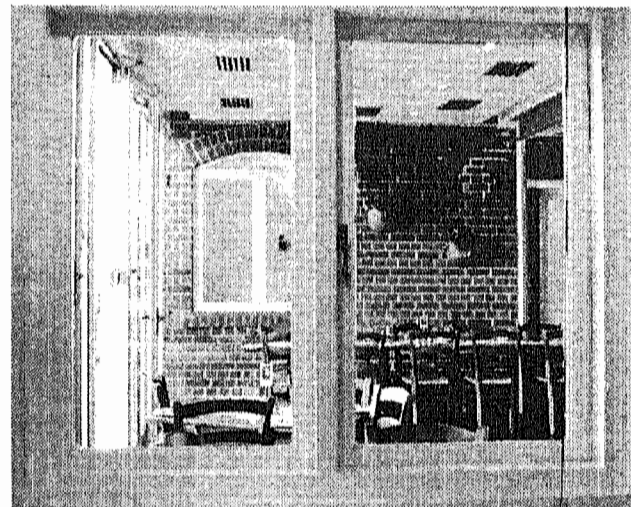
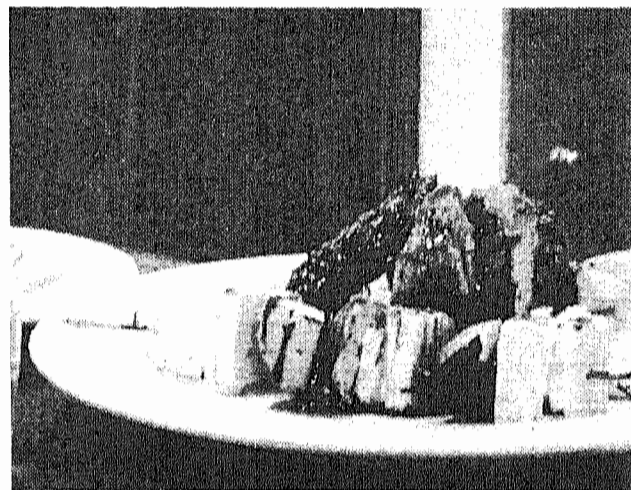
As we progressed through the meal, the staff would enquire about our thoughts on the meal and would kindly fill up the water bottle – with *chilled water*. Ah, service with a smile. Don't you just love it? Slowly, as our bellies were filled, we began to pay more attention to each other than the food. We took our last bites, but by this time were nodding understandingly as we listened to the exciting episodes of each other's lives.

The girl with the baby goat noticed that the staff were all rather attractive, which meant I turned around to goggle and realised she was right. It made me wonder whether that was the criteria for working there. There is a certain feeling of being in another world at the Greek. Being situated away from other restaurants adds to the feeling of seclusion, and despite the clientele, we felt completely comfortable. It's like being in a classy, well-lit, and expensive version of your own dining room. We would have exploded if we'd had dessert, so we had coffee afterwards to prolong

our stay. If you want to be generous to yourself, and you don't mind the staff being better looking than you, then you too should descend upon The Greek for something *noice*, different, unusual.

## ET

Thanks go to Emmeline for photos. *Go Em!*



Hand-made by the  
**Cooper family.**

# XRAY

## WITHOUT CHARGE

GO SEE THIS. Trust us, it's nuts.  
*Karaoke*  
charlie landango productions  
@ The Union Hotel on Weymouth St.  
March 3, 4, 5 and 10, 11, 12.  
\$25 Adult, \$15 conc.  
Tune in next week for our review.



Performed by mongrel productions at AIT ARTS (Dame Roma Mitchell Centre) 39 Light Square. 2.30pm and 6pm shows until 14<sup>th</sup>.

The message of this intense and confronting play is not subtle. It is there in black and white for all the audience to understand. That is the achievement of this piece, what it can let you understand. Set simply, on a floor covered in newspapers, centered on a cage the same dimensions as the 600 in Camp Delta, Cuba; the audience is immediately confronted with a part of the reality that is the "frontier on the war against terror."

*Xray* is an original piece, written by Chris Tugwell and first performed last year by AIT students. Its message and impact have not been dulled by time. In fact as time presses on the story of David Hicks, the Adelaide man detained in Guantanamo Bay, is more pertinent and perhaps more disturbing. This play is not

a political diatribe against our government or even against "the war of terror". Tugwell notes in his programme this play "does not seek to support terrorism" but instead the belief of Benjamin Franklin:

"If we sacrifice freedom for security then we have lost both"

Hicks's story is told through his almost unending soliloquy. Occasionally his thought process is broken by the blaring sound of the "Star Spangled Banner" or by the smallest interaction with his guard (James Edwards). Nathan O'Keefe as Hicks gives a masterful performance, reflecting the hope of the prisoner and controlling the hopelessness of it all. This play works by letting us into Hicks's cell and into his life. Anecdote after anecdote, after joke, they are all vigorously enacted by O'Keefe and they lead us into Hicks's world and lead us to the understanding of what is being done (or more importantly not done) in our name. The humour of the script is undoubtedly touching and even more effective juxtaposed with the situation.

The horror of the situation is realised with an effective minimalist design by Galle Mellis and another effecting light design by Sue Grey-Gardner. The simplicity of the set

allows O'Keefe's stories to come alive in his voice and in his energetic thrashings against the cage. The lights capture the horror of Hicks's worst memories or greatest fears and send chills through the audience as the "24hour a day" light flashes and silhouette our prisoner.

Director Geoff Crowhurst brings all these aspects together to create a moving and provocative piece of theatre. He moves his two actors around the stage in a silent boxing-ring battle for imaginary control, and he moves his two actors closer to emphasise the humanity of this story. As humanity is at the centre of this story, humour is too, and Crowhurst, O'Keefe and Edwards milk all the comedy of Tugwell's script.

*Xray* will confront, move and shock you but it will also make you laugh. See *Xray* and expect to give an encore round of applause.

Alex

## Tripod

Lady Robots

Union Hall until March 7

Tripod's profile has been on the up and up of late, appearing on skitHOUSE and having regular witty impro pieces on the J's. No one can deny the boys possess both musical talent and irreverent [*EJ's been smoking bobbit weed again...* - Ed] comedy which they blend together in their songs to form rib-tickling melodies. Hey, their songs are cool, I'll give them that. However, their stage show, where they are trapped on another realm with killer lady robots, lacked a special something. Perhaps it was the technical fuck-ups which left one third of the troupe struggling vocally for a large percentage of the performance. Maybe the timing and pace was off because it was their first performance of the season (or maybe anyone's timing would seem slow after experiencing the speedy verbal barrage that is Wil Anderson, as I had). Whatever it was, something about the show just didn't sit right. However, there were definitely moments of brilliance to be had, including a visually witty ending that I will naught give away here. But, I get the feeling that once the technical bugs are ironed out, the boys will find the rhythm and produce a show-stopper.

EJ

## I Was Here

The Weimar Room Upstairs

(27 Hindley Street Enter off Gilbert Place)

4, 6 March at 6pm /\$8 Concession

If you feel like you are in the mood for 30 minutes of toilet philosophy, then hop along to *I Was Here*, a show written entirely from graffiti found in women's bathrooms around the world. Lodged somewhere between toilet humour and an attempt at social commentary this theatrical experience brings complaints, lamentations and desperate pleadings scrawled in that public/private space to life. Drags on a little at times, as the show uses repetition to reinforce ideas and to undress much of the graffiti's cynicism and humour in an effort to reveal further layers of meaning. Worthwhile if you really dig reading other people's thoughts, jokes, recommendations and revelations while you're in the loo. Plus, if you turn up half an hour before the show, you can write your own messages on their walls.

JK

## Suburban Motel

Deeply ironic titles and deeply black comedy are on offer until March 13 in The Bakehouse Theatre Company's version of award winning Canadian playwright George F. Walker's *Suburban Motel* which comprises the double-header: *Problem Child* and *Criminal Genius*.

### Problem Child

The "scum of the earth" are battling against a society that says they're undeserving parents and against a society that says their misfortunate is everyone else's entertainment. In a realistic, grimy motel room, lit simply by Robert Andrews, on the intimate Bakehouse stage, Denise and RJ begin their slow, curving decent into an emotional hell. This journey is fraught with random interruptions by the alcoholic and always inebriated motel manager, Phillie. The comic and quasi-philosophic interruptions of Patrick Frost's lively character successfully help to ease the extreme seriousness of the journey of our two leads. Nathaniel Davison as the talk-show fixated but quietly redeemed RJ and Emily Hunt as his former drug addicted wife are the centre of this serious story which nearly parodies the shows that are a constant topic of conversation. Whilst their connection is touching and intimate, and Hunt's final monologue is truly moving, the play as a whole lacks a killer punch or message. Peter Green as director, controls the pace and pathos well and does ensure the play is enjoyable

## Uber Alice

Comedy

NORTH SOUTH DINING ROOM

[Level 4 Union House, Fringe Hub, Adelaide Uni]

7 March at 8:15pm, 2-6, 14 March at 9:15pm, 9-13

March at 10:15pm/\$12 Concession

If you are in the mood for an evening of hilarity, you can't go past this eccentric offering. Complete with props, voiceovers, a surprising soundtrack and a smoking-jacket-and-Kingston-biscuit interlude, this Fringe adventure will not disappoint. *Uber Alice* is in essence a succinct, sensual and strange creation story, requested by a supreme deity and performed by one man. The show includes a daring mix of dance, puppetry, general absurdity and a top class New Zealand accent. The interactive *Uber Alice* is buckets of fun and frivolity, culminating in a raucous group climax. Go and see *Uber Alice* at the nearest opportunity. It is so hilarious that we advise that if you choose to see it with a full bladder, you do so at your own risk.

JK

## Rod Quantock: Changing Regimes

Comedy

NOVA CINEMA 2 [251 Rundle Street]

2-7 March at 8:15pm/\$22 Concession

As the title of his show and the man's reputation might suggest, Mr Rod Quantock takes his audience through a rambling, hilarious exploration of modern politics replete with obligatory, caustic comments directed towards our dear leader, Mr Howard. This is laid back, stand up/sit down comedy at its best, and *Changing Regimes* is a Fringe show not to be missed. The thoroughly entertaining hour features random highlights such as readings from the letters section of our *Advertiser*, and a riotous discussion relating to those infamous, post S11 fridge magnets. *Changing Regimes* is a wonderful show, from a top notch Australian comedian with a loose and vibrant repertoire. Adelaide Uni students should get along to enjoy a great show and incidentally, to verify that Flinders Uni students aren't the only ones with a social conscience.

JK

## Wil Anderson:

## Licence to Wil

Comedy

Wil Anderson is a strange bird, but a likeable one. His show is a frenetic, fast-paced (synonyms I know, but trust me, this show was speedy) stand-up journey through a mixture of current affairs and crafted in-jokes. Anderson is not afraid to speak his mind on affairs of state, which is a refreshing accompaniment to his comedy. Wil's hyperspeed speech style can be hard to follow at first, but once you relax and flow with the rhythm of it the show is quite enjoyable. At times he comes across as a precocious ADHD toddler, but I think that's all part and parcel of his charm. And besides, despite getting on in years, he's still pretty darn cute.

