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On Dit

Volume 72
Edition 12
02.08.2004



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Greetings, my name is Fukinowa, the ass-punching monkey. Welcome to the twelfth edition of On Dit for 2004. You may realise that not only is our contents page missing, but this is the third rip-off of Japanese culture that has been used in On Dit in a row. Lets look at how these events transpired.



ON DIT 71.12

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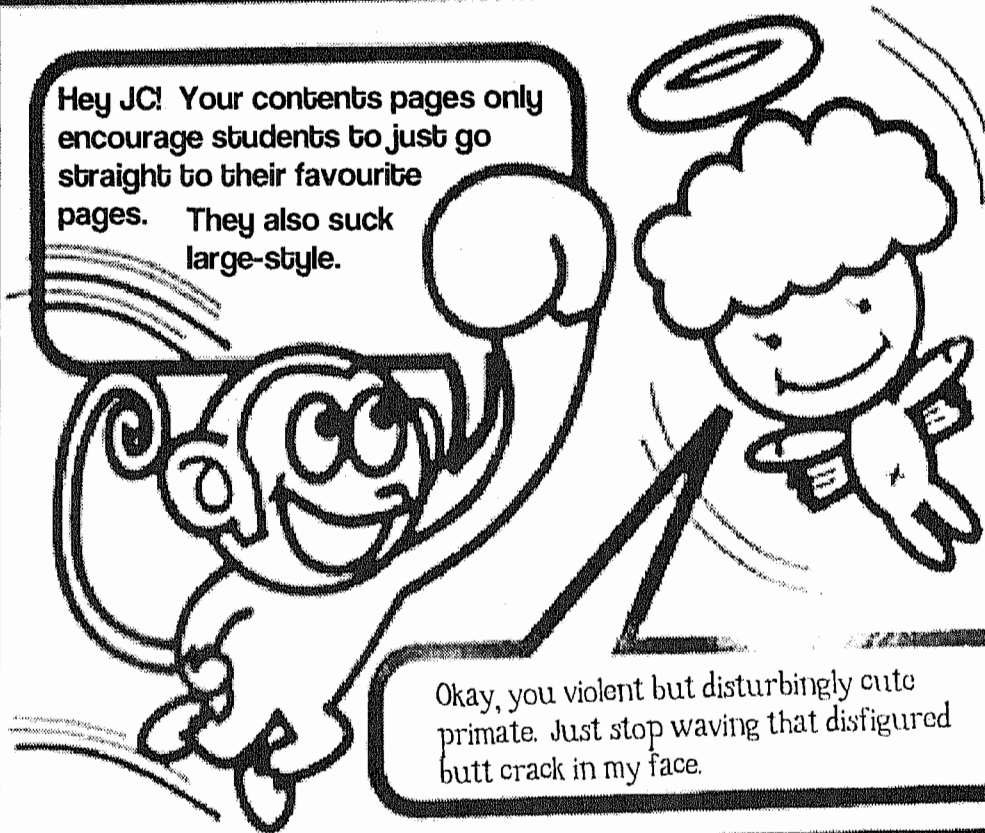
On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

Send your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

Thanks to Claire (I suppose), Big Bad Slammin Linhen the Legend Gamer, Steph for the pop trivia, the peeps at *The Sunday Herald*, Lavinia for the drama, Mattyo, Mikeys F & B for the sweet, sweet ganja, Clemenlemon, the Dans and the rest of our surviving staff, who've carried us this far on their buckling shoulders.

2

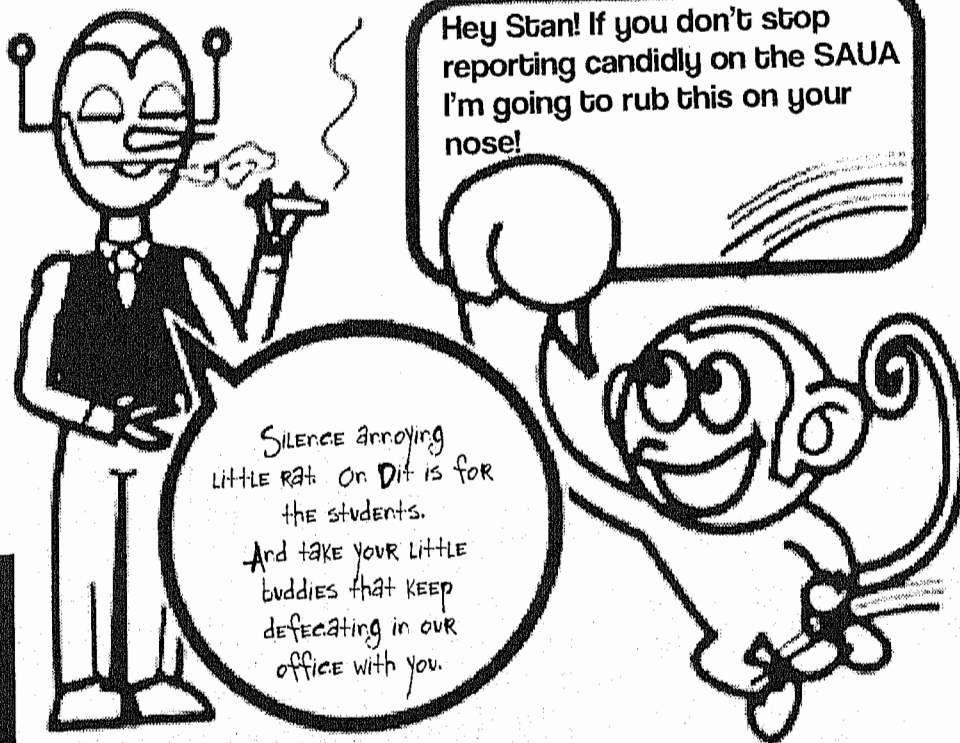
Hey JC! Your contents pages only encourage students to just go straight to their favourite pages. They also suck large-style.



Okay, you violent but disturbingly cute primate. Just stop waving that disfigured butt crack in my face.

3

Hey Stan! If you don't stop reporting candidly on the SAUA I'm going to rub this on your nose!



SILENCE annoying LITTLE RAT. On Dit is for the students. And take your LITTLE buddies that keep defecating in our office with you.

Opinion

Russell Marks

Music

Dan Joyce & Dan Varrichio

FOOD

Esha Thaper

Film

Danny Wills

Literature

Sukhmani Khoranaz

Arts Team

Leo Greenfield

Alex Rafalowicz

& Stephanie Mountzouris

Current Affairs

Position Open!

The Environment Youth Art Prize 2004

South Australia can expect extremely serious effects from the predicted increases in temperature (0.2° to 6.0°) and the trend towards declining rainfall (-3% to -40%) over the next 30 to 70 years. During the ice age the global average temperature of 15°C fell to 10-11°C. The potential impact of a similar magnitude of change in the opposite direction requires immediate attention by Government.

In November last year, the State government released its comprehensive five-yearly State of Our Environment report. Covering every aspect of South Australia's environment, from the atmosphere and inland and coastal waters, to land resources, biodiversity, human settlements and heritage, the report paints a sorry picture.

Greenhouse gas emissions are up 7.8% since 1995. Salinity levels in the River Murray are expected to increase significantly over the next fifty years. 720 hectares of seagrass was lost along Adelaide's coastline between 1995 and 2002. The rates of soil acidification in South Australia are increasing. The numbers of plants, animals and ecological communities at risk are increasing. Total energy consumption increased by ten per cent between 1993-94 and 1998-99, corresponding with a 0.5% decrease in the rate of population growth.

A sorry picture indeed. But the Department for Environment and Heritage's Office of Sustainability, together with the Youth Environment Council and Carlew Youth Arts Centre, have developed an initiative designed to raise awareness of these issues among the community, as well as empower young people aged 15-26 to make a difference.

The Environment Youth Arts Prize 2004, launched at Parliament House on Thursday 22 July, invites young South Australians to enter works of visual art – paintings, drawings, collage, mixed media, printmaking, photography, and 3-dimensional representations (ceramics, jewellery, glass, sculpture, metal) – that respond to one of eight key messages derived from the State of Our Environment report.

The eight messages are:

Wasting Water

1. "The future of South Australia relies on a safe and healthy water supply";
2. "We need to use much less water in many areas of our State";

Endangered Future

3. "One in four of South Australia's native plants and animals are threatened with extinction";
4. "It is important that we stop introducing foreign plants, animals and diseases into South Australia";

Deep and Misunderstood

5. "South Australia's marine environment is precious and one of the most unique in the world";
6. "We must reduce pollution of our seas and coasts and improve our understanding of the marine environment";

Endless Summer

7. "Human activities will cause South Australia's climate to change within our lifetime";
8. "We can't keep relying on fossil fuels – we already have green technology and we must use it more widely".

The launch, which craftily employed the talents of a body artist and a bikini-clad model (see photo), was addressed by Nicola Simpson, a first-year law/international studies student at Flinders and a member of the Youth Environment Council, and John Hill, Minister for Environment and Conservation and Minister Assisting the Premier in the Arts.

Nicola spoke passionately about the voice of youth, and how young people are often not taken seriously because of their youth. For her, to inform is the first step, but to actually change people's behaviour is another matter entirely. She recognises the power of encouragement and praise, and believes that the Arts Prize can be a valuable medium through which young people can communicate their ideas in a creative style, and be commended for it.

John, while clearly very

impressed with the painted model posing on his right, gave the distinct and refreshing impression that he is prepared to communicate with young people on the future of our environment. He quoted Dr Tim Flannery, who has predicted that a 1°C increase in average temperatures will be enough to kill 70% of species, and a 2°C increase will destroy Kakadu and the Great Barrier Reef. The University of Adelaide's previous Thinker in Residence, Peter Cullen, warned of a 6°C increase in average global temperatures by 2070.

The Environment Youth Arts Prize deserves to be supported. It's a great opportunity for emerging artists to display their talents, and finalists will have their entries exhibited at Carlew's gallery in North Adelaide during November. What's more, it's one of those rare government initiatives that is positively beneficial, and that facilitates cooperation and collaboration with young people.

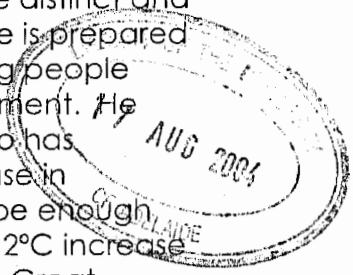
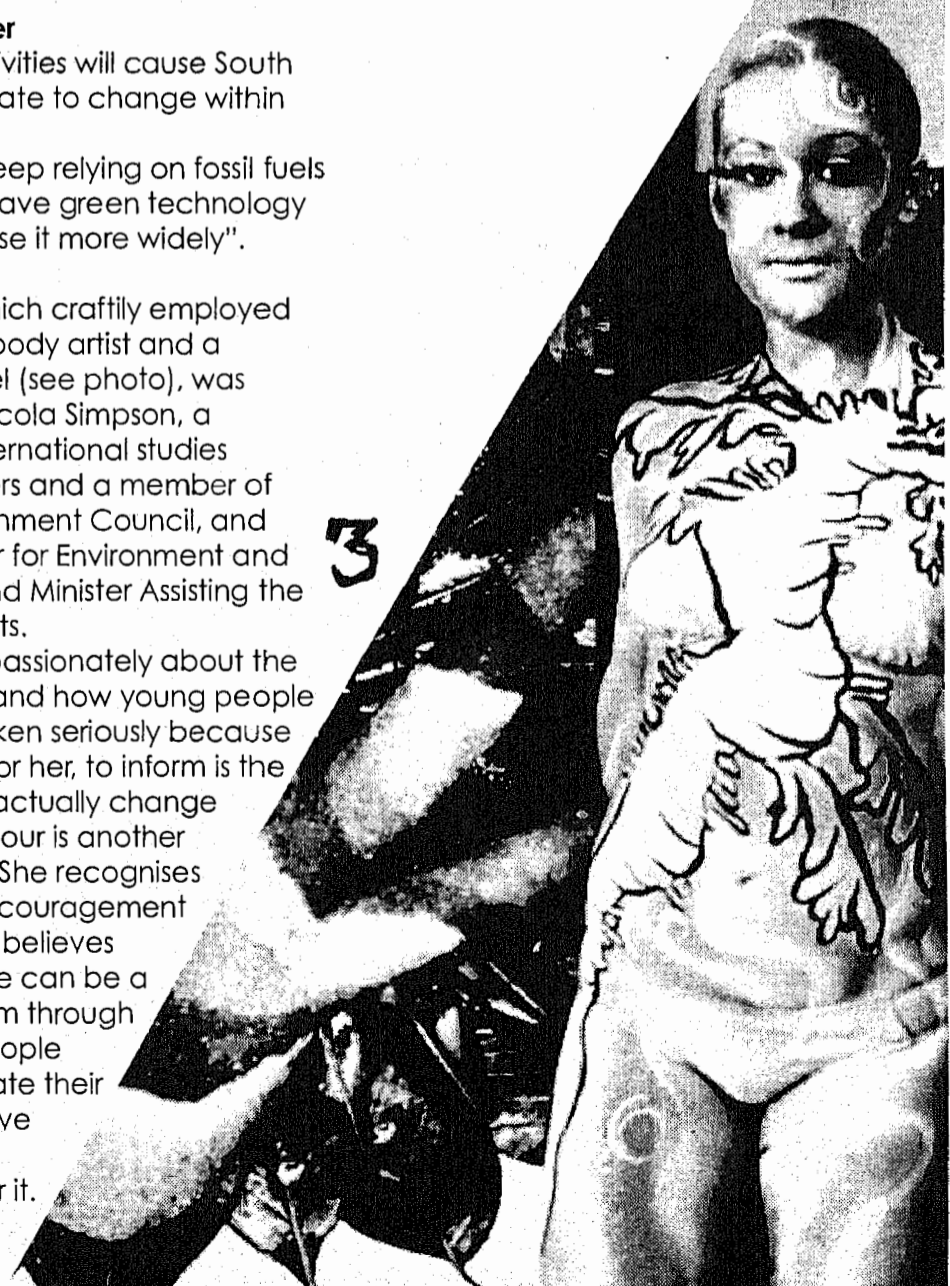
For those thinking about entering, get cracking: entries close at 5pm on 30 September. If the judges particularly like your entry, you'll have a good chance of sharing in \$8,000 worth of cash prizes. For more information, see the prize's website:

<www.environment.sa.gov.au/environmentyouthartprize>

For a copy of the State of Our Environment report, log on to:

<www.environment.sa.gov.au/soe2003>

Russell Marks



saua roundup



The State of the Union

Far, far away—on the other side of Frome Road—lurk the elusive Adelaide medical students and their mysterious society, the AMSS.

Like at other universities, our medical students sometimes feel a little left out from the rest of campus life. But this year they finally got organised and came knocking at the Union's door.

Why? Because finding out more about the Union and getting involved is a much better way to get things changed than simply complaining.

No one can compare the medical students to other "isolated" groups like Waite and Roseworthy students or external students. Their school is really no further away from Union House than Commerce or even Law.

The Union has also steered well clear of giving them a lump sum on top of the grants the AMSS—just like any other club—is eligible to get from our Clubs Association.

But we have tried to be sensitive to the distance which has grown between the Union and most medical students.

And we have thought harder about students in teaching hospitals and on rural placements. They already pay reduced Union fees, but working with the AMSS we are also planning to give them some extra attention.

Maybe the most visible sign of the new relationship between the Union and the AMSS were the first, tentative steps across Frome Road which brought Skulduggery back to the Cloisters.

But surely its best outcome will be to make medical students more aware of all the services we offer already, and to make them feel more welcome over here and less separate from the rest of us.

If we can do that with medical students, we can do it with anyone.

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union

All kinds of crazy stuff has gone down in our Students' Association during the holiday break.

Perhaps the craziest news is that Bek Cornish's Activities and Campaigns Department will almost certainly be the last of its kind in the SAUA. The Department has been dogged by accusations of redundancy in the face of the success of the newly bigged-up Union Activities Department, currently chaired by Cornish's factional underling and SAUA Councillor Sarah Busittil.

The dominant University of Adelaide chapter of the National Organisation of Labor Students have long complained that the SAUA's Activities Department takes much of the focus away from the Associations primary role of advocacy and political representation. Two years after the attempted restructure, it seems that NOLS are finally about to get their way, with SAUA Council resigned to the idea of relinquishing the department in its current form. The most popular suggestions involve either replacing it with a welfare department, or abolishing the department on the condition that the Adelaide University Union inject a percentage of the salvaged money back into the SAUA's operating grant.

The latter suggestion would appear the most logical, given that the AUU already has a healthy set of Education and Welfare Officers.

One thing is certain. Old Guard SAUA rats who remember the successes Activities Department in the nineties will likely shed a tear for the wasted opportunity that is the demise of the SAUA's dedicated Activities portfolio. Many believe that Adelaide's once-famously vibrant campus culture was largely the result of the SAUA and it's innovative Activities department. Is the current state of SAUA activities really due an apathetic student body, or a lack of imagination on the part of the current crop of SAUA reps? It's all a matter of chickens and eggs, if you ask us.

In other news, last week's Re-Orientation festivities saw mixed success. As usual, Student Radio Directors Emma Toop and Dan Murphy salvaged proceedings, with all manner of lively musical acts performing live on the Barr Smith Lawns. The controversial abortion of one band's performance due to confusion over noise restrictions hit a sour note, especially when the band in question was sent to the Unibar, equipment in tow, only to be denied access to the bar's PA and sent away. Oops.

The looming federal election will be an interesting time for the SAUA, especially, with the notable – and somewhat merciful – absence of any Liberal representatives on Council. How will President Alice Campbell's team go about the noble task of encouraging students to help unseat the Howard Government? More importantly, how will the Federal ballot affect the result of our own campus elections? *Ooooh*. We can't wait! Tee he he!

Ahem.

Tune in next week for a more detailed rundown, as well as the hottest factional goss this side of September.

Mister Stan

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Temporary Protection Visa Scheme

In 2004, the University of Adelaide began a scheme to help outstanding young refugees achieve their dream of making a significant contribution to the world.

Under the scheme, the University is providing fee-free places for academically able school-leavers who have also been granted Temporary Protection Visas. Known as the TPV Access Scheme, it gives these intelligent and enthusiastic students the opportunity to study at one of the best universities in Australia.

The scheme is being continued in 2005, with up to five places (one in each faculty) being made available, for which tuition fees, student services fees, and University entrance fees are waived.

Though fees are waived for student enrolled under the TPV access scheme, recipients are responsible for any other expenses related to their studies. The situation with which these young people are faced makes it difficult for them to afford basic resources, as to progress their studies. This means that they struggle to meet basic study related costs, such as purchasing textbooks, and equipment and more broadly they find it difficult to sustain rental payments and other living costs.

Now it's your opportunity to help.

By making a tax-deductible donation, you can help in a practical sense. You will join a community willing to support these outstanding young people in their tertiary education, which, no matter where they go on to live and work, will allow them to make an impact on the society around them.

Your action will also reflect some of the key values of this University: the pursuit of

excellence, and the commitment to nurture it; a commitment to fairness; and service to the international community.

Payments to the scheme, other than payroll deductions, may be made in the following ways:

- Via cheque made payable to the 'Student Care Temporary Protection Visa Account';
- With cash at Adelaide University Union reception, or
- As a direct deposit to 'Student Care TPV Account', BSB 105-120 Account number 027714040 (If you choose the direct debit option please also email Union Reception at auu.reception@adelaide.com.au so we can mail you a receipt and correctly account for your donation).

Any queries about payment can be directed to Student Care Inc on 8303 5401.



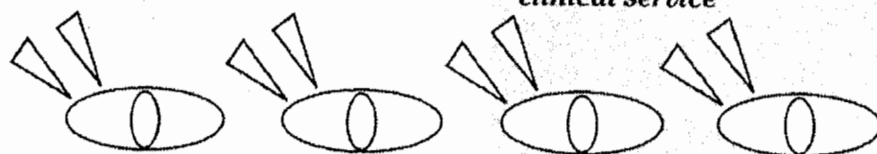
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EXPECTANT mothers are harming their unborn by smoking because they believe having a smaller baby will make childbirth less painful.

Senior figures within the Royal College of Midwives have warned that despite millions of pounds being spent on government campaigns to warn about the dangers of smoking, there are still huge gaps in knowledge about tobacco use and pregnancy.

Concern at the number of women who say they smoke in the hope it will ease their labour has now led to calls for specific action by the Executive to dispel the myths.

It comes days after British Health Secretary John Reid caused outrage among health workers and anti-smoking groups by saying that having a cigarette was one of the few pleasures open to the poorer sections of society. He criticised the middle classes for their "obsession" with giving instruction to people from lower socio-economic backgrounds about the dangers of smoking.

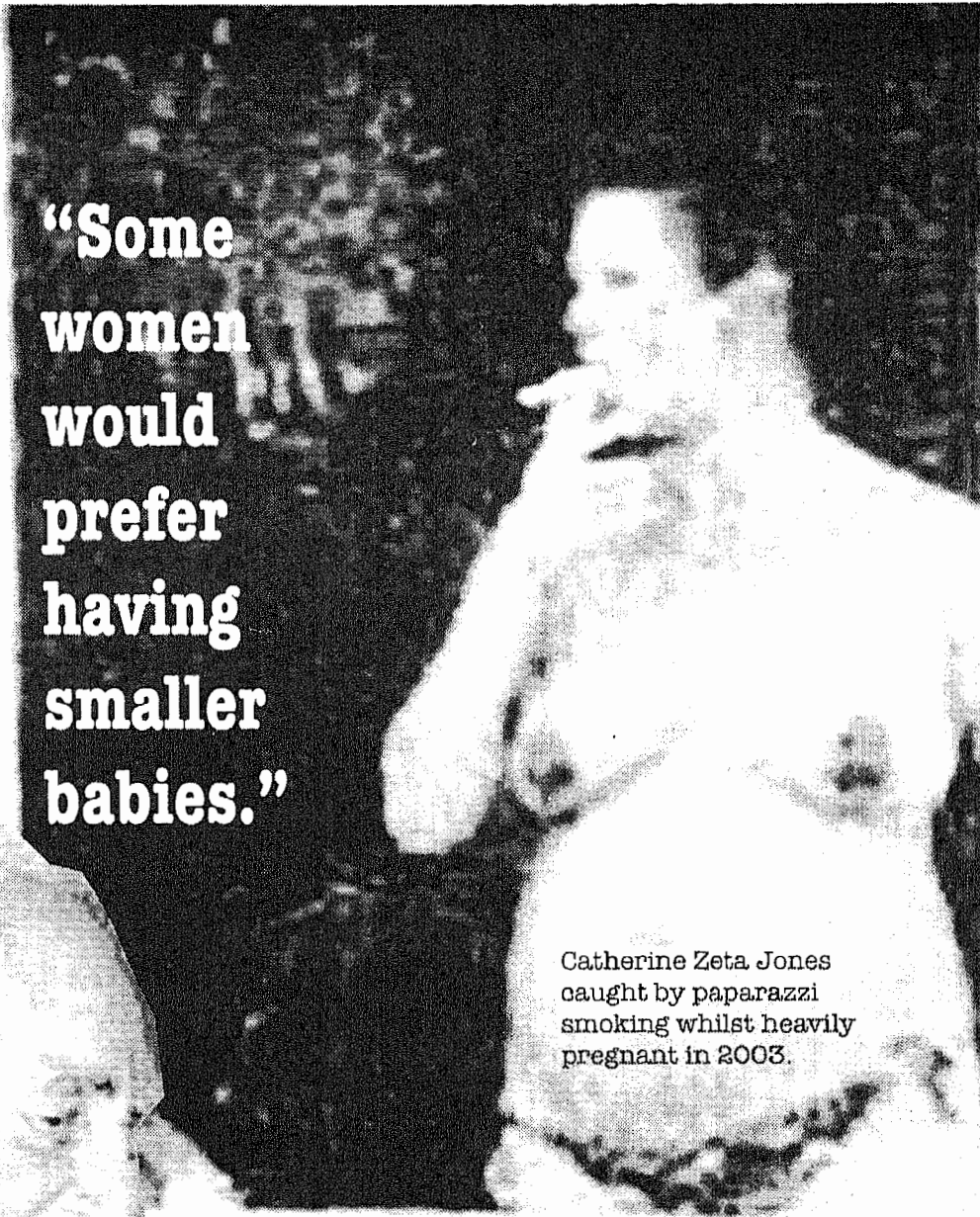
However, there is unease that his comments are contributing to a situation where some women believe it is right to make their baby underweight by smoking so giving birth is made easier.

Gillian Lenaghan, the Royal College of Midwives' officer for Scotland, said: "There is a mistaken belief among women that if they smoke they will have a smoother birth. I wish I had time someone said that to me."

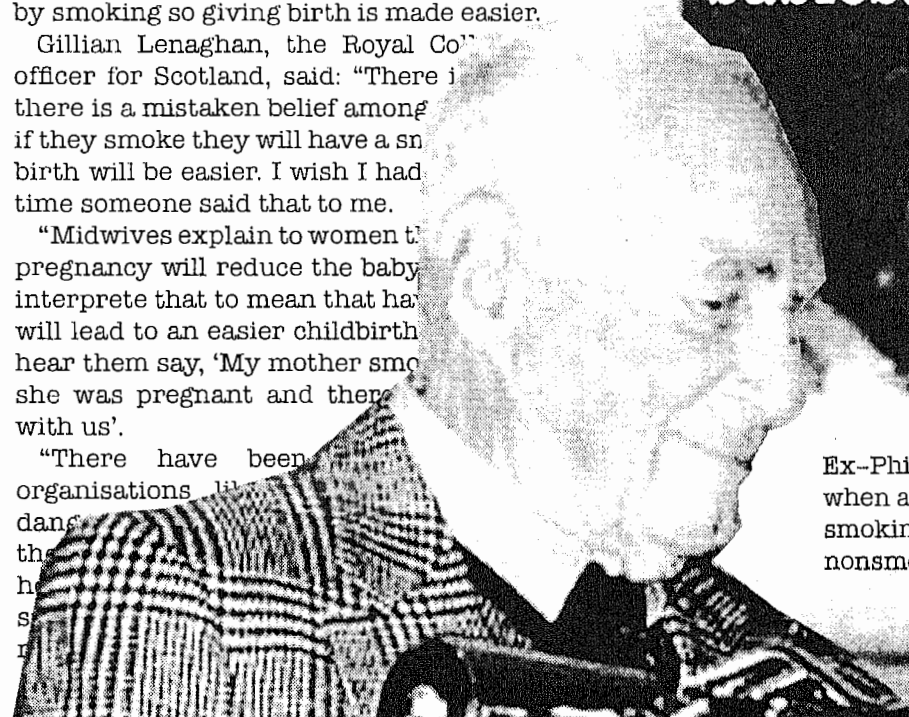
"Midwives explain to women that smoking during pregnancy will reduce the baby's weight. Women interpret that to mean that having a smaller baby will lead to an easier childbirth. When we hear them say, 'My mother smoked when she was pregnant and there were no problems with us'."

"There have been many organisations that have done research on the dangers of smoking during pregnancy. It is a well-known fact that smoking during pregnancy can lead to a smaller baby and a higher risk of complications during childbirth."

"Some women would prefer having smaller babies."



Catherine Zeta Jones caught by paparazzi smoking whilst heavily pregnant in 2003.



Ex-Philip Morris CEO Joseph F. Cullman III, when asked about a study that concluded that smoking mothers gave birth to smaller babies than nonsmoking mothers.

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Murder... Mayhem... Madness...
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IN CINEMAS JULY 29



Letters

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Prudent Palestinian

Dear Editor,

I guess it's prudent to contemplate the effect of the US Terror War (or the "War on Terror", Bush's euphemism) and its global effects. I will include a major ally and "friend" of the United States, Israel in this analysis. For instance, I'll estimate the Al-Qaeda has killed about 4,000 Westerners (mostly Americans) in its attacks. Since September 11th 2001, the US has killed conservatively over 10 times this number. Mostly unarmed Muslim civilians and forced conscripts, in Iraq and Afghanistan. That our government has actively and collusively collaborated with the US in such a brutal and ineffectual war will endure to our eternal shame. Hopefully it will endure in shame for the likes of John Howard, Alexander Downer and Robert Hill, but I consider that these men have scant regard for people of a different religion, race and nationality. Especially if they have been picked on as US enemies. Also unlike the affluent US and Australian civilians, these people killed, maimed and humiliated by the US and Australia forces in Iraq and Afghanistan are poor and have little or no recourse to full or proper medical aid or legal representation. The historical circle of crime goes on.

Since the September 11 attacks it's anyone's guess how many Palestinians have been killed or made homeless by the Interfada and the intensifying of the Israeli military attacks in what's left of Palestinian territory. Israel and Sharon's (the Butcher of Beirut) government have clearly taken advantage of the US Terror War to intensify their own military action against the Palestinians, allegedly in response to suicide bomber attacks. In the attempt to make inoperative Palestinian paramilitary groups, such as Hamas, the "collateral damage" by the Israeli military is colossal, deliberate and nefarious. This "collateral damage" includes hundreds of Palestinian homes and doubtless, thousands of Palestinian lives. The suicide bombing attacks have claimed about 100 Israeli civilian lives.

Clearly if cynical body counts of both sides is a marker of success in war, the US and Israel, (and their allies such as Australia who has only lost 2 lives so far), the "coalition of the willing" are winning hands down. This fact however, obfuscates the real truth. You can kill and keep on killing, but this will only increase the number of your enemies if you're unable to win "hearts and minds" (a part quotation from an American Vietnam War general). What is needed is to back away from using overwhelming armed force to resolve global political problems, or we're going to turn the clock back to the horrific total wars of the last century, with an added nuclear, biological and chemical weapons wildcard. After the breakup of the Soviet Union and with the passage of time, it's a matter of when, not if, groups like Al-Qaeda get WMDs.

A willingness to make a peaceful long-term political, not military, solution is required on

the part of Western governments to resolve the darkening issues of the Middle-East (and parts of South-East Asia), in order to undermine support for extremist groups like Al-Qaeda. If this means making some compromises and backing down on military power and occupied territories on the part of the more powerful Western governments (including Israel), for Palestinians, Iraqis, Afghans and so on, so be it.

Yours Sincerely,

David Swaby

Oh! The Puns! The Puns!

Dear Eds,

Have the Queer Officers gone straight? I haven't seen their column for weeks. Busy organising Sex Week maybe?

What I have seen though is a column in a magazine reporting that gays can go straight. There has been a research paper published recently by Dr. Robert Spitzer, a leading US psychiatrist in the *Archive of Sexual Behaviour* reporting on the ability of homosexuals to change.

This same Doctor helped delete homosexuality from the American Psychiatric Association's manual of mental disorders back in 1973. What a turn around!

This is the most recent information out of the US in a long line of work done trying to liberate gays from their psychological shackles.

Spitzer reports of 200 participants changing from homosexual to heterosexual orientation. "Although initially sceptical, in the case of this study, the author became convinced of the possibility of change in some gay men and lesbians".

The participants claim to have changed their orientation through reparative therapy without causing any emotional harm. This contradicts the common view that gays are just born that way.

This gives a new slant to the present gay-marriage debate. Gays can marry! - they just have to re-orientate to become interested in women first.

Best of luck,

B. Hind

Male #1

Dear On Dit (+ Kellie Armstrong-smith)

I appreciate your well considered response but to my original irate comments, but now our Federal Treasurer ripping off Hitler???????

Really, how naive can you be? Everyone knows that there is no future or power in a place without children. Hitler was definitely crazy and an evil tyrant, but even he knew that there would

be no future for the Nazis in Germany with a declining fertility rate. (A nice twist on Mel Brooks' *The Producers!*) These pro-family policies from government are long overdue.

I'm not sure if this has ever been explained to you, but only women have the privilege of giving birth. Large families are needed to make up for those unfortunate women who do not marry nor procreate. Even women's rights activist Natasha Stott-Despoja is married and pregnant.

As for Tony Abbott, there's one serious politician on the right track.

Regards,

Angry White Male,
with the support of millions of
Australian women and mothers.

Male #2

Dear On Dit,

As a man I am disgusted by the article written by Lavinia Emmet-Grey, 'Betrayng the Sisterhood' (*On Dit* 72.11). She blantly says that the 2nd most desired fantasy of women is to be raped! Are you serious???? What the hell is wrong with your information Lavinia?? If you are raped then it is against your will. AGAINST your will, that is. Dont try to confuse the meaning of what you're saying with the words you're using because you've got it wrong.

You say you want Brad Pitt to 'rape' you. Fine. We'll abduct you from your home, rip your clothes off, throw you in a darkened room, put a bag on his head so you won't know who it is, throw him in there and tell him to have his way with you as rough and as many times as he likes, so long as he completely dehumanises, degrades, physically and psychologically screws you up like a rape should be. I absolutely despise that kind of behaviour, and it seems to me that you endorse it, as long as the guy thinks he's Brad Pitt. So if you don't think he is as good as Brad Pitt when it happens then bad luck... you've brought it on yourself. It won't be me committing the crime, or did you forget that RAPE is a crime and a serious one at that?

Shame on you for even mentioning rape and women's fantasies in the same sentence.

Disgusted Male

There appear to be a lot of males in our mail this week. What's worse, they seem to have a lot to say about more than one of our female contributors. How tedious. Frankly, we're tired of uppety men with chips on their shoulders accusing women on this campus of the same. The next fuckstick male to claim the higher ground on gender issues can piss off and die. - Eds

Male #3

Oh, for crying out loud

Dear On D Editors and people of Adelaide Uni,

I know that at the end of last semester there were quite a few letters about the issue of feminism brought about by a submission by the Women's officer Kellie Armstrong-Smith. While I don't like to cause unnecessary confrontation or stirring, I feel a need to put my opinion forward, so I hope you'll publish my letter.

I am a male. I read the so-called controversial article. After reading the replies to her article, I felt that I should respond too. I have a problem with some feminists. I am not a feminist. But don't get me wrong, I am 100% for equality between the sexes, I just prefer to call myself a 'humanist', not a 'feminist'. The problem I have with feminists is that a great number of them seem to be anti-male: they take out their anger on males...

FUCK OFF! I am as much for equality as you! Use your brain, half of your possible activists are male, if you attack us you will get nowhere! As has been stated before, it is society in general that creates and propagates such prejudice, not any particular sector.

This is what pisses me off about the feminist movement. Not so long ago I was talking to a female friend. She was giving football players crap. She was treating them as a completely different species [*You mean they aren't?*]. At that point I lost alot of respect for her. I was never much of a footy player myself, but you cannot generalise in this way.

For the feminist (read 'HUMANIST'!) movement to ever succeed, males and females MUST join forces. This is capitalist society at its worst. People are forced to compete against one another - sex against sex, race against race (at this point I'll quote part of a Good Riddance song that has just come to mind, "Black and white, we're all the fucking same!" (Good Riddance,

'Last Believer')...Awesome song!!!) Anyway, I could write so much more, but I'll end it here...

True success for any democratic political movement can only ever be achieved through mass support and solidarity.

Lezzwa

Angry Aaron Antagonises Alice & ALP

Dear Sirs,

So Labor supported the Government in cutting the texbook subsidy. What do ALP stooges Alice Campbell and David Pearson have to say about this? Either they step-down from their compromised positions in the SAUA or hand-in their party memberships. It's obvious they can't serve the Univeristy of Adealide and their precious party who also never said that if they were in government they wouldn't have increased HECS as well.

Aaron

Heaps of good stuff

Dear Luce Juice (Letters, Edition 11)

You want to see "more interesting topics", such as on reality TV? Then wander over to UniSA City East and pick up *Entropy* edition 12.07. Read our article 'The Death of Reality TV'. And heaps of other good stuff.

Entropy: we listen.

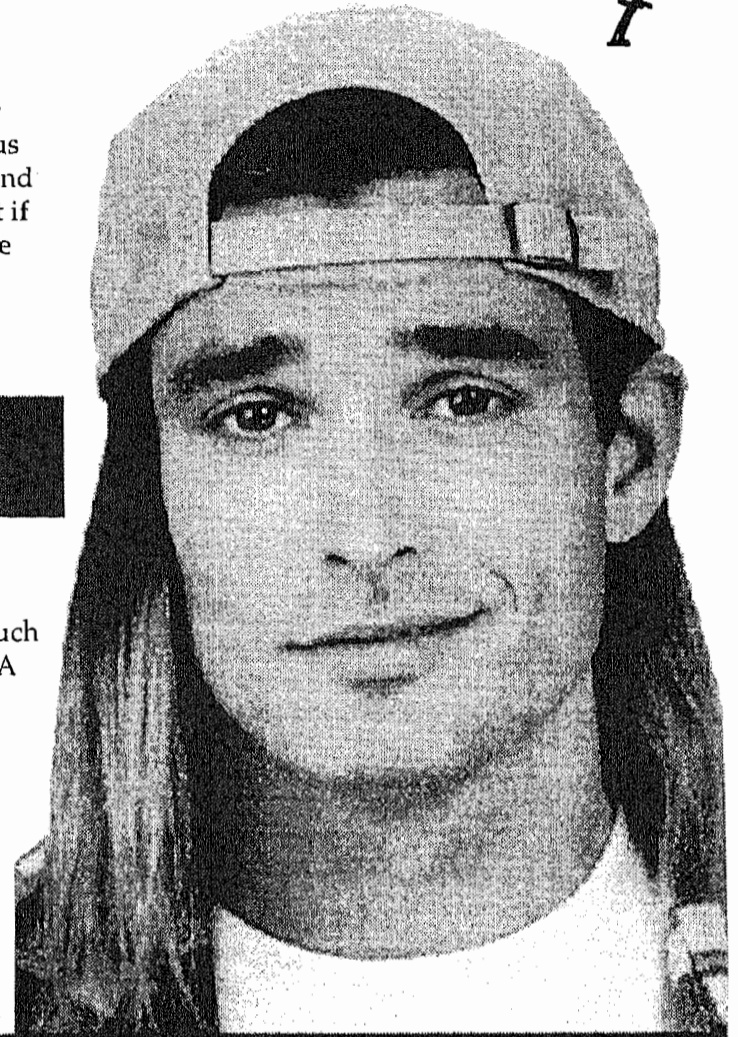
Regards
Derek
Co-editor, *Entropy Magazine*.

This is what happens when you search the phrase "Pony Express" on the internet. We were trying to find something travel-related for the letters section, and ended up with a variety of greasy heads modelling hats with built in hair extensions. "Hair hats" they're called.

Isn't this guy's facial expression amusing though? He seems to be saying something like, "Yeah, I know, I'm modelling hair hats for some two-bit website, but I'm still a bit cute, right?"

He also looks a bit like a younger and less coke-addled Eighties sitcom star. If you can guess which one, send your answer to ondit@adelaide.edu.au and we'll shower you with prizes.

7



An Australian Government Initiative

■ An essay competition on corporate social responsibility opens for university students on 30 July this year. If you are a student currently enrolled in an Australian university you can enter the competition, which offers great prizes for both you and your university. The winning entrant will receive \$2000 in cash and his or her university will be awarded \$3000 to buy a learning resource, second prize is \$600 and third prize is \$400.

The competition is an initiative of the Prime Minister's Community Business Partnership, a group of business and community leaders who advise Government on, and promote, individual and corporate social responsibility. Every student who enters will receive a certificate of participation from the Partnership and the judges may award certificates of merit at their discretion.

QUESTIONS?

Call the Competition Secretariat on 1800 359 918 or visit www.partnerships.gov.au

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Stirling Vacation

Foreign Minister Alexander Downer talks terror with On Dit



"Is my tie straight?" With an 11 o'clock appointment with the Minister for Foreign Affairs looming, two of *On Dit's* finest sped up the freeway in a banged-up 1978 Ford Escort, only to find themselves at the mercy of Mr Downer's posse of minders. "Won't be long now," they said. "Mr Downer's had a very busy morning." This was understandable: nuclear waste dumps, Philippino cut-and-run tactics threatening to drown Australia in "pools of blood", and pressing golfing commitments in the afternoon to boot.

Mr Downer eventually wandered in, dressed in his knitted red jumper, and invited the intrepid reporters through to his expansive office. "Are you from Labor or the far left?", Mr Downer enquired innocently. What cheek! The reporters strongly denied this sinister allegation, and moved on to grill the Minister as to why the Australian government had decided, in its wisdom, to not supply funding for anti-retroviral drugs to be used in the fight against AIDS. "That's very expensive. It would absorb an enormous amount of money. This is a very difficult judgement to make. Very difficult."

To his credit, the Minister was mostly cordial, and always gregarious in his responses, which at times were not much more than thinly veiled attempts at partisan rhetoric. "The left is driven so much more by emotion, than common sense and rationality. It's just emotional, you know: 'Hicks and Habib, we hate Bush, we hate Howard, and Hicks and Habib are our heroes'. Well, actually, I hate al-Qaeda."

Australia is, as we all know, a very generous nation. Actually, according to Mr Downer, it gives East Timor 90% of the oil revenue from the Joint Development Area in the Timor Gap. Of course it is Australia's to give. Furthermore, the 10% of the revenue that Australia retains is "relatively negligible". Perhaps it is because of the "negligible" importance of this multi-billion-dollar portion

Eight

that the Australian government is committed to negotiate bilaterally, rather than concern the International Court of Justice in determining this dispute.

For the Australian government, the invasion of Iraq was not "pre-emptive", although "Wolfowitz and Cheney" may have "used that expression before". According to Mr Downer, it was the enforcement

Mr Downer is quite prepared to have these Australian citizens detained until the War on Terror is over, which "could take a while, frankly".

of Security Council Resolutions and humanitarian intervention that justified the invasion. At the time, however, the sole justification appeared to be removing the threat of Weapons of Mass Destruction possessed by a brutal dictator. Indeed, "like everyone else", Mr Downer "believed that Saddam Hussein still had stockpiles". Everyone excluding the "Feral Left", of course, presumably made up of people like former UNSCOM weapons inspector Scott Ritter, former National Security adviser to Bush senior Brent Skowcroft, Nelson Mandela and His Holiness The Pope.

Mr Downer was at his most hostile over the imprisonment of David Hicks and Mamdouh Habib in Guantanamo Bay. "Any Australian who wants to go around tampering with al-Qaeda,

well, I tell you what, that is a very very silly thing to do and [they] won't get any sympathy from me." Content with the military commissions established by the United States executive, and heartened by the recent levelling of charges against Hicks, Mr Downer is quite prepared to have these Australian citizens detained until the War on Terror is over, which "could take a while, frankly". He is particularly impressed with the vigour displayed by military lawyer Major Michael Mori, who is, "surprisingly", "pretty robust in slamming the American Government and the Army!"

Upon extended discussion of the fate of Hicks and Mamdouh, Mr Downer's true feelings became apparent. "The sort of political left here in Australia are all terribly concerned about two people who have been detained for allegedly being involved with al-Qaeda. Can I ask when these people ever raised the fate of the other 140 Australians detained around the world? There is an Australian - this is not going to happen to Hicks and Habib because we got a guarantee from the Americans that it wouldn't - but can I draw to your attention [to the

"Any Australian who wants to go around tampering with al-Qaeda, well, I tell you what, that is a very very silly thing to do and [they] won't get any sympathy from me."

fact) that there is an Australian [convicted drug trafficker Nguyen Tuong Van] on death row in Singapore and none of the political left give a damn about him."

These comments were later put to Julian Burnside QC, who, as a committed Feral Leftie, spends his time defending asylum seekers locked away in immigration detention centres. "Well, are they detained without trial? Are they detained without access to a lawyer? Did it take them two years to be charged?"

We must have sympathy for Mr Downer. He is troubled constantly by the rhetoric of the Feral Left, who are simply "intolerant". "It's the same when I was a student. I went to university in England, but it was the same. When there were people that came to campus they didn't agree with, they just howled them down. Stalin and Lenin were intolerant too." He even offered some sound advice to emerging Feral Lefties: "the left are anti-status quo. Because they are anti-status quo, they tend to be very active and aggressive about that. I don't mind that, as long as they can do it in a civilised way. You know, disagree without being disagreeable." Perhaps over a coffee in a CIA mug in Mr Downer's office, surrounded by biographies of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan?

Thank you, Mr Downer. *On Dit* has now ascertained that the nation's foreign affairs are in sound hands.

Timothy Wetherell
and Russell Marks

Michael Moore: Just Another Stupid White Man

Michael Moore: baseball cap-wearing Everyman, champion of minorities and the working class, renown author of 'Stupid White Men' who is really a rich (fat) white man. His film Farenheight 9/11 opened for advance screenings in Australia last weekend.

Nine/Eleven as it is now called, is a blur of lights, sounds and action: a monolithic exercise in the art of the moving image, a constantly evolving lie. Like the man, from Flint Michigan, who has now made millions from the men and women who watch this film, it is about as intellectually robust as a soggy doughnut.

Indeed, as Chris Hitchens observed recently at 'Slate', to describe this film as dishonest and demagogic would almost be to promote those terms to the level of respectability. To describe this film as a piece of crap would be to run the risk of a discourse that would never again rise above the excremental. To describe it as an exercise in facile crowd-pleasing would be too obvious.

Lets take a look at each point the film makes in order. First, the Bush Family had a close business relationship with the 400 Strong Bin Laden family through the enormous Carlyle Group. Second, Saudi dollars are generally invested in the United States. Third, the Unocal company wants to build a pipeline across Afghanistan. Fourth, Bush didn't send enough troops to Afghanistan. Sixth, American lives lost in Afghanistan have been wasted, because Osama and his mates can't be found. We are slid past these tenuously linked points and are left with the smug voice of Moore to tell us all what it is about. He doesn't: either the Saudi's run US terrorism policy or they don't. Either they didn't want an invasion of Afghanistan, or they did. But, of course, it will be remembered that they opposed the invasion of Afghanistan (refusing British PM Blair's plane landing rights in Riyadh as a snub for assisting the US in the mission). So, they don't run US policy.

As for the Bush Clan approving the departure of the Bin Laden Clan from the US in the days following the September 11 Flights, and Bush lunching with the Saudi Ambassador, what exactly is the point Moore is trying to make here? Was Bush

supposed to cut diplomatic ties with Ryadh because some ratbag named Osama Bin Laden, from a family of 400 (Bin Laden is a bit like 'Smith' in Saudi Arabia), levelled the world trade centre? Yes, the US based Bin Ladens took a flight home because it wasn't safe in America for rich Sheiks in headgear after a Muslim terrorist attack. It's probably a good idea to protect people who invest in your economy or they might not come back next time.

It only gets worse. Bush is accused of taking too many holidays, but he is also the ever-restless Texan Warmonger who is constantly plotting a bomb run on the third world. Then Bush is admonished for reading to children on the morning of the September Eleven attacks: he fails to spring from his chair and rush to action when he hears of the attacks. Yet we are told he knew of the Alquida threat and couldn't wait a second longer to throw the nation into fear and cement his hold on power. Of course, when he utters his "lets roll" line some days later Moore accuses him of being reckless and dangerous, when moments before he was lashing him for idle inaction. To Moore, Bush is a crossed eyed buffoon from the backwoods hell bent on moulding the truth to his advantage so he can make a few bucks and rise to power and fame, sound familiar?

Moore, of course, is not finished with his wallow in half bakes fantasies, not be a long shot. On the eve of the Iraq war we are introduced to a country with a Ferris wheel, kites flying in the

sky: a happy, peaceful country where the conduct of normal daily life progresses. Then, straight from the heavens the imperial American war machine blows it all away. Is this bloke as dumb as he looks? This is simply an insult to the hundreds and thousands of people killed, repressed and tortured each year at the hands of Sadam and his Bathist party thugs. Perhaps Moore could have shown us the rape chambers, the human shredders, the men and women tied to blocks of explosives before their horrific deaths. Perhaps Moore could have shown us the gassing of the Kurds, or the invasion of Kuwait. For all these people, Moore's trivial treatment of their loss, and their families loss, is down right insulting.

Next is the line from Moore that Bush was obsessed with killing Sadam, because Sadam nearly killed his Dad. Well, even President Clinton, peace loving democrat pin up boy happily bombed Sadam's security forces back to the stone age when he discovered Sadam had a plot to kill Bush Sr (then retired) on a visit to Saudi Arabia one year. What then, is the problem, with Bush jr, also having a problem with Sadam. Hell, most of the rational world (had) a problem with Sadam.

Moore is even more illogical when he attacks the Bush domestic anti-terror policy. He wants 25,000 state troopers to protect the Oregon coastline from terrorism (troopers who are

the responsibility of that state, rather than Bush, since America is a Federation). But, on the other hand, he tells us that police in the post 9/11 America are infringing everybody's civil liberties and are a darn pest. Of course, we are then told that, even if civil liberties are under attack everywhere there isn't enough searching of people at airports: hell, they're even allowed to bring matches on planes (clearly the influence of Big Tobacco Executives). Mike, if you want everybody to strip search you at the airport, then you can forget about your civil liberties right now, or are airports an exception to your bizarre rules? Is there a faint, if only feebly flickering shade of grey in the whole Moore bombardment, is light seeping in through the cracks?

Of course, the ultimate irony is saved for last. Mike Moore, comforting the victims of the war on terror, whilst he has just spent the entire movie ignoring the victims of terror. To blind the audience with an ode to victimhood is a smart move Mike, I'll have to give you that one, but its also callous, cowardly, anti-intellectual and serves only to bolster, well, the ego of M. Moore, superhero truth teller for the poor and disadvantaged.

Oh how the might Fall. Yes Michael Moore you are a stupid fat, and now very rich white man.

DRC

NINE

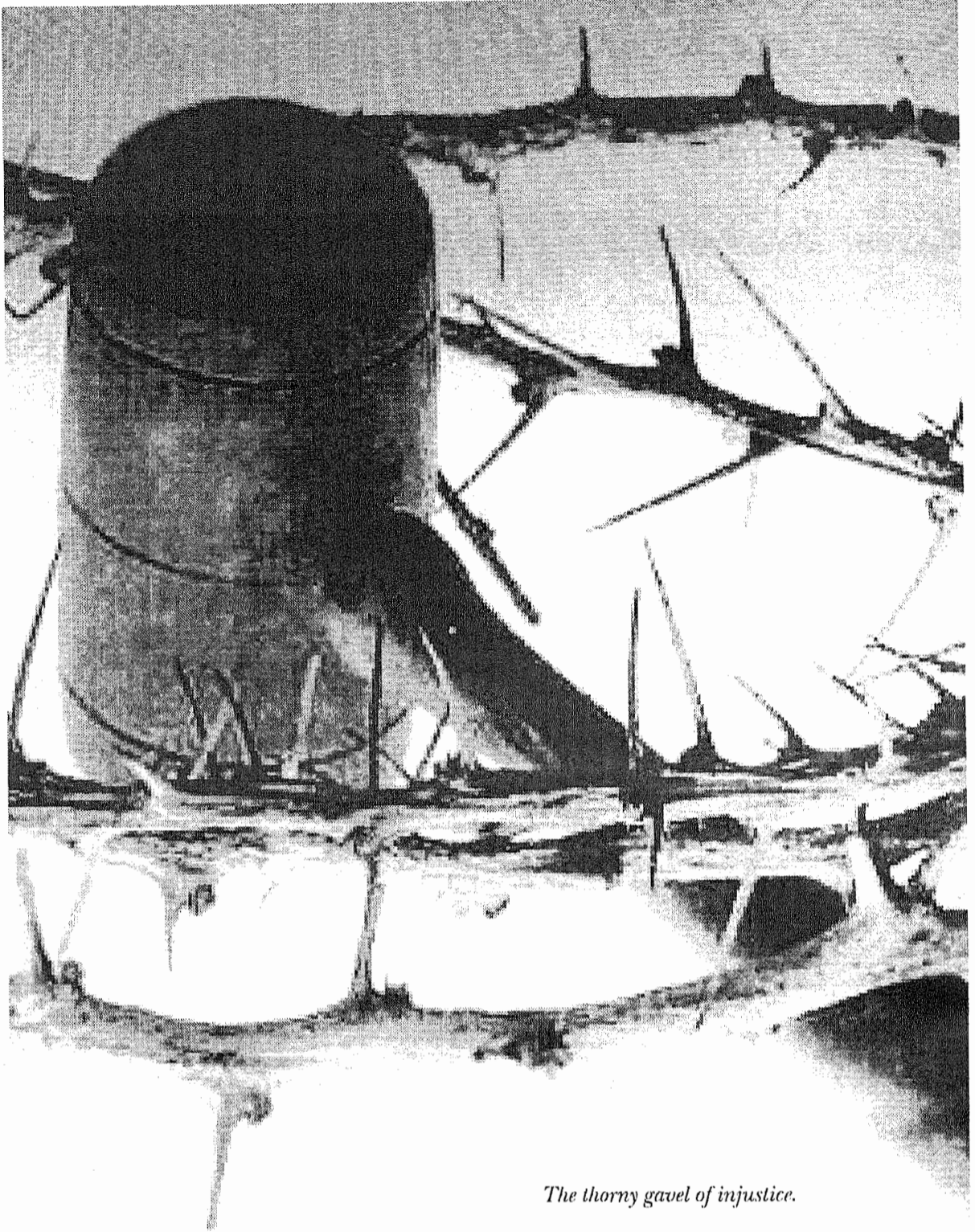
Moore:
Neo-cons love
to hate him



The White Man's Law

The Howard government's resolve to shut down the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission (ATSIC) has thrown Indigenous affairs in this country into turmoil, and the future of legal services for our Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander populations is now uncertain. **Jennifer Kalionis** investigates.