EJ

*Wil Anderson:  
cute, no?*

### Morphia Series

By Bluebottle 3 Pty Ltd

1-6 March @ 6:30pm/8pm/9:30pm

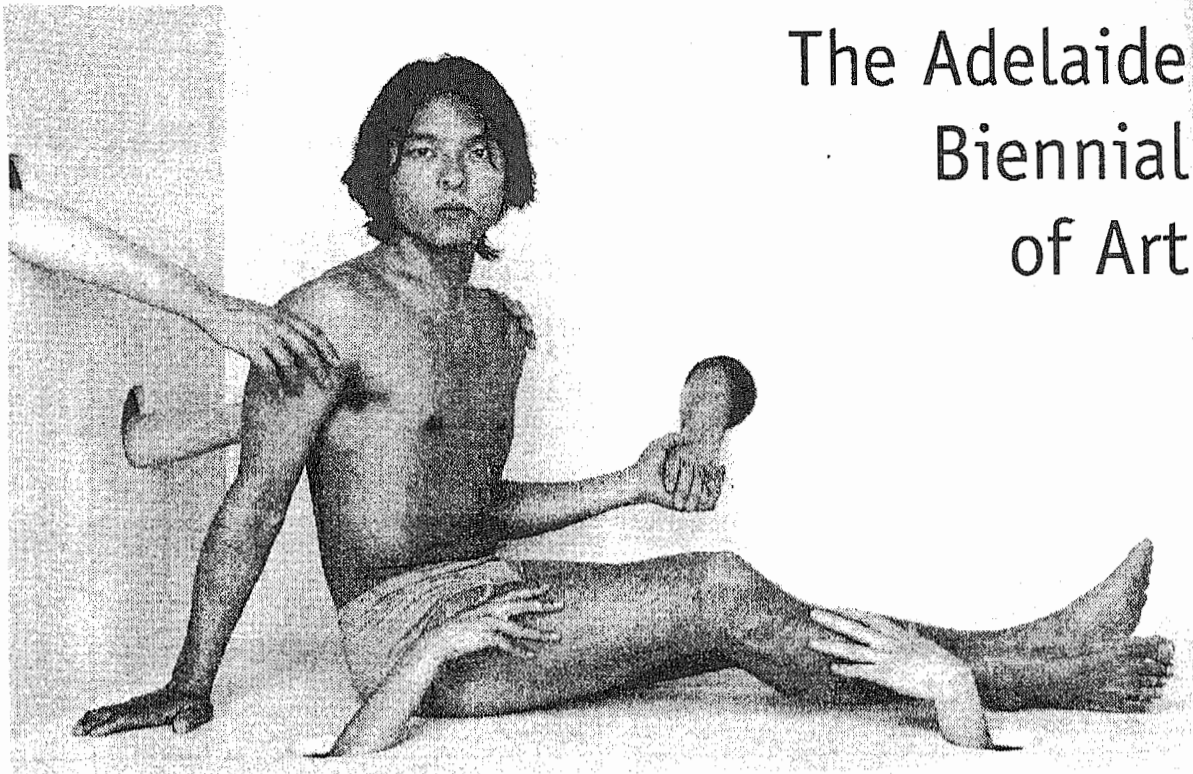
Despite myself, sitting in the dark, pitch dark, I get the feeling that I may be in a scene of one of Lynch's nightmares. Even though they are primed for surprise, the creators of *Morphia Series* still manage to keep the audience in a state of uncomfortable expectation. Odd and possibly irrelevant rituals - a taste of something complex, the scarcity of light - work to soften your cynicism and leave you wondering when the performance began (as you will wonder when it has ended). The performance itself, if it can be extracted and layed distinct from its setting, explores the notion of experience without danger, being exposed without fear of consequence. There is no audience participation *per se* but *Morphia Series* plays with audience voyeurism in a more subtle form of the direct address technique in other theatre and cinema. Rather than looking back at you, this technique exposes your Gaze, pressing your face up against the glass. It's fantastic to see a production really take advantage of the freedom of technique offered by the Fringe Festival, though there is a missed opportunity in the transportation of the audience. That's all that can be said if I am to maintain the mist. For all who can afford a taste of something curious, testing and slightly confrontational.

Dan J

23

(And for those mischievous students who might like to try, it is definitely worth altering your state a touch before the performance.)

# The Adelaide Biennial of Art



David Roselitzky, *Living together is easy #3*, 2002, lambda digital print

The best of the best in the Australian contemporary art world have arrived in town. Right now the walls of the Art Gallery of South Australia are being scorched by the hottest art around, as the artists of the moment have invaded our creative space.

It is the Adelaide Biennial of Australian Art, the centrepiece of the Festival's visual arts program and one of the most important surveys of Australian contemporary art. Entitled *Adelaide Biennial: contemporary photo-media*, the collection reflects the influence of technology on our lives and artistic expression.

The Biennial is a stunning presentation made up of works by twenty artists, handpicked from across Australia by South Australian Curator, Julie Robinson. These artists all work in the field of photo-media and many have caught national and international attention, particularly the likes of

Patricia Piccinini (born 1972, Sierra Leone) with her shocking creations. All artists were chosen because their works deal with and comment on present society, culture and politics. They draw to the surface injustice in political acts, the plight of indigenous peoples and the dark side of sexuality.

I witnessed the installation of the exhibition -- gigantic photographs went up on the walls; curators rushed around frantically and famous artists lingered near their works making sure everything was perfect. From first stepping into the gallery it was made clear that this was going to be a vibrant collection, filled with fascinating works both provocative and confronting.

The work of Rosemary Laing (born 1959, Sydney) ferociously questions White Australia's connection to the landscape without any apology. Laing's startling photographs focus on Australia as an indigenous landscape and see White

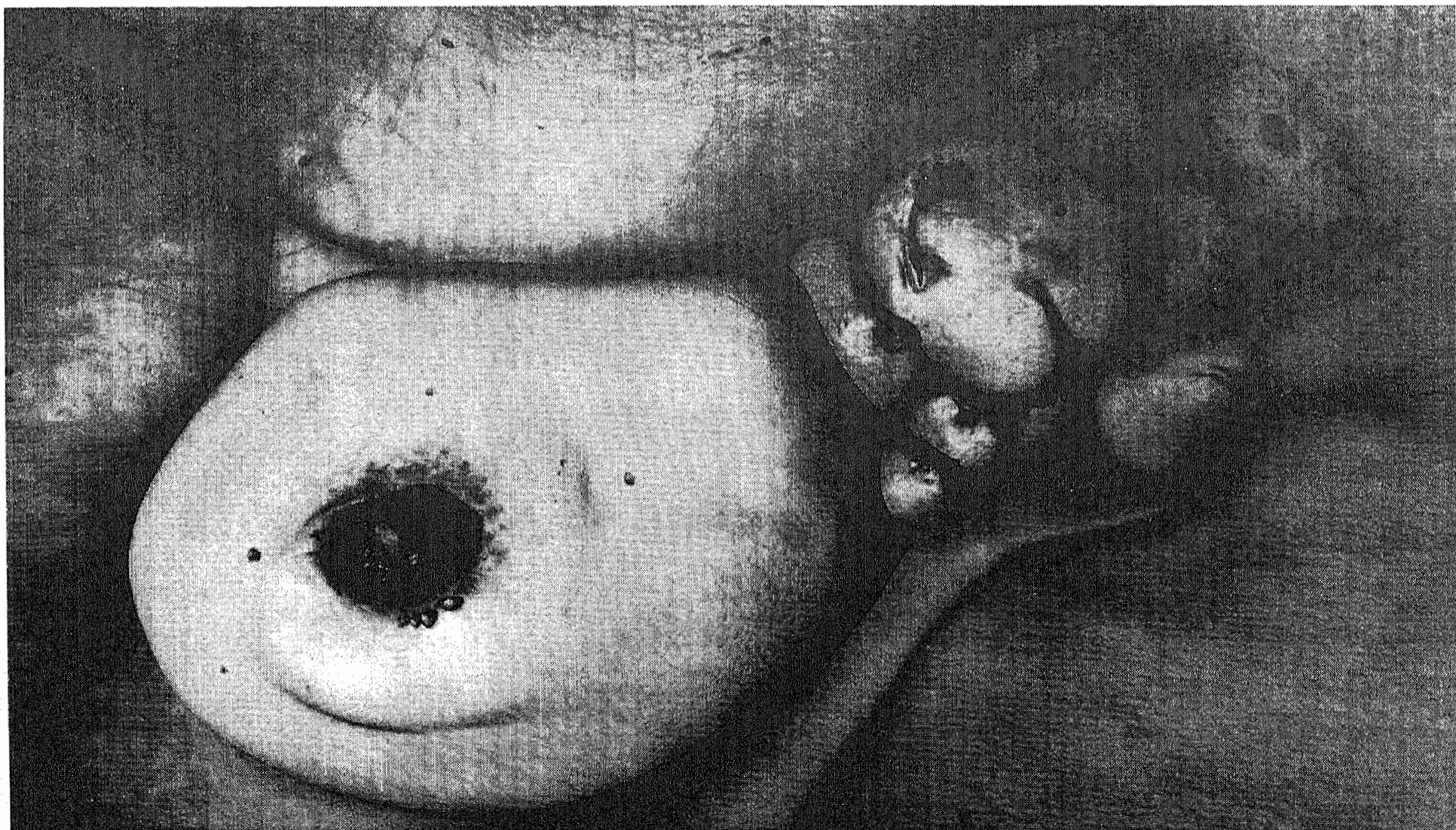
Australians detached from this. Over bright and beautiful red terrains lifeless heads float bald and expressionless. This surreal series of large-scale photographs were created on-site in the Outback without the use of digital enhancement; technically they are brilliant. But are we really disembodied heads, alien to the land we inhabit?

Mike Parr (born 1945, Sydney) is another deep and dramatic artist, but Parr dwells within the dark spectrum of performance art. His work is insightful and thought provoking but painfully masochistic. Enraged by the plight of the refugees seeking asylum in Australia, Parr has created a video installation that seeks to highlight their torture and captivity. His video presentation entitled *UnAustralian* (2003), shows Parr's face being sewn up by a surgeon, slowly and without the use of anaesthetic. Parr becomes covered in a fine string; his nose is bent down and ears curled in. The camera moves in and all you hear are his groans and deep breathing.

Continuing the theme of controversy is renowned photographer Bill Henson (born 1950, Melbourne). Famous and infamous for his tragically beautiful representations of adolescents, Henson's works delve into the landscapes of life and love. Within the works two young lovers are caught in dappled light, slaves to their own emotions. Henson's work focuses on the period between being an adolescent and becoming an adult. He captures this in a dream-like sequence of photographs that are alluring and intoxicating. Although the ages of the models photographed are questionable, the works reflect on universal emotions.

The Adelaide Biennial of Australia Art will continue to inspire and shock until May 30 at the Art Gallery of South Australia, as it pushes the boundaries of Australian contemporary art.

**Leo Greenfield**



Patricia Piccinini, born 1965, *Plasmid Region*, 2003, DVD PAL 16:9, 3 min. looped; Courtesy of the artist, Tolarno Galleries, Melbourne and Roslyn Oxley 9 Gallery, Sydney [video still]

# Getting Carrie-d Away

(or why we should denounce mediocrity)

Yawn. It's not like the great fashion publications of our time are even attempting to change their vocabulary when writing about a certain Ms Bradshaw and her adventures in crazy New York. I can tell you with complete confidence that 'Sex and the City' is always referred to as a TV show that has captured the essence of our feminine generation and a *Zeitgeist* phenomenon to shock and entertain the masses. Yada yada yada, iconoclastic, controversial, wickedly funny, whatever. *Sex and the City* is always trivialised in the media as being this fantastic embodiment of female behaviour, kind of like a strip tease act conducted in pink limelight. The fact that the subject matter are four strong willed yet ultimately fragile girls means that their modern feminine plight tends to be romanticised and objectified - a total contradiction to the show's intrinsic message. But here at *On Dit*, we don't care about how the girls find all the emotional intimacy they need with each other, therefore making for lacklustre relationships with men. All we really want to know is what Carrie and Co. are wearing.

Because I can tell you right now, if you somehow manage to counterfeit the festive and utterly outrageous outfits of the three main characters Carrie, Charlotte and Samantha (Not so much Miranda. My cat could dress better. Meow.), then you will find yourself at the cutting edge of true style. Carrie in particular waves the proverbial fashion flag as the show's principal trendsetter and cosmopolitan heroine, even though her companions' wardrobes are firmly disengaged from that of, let's say, Tara Reid. As any respectable fashionista knows, the almighty fashion deity said 'Let Carrie Bradshaw be the best dressed heroine on television'. And it was done. Whether it was her parading of nameplate necklaces, corsages, prom dresses or the humble Chanel suit, Carrie epitomised the melting aesthetic elements of designer, vintage, and preppiness to create a style and look that was so uniquely her own (Well, the look is really property of the show's stylist Patricia Field, but who needs reality anyway?) It has come to the stage where every week, millions of women across the globe are desperately praying for photographic memories in an attempt to remember the key elements of a fictitious television character's style. Okay, I acknowledge the absurdity of that statement, but the point is, the girl can dress. Which is a lot more that can be said for the local youthful elite.