On May 27, 2004 the Howard government introduced the ATSIC Amendment Bill, coinciding with the commencement of Reconciliation Week. This synchronization in itself may be regarded as an archetypal statement from a government, which had removed the process of reconciliation from its agenda. However, after recent criticism from the media and from Labor Senator Kerry O'Brien, the Prime Minister has ordered Governor-General Michael Jeffery to amend the charter of Department of Immigration, Multicultural and Indigenous Affairs (DIMIA) in the Commonwealth Gazette to include the word 'reconciliation'. This clarification by Howard is important, but will only be of real value if it truly reflects a change in the Government's approach to Indigenous affairs. ATSIC was by no means without its faults, and from its conception was perceived by many people as simply another reincarnation of the antiquated government policies that preceded it, not as an effective step towards self-determination for Australia's Indigenous peoples. However, following the demolition of ATSIC, it is highly improbable that another structure of its type will be established, not even as a token attempt to demonstrate to the global community that Australia is concerned with



The thorny gavel of injustice.

Indigenous self-determination.

The abolition of ATSIC has considerable repercussions for Indigenous people's access to justice in this country. As the legislation to eradicate ATSIC falls into place, in tandem with the removal of funding for programs, first to ATSIS and now to mainstream departments, the legal services provided by organisations such as South Australia's Aboriginal Legal Rights Movement Inc (ALRM) are placed in great jeopardy. For more than 30 years the ALRM has existed to promote social justice and provide legal services for Indigenous South Australians and the communities in which they live. The ALRM is a non-profit organisation that has a primary interest in equal rights and an expansive role in our local justice system that has developed over the years to include legislative reform. The organisation is one of a number of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Legal Service (ATSILS) across Australia, which were created to ensure that Indigenous peoples were able to access legal representation and advice in primarily criminal law matters and in some services, like ALRM, civil law matters. Furthermore, ATSILS provide field officer support, test case litigation and representation in cases which are recognised as having merit as far as

the Indigenous community is concerned, for example compensation claims for false arrest by police and discrimination claims, none of which would be funded by legal aid. Since June 30, 2004, the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Services (ATSIS) has been abolished and the law and justice schemes previously controlled first by ATSIC and in the last 12 months by ATSIS have been transferred to the Attorney-General's Department. After months of uncertainty, and the reduction of funding cycles for ATSILS from annual to 6 months, the Howard Government has proposed that the services provided by ATSILS's like the ALRM will be opened to competitive tender. Effectively, this means that the provision of Indigenous legal services will potentially be mainstreamed and placed in private sector firms or fall by default to the already overextended Legal Aid service. Alternatively, Indigenous people may be forced to represent themselves.

The Government claims that competitive tendering is the only way to ensure value for money. The Government justifies tendering on the basis that the full ATSIC Board agreed to the putting out to tender of the provision of Indigenous legal services a year ago, however the Board set the scene of

that tender process by ensuring that eligible tenders could only come from Indigenous organisations. Investigations by the Senate into Legal Aid and Access to Justice assert that the prospective tendering process must be abandoned. The Legal Aid and Access to Justice report stated that the policy that is propelling the government's decision to tender out Indigenous legal services is fundamentally flawed. The draft tender document released for comment by the then ATSI Law and Justice branch, setting out proposed new conditions and restrictions on the provisions of legal 'aid' services, stipulates that where an Indigenous applicant to a legal aid service provider has previously been charged with a criminal offence, that provider may refuse the applicant legal aid. This defies most of the recommendations made in the report of the Royal Commission Into Aboriginal Deaths In Custody. Less or lesser quality legal representation would potentially result in a greater rate of incarceration and it is foreseeable that this in turn may result in a greater chance of further tragic deaths in custody occurring.

As the Howard government steadily rolls back decades of human rights progress and positive legislative reform, it remains uncertain as to whether Indigenous Australians will be able to seek culturally appropriate representation to meet their needs. Culturally appropriate representation is important to meet the specific needs of members of the Indigenous community. Under the exposure draft for the tendering process, the potential legal service providers need not be Indigenous organisations and need not employ any Indigenous staff. If this strategy is seen through to its finality, and it appears that it will be, then all obligations for Indigenous staff, lawyers and control will be severed. There is no prerequisite for the providers to have any experience in dealing with Indigenous peoples either. Moreover, unlike the ALRM, potential legal service providers may not decline a party due to the fact that the other party is an Indigenous person. In our state, in order to ensure that both parties may return in the future to seek advice, the ALRM will not act 'in-house' against another Indigenous client unless the party seeking assistance is a victim of domestic abuse. If the proposed modifications to Indigenous legal rights occur, this practice will be threatened, putting at risk the effective use of scant resources in a manner that the communities themselves have determined to be the appropriate way to meet needs that are sometimes in conflict.

Consequently, the tendering process, which reflects the dissolution of ATSI, effectively amounts to a denial of the right to self-determination for Australia's Indigenous peoples. The Law Council's Access to Justice Committee is concerned that the tendering process will lead to the absorption of Indigenous legal services into the mainstream legal profession, potentially resulting in a drastic lowering of cultural sensitivity in access to justice for Indigenous peoples. Furthermore the Committee highlights that the dissolution of the current ATSI infrastructure may lead to communities in remote and rural areas, which are currently serviced by ATSI, being denied access to justice. Since the 1880s Australian governments have implemented policies to suppress and annihilate Aboriginal culture and law. Assimilation policies realised

in 1937 gave way to a more liberal outlook in the 1960s although no Australian government has ever seriously considered Aboriginal self-determination to be a possibility. As the Howard Government prepares for a federal election in the near future, the mainstream media focus remains on political mud slinging and the alleged establishment of a democratic government in Iraq. Effectively, this is providing the government with a weapon of mass distraction, diverting national attention away from human rights abuses in our own country.

Twenty years after the warnings of the Royal Commission into Deaths in Custody, Indigenous peoples still account for 20% of all deaths in custody.

Meanwhile, Senator Amanda Vanstone, Minister for Immigration AND Multicultural AND Indigenous Affairs is industriously working on the 'reformation' of Indigenous Affairs, and promoting the installation of the tendering process. The Minister claims that she is seeking better 'value for money' however, surely tendering should only be an option where the ATSI are performing poorly. This legal service provision is already stretched where the demand exceeds the service's ability to supply sufficient access to justice to a widespread community with competing needs, due to limited funding. South Australia's only Indigenous legal service, the ALRM, is one of the paramount Aboriginal legal rights service in Australia, providing a cost effective service and access to justice. As is the case with the majority of the ATSI, the ALRM is under resourced and under staffed, and experiences great difficulty in retaining experienced staff who could be paid double their salaries for doing similar work for the Government. The Law Council's Access to Justice Committee

highlights the problem that salaries paid to staff working at ATSI are often well below those awarded to staff in mainstream Legal Aid Services or the private legal profession¹⁰. The tendering process may lead to the government providing even less funding for the already grossly under-resourced ATSI, as commercial firms that are familiar with such processes may tempt the government with low bids to administer access to justice for Indigenous peoples. This decrease in funding will only concern those ATSI, which are successful in fully or partly winning a tender bid, while the unsuccessful Indigenous legal service providers will be forced to terminate their services by December 30 2004, without adequate recognitions of the need to meet clients' needs throughout that process.

The social disadvantage that forms the backdrop of this legal rights issue is widely recognised and condemned throughout the world. Nationally, the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission Report No. 2/2004, Social Justice Report 2003, of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Social Justice Commissioner, illustrates the social inequalities experienced by Indigenous peoples, particularly in regard to health, education, employment, and rates of incarceration. Despite the warnings of the Royal Commission into Deaths in Custody 20 years ago, Indigenous peoples still account for 20% of all deaths in custody. Past injustices to the Indigenous peoples of Australia are historical fact, deplored and denounced by most citizens and yet comparable subjugation and dispossession continue to the present day, and this attack on Indigenous legal services provides another example of intolerance.

The Howard government is ignoring overwhelming information that shows that the uniform tendering out of the ATSI in the manner set out in the Exposure Draft is a mistake. It is clear that this is a blatant display of disrespect. Minister Vanstone should acknowledge the integral role of the Indigenous legal service providers instead of seeking to undermine and destroy these unique services. The future of the promotion and protection of legal rights for the Indigenous communities is in great danger. Nevertheless, the Minister for Indigenous Affairs Amanda Vanstone and the Attorney General Phillip Ruddock appear to be undaunted by the potentially disastrous impact this policy will have on our Indigenous communities. It is important that every student is apprised of the issues that this significant corrosion of Indigenous legal rights will engender.

Jennifer Kalionis

studies Law at the University of Adelaide and is a former editor of *On Dit*.

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The Aboriginal Legal Rights Movement is located at 321 King William Street Ph: (08) 8113 3777.

Can't get Centrelink?

Ever thought about procreating for the nation?

A critique of the Liberal Government's Baby Bonus Package

One day, I would like to have a baby - but dammit, I don't want one now, and nor do I embrace the idea of popping out one each for the father, the mother and the country, as Peter Costello quipped when he introduced the Liberal Government's Baby Bonus Package, a move that reinforces women's primary social role as mothers and restricts their access to education and the workforce. From July 1 2004, this package grants mothers a sweet \$3,000 per baby, in order to pump new blood into our ageing and declining population and workforce (strange, isn't it, how we don't have any space for refugees).

Social responsibility - any one?

Firstly, what kind of consequences follow when many Australians do not receive enough welfare services, but get a \$3,000 incentive to get busy? Well, what would you do if you didn't have enough food, money for bills, shelter, access to education, as a significant percentage of Australian families do? One option is that you have babies - and maybe many babies, because that package seems an attractive addition to your meagre fortnightly welfare payment. And what happens when that \$3,000 doesn't cover the baby's expenses for 6 months? You can't just throw it away when the payment is gone. The baby is there for life, and will rack up tens of thousands of dollars in expenses until it leaves home. Thus, it is possible that poor families will fall further into poverty, and the number of poor families will grow as well.

Have you heard about the 16-year-old girl in NSW who has been considering conceiving a child solely in order to receive the baby bonus? Young women are one of the poorest groups in society, and Howard's package could lead to an increase in teenage pregnancy and single motherhood, which are also associated with higher levels of poverty. And, I thought the Howard Government was about family values, the kind that involve a mummy and a daddy and 2.5 children (oops, I mean three, I forgot the extra baby for the country). So, Mr Howard, are your baby-making incentives socially responsible, or are they set to broaden the class difference between the typical Burnside wife and the mum from Elizabeth?

12 (twelve)

White Picket-fence values and restricted choices for women

Okay, Mr Howard, so you've given women an incentive for motherhood, but when all these babies are born, will you foot the bill for their childcare? More babies require more childcare services but Australia's childcare services are seriously under funded. In fact, the Liberal government has cut \$853.9 million from childcare services since Howard's election in 1996. Surely, some women would want to study or participate in the workforce - so who's caring for these babies? Oh that's right, Mr Howard, according to your traditional government, it the *mother* who has to stay home and look after the child. Would you like them to fetch your pipe and slippers while they're at it? Your baby bonus gives women the impression that they are more economically and socially valuable when they are making babies than when they are learning or working.

Yeah, the 1950s were swell, Johnny, but I don't think modern Australian women are going to appreciate your push for old-school, white picket fence values - the kind that denied women access to those unwomanly things like education and labour (of the non-baby kind). That's one of my major gripes with the baby bonus - it pushes for women's return to domesticity and financial dependence on men. I have no problem with motherhood and I think it is a legitimate option for a woman to be a carer or a home-maker, but what upsets me is that this baby bonus will lead to more babies having inadequate childcare services, and thus, a mother's CHOICE to leave the home and access education and employment are limited.

I view education and employment as ways of becoming empowered. They provide awareness, a source of meaningful occupation, and vocational and personal skills that help women to establish financial and social independence. But a mother's ability to access education and work are limited by our government because mothers must rely on the already over-strained, under-funded childcare system to attend lectures or a job interview.

Higher education and mothers

It is becoming more difficult for mothers to study at University, as not only are they denied affordable childcare, but HECS-fee increases and a looming HECS debt are major deterrents. 33% of women will NOT have paid off their HECS debt by the time they retire, due to lower wages than men and periods they will take off for child-raising. For women who are already mothers, university may not be an option because income support is often inadequate, and study may mean that mothers cannot work as many hours in order to support their children. So where many women find it difficult to access university and pay-off their HECS debt, mothers have even greater difficulty, and thus, many choose not to enter tertiary education at all. Mothers may also be put off enrolling in a TAFE course, because of thousands of dollars of up-front fees.

This poses a problem, because when women are uneducated, unskilled and cannot gain access to the workforce because they have little economic value, women can become financially dependent on men who are allowed access to these things. Financial dependence further limits women's freedom to act in society, and society subsequently regresses to the gender inequalities of pre-feminist times.

The Double-burden of work and motherhood

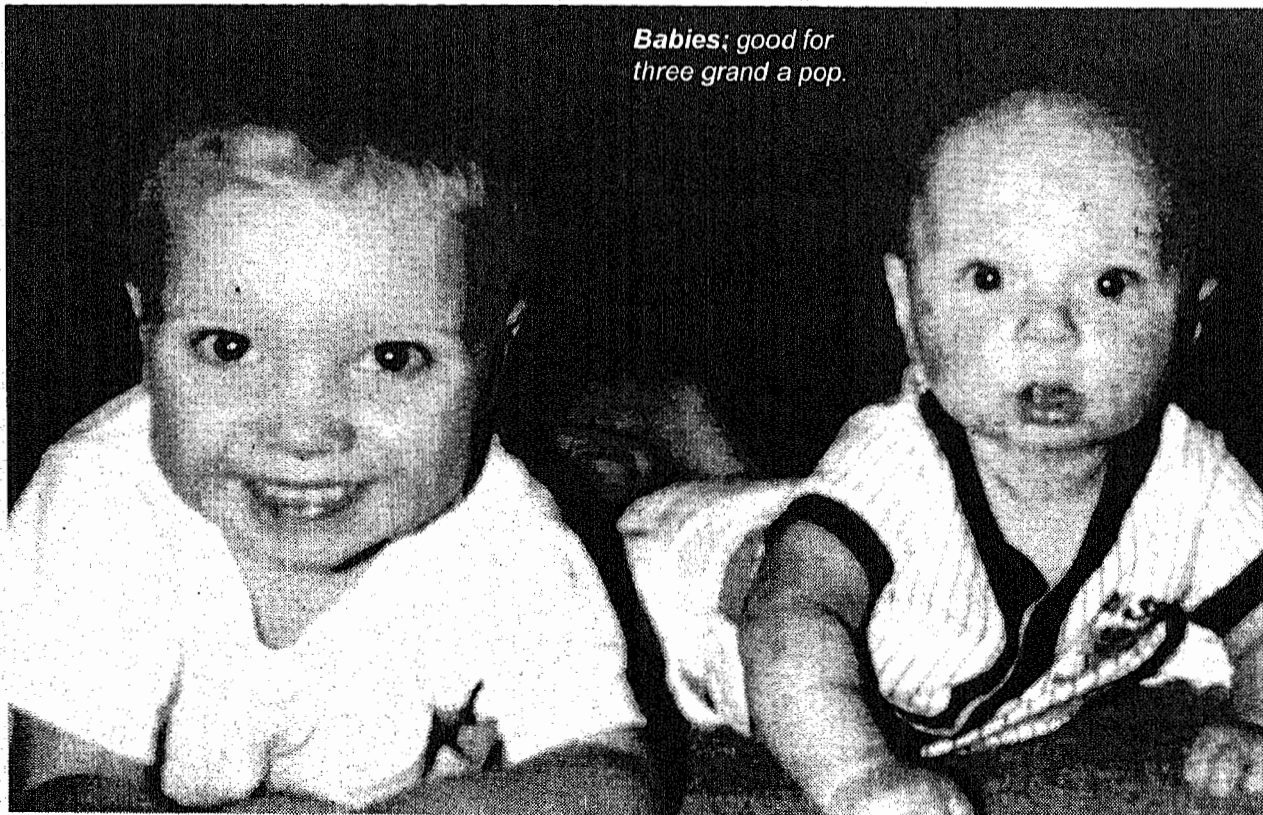
On the other hand, when women do take on the double burden of study or work and motherhood, our government offers them little support or childcare assistance. Our government seems to approve of the lifestyle of the stay-at-home mum, and hands out more childcare allowance to her than to mothers in families where both partners work. Because childcare 'benefits' start reducing when combined family income exceeds approximately \$32,000 and do not take into account the primary earner's income, a woman living at home while her husband earns \$2 million per annum, can receive more childcare allowance than a family where both the mother and her partner earn \$70,000 collectively. It's a shame that the Liberal Government are offering rewards to women to stay at home and procreate for the country, whilst women who struggle to balance both work and motherhood get less support, even though they may need it more.

So do I oppose the baby bonus? In the words of Oscar Wilde, Hell yeah (and pass me the cucumber sandwiches). I am offended by the government's suggestion that I contribute more to the country and am more socially valuable when I am a baby vessel rather than when I am being educated, using skills and making money in the workforce. I am offended by the prospect that this baby bonus will lead to greater poverty in some areas of society and the irresponsible creation of life, as well as restrict women's access to education and work. I am offended that the government sees me, as a woman, as stupid and materialistic, and assumes that \$3,000 will inspire me to make a life-time commitment that carries with it an immense number of responsibilities, and should not be entered into lightly.

When I have a baby, it will be for the mother, and maybe the father, but it sure as hell won't be for the country.

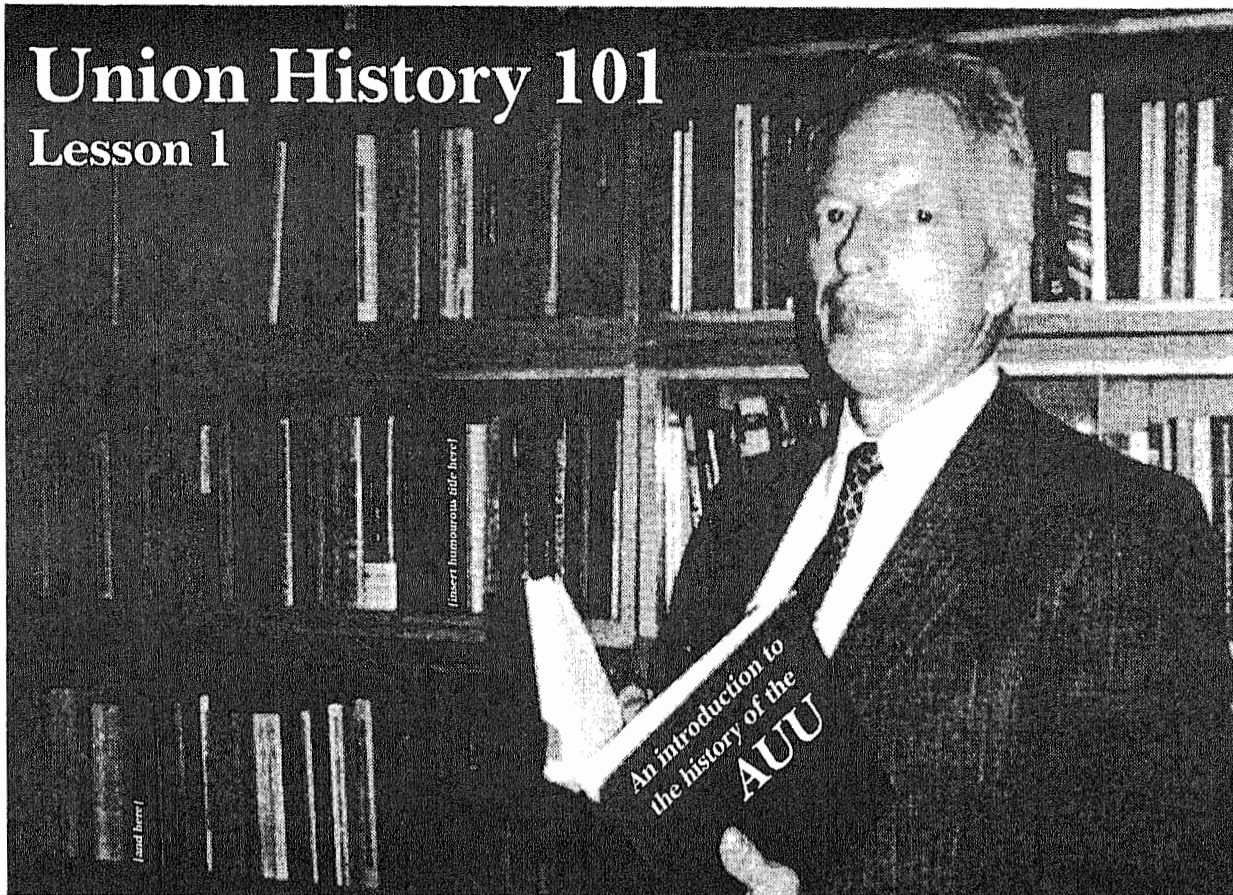
Mel Purcell

Babies; good for three grand a pop.



Union History 101

Lesson 1



As a student of the University of Adelaide, you are a member of the Adelaide University Union (AUU). In addition to the obvious benefits of membership, such as the advocacy services of Student Care, the representation provided by the SAUA, AUPGSA and OSA, and the catering facilities at the North Terrace, Waite and Roseworthy campuses, attached to it is also a history extends back almost 110 years. No amount of column space in *On Dil* is able to cover every facet of the organisation's history; however, for the entirety of the second semester, a little light shall be cast upon aspects of it.

The AUU was founded in 1895 at a meeting on 25 April that was chaired by the University's Vice-Chancellor, J. A. Hartley, following several years of proposals and debate about establishing an organisation to further the welfare of, and facilities provided to, students of the University. Whilst societies for Medical and Law students already existed, it was felt that there needed to be an all-encompassing body of which all students could be a part. Until 9 May 1895, the AUU was known as the "Adelaide University Union Society", at which time the second meeting of the organisation voted to dispense with the redundant fourth word.

A primary motivating factor in the AUU's formation was the poor facilities that the University's students were able to use. Until the 1920s, from 1897 the organisation was located in a single-room building that stood behind the Mitchell Building until its demolition in 1972. The Foundation Stone for the Union Room was laid in 1896, under which a time capsule was placed and which was unearthed following the building's demolition – although a builder did add his own worksheet to the capsule's contents at some point during the 1960s. The previous student room was, in contrast, a cellar known as 'the Dungeon', which according to contemporary reports was an appropriate name, given its lack of furnishings and its general ambience.

Even with the creation of the AUU, student facilities did not improve drastically overnight – and especially when compared to those enjoyed by students at the Universities of Sydney and Melbourne. However, unlike the Dungeon, the Union Room had carpet over its stone floor, and also had the added bonus of armchairs.

One hundred members had joined the AUU by the time its name was shortened, of which exactly half were undergraduate students and half were graduates of the University. Membership fees were an annual five shillings; it was not until the late 1920s that undergraduate students were required to pay an amenities fee to fund the

AUU's operation. Whilst some students do object to having to pay the fee, take heart from the fact that students have been paying it for four or five generations, and their objections have remained a constant feature of paying it. [*That's a relief, far be it from us to stand in the way of tradition.* - Eds]

The period following the First World War is an important period in the history of the AUU. Due to a number of factors – not least was the war itself – the AUU had slipped into a poor state.

Whilst some students do object to having to pay the fee, take heart from the fact that students have been paying it for four or five generations, and their objections have remained a constant feature of paying it...

The 1920s mark the revival of the organisation, which is most clearly visible in the push for the establishment of better facilities for students. Once the University acquired the land on which the current AUU buildings stand from the State Government in 1927, the project could commence. Central to the project was the construction of the War Memorial Cloisters, which, as the name suggests, was built as a memorial to the University of Adelaide students who fought in the First World War. The Lady Symon Building, on the western side of the Cloisters, was built following a £10 000 donation from Sir Josiah Symon for the purpose of providing a home for the Women's Union. The building was built in conjunction with the Mayo Refectory and the southern and western sides of the Cloisters in 1928. The George Murray Building, which was funded through a donation from Sir George Murray to build a home for the Men's Union, and the remainder of the Cloisters were completed ten years later.

Only in the early 1970s were major additions made to the AUU buildings with the construction (in two stages) of Union House. The original Mayo

Refectory and the southern side of the Cloisters were demolished to enable the building of the structure that now exists. The building recently received an award for being the best building erected in South Australia in the last twenty-five years, and follows an earlier award for "for blending of old and new architecture".

Whilst the most obvious change to the outside world was indeed the construction of Union House, arguably the most significant change that has ever occurred in the AUU was the decision in 1972 to change the organisation to be a student-run body. Whilst the first student to be elected President of the AUU occurred in 1936 with the election of Murray Bonnin – it was his election that inspired Sir Murray to donate the money for the construction of the George Murray Building – the organisation was until 1972 run predominantly by University and Union staff.

Perhaps almost as significant was the decision in 1978 for the AUU to incorporate as an organisation separate from the University. Whilst the AUU had become increasingly self-reliant during the late 1960s and early 1970s, as late as 1976 it was felt that there was no benefit to be gained from incorporating as a separate organisation. The turning point was Peter Balan's discussion paper "A Case for an Independent Union: A Changing Union Environment", in which he highlighted the ways in which the AUU was already becoming increasingly independent of the University and the advantages of separately incorporating. The reason for the actual timing of the decision was completely pragmatic – and shall be covered in a future column – it nonetheless highlighted the distance the AUU had come since its founding in 1895.

The Barr Smith Library holds five copies of *The Lower Level* (with an additional copy at the Waite Campus) from which much of the content of this article has been obtained. Written in the mid-1970s by Margaret Finnis, the book provides an account of the AUU's history from its founding to the time of the book's publication. Replete with anecdotes, parties interested in the history of the organisation should read it to learn more about the origins of the organisation that exists solely to further the welfare of students at the University of Adelaide and to provide a range of services to its members. In future editions of *On Dil*, there will be other articles about aspects of the AUU's history not covered in the book.

Anthony Long

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In the next issue:
**Memorable
Union
Board
debates!**

I'll hold my breath til then - Ed

FREE SPEECH IN THE LION CITY



This September marks the fourth anniversary of the commencement of a speakers' corner in Singapore - a venue for soap box oratory modeled on the famous one by that name in London's Hyde Park (pictured above). Terry Hewton visited the venue in its early stages and looks back on its progress as an exercise in free speech.