The thing is, although the female population of Adelaide reminisce about the past night's ensembles with the kind of intensity and passion that can only stem from complete adoration, no one actually dares to take her lead and don the fantastical creations of her calibre. This is where I come in to give you a push in the right aesthetic direction. Carrie's style is cool; we've established this already. Yet it is also extremely attainable. Never get into the state of mind thinking that only Carrie could get away with it. Let your goal be to emulate her oh-so-fabulous *je ne sais quoi* - even fashion plagiarism can be deemed cool when it comes to Carrie because what she wears is so feminine and attention grabbing, you'd

be stupid to not want to sell your grandmother for a pair of her Manolo Blahnik apple green pumps. So slip on a darling circa 1973 floral print sundress, add an assortment of pearls and charm necklaces and lace up those heavily-on-sale Marc Jacobs stilettos because you've got a fair few Cosmopolitans to scul and questions about existence to peruse. Let's get uber-chic.

## How to get her look>

If you're loaded, book a plane to London and pick up any Vivienne Westwood, Jean Paul Gaultier or Balenciaga. Yes, Carrie's look is a tad pricey, but it's economical, really. Putting together merely two of Carrie's ensembles can make up for years of missed Vogue readings (note to anyone who hasn't noticed already - *Australian Vogue* is trash). But for all us mere middle class schlepps, vintage is your best bet. It's cheaper to rummage through racks of Mu Mu's for hours on end rather than seeking to emulate her designer wear. Look for sundresses, unusual scarves, 80s stilettos and leather belts of all kinds. Or if you're really brave, try some old lady boutiques for cool brooches and perspex shoes. Use your creativity - don't pick up something and deem it vile before considering its compatibility with a poncho and a red felt beret. Lose your inhibitions. Remember that your femininity is the greatest aesthetic weapon that you possess. And always always put on your best manners for the shop assistants as you, ahem, *carrie* your purchases out the door. No one likes a devil bird now, do they?

## ...the pop princess

### What's hot

The fashion sense on 'Wheel of Fortune'. Sophie and Rob, we salute you.

Busking in horridly public places. Start to sing sing for your bling bling.

Unrealistic role models. Bring back skinny Barbie. Airbrushed Giselle Bundchen, anyone?

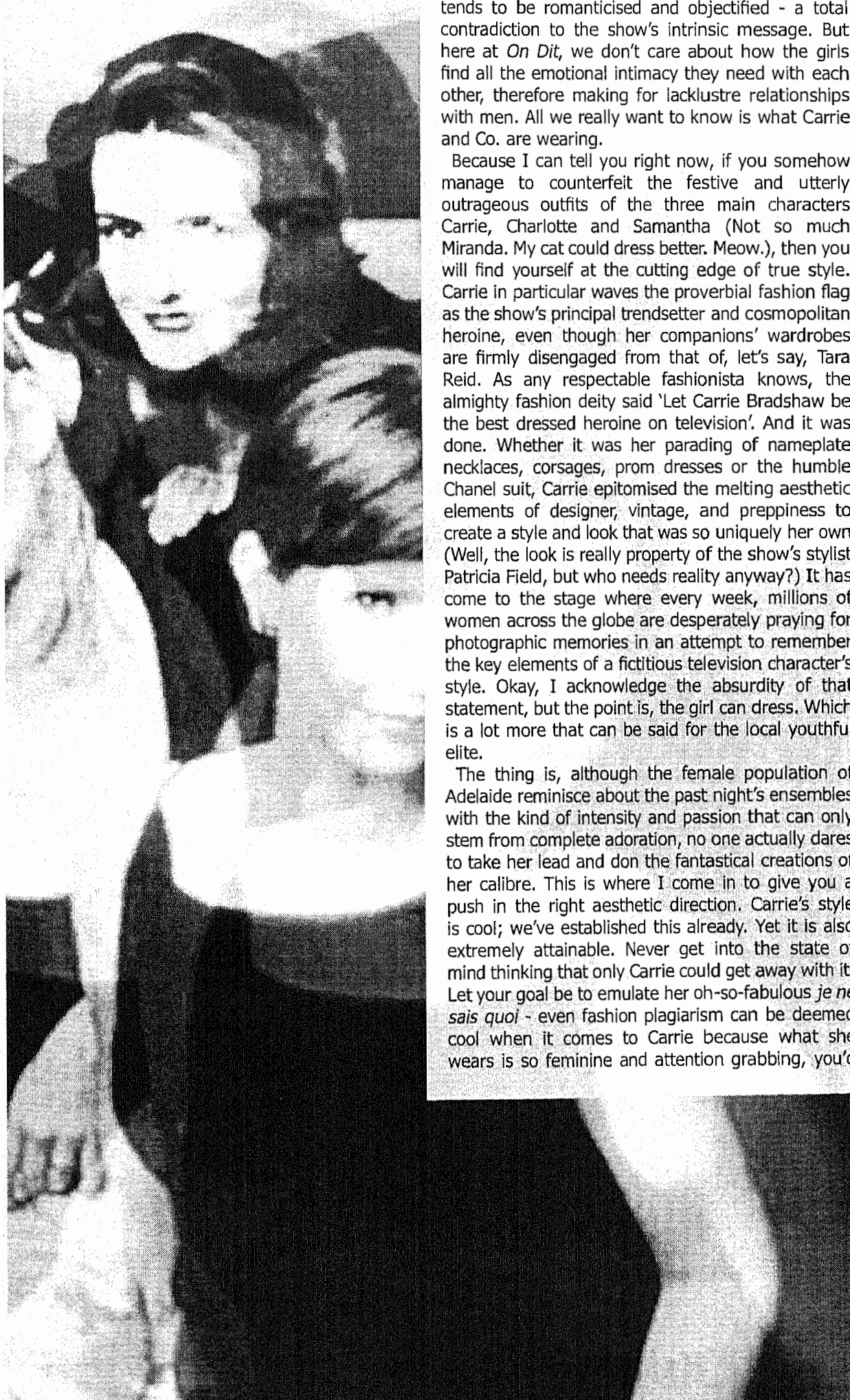
### What's not

Any top with an equation using personality traits, e.g. angel+princess=me, 99% angel, 1% bitch. Shut up ho, no one cares.

Kurt Cobain anything. Chequered shirts, unkempt hair, sorry folks but Kurt's who-gives-a-fuck thing is getting a tad passé. Oh well, nevermind.

The expansion of technology. The new *Star Wars* films. Death of creativity.

**Pop quiz** Liking Russell Crowe: is it possible?







# The Passion of Christ

Directed by: Mel Gibson

Starring: James Caviezel and Monica Bellucci

In the couple of years prior to release that *The Passion* was in production, zillions of rumours were circulated in film mags and on Internet forums about "Mel Gibson's Jesus movie". I'd heard that it was all going to be in ancient Aramaic, Hebrew and Latin and unsubtitled, that the lead actor had been struck by lightning twice during shooting (which was apparently evidence that God *did* want the film made), that it would be the most graphically violent event the cinema had ever experienced, that it was anti-Semitic, that the pope had rescinded his support for it and that a five armed mutant orangutan was set to play the part of Mary. Unfortunately, the monkey rumour never eventuated. But now that the film has arrived in movie theatres everywhere from the Vatican City to Bouganville we can begin to talk about the facts of the film. The claims of anti-Semitism are quite unfounded, in fact it's hard to tell exactly what scene could be construed in such a way. It is told in dead tongues (adequately subtitled) and it is violent. Very, very violent.

*The Passion of The Christ* chronicles the final twelve hours of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, a period that covers Judas' initial betrayal and Jesus' crucifixion. In between those two bookend events we witness Jesus' endless torture at the hands of the Roman garrison. First he is put through a mock trial where (by mob rule) he is sentenced to a horrific (and graphic) whipping. Then his punishment is reconsidered and he is sentenced to crucifixion. In between his sentencing and punishment, Jesus carries his cross through the city streets of Jerusalem to Golgotha, enduring further ridicule and beatings from the Romans. Ultimately the cross is erected, and Christ dies.

Mel Gibson's direction, while quite traditional is satisfactory. The film looks quite good and is played out in a logical fashion. The film's major strength is that it absolutely demands the viewer's sympathy

for Christ. From the most pious fundamentalist to the most unapologetic heathen all viewers are forced to experience every blow, strike, cut, piercing, whipping and injustice experienced by Jesus himself. While the violence is graphic, perhaps the most graphic and realistic I've ever seen, it's not overly gratuitous or sadistic (as in say, *Bad Boys 2*), it serves its purpose and is well justified.

Although I do prefer the film to the book, Gibson's portrayal isn't without its major flaws. While we feel terrible sympathy for the protagonist, we don't get much sense of his divinity which is needed to give any greater relevance to the story. It is terrible that a human being is made to suffer in such a way, but there is no intimation that he is suffering for a higher cause that would make his plight so much more important and noble. This is caused by two major factors - the film assumes a significant amount of prior knowledge (it requires that you are familiar with the story and characters) and there is very little sign given of Jesus' divinity. In occasional flashbacks we see Jesus talking to his followers about his life philosophy but it is unfortunately quite infrequent. The times where we are allowed to sit in on the Messiah's sermons they are quite vague... and slightly loony.

It's hard to say exactly who this film was meant to appeal to. Those who have already been converted will most likely feel sympathy for Jesus and marvel at his martyrdom, although conservatives will be turned off by the graphic violence. The atheists and agnostics will most likely feel sympathy for a man who is being treated so poorly but won't feel any differently about his cause, and followers of other doctrines probably won't care all that much. The only people to leave the cinema completely fulfilled will probably be those who are into S&M.

**\*\*1/2**

**Danny Wills**

## Pieces of April

Peter Hedges has made his mark as a screenwriter with prominent works like *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?* and *About a Boy*. In his most recent work, *Pieces of April* we see him don the director's cap for the first time. Sticking with the theme of off beat or slightly dysfunctional families, Hedges shares with us a day in April's world. Katie Holmes plays April, the rebellious, neglected daughter who is preparing thanksgiving dinner for her family. The family's journey to April's house in inner city New York is plagued by tension, not only because they know April can't cook, but because the aptly named wife and mother, Joy (Patricia Clarkson), is dying from breast cancer.

Hedges understands humanity and creates characters that ooze vitality and humour. This film is shot on digital camera and sports a lot of hand held, low angled shots that give a real sense of the intimate environment. You can almost taste the dark, gritty life of inner city America through the portrayal of April's claustrophobic apartment block. When she realises that her oven doesn't work, April scours the building to beg for assistance from her crazy neighbours.

This recognisable cast offers outstanding performances including Oliver Platt as the lovable father seeking to unite the family. Clarkson's portrayal has won her recognition all over the world. She's taken out almost every supporting actress award there is from Sundance to Chicago, and she's even up for an Oscar.

What really makes this story work is the depth of insight into the functioning of this family. We are shown their fears, failures, motivations and redemptions. Hedges has made all the right choices from soundtrack to dialogue and creates the perfect vehicle for this powerful story about striving to feel loved by those who are "supposed" to have no choice in the matter. *Pieces of April* will stir you if you let it and make you ponder your own family relationships. Not only is this a brilliantly crafted piece of work, it communicates universal ideas and feelings that will leave you on a high and make the world seem like a nicer place.

**Jo Norton**



Film 101: An Introduction to...

## ORSON WELLES (1915 - 1985)

Director/Writer/Actor

"Perhaps the greatest misconception surrounding me is that I don't like Hollywood. Nothing could be further from the truth! I always loved Hollywood... it's just that the sentiment was never reciprocated."