One Friday late in August 2001 Opposition politician Sivakunalen - Kunalen for short - climbed onto a soap box in the heat and humidity of Singapore's Hong Lim Park to address a passing audience. It was one year into the functioning of the park as a spot for soap box oratory. Most of the audience was made up of commuters returning home from work.

His subject was the then recent Singaporean Prime Minister's National Day address. Kunalen

was offering an assessment of particular aspects of Premier Goh Chok Tong's address to anyone who would listen. The Prime Minister, he said, had no need to worry that an increased emphasis on social welfare would encourage a mentality of dependence on the island. Singapore did have sufficient reserves of wealth for increases in welfare without undue financial burden on the state. And so on.

Kunalen was (and perhaps still is) a regular

speaker there. At the time I spoke to him in August three years ago now he was optimistic on the value and future of the venue. Indeed, the venue generally seemed to carry an air of great promise at that time. It signaled free speech in the city state after years of oppressive authoritarianism.

For my wife and I Singapore had, decades before, been the first major stop off in the direction of what has since become known as 'the hippie trail'. It was the place where I had been compelled to shave my locks off summarily and ham fistedly with sewing scissors - a sort of instant short-at-the-back-and-sides - before being allowed to pass through Immigration and Customs onto the island. To us, then, Singapore, while it was delightful for the most part, seemed a fascist state in certain of its aspects. The Speakers' Corner visit in 2001 made the place seem refreshingly liberal in comparison. It seemed further evidence of what was looking like the early flowerings of liberal democracy on the island at that time.

It's good to see that this aspect of a wider Singaporean liberalization continues. This September sees the fourth anniversary of the spot as a venue for soap box oratory along the lines of London's Hyde Park. The first day of speaking was September 1, 2000.

From our point of view on campus here in Adelaide the arrangements for speaking at that time one year into the venue's operation were certainly restrictive. Intending speakers were required to register their intention to speak with the Kreta Ayer Neighbourhood Police Station, a police post on the speaking site in the park itself. Amplification of speeches and the playing of musical instruments was prohibited. Speaking topics involving race and religion were disallowed. And so on.

From recent press accounts of the venue these speaking arrangements remain every bit as constrained now.

In the four years of its operation the activity has attracted a mixed response in the mass media and elsewhere.

There has been plenty of criticism. Opponents say it is too restrictive in its operation. There have been criticisms that it is poorly attended and that speaking to small groups of people directly like this lacks relevance and meaning in a modern society attuned to modern forms of communication. A press photograph some time in 2001 showed a lot of empty space in the park in order to highlight what was seen as a lack of attendance at the venue.

However, in 2001 Kunalen, at least, saw it differently.

Yes, he said, there were restrictions on soap box oratory but these were no more than you would expect for this kind of speaking in Singapore's particular circumstances.

He pointed out that the Singaporean government had a gradualist approach in fostering a freedom of expression on the island. In a recent speech at that time Prime Minister Goh Tok Chong had, Kunalen said, referred to Gorbachev and what he saw as the mistake he - Gorbachev - made in liberalizing the USSR too quickly with disastrous consequences for Eastern Europe. According to Kunalen the PM's point in that speech had been that Singapore didn't want to make the same mistake.

This is why, Kunalen continued, the government doesn't allow matters of race and religion to be discussed on the spot. It would simply be too destabilizing in the unique social and political circumstances that apply on the island.

Singapore's minority Malay population was, he said, currently looking across the Strait of Johore to Malaysia and the (bumiputra) policy there that was discriminating in favour of Malays.

Singaporean Malays, he said, were seeking something like this for themselves.

According to Kunalen the Singaporean government at that time had concerns over the outlook and behaviour of radical Islamic groups in neighbouring Malaysia and Indonesia in their potential effect on the island's stability and general welfare. (Kunalen was speaking to me only weeks before September 11. No doubt these concerns on the part of the island's government have intensified markedly since then.)

Along with neighbouring Malaysia, Kunalen went on, Singapore does have a genuine concern to maintain racial and religious harmony as a necessary component of a wider social and political stability, and the restrictions on free speech in this area are justified on this basis.

It's no use, he said, applying a notion of free speech that works well for Australia or the UK in their particular circumstances: Singapore needs the kind of free speech which matches the particular social and political circumstances on the island and it is down this path that the cautious liberalization moves of the Singaporean government in relation to Speakers' Corner are going.

Kunalen, ethnically an Indian and a London trained lawyer (he holds a masters degree in law), was at that time, and no doubt still is, a member of the Singapore People's Party within the Singapore Democratic Alliance - a coalition of parties in opposition to the island's long ruling People's Action Party (PAP) led initially by Lee Kuan Yew and now headed up by Goh Chok Tong. In the last election Kunalen did not win a seat but won a respectable portion of the vote.

Intending speakers were required to register their intention to speak with the Kreta Ayer Neighbourhood Police Station . . .

He has had long experience of London's Hyde Park Speakers' Corner stretching back to his law student days. His last visit there had been just a few months prior to our conversation.

Clearly, then, at around the time of its first anniversary the venue lived on and viably so.

But it was, then, early days. And it still is. If the current media coverage is any guide it is far from fully and securely established and still has a long way to go in becoming an enduring venue for soap box oratory.

Much will depend on whether young Singaporeans take to it or not. Not that they were, in 2001, clamoring to have their say in how their country was run - at Speakers' Corner or anywhere else. Whether from fear, or apathy, or both, they were generally holding back on getting involved in active debate on the social and political affairs of the island.

Perhaps the intelligent, socially aware, well educated and very independent minded young woman behind the reception desk of our hotel in 2001 was typical of her generation in her attitude towards it. When I asked her if she would like to get up and speak at Speakers' Corner she laughed, said no she wouldn't, and, signaling her reason for not wanting to do so, held out her wrists in a mock gesture as if to receive hand cuffs.

If her attitude to the venue then, is typical of her age group today, then more experienced Singaporeans like Kunalen have further to go in persuading their younger contemporaries of the educational and social advantages that their local version of soap box oratory has to offer.

Terry Hewton

*Been
anywhere
interesting
lately?*

*Send your
nutty travel
stories to*

*ondit@
adelaide
.edu.au*

NOTICE

**The use of any musical
instrument or sound
equipment in the Speakers'
Corner and Hong Lim Park
is hereby prohibited.**

**Commissioner of Parks &
Recreation**

**Speakers'
Corner**

15

office bearers



alice campbell
president

Hi everyone and welcome back to uni for semester two. As I type this I am recovering from Reorientation, an event the SAUA put on last week. I have to thank Jess C, Sam and Kellie for all the time and effort that they put into the week. I honestly don't think Reorientation would have worked without their assistance. Hopefully you picked up a copy of *Reorientation Guide*, (nicely done by Stan and JC) last week to learn more about our organisation and what we have planned for this semester.

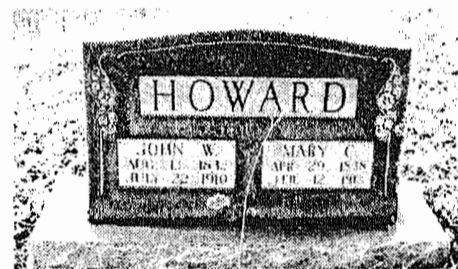
This week there will be a BBQ on the lawns from midday on Wednesday 4th August to launch our federal election campaign. There you can find out more about the policies of political

parties towards students as well as find out about recent issues surrounding the Howard Government's attitude towards higher education. The SAUA will be running a lot more of these events throughout the semester as the federal election looms.

Speaking of the federal election, the SAUA is helping run an election forum in conjunction with U Who - the young people and unions network and Young Christian Workers. The forum will take place on Friday 20th August from 5:30pm and will be a chance for students like you to ask representatives from all major parties about their policies towards young people. Watch this space for more details.

Cheers,
Alice

**for the love of god,
enrole to vote
today!** A community service message from your Students' Association



aurelia stapleton
education
vice-president

These are the campaigns that will be coming from your education department this semester:

Enrol to vote

If you haven't done this yet then DO IT NOW! It is highly likely that a federal election will be called soon. Get an enrolment form from the SAUA or Australia Post.

Understanding higher education as an election issue

All the parties understand that education is an important election issue and will try to gear their policies

towards whatever they think will get them votes. As uni students, it is important for us to know what these policies are, especially in terms of higher education, and be aware of how they will impact upon us.

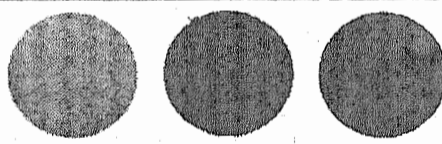
Students as workers

So many of us have to work these days while simultaneously trying to juggle uni plus everything else in our lives. As if this isn't bad enough in itself, as students, we often have to put up with crap like low wages, poor working conditions and a lack of job security. We will be providing information regarding unions, your rights as a worker and employment services at uni plus highlighting the gross inadequacies of student welfare payments that force students to work in the first place.

As well as this, we will be running a huge one-off event that you should definitely be a part of and that is **BUSK FOR YOUR HECS**. With all the HECS increases happening these days we need some way of trying to pay off all that evil debt we're incurring year after year. **BUSK FOR YOUR HECS** is about making a statement and raising awareness in the community of today's exorbitant price of education. You can sign up to this marvellous event in the students' association (Lady Symon building just off the Cloisters). Look out for more info about this soon!

aurelia.stapleton
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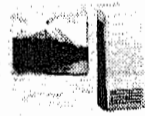
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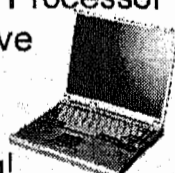
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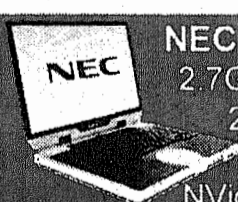


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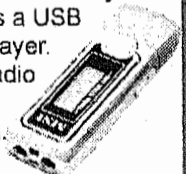
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* Recipients of the free beer promotion must be 18 or older

Notice of 2004

annual student elections

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

Election week for the 2004 SAUA and AUU Elections shall be:

Monday, 30th August until Friday, 3rd September 2004.

AUU nominations open: 9.00am, Monday 9th August 2004.

SAUA nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 5th August, 2004.

All nominations close: 4.00pm, Friday 13th August 2004.

Compulsory briefing session: 5.30pm Wednesday 18th August 2004.

NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

- Students' Association Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- Union Information Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSUC Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (8.30 am - 3.00 pm)
- WISA Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 3.30 pm)

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 12th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 13th August.

ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for SAUA paid positions, Union Board and Union Activities, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt shall be issued, and candidates shall receive:- SAUA ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the SAUA Election Regulations; AUU ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the Union's Election Regulations. Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Students' Association office by telephone on: (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005) or by contacting the Union Information Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

A compulsory briefing for all nominees will be held at 5.30pm on Wednesday 18th August to outline conduct during the election and responsibilities of all elected officers.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

GENERAL MEMBER OF ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION (AUU) BOARD (18 positions) AUU board is the governing body of the AUU and is directly responsible for the Union Complex. The AUU also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (5 positions) The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

SAUA PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, full time) Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, half time) Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid) Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER (1 position, paid, half time, candidates must be female) Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER (1 position, paid, quarter time) Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS (2 positions [1 female, 1 male], paid, each position quarter time) Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR (1 position, paid, requires a great deal of time in summer holidays, position until mid-March 2005) Responsible for SAUA's 2005 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Camps, O'Ball and O'Guide.

ON DIT EDITOR(S) (1 position, paid, requires many weekends during 2005, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors) Responsible for the publication of SAUA's student newspaper which is published most weeks during academic term. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of producing a student newspaper (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S) (1 position, paid, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors) Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on Radio Adelaide and the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL (8 positions, meets fortnightly) The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers. Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA EDUCATION/SERVICES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA WOMEN'S STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ENVIRONMENT STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA SEXUALITY STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions: 3 female, 3 male)

Standing Committees meet monthly, or more often if a special need arises, and are charged with the responsibility of developing action in the respective fields in co-operation with the responsible SAUA office bearer. Members are expected to contribute towards these activities.

NUS DELEGATES (5 positions) The National Union of Students is the body that is charged with the responsibility of representing student interests. Delegates are expected to attend State and National conferences of NUS and contribute to the development of policy and action at a State and National Level.

NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid position. For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places. For further information, contact the respective office bearer, Alice Campbell - SAUA President, Rowan Nicholson - AUU President or the Returning Officer. Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401



SA Great?

I used to get upset each time I had to wave another friend goodbye at Adelaide Airport as they boarded their plane to the UK with their working holiday visa in hand. I used to get even more upset when, after twelve to twenty-four months later, they returned only to move to Melbourne... I couldn't understand how after being away from their family and friends for so long, they could return to Adelaide and not be content to be home again.

Of course I knew the reason was that Adelaide seemed so small to them after living in London and visiting places like Rome, Prague and Amsterdam. They came back to the same people and the same places and they saw that little had changed, so shortly after returning home they put their backpacks on once more and moved to the East Coast - where things are different and there is more than one degree of separation between their groups of friends!

The thing was that I knew the reasons but I didn't understand them. Why did all of these people want to leave Adelaide, a place where they were known and respected (well, usually just known...), for a city where no one knew or cared for them? The musicians among them went in search of opportunity, fame and glory and the rest of them probably just change and opportunity.

You see, I love Adelaide. I love the fact that I can go to the Exeter on a Saturday night and almost surely meet up with someone I know without planning it beforehand. I love the fact that I can meet a 'stranger' and within five minutes of

conversation ascertain at least one solid connection between their social life and mine. I love the fact that I can live in the city and still be only half an hour's car ride from both the Adelaide Hills and the beach. It may be a tacky government slogan from the eighties, but I do think SA is GREAT!

The thing is, now I am in London. I've been living, working and travelling over here for nigh on a year now. I am about to embark upon probably my final trip through Europe before returning home to Australia later this year. The question is: What happens when I get back?

I am prepared for the post-travel blues. I am prepared for the pain of living at home with my parents again (I think). I am prepared to return to study to "Do it right!" this time (sure...). I am prepared for the fact that no one will care that I have been to Belfast, Moscow and Malta, but am I prepared for how small Adelaide is going to seem?

You see (and those of you who have travelled will know this already) people aren't going to ask me questions about my trip when I get back outside of "So, how are you?" or "How was it?" How on Earth do you summarize a fourteen month trip away from the only country you have ever known? How do you summarize the mental and emotional journey

(cliché I know, but true) you have experienced on your travel through twelve different countries; the people you have met; the places you have seen and the things you have done? You can't, and that's the point. People don't want to know unless they can identify with it too.

When I get back to Adelaide, I am determined to stay and not move to Melbourne, or any other Australian city for that matter. As determined as I

was to make sure I didn't get 'stuck' in London before I got on the plane to come over here. I've seen more of Europe now that I have of Australia, and I do plan on changing that when I get back, but I will always call Adelaide home.

SA has everything to offer that NSW, Victoria and WA do, just on a smaller scale. We have a thriving arts and live music scene - our Fringe festival is the second largest of its kind in the world. We may have lost the Grand Prix but we have the Clipsal 500, and what could be more Australian than a weekend of mullets, bogans, beer and V8 power? We have the beach, the city, the hills and the desert. We have goths, motorheads, bogans, arty-farty students and a shitload of old people. We have it all.

Of course there is the chance that even with all my determination right now, Adelaide will be too small for me and I will move to Melbourne too. I hope I don't but there is a chance. You see I am aware that Adelaide changes very little, and that the changes

that do happen are so minute that even the trained eye might miss them unless he/she looks very carefully.

I am encouraged though. Encouraged by the fact that all the people that moved to Melbourne after their travels are slowly but surely returning to

Adelaide again. They moved over there in search of opportunity and/or glory, only to realise that they enjoyed the weekend trips back to Adelaide more than the weeks spent in Melbourne. Maybe Melbourne is a tough city to crack? Perhaps they got over peak hour traffic and city smog? Or maybe, just maybe they have realised that SA truly is great.

Teresa Yeing

We have goths,
motorheads, bogans,
arty-farty students and a
shitload of old people.
We have it all.

Highjacking Civil Society: The SAFM story

Many of you may have seen during the mid-semester break news stories about John Howard's visit to Adelaide and the protests by Adelaide University students that accompanied his trip.

There was nothing remarkably out of the ordinary about these protests except for the presence of SAFM employees amongst the protesters. SAFM were at the protest not to simply report on the event, but to highjack the media coverage of the protest by showing their own banners with the witty slogan "Johnny Loves Kyle and Jacky-o". The purpose of this was to use the media coverage of the protest to gain free advertising for SAFM. These people were paid a hundred dollars a day (according to one of the out-spoken members of the group) to chase the protests and get their banners on TV. In the process, blocking our banners about the increase in the cost of textbooks from both the media and Howard.

The real media at the protest were clearly not impressed with this tactic by SAFM and avoided including SAFM's banners and logos in their reports. However, this meant that whilst the reporters at the protest would have liked to have shot their footage amongst the protest, thereby giving our message more exposure, they relocated behind

the police wall to avoid the SAFM cronies. The SAFM employees coped a lot a flack from the protesters that made them clearly uncomfortable. They justified their presence by arguing that they gave us good exposure on SAFM and that they were sending an equally valid message.

This is an absolute crock of shit.

By attending student rallies all SAFM achieves is to make a mockery of the protest movement, which is not, and should never be, a platform for corporate advertisement. By their presence, SAFM cheapens our message and makes onlookers question whether our own motives are genuine. All the other news services at the rally did not try to include their own advertising in the protest; their job is to report because that's what news services do. They do not work as an advertising arm of their employer.

SAFM is not promoting a message, they are simply making our efforts to bring issues into public awareness that much harder by attaching themselves to a movement that is there because it believes in what it is doing, not because its members are getting paid to gatecrash someone else's protest.

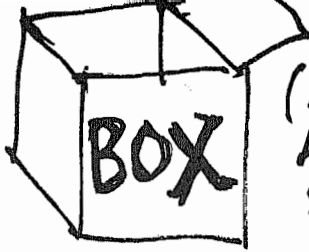
Andrew Flemming

18

Useless old people:
apparently they're a
drawcard now.



Pandora's



(Ack!
Another
Sex
Column!)

COVING

TO INTERCOOLER

CHECKING FOR CHEESE

A beginner's guide to [insert euphemism here].

Fellatio. Oral sex. Head job. BJ. Going down. Playing the skin flute. Blowing the baloney. **Battering the bishop.** Smoking the sausage. Lip service. French dressing. Man eating. **Sword swallowing.** Pointing Percy at the palate. Bob on the knob. Whistle-blowing. Kneeling at the altar. **Polishing the barber's pole.** Polishing the pump action poridge gun. Hoovering the horn. **Frankspurts.** Inflating the monkey.

Have I got your attention?
An 82 year old lady came into my work the other day to return a book (I work at a library). It was a chick lit detective novel by some incompetent Marian Keyes wannabe, but that's irrelevant. The elderly lady leaned across the counter and confided in me in a theatrical whisper: 'I didn't like that book. Too much of those blow job thingamys. We didn't do those in my day.' She then proceeded to tell me what she did do in her day, which is far too disturbing to write here (no joke, there are things about sex, Brill Cream and the 1950's that I didn't need to know), but the old duck was right: Blow jobs are now a far more accepted form of sexual exploration than they once were.

I was flipping through a *Dolly* magazine at work that same day and came across a sealed section that included information on how to please your boyfriend without "going the whole way". On this list was blow jobs. I was buying *Dolly* magazine between the ages of eight and twelve. I was too busy hitting puberty to care about giving head.

Now personally, I find blow jobs the most tedious activity in the world. I would rather decoupage a dick than suck it. But some of my friends love it (and no, gentlemen, I will not give you their phone numbers. They all have boyfriends - surprise, surprise). Many of them see it as a dominatrix game: they control his orgasm and have the power to bite off his penis if they so wish (maybe that's my interpretation). Inspired by a bottle of Baileys, twelve cruisers and three six packs of pale, we searched for any available phallic objects (one dildo, two bananas, a zucchini and a television remote) and my four Yodas of fellatio collectively imparted the following wisdom:

- No biting (awww).
- Keep a good seal with your lips for better suction.
- Make sure you are producing saliva. If you're dry, have a glass of water beforehand. Ice cold water can heighten the stimulation as can chewing peppermint gum beforehand.
- Examine the cock first: is it cut or uncut? How big? The bigger the cock, the harder to deep throat and more likely to give you jaw lock as they apparently take longer to get there. Cut are also less sensitive as their knob is being touched by the underpants all the time (fig. 1).
- Warm him up first. Tell him what you're going to do to him. Kiss the knob, run your tongue around it, take half of it in your mouth. Lick along the sides of the cock. Stroke skin with your hands; twist a nipple if he likes it a little more...challenging. For a real seduction, if you're in bed and he is lying down naked, lick him from cock to armpit.
- By now he'll want you to suck his cock.
- Depending on the size of his cock, you may need to wrap your hand/s around the base of the shaft so that your mouth hits your hand on the way down. You might need two hands if he is a monster. (Don't feel insecure lads. The national average is 16.8 cms).
- If they are uncut (fig. 2), it is always a good idea to pull the skin back at this point. You need that knob to be fully exposed. (Hopefully the skin can be pulled back. Some men have foreskins that are grown over. Apparently. Not that I'd know personally).
- Try teabagging: licking and sucking one of his balls...two if you're ambitious. A hetero male friend of mine gets a Brazilian (aka back, sack and crack wax) to encourage girls to teabag.
- However, teabagging is a preferential things; not all guys are into it.
- Always best to suck vertically (this made me twist my head, trying to get an anatomically correct visual image) in order to massage the urethra.
- The sensitive area is the knob and directly underneath the knob. Suck on this in particular and/or run your tongue around and beneath it.
- Going down with a twist can excite. When going down, twist your head anticlockwise, your hand following in the same direction, but not too much (while the penis has no bones, it can be sprained, so be careful). On the way back up, twist clockwise to return to your starting position.
- Remember, no biting, but nibbling or teeth scraping along the shaft can be okay. Again, this is an individual preference.
- To hot it up, try wanking the cock while you suck on it. Pull up when you're mouth comes up and vice versa.

The other hand can be tweaking a nipple or massaging his balls. The balls will generally retract closer to his body when he is about to cum. If you notice this, try reverting to some of the warm up exercises to stop him cumming early, thus intensifying the orgasm. Depending how much time you have and how sore your mouth gets, you can keep teasing him as much as he can stand it.

There is one sacred question that has long remained unanswered: is deep throat a myth? For those innocents going 'huh?', deep throat is supposedly the opening of the oesophagus enough to take the whole penis deep into the back of your throat. Does it exist? I asked a nurse and her reply was this: "Of course. Unless it's one of those pornographic 18-inch ones." So, to the less endowed of the male population... Congratulations!

Some of my stupid, stupid friends are under the misinformed impression that oral sex is safer than intercourse. While you can't get pregnant, all manner of STDs can be transmitted including herpes and gonorrhoea. A small cut in your mouth can lead to more serious transmissions, like HIV or hepatitis B. And for many STDs, this is a two way street. The blower can transmit to the blown just as easily. So insist on condoms and if you're serious about staying healthy, ask your chemist about dental dams. Always remember, never touch a cock if it has cheese (lumpy white stuff).

If you're with a long-term partner and you have both been checked out by a doctor, the final question remains: to swallow or not to swallow? If you're up for it (and some say they like the taste), pull the foreskin back when he is about to blow and suck it all down when he delivers it. Continue sucking even after as it might give him a sensation that is "glorious and painfully so".

Let me finish with an uplifting conversation I overheard in the Barr-Smith ladies toilets:

Girl 1: All I could think when I was going down on him was that if I swallowed it would up my calorie count more than my nutritionist had recommended.

Girl 2: Let him cum on your chest. They like that and it's a great moisturiser.

Girl 1: But what if it gets on my clothes? You can't get semen out of FCUK.

Ain't love grand?

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

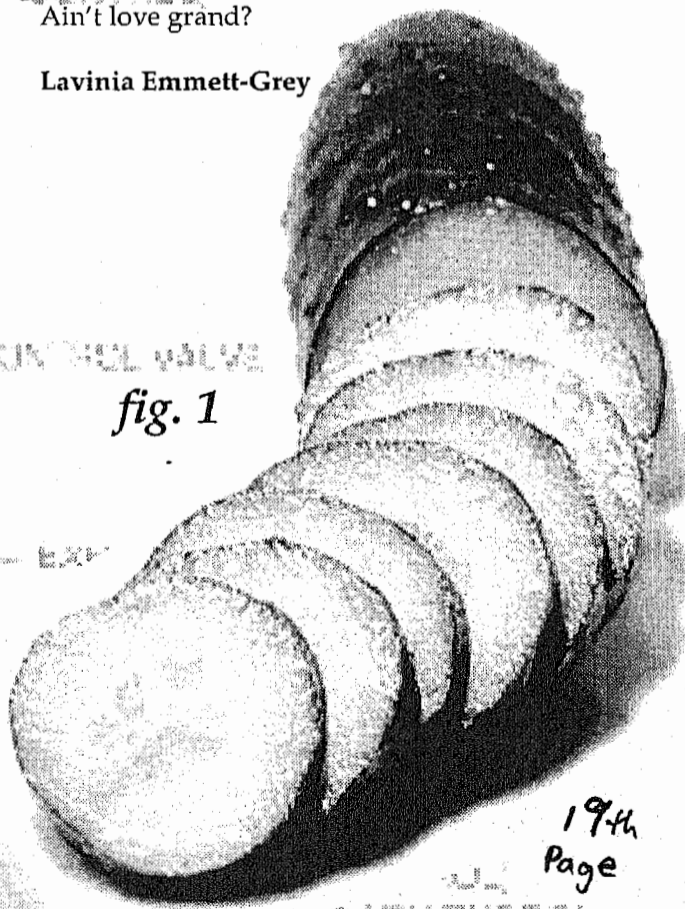
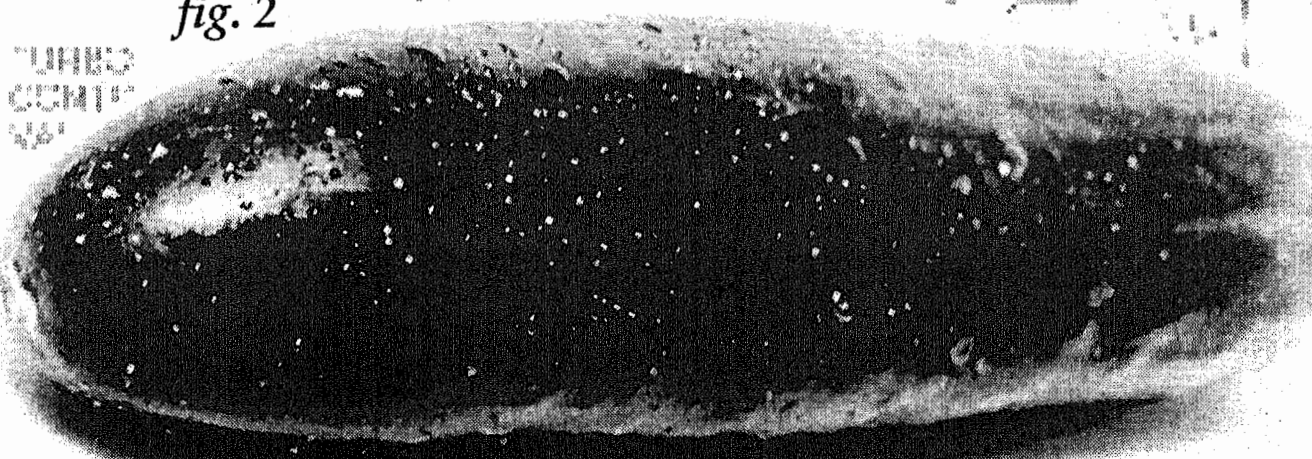


fig. 1

fig. 2



up down top bottom strange & charm

the models described therewith work, in order to generalise them to 'bigger', or more, situations. I say 'bigger' in the sense that more physics can be derived from 'bigger' theories.

For instance, my honours thesis is going to be on **string theory**, a candidate for being a "theory of everything". The name is a little misleading, but essentially it means that such a theory describes all four of the fundamental interactions (gravity, electromagnetism and the two subatomic forces) in the same breath, so to speak. Currently we have two incompatible theories, one for gravity (Einstein's general relativity) and one for the other three (gauge field theory). The goal is, then, to find a theory that will incorporate all four consistently. This, however, wouldn't mean that the game is over, as it is impossible to use such a theory to describe, say, how an adhesive works (or cooking, for that matter), or predict earthquakes.

Now for some pop science. Everyone loves electrons, so let's start there. Imagine an electron moving along, and leaving a line where it has been. This line is called the **worldline** of the electron. All sorts of interesting things can be done mathematically by drawing systems of interacting particles this way.

The theory around this can explain the fundamental forces except for gravity. The problem is that the particle we want to carry gravity (the **graviton**, sounding like something out of the original Star Trek) actually has gravity too, which means that the gravitons gravitate, which creates more gravitons, which also gravitate etc. and we get infinite gravitational forces.

To overcome this, one method is to forget about particles and try looking at one-dimensional objects – what we call **strings** (what are they made of, you ask? The answer: "string-stuff"). Remembering the analogous situation with particles, imagine a little

length or loop of 'string' moving along and leaving a trail – this is a surface we call the **worldsheet** of the string. Now imagine plucking the string as one can a guitar string – we get vibrations and these vibrations have a well-defined, discrete energy – like a guitar string, which can only vibrate at certain pitches. These vibrations we interpret as particles, and, surprise, surprise, every realistic string theory predicts the existence of the graviton.

It gets more mind-blowing next, in that we need 10 dimensions (or 11, if M-theory is what you want, 'M' standing for a variety of words – mother, matrix, mystery) for the strings to live in, but we don't know exactly where all the other 6 (or 7) dimensions have gone, or why. Either we are only living on a 4-dimensional "hyperplane" in a big space (think about a regular plane in 3 dimensions and pretend you know what a hyperplane looks like – almost everyone does this), or the 'extra' dimensions are exceedingly small and we cannot see them (this is what my project is based around). Things called **D-branes** want to pop up here, but I'll push them back down into this 'ere bag of tricks for now.

The only problem is, it might all be not true, as we cannot observe strings doing their stuff. They are so microscopic electrons look like vast stars in comparison. Then why do it? The thrill of the chase? The lure of a Nobel Prize? Not for me – I just like finding out things.

If you're *really* keen, try reading Ian Stewart's book *Flatterland* – it's in the BSL and contains something on pretty much everything I study at the intelligent layperson level, and is a good read to boot.

David Roberts

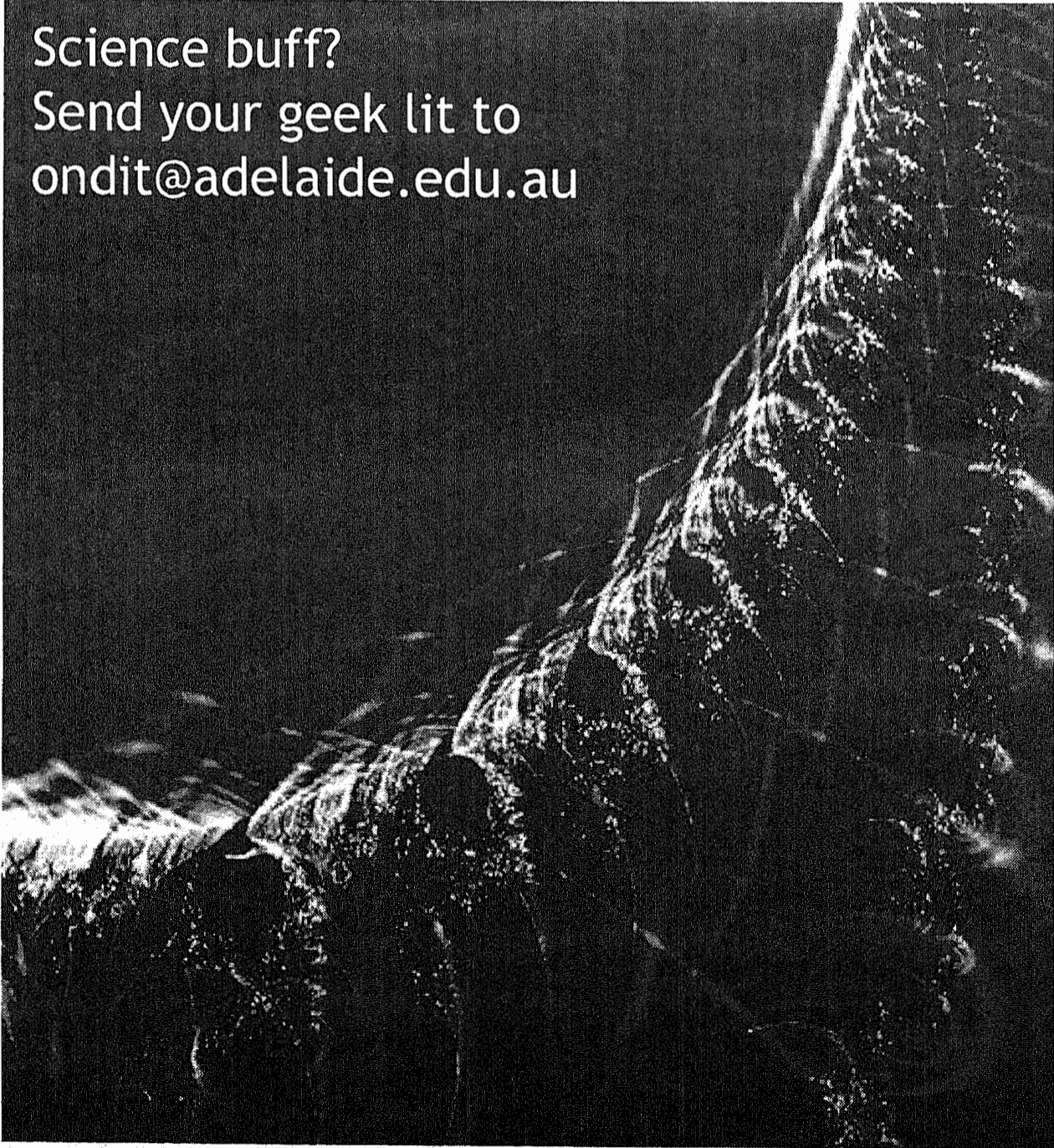
is a God-powered mathematical physics student.

My name is David Roberts and I study mathematical physics. At this point, most people go "Urrr, I'm glad it's you and not me" or something like that. From my point of view that is as if an AFL player was stared at in this country for participating in a strange, difficult and inaccessible pastime (actually...). There is nothing more natural than to be curious about the world around oneself (if even in a limited way), and I think that studying the fundamental laws of the universe is one of the purest ways of expressing this curiosity. Of course, it is not the only field in which to do this. Had I better study habits, I might have gone into sociology, linguistics, or similar studies of the fundamental properties and way of people, language etc (what I currently do requires me to basically read books and papers, and "absorb" knowledge. Arts subjects require essays and the like and they consume valuable 'time' – whatever that is). I hope, in this article, to give you some insight into why someone might want to study what I do, for no other reason that it is interesting.

The first thing about physics is that to get any meaningful predictions out of it, one needs the mathematics to model the situation at hand. Indeed, a great deal of powerful mathematics has been developed by physicists who had reached the limits of the mathematical world at the time. Mathematics and physics were actually pretty much bound together until the end of the nineteenth century when the ultimate in abstract mathematics started to be developed – metamathematics i.e. the maths of studying mathematical structures e.g. mysterious things called set theory, mathematical logic and axiomatic number theory. Physics proper is, then, understanding how the world works

and finding models to make predictions about it. *Mathematical* physics is about understanding how the mathematics and

Science buff? Send your geek lit to ondit@adelaide.edu.au



on the topic of sex abuse in SA Great to masturbate.

Lesson One:
Learning how to write letters in
primary school and pray in sunday
school

Dear Mummy & Daddy,

You know when I was a child you
asked me what I wanted to be and I
said a fireman or a policeman or a
priest or a lawyer? Well they don't
stand for anything any more, let
alone the politicians or bishops
who do nothing for my life that
I now stumble through because
my childhood innocence was
betrayed and now those who are
meant to defend me do nothing and
continue to play with their dicks -
like the man who kept playing with
his dick when he was masturbating
in front of me and told me he was
teaching me to "be a man." What
we say now as children grown up to
be adults is that we are now GAGA
with DADA Punk and never mind the
bollocks and don't show us your sex
pistols. Perhaps suicide is the last
resort scream for Justice that you
don't give.

'Suicide' is in the dictionary
between 'shit' and 'sympathy'.
Shit is what you poured on us
as we fought for Justice and
shit is what we might now rub
in your face and sympathy is
for fools in dire need of pity for
the hypocrites they are and we
don't want your sympathy.

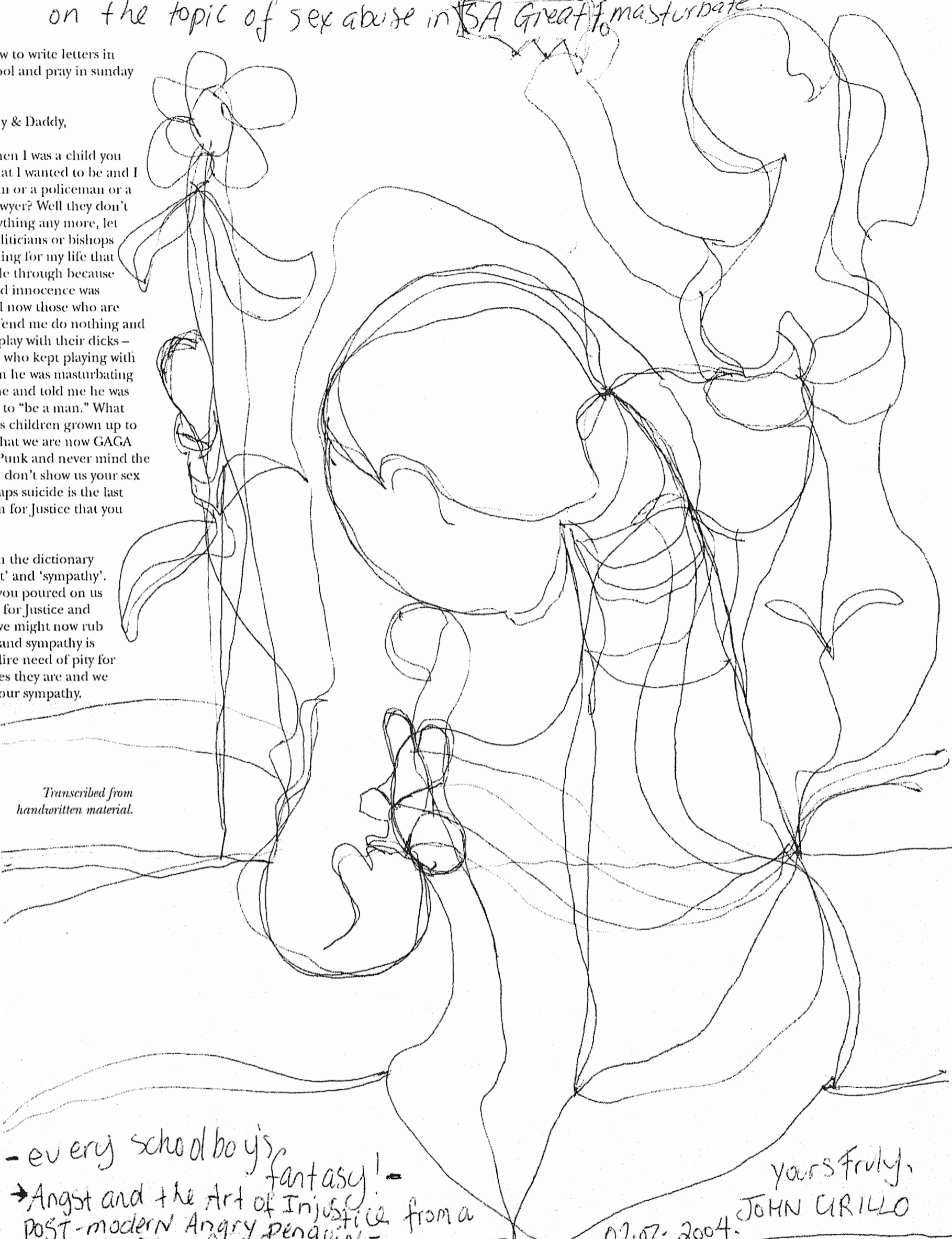
Yours truly,
John Cirillo

*Transcribed from
handwritten material.*

- every schoolboy's
fantasy!
→ Angst and the Art of Injustice
post-modern Angry penguin -
To the Minister of ARTS -
→ ART Therapy for a Survivor of childhood sex Abuse as an
ART student - Law, politics and church sucking Narcissus' cock!

Yours Truly,
JOHN CIRILLO

02.07.2004.



Linhen's Japanese Festival Fun

22

Former On Dit guru and all-round nice person **Linley Henzell** has been sending us a series of cute emails detailing his adventures in Japan. Here are some bits that we thought you might enjoy (don't tell him we published them - he's very shy).

So far I've been to two festivals here in Japan and they're great. My first festival was the Tanabata star festival in Hiratsuka, a medium-sized coastal city on the way from my home to Odawara, where I work.

The streets of several blocks near the station had been sealed off and were packed with people wearing traditional Japanese clothing. A vast number of decorations were hung from buildings and streetlights, including some large (several metres across) hanging boxes showcasing pictures with various themes.

The first box had pictures of Japanese woodblock prints in it, but the second was the *Finding Nemo* box and carried the slogan 'fish are friends, not food', a strange sentiment to see promoted in seafood-crazy Japan. The third box was the *Mona Lisa* box and also featured the most festive picture in the world, Munch's 'The Scream'. After that there was a box with a racehorse, and a box celebrating the local soccer team.

Then there was a large motorised dinosaur.

My favourite part of the festival were the stalls, because that's where the food was. There were all sorts of different types of stalls:

Takoyaki stalls, selling freshly made octopus balls (a kind of dumpling containing part of a tentacle).

Takoyaki is one of my favourite foods ever.

Okonomiyaki stalls, selling a kind of barbecued omelette/pancake thing full of shredded cabbage.

Potato stalls, selling lethal deep-fried battered potatoes sliced open and filled with margarine or lard or something.

Fishing stalls, where you pay a few hundred yen to try to catch baby fish or turtles with a cup made out of ice-cream-cone wafer. The wafer gets soggy in the water, so you have to scoop up your little turtle very quickly.

I've been told by numerous Japanese people that all of these stalls are run by the yakuza, but that doesn't make the octopus any less delicious.

In the last few days there's been a festival going on in Fujisawa-Hommachi.

F-H is less a city or even a town than it is a small collection of shops and apartments built around a train station on the highway between Fujisawa and Yokohama, but it's a nice enough place to live. There's a park, and a river full of carp, and a small forest on a hillside, a number of temples and a giant waste incinerator.

On a clear day you can see the incinerator's orange and white chimney from my bedroom window.

Preparations for the festival started a few days ago, with paper lanterns going up all over the temple just down the road. Two nights ago I saw a portable shrine being carried around my block. Apparently the main shrine-carrying event of this festival involves a large shrine being carried all the way to the sea (about an hour's walk but presumably more for someone carrying a shrine), but last night's was a very small shrine carried along by a crowd of

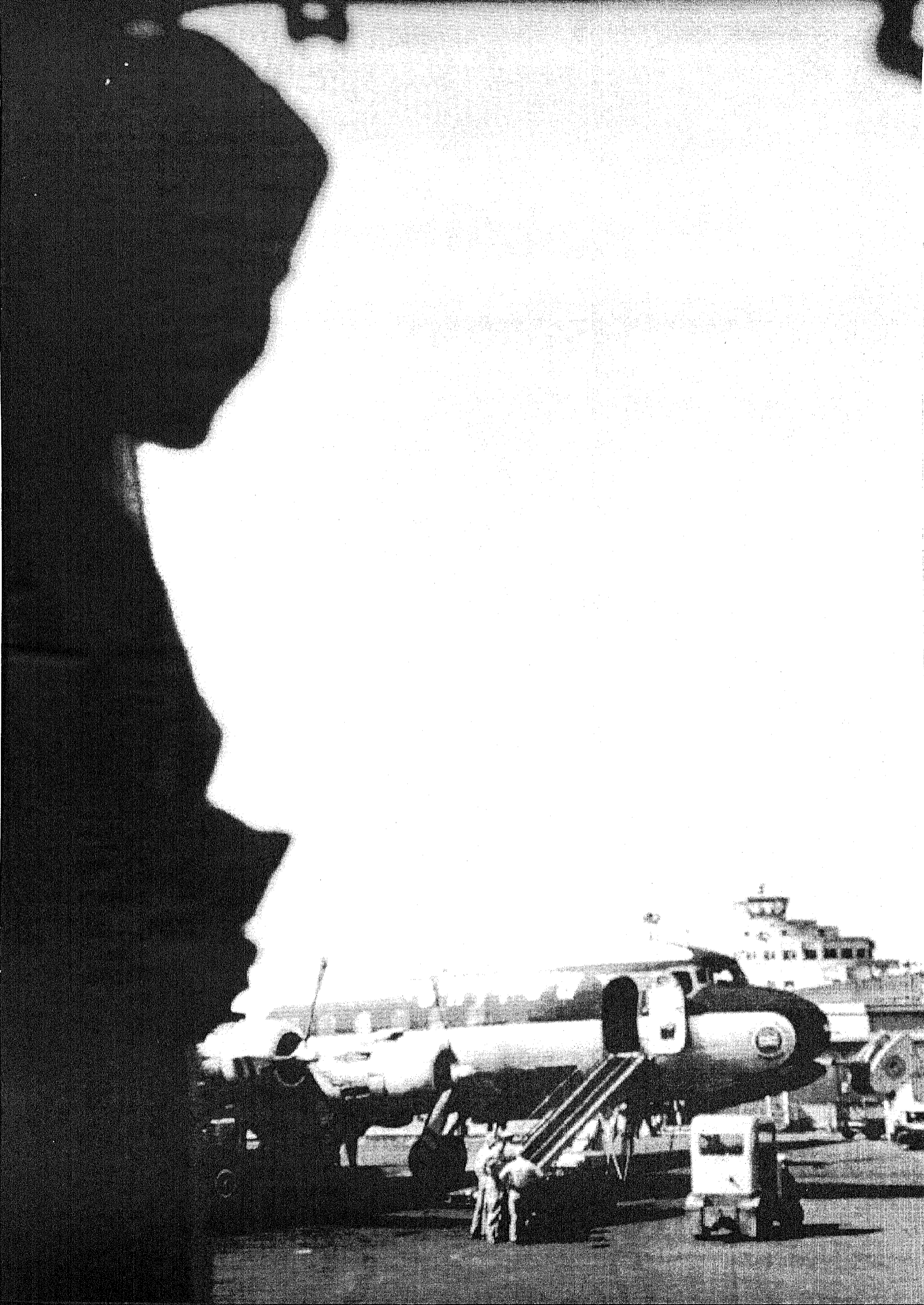
children with loudhailers.

It started at the little mini-temple across the street from my apartment and travelled slowly around my block until I had to stop watching to go and catch a train. I don't think they were carrying it all the way to the sea, just far enough so that their parents had a chance to capture it with their digital movie cameras.

Just before I saw the children's shrine I paid a visit to the main Hommachi temple, the one covered in lanterns. The lanterns had been switched on (they're all electric) and the temple was full of people and stalls selling everything from takoyaki to toy guns - highly realistic toy guns being very popular here. A huge video screen had been set up in the temple's courtyard, and dozens of children were sitting and watching of all things *Lilo And Stitch*, a Disney animation about a cute alien who crash-lands in Hawaii. The Japanese love Hawaii.

Last night I went back to the temple, and the festival was in full swing. The courtyard was now full of stalls and overflowing with noisy people, but through the crowds and barbeque smoke you could see a group of old men inside part of the temple engaging in some kind of Buddhist/Shinto ritual. I stood there for a while, watching the old men in their white costumes while the noises of the crowd fought with the sound of drums and insects humming in the trees, then I went and ate some octopus.





Bubba Joe's Caribbean



286 Rundle Street, City
Ph: 8272 1006

Most people taking a walk down Rundle have probably noticed the blazing colour of Bubba Joe's, and been disgusted, startled, or intrigued by their innovative decor. I experienced all three emotions, but somehow my dining companions and I ended up there on a cold Monday night. At first the psychedelic colour was kind of interesting, but eating in such extreme surroundings is a little disconcerting after a while.

I hate writing this about a new business, but Bubba Joe's was a major letdown. Still, their apparent lack of trade could be for several reasons. The food is obviously aimed at families (and people who are averse to muted colours) but the prices were overblown. I could be wrong about their market, since cocktails - costing a mere ten dollars - were flouted on large plastic see-through boards. Kitsch is an appropriate description, not Caribbean.

What I don't understand is how a menu that promises dishes like Jamaica-Me-Crazy Nachos and Island Tender Chicken Fingers failed to Jamaica me, or anyone else crazy. There were two

exceptions on our table of nine, but I'll get to those later.

Like the rest of the restaurant, the menu is a bit overwhelming (with the conniving trick of making every item \$9.99 or \$17.99), but kind of entertaining at the same time. The logo is a little green man with human limbs, and the menu is scattered with Jamaica speak, like 'Oooh Yeah Mon!' and 'da' and 'ja.' Can you imagine if they had an Australian themed restaurant anywhere in the world? There'd be Steve Irwin-isms in the vein of 'crikey' and 'strewth' all over the place.

Anyway. Back to the food. It took a while to plough through the hyperbole, but eventually I decided to have a Minnesota Fats Burger. (Quite a gross name, isn't it?) The others ordered Jambalaya a la Creole, Caribbean Seasoned Prawns, and a variety of salads and steak. Before these arrived, we shared a couple of mocktails. A mocktail is just an enticing name for a fancy smoothie, but I'm going to stop being nasty since everyone was quite pleased with these. They were generously served in an attractive glass, and they were bursting with

sweet, tangy fruitiness, but sadly the meal just couldn't live up to those mocktails.

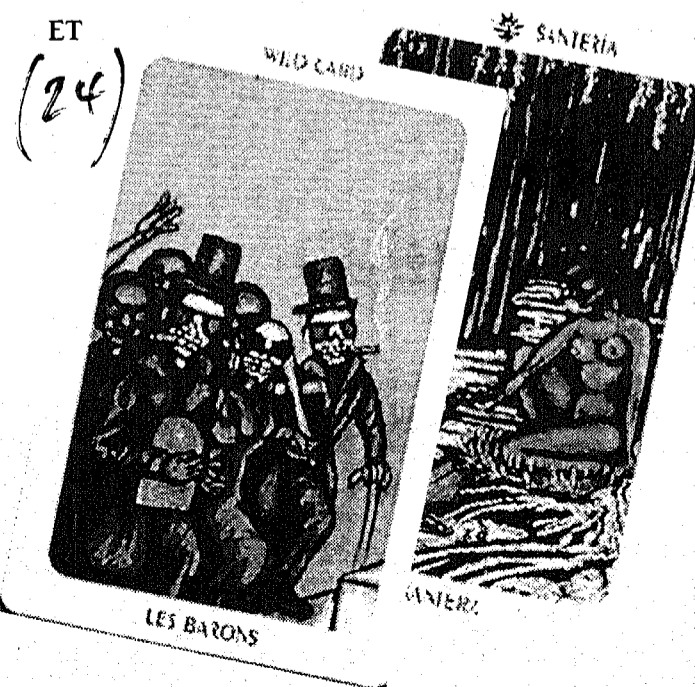
After about forty-five minutes, our food was served. There were few other diners, but we didn't mind. 'Well, if they're taking so long, it's probably going to be really good,' I said naively. Oh, famous last words! In eager anticipation we watched the waiter perform a routine where he would touch the plates the chef placed on the food counter, but then stop and slightly reposition them. Then he would walk away before coming back to repeat himself. Eventually his bizarre act ended, and the food was served. I was dazzled until I realised most of the content on the plates was artistic garnish and prettily arranged salad. Oh well ñ quality not quantity, isn't that what they say? Ha! When you get about six prawns for \$18, I don't think anyone's going to be that benevolent. My burger was well priced, but when the menu advertises beetroot, there's a certain expectation that you will actually receive some beetroot. The menu also exaggerated the spicy island flavours, because the excitement of these words translated to food that can only be described as bland, banal, boring.

One of my friends thought her vegetarian Cuban Curry looked like snot, and proceeded to entertain herself by mashing it as opposed to eating it. I tried some, and decided it was spicy yet bland. It must take skill to make something spicy, yet somehow not spicy. The jambalaya was described as 'bland risotto', with 'over-cooked rice and gritty undercooked rice bits.' On a positive note, the pieces of meat and vegetables in the jambalaya were 'nice.'