— Orson Welles

Orson Welles has to be the most abundantly gifted individual in the history of the cinema. A triple threat of director, writer and actor he has a presence like no other: intelligent, strong, imposing, powerful. His style is unmistakably unique - strong contrast black and white, deliriously lavish sets and props, and an atmosphere that languishes half way between raving fantasy and horrific nightmare. He commanded immediate respect and awe regardless of which side of the camera he sat and has left a legacy which casts an omnipresent and immeasurable influence over modern cinema.

Welles' early influences were not drawn from the cinema but rather the wider sphere of Western literature. From a young age he exhibited the hallmarks of a prodigy and became unbelievable well versed in great writings at a tremendously young age. Before he was twelve Orson was familiar with many of the great stage-writers and already had developed a deep, longing love for Shakespeare, a romance he would continue for the rest of his remarkable life.

Receiving a large inheritance in his pre-teens allowed Welles to pursue his aspirations in the theatre full time. After extensive travelling he settled in New York and attempted to make it on Broadway. After a few minor discouragements he found much success with his "Mercury Theatre" group, with whom he would stage the infamous radio play, *The War of the Worlds*, which depicted an alien invasion of earth. It was so effectual that it apparently caused many families to flee their homes to escape the fictional invaders.

After building an intimidating reputation in the theatre Welles was offered an unprecedented contract by relatively minor studio RKO - six films and complete artistic control. It was under these circumstances, this filmmaker's oasis, that *Citizen Kane* was born.

*Kane* is possibly the single most important and telling film in the overall story of the movies. It takes everything that came before it and redefines it, unlocking its true potential. Like white light passing through a prism and exploding into a perfect spectrum, the entire cinema before *Kane* passed through Welles and found a new, more spectacular form. The symbolism of German expressionism from Lang and Murnau, French deep focus from Renoir, Soviet editing techniques and revolutionary new sound techniques from radio were channeled perfectly by Welles into telling the story of Charles Foster Kane, a man who gains the world, and loses his soul in the process.

The American Film Institute has named *Citizen Kane* "the greatest American movie of all time" but it has only acquired that status through the passage of time. When released it was artistically a full two decades ahead of its time, it was unsuccessful with the public and went into hibernation until it was rediscovered by the French cineasts more than ten years later. Branded as a man too in love with 'art' to make a commercially successful film Welles never received as much freedom ever again.

After *Kane* Welles delivered *The Magnificent Ambersons* which, in its butchered form, is one of the great lost works of Western culture. Hoping to avoid a box office failure like that of *Kane*, the studio took the film out of Welles' hands, recut it and ruined it forever. He followed *Ambersons* with *The Lady From Shanghai*, a brilliant *film noir* which climaxes with the endlessly imitated 'house of mirrors' scene (*Enter the Dragon* anyone?) before consummating his romance with Shakespeare on celluloid with *Macbeth*.

After that Welles was given the cold shoulder in Hollywood and went to Europe. He gave one of his all-time best performances in *The Third Man* and made what is considered critically as the best of his three Shakespeare adaptations, *Othello*.

In 1958 Welles returned to America to direct and co-star alongside Charlton Heston (playing a Mexican?!) in *Touch of Evil*. It's a rare work, a true cohesion of artistry and entertainment that fulfills Welles' artistic aspirations and the audience's hunger for a good yarn that moves at a cracking pace. The film opens with a three-minute crane shot that is almost definitely the greatest single take in the history of cinema. It's a good tough and gritty detective story that pulses to the rhythms of its Mexican nights and has enough murder, betrayal and pretty girls to satisfy.

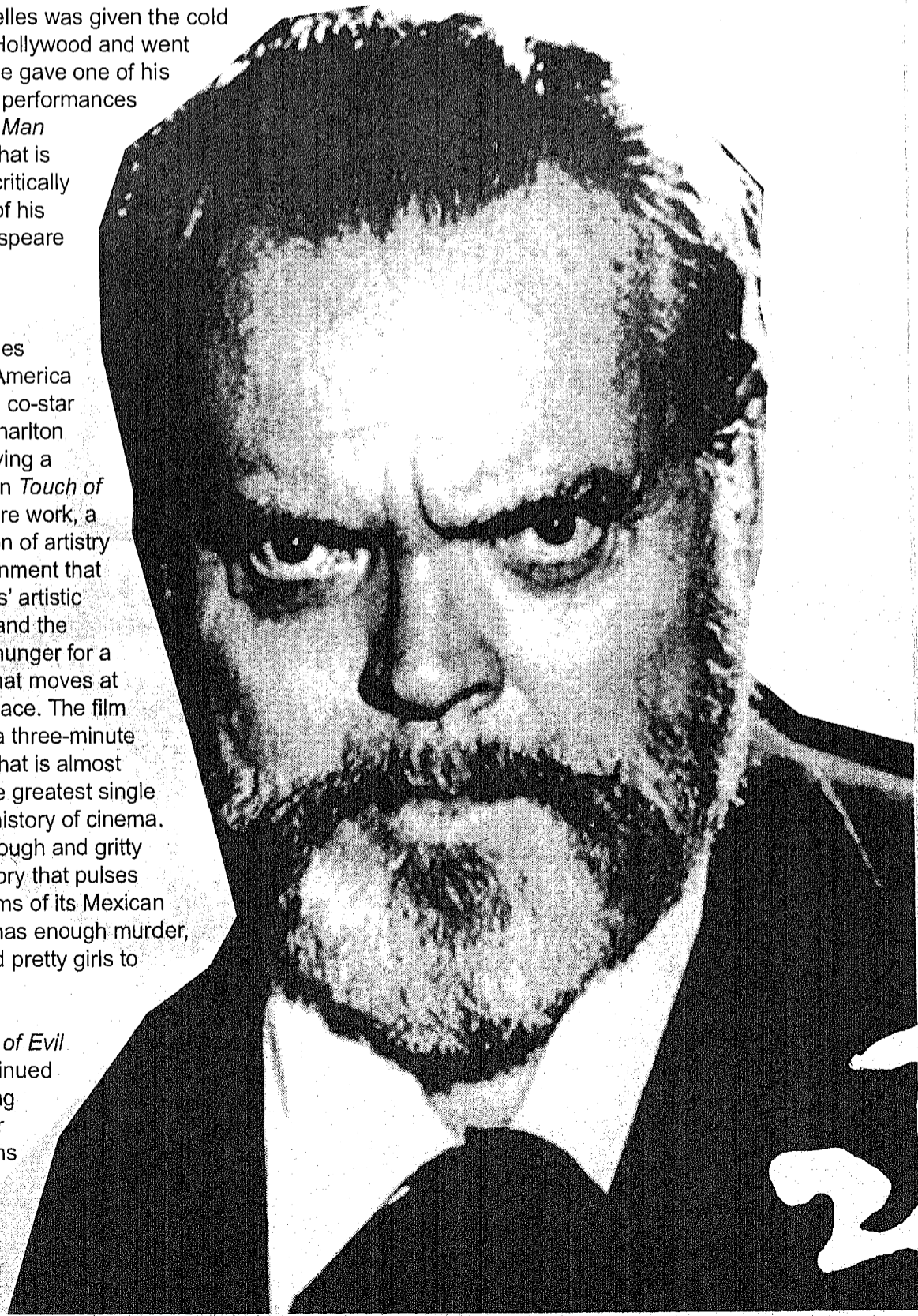
After *Touch of Evil* Welles continued to take acting jobs in other people's films claiming his choice of roles were "solely motivated

by the size of the cheque" and completed only two more of his own, a much under-rated and stunningly faithful realisation of Franz Kafka's novel *The Trial*, and *Chimes at Midnight*, a conglomeration of stories of Shakespeare's Falstaff character.

It's commonly said that Welles is more a filmmaker for the film buff or theorist than the common viewer, and that's somewhat true... but there's no shame in that. To be everything to some and little to most is a cross that most geniuses bear. Given that maybe its best to give the final words on Welles to the quintessential film buff, Jean-Luc Godard and say quite simply that "everyone will always owe him everything".

If this sounds like something that you might be interested in, do and check out: *Citizen Kane*, *Touch of Evil*, *The Trial*, *Lady From Shanghai*, *The Third Man* and *Macbeth*.

Danny Wills



## CLASSIC PICK OF THE WEEK



Jitterbug Perfume  
Tom Robbins

Lose little faith in the veracity of a review, secreting pretentious, throwaway comments that threaten to stain the oft-soiled underpants of the student press like so much phallic ooze, such as "Tom Robbins is something of a writer's writer" (using your most drawing, Muscat-soaked, Oxford Don voice). Onanistic fervour may well echo in the lack of justification behind these words, but one would not be too far off the mark if they came to such conclusions while reading *Jitterbug Perfume*. This racy little jaunt through human sense and psyche is great value as entertainment; the story sprawls over the reader's mind like some kind of enchanted, albeit mottled and deranged Persian rug, which blocks all the exits and leaves us watery-eyed and pathetic, wandering aimlessly in search of the wheelchair-access ramp to reality.

The more discerning reader will delight in the critical playground Robbins has layered between the covers. Parallel plots in a fictitious present switch stance to southpaw and back as nimbly as a bantamweight prize fighter; a speed-cranked drama, tag-teamed with the heavyweight, millennia-spanning tale of Alobar, a condemned dark-ages king who refused to lay down and die, who formed an acutely stubborn habit of living (fuelled by hot baths, zen breathing techniques, interspersed with gads of tantric sex) and a lasting friendship with Randy Pan the Goat Boy. These two central branches of the story converge tentatively, like new lovers kissing for the first time, creeping in to the present for a grizzly and affectionate embrace, where they act as a soapbox for the speculative fiction that is so characteristic of a Robbins novel.

Every aspect of these multi-layered plots is allegorical to the philosophical climax reached by our characters, whose identities weaken as Robbins gradually gives the story over to his own voice of the unexplored, reducing them from near-life impressions to a clever show of narrative puppetry. All of this in order to air some very believable theories about the natural progress of human evolution of the mind. As the characters fade and lose their ability to convince the reader, Robbins's philosophy of Mind and the Senses grows ever stronger, more believable than if it stood alone as a theory. The stories are vehicular, providing context and reason for such classic Robbinsian thought. Such a case is proven by the last few pages of *Jitterbug Perfume*, in that the reader is not necessarily dissatisfied with having to conduct an emu-parade of loose ends. The story justifies itself by exploring the philosophy of its own essences, scent and enlightenment, leaving the reader careless of 'what happened next'. The curveball ideas pitched by Robbins are quite enough to chew on, without having to care about 'what happened to so-and-so', or 'why didn't those two get together?'. I, for one, love this about the Robbins style: Sudy action-drama gives way under the full weight of thematic conclusion, which is dropped from a height great enough to shake the foundations of the entire novel, re-setting first impressions in a way one could never have suspected.

*Jitterbug Perfume* is possibly Robbins's finest novel, even without popularisation via film adaptation. It is a psycho-sensual treatise on human development and behaviour as a species, which gears up to a thought-provoking and climactic extreme that even the most critical of recreational readers will fail to resist. A highly recommendable read for the new millennium, taking its place as a classic in the body of late-contemporary 20th century prose fiction.

Hagemann



The Ghost Writer  
John Harwood  
Jonathon Cape

The thing that first struck me about this book was Harwood's subtle and dexterous use of the English language—it's one of the most confidently written debut novels I've ever read. *The Ghost Writer* is anything but another cliché-laden, predictable pop-fiction paperback; both the plot and the prose are intelligent and artful.

Gerard, a young Australian man, goes searching for the secrets of his mother's past, a history she kept ominously hidden from him throughout her life. His search leads him to the old English home where his mother was raised by his grandmother Viola, who wrote ghost stories until 'one came true...' It's a gothic novel set in the modern day, where aeroplanes and emails lead to a haunted house complete with overgrown garden, creaking stairs and things that go bump in the night. As the story progresses, the gothic element grows stronger, until the portentous but solid reality of the first part gives way to the nightmare quality of the second.