It wasn't all doom and gloom, so I will reveal the faint silver lining: two people were happy with their meals, and the prawn-eaters enjoyed the few prawns that were on their plates. Maybe you shouldn't dismiss this new restaurant from your dining itinerary. After all, everyone should form their own opinions. There's even more silver lining: the Jerk Chicken Caesar salad received some glowing praise, as did the steak. 'I'm happy!' announced the steak-eater in ecstasy. However, she was informed that she was paying \$25 for her happiness, and this was another thing that failed to compute. In a place that looks as commercial as Bubba Joe's, how do you have meals that cost \$25? I've been to expensive restaurants that charge only a few dollars more for their steak. So many questions to ask, but so few answers to be had. Don't chefs know what their food tastes like? Why can't some restaurants deliver what they promise? Is Caribbean food really like this? And, really, what kind of name is Bubba Joe's?

ET

(24)



The errant snivellings of a disheartened writer-cook, Thursday

I always knew it was a bad career decision. Neither trade has a great deal of money in it unless you make it big, unless you have that X factor that *Australian Idol* has now got us all looking for in the blank and drooling stares of a hundred young talentless singers. Still, I didn't care. This is what I love, I told myself. I love to write (kind of, like when there's absolutely no pressure to steer my attention from the artistic goal), and I love to cook. But I hate washing dishes. Go figure.

Now I've gotten myself into this dreadful predicament. Finally, a paying job comes along which is right up my alley; writing a training manual on the preparation and production of hot and cold desserts. At first I was all excited, a straight copywriting gig which would pay \$650 per unit, work from home, money for next to fucking-nothing. Why, I was gonna pump these babies out like the Termite Queen herself! Now the deal has soured. It turns out that my "writing package" (which took the boss 3 days to send out to me, thanks Gary) is nothing but a word template with a contents page, written by what appears to be a blind albacore tuna (who, I should point out, know very little about desserts - cold or otherwise). Copywriting has turned into a fully blown research assignment, only now that there's money at stake, my arse is on the line for the copyrights. I get paid a measly six-fiddy for writing a goddamn cookbook, AND I'm the one who's liable if anyone thinks I've copied their recipes. On top of this, it's an on-the-job training manual, and little old me with no teaching degree has to envisage some kind of curriculum to write for a generation of poor neglected cooks, who are going to learn everything they need to know about desserts from this book! I feel as if the weight of the world is upon my shoulders, but since when has that been new?

Last weekend I was scrubbing dishes to fill in for a mate, who was filling in for a mate, for a guy someone used to work with at Windy Point, maybe the first mate, I forget. The hospitality industry has a strange family tree, stranger still in Adelaide, where it resembles a stump more than anything else. Everyone knows everyone in Adelaide, but everyone knows everyone else's girlfriend in Adelaidean hospitality.

My life as a writer-cook is not exactly one to be envied. I spend my time job hoping, er, I mean hopping, a few months here, get fired, a few weeks here, quit, ad nauseum. Every now and again I pen a few things about what's been pissing me off, and no-one publishes it. Such a fulfilling existence as this is not for everyone, though. Anyway, I'm scrubbing dishes, leaning over the sink

at Tiffins. I hadn't been paid in three weeks, and was seriously starting to question what I was doing with my life. Fortunately I was waiting on word for the writing gig I just told you all about, and at the end of the night I got the shits with it all and just quit. I was no longer filling in, because the head chef thought I was better at washing dishes than all the other guys I was filling in for, and fired them, making me head kitchenhand. So there was nothing else to do but quit. Being good at washing dishes is really depressing. Try it some time - I challenge any pre-menstrual woman to pit her emotional duress against that of a successful dishwasher. But this was the fourth job I've had this year, and its getting

Being good at washing dishes is really depressing. Try it some time. I challenge any pre-menstrual woman to pit her emotional duress against that of a successful dishwasher.

to me a little bit. So I got all excited about the writing thing, and ended up in a legal bear trap. Now I'm contracted for a paltry sum, with no other work prospects on the horizon. The other day I wrote the start of the cookbook:

The preparation of hot and cold desserts is an important part of any chef's repertoire. Desserts are the finishing touch needed to complete a menu, and of course, a good meal. As the final course to any meal, great care must be taken with a dessert; a chef would never wish a diner to finish the meal on a bad note.

I sat back in my chair, panted for five minutes, and still had to pack myself a massive bong (which looked more like a woolly mammoth in a toilet cistern than anything else) before I could calm down enough to continue. It's a good thing I was wearing nothing but a purple toweling bathrobe and sitting in my girlfriend's opulent 13th floor apartment with a gin and tonic next to me.

Partial employment is a killer. My girlfriend (a gorgeous Persian woman with an unpronounceable name) left for

Melbourne this morning dressed in a slinky black jumpsuit. I still have no idea what she does: We've been together for two months now, but I think its safer not to ask questions. As I helped her with her Vuitton bags down to the lobby I realized an important thing: She is either a terrorist, or an international jewel thief. I asked her if she was the latter as she was getting into the cab, but she only giggled, put a finger over my lips, and kissed me on the cheek. Then she disappeared. It was all I could do but go back upstairs, change into my bathrobe, fix a gin and tonic with fresh lime, and head for the steam room.

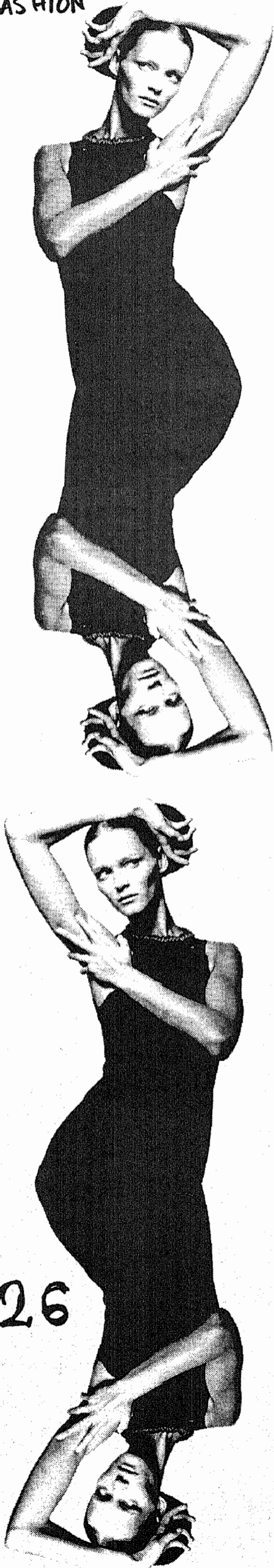
Hagemann



Before conquering the deserts of North Africa, German commander Erwin Rommel had been a pastry chef who liked to be called The Dessert Rat.

ATTACK OF THE CLONES

FASHION



Homosapiens have always been fascinated with the concept of cloning. Given the fact that we are all just pretty little narcissists at heart, this isn't surprising in the least. Since the glorious days of early 50s science fiction pop culture, the part of our brains designed to ponder such deep matters as life, the universe and everything have also had the task of scrutinising the possibilities of cloning. Mind you, this part of the brain has also contributed to many-a good bonding moment between best friends who have just watched *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Then again who needs science fiction when you can get all the entertainment value you need out of an Olsen twins movie?

The point is, it isn't past the realms of our consciousness's to imagine what life would be like with a clone in tow. And since some mental Italian tool announced to the world that he had cloned the first human baby, this probability is looking about as real as *The OC's* plot lines. But, say we choose to trust the guy instead of denoting him to the level of mad professor (which, I must say, has a nice ring to it in itself. *Back to the Future*, anyone?). Where does this leave humanity? And more importantly, where does this leave the wide and wonderful world of fashion?

I'll tell you where this leaves fashion. Imagine that we all have a clone - a perfect genetic reproduction of ourselves. Same eyes, same colour skin, same tendency for dyslexia, same bad habit of attending footy matches donned in full-blown club colours etc. Whilst you will have to tackle him/her for the last pair of heavily reduced lime green suede loafers in a size 7, generally, you will have a best friend/worst enemy for life that, funnily enough, understands who you really are. The great thing about clones is that they are fabulous fashion accessories too. Ever wanted to walk down Rundle Mall dressed exactly as your best friend in order to pull off that whole Japanese twin schoolgirl thing, but your best friend just laughs and decides to watch Nickelodeon instead? Well, with a clone, live it up and do whatever you please because he/she will also think that the most moronic activities are the height of cool.

However, your clones' real time to shine is when you go shopping together and need to try things on. This happens to be potentially one of the most horrifically tedious facets of the shopping experience... all that taking off, putting on, and

taking off, putting on. If you're wearing Converse Chuck Taylor's, add on another 25 mins for doing up miles of shoelaces over and over again. Ugh. But when your trusty clone is in the scenario, all the modern day stresses of hyper-consumerism are left behind as you watch him/her try on clothes for you. The beautiful thing is, you don't even need a mirror or the advice of pesky salespeople in order to view yourself in your garments of choice. A typical conversation between Clone and Original would go something like this:

"Does our arse look big in this?"

"Hmm, a little. We need the size 12 or else we're in danger of looking like Ricky Lake circa 1992, sans Oprah's wonder diet."

"Gee, thanks Clone. I would have never had guessed it if it weren't for the miracles of moral-vexing technology"

"No sweat Steph. Let's just say that we were made for each other" (He he...please excuse this biologically built author's penchant for cheap puns).

Although I've made the relationship between Clone and Original seem extraordinarily peachy, things do have a way of getting complicated when you hang around with yourself. If Original wants to wear that flirty leopard print frock to the Orchestra tonight, but Clone has managed to leave it soaking in the laundry, Original is going to be a tad pissed off. And when Clone spies an exquisitely chiselled dream boy lounging in the corner of a piano bar, but Original has already managed to leave her name and number in the lapel of his black overcoat, this means war - no more Ms Nice Clone. Although cloning has its merits fashion-wise, for every other social entity in our world I'm sure that cloning has the potential to create rather catastrophic situations for Clones and Originals alike. And then there's all that stuff about cloning being 'immoral' and 'sacrilegious', but then again we're living in the age of aesthetics not ethics, so who cares?

Even if humanity has yet to unlock the secrets of biological organic cloning, cloning as a concept has always prevailed within the fabric of popular culture. Take fashion for example. The whole damn shemozzle is about cloning. Everytime you read a magazine, spy a fab look and then

decide to copy it using whatever resources your wardrobe contains, ding ding ding, cloning alert! Or, as you see long-lithe model after long-lithe model sashay down catwalks around the world, all plastered with blank expressions like a funeral procession of Giraffes, you guessed it, more clones (albeit of the overpaid, undernourished variety). So it doesn't take a crazed Italian doctor to bring the fantastical conception of cloning into our world. As the world of fashion has proved, apparently all it takes is a few Italian fashion designers and a few spoonfuls of insecurity, for good measure. Seems a tad pessimistic? Is nothing ever indeed original? In the eyes of this hopelessly romantic reporter, the answer is, sadly, yes. But my clone could have told you that.

stephanie mountzouris



What's Hot

Selling your soul in exchange for high quality leathersgoods from Malaysia.

Talking disposable cameras everywhere. Never know. Snap he-of-the-skimpy-bathing-suit and the placid keyboard-tinkling dude at each other in Rundle Mall, and glory shall be yours.

Contracting minor skin ailments. Eczema is the new Psoriasis.

WHAT'S NOT

Harry Potter as a sex symbol. Oh JTT, where art thou now?

Unkempt facial hair. 5 o'clock shadows, pussy ticklers, whatever. Just makes me want to reproduce asexually, really.

Cheery yet untrustworthy Australian entrepreneurs. Albert Bensimon, Dick Smith, Big Kev and co. So much flesh and polyester, so little time. Ewww...

Arts Theatre, Political Theatre and the Waiting Game

With the relaxing sounds of the aptly named 'The Other Amazing Talent' playing outside, the Australian Greens attempted some showbiz for the launch of their National Arts policy at the Arts Theatre on Saturday. The policy launch included Adelaide artists performing pieces on issues relevant to the central Greens platform, including asylum seekers. Several speakers took the stage to address a reasonable size gathering of Green members and concerned artists and to speak about what the Green's policy means to the Arts Community of Adelaide and of Australia.

Mij Tanith, spokesperson for the Australian Greens (SA) on the Arts, said the most exciting aspect of the policy for Australian artists was the fact that "it does not stand alone, because the Arts cannot stand alone." The policy in its preamble and specific points clearly is intended to be a part of the fabric of Greens policies, which include offering artists a working wage as a means of preventing the "flood of artists participating in a new cultural cringe and going to work overseas."

Nor does the policy stand alone from developments in Australian politics. Ms. Tanith was forced to concede that the policy's emphasis on Australian opportunities would be made irrelevant if Australia signs up to the Free Trade Agreement with the US. She said that although the Greens would continue to struggle, particularly in the Senate to protect the rights and needs of Australian artists and Australian culture, the FTA would result in the flooding of Australian media by American productions.

This concern is shared by the Shadow Minister of the Arts Kate Lundy, who has echoed the feelings of the Australian Coalition for Cultural Diversity which has urged that the FTA may result in Australia "trading its culture away". At the time of writing the ALP had not finalised its decision on the FTA and leader Mark Latham

has acknowledged that the concerns voiced by Ms. Lundy must be taken into consideration. However, Ms Tanith said she thought if Mr. Latham "was listening to the people then he wouldn't vote for it, but as much as I hope he'll listen, I don't think he will."

Paul, an actor from Adelaide who attended the policy launch said he was expecting "sanity and investment" from the Arts package as a relief from the current government's arts regime. He was also expecting the Greens to vocally criticise the FTA in the policy but acknowledged that the "the horse has probably already bolted" and that it was the Labor party which would determine whether the FTA would be accepted by parliament. The danger of accepting it, according to Ms. Tannith was that "we don't know how media forms will develop and (under the

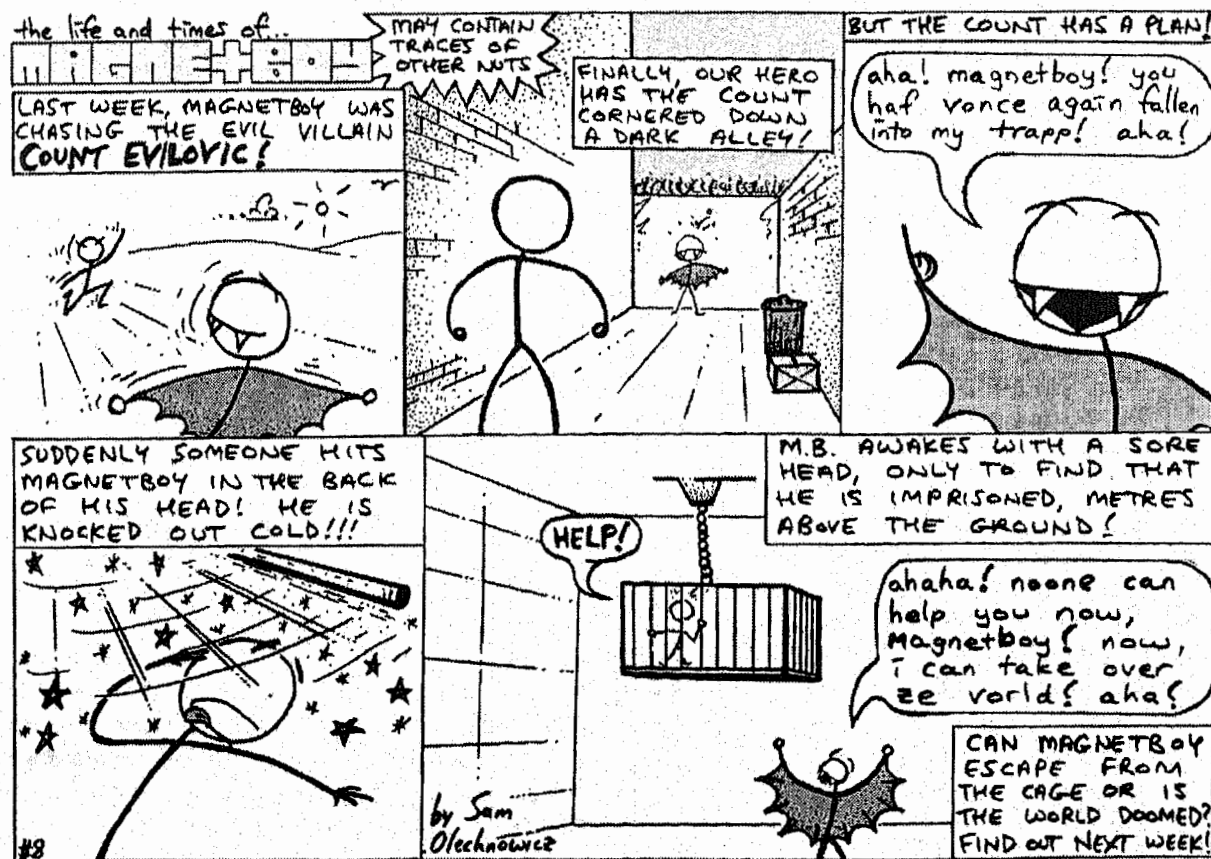
agreement) we cannot control the levels of Australian content in new media forms, only in existing ones."

The policy itself was met with hearty applause from the audience but slightly more coolly by Rachel Patterson, the outgoing Artistic Director of Urban Myth Theatre of Youth. She said that whilst she appreciated that the Greens had a separate youth policy, "it's disappointing that they haven't identified youth arts as requiring specific policy attention."

The rest of the community's reception of this policy will probably be formed in the wake of the ALP's decision on Monday.

Alex Rafalowicz

27





The Edwardians: Secrets and Desires

Enter the world of the Edwardians at the Art Gallery of South Australia with the Gallery's latest exhibition, *The Edwardians: Secrets and Desires*. This magnificent collection documents the lives of those living in an empire on which the sun never set.

The sumptuous display begins with lavish portraits of British elites and then weaves its way through Edwardian fashion, leisure and adventure during the height of the British Empire.

When the flamboyant King Edward took the British throne in 1901 London was the centre of the universe and artists from all over the world flocked to this city of cities. London at the time was described as "...the richest city, of the richest country, of the richest age of the world".

From the stale and prudent Victorian days the time of the Edwardians was filled with leisure, beauty and creativity that would rock the world towards modernisation. The artists of this time, many of whom were Australians working in London, truly made their mark through art, sculpture, dance and fashion. The masterworks of this exhibition are breathtaking to gaze upon but they also unravel the secrets and desires of this bygone era.

Despite the wealth and excess of the British aristocracy at the time, new money was challenging their social position. American elites and the British middle classes were gaining more and more power, so English aristocracy commissioned artists to capture on canvas their power and social status. In pieces by John Singer Sargent and George Lambert the

luxury of an empire that spanned the globe can be seen. But was the work of these artists all that effective?

In contrast bohemians, actresses and workers were taking centre stage and through the work of many artists gained the same ambiguous status as the aristocracy. Although commissioned to paint the wealthy, artists often chose to paint those with lower social status. The super models of the Edwardian era were often Cockney wash maids.

Lady Meux, an ex-prostitute married a filthy rich aristocrat around 1880 and commissioned the famed James McNeill Whistler to create the piece *Arrangement in Black no. 5: Lady Meux*, 1881. In this velvet-like painting the Lady seems to slowly emerge from the dark into the light. Despite the women's suggested transformation



from a being of the underworld to one of high society, she was never accepted.

While Lords and Ladies were being painted so too were their workers. Harold Gilman painted an African worker, *The Negro Gardener*, c. 1905, demonstrating the seed of social change. Here the gardener stands like an aristocrat, bare foot while he gazes off into the distance. Within this piece he gains the status of a Lord even though he is just a worker, while Lady Meux struggles to be noticed.

The exhibition also shows the birth of modern art during the build up to World War I. From true to life portraits art moved towards bolder colours and the explosion of Cubism and Futurism. These movements captured pain, emotions and the new mechanics of war and violence.

The portrait of Percy Grainger, an Edwardian *It-boy*, by Jacques-Emile Blanche captures in one painting the merging on the two styles, both old and new. The face of the young man who was desired in the most fashionable London salons is painted in the old style. His eyes, a deep blue hint at a tortured soul, while his hands are painted in a modern style, they seem to move on the canvas. Painted as if Grainger could never sit still, the piece looks as if it's unravelling. As was the Edwardian world with the onset of the war.

The Edwardians: Secrets and Desires runs until the 12th of September at the Art Gallery of South Australia, student entry \$8.

Leo Greenfield

Images: (anti-clockwise from left)

- A) James McNeill Wister, *Arrangement in Black no. 5: Lady Meux*, London, 1881, oil on canvas.
- B) Harold Gilman, *The Negro gardener*, London, 1905, oil on canvas.
- C) Jacques-Emile Blanche, *Percy Grainger*, London, 1906, oil on canvas.
- D) Rupert Bunny, *An Idyll*, London, 1901, oil on canvas.

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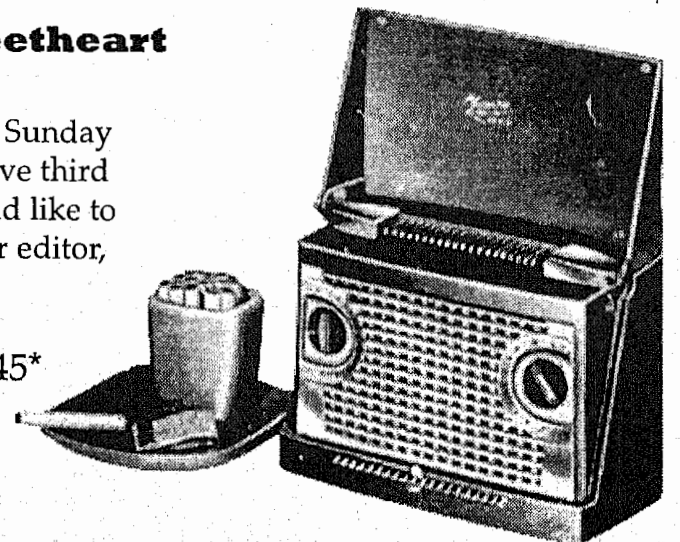
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(FILM)

MATRIX STAR HALTS LIFE OF SEX, DRUGS, PHILANTHROPY TO CHAT TO ON DIT ABOUT LATEST AUSSIE BLOCKBUSTER



Under the Radar is an eclectic new Australian film that combines elements of many different genres - the surfing movie, the social drama, the light comedy and the gangster film in a unique and fresh way. Directed by Evan Clarry (whose previous film was the schoolies odyssey of *Blurred*), and with a recognizable cast including Chloe Maxwell, Steady Eddy, Nathan Phillips (*Australian Rules*) and Clayton Watson (*The Matrix* sequels), it's an entertaining film with a little for everyone.

Clayton Watson plays Adrian, a grown man who suffers from recurring amnesia and who can only remember the events of his life clearly from before

the age of 14. It's tough to play someone with a disability and balance making them sympathetic with avoiding cliché or parody, but it's a balance Clayton is proud to have struck: "Through the research we found a way to not to turn Adrian into a tragic figure. Because he really pulls the piece along, he needs to be agile and innocent, there's a degree of tragedy about the character, but to play on that would have made some of the one liners very corny and I'm glad we didn't do that."

Clayton had relatively humble, and fairly non-theatrical, beginnings, growing up on a sheep station before being encouraged by his mother to pursue acting. While he admits that it is tough for young people who are interested in acting to get exposure, he says that it is possible for those who are dedicated enough: "if you love it and it's a dying passion it can be done. It's a hard battle, that's no secret, but if you have the durability its possible to achieve." Durability, it seems, is the key word. Before striking the success of being involved in *The Matrix* sequels he spent time on projects that are on the complete other end of the spectrum to the dark dystopian vision of the Wachowski brothers. These projects included children's

television and TV dramas like 'Blue Heelers' and 'Always Greener': "versatility is definitely the main ability that any good actor need have. Because there's such a variety of gigs, if you don't have versatility, your pretty much dead in the water."

Obviously the experience of *The Matrix* is the one that has been the most significant for Clayton, both in terms of raising his profile, and opening his eyes to big scale movie making. "I did three auditions with Larry and Andy and they liked my take on the character and offered me the role. The enormity of *The Matrix* surpasses anything I've seen as far as acting is concerned." But having had that experience Clayton still enjoys the simplicity of film making in Australia: "On *The Matrix* every minute is worth a grand or ten grand, whereas on *Under the Radar* ten grand can take you three weeks."

Under the Radar is an interesting example of Australian filmmaking. It's well scripted by first timer Steve Pratt who developed it as part of an initiative set up by Queensland body Pictures in Paradise. "It was an amazing working script from Steve Pratt, it was beautifully written and the characters were very well done"

The script owes an obvious debt to overseas influences while

maintaining a uniquely Australian sensibility. It features a character suffering from recurring amnesia (a concept borrowed from Christopher Nolan's *Memento*) and is told out of chronological order (a technique made famous by Quentin Tarantino in *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*) but retains distinctly Australian touches, like Brandon's (Nathan Phillips) love of the beach and surfing. Watson acknowledges the outside influence and explains it saying: "I think they've seen what's been working with the general public from over seas, with shows like 'Sopranos' and 'Friends'. Cross them together and you can appeal to a large audience."

It's this broad genre jumping that lends *Under the Radar* the attraction it has. It's not a gangster film, although it has gangsters, nor is it a surfing film, or a love story, or social drama, or a light comedy, although it has pieces of those too. Watson sums it all up by saying "it's all that and more, just a really fun piece of Australian movie making that everyone should go and see."