The narrative takes place around sections of Viola's ghost stories, as Gerard discovers and reads old manuscripts throughout his quest. There are even stories within the stories, and stories about dreams and dreams about stories, as Harwood blurs the lines between reality and nightmare, past and present, until, like Gerard, the reader becomes dizzy and bewildered.

Harwood has obviously drawn on the classic gothic writers—Poe especially comes to mind—for inspiration, but his writing doesn't have that imitative, wannabe flavour found in a lot of first novels. Neither is his writing self-indulgent; I get the impression Harwood was very aware of his readers as he wrote, wanting foremost to tell a good story and tell it well.

And it is a good story. I'm not into even mildly scary books or films as a rule, being a chronic scared-little-girl, but I was completely drawn into this book. I actually started reading it when I arrived home after lunch and didn't put it down until I'd finished (except for taking a break to turn on all the lights in the house after it got dark).

My only problem with this book—apart from getting the creeps and not being able to go to bed until my housemate got home—was that it ended kind of suddenly, and without what I considered a satisfactory explanation of all the mysterious bits. That smothering feeling of confusion never really lifts, despite the classic reveal dénouement, and I'm still not sure what happened. Perhaps I'm not supposed to—it certainly adds to the lingering unease after closing the book—but after following Gerard's quest I would have liked one of those wrap-up scenes where the villain explains every mystery away.

Regardless of that, it's a pretty good novel, and worth reading. For a first novel I'm impressed—I'm already looking forward to Harwood's next offering, even if I have to get up early to read it before the sun sets.

Carly

John Harwood is currently in Adelaide for Writer's Week, and will be present for the Jonathon Cape launch of his debut novel, *The Ghost Writer*, in the East Tent at midday, Tuesday March 02.

The editorial staff here at On Dit would like to proudly announce the imminent eventuation of A CONTEST! Yes. That's right, A CONTEST! You see, folks, we of the literature section are always interested in sniffing out the writing talent that is produced by Adelaide University, appreciating the glory of some quality prose, and the good, old-fashioned gumption of a young kid who gets on up there without a care and shakes his fist while shouting at the world, "I am better than every last one of you!", godamitt...

Anyway, in the spirit of the 2004 Writer's Week Festival, we have decided to give everyone the chance to piss on their fellow man from a great height (or woman, or womyn; Lord knows we all have the right to be subjected to a golden shower of glory) with prose or poetry, in slightly less than 1000 words. Please attach some contact details to your entry, be it email or... erm, actually yeah, email would be great if you sent it to [ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU](mailto:ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU). The subject field should read: The literary hegemony is vein and weak, and also lactose intolerant... Any spelling errors in this simple, yet incomplete phrase will result in a snort of disgust, and a hasty click and drag of your entry to the famous On Dit trash can. The Grand Prize is a Writer's Week book bag (be the envy of your Arts faculty friends!), full of fantastic recent releases from your favourite publishers.

[Grand Prize may or may not have anything to do with Writer's Week]



The Nimrod Flip-Out  
Etgar Keret  
Picdaor  
\$22

This has got to be one of the best collections of short stories I've read. When attempting to describe Keret's writing to my friends I've called it 'fiction about the life and relationships of 20-30 year olds with a kind of surrealist twist'. You're probably thinking, so what the hell does that mean?! Let me try and explain.

Etgar Keret is an Israeli author who primarily writes short stories, as well as some essays and print articles. He also writes comedy for Israeli TV, and lectures in film. While popular in his native language, only recently has his work been translated into English, his first translated work entitled *The Bus Driver Who Wanted to be God*.

The story which the collection is named after, *The Nimrod Flip-Out*, is about a group of four friends, one of whom dies and then years later comes back to haunt his friends. Each friend has to take it in turns to flip out or go crazy for a while, haunted by Nimrod, while the others watch on. It sounds bizarre, but this isn't the best of it. Other tales include a guy who's girlfriend turns into a fat ugly guy at night, a dog who manages to survive being shot in the head to return and annoy the neighbours, and laundrettes where people can meet their true love (or at least try). The stories vary in length, some are very short and others go for ten or twelve pages. Keret's writing style is concise and clear, each story has direction and draws you in after the first few lines. Keret often introduces bizarre or surreal elements and twists in such a matter of fact way that fits in with the rest of the story, such that after a while you don't bother to question that these events are possible, merely that they are happening in the story.

However, behind all of the twists and turns of a very active imagination, there is a greater depth to the stories. They tackle, once again in a very matter of fact way, the effects of living in modern Israel. 'Surprise Egg' is about a man dealing with the death of his wife, who died in a suicide bombing, and many of the stories about young men and women talk about their time in service. Stories also discuss other issues and challenges for young people living in a culture they sometimes find hard to relate to.

Keret's writing is infectious; it's very entertaining and funny, yet extremely interesting as well due to the author's origin and background. If you're looking for something accessible and a little quirky, have a look at *The Nimrod Flip-Out*.

Rosie

Etgar Keret will be appearing at Writer's Week to launch the short story collection, *The Nimrod Flip-Out*, in the West Tent at 2:15pm, Tuesday March 02. He will also be speaking in the East Tent at 3:15pm, Wednesday March 03, with Joan London (Aus), John Murray (Aus), and Damien Wilkins (NZ) on the subject 'Short Shrift'.



cannot be surpassed. With a strong and somewhat emotionally driven voice, the singer utilises a number of effects, a megaphone and of course his own supreme vocal power to supply Mr Wednesday with the haunting melodies and screams that make their songs so powerfully morbid.

Lasting somewhere close to an hour, the Mr Wednesday set was diverse, intriguing and at times even scary. Whilst a number of the bands older tracks seem slightly more conventional, the newer songs see the group using new sounds, more effects and much more experimentalism to once again, truly diversify their original sound.

Admittedly Mr Wednesday may not be everybody's cup of tea, but for those who appreciate something that little bit different, they remain one of the best acts Adelaide has to offer. GO SEE THEM NOW, they have a shite load of shows coming up in the Fringe festival, and this is a band that is going to be very hard to avoid.

Mr Wednesday gig dates:

Wednesday March 3rd: The Jade Monkey with Snow machine (Syd): 9pm

Sunday 14 March: Port Admiral Hotel, 4:30pm  
Saturday 20 March - The Rhino Room with The Beat Smugglers, 9.30pm

These gigs should keep you all temporarily satisfied, but keep reading *On Dit* for more Mr Wednesday news and information.

Luc

After catching a brief glimpse of their short performance on the Barr Smith Lawns last Wednesday I made sure to head down to Jive (funnily enough, later that night) to see Mr Wednesday's performance in its glorious entirety. Mixing arty/experimental rock with some freaky electronica, the Adelaide based four piece (guitar, keyboards, vocals and an absent bass player) create something truly unique.

Lacking a drummer, the band relies upon a sampler to supply the effect laden, bass heavy electro beats that are responsible for so much of their

coolness. Whilst these sampled rhythms remain a prominent feature throughout their set, much of Mr Wednesday's sound is keyboard driven. Luckily, this does not stop the guitarist from having fun. In using an effect pedal ensemble rivalled only by that of Wolf and Cub's and some of the most mesmerising riffs under the sun, the guitarist has no trouble in transforming a song from an electro beat fest to a wailing experimental guitar epic that will surely leave the jaws of those watching firmly dropped.

Yet it is the lead vocals of Mr Wednesday's main man "Moon" however, that simply

## Gig Guide

**The Anyones (Vic),  
The Trafalgars  
& Little Star**  
Jive  
Friday March 5

**Snow Machine (Syd)  
Mr Wednesday**  
The Jade Monkey  
Wednesday March 3

**First Sound- Sound of  
Human**  
The Umbrella Revolution  
Garden of Unearthly Delights  
March 2<sup>nd</sup>-7<sup>th</sup>

**The Svens**  
Crown & Anchor  
Tuesday March 2<sup>nd</sup>

**Tusk**  
The Jade Monkey  
Friday March 5<sup>th</sup>

**Salmonella Dub (NZ)**  
Universal Playground  
Saturday March 6<sup>th</sup>

**The Cat Empire (Vic)**  
Universal Playground  
Monday March 8<sup>th</sup>



**Green Circles**  
Brass Knobs, Bevelled Edges (and in 23 different position)  
Off The Hip

This latest offering from the Green Circles is perfect in what they are trying to achieve. The album is comprised of faultless 60's mod/pop/psychedelia tunes, and is catchy, infectious and all those things that jangly sixties compilations try to be. They are impeccably tight and creative with their instrumentation, with all of the freshness and enthusiasm

for this style of music as there was in 1966. The Green Circles don't sound like imitation, they sound like renovation, bona fide 60's enthusiasts that make no qualms about their influences. Mark Gilbert's vocals are charming, (yet the lyrics are occasionally super-sweet just to make the rhyme work), and the recording and mixing quality is impeccable. The organs, bass lines and occasional harpsichord all sound warm, baby, and is quite pleasurable. There is some gaudy musical 'homage' to The Easybeats, The Beatles and The Monkees (a song called Brown House in Stepney!) which are okay because they do it so well (and that reason alone). This album, like the band, is fun, optimistic and welcoming. Give it a listen.

Jimmy Trash

*I hate this font - Steve*

Where have you been, my heart, my shadow?  
How well did you like the song?  
I filled it so full of nonsense and innuendo  
you feel like there's something forgotten in it?

# O'Ball 2004

Each year we beg God/the gods to stave off the Autumn chill for one more week and this year, Victor's penance having been paid they smiled and sun shined to greet the irresistible Cookie Baker first on stage for O' Ball 2004. As Dan sprinted home to find the hobbling O Co (Victor) his shoes, Cookie Baker sneaked in an acoustic set with noise restrictions still in force to the already dense crowd. Vowing not to leave until her entire drinks rider had been consumed, she then flitted around backstage as band members and groupies alike took turns in rubbing her furry skull.

Enter Ground Components, the first of the musicians with access to the power generator. Picking up on the zeitgeist they played with typically shrill vocals and scratched jangly dance rock, impressing and showing promise with their rough and energetic performance.

Meanwhile, backstage, Dan was trying to pry Augie March from their shells luring Glenn (vocals) and Adam (guitar) into answering a few questions (see interview, right).

An inspection of the riders this year prompted calls to bring back the "booze it or lose it" rule preventing bands from stocking up for the hotel room. Augie March obviously had more alcohol than could be consumed by four men expected to utter a word into the microphone. Pre-empting any change to the rider rules, Pornland managed to drink their's almost dry before taking the stage. The much applauded

homely feel of O' Ball this year was largely due to Victor's mother's sandwiches, the only nourishment available for bands and crew.

Epicure placed themselves as one of the stand out acts early on bringing some noise and movement from the crowd with ballad driven tunes like 'Armies Against Me' then switching up to more heavily treated songs like 'Feet Out From Under Me'. Their songs consistently rang out clear and clean with smooth melody, a good mix and professional performance.

While Dan went off to bribe Katy with candy, the other Dan managed to catch DJ Spankmeharda, obviously under the influence, for a quick O' Ball vox pop (see opposite page). Spankmeharda showed again this year that he has enough funk to introduce a band like Pornland but also the tenderness to set the mood for Epicure or Augie March.

Speaking of Pornland, there was a definite lift in the crowds' energy when the ex-Adelaide boys returned to their old stomping ground. Even though Dan has been an Adelaide Uni student for years, embarrassed as he is to admit it, he'd had never been to a Pornland gig. Yes, hard as it is to understand, he was a Pornland virgin, but tonight Slatty and the boys were doin' it to his ear hole large style. Not only that, but from what he witnessed, they did it to every other audience member as well! It was shameless cock thrusting rock with ass shaking grooves, but, by fuck they do well, with tongue firmly in cheek and with real dedication and knowledge of their craft. The choreographed moves, guitar hero worship, vinyl costumes and the addition of muscly security guards to the Pornland family all lent the performance a camp Village People vibe meets Funkadelic meets Van Halen meets Queen with a heavy dose of the surreal. When the Pornland security guards joined in on backing vocals, completely dead pan and in character it was so funny Dan would have wet himself if not for the fact that he was pumping his fist into the air harder than at the Bill Idol concert. With quivering falsetto seeing Slatty go a capella for touching the snake in the Garden of Eden was worth the price of admission alone.

Dan had to bolt back stage to show the boys his appreciation, walking in on the boys whilst they were changing (sorry guys!) in the process. He had grand visions of having an improptu photo shoot involving the charismatic Soul Brother No. 1, Slatty D, being hand fed grapes a la Caesar, and even had the excellently talented folks manning the riders keep some grapes chilling on ice (thanks guys!). But alas, the amount of weed and tequila sunrise in his blood meant that such a venture was delayed, and of

## A few words with Glenn and Adam from Augie March.

*Sunset Studies has the feel of an old memory. Are you guys particularly nostalgic people or strongly linked to your past?*

**Glenn:** A lot of young men, I don't know about young women... cause I've never been one, when they sort of get beyond that initial rush of puberty, they perhaps start experiencing an almost ready made nostalgia, even years before some things happen. I think that's what makes some albums so charming but also pretty difficult for me to listen to.

*In 2003 you guys toured England and the States. Was it hard to find an audience patient enough to listen to your music considering that the boppy rock of bands like Jet is quite popular at the moment?*

**Adam:** In the UK it wasn't too hard because most of the audience was made of people who we had played to before in Australia. Most of the other gigs weren't so much to promote ourselves but to score a record deal so we could go back and promote ourselves.

*And did that happen?*

**Adam:** It worked in America, England is still shaping. It takes so long but America was good, it was happening a lot quicker there?

*At a live show at The Gov I saw, the band seemed a lot more casual and even a bit more comical or chatty than I expected. Is that something you deliberately try to do?*

**Adam:** The musical demands a lot of attention, but the comical stuff in between is just because we're just a bunch of good friends who are on the road and having a laugh together.

*Sunset Studies was a very wistful, hazy, dreamlike album whereas Strange bird is much more aggressive or even violent sounding. Can we expect a similar change in your next album?*

**Adam:** We're gonna have a lot more time to record it, I know that. I don't know if I can answer that just yet, cause it is still in that embryonic stage.

*Was there a particular reason for the difference between the albums?*

**Adam:** Yeah we get older, we were still poor, we still had no money.

*Does the Adventures of Augie March by Saul Bellow have any relation to the name and style of the band?*

**Glenn:** Not a hell of a lot, I was reading so much of his stuff at the time and this was just a book I couldn't get my hands on.

*So you hadn't read the book before you named the band?*

**Glenn:** No that's the thing, so many of his central characters have similar characteristics and I assumed that the Augie March character would be of similar ilk. It's probably his hardest book to get through but it's really rewarding. I love what the guy did with his writing, it's astonishing. But this name in particular stood out, he's got some fantastic names for his characters.

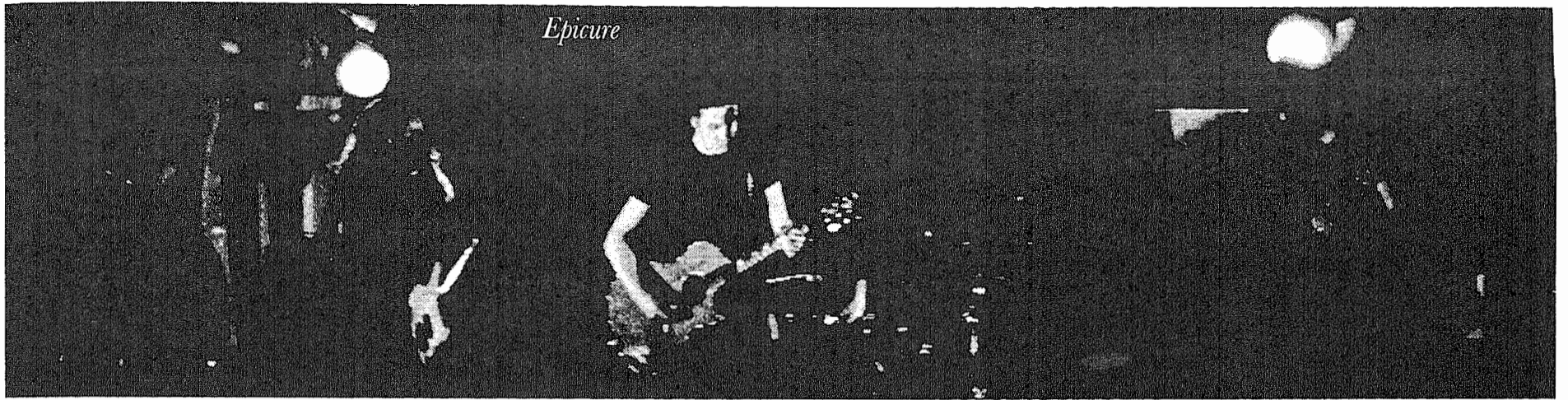
**Adam:** Over the years it's just become a new nonsensical group of syllables that has nothing to do with the book.

*New albums, gigs, tours?*

**Adam:** No gigs whatsoever, we're gonna spend the next few months recording this album and a DVD will come out soon. And we're goin' over to America



Cookie Baker



course, never eventuated.

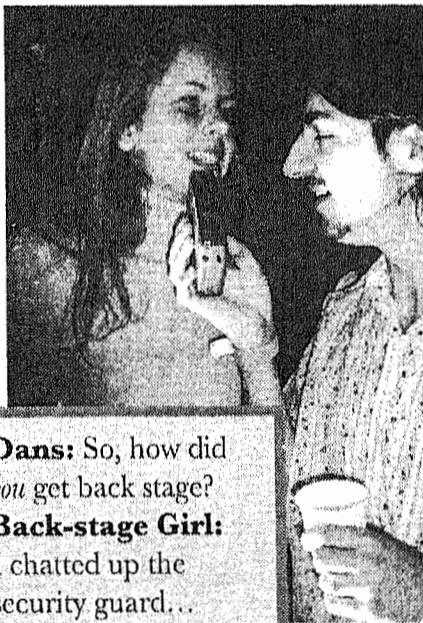
After the audience had been boistered by the funky rock antics of Pornland, any band would have had a hard time bringing the fickle attention spans of the crowd back to ground zero, so Little Birby certainly had their work cut out for them. Although the straight rock performance lacked the certain charm of surprise, their enthusiasm seemed to keep crowd energy high a feat in itself considering the fact that they had been touring non stop and haven't had a decent nights sleep in months. Comparisons have been Kate Bush and the distinctive vocal stylings of frontwoman Katy Steele. With the lure of chocolate Dan wanted to ask her what her favourite sound that a cat makes is, but as with the Slatty D photo shoot, he was too stoned to actuate it. He did however, have a chat with Little Birby guitarist, Simon (see below).

Augie March, an odd but much anticipated headliner after Pornland and Little Birby, played out an entertaining yet unspectacular performance. They seemed unable to take a step down from faster tracks like 'Song in the Key of Chance' losing much of the mood in distorted guitar and unaided by a poor sound mix. Perhaps expecting to have to 'rock out' at a party gig they omitted favourites like 'No Such Place' or 'Asleep in Perfection'. It seemed the perfect

opportunity to let the intense and poetic 'Hole In The Roof' sing up into the clear starlit sky, but we were content to sway along to the manic 'Train' and rhythmic 'Brundism'. Glenn and Adam later confirmed that though they enjoyed the gig the band was a little unhappy with their performance, feeling that the O' Ball show did lead them to play quicker songs rather than risk alienating an audience with slower tunes. Not such a remote concern as much of the audience seemed to be there only for the boppier sets of Pornland and Little Birby. Nevertheless Augie March still remained a highlight as the only band to provide some substance over style and were humble and likeable guys to speak to backstage.

It was now time to gather our dishevelled forms off to Jive for the O'Ball After Party with Brunatex, Uberstomp and The Unspoken Things. Praise must go to this years O' Ball Directors Paddy Moore and Andrew Flemming for a succesful night and of course to O'Co-Ordinator extraordannaire Victor Stamatescu.

**The Dans.**



**Dans:** So, how did you get back stage?  
**Back-stage Girl:** I chatted up the security guard...

**DJ Spankmeharda Speaks Out**

**Who is the most famous person you ve slept with?**  
I don t know if I should say this on record....but I d have to say Greta Bradman. Grand daughter of Brad-Man, as in Bradman the cricketer. And dude she is a hot chicky babe. Turn that recording machine off!

**What is the worst interview question you ve ever been asked?**

What underwear are you wearing? Cause quite frankly when I put on my undies in the morning, I m still half asleep and I really don t know.

**Tell us your favourite Adelaide anecdote.**

I ve lived in Adelaide all my life but I ll never forget the time I McWatered Che Cockatoo-Collins. We went through the McDonalds drive through, got a cheese burger and six cups of water and then threw the water at people. We saw Cockatoo-Collins and we fucking McWatered him.

**What s next for Spankmeharda?**

You watch out cause I m gonna be playing a lot of old school funk records at a venue near you.

**Slatty D.**



Simon from Little Birby

**What's it like playing a gig like O Ball tonight?**  
Oh, It's awesome It's great fun, It brings a wider section of people to watch Instead of it being like a punk night, it's a heaps better way of doing it and we get to see a lot of bands we don't normally get to play with.

**No shit. How old are you man?**

Oh it's a secret. I'm 30 in two weeks.

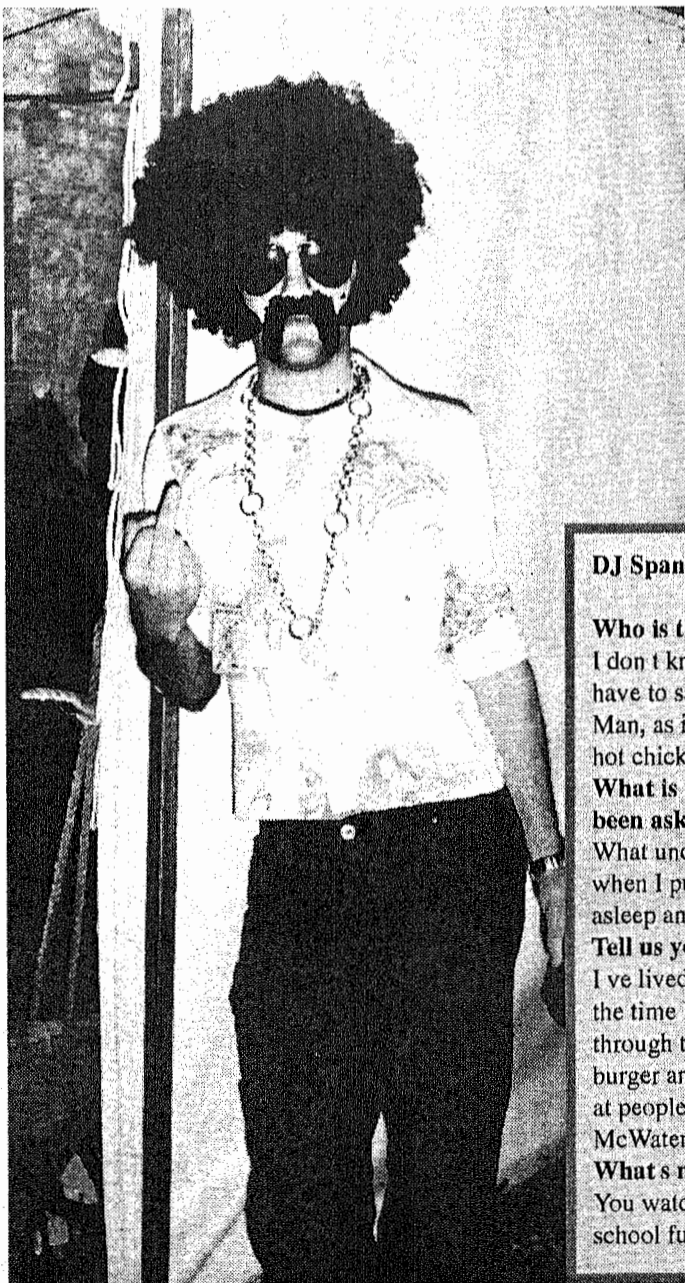
**No way, I thought you were younger than me for a second.**

**So you started playing four years ago, what would you have said if I told you in four years you'd be touring around playing guitar for a living?**

I'd say fuck off. I didn't even wanna go on tour four years ago. It seemed like the worst idea ever. You know, I used to have a bad nervous condition and I couldn't actually leave the house, I used to go to work and back but that was it, weekends freaked me out. I played gigs but gigs were like going to a hanging, but I loved music and gigs we're the only way to get people to hear it. I got over all that and here I am.