Danny Wills

Under the Radar

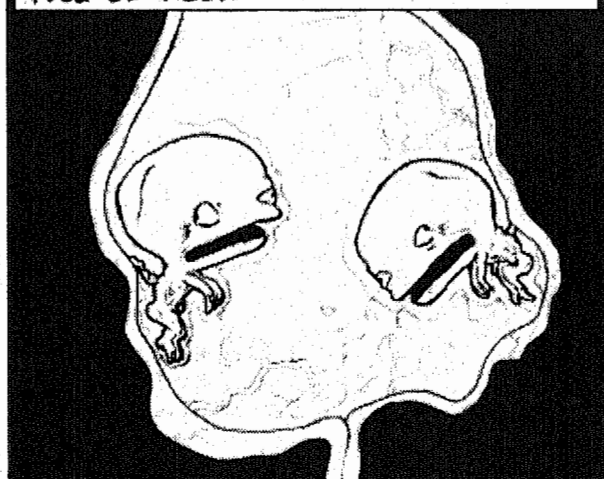
Under the Radar is a new Australian film starring Clayton Watson (*The Matrix*), Nathan Phillips (*Australian Rules*), Steady Eddy and former Just Jeans model Chloe Maxwell. Nathan Phillips is Brandon, a blonde Gold Coast boy who lives for the surf. On day out on the waves he gets cut off and becomes abusive with another surfer who turns out to be the Premier's mentally disabled son. Brandon is then sent to do community service in a home for the mentally disabled where he meets Trevor

(Steady Eddy) and Adrian (Clayton Watson), a man who suffers from recurring amnesia. When they set off on a surfing trip one day they unintentionally become associated with gangsters who have anything but accomodating personalities. The script from First timer Steve Pratt (which owes a large debt to both *Memento* and *Reservoir Dogs*) is very strong and combines elements of many genres. While it's not a particularly memorable film, it is quite fun, features good performances and provides a few laughs. ***1/2

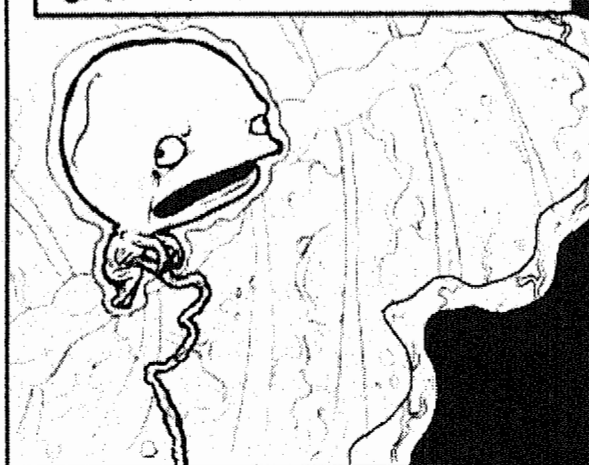
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King Arthur

Director Antoine (Training Day) Fuqua's *King Arthur* is a slightly flawed but still impressive interpretation of a tale many times told.

Our story is set in AD452 with half-Roman, half-Briton Arthur (Clive Owen, giving a convincing performance) commanding his band of six highly-skilled knights. Ioan Gruffudd, as Lancelot, is ideal as Arthur's conflicted friend and critic whilst Ray Winstone adds much needed colour to the troupe as the tough and loyal Bors. The knights are repaying their "duty" to Rome and are promised freedom after 15 years of service.

Nearing their emancipation, Arthur and his knights are forced to take a final mission - to rescue the godson of the Pope from the invading Saxons. The journey uncovers an imprisoned Guinevere (a feisty Keira Knightley) who, when rescued by Arthur, joins the fight. A battle on a frozen lake between the barbaric Saxons (complete with scary hair extensions) and Arthur's small army is spectacular and exciting. It is one of the most impressive action sequences seen in a film in a long time.

The legend's love triangle is reduced to a few ambiguous glances between Lancelot and Guinevere and the film's finale seems more hollow than inspiring. Although *King Arthur* lacks a sense of magic, it is one of the more compelling action-dramas to be seen.

3 1/2 stars

Simone Bannister

32

MAD? CRAZY? NO... INSANO! GIVEAWAYS!



Spiderman 2

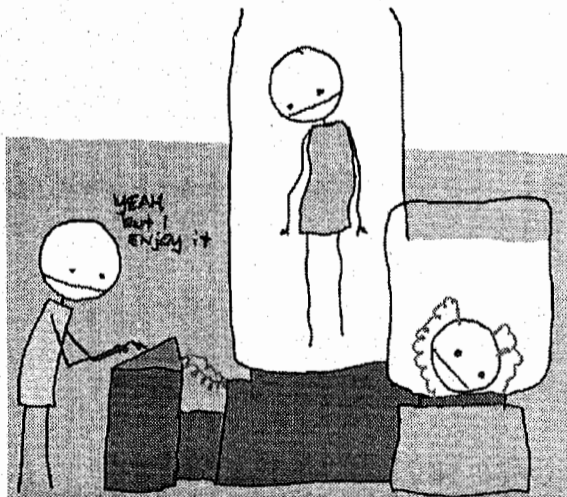
There's very little I could say about this mass marketed sequel that would be complimentary, so forgive me if at times I sound a little acerbic. *Spiderman 2* is quite simply one of the most uncomfortably cheesy films I have ever had the misfortune to get free tickets to. Existing in a realm far beyond the "it's so bad it's good" school of film, Raimi's latest instalment capitalises on intermittent doses of schmaltz and heavy handed action sequences, occasionally (not to mention embarrassingly) combining the two.

Picking up a little after the time period of part one, it soon becomes apparent that Peter Parker's fortune has taken a turn for the worse. The girl of his dreams is a rising star, his best friend is heading his late father's multi gazillion dollar company (reality check mmm?) and his toilet hogging landlord is continuously harassing him about late rent. Could things get any worse for the struggling sensitive superhero? Of course! A transparently derivative story arc details Peter's self inflicted descent into 'spidey' impotence that sees the city without their trusty saviour. Peter's rejection of his moral duty is great fodder for a number of painful speeches about the responsibility of heroes and the gratitude of the nation blah blah ad nauseum. Watch out for the climactic train sequence, it's a real cheese fest!

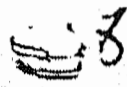
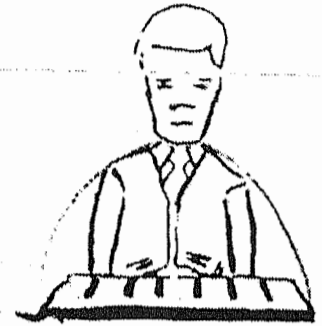
If you can sit through this entire film without wanting to vomit once, I'll personally make you a tee shirt.

1/2 star (and only because of Willem Dafoe's hilarious cameo)

Clementine



Artwork by
Alex Dathe
(SEAS Gallery)



OTUS

Paddy



Thanks to Roadshow films we have double passes to give away to *Before Sunset*.

Before Sunset is Richard Linklater's (*Dazed and Confused*, *Slacker*, *Waking Life*) sequel to his brilliant *Before Sunrise*. Reprising their roles from *Before Sunrise*, Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy play two lovers reunited in Paris nine years after they spent one magical night together.

They coyly play games of "what if?" and spend the day together pondering what may be.

If you would like a double pass come down to the On Dit office at 2pm on Wednesday the 4th and they're all yours, YOURS I TELL YOU!!! Ahem... see you then kiddies.

Fahrenheit 911

Mike Moore has become a political celebrity. He is as loved as he is notorious and lauded as he is nefarious. After claiming the Oscar for *Bowling for Columbine*, giving the accompanying anti-Bush speech, receiving the Palme D'Or at Cannes and writing two best sellers (*Stupid White Men* and *Dude Where's My Country?*) Michael Moore has become the most recognizable voice for the left in America.

For almost a year now there's been conjecture, conversation, controversy and commentary surrounding this film. It seems that almost every few weeks there's been news about some group who objects to it, or the release being delayed or postponed. There were some who had seen it and loved it, some who had seen it and hated it, some hadn't seen it but knew they would hate it and many more still who were left wanting to see it. Between all of the rhetoric, coming as cheers from the left and jeers from the right, sits Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 911*, an unashamed and unapologetic attempt to destroy the Bush empire and all it stands for.

The sprawling documentary begins on US Election night 2000, progresses to the events of September 11, then on through the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq and ends with the pleas of a self proclaimed "conservative democrat" mother who lost a son to the war in Iraq.

At each of the major historical points in his three and a half year odyssey Moore underlines what he sees to be major acts of incompetence, immorality and hypocrisy shown on behalf of the Bush administration. He shows how at the 2000 elections hundreds of votes went uncounted in Florida and suggests the intervention of George Bush's brother, and Florida governor, Jeb Bush as a major factor. After showing the devastation and frenzy of the plane attacks on New York he shows the inaction of George Bush as he sits, passively, for nearly 10 minutes reading from a children's book. Moore details the events in the days ensuing, when special presidential allowance was given for members of the Bin Laden family to be flown out of the United States

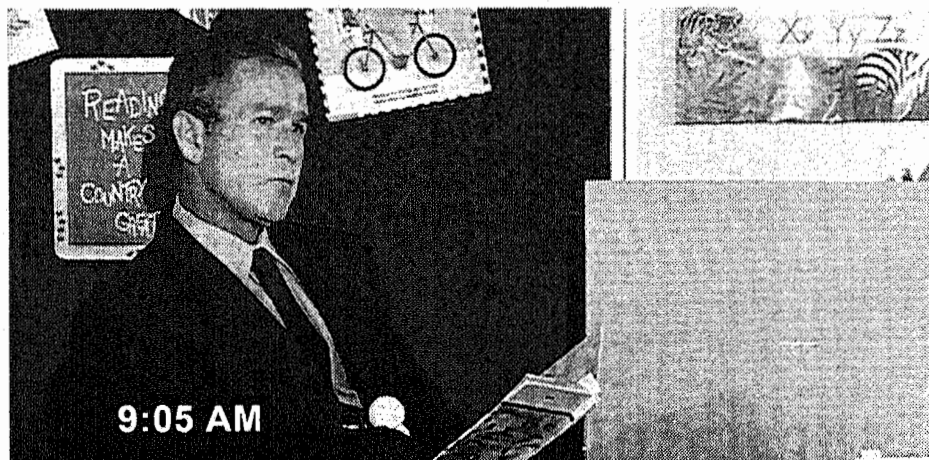
and reveals the long standing relationship between the Bush and Bin Laden families. Soon we make the step onto the wars on Iraq and Afghanistan and are shown the blind aggression, towering ignorance and unforgivable inhumanity of the soldiers who were sent there.

Moore's style of filmmaking is one more of emotional reasoning than logic. Anyone one who saw *Roger & Me* or *Bowling For Columbine* should be aware of this by now. While it is true that there is some level of objective reasoning (such as when he shows the unpreparedness of the American troops or the true singularity of the 'coalition') he does most of his convincing through emotional channels. He shows a mother breaking down outside a war monument in Washington, Iraqi civilians screaming for their dead children and the burned corpses and mutilated bodies of children. These sounds and images are terrible and evoke in the viewer feelings of disgust, hatred and malcontent which Moore, very carefully and very manipulatively, channels toward Bush and his administration. While the quantity of material included is quite amazing it's not particularly brilliant documentary filmmaking. Ultimately it is an incredibly biased piece of work, a portrait painted solely in black. To call it propaganda, as many have, is an overstatement, but not far from the truth.

That being said however I, and I'm sure many of our readers, agree with Moore's sentiment and would love to see the vanquishing of a "fictitious president" who has waged "fictitious wars" against "fictitious enemies" for "fictitious reasons". *Fahrenheit 911* occupies a strange place between the documentary form and fiction. It's like a cinematic realization of the uncertainty principle, that to merely observe something changes it, except that Moore deliberately contorts what he films to a fit a reality that suits his ends. He's manipulative and exploitative, but he manipulates and exploits for the left. He may not have made a brilliant documentary, but he may well achieve his goal and, if it does, that's surely makes it worthwhile.

***1/2

Danny Wills



After being told "America is under attack" when the second plane hit the tower on 9/11, George W. Bush continued to read *My Pet Goat* in a Florida classroom for nearly seven minutes.

Twin Sisters



At the screening for *Twin Sisters* I was surrounded by elderly people, people who would have lived through WW2. Their reactions to the film were perhaps the most accurate review *Twin Sisters* could be given. When the film ended, the cinema was silent except for a few murmurs of, "Such a sad story" and "So delicately told." A veteran of the Dutch film industry, Ben Sombogaart directed *Twin Sisters* to an Academy Award nomination for Best Foreign Language Film. It was a worthy nomination, given that this epic love story is a beautiful creation.

Twin Sisters begins in Cologne in 1925 when six year old twins are separated at their parents' funeral by feuding family members. Lotte, suffering from consumption, is sent to live in The Netherlands with wealthy relatives whilst the healthy Anna remains in Germany to work on her Aunt and Uncle's farm. The sisters write letters to each other but unbeknownst to the girls, the families forbid the communication. *Twin Sisters* cuts to 1939, starkly revealing the different upbringings the girls have had. Now young women, Lotte is a talented singer, engaged to David, the son of a wealthy Jewish family. Anna works as a maid and is dating an SS officer. The twins are finally able to contact each other and have an immediate connection. But amidst the chaos of WW2, the girls' different upbringings and political

sentiments again threaten to tear them apart.

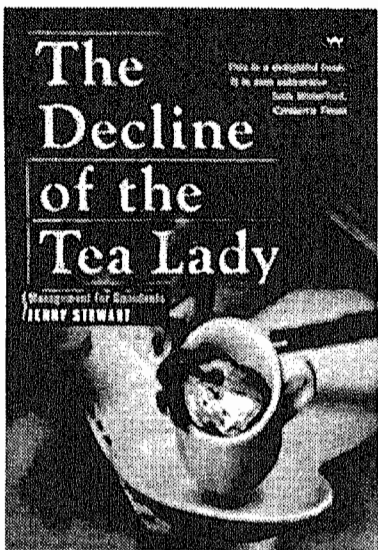
The film is spliced with a recurring time frame with Lotte (Ellen Vogel) and Anna (Gudrun Okras) as old women. They have an uncomfortable reunion and it would seem that their relationship is irreconcilable. This is not as effective as letting the film take its natural progression. The ending would have had more of a punch if the confrontation between the twins was solely in the final act.

Filmed in The Netherlands and Luxembourg, Sombogaart has wonderfully captured the mood of wartime Europe. The film's languages alternate between Dutch and German. Where some of the emotional impact of a film can be lost in the subtitles, *Twin Sisters* maintains its intensity. Still, the most impressive part of this film is the cast. Thekla Reuten (Lotte) and Nadja Uhl (Anna) deliver superb performances and the effect the cruel separation has on their sibling bond is wonderfully conveyed.

It's great to see a WW2 drama from the perspective of a neutral nation but most interesting are the points the film makes about how social conditioning can influence individual destinies. *Twin Sisters* is incredibly sad but the delicate storytelling makes it an interesting and absorbing film.

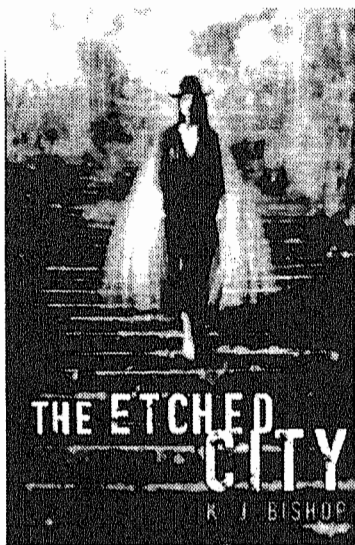
4 stars

Simone Bannister

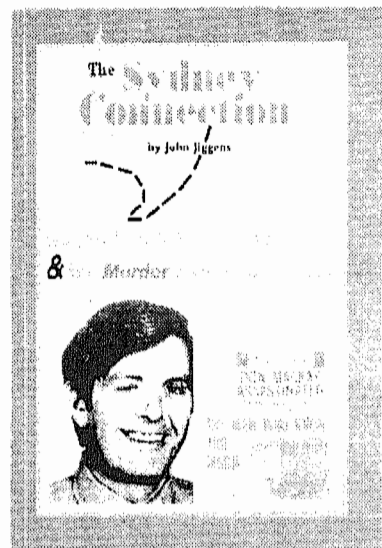


The Decline of the Tea Lady
Jenny Stewart
Wakefield Press

Literature



The Etched City
K.J. Bishop
Tor Books



The Sydney Connection
John Jiggins

Until I read this book I never would have thought that any academic in the social 'sciences' could explain anything 'the way it is'. I was wrong.

In a series of essays examining common situations and some increasingly less common people, the author examines the changes that have occurred in Australian society and abroad over the past few decades. You know, those changes that meant it was so much better / nicer / friendlier / simpler back then.

Through a series of amusing, disturbing and otherwise thought-provoking and sometimes frustration-inducing anecdotes, the author examines many of the latest fad behaviours that have taken over the world of business such that even voluntary organisations have their activities so steeped in corporate blah-speak that everyone has forgotten what it is they are meant to be doing.

Ever worked with one of those people who meditates religiously at dawn every morning whilst sitting in some strange position that is guaranteed to increase blood flow and exercise weird but vital muscles and really isn't uncomfortable after a few months? You know the type, the vitamin supplements, the natural this and that. Notice how these people always seem to 'get on' with everyone, can be understanding and compassionate and just short of condescending to everyone, in any situation? Yet they seem to lack common sense. Ever noticed how these people are really, really creepy?

For those out of academia - though increasingly those in it as well, when did change become an end rather than a means? Why and when did good managers stop being the people who could actually manage a team and a task well (kudos to my supervisors here), instead being people who had the broadest, grandest scale and utterly ridiculous 'Visions'?

Actually since when did we desist from recommending medical treatment for those who saw impossible things occurring around them?

It still seems, for all the backstabbing, that we can't have gone this far awry without intending something good. Here, the author is a trifle more optimistic than this reader.

In theory, all we have to do is remember what our original goal was and work towards that. I mean, we can't stay the same forever right? Entropy or something. If we actually say something when we communicate or communicate something when we speak, then we stand a chance of actually getting something done.

And she'll be right mate.

Magdaline

Whoaaaaakaythen... -Eds

Set in a world that resembles our own culturally and even, to a small extent, technologically *The Etched City* is an enjoyable read which encourages the reader to question the concept of God and redemption. The philosophical questions Bishop's novel asks are introduced slowly and at first subtly through one of the two main characters, Gwynn.

The initial setting of the novel seems at first to be that of our own world in a post-apocalypse or post revolution era sometime in the future but as one reads on they soon discover that while the country/district of "Copper County" does resemble Northern Africa or the Middle-East the geography and the names of places do not really describe any location in our own world. *The Etched City* is hard to classify in terms of genre as though the names of people and places and the setting imply strongly that this book is a fantasy novel there is also an element of satire in the events that occur and the conversations that take place between some of the major characters.

The plot of the Novel is far from strong but Bishop makes up for the lack of an event-filled story line by creating beautiful imagery and characters the reader can genuinely sympathise with. From "Copper County" Gwynn and his companion Raule (the first main character that Bishop introduces to the reader) travel to Ashamoil, a city located in a tropical jungle on top of a plateau where the revolution that has swept over the plains below has had little impact and it is in Ashamoil where most of the novel is set. Raule, a physician, and Gwynn, a mercenary, follow separate paths which occasionally cross in the hustle and bustle of the ancient city of Ashamoil.

The Etched City is well crafted and easy to get into. Those who pick up this novel expecting to be reading a fantasy novel might initially be disappointed and those who are hoping for content of a magical nature may also be dissatisfied as what magical elements the novel does contain are not so much mystical as miracle based, but Bishop's first novel is certainly an interesting read and hopefully Bishop will set future books in this world she has created because on completion of the novel one really wants the chance to explore Ashamoil, or its surrounding cities in greater depth.

Kavyv

Do the names Nugan Hand, Murray Riley or Donald Mackay ring a bell? No, how about you ask your olds. Some banter about drugs and corruption in the seventies, but still not sure...

Well John Jiggins will fill you in on all that information and more in his book *The Sydney Connection*. Encompassing many themes, *The Sydney Connection* in particular looks at the death of Donald Mackay, an upstanding member of the community who gave information to police of a marijuana crop. And not just any marijuana crop, hell no! We're talking about a 31 acre plantation, containing an estimated 375,000 plants (there was said to be a day of mourning in Nimbin the day the crop was found), which was and still stands as the biggest Australian cannabis plantation.

Taking you on a rollercoaster ride through Australia's past, the book deals with themes of police corruption, political corruption, CIA connections, and the evidence of Australia as a major drug trafficker to the world. It's hard to fathom at times that this is fact, and not just some Hollywood conspiracy blockbuster.

The book provides a fascinating recollection of Australia's past that wasn't properly reported at the time (well hell, imagine that. The mainstream media not telling the truth of events. Next you'll be telling me my UNI degree won't guarantee me a job), and until now some aspects have never been reported. I'm a firm believer of knowing your past to know your future, and this book is a great beginning to be aware of and shed light on a piece of our history that has been swept under the carpet.

Jiggen's self published effort serves justice to the themes he examines and scrutinises. He was brave to research and write a book on the issue, and to bother self publishing it. He obviously didn't write the book for it to be a huge seller, clarifying this was a book of passion, not moolah. Despite a few of the snide comb over perpetrators of the seventies photos being dodgy at best, it doesn't matter because you just want to read more, whilst still trying to comprehend that what happened really happened.

An interesting, stimulating read that could be read by people interested in crime, media portrayal, a specified part of Australia's history, or simply the truth.

Yukky

Come down to On Dit and take away our free books. Please. We're begging you.

Hit the Jackpot

On Dit talks to local guitarist Kynan Lawlor.

Kynan Lawlor has been a busy boy. He's one half (guitar/vocals) of local duo Hit the Jackpot (with girlfriend Jessica on drums/vocals), who have just released their self-titled EP. He also spreads his time over several bands (around four at last count) and creative collaborations, manages to organise his small CD-R label and put out his own releases. Somewhere in the middle of this, Hit the Jackpot recently opened for a little known American band called Sonic Youth over in Perth. *On Dit* chatted with Kynan to capture the story so far.....

After getting into Nirvana in a big way as a teenager, Kynan took to the guitar and like many others, started playing in bands. Unlike other teens though, he was part of the (now defunct) lumbering, chunky fuzz beast known as Hardy Coxon, forming it with cousin Ianto Ware (now a solo artist) and good friend Scott O'Hara (who he plays with alongside his brother Jyden in Future Wars).

Kynan has been releasing his own (and friends) music on his own small "label", *Fuckin Stoner* (see <http://fkenstoner.tripod.com/>) since those early days. As to how he came to take that step into the freeing world of small, hand made CD pressings and self-management, he explains that: "I've always felt that way, having liked bands who were associated with that whole "DIY" aesthetic. When we were putting out the first Hardy Coxon thing, we were thinking "no-one else is going to put this out". There were also a few labels around like Blank Tapes, Hip to Hate and Jon (Dale's Rhizome label, and seeing everyone doing all of that stuff that was cool, and gave us the idea that we could do it too."

Fast forward to the present day, where Hit the Jackpot are hand picked to open for the combined J Mascis/ Sonic Youth bill by Thurston Moore himself. Apart from the obvious thrill that would come from supporting perhaps the world's most influential experimental rock band, Kynan also experienced the peculiar sensation of being in the presence of the eccentric but lovable stoner/loner that is (ex-Dinosaur Jr.) J Mascis. Kynan quickly confirms that true to rumours, he's a strange guy! "He sound-checked straight before us, as we were carrying our gear up on stage; he finished his song, and looked around, and I'm standing there holding this amp and I say "er, hey, how are you doing?" He just sat there, looked at me and then when straight back to playing!" Kynan laughs at the memory. "My brother Jid saw him walking around the streets of Freemantle, all alone; I didn't actually see him talk or have a conversation with anyone."

As Kynan goes on to explain, the mighty Youth were much more animated and welcoming. "After we played our set, Thurston came up and said hi and that he liked it and stuff, and said "oh come upstairs to our dressing room, we've got food and drinks and stuff"; he was really friendly. So we packed up our gear and we were like "should we go up there?" and feeling kinda nervous, but eventually we went up three flights of stairs to this strange little room, and we got to hang out with them all before their set- it was really cool."

As for the Jackpot's performance, how did he

feel they went, considering the size and their pre-show nerves? "It was pretty good", Kynan offered modestly. "I was kind of expecting everyone to hate us; no one wants to see the opening band after all, but people seemed to be responding to it. I'm sure some people didn't like it, but at least we didn't get booed off!"

HTJ have played quite a few shows in a short while in recent weeks. "We've kinda been playing a bit lately, after Perth we came back here and did a show, then did three shows in Melbourne, came back here to do another one, and launched the EP as well. We'll be playing at the *Belladonna Festival* in Wollongong, and we're thinking of going to Sydney and playing a show while we're there as well." Considering the band's recent schedule (and that all important final semester of his Uni degree) it's not surprising that Kynan is looking forward to some extra time. "We want to take a break; write some new songs." he says, revealing "Jess is going to start playing guitar a bit more."

Taking a short break from Jackpot shows also allows Kynan to spend some time on his other musical ventures (such as his stints in Future Wars, the Avant Gardener's, and Blanche Deveroux and the Miserable Whores) including those a little more abstract and experimentally inclined than the dreamy fuzzed out song structures of HTJ. His collaboration with local guitarist Jon Dale from 200, (*I've got a Tiger in my Tank*) was a case in point; culled from spontaneous free-improv sessions, it features steaming, splintery guitar noise bursts and energetic drum/guitar blow-outs. The two will be playing solo sets together this week at the Exeter Hotel, the first in what is hoped to be a regular evening focusing on music of a more experimental, improvised, and electro-acoustic nature. For the upcoming show, Kynan says he plans to put the guitar aside and instead perform an exploratory set using a variety of home made contact microphones placed on and around cymbals to amplify and extract detailed tones and frequencies from them. It promises to be a fine opportunity to hear yet another side to this creative, multi-faceted musician.

dan V

Kynan Lawlor plays the Exeter, Tuesday, August 3, with Jon Dale & Daniel Varricchio.

Hit the Jackpot's self-titled EP is out now on Fucking Stoner Records.



Kynan (left) & Jess (right)

Picture shamelessly stolen from the Blank Tapes website

Gig Guide

The Coldest Apes & The Bovines @ the Exeter on Saturday August 7.

The Bovines will also play with **The Unspoken Things @ The Jade Monkey (Twin St, City) on Thursday August 19**
Doors open 9pm, entry \$5.

Soursob Bob sings all your favourites, this Wednesday August 4 at the Grace Emily Hotel, at about 9:30pm.

See ambient, crescendo-driven outfit **Badger** play every Monday night at the Exeter.

And don't miss *On Dit's* very own **dan V** play at the Exeter this Tuesday. He's my housemate and you should hear the crazy noises that come out of his bedroom in the middle of the night. He plays guitar good too.

Send the deets of your gig to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

MC5 REVIEW

Dear Readers: I had written a comprehensive review of this gig but got to this point and found the rambling tangent much more interesting. Uh, you missed something about the supporting bands being alright, and the fact that these guys were in the middle of touring four continents in three months, and that's grand at their age, blah, blah, young kids these days...

So the three original members, Michael Davis, Wayne Kramer and Dennis 'Machine Gun' Thomson played tight and enthusiastically. And while they obviously haven't lost any of their love of playing, there were a few achingly painful strains of lost youth in their set. Mainly, when they started one of their Coltrane-inspired 'free rock' songs (Starship), it just sounded like they simply weren't taking enough drugs to slip into the feel of the space noise, and adult sensibility prevented them from enjoying something so unstructured. Also when Wayne Kramer tried to rouse some of the fiery political banter that established the band as a symbol of a generation's distaste for the suit-wearing powers that be in '68, he just ended up sounding like an ageing sentimentalist.