*Editors' note:*

*The Dans have been under a lot of strain lately. They sincerely apologise for any, er, weirdness on these pages.*



## First Sound

The Garden of Uneathly Delights  
2-7 March @ 10pm

*First Sound* is the kind of show the Fringe is made for. Just a guy with a room full of loud things that he can bash with sticks. It looks good and sounds great but is perhaps too raw or low key for the Festival. Ben Walsh from The Bird does well as a solo act to captivate the audience and fill the space completely with percussion sounds.

You wonder how his arms can manage to get through an entire show with such energetic and unconventional drumming techniques. He often takes the stance of a martial artist, legs at full pace, arms raised before striking the instruments to create primal rhythm and occasionally violent bursts of sound. The stance is often required because of the custom set up of many of the percussion instruments. Drums were often placed above or adjacent to another so that the stick strikes the skin on both the down and the up stroke resulting in more beats than seems logical to the eye.

The performance also breaks several times into more meditative scenes using candlelit bowls capable of producing a variety of tone as Ben flutters his sticks up and down the range. Also impressive was the medley of well known old and contemporary tunes played on a conventional drum set. Walsh mixes in his own interpretation of the song rhythms producing a chaotic one-man Phantoms-band effect.

Although the riddim don't always feel right, as if the odd and complex beating requires getting used to even for the performer, and you wonder what kind of madness could be created with several percussionists, the show is still an amazing exposition of unconventional drumming and primal sound, well worth seeing. Perhaps bring earplugs though, the sharpness of the drums can often make you feel as if you're an eskimo hearing a gunshot for the first time.

Dan J



## The Brown Hornet

As the Fringe opening parade came to a sad and sorry end, my comrades and I descended upon the Adelaide Uni campus to the capacity crowds. Having done the same two years ago and been blown away by the performances of The Bird and Endorphin, it would be an understatement to say that my expectations were high. Situated on the Barr Smith Lawns, a number of interesting acts took to the main stage throughout the night. There was one band however, that truly stood out.

Hailing from the ever-so-happening Melbourne scene, Brown Hornet were the night's headlining act. Playing an unusual blend of rock, ska, funk, reggae and hip hop, the energetic seven-piece rolled casually through an hour and a half set of fun and quirky grooves that had no problems in getting everyone moving.

Consisting of the standard drummer, guitarist and bassist (all donning mosquito masks, naturally), the band's line up also featured a saxophone, trumpet, trombone and of course, that Dillon guy who used to host *Recovery*.

Yes, I too was initially a culprit of seeing the former TV star as Brown Hornet's main appeal. Sue me. Fortunately, each of the band's members (not to mention the music itself) soon proved to be equally, if not more of a highlight. Whilst the songs themselves saw a number of complex guitar riffs and bass lines being utilised, every new track allowed a number of the instruments to take a solo, quickly revealing to the dance-hungry crowd what each individual Hornet was capable of. Whilst the bassist and saxophone player were particularly impressive, the highlight came with the drum solo in which each of the remaining band members circled the kit and

bowed down to the might of their rhythm section.

Sure, the musicians were all astounding, but the quality and charisma of Lewis was still hard to avoid. Decked out in a white suit and pink shirt, the singer casually strutted onto the stage to take position behind his turntables, microphone and vocoder keyboard to quickly begin the set with one of the coolest death growls I've ever heard. You see, whilst Dylan can move, dress and remains hilarious to simply look at, he pulled off the whole vocalist thing like no other. Obviously most of the songs were sung, yet the band's repertoire allowed the former ABC icon to thoroughly explore the furthest regions of his vocal range with some lovely death growls, hardcore rhymes and even a bit of beat boxing at a standard close to that busker guy in Rundle Mall. Dylan's scratching, harmonica and keyboard playing also added another element to the jam-packed Brown Hornet sound as well as new layer of originality.

Mr. Lewis was good and he definitely knew it, yet it was nice to see him remain modest enough to allow a number of the horn players temporarily steal his limelight with a little bit of their own freestyle rhyming.

On a whole, Brown Hornet were fun, fast and made certain that everyone had a sweet time. The music was cool, Dylan was funny and, most importantly, the near-capacity crowd loved every second of it. Brown Hornet are nothing more or less than a quality band that I insist you all see next time they visit little old Adelaide.

Luc

## Music of Transparent Means

Music of Transparent Means is based around a core nexus of composers Alex Carpenter and Russell Goodwin and a wide ever changing troupe of collaborators and performers. For this year Fringe Festival, the collective are delivering a series of performances that covers electro-acoustic, drone and chance music. With interests in composers John Cage, La Monte Young, and Phil Niblock, Alex describes his works as "tending to be very minimal; there's not a lot of composed stuff in there. It's more about creating the space where something's going to happen that you might not actually predict in the compositional process." This notion of giving up some artistic control that might have been traditionally scored, and instead setting up basic parameters to allow the sounds themselves to have their influence on the composition is an important one to the duo's work. For Alex, one of the interesting areas where chance has a striking effect is that of loud volume. "It's amazing how much happens within sound, and on sound's own terms. Sound becomes alive then and interacts with itself and creates it's own composition in a way."

For this series of works for the Fringe, the pair has a wide variety of instrumentation at their disposal. Their pieces slowly unfold within these "open" compositions. One such composition, *Mountain Pieces*, is scored for 20 tom-tom playing percussionists, which aims for a gradual roar but has players speeding up and slowing down at their own speed. Alex explains that "generally what happens is intensity rises and intensity falls again, but within that, there are lots of interesting patterns you might hear and pick up on." These intricacies "aren't designed by anybody, but just occur" adds Russell. Also being performed is Russell's piece *Egress*, an eerily menacing composition for twenty speaking voices, which I saw performed at the last MOTM performance at the EMU studio at The Adelaide University last year. The pair have other compositions planned, ranging from solo performances to larger

ensembles incorporating bowed guitars, wind instruments and keyboards, and are also performing a rendition of John Cage's *Fontana Mix*. Russell explains that "Cage's score states that it can be used for almost instruments; we're using recorded source material through a series of delay pedals and pushing the signal out through a number of speakers according to John Cage's score instructions." The duo describe the programme as being for "anyone who gets excited by the sound of thunder", but more generally those with an interest in drones and abstract music should head along to the Bakehouse Theatre to experience the sound of Music of Transparent Means.

dan V

### Monday 1<sup>st</sup>, March 8pm

A varied concert featuring bowed guitars, saxes, percussion, and sound processing. Program includes John Cage's *Fontana Mix*.

### Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>, March 8pm

MOTM at its largest ever: 21 performers playing electric guitars, keyboards, cymbals, gongs, trumpets, trombones and saxophones!

Drone-improvisations and experiments in temporal decay.

All concerts will also feature new video imagery by Alex Carpenter and Michael Carmody.

The Bakehouse Theatre, 255 Angas St, Adelaide.

\$9 / \$7. Tickets available through FringeTix.

See <http://www.transparentmeans.cjb.net/> for more information.

32 (thirty-two)

# PROJECT 1

## On Dit talks to local composer Michael Yuen about Moogs, VCS3s & the dark side of the moon *Or not.*

Adelaide has a long history of pioneering new music and new sounds, and the recent Project 1 showcase, which spanned ambient, chance and process music, computer generated tones and electro-acoustic compositions, was conceived in part to celebrate this fact. Led by local composer Micheal Yeun, the programme he assembled drew from his experience gleaned from last year's Rundle Street *Red Door* series of concerts, and showcased the works of young South Australian composers, adopted Adelaideans Percy Grainger and Tristram Cary, as well as notable composers Alvin Lucier and Steve Reich.

English born Cary was responsible for the formation of the renowned BBC studios and the development of the EMS VCS3 synthesizer, a classic piece of analog hardware, it was a crucial ingredient of Brian Eno's ambient soundscapes, and featured heavily on Pink Floyd's *Dark Side Of the Moon*. It was also used to prominence on Cary's soundtrack work to the sci-fi series *Dr. Who*. Adelaide became Cary's adopted home, after he ventured down here to play a large part in the development of the University's electronic music studio, bringing over several of his VCS3's and helping construct the studio's cutting edge Moog modular synthesizer. Not only was it the first Moog in the country at that time, but its features were so grand, The Beatles themselves offered to purchase it from the University.

In honour of Cary's contribution to the wider field of electro-acoustic composition, Michael chose to open the programme with a pre-show sound installation placed in the foyer new realisation of Cary's piece *Trellises*. 'I suppose it's akin to a "remix" if you like, from material sourced from the composer's own original master tapes dating back to around 1968, which he managed to find buried away in a box in his home.' Rather than have the piece take on an overtly prominent role in the programme,

Michael had it set in the foyer leading into the performance area, its purpose was to fill the space with an audio carpet and set the scene for the music that followed.

Cary's composition *Though Glass* featured some fleet fingered piano playing alongside a digitally processed backing. It began quite strikingly, though as it progressed there were some moments on the pre-recorded accompaniment which sounded as though various DX7 synthesizer patches were being scrolled through, which made elements of the piece sound a little dated.

Steve Reich's pioneering *Pendulum Music 1 & 2*, utilising microphone feedback was like any great minimalistic piece, simple and very effective. Its loping rhythms mesmerised much of the audience, as did the Alvin Lucier piece *I am Sitting in a Room...* utilising speech and live feedback loops to navigate through the resonant frequencies of the performance room.

Earlier I had discussed with Michael one of the criticisms that has been (and that continues to be, though less so) levelled at new music, from the days of the early tape pieces and automated compositions, concerning the issue of "live" performance vs pre-programmed/taped pieces. I wondered whether this pressure to have eye candy for the audience is a necessary evil to aid in getting the piece across? Michael's reply was that such considerations didn't hold much sway over his decisions for the programme, but acknowledged the important effect a visual performance element can have on an audience. Despite this, he pointed out "I'd also like to think that the focus should, in the end, come back to the sounds themselves."

Interestingly, it was these performances that seemed to illicit most of the audience appreciation (read "applause").

Apart from the aforementioned *Pendulum Music*, other impressive performances came in the form of local composer Tom Szucs' piece for clarinet and accompanying digital tape, *Dreams Of Ghosts*, and Luke Harrald's



Refractor for piano and computer. I've always been very fond of the round, sonorous tones of the clarinet, and Szucs's piece featured them in abundance, making use of the performance space and fleshing out the accompanying tones with subtle inflections and extended techniques, whilst Harrald's piece explored the boundary where digital composition and live performance meet even more dramatically, using live piano playing opposite a computer controlled player-piano called the Disklavier from the other side of the room.

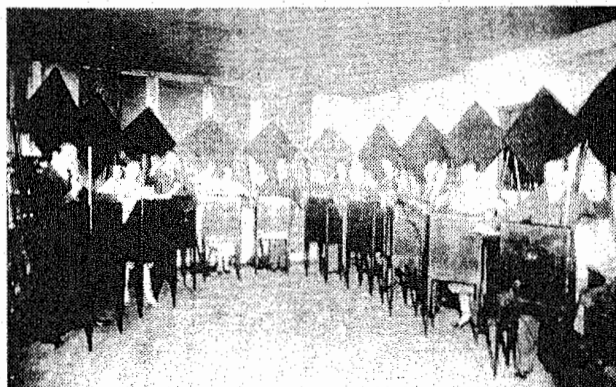
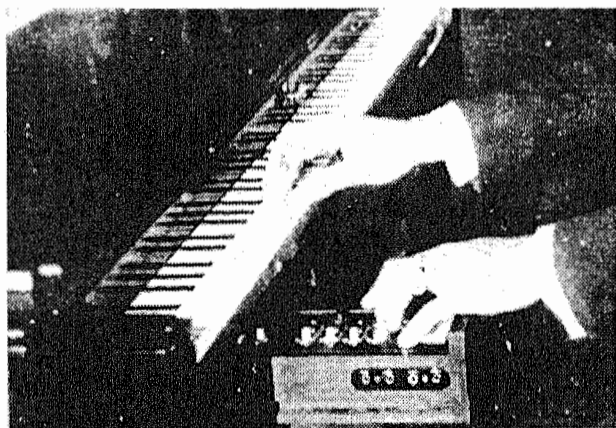
The most notable of the live performances in my opinion was Percy Grainger's *Free Music 1 & 2*, scored for four theremins. A rare treat to both see and hear, Michael had explained that the piece was very close to the composers heart. "Although he may be better known for his arrangement of 'Danny Boy', Grainger himself said that 'Free Music is the legacy for which I would want to be remembered for.'" Composed in 1937, it also stands as testament to the fact that the progressive composer was many years ahead of his time; its pitch glides and swoops made for a suprisingly succinct exploitation of the theremins unique possibilities, and may help to remind us that Leon Theremin's unique invention deserves its place in the pantheon of early electronic instruments, and isn't merely a thing to be exploited for tacky "rawk'n rawl" stage antics.

Yuen's own piece, *composition 8b*, for which Michael wrote custom audio processing and gestural motion software to control and manipulate the sounds in real time, was perhaps the most contemporary sounding of the nights pieces, with its ambient crackling sonics. 'I'm influenced by the approach of John Cage, and his concept of "all sounds" (being equal and available)' says Michael, though he added he's not into deliberately setting out to shock audiences. 'It's not my intention to alienate the audience with "difficult" music, but at the same time, I haven't censored myself in putting the program together.'

The night was all the richer for it. If you missed *Project 1*, be sure to keep an ear out for Yuen's future endeavours in the Adelaide experimental scene.

dan V

*Should hire a PA*





What exactly is a trash film? For me, this malleable term encompasses a wonderful genre that is not bound by time or origin, but by content and purpose. They are 50's delinquent hotrod films, 60's exploitation flicks, 70's horror films and 80's violent 'theatre of transgression' NY shorts. It can be crazy Japanese toons, North Korean propaganda films, old English anti-Nazi ads, Mexican wrestling films, or even Indian recreations of Western actions films (?). And so without further ado, I will introduce my weekly, blood soaked, boob-bulging, hotrod-racing, alien-chasing, rock 'n roll segment that I call...



# Jimmy Trash's Trash Film Section



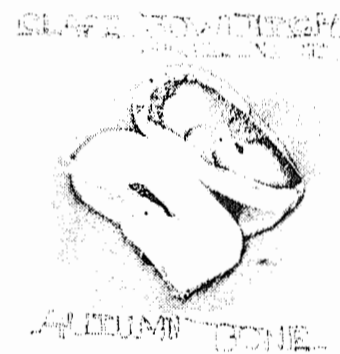
## Beyond the Valley of the Dolls 1969

This Russ Meyer classic is a trash film gem. The plot is a ridiculously perfect excuse to combine beautiful women, great music and debauchery in a crazy and drug-addled package. Sexy three-piece girl rockers The Carrie Nations become worldwide superstars within their first six hours of arriving in California, with the advantages of living with a rich aunt, being invited to a schmoozy music industry party, and owning a sensational sextet of legs between them. Now while these elements are quite stereotypical of 60's exploitation/rock flicks, the most entertaining part of Beyond the Valley of the Dolls is the great screen work. It is endlessly stimulating, with vibrant colours and camera angles that capture whole parties of amusing characters. While Russ Meyer will always

be remembered as cinematography's 'boob man', his talents as a producer and editor are severely underrated. The acting is also quite competent for this style of film. The most captivating character of BVD is not one of the steamy Carrie Nations sirens, but crazy hipster 'Z-Man'. This guy is the manic cross breed of Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde and Eddie Izzard, and steals the show in the last scene when he turns his drug-fuelled make-believe party into a bloodbath. There are also so many hilarious stereotypes throughout the film such as the single Negro football playing jock that never ever has a shirt on, and the mannerisms of the hilariously oversexed porn star Ashley St. Ives that are worthy of a great guffaw. An absolute trash masterpiece.



## 2 neat little CD reviews...



Autumn Bone  
Clare Bowditch and the Feeding Set  
Independent/BMG



The Coral  
Night Freak and the Sons Of Becker  
Sony

I'll set the scene for you - imagine Russia circa 1942 in a dark and packed vodka bar (I understand this is just a romantic notion of the era, just bear with me). Three voluptuous, beautiful ladies are playing the most skilful and enthusiastic folk songs that fill the bar with warmth that excels past the liquor. These three, a fiery violinist, blissful double bass player and exuberant accordion player are The Stiletto Sisters, vampy folk songstresses of the night. They are awesome, swinging, from an audacious, multi-tempo arrangement of Brahms's Symphony No. 5 to swooning, heart stabbing Yiddish love songs, and their intonation of voice and instrument are

dramatic and beautiful.

From inside the atmospheric Regal Tent the Stiletto Sisters transformed their sound from the soothing sounds of tepid love songs into the thundering mass of Russian drinking songs. The beautiful accuracy of their multilingual set was impressive and exotic, and the skill in which they could change the nature of their performance simply by looking at each other with visual cues made the whole night exciting and alive. It was a shame the crowd was not drunk and dancing like toasted Polish countrymen, so I had to settle with just tapping my seated knee with high zest.

Jimmy Trash

These guys are hilarious. No other band in the world could release an album of this name, dark purple in shade, and have songs like 'venom cable', and 'migrane' and still sound really fun and soothing. However, the Coral's new image is exactly what they needed. I liked their first two albums because of their cool fusion of styles, predominantly fashionable garage psychadelia and 80's hip hop, but was disgusted by the effervescent optimism in which they package themselves.

This new, almost satanic image has only just dampened their image to the point of swallowability, but it works sensationally. Wicked musical savvy, amusing lyrics and a favourable party vibe, this release is simply cool.

Jimmy Trash

With contributions from Marty Brown (Art of Fighting) and J. Walker (Machine Translations) on drums and guitar/keyboard respectively, Clare Bowditch has to be commended for putting out a promising independent release. The first and title track is the stand out and indicative of the wintry, atmospheric style of the album. The open note picking on the track helps fill out the song while the horns on subsequent tracks give a moody Tori Amos on acoustic guitar feel.

The influence from Marty Brown is relatively unnoticed lacking the ebb and flow evident in Art of Fighting rhythms. Though her songs are interestingly chaotic on their own, over the whole album they tend to blend into each other. The up, down, up down melodies and unconventional rhythm demand attention at first but becomes a bit tiring and monotonous without a strong tune to make some of them a bit more distinct. This is what keeps the album from being quite as captivating as other artists in the genre but still worth getting a hold of if you want a wave like ambience to fill your room on the coming Autumn mornings.

Dan J

Wanna review cd's? Meet at 2pm on Rumour's balcony (above the UniBar) on Tuesdays every week. See you there music boffins!

# Clubs + Classifieds

BRAND NEW  
 Good quality  
 LABCOATS  
 (buttons on the front)  
 \$30  
 &  
 MEDICAL COATS  
 \$40  
 127 Wright St, ADELAIDE  
 Mob 0417884477

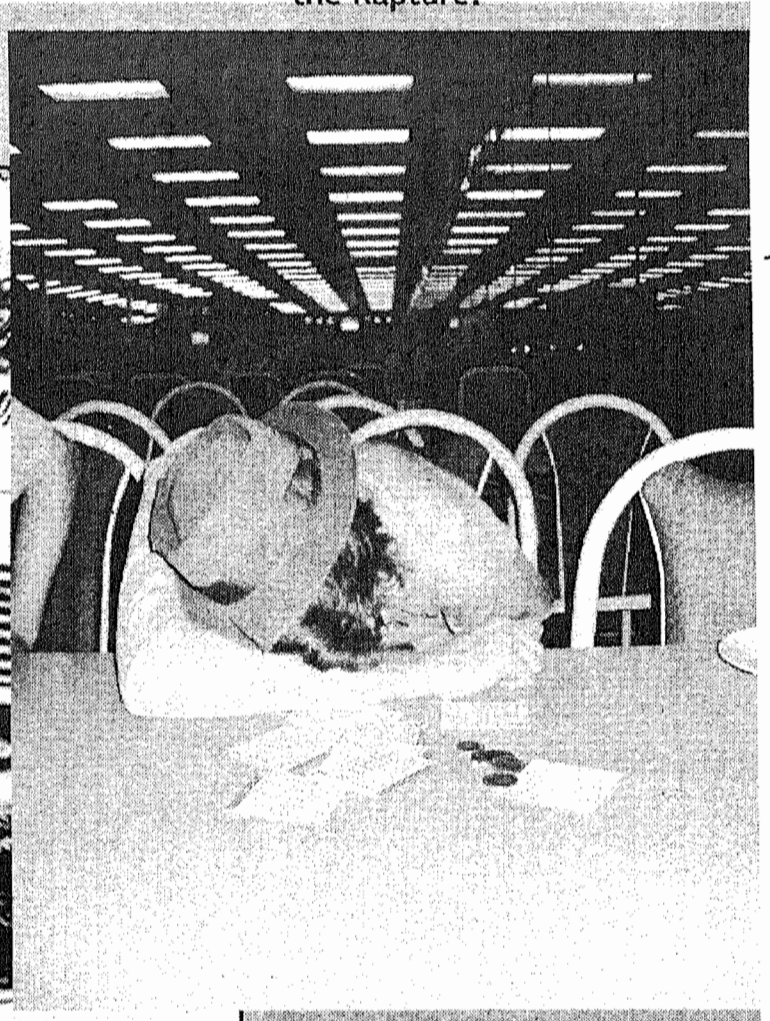
WANTED  
 2 Tickets to O'Ball  
 See Mikey hanging about  
 outside the museum. He's the  
 hot one.

ARE YOU sick of our shitty  
 fake ads? Then use our  
 free classifieds section!  
 just send your stuff to  
 ondit@adelaide.edu.au to be  
 published in our next edition!

DO YOU WANT TO FIND  
 SOMEONE SPECIAL (but not  
 for sex) or meet interesting  
 people of the opposite sex  
 (not for anything naughty)?  
 Then live it up with  
 adultmatchmaker.com North  
 Korea. Mingle with all 30 of  
 our members (and both of the  
 women) to have the time of  
 your life!

WANTED: A single plum,  
 floating in perfume, served in  
 a man's hat.  
 See Mattyo in the On Dit  
 office.

WOLF & CUB: Popular band  
 needs a new PR manager.  
 Must have keen media savvy  
 and fresh ideas that aren't  
 going to backfire when other  
 people don't understand our  
 music. We don't sound like  
 the Rapture.



OK Punters! It's way after the last race, you've lost all your money and your not even drunk yet. But the main thing is, did you have fun? We'll leave you with some delightful pictures of those little horsies to remind you of the ups, the downs, the glitz and the glamour. Peace be with you and may your horse always come in.



35.  
 Whew!

It's all about the music - go wild

# WILDELOO 2004

Cummins Showground - April 3, 2004

12 bands for \$39.95  
or \$55.00 at the door

tickets at [www.visitcummins.com](http://www.visitcummins.com)  
Bring your swags or tents & camp on site

catch the "WILDELOO EXPRESS"  
\$85.00 return direct to the Cummins Show Ground  
call 0427 762 878 for your boarding pass



TESTEAGLES



snaptazer



EVEREST

shocktactics

DESERT STARS \*\*

on tik til' payday

SMACK & GRANNY

Uphobia



Government of South Australia ARTSA



Discover the Secrets of South Australia

magic 899 THE HIT MUSIC STATION

Port Lincoln Times