This was all minor compared to the onslaught and perfection of their playing. Their creeping adulthood made me laugh a little - then petrified that I too will look like that. I mean, what does it take to still look rock once you're over 27? Radio Birdman guitarist Deniz Tek who played alongside the MC5 would have only been ten years younger than the original members, but he moved and looked like he was 20 years younger, and stomped over a drug-desiccated Evan Dando, The Lemonheads lead singer who was also on the tour.

Deniz, who is now a practising doctor, seared like the hottest piece of shit on the planet, wearing an old button up shirt and ripped denim, aviator



glasses and Cuban heels. So this gets me thinking, what is the secret of rock star good looks and eternal youth?

Perhaps it is just rolling with what you still have, like Lou Reed, who is just as mouth wateringly hot today as he was during his glam period. He knows that if he scowled like he used to he would probably end up a lonely old man, but his voice is just as sleaze-ridden and dirty as ever. So he releases a spoken word, Edger Allen Poe album. And Christ Almighty, I'll be damned if he can't freeze hip young girls with that Noo York rumble from his throat.

Or perhaps it's all about re-invention. Consider Bowie, another bastion of elderly male rock sensuality who changes his image at every turn, and flirts with young models just as regularly. On the opposite end of the spectrum I saw Gary Glitter still in his

same shitty 35 year-old sequined suit getting his ass hauled into yet another cop car for looking at kiddies. And that's not attractive.

Kym Gordon, mother, wife and musician extraordinaire for Sonic Youth was on fire in Melbourne, gyrating on stage like an acid-dropping teenager, and attacking the microphone with more sexuality than Springtime in Lesbos. As yet one of the sexiest girls of her time, Debbie Harry couldn't rouse a chorus when she fronted Blondie here a few years ago.

And just playing rock doesn't make you sexy - how many people saw Ground Components at O'Ball? They sounded phat but I could hear them just as well from the bar, y' know? But Jon Spencer, inheritor of Mick Jagger's hips, or Bjork, Queen of pixie-cuteness and sagacity, both pull something else out of the music without being particularly good looking (at least as an orthodox).

It's around now that maybe I should find a conclusion for this madness. But Jesus-fuck-it now it's seven in the morning and this baby has to go to print. And if there are any real rules in my life, one of them is, "don't get all fatalistic on my ass after the sun has come up and I ain't got no sleep yet".

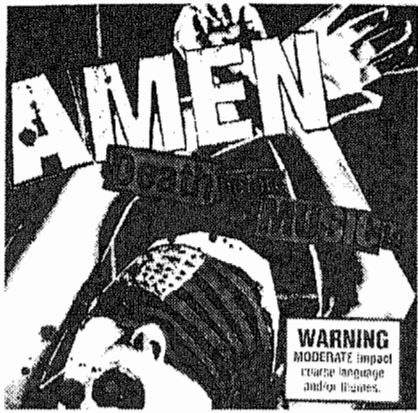
Now that's rock 'n roll.

I'm Jimmy Trash



More Live Music at The Gov

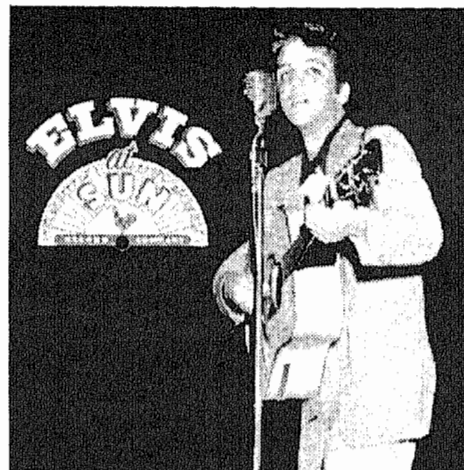
After keeping our thumbs from twiddling during the holidays with Ozemath Love Outside Andromeda and Epicure The Gov is again offering students some high value fun. Monstropli (though we don't quite understand the Monopoly theme) is happening again this Saturday, August 7th, and features 5 bands: Kermis, The Phobias, Mr Wednesday, The News plus DJ Demise, breakdancing and a fashion parade. At \$8 and plenty of drink specials it revives the sympathy for student pockets that has too long been absent from the minds of Adelaide's publicans.



Amen
Death Before Musick
eatURmusic/Columbia



Holes in the Valley
Nations by the River
EMI



ELVIS PRESLEY
Elvis at Sun
RCA/BMG

Amen has been a band dealt a hand of mixed fortune. Having been voted 'Overall Best Band in the World' and 'Best Live Band in the World' by readers of hard rock magazine Metal Hammer, Amen experienced difficulties with record companies (not enough money coming in to fuel the record company overheads saw the band owe 250,000 big ones. God dang). Then they became the first unsigned band to play the main stages at England's famous Reading festival. They have also been the first band signed to Daron Malakian's (from System Of A Down fame) label EatURMusic, on which they released this their first album in three years *Death Before Musick*.

Amen lay somewhere in the region of an amalgam (biggs to that word. It makes me sound like I know stuff) of punk rock and nu-school metal sound. The album is an angry little number that packs a punch, and will make you stand up and take notice. Amen carry with them a refreshing scent of musical originality to them, but their anger and passion seems to be somewhat artificial. The cover being decorated in slogans, the self proclaimed punk image and their stereotypical anti-establishment lyrics made me feel that the passion is somewhat artificial. Also due to the fact that they've been fucked around by record companies on numerous occasions, and they're back on a major label. What the fuck? Slow learners I guess.

Overall the album didn't do anything special for me. I will say there are a few good trax on here (California's Bleeding is a fucking pearler), but phoney passion can only do it for ya for so long. If ya wanna hear a passionate album buy a Dead Kennedys album (buy anything on the Decay record label and die. Check out www.alternativetentacles.com for more info on the alternative tentacles legal fund).

I can see it being a big seller to all you "angry teenagers" who are banished to the land of pay TV, where they get a lot of shit music thrust in front of them and dinner on the table at 7.00 sharp. Much respect yo. Amen would have to be the polished turd amongst the river of shit.

Yukky

Nations by the River, though hardly the 'super group' PR managers would tout them as, are an interesting side project of Luke Steele (Sleepy Jackson), Edo and Nadav Kahn (Gelbison) and Ohad Rein (Old Man River). 'Boy' is the first track to draw attention and is the clear and brilliant single. It's alluring pop that drifts away in wispy chorus indicative of Sleepy Jackson's *Lovers*. Indeed *Holes in the Valley* seems to be yet another canal for Steele's creative juices with any hint of Gelbison trailing somewhere in the background. The album becomes increasingly experimental moving away from where Steele is best, as Australia's new Paul Kelly or Crowded House, producing pop genius with a tinge of the dreamy and surreal.

Instead *Holes in the Valley* takes its queues from the more jangly and unconventional Sleepy Jackson tracks pushing into grating, broken folk and strained vocals. If the music is rough and basically unpleasant in patches there really needs to be something more compelling within the lyrics but most of the words remain throwaway while the music progressively demands more and more patience. While they are held together by the soft melody falling away in the lower layers of each song, Steele's drama queen voice distracts when it assumes its tired grainy drawl.

'Lovers' and 'Heart Attack Romance' find the most happy medium between coarse and smooth melody while 'The Prettiest Girl' is amusingly bizzarro breaking from depression into bright Jewish (?) chorus. Steele has such an amazing talent for simple but distinct and interesting songwriting that Nations by the River, regardless of its flaws is a welcome break from the music that currently saturates Australian airwaves. It may only last a few listens but better to have been too challenging than to have drawn inevitably fading interest with a drab release.

Dan J

Hard as it may be, forget for a moment about all of the myths, legends and clichè old jokes that haunt the good name of Elvis like buzzards circling a dying explorer. As salient as the sequined white jump suits, Vegas comeback specials, shot television screens, deep fried ham & cheese sandwiches, and faked death conspiracies are, it's important to remember that the Elvis fever that swept the world some fifty years ago (and continues seemingly unabated to this day) has as much to do with the man's voice and musical prowess as it does to tabloid controversies. *Elvis at Sun* gives us an insight into the earliest surviving recordings of that voice, before gyrating pelvises and contracted movie tie-ins were the norm.

Elvis recorded his first ever songs at Memphis, Tennessee's Sun Records to give to his beloved mother as a gift, after which he gained the attention of ace producer and studio owner Sam Phillips, who was behind the board for these sessions. The nineteen tracks included here (some of them rare, unheard versions and alternate takes) are as much a tribute to Phillips and his early innovations in production (as the liner notes from his son Knox Phillips attest) as they are to Elvis. Lovingly restored from archived recordings made from July 1954 to late 1955, this is Elvis as stripped back as you're likely to hear. Almost all of the cuts were recorded live with just the King on vocals and acoustic guitar, Bill Black on upright bass, and pioneer Scotty Moore on electric guitar, all positioned around one or two microphones; honest and spontaneous.

Whether it was bluegrass, country, jazzy ballads, rhythm 'n blues, or rock 'n roll, Elvis could take the songs every one else had sung and make them his own. Dig the rockabilly propulsion of "Mystery Train", the sweet ballads "Harbour Lights" and "Tomorrow Night", and Elvis's playful, boyish voice on the flirtatious "Baby, let's play house" for evidence. On the sublime "Blue Moon", his voice drenched in echo, he sounds like a musical saw making sweet love to a bumble-bee. If that doesn't send a shiver up your spine, then it's most likely that you don't have one.

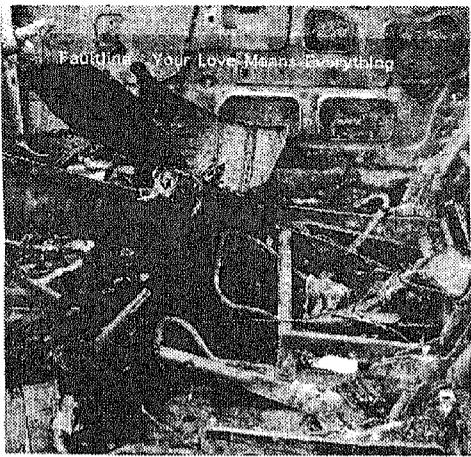
Whilst it's tempting to be critical of major label motivations behind such posthumous re-releases and compilations, this one hits the mark in its simplicity. From the concise and informative liner notes detailing each studio session, and the humble presentation (pictures of a young, nascent Elvis and band grace the cover and sleeve; contrasting significantly with the slick, manicured image of Elvis usually employed) to the crystal clear sound, this is a nicely rendered collection. On the disc itself, Bill & Scotty's names are printed beneath Elvis'; a gesture that brings long overdue recognition to the important contributions of those two musicians (the latter was, incidentally, Elvis' first ever manager) on the young King's career.

Cast aside your prejudices about your "parent's music" and forget about the retched big-beat 'updates', (and while you're at it, tell Eminem to get fucked): the bottom line is that Elvis made some groovy music. This album makes me want to walk around like a tough guy, paraphrasing Pery from the cult 1974 film *The Wanderer's* saying "Leave the King alone". In terms every one else but me will understand, this collection has cool written all over it.

dan V

Hey Sucka! Want to be a music reviewer for On Dit?
Simply register your interest at onditmusic@yahoo.com

We're waiting for your call...



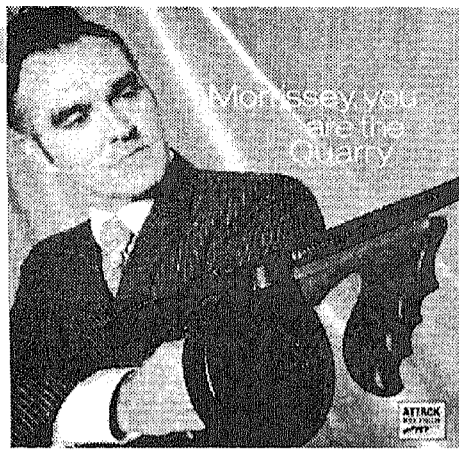
Your Loves Means Everything
Faultline
EMI

It's inevitable that this release will be viewed in comparison to the previous works of its many contributors. David Kosten, who is Faultline, sent out a demo and invite to various artists and was able to solicit participation from Chris Martin of Coldplay, Michael Stipe (REM) and The Flaming Lips to name a few. These artists add the vocal and songwriting element to Kosten's soundscapes which are sparse and reverberating. The clarity of the synthetic sounds is not unlike the more peaceful moments in the Requiem for a Dream soundtrack or perhaps also a cross between the sunken, underwater beatings of Massive Attack and the clinical, neon fish tank feel of Fumo Blu. The kind of sound that requires an image to go along with it, perhaps a close up of an eye, seldom blinking in whose iris you might see the reflection of the universe (but wait, Moby already did that).

The collaboration tracks begin with 'Where's My Boy' featuring Chris Martin and for some reason produces a partnership that gleams more respect than I've ever given Coldplay. The sparse, somehow sterile and gritty atmosphere is reciprocated by Martin's college-boy but on this album slightly tired or smoke ridden voice. Though not a pop crowd pleaser it has more credibility than most of Coldplay's repertoire.

The obvious single would be 'Wild Horses' if it wasn't a cover of a Rolling Stone's song, with Kosten not really able to leave his programming imprint on the new version. Similarly Michael Stipe's contribution is unfortunately also a cover version. 'The Colossal Grey' is the Flaming Lips' welcome intrusion that gets well with Kosten's music but probably needed a bit more than their lyrically light trip pop. All the while the slightly organic but still heavily programmed background is unchanging leaving the listener thin on patience by track thirteen. It may well be a good 'chill out' album but with so much music of similar ilk being produced it couldn't be labelled a standout.

Dan J



Morrissey
You Are the Quarry
Attack Records/ BMG

Rocks' infamous miserabilist Morrissey returns with another solo outing, and though there is plenty of his patented navel gazing to be found here, he's directed his poison pen at contemporary pet peeves like America's War on Terror, neo-conservatism, vacuous fast-food culture, uniformed brutes, and lying authoritarians. Morrissey's never been shy of broadcasting his opinions on issues ("Meat is Murder" anyone?), but the success of the his soapboxing on the albums opening track "America is not the World" and the uptempo "Irish Blood, English Heart" rests heavily on the listeners personal opinion of his lyrics, since as songs go, they're hardly brilliant.

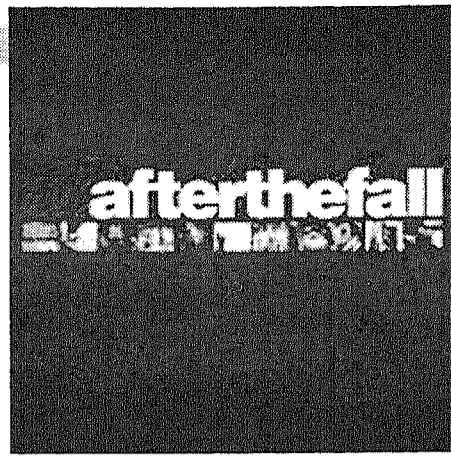
Elsewhere, the verse/ chorus/ verse structures and radio-friendly build-ups mean it's hard to get too passionate about the music on *You are the Quarry*. The guitar work from Alain Whyte and Baz Boorer is lush and supportive, but the heavily flanged, chorused sounds they employ runs the risk of dating the record, and resembles the work of the Cocteau Twins main-man Robin Guthrie perhaps a little too closely.

Thinking back to the old Morrissey that penned the poor-me-pop of songs like "Heaven knows I'm miserable now", his forte was always his ability to balance the self-loathing with tounge-in-cheek sarcasm and irony. But on songs like "How can Anybody possibly know how I feel?" there's a strong sense that that particular joke is wearing a bit thin these days, and than no matter how accurate the lyrics to "The world is full of crashing bores" are, they can't arrest the feeling that this time, the irony isn't enough to save Morrissey from accusations of being a bore himself (which, cleverly, he admits a few lines in).

It's not all bad though. He's a better singer now by far, you can't argue that he lacks conviction and slower numbers like "I have forgiven Jesus", and "Let Me Kiss You" have a sentimental side that few can capture WITHOUT self consciously

If you are fond of Morrissey's post-Smiths output, and still hold a candle for the moaning Mancurian, then all of these criticisms are moot, though many listeners may find *You are the Quarry* sadly underwhelming, (as did I), sigh and wonder about his relevance these days.

dan V



After the Fall
Self Titled
Rapido/Mushroom Records

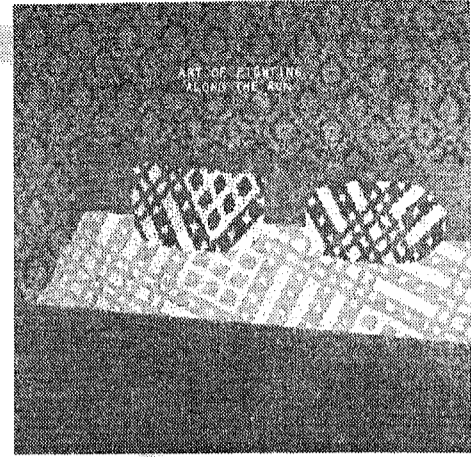
This debut album will send you Enigma lovin, dice chain adorned kiddies into a soiled state of euphoria. If you don't fit into this demographic, you'll get a well produced (at times over-produced) "amalgam of melodic punk rock and rock" (I'd call it emo-rock-pop-bore-core. But hey, who I am to argue with the bands own description.) that doesn't excite or disappoint, but just seems to stay in a safe middle ground, where song formulas follow the same blueprint throughout.

These boys wanna be professional musicians. Clean flawless production, well structured songs, talented musicianship, major label, all point in that direction. We'll practise heaps, get the production perfect, and wa la. We're set to be muso's. The radio stations have answered the call by lapping up the music with songs such as 'mirror mirror' receiving heavy rotation on Triple M and Triple J, and Triple J recently featuring the album as album of the week.

In short, there's nothing groundbreaking here. If you like this genre, check it out. If not, you're not missing out. Taking into consideration this is their debut, I'm hoping the boys will evolve into a more original sound. Word is they play The Angels and AC/DC at practise. That's the kind of shit I wanna hear from these lads. Especially when it seems the pool of melodic rock is being flooded, and it is increasingly hard for bands to stand out and stick their head above water.

Oh yeah, did I mention they're sponsored by Atticus... I think that sums them up in one sentence.

Yukky



Along the Run (single/EP)
Art of Fighting
Trifekta

Art of Fighting have been the purveyors of some of the most heartbreaking, honest and unpretentiously down but somehow beautiful music produced in Australia. This release interestingly, now comes after the birth of lead singer Ollie Browne's first child. For those yet to cross to the otherside it's a fascinating look at how such an event could change the life and consequently the music of one from our own doleful ranks. How can one maintain such a confused and grey position after bringing a bright-eyed being into the world? Will the new album be equally bright and bouyant? Will it be a reiteration of the beautiful and well received *Wires* or delve back into the heavier, hesitant and frankly amazing EPs, *The Very Strange Year* and *Empty Nights*? This heralding EP proffers few answers in anticipation of the album's August 16 release.

Immediately the single 'Along the Run' seems quite fast in comparison and falls a little too easily into a rhythm and sweeping violin backed movements. Previously, the most distinct aspect of Art of Fighting's style has been a certain tension in the flow of the melody and rythmn, differentiating them from the easy listening accoustica counterparts in Gelbison and Gersey. The single is also generally fuller, with more orchestral background instead of lonely plucked chords but keeping with the ethereal dawn sound of *Wires*.

The secong song, also appearing on the new album is enjoyable and thankfully Peggy Frew at least makes it into the B-sides of this release and will hopefully have as much vocal involvement in *Second Story* as she did in the EPs. 'Along the Run' is quite possibly more palatable to the kids but fans will certainly be very curious to how the album extends from this ambiguous offering.

Dan J

clubs & classifieds

Adelaide University Visual Arts Association

Inaugural general meeting
Thursday 20th May, 4 pm,
Margaret Murray Room, Union House.

Whether you're an active artist or interested in the visual art produced by Adelaide Uni students the Adelaide University Visual Arts Association is for you. Currently there is no on campus vent for Adelaide Uni's massive visual arts community whilst the AUSAA aims to promote and progress student art by gathering like-minded people together.

Member's art will soon be display in the Rumours Café and catalogued on our website, but first we need you! Its crucial those interested students make an effort to turn out to the inaugural meeting on Thursday 20th. The meeting will determine the future success of this badly needed association as we will be electing office bearers and recruiting members. See you there!

For further information
Peter.drew@student.
.adelaide.edu.au
Ph: 0403 690 489

Hey! Do you have something to say about women's issues and want to help out with campaigns that promote such things as body image, education and violence against women? Or maybe you just want a sneak-peak at how women's departments and committees work. Hell, maybe you just like beer!

All women students are welcome to a Cross-Campus Women's Network meeting to design campaigns that address women's experience at uni and the wider community....

**Thursday 5th August
6pm, the Exeter on Rundle Street.**

For feminism with a smile, call Mel Purcell on 04 21 554 687
Or, write to melissa.purcell@student.adelaide.edu.au

Free shirt and pants hangers TO GIVE AWAY - come to union reception, ground floor, western end of the cloisters. (next to little theatre)

GOLF

Do you:
a) Play Golf
b) Would like to play Golf
c) Would like to play Golf at Royal Adelaide or any of the other top course in SA?
d) Would like to represent your university at a golf Championship with other universities (this year in Sydney)?

If the answer is any of the above then the AU Golf Club NEEDS YOU! The Sports Association is looking to breath new life into the Golf Club, but we need a group of interested people to help us!

For more information contact Pene at the Sports Association - 8303 5403 or email at pene.knott@adelaide.edu.au

"FOUR!"

The inaugural Adelaide University Labor Club Human Rights lecture will be presented by Stephen Kenny.

When? Friday 6 August from 1:30 to 2:30pm
Where? Napier Building G04 - University of Adelaide
Cost? Free public lecture
On? "Human rights after Sept 11: the case of Australian David Hicks"

The Adelaide University Labor Club is pleased to have Stephen Kenny, the Adelaide lawyer for detained Australian David Hicks, held by the United States in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba presenting the inaugural Human Rights lecture.

Stephen Kenny, the Australian lawyer acting for David Hicks has practised as a lawyer in SA and NT, his current areas including commercial litigation and native title & human rights.

David Hicks is an Australian citizen captured in Afganistan, and has been held in custody by the United States for over two years. Much of that time has been spent in solitary confinement. Recently, David Hicks was charged with several offences and now awaits a trial before a specifically-convened US military tribunal.

Many questions have been raised in media, legal and academic circles about the treatment of David Hicks, his detention, and the nature of his trial.

Easy \$\$\$ In Three Days!!!

The OSA invites you to hold a stall on Multicultural Week 7-9th September from 11am to 3pm daily. Get a group of friends together and you can sell food or items reflecting a particular culture or country and have fun while making a small profit. The OSA supplies chairs, a table and cover at the Barr Smith Lawns. Stalls are up for grabs now and a few have already gone, so act quick.

So what are you waiting for???

For more information contact Arthur at: 0421023873
arthur.foo@student.adelaide.edu.au

WANTED

Suitable rebound girl for stressed-out editor. Must be emotionally jaded, experienced (but not too experienced), aged 19 - 30 and willing to at least pretend to have an interest in print media, ambient music and *Ren & Stimpy* cartoons.

Send all applications to ondit@adelaide.edu.au (attention Stanley).

FOR SALE

Good quality pornographic video tapes (4). XXX anal, German DP, accents and bad acting. Will throw in one soft core video (if I like the cut of your gib). \$30 the lot.
Contact onditmusic@yahoo.com.au

REPUBLICAN PARTY of AUSTRALIA

needs candidates for election to federal parliament at the next election.

Eleven people for all the SA House of Reps and at least two for the SA Senate seats.

To qualify you must be committed to a policy that fundamentally supports

- Australia to become a republic
- the direct election of a "Governor general"
- the transfer of "minimalist" powers to the new "Governor general".

To qualify you should also log on to the Australian Electoral Commission web site and convince yourself that you can meet and maintain all the requirements of a candidate and member.
Open <http://www.aec.gov.au>
choose What, choose Publications, choose Candidates handbook.

If you are interested please e-mail verrallf1@bigpond.com.au using the letters RPA in your "subject" heading. Attach a short resume, a contact phone number, and convenient time for a call.

The registered office of the Republican Party of Australia is PO Box 843 Castle Hill, NSW 1765. Authorised by Frank Verrall State coordinator 5 Synnott Court Seaview Downs SA 5049

Are you having sex with your lecturer?
Do you wish you were?
Has it never entered your mind?

Staff/student sexual relation survey

fill it in

https://www.adelaide.edu.au/surveys/intimate_relations.html

Are you having sex with your lecturer?
Do you wish you were?
Have you never thought about it?

Hi, I am doing my honours on staff student sexual relations. To date, there have been no studies on the occurrence of staff student sexual relations, nor the affect (good or bad) that they have on students. This is why I want to survey students at all three South Australian Universities. Even if you have not had a sexual relationship with your lecturer or tutor, your participation is valuable, as it will give a more accurate statistics. If you are having, or have had a sexual relationship with your lecturer or tutor, now is the time to have your say. To fill in the survey, and for more information go to: https://www.adelaide.edu.au/surveys/intimate_relations.html

It won't take longer than 5 minutes to fill and I can guarantee complete anonymity.

My name is Sarah Minney, I am an honours candidate at Adelaide University in the Politics department. If you want to contact me, you can do so via email: sarah.minney@adelaide.edu.au

- Stan:** *So what do you think of the first edition back, Jimmy?*
- JC:** *Sorrright, I guess. Lots of good content. Layout's a bit shabby though.*
- Stan:** *No shit. It's about time we fired that son of a bitch.*
- JC:** *Agreed. By the way, what was the theme this week?*
- Stan:** *Travel. Except for the cover... I was a bit stoned when I did that.*
- JC:** *I thought so - I guessed from the dumb comment on the back cover. Is that going to be a regular thing?*
- Stan:** *It will so long as we don't sell any back cover ads. We oughtta fire that ad guy too. He couldn't sell ganja at a Bob Marley concert.*
- JC:** *Sounds like your Job, Stanley. Meanwhile, how long are we planning to drag out this? cute tete a tete?*
- Stan:** *Not much longer. See? We're almost at the bottom of the page...*
- JC:** *Yay! Quick! Fill it with a ratty hand drawn page number!*

39 Splendid.

Friday 6 August 7.30 pm
Bethlehem House, Sudholz Place
book your table by 30 July and get a free bottle of port!
\$5 conc. \$10 full
Tickets: Natlian 0422 58 48 50
natlan@lsf.org.au

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Student
Newspaper**

**Recommended by
9 out of 10 old coots
and their dogs.**

